Highland Fling 1

By Little Joe

To be honest I blame my parents. They would have said that they came from the Isle of Skye, where everyone was called Donald, so they didn't know any better. But they might have asked. Being called Julian in Glasgow - well it wasn't the easiest thing. You see they thought it was a sort of posh English name – just the sort of thing to help a boy get on, but it was the bane of my life.

And at best I was a bit of a girly boy. That is I was fair, slim, rosy cheeked, small and young looking for my age. Not like Callum with his spiky red hair and a neck as wide as his head.

And Callum had let me down as well. If Callum hadn't gone off with the rugby team none of this would have happened, and you wouldn't have had a story to read.

You see it was the year after our Highers and we were staying on to do the English A levels (needed for the best English Universities), an extra year in school and Callum and I were the only boys doing biology. I mean it was considered something that lassies did. The lads did physics and applied mathematics. Lassies did biology. That is except for Callum and me. Callum was a farmer's son from Strathmore and he wanted to learn about fruit growing. Me - well I wanted to be nurse. But I digress.

In our final year of school the biology students had to study wildlife in its natural habitat and for this we were to go on a residential field study course. The education authority in their wisdom had purchased an ancient rambling castle in Perth and Kinross, Kinmuir, in which to house its students and thither we were bound on that fateful Sunday in July for a week of biology in the field. And when I say we I mean myself and the four girls who were studying biology. The wretched Callum had turned down the opportunity in order to join the rugby tour to England. Apparently it was so essential to any rugby team to have at least one player with a neck as wide as his head that Callum could not be spared for picking flowers, as Rory, our antediluvian games master so succinctly put it. And beating English teams; well that was the most important thing in the world for Callum.

While the ramshackle bus hired by the school wove its way through the glens I sat at the front trying to look serious while the four girls sat at the back giggling. It was my worst nightmare. I was far too shy to sit with girls. My only hope of surviving the week was too be boringly serious.

After what seemed like an eternity the bus pulled through the curtain wall of the old building. It was a typical Scottish castle. An ancient tower house dating back probably to the fourteenth century, to which successive generations had stuck bits on in varying architectural styles: Gothic, Palladian, Scots Baronial and all types in between. It was as strange a mish-mash as you could hope to see, but it had its own peculiar attractiveness.

We were accompanied by our biologyy teacher. Miss Budd, first name Rosalind and inevitably nicknamed Rosebud, was small, plain and incredibly nervous. On entering the great hall of the castle we were greeted by a rather severe looking resident botanist, clearly not happy with the sight of more wretched students to deal with.

"I'm Flora MacDonald," she announced in a prissy Morningside accent (that's the one where the lips barely seem to move). She stopped as if daring us to laugh. A rather nervous giggle came from one of the girls.

"I'd like to welcome you girls..."

Her eyes suddenly met mine and she looked quizzically down at a list she was holding in her hand.

"May I enquire what you are doing here."

Oh no! She was looking at me!

"I'm here for the biology course Miss," I stammered.

"But we were expecting five girls," she looked back at her list again, "Christine, Eleanor, Pamela and er... Julia."

"That's me Miss," I croaked, cursing my wretched parents for the million and oneth time in my life, "though people call me Joe," I added as if that made things any better..

"But you can't be! Julia's a girl's name."

I couldn't think of anything to say and a deafening silence ensued eventually broken by Rosebud, "He's called Julian, Miss MacDonald, not Julia. He can't help it," she added as if that made it better.

"Oh dear!" said the redoubtable MacDonald, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. How unfortunate Just wait here will you."

And she rushed off. I sat in silence, feeling my face hot and red, while the girls whispered and giggled just out of earshot. I made a resolution; as soon as I could I was going to change my name to Donald. That's what boys were called - Donald.

A rather flustered looking Miss Macdonald reappeared and started on a rambling explanation.

"You see," she said, "I was expecting an all girls group. We have two dormitories. One for the girls and one for the boys. But I was expecting two all girls groups - yourselves and the girls of St Moluag's. The St Moluag girls are ensconced in the King James dorm and you were to have the Queen Mary room."

"What!" Said Rosebud, "Julian is to sleep with girls. I mean share a room with the girls!". She corrected herself quickly blushing at what she had said.

