Prisoner Exchange

Wed Apr 6, 2005 16:20

155.215.21.2

United States Military Academy
Office of the Superintendent
ATTN: LTG Goodpaster
Quarters 100
West Point, N.Y 10996

Dear General Goodpaster,

I am being allowed to write this one letter to assure you that I am well and to plead with you to comply with the conditions of my release. Please excuse my penmanship as I am required to write this on the floor while on all fours. I have been for the past two days in the custody of midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy who call themselves my "trainers". They complain that the West Point cadets kidnapped their mascot, the Navy Goat, and since the West Point mascot, the Army Mule, is too big to kidnapped, they have kidnapped a female West Point Cadet cheerleader in retaliation. They are offering a prisoner exchange anytime before the Army-Navy Game.

CORRECTION!

My trainers who are monitoring my writing of this letter just got my attention with the cattle-prod and I am compelled to correct the last statement. The proper title for the fall football classic is the Navy-Army Game.

My trainers have behaved as perfect gentlemen with the exception that they required me to remove my uniform and undergarments which are being sent to you in this package. The blue goat blanket with the golden "N" and the goat leash which I am shown wearing in the enclosed poloroid are the only items I am allowed to wear. Although continuously showing this much skin to male midshipmen is embarassing, as you can see, the blanket does cover my most private areas if I am careful how I move.

I am being provided with food and water but only the daily ration of their mascot in the goat's feeding and water dishes. The goat feed is edible but distasteful. I am offered sugar cubes but only in exchange for performing tricks which is the arrangement with the goat. On the first day I refused to do any tricks but after a day and a half of goat feed, I longed so much for the taste of sugar that I did agree to roll over. Unfortunately, my blanket didn't roll over with me as none of us noticed that one corner was stuck under a midshipman's heel. This was the only time I was completely exposed to the midshipmen and they let me cover up again immediately, apologised very nicely for the accident and gave me all the sugar cubes I wanted.

Out of decency, my personal hygeine is the responsibility of the one female trainer. She gives me the daily scrubbing and grooming in the bathtub out of sight of the male trainers. This, too, is part of the goat's daily routine. It is a very complete and vigorous scrubbing and I am sure that it is just as embarassing for the female trainer as it is for me. She is trying to make it less unbearable for both of us by smiling, laughing, complimenting my "shiny coat" and even throwing in a few playful slaps and tickles to lighten the mood. The one time I am allowed to behave as a human and not a goat, and I am very grateful for this, is when I need to utilize the latrine.

CORRECTION!

My trainers have again used the cattle-prod to bring to my attention that the proper term for that facility is the "head".

Do not be concerned about the cattle-prod. It is more shocking than painful and the effect is very tansitory. It's most harmful effect is that it makes me jump uncontrollably and I temporarily lose hold of the blanket. But my trainers are aware of this and raise their hands to their eyes after each cattle-prod. In fact, I have not been cattle-prodded today very much at all except writing this letter. Yesterday the prod was used extensively to train me not to use human language. I am allowed to say only "baa" for yes and "baa baa" for no. I say "baa baa" the most and the trainers have been very good about taking "baa baa" for an answer. Some examples:
"Do You want to be taken outside for a walk?"
"baa baa."
"Do you need to be milked?"
"BAA BAA!"

I am not allowed to stand, sit (except on the "head"), or walk except on all fours. I am allowed to lay down on the floor to sleep but am giving no pillow or anything other than my goat blanket. Unfortunately, I must turn over in my sleep because when the alarm went off this morning I had rolled completely out of my blanket. Fortunately, the trainers were all still sleeping and I was able to put the blanket back on before any of them noticed.

That is my current situation, sir. Please return the goat as soon as you recieve this letter. Otherwise, my trainers say that I will not be released until the goat is released during the pre-game activities at Navy-Army game and I will be released wearing only this blanket.

CORRECTION!

My trainers have prodded me again because I didn't state the terms exactly right. If the goat is not returned before the Navy-Army Game, I will be released in the same condition that the goat is released. So, if we release the goat without a blanket as we have done every other year, I too, will be released without the blanket in front of all the cadets and midshipmen! But I am sure it will not come to that as this letter should arrive at your quarters at least four days before the game.

Please respond to this letter before the situation here escalates. Every day I am learning something new about the life of a goat.

Sincerely,

Cadet Donna K. Peterson

TO BE CONTINUED...

Zappedfan

Prisoner Exchange (continued)

Wed Apr 6, 2005 16:22

155.215.21.2

GOODPASTER
Do you see any clues in the letter about Cadet Peterson’s location, General Franklin?

FRANKLIN
Negative, sir. I’ve look through the uniform and undergarments as well. No clues.

GOODPASTER
Did you check the reverse side of the tags?

FRANKLIN
Roger, sir. Size 36C, wash as delicate, but no clues. Is there anything in the Polaroid to go on, sir?

GOODPASTER
Negative. See here, they used bed sheets as a backdrop so all we can see is that damn goat blanket and Cadet Peterson.

FRANKLIN
We can certainly see a lot of her, sir. The goat blanket doesn’t leave much to the imagination. Of course that’s because Peterson is so… well endowed.

GOODPASTER
Fortunately for her she is thin otherwise… and short.

FRANKLIN
Roger, sir. If she were only a little bit taller… What about the package itself, sir? Can we trace that?

GOODPSTER
Negative. There’s no return address of course. It is postmarked Annapolis, but that takes in a large area. If it was sent certified or registered, we could at least pinpoint the time and place of mailing.

FRANKLIN
Sir, do you mean to say this was sent through the regular mail? That seems terribly risky. Packages and letters are lost all the time that way. How are they to even know we received it? There are no directions about contacting them in the letter. Well, I supposed they’ll know when we release the goat, right sir?

GOODPASTER
Hmm… What were you able to find out about how this happened?

FRANKLIN
I have some notes here, sir. Cadet Peterson signed out on a four day pass Friday after classes…

GOODPASTER
Four day? So she’s not required to return until Call To Quarters tonight? She’s not been reported absent yet?

FRANKLIN
Roger, sir. Her leave address was the Soldier’s and Sailor’s Club in Manhattan.

GOODPASTER
The Soldiers and SAILORS Club! That’s supposed to be NEUTRAL territory! She must have been lured there on false pretenses.

FRANKLIN
Roger, sir. The register shows her checking in on Friday at 1800 hours and checking out at 0215 hours the next day. The desk clerk shift changed so we can’t be sure it was really Cadet Peterson who checked out.

GOODPASTER
Probably that female naval cadet. What else have you got?

FRANKLIN
Nothing further, sir. But the information is consistent with the letter. We have to proceed on the assumption that it’s not a hoax. I recommend that we contact the Superintendent of the Naval Academy immediately and have him account for all his midshipmen, we haul in the naval exchange cadets stationed here to find out if they were in on this, we release the goat immediately, of course, we contact missing persons in Manhattan and Annapolis…

GOODPASTER
Release the goat? That would be a sign of weakness. It would demoralize the team before the big game. It goes against tradition.

FRANKLIN
I’m not tracking with you, sir. Cadet Peterson has been a captive for three days, now. We can’t recover her if we don’t know where she is and she won’t be released until the goat is returned. So…

GOODPASTER
You say that no-one knows she’s missing yet besides you and me?

FRANKLIN
SIR! With all due respect, Donna Peterson is a United States Military Academy Cadet. As Commandant of Cadets, I strongly advise…

GOODPASTER
Cadets, General, you’re the Commandant of Cadets plural. The Corps of Cadets wants to win this football game. Peterson is a cheerleader. She’s one of the program’s biggest supporters. Here’s her chance to take one for the team.

FRANKLIN
Sir… they’re treating her like a goat! She’s practically naked.

GOODPASTER
After she graduates and is commissioned an officer in the Army, she can expect far worse treatment if she’s ever a P.O.W. The enemy won’t be “perfect gentlemen” I can assure you. This is an excellent training exercise for her. Feel free to promote her in the cadet ranks as a reward. That will make her happy. Give her some choice assignment.

FRANKLIN
Like… Commandant’s Aide… sir?

GOODPASTER
Roger… Roger… Here, General Franklin, take this Polaroid. Have it blown up… to look for clues. No need to return it. Are we in concurrence, then?

FRANKLIN
Roger, sir. But Cadet Peterson’s disappearance will have to be explained somehow. When she’s not back by Call to Quarters, her Tactical Officer will report her absent.

GOODPASTER
Have her status changed to Amy-Navy Game Advance Party. That’s actually true, in a manner of speaking. Just make sure that she’s not on the real Advance Party roster so that no-one reports her absent from there. Is the tactical officer a… company man?

FRANKLIN
A company woman, sir. And, come to think of it, she’s never gotten along with Peterson. I suspect she’s jealous of all the attention Peterson gets from her male classmates.

GOODPASTER
Even better. We never received this package, so we could not have been expected to respond to it. There was a bureaucratic snafu on the Advance Party assignments, so we didn’t realize Peterson was missing. We’ll be as shocked as everyone during the prisoner exchange. It may even inspire the team to play harder. Did I leave anything out?

FRANKLIN
Just the goat blanket, sir. We’ll have to acquire one before the prisoner exchange, but that shouldn’t be a problem, I’ll contact the …

GOODPASTER
We’ve never gotten a blanket for the goat before. If we do it this year we lose plausible deniability about receiving the letter. No it’s safer to proceed as normal.
FRANKLIN
Sir, perhaps you’ve forgotten the terms. If we return the goat without a blanket, they release Cadet Peterson without a blanket. You couldn’t possibly want that.

GOODPASTER
Oh, I think that’s an idle threat, don’t you? These midshipmen are officer candidates, too. They wouldn’t really do such a thing in front of the whole compliment of academies, all those alumni, the Secretary of Defense and his Staff and the live national television audience. Obviously that part of the letter was an exaggeration.

FRANKLIN
SIR! That’s too big a risk. And it goes too far. No, I must insist on the goat blanket. We owe Cadet Peterson at least that.

GOODPASTER
Of course, if you’re this concerned… Perhaps you should be down on the field yourself this year… to oversee the prisoner exchange… at close range… that way you can take charge of Cadet Peterson, personally… evacuate her to secure location… provide aid and comfort… I want you to seize the initiative here, General. I delegate total authority in the handling of Cadet Peterson to you. Do I have your full cooperation?

FRANKLIN
Beat Navy, sir!

To Be Continued…

Prisoner Exchange (continued)

Wed Apr 6, 2005 16:23

155.215.21.2

United States Military Academy
Office of the Commandant of Cadets
Attn: BG Joseph P. Franklin
Quarters 101
West Point, NY 10996

Dear General Franklin,

By now my absence must have been reported to you. I recently sent a letter to General Goodpaster assuring him of my well being and informing him of the conditions of my release. Because there was no response, either it didn’t arrive or General Goodpaster is out, perhaps with the Navy-Army game advance party. This letter is being driven to your quarters tonight and left in your doorway to be discovered in the morning. This will be the final time I’m allowed to write for help, my last word.

For the past five days, I have been in the custody of Naval Academy midshipmen, who call themselves my “trainers” in retaliation for our kidnapping of their school mascot, the Navy Goat. The midshipmen have behaved as perfect gentlemen, more or less, and have done nothing to violate their honor code.

Something you should know is that I am required to behave and DRESS as the Navy Goat until their mascot is returned. As you can see from the enclosed Polaroid, my only garment besides the leash is the goat blanket. I am able to hide my most private areas inside the blanket but there is barely enough room.

The most undignified aspect of all this is my daily scrubbings. They are very complete and vigorous but thankfully done by the one female trainer in private. After there was no response to the first letter, my scrubbing protocol escalated in that I am now required to dry myself in the manner of the goat, by shaking. Since this is difficult for a human being on all fours, I am allowed to stand and perform calisthenics until dry. My female trainer is the judge of my dryness and orders the various exercises such as jumping jacks, squat thrusts, inverted bicycles, flutter kicks and running in place until I am totally dry. This is something that we originally used a towel for.

As you can imagine, this would be very embarrassing to me if my fellow cadets learned about it. So, please, if at all possible, return the goat without letting word of this circulate around our little cadet village.

My trainers propose a prisoner exchange. If the goat is returned to the naval academy before the Navy-Army game, then I will be released in the condition I am in.

I cannot negotiate with my trainers because I am only allowed to say “baa” for yes and “baa baa” for no. After the first letter went unanswered the line of questioning became very personal. If I don’t answer a question, I am jolted with a cattle prod that makes me jump uncontrollably. The voltage of the prod also seems to have increased since the first letter was unanswered which is why I have answered such questions, as “Do you like women?” “Do you play with yourself?” and “Have you ever tried position 69?”
Also, after the first letter went unanswered my trainers said I was to be sheared for “wool”. The hair on my head was not cut because this was not the “wool” they were after. However, the body hair from my most private area was shaved off by the female trainer and passed around to the other trainers. This is extremely humiliating to a young woman, such as me, only 20 years old.

The morning after the first letter was unanswered, something new was added to my confinement area. My trainers said it was a scratching post in case I ever develop an itch somewhere such as my “hind quarters”. As that part of my body was mentioned, one of the male trainers patted it with his hand, skin-to-skin. This is the only time I’ve been touched inappropriately by a male trainer. To make matters worse, his hand felt rough and grainy. I immediately shouted “BAA BAA” and gave him a scowling look. He apologized profusely saying he temporarily forgot I’m not really a goat. He was so ashamed of himself that he immediately went to the head to wash the offending hand. I forgive him because I sometimes forget that I’m not really a goat myself. But that’s all grist for the mill.

I next learned how suggestible my mind is. Shortly after it was said that I might develop an itch on my hindquarters, I imagined I had one. The imagination was so strong that the itch intensified until I was squirming, twitching and shaking the area much to the bemusement of my trainers. With no other means of relief, I back into the scratching post and tried to address the situation through the blanket. This did not work, however, so I wiggled the blanket up and off the area and rubbed the exposed skin on the post. So involved was I in the scratching that it wasn’t until relief finally came that I realized I had put on quite a show for my trainers with my bare bottom.

Before I forget, my trainers say that if the goat is not returned before the Navy-Army game, I will be released at the same time and place as the goat during the pre-game activities and that if the goat doesn’t have a blanket when it is release then neither will I. So please release the goat immediately so we don’t have to go down that road.

In conclusion, I strongly recommend that we NEVER kidnap the Navy Goat again. Not only for the protection of our cheerleaders, but also to foster better relations between West Point and Annapolis.

Sincerely,

Cadet Donna K. Peterson

General Franklin studied the letter (and Polaroid) closely. There was something odd about the way the letter was organized: back and forth between Peterson’s ordeal and terms of her release, long and short paragraphs, odd use of idioms and clichés…

General Franklin’s eyes settled on the last two words of the second paragraph… “honor code.” What were the last two words of the first paragraph?

FRANKLIN
Last word. Last word code?

General Franklin quickly wrote down the last word of the third through tenth paragraphs… room, for, village, in, 69, old, mill, bottom, road, Annapolis…

FRANKLIN
Yes!
Room 4
Village Inn
69 Old Mill Bottom Road
Annapolis, MD

General Franklin reached into his desk and opened his Naval Academy file. He flipped through the file until he found the page titled “Area Lodging”. He shook his head in amazement and settled back into his chair.

FRANKLIN
So, Donna, you’re more than just a pretty face.

He studied the Polaroid again. A low angle close-up, this time taken from the front.

FRANKLIN
Yes, so much more than just a pretty… face.

General Franklin thought back to his instructions from General Goodpaster, “take charge of Cadet Peterson, personally” he said, “seize the initiative here,” he said, “I delegate total authority in the handling of Cadet Peterson to you.”

General Franklin called his secretary.

FRANKLIN
Reschedule all my appointments for the next two days. I have a personal emergency.

General Franklin put down the phone and placed the Polaroid in a drawer gingerly on top of the blown up copy of the first one.

FRANKLIN
You did it, Donna.
You won’t be released at the Army-Navy Game.
You don’t have to worry.
At least, not about that.
Heh heh heh.

General Franklin picked up the letter and headed for his car.

To Be Continued...

Bottom of Form

Prisoner Exchange (continued)

Wed Apr 6, 2005 16:25

155.215.21.2

Scene: Room 4 - Village Inn, Early Evening

Cadet Donna Peterson is kneeling on a couch with large fluffy cushions. Her hands are on the floor on either side of an upside down feeding dish. On top of the feeding dish is a sugar cube that Donna is attempting to reach with her mouth without falling off the couch. The large fluffy cushions and her precarious position make the task extremely difficult but Donna is determined to get her first sugar of the day. U.S. Naval Academy midshipmen, including one female, are viewing her from various angles sitting around the room and cheering encouragement to her to keep trying. One male midshipman is standing next to Donna holding a leash that is tethered around Donna’s neck and trying to discretely peak under the bottom hem of her only other garment, a goat blanket. The blanket is just big enough to protect Donna’s modesty in usual circumstances but at this moment she feels the bottom hem riding up her hips about to expose her posterior. Donna is determined to make it through just one day without exposing any of her private areas to the male midshipmen. She lifts her head and back up so that the bottom hem slips back into place. Keeping both knees on the cushions, she lifts one foot with the toes pointed up and presses the hem securely to her upper thigh uses her toes. The midshipmen applaud her ingenuity and Donna, now quite pleased with herself, begins to reach down with her head again to reach the sugar but finds her position even more unsteady than before.

MIDSHIPMAN
Don’t worry. If you begin to fall, I’ll grab you.

Donna thinks, “That’s what I’m worried about” and continues to descend. Now, Donna realizes that she has another problem. With the bottom of the blanket secured just below her derriere, the top of the blanket isn’t following her breasts down to the sugar cube as it did before. Donna brings her elbows in slightly to clamp the blanket with her upper arms and the blanket, now secured at both ends, does stretch a little. But with each new inch of descent, more and more of Donna’s upper breasts, now cleaved together, emerge from the top of the blanket. Seeing this, the midshipmen begin to chant enthusiastically.

MIDSHIPMEN
Lower! Lower! Lower!

Donna sees the strongly desired sugar cube coming closer and closer as she feels her nipples touch the bottom of the stitching of the blankets top hem. Donna’s lips just touch the top of the sugar cube as she feels her nipples begin to breach the hem. She freezes. The nipples remain inside the blanket. The midshipmen continue to cheer her on but she pauses to consider her options. Donna thinks, “Let the nipples pop out and gobble up the sugar cube quickly? No, no flashes today! Not today.” She thinks again, “Release the bottom of the blanket, suck up the sugar cube and then straighten up again? No, I’m not showing them that again, either. Certainly not in the position it’s in now.” Donna looks longingly at the sugar cube and thinks “Accept that I can’t do this trick, give up on the sugar cube reward and climb down from the couch? No, nothing but goat feed and water for two days! I WILL get that sugar cube and show them nothing!” Donna sticks her tongue out and tries to wrap it around the sugar cube.

MIDSHIPMEN
Oooooh!

Donna quickly retracts her tongue and blushes all over. “Men!” she thinks “Okay, no tongue.” Donna puckers her lips and begins to grab the cube with them. Suddenly the room falls silent and the standing midshipman drops his end of the leash to the floor. “What happened?” Donna wonders. She quickly assesses the blanket position with her toes and nipples. All her private areas are still covered. “So what is it?” Donna puzzles as she glances around the floor of the room. All the midshipmen have stood up and are now facing the door with their heels locked. Donna turns her head to the door. It is open and two highly shined black shoes stand in the doorway. Above the shoes are two green trouser legs with double black stripes. “ARMY GENERAL!” Donna realizes. Straightening up she sees General Joseph P. Franklin, Commandant of Cadets, holding a pass key in one hand and a small notebook and pen in the other. He is giving the midshipmen his famous steely death stare. They are trembling. Donna happily climbs down from the couch, careful that the blanket doesn’t slip.

DONNA
BAA! I mean, yes. Thank God.
General Franklin! Did you bring a uniform for me?

General Franklin puts the pass key in his pocket, opens the notebook and clicks the pen. The midshipmen, who are standing at a rigid position of attention, shudder at the sound of the pen clicking.

FRANKLIN
Are you all right, Cadet Peterson?

DONNA
Yes, sir. Except I need a uniform. Where is it?

General Franklin holds the pen to the notebook and looks around at the midshipmen.

FRANKLIN
Whether or not you are all separated
from the Naval Academy, face UCMJ
action and the irreversible downward
spiral of the rest of your lives depends
on your cooperation and truthfulness
at this very moment.

The midshipmen swallow hard. Donna nods at them and gleefully removes the leash from her neck. She drops it to the floor and sees the sugar cube again. She bends at her knees, picks it up and points it around the room at the midshipmen.

DONNA
Ha!

Donna pops the cube into her mouth with some fanfare but the only person who looks at her is General Franklin with the same steely death stare. Suddenly Donna realizes that she is standing in front of the Commandant of Cadets wearing only a skimpy goat blanket. She clutches the top and bottom hems with her hands and attempts to stretch it as much as possible over her body which is involuntarily crouching slightly.

DONNA
General Franklin, sir?
My uniform?

General Franklin places both the pen and notebook in one hand and holds the other one out, palm up, in the direction of Cadet Peterson. Donna‘s jaw drops slightly. Then General Franklin looks around at the midshipmen.

FRANKLIN
I.D. Cards.

The midshipmen quickly reach into their back pockets and take their I.D. cards out of their wallets. Donna sighs in relief and shakes her head at her silly misperception. The midshipmen fill General Franklin’s hand with their I.D. cards and return to their former positions at rigid attention. General Franklin flips through the I.D. cards and copies their names and social security numbers in the notebook as he addresses them.

FRANKLIN
Does anyone outside this room know of this enterprise?

MIDSHIPMEN
No, sir.

DONNA
(Softly)
Well, thank God for that.

General Franklin stops writing.

FRANKLIN
Do you prefer they keep it that way, Cadet Peterson?

DONNA
Yes sir.

FRANKLIN
That means no official punishment. Are you sure?

DONNA
I just want to put my uniform on and go back to West Point, sir.

General Franklin puts the notebook and pen into his pocket. He addresses the midshipmen.

FRANKLIN
Cadet Peterson has requested
leniency for you all in exchange
for your silence. It is so ordered.

MIDSHIPMEN
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

FRANKLIN
I will be keeping close track of you all.
I have my ways.
If you want to graduate, you will never
sign up for another pass and you will
volunteer for every SHITTY extra duty
you can. Understood?

MIDSHIPMEN
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Donna smiles broadly and nods at the midshipmen triumphantly.

FRANKLIN
Is that acceptable Cadet Peterson?

DONNA
Yes, sir. But I would
REALLY appreciate it
If you could give me my
Uniform, now. Please?

General Franklