**Girls Show Room**

**A Bunnytail Elementary School story**

by Georgie Porgie

"It's almost time for gym class. Kayannah, go take the new student to the girls shower room and show her the ropes," the fourth-grade teacher said. 'Only figuratively, for now,' he laughed to himself. "That way you won't waste time during gym class or disturb the other class."

"Yes, Mr. Taylor," a girl with long blond pigtails answered. She stood and gestured for Sara Carson to get up and follow her, since she didn't seem to realise that she was 'the new student' the teacher meant.

Sara raised her head and wiped the remaining tears from her eyes. After her ordeal at the principal's office earlier that monday morning, as punishment for practically nothing, as she saw it, she hesitated to do anything, for fear of doing it wrong somehow, and getting punished again.

"Teacher?" a boy called, his hand raised. "Can I go to the ... bathroom?" "Me too!" another boy called. "And me!" said yet another. "I gotta go real bad," another boy pleaded, while looking at Sara. A chorus of other boys' voices started, all asking to be excused to go to the bathroom.

"Just you four, Dave, Jimmy, Robert, and Danny. The rest of you can shut up." His smile softened the rebuke, and the remaining boys took it as friendly chiding, and they all shut up. "Get going, Sara Jessica," the teacher ordered impatiently.

Sara stood and followed her classmate out of the classroom. Four grinning boys followed, passed her, and ran down the hallway. "Kayannah?" she asked. "Why do you have to show me the shower room?"

"Everyone calls me 'Kaiah' unless they're bossing me around, like he just did," the other girl corrected, pronouncing her name 'kay-uh' like her full name, only shorter. "I hope you won't boss me around." She ignored the question and led Sara down the wide hallway, past the third-grade and second-grade classrooms on the right and first-grade and kindergarten classrooms on the left.

They turned at the end of the hallway, past the science classroom and the boys bathroom, and entered a shorter hallway just outside the combination gym, lunch room, and auditorium. "From all the screaming, there must be a gym class going on inside," Sara guessed.

"You'd be surprised how much screaming goes on in there even when there's no gym class," Kaiah shrugged, but didn't explain.

Sara wondered about a row of eight metal posts in a line down the middle of the second hallway, irregularly spaced and of varying height, but hurried after Kaiah, catching up with her at the next corner. It connected to a third hallway, the one that led to the principal's office at the other end, she had already learned. She avoided even looking that direction, but couldn't help noticing a windowless black door to their left with a large "NO ENTRANCE" sign on it. "What's that one?" she asked.

Kaiah looked where Sara pointed and answered, "That's the furnace room, and maintenance supplies and stuff, at least we assume so. It's locked all the time, and the few times it's been open, there was a dark black wall just past the door, so no one could see what was inside. The propane tank is just outside the building right next to that room, anyway, and all you can hear if you put your ear to the door is humming and clicking. But don't do that!" she warned, grabbing Sara's arm before she could take a second step toward it. "You can get sent to the principal's office just for that!"

Sara backed away from it.

"This is the girls bathroom, and shower room," Kaiah said, opening a door in the north corner where the two hallways joined. She led Sara inside, and waved a hand at another door to their right. "That goes into the gym from here," she said.

Sara pushed the door open and saw a gym class in progress. She quickly backed away from the door, not wanting to get in trouble for 'disturbing' that class. Though, from all the screaming, that would be pretty difficult to do, she thought.

"Sinks there, and those... obviously," Kaiah murmured, pointing to the doors along the wall on the north. "And the shower is over here," she continued, leading Sara past two rows of lockers and into a large central area. "After gym class, everyone has to take a shower here before going back to their classroom."

"Where?" Sara asked. She saw a mirror covering the entire south wall of the room (that was impossible to miss), and lockers to the east and west, but even in the brightness from row after row of ceiling lights, she didn't see any showers.

Kaiah huffed in annoyance, but not at Sara. "They have this water saver thing, to make sure the shower isn't running unless someone's using it," she explained. She walked up between a series of ceramic posts of increasing height. She pointed up at two rings hanging from the ceiling by chains, and pointed out two shower heads embedded in the ceiling, difficult to see. She sighed. "I'll have to take a shower right now to show you how to use it, I guess. But before I show you how to use that, come over here. I'll explain the soap dispenser to you."

"I know how to use a soap dispenser," Sara said, wondering if Kaiah was trying to insult her.

"Not this one, Smartiepanties," Kaiah scoffed.

"Everyone calls me Sara, at least if they want to be friends," Sara said. "Sara Jessica if they're bossing me around, like he did."

"Sorry, Sara."

She followed Kaiah over to a couple of other posts closer to the mirror. "What? This is a soap dispenser?" she asked, skeptically. It looked very strange to her, being just two posts about shoulder height on her, each with three thick red rods pointing toward the other post, or a little off.

Kaiah huffed in annoyance again. "Yes, it is. They want to make sure no one wastes any soap, either, so they have this thing. Just a minute, let me get ready. You might as well, too, so you can try it after I show you how it works." Kaiah lifted the hem of her dress and pulled it up, higher, past her face and off of her arms. Her long blond pigtails fell back down onto her bare shoulders as soon as they came free of the dress. She kicked off her shoes and knelt to push her socks down. "Come on," she urged Sara. "We don't have all day. If you do it wrong, you can get sent to the principal's office, and I won't have time to explain it to you during gym class. In fact, if you do it wrong, I'll probably get sent to the principal with you, for not explaining it clearly enough. So please...!"

Sara hesitantly reached down and lifted the front of her own dress, a very delicate and undoubtedly expensive design, that she'd selected for the first day of school. She stopped with the dress raised to her neck. She felt strange taking off her dress in front of the other girl, even more so upon seeing herself in the large mirror, under all those bright lights.

"Come on," Kaiah urged, nervously. "We could get sent to the principal for taking too long, too."

"Sorry," Sara apologised, as she finished pulling her dress up and off her arms. She looked for a place to hang it, and finding none, reluctantly let it drop to the floor. Kaiah stood naked already, her pink floral panties thrown on top of her dress, shoes, and socks. She waited until Sara finished undressing.

"Alright, to get any soap out of this thing, you have to stand with your feet on these two pads, here," she demonstrated, facing the mirror and stepping up onto a couple of platforms a few feet apart. "Then you have to hold two of these thick tubes, the top one on each post. Then you have to pump them, both at the same time." She began sliding her hands up and down along the thick red rods. "You have to use the top two," she emphasized. "The lower ones don't do anything. At least, not that." She kept sliding her hands up and down the rods, faster and faster. "And after a while, you'll get some soap," she said, panting a little.

Sara moved to watch Kaiah from between her and the mirror. "Owww," she winced. The tile floor had small bumps that hurt her bare feet.

"Don't stand there!" Kaiah said in alarm. "Sorry. I forgot to tell you where to wait." Kaiah pointed. "See the footprints on the floor? You have to stand on those while waiting your turn for this, or for the shower." A row of pairs of footprints ran along the mirror, closely spaced. Some faced the mirror, some away, alternating, but none were close to the dispenser. "Watch in the mirror or you'll miss it," Kaiah cautioned.

Sara stood on the nearest pair of footprints and noticed that they were all actual indentations in the floor, making it uncomfortable to stand in them backward or sideways to the outlines. A girl waiting in line would have to turn around several times before reaching the first footprints. She watched her nine-year-old classmate in the mirror they both faced.

Kaiah stood naked between the posts, her feet wide on the pads, as she slid her hands rapidly up and down two thick rods on either side of her. After considerable effort, she said "Here it comes." Streams of white gooey soap spurted out of each of the six rods and stuck to her chest, stomach, belly, neck, and face, then began sliding down, leaving sticky trails on her body. She stepped off the pads and began spreading the goop around. "Your turn," she told Sara.

Sara stepped up on the pads, reached for the top two rods, and began trying to 'pump' them the way Kaiah had.

"Is there any other way?" Sara asked, frustrated, her arms getting tired as she rapidly pumped the red rods without getting anything.

"No. Squeeze them harder."

"Squeeze them? You didn't say anything about squeezing them, so I wasn't squeezing them at all."

"Sorry, Sara."

"What if you brought your own soap?" Sara asked.

"Principal's office," Kaiah warned gravely.

"How in the world would they know?" Sara wondered, her arms starting to get sore. Finally the rods spurted at her, getting the creamy white goo all over her. One glob of it hit her chin. If she'd been talking at the time, or screaming from the first spurts like she almost did, it would have gone right into her mouth, she thought with disgust, and if it came out faster, it would have hit her eyes and nose. Girls shorter than her must get it all over their faces and in their hair, Sara supposed, feeling somewhat relieved to be as tall as she was. She huffed and stepped off the platform as the sticky slimy soap dripped and drooled down her chest and neck and stomach and belly. She caught one just before it got to her pussy, and wiped it off her fingers onto her chest. "Eww."

"That's how, I suppose," Kaiah said. "Isn't that the worst soap you ever smelled?"

Sara nodded. Both girls wrinkled their noses.

"Can I just skip the soap?"

"Principal's office," Kaiah repeated.

"How do you get any soap on your back?" Sara asked. "As if I'd want any, but just supposing."

"You don't," Kaiah stated. "If you tried standing facing the other way, your feet wouldn't fit the places on the pads, and you wouldn't be able to reach back to work the pump. I suppose you could have one girl get it on her front, then rub your back on her front, but I wouldn't risk it. You could get it on your front that way, too, instead of pumping it yourself, but no one does that, ever since two girls tried it. Someone must have told on them, and they both got hallway detention the rest of the week."

"What's hallway detention?" Sara asked.

Kaiah cringed. "You'll find out. Just hope it's by seeing someone else, not by getting it yourself." She gave a look saying 'don't ask about it again' so Sara didn't.

"Now I'll show you how to use the shower," Kaiah sighed. "Unless you think you know how to use a shower," she joked humorlessly. "Stand over there while you wait," she said, indicating another row of footprints along the mirror.

Sara stood on the closest of the footprint outlines, her back to the mirror, but her feet apart. The second set of prints in the line faced the mirror, and the rest alternated back and forth like the other line, she saw. More small bumps on the floor between them kept her from standing with her feet together. If she was much younger, instead of being ten, her legs would be rather wide. She wondered if the kindergarten and first-grade girls had to stand there, their faces and bodies covered in spatters of white gooey soap, while they waited for the shower, too.

"Watch closely." Kaiah stepped up on a low post with her right foot, and put her left foot on the matching post a few feet away. "Up," she said, moving her right foot to the next-higher post, and doing the same with her left. "Up, up, up," she repeated, stepping up onto the next, then the next, then the next. "There's a rubber mat on the floor all around, in case you fall, so you won't get hurt, but then you'd have to start over anyway, so try to keep your balance." She stepped up one final time. Since each post higher than the one before was also farther apart, her legs stretched wide once she reached the level she wanted.

"Then what?" Sara asked. "I don't see any water."

"You see those two rings hanging up there? Thanks to the whole water saver thing, you have to pull them to get any water, and it shuts off when you let go. You can't reach them from down there, so you have to climb up on the posts until you can, like this." She reached out and took a ring in each hand, her arms stretched out wide to reach them both.

Sara shaded her eyes from the bright lights all over the ceiling and looked up at Kaiah. She saw her classmate's naked soap-spattered body spread wide. The smallest girls would have to climb all the way to the very top to reach the rings, and spread even wider, she realised. 'They must be terrified of falling even with the mat there. I'd bet most of them cry the whole time.'

Kaiah continued, "Pulling one ring turns on scalding hot water from one of them, and the other ring turns on freezing cold water from the other," she explained, "so you have to pull them both at the same time. Everyone forgets once, no one forgets twice." She demonstrated, yanking both rings down together. Two streams of water shot out of the hidden shower heads, one of them with steam blowing off all around it. They met above her and merged, splashed down onto her back as one stream, then ran in rivulets down her legs and the posts and into a drain.

"That only showers your back," she said. "You have to climb down and climb up again facing the other way, to shower your front. It doesn't matter what order you do it," she added, "but you have to do both, or you'll get you-know-what."

Kaiah then did as she'd said, once again spreading her naked body wide in the middle of the shower room and pulling the two rings to spray the water down onto her without scalding or freezing her. She wiggled side to side as much as possible to get the warm spray over as much of her chest and stomach as she could, and carefully leaned forward to get her face in it, washing off the icky sticky soap.

Sara watched. "I'm glad there aren't any boys here watching us," she said, covering her pussy and titties briefly in mock shame.

Before Kaiah could climb down, the door to the gym opened. Three boys from the gym class stood there looking in at the two naked girls, in full view of the boys and everyone in the gym behind them. Sara screamed. Kaiah didn't bother, just quickly climbed down. "You were saying?" she sighed. The boys grinned, looking in awhile, and finally stepped back and let the door slowly pull itself shut.

"Your turn," Kaiah said.

"Would you hold the door shut for me?" Sara pleaded.

"Take a look at it. There's no handle on the inside, just a place to push it open. And since it opens out into the gym, I can't even try to block it. Don't complain! Last year, some boys ripped the door right off, and for a week there wasn't even a door there! We all had to shower just the same." When Sara still hesitated, she insisted, "You can't put your clothes on and go back to class with that gunk all over you, can you? You'd get us both in trouble. Please. Please!"

For Kaiah's sake, as well as her own, Sara relented. Nervously keeping an eye on the door to the gym, she stepped up onto the lowest of the posts.

Boys from the gym class yanked the door open as soon as Sara started her climb up the posts. They stayed there, looking in, and holding the door wide open. She stood with her legs spread wide, facing them, covering her pussy and titties, waiting for them to leave. Glancing back, she saw them in the mirror, too, which meant they could see her from both sides. They didn't move except to wave some other boys to come join them. 'Where's the gym teacher??' Sara grumbled. Finally, with seven boys smirking at her through the doorway, and Kaiah pleading with her, Sara had to reach up with both hands and pull the rings, or she'd be standing there until the principal came.

"What!?" Sara wailed in disbelief as she stood dripping, trying to hide her titties and pussy. "What do you mean there aren't any towels??"

"Here's the dryer," Kaiah explained apologetically. "Sorry. I forgot you wouldn't know." She stepped up to a grill between the end sink and the door to the gym, now held open by all fifteen boys in the gym class a few feet away from her. She raised both arms high and pulled down on two small rings suspended from the ceiling near the grill. Her pigtails began waving wildly in the breeze from the grill. She had to turn left and right, around and back again, while keeping a ring pulled down with each hand, to dry herself, since letting go of either ring would shut off the air.

"What if I just put on my clothes and go back to class all wet?" Sara asked. "Never mind, I know, principal's office." When Kaiah finished, Sara stepped up to the grill. Reaching one hand up, keeping her other arm wrapped across her chest and her legs crossed to hide as much as possible, she discovered that the rings at the ends of the chains were too far apart to hold with just one hand. "Oh, of course," she huffed, and raised her other arm, trying to act like there weren't fifteen smirking boys close enough to reach out and touch her as she turned back and forth in front of them. "Why does it have to be so close to the door? And where's the gym teacher??"

On the way back to their classroom at last, Kaiah and Sara stepped out of the girls shower room and into the two hallways sharing that corner. "That's funny," Sara said. "I thought you said it was always locked." She pointed at the black door with the forbidding sign as it finished closing. "Want to look inside?"

"No, better not," Kaiah answered cautiously. "They'd tell on us," she said, pointing down the other hallway at the four boys from their class, who were walking east but looking over their shoulders at the girls.

"Why are they even out here?" Sara asked. "The boys bathroom is the other direction. Plus, they should have been back in class by now. Maybe we should tell on them."

"Don't bother," Kaiah sighed, but didn't explain.

Just then, at the far end of the longest hallway, the principal came out of his office, pulling a slender girl with wavy light brown hair with him, younger than Sara. Sara couldn't help noticing that the girl wore only pale yellow panties. She also couldn't miss hearing the girl's terrified crying and pleading even at that distance. He kept his grip on her right arm despite her wild struggling, no doubt made easier by the girl keeping both of her hands behind her back. He pulled her to the middle of the hallway and began marching her along, past open classroom doors.

Following Kaiah's example, Sara dashed past the corner to get out of the principal's sight. Despite her fear of the principal, she figured she had enough of a lead on him, so she paused and examined the row of posts down the center of the hallway just outside the gym. She saw no markings or attachments, merely eight posts a few inches wide, irregularly spaced, with flat tops. The shortest were about waist high on her, the tallest maybe as high as her chest, about three to four feet between each pair, more or less. Baffled, she called to Kaiah. "What are these for?"

"Hallway detention," Kaiah called back without stopping, "and I'm not going to stay to see it in action!Too risky!!" She ran all the way back to their classroom to avoid any more questions on that subject.

Sara heard excited voices from the boys bathroom as she approached. Someone said something about belts, then she passed by and hurried down the hallway, not wanting to find out about hallway detention just yet. She could still make out the sounds of desperate wailing down the hallway even after taking her seat in her classroom.