"No no!" Gasped Miss M, "that would never do. I've arranged that Mr Campbell,” she looked at me as if I had been personally responsible for Glencoe, "will occupy the teacher's room for the King James dormitory, as the St Moluag's teacher has not apparently taken up the offer to assist in their education."

Rosebud looked about to protest, but she was far too nervous to say anything. Miss MacDonald's proclamation brooked no dissent.

I was not unhappy with the arrangement. A teacher's room all to myself. That couldn't be too bad. Couldn't it though. Rosebud went off with the girls and I was led up a winding stone staircase to the top of the ancient King James tower - named after King James the something-or-other who had been murdered there (weren't they all!).

It was only when we arrived that I found out the true horror of my situation. The St Moluag's girls' dormitory was a decent sized room with six beds and a bathroom leading off it. The teacher’s bedroom which I was to occupy was adjoining. The only way to it was through the girls’ dormitory. Miss Macdonald didn’t seem to think this was a problem, or if it was she didn’t care to mention it, no doubt not wanting to have to own up to her silly mistake with the names.

The St Moluag's girls were unpacking when we arrived and Miss Macdonald explained the situation. I was to occupy the teacher's room and there was to be no fraternising! She glared at the girls who nodded violently in agreement.

So there I was in my own little bedroom. I opened the door into my bathroom. It looked familiar. It was identical to the girls bathroom, and as a door in the adjoining wall opened to admit one of the girls we realised simultaneously that we were sharing the same bathroom – two separate entrances, but nevertheless the same bathroom. Of course we could each lock the door into the others room but even so it was to say the least a bit disconcerting.

I looked at the girl. She looked at me, and she winked.

"Hi, I'm Mairi," she said.

Oh no! I rushed back into my room and slammed the door. These girls put the fear of God in me.

There was a knock on the door and I nervously opened it. Mairi looked through.

"Come on in," she said," we'd better introduce ourselves."

And there I first got to know the girls. Girls from a posh private school, well out of my league. Not that I had a league as far as girls were concerned. Even at eighteen I was far too shy and nervous of them.

Morag was small, dark and studious with round spectacles which failed to diminish the prettiness of her face; Catriona was a big, buxom, blonde and regarded herself as somewhat of a sex Goddess; Monica was something different, born and bred in Edinburgh she was bright and mischievous and somehow seemed to have a sense of wickedness which I felt the first time I saw her; and Mairi, well Mairi was something else, like me she was from the isles and had the luscious flowing auburn hair and green eyes of a Celtic beauty.

Of course had I but been a different sort of person the close proximity of this bevy of beauty would have opened up endless possibilities. But I was shy, and retiring and totally overawed by these girls who seemed as beyond my expectations as a Hollywood film star. I closed the door and started to unpack my rucksack nervously. I could see that this was not going to be the usual sort of week.

After unpacking we had to go down to high tea. I made sure the girls had well and truly gone before I crept down afterwards.

Tea was a bit of a nightmare. Four girls from The Academy, four from St Moluag's and me.

I ate alone miserably cursing William Webb Ellis silently with all my might. We were ushered off to bed at the untimely hour of nine o'clock by Miss MacDonald and I rushed off first in order to get in my room and to safety before the girls arrived. I locked the door changed into my pyjamas and listened to the laughing and whispering going on next door.

Then one of the girls went into the adjoining bathroom and I heard the bolt on the door which led into my room slid across. I cursed my own stupidity. If only I had thought to use the bathroom first I could have gone happily to bed, now I'd have to wait for these terrifying girls to finish in there. It seemed to take an age before they all showered and washed and done everything else girls do before going to bed and I could try the door into the bathroom. It was locked. They hadn't unlocked it from their side.

I would happily have foregone a shower and gone to bed dirty, but there was no way I could last till the morning without having a pee. I knocked tentatively on the door into their bedroom.

"Go away Joe," a voice called from within the room. I had told them I was called Donald. Donald was a proper name. But they had found out that people called me Joe.

"Can somebody open the bathroom door, it's locked."

"It's jammed. You'll have to come through here."

I knew it wouldn't really be jammed. I knew it was some silly game designed to cause me the maximum embarrassment. But what could I do? There was no other way into the bathroom. I knew other boys wouldn't have been as timid as me, wouldn't have been cowed the way I was by this coven of girls. I determined to be bold. I determined not to put up with any more of this nonsense. I put my hand on the door handle, turned it and marched into the girl’s bedroom.

I stopped dead immediately, turned bright red and stood with my mouth wide open. The girls were dressed in nothing but their bra and panties and I'd walked straight in on them.

They collapsed in giggles. I knew now it had been a carefully laid trap and I'd walked straight into it.

"Oh Joe," uttered Monica, feigning surprise, "you'd think you'd never seen a girl in her knickers before."

And if truth be told I never had. Not that the knickers weren't quite respectable in a way. I mean they didn't reveal more than your average bikini. But they weren't bikinis. They were knickers. And that made all the difference! I bolted for the bathroom, slammed the door shut and bolted it. I was safe. For the moment.

**Highland Fling 2**

I lay in my bed my heart pounding. I couldn't get the vision of the girls wearing nothing but their panties out of my mind. It was enough to stop any boy from getting to sleep.

As it turned out sleep was a long way from the minds of the girls as well because after about ten minutes there came a tap at the door.

"What is it?" I called out tentatively.

"Fancy a wee bevvy?" Monica's voice in mock Glaswegian tones came through the door.

"A bevvy?"

"We've got some heavy in, as I believe you call it."

"Beer!" They'd got beer in. It would never have occurred to the well behaved boys and girls of The Academy to smuggle in alcohol.

"Bottles of Export. There's some of us think of things in advance."

"I'd better not," though I was now turned eighteen my parents were Wee Frees and alcohol was spawn of the devil.

"Och, Joe, it's only wee bottles of export," Monica amused herself further with attempt at Glaswegian, "There's almost no alcohol in them. And we're all decent now - almost."

I knew this last remark was calculated to stir my - how shall I put it - my interest. She was clever, and rather sly, was oor Monica. She had a way of getting what she wanted and she very much wanted to amuse herself.

My resistance faltered.

"Oh, all right then," I nervously opened the door.

The girls were sitting round on the floor. The light was off and opened bottles of beer were lined up on the carpet.

"We daresn’t switch the light on," said Morag by the light of her pocket torch.

"The awful MacDonald might see it," interposed Mairi. She picked up a bottle, put it to her lips, threw her head back and drank. To my youthful eyes she was indescribably beautiful. She was wearing a short satin nightie that disconcertingly stopped well short of her knees and I was overwhelmed by the thought that she might have nothing on underneath it. Of the other girls Catriona was disappointingly wearing a Japanese style kimono emblazoned with red dragons, Morag was wearing what appeared to be a pair of boys striped winceyette pyjamas, disconcertingly like my own, and Monica was dressed in what in my own mind I characterised as 'naughty girl' pyjamas: tight, crop-legged and coloured shocking pink emblazoned with teddy bears.

Mairi put down the bottle. I was mesmerised.

"Come on Joe," she said, "don't you like to drink? Heavy galore" she added grinning at me. Heavy! Did I look like the sort of person who called beer 'Heavy'.

"Oh er... Yes, a Mhairi," I answered macaronically discombobulated by her expression, her accent and her overwhelming beauty.

Sadly I drank too much. Well, in fact anything would have been too much, but I was so in awe of these scantily clad girls and so disconcerted by visions of what I might catch a glimpse of under Mairi's shorty nightie that I felt in need of something to fortify my nerves.

But in fact I wasn't the only one to overindulge in high potency export heavy. Catriona, high spirited at the best of times, was becoming decidedly merry.

Suddenly out of the blue she stood up and announced in somewhat slurred tones, "I think our little Joe deserves a treat for being such a good sport," and before anyone could interject she had unslipped the bow on her kimono and it started to slip to the ground.

I sat there totally immobile. The reason why she had been wearing the thing was now plain. I had a glimpse of nothing on underneath. Catriona slept in the altogether. In the dim light I only had time to take in the magnificent shapeliness of her bosoms, and take my eyes quickly down to the shadow between the legs before the torch was switched off, a hand was clapped over my eyes and I was quickly whipped back to my room. It was a long time before sleep came to me that night. A very long time!

I woke abruptly to the sound of loud ringing from the girl’s room. Being somewhat more practical than me somebody, probably Morag, had actually set an alarm for the morning.

My bedroom door opened and a head popped round.

"Rise and shine Sleepy Head," it said. It was Monica. I got up and unthinkingly wandered into the bathroom. Oh my gosh! The girls were all wandering around in their scanties. But nobody seemed to mind my being there. It was strangely as if after the events of the night I was now accepted as 'one of the girls'. I looked round. The sight of plump bosoms straining under tight bras and round pink bottoms peeking out from under close fitting cotton panties set my heart beating. I didn't hurry washing and hung around until I was ushered out while the girls showered and changed.

Not one of the girls enough for that then!

Breakfast was porridge and eggs and bacon, and I was of course stuck on a table with my dormitory companions much to the hilarity of my school mates.

The day was not good. I had to spend it studying the ecology of the moss with the girls from our school and their endless ribbing sent me even further into paroxysms of embarrassment.

At tea that evening I was back with the girls of St Moluag's. After the events of the previous night I didn't know what to expect and as usual I didn't know what to say. There seemed however to be something up. Little winks and knowing looks passed between them. I was torn between insatiable curiosity as to what lay beneath Mairi's shorty nightie and the awful embarrassment of being the only boy cast into the midst of these nubile girls.

I was right to think something was up. Although I escaped to bed early the inevitable tap came on the door and Monica's voice summoned me to another drinking session. I had been determined not to be cajoled into joining them again. It would only lead to even more embarrassment. But when the time came the thought of Catriona naked under her kimono and of Mairi in her shorty nightie was too much for me. I opened the door and crept into the dorm with the girls.

They had got hold of bottles of cider this time. Where had they got them from? I had no idea, but I sighed a sigh of relief. I didn't think of cider as being really alcoholic. It was just sort of apple juice wasn't it. I was completely wrong. It was lethally potent and within half an hour I was really quite merry.

"I know," said Monica, "let's play Strip Jack Naked."

My mouth dropped open. I had no idea what the game was but it sounded incredibly naughty. Monica was up to her wicked ways again. I just knew it.

"You can't," said Morag.

"Why not?" Monica was grinning from ear to ear.

"You just can't. Well I won't," Morag was on the defensive but Monica faced her down and she wilted under that ferocious stare.

"What is it," I asked tentatively.

"It's a card game."

"Oh, that doesn't sound very exciting."

"Oh I assure you you'll find the way we play it very exciting indeed. The excitement comes from the forfeit paid by the loser," Monica grinned again.

"What forfeit," I gulped a bit.

"The loser has to take all their clothes off."

I could only stare with my mouth wide open.

"Well there has to be a big downside to losing or, as you say my little Joe, there'd be no excitement at all."

A big downside! She was calling the chance to get one of the girls in the nude downside!

"Er... How do you play it," with some sense of foreboding I stepped one step closer to the snare, but I was caught by the idea of the girls stripping naked.

"Oh, very easy," Monica winked conspiratorially at me. She knew how to manipulate people did Monica.

When it was explained it didn't seem easy at all.

I gulped, "Ah.... Oh!"

I still couldn't believe she was serious. I knew I shouldn't do it. Make one of the girls take off all their clothes! It would be just too embarrassing for them. But I couldn't say so. I was just too excited at the thought of a game like that so I just gulped.

All the jacks in the pack except the jack of clubs were removed. The cards were then dealt out so that we all got ten or so cards. Then we had to throw out any pairs. I was left with six cards. The game then started. I had to take a card from Monica on my left, then Mairi on my right took one from me, then round the circle in turn. When somebody got a card that made a pair they were thrown away. Eventually somebody would be left with the unpaired jack. I realised now the meaning of the name of the game. Whoever was left with the jack of clubs when all the other pairs had been thrown out was going to have to strip naked. Somehow it never occurred to me that it might be me.

Not that is until I found that there were only three cards left and that Monica had two of them and I had the three of spades.

I had to choose one of them. If it was the missing three then I would be treated to the unspeakable delight of stripping the wicked Monica naked, if not - the thought didn't bear contemplating.

I plucked a card, my hand trembling. It was the jack of clubs. I shuffled the two cards in my hand. It was Monica's turn to choose.

I didn't dare look until she gleefully threw two threes face up on the floor. Then I looked. Staring back at me was the jack of clubs.

Oh dear. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

I don't know if you have ever been stripped naked by four girls. I would hazard a guess that some of you have perhaps not.

Their technique is really quite sophisticated. First two of them pull your pyjama top over your head so that your arms are held fast and you can't see. Then another one unties the cord of your pyjamas while the fourth pulls them smartly down. Then you find yourself flat on your back with your legs in the air while your pyjama bottoms are pulled off, and finally somebody sits on your legs while your top is removed. As a final coup de grace a tin of black treacle is poured over you with special care being taken to ensure that your very bare private parts are thoroughly coated - though I suspect this final part is an optional extra.

"I told you there had to be a big downside to losing," grinned Monica sitting on my chest as she emptied the last drops from the tin over my manly orbs, "otherwise the game would be no fun at all!"

I had wondered why she had brought a tin of treacle with her. It had never occurred to me to ask.

I don't know what sort of treacle it was. Not the ordinary sort that's for sure. It seemed to set hard and wouldn't even scrub off even though I sat in the hottest bath I could bear and applied the scrubbing brush vigorously.

A faint knock came on the bathroom door that led into the girl's dorm.

"Go away!" I said petulantly, but the door opened and a head peeked in. I should have locked it shouldn't I?

I was about to protest, but it seemed pointless. All the girls had already seen everything.

Mairi came in with her fingers to her lips.

"Shhh!" She said don't let Monica hear or I'll be in awful trouble.

"Stand up," she ordered and I did as I was told. I was the sort of boy who did do as he was told. She took the detachable shower head off the wall and turning it to maximum heat and grinning widely she fired the jets of water directly at my sticky private parts, finishing by aiming directly at the stubborn treacle still clinging to my dangly bit. Though the dangly bit wasn't dangling quite as much as before. It was pointing more in the direction of the ceiling. I turned bright red - that was just too embarrassing for words.

"That seems to have done the trick," she said, though whether she was referring to the effectiveness of the cleaning operation or the response of my erstwhile dangly bit wasn't too clear.

"Monica is really too wicked," said Mairi.

"Well I did lose the game," I said.

"Well don't let on I told you or Monica will have me stripped naked and coated head to foot in treacle, but you were always going to lose. The cards were marked. You were set up from the beginning."

My jaw dropped open.

"It's one of Monica's favourite tricks," she said.

"What - fixing card games?"

"No - that was just a means to and end - I meant with the black treacle. Blackballing, she called it. Rather good really, don't you think, I mean giving you black balls. The look on your face. It really was very very funny!"

I looked down at my bare privates and groaned. Mairi's treatment hadn't been that effective. They were still coated in black sticky treacle.

**Highland Fling 3**

The news that I had been stripped and treacled by Monica spread rapidly the following morning. The knowledge that even though they couldn't see them the mind of every girl was fixed on my private parts was too embarrassing for words.

But much worse was yet to come. Our teacher, the diminutive Rosebud, called me over the next morning and rather nervously asked, "Er... I was just wondering... I heard... Well some of the girls were just saying..."

I turned bright red again.

"It's nothing.." I was desperate to get away.

"Well you'd better follow me."

I was led miserably back to Rosebud's room.

"I thought I had better contact Monica's teacher," she started, "when I heard," she added smiling nervously.

"She never comes with the girls from that school now. Not when Monica's with them. Not after what happened last time. Though the good thing is she managed to get herself cleaned up eventually."

"Oh," I didn't know what else to say.

"What happened exactly," strangely Miss Budd seemed to be getting less nervous and becoming rather interested by the whole thing.

She was eager for every detail. Slowly she dragged it out of me. The beer. The card game. The stripping. The treacle. And as I described each event I became redder and redder and she became more and more enthusiastic.

"Exactly what happened to Miss Brown," she announced eventually, "but the good news is she told exactly me what to do."

"Oh," I hadn't seen where this was leading.

"To get rid of the treacle," she added.

"Oh - er no it doesn't matter. It was just a bit of fun."

"Oh but it does," said Rosebud, "take your clothes off now and I'll get it cleaned off."

"What!"

"Oh don't mind me," she said, "I'm a biology teacher."

And that made a difference!

"No, no it's fine."

"In that case I'd better let your parents know."

"You can't do that!" The thought was too appalling for words.

"But I must. Unless we can get you cleaned up."

I had no option and in a few minutes I was standing in her bath wearing nothing but a look of total embarrassment.

Rosebud was staring at the parts to be cleaned.

Her mouth was open.

"Er... Right," she said.

And here I had better explain something. I had the good fortune, or as I often thought misfortune, to be rather extravagantly endowed by way of manly appurtenances. I mean it wasn't huge but it was well bigger than average and set against my slight frame it appeared very big indeed. I said that I thought of this as a misfortune, and indeed it was, because it caused me to be the butt of an inordinate amount of ribald comment at school.

Indeed Mairi had told me that it was curiosity about the size of my organ that had spurred Monica on in the first place.

"Er... Right," said Rosebud again, and I knew what she was thinking - 'how big is this when it's up? Seven inches? Eight inches perhaps?'

She licked her lips nervously and picked up the scrubbing brush. She was soon going to find out.

"You see," she said, "the treacle rather sets hard and becomes impervious to soap and water."

I'd rather guessed that.

"So you have to sort of pull it up at the edge and..."

Suddenly I realised what was coming next.

"...rip it off."

Like some sort of awful bikini wax the treacle was pulled off in one go taking all the hairs it was stuck to with it.

"Owwwwwww!"

I looked down. I was totally bald down there, and to my horror I was pointing straight at the ceiling again.

"Excellent!" Exclaimed Rosebud, bit to which of these characteristics of my nether regions she was referring I have no idea.

Sunday was another day out in the field. To my delight I was paired with Mairi to study the ecology of a small lochan hidden away in a small wooded glen.

Personally I hold to this day that she pushed me in. I mean she said she didn't. She said she tried to stop me falling in. But I can't see how that can be the case as I wasn't falling anywhere when I felt a sharp shove in the back. Be that as it may in I went - and out I came soaking wet and covered in pond weed.

"You'd better take those wet things off," she said, "you'll catch your death."

Well she was right there.

“Well I’ll just slip my top things off…”

“No. Everything. It’s a warm day. They’ll soon dry off…”

“But…”

“No buts. Do as you’re told. Everything off now! I’ll close my eyes and keep them closed. Do you not trust me or something?”

"Well close your eyes and no peeking," I said. I just didn’t know how to say no to her. Maybe she had seen it all before, but she certainly hadn't seen the new smooth me, and for her to know I had not only been treacled, but balded as well would be too embarrassing.

Fortunately the glen was hidden away. I could put my clothes over a bush to dry and Mairi could jolly well keep her eyes covered until I was dressed again. Serve her right for pushing me in!

"Have you taken everything off?" She called out, her hands still over her eyes.

"Yes." I replied.

"Absolutely everything?"

"Yes."

"You're sure completely nude? You wouldn’t cheat just because I’ve got my eyes closed"

“Yes! I mean no! I mean I’ve got nothing on”

Even with her not looking it was really embarrassing.

“Oh good,” she said and opened her eyes, “nothing to be embarrassed about is there?”

“You said you wouldn’t. You said you wouldn’t,” I shrieked.

“The trouble with you is you’re too trusting,” she said, “love the new hair style.”

I felt my hair, then suddenly realizing what she meant I clapped my hands over my new smooth privates and shrieked again.

At that moment Morag and Catriona arrived.

“Ooh!” exclaimed Morag, “you two having fun then. I’m surprised at you Mairi; I thought it was plant life you were supposed to be studying.”

I played little attention being too occupied in trying to get my wet things back on, while keeping my hands over my bald privates.

“Anyway,” said Morag, “you have to get back to the castle Monica wants to see you.”

“Oh Lady Monica commands does she,” said Mairi, “I’d better go then.

The girls left me to frantically regain my clothing and try to complete some of the project we had been trying to do.

I crept back to our quarters as quietly as I could, dreading meeting the girls. No doubt my news of my newly ‘waxed’ appearance had already spread all round the castle.

There was nobody in the girl’s dorm and I sneaked through into my room. I switched on the light (the room had no external window) and was just putting my things down when the room was suddenly plunged into darkness again and I felt myself grabbed from behind and hauled through into the bathroom. The light was switched on and there was Mairi.

My eyes opened wide and my mouth opened wider. She was completely naked, and she was covered from head to foot it black treacle.

“I told not to tell anybody she wailed and you told that stupid teacher of yours.”

Monica looked at me with a wicked smile on her face.

“This is what happens to tell-tales,” she said.

It took a long time to get the treacle off, but it had got into some very interesting places, so I can’t say that it was altogether a wasted experience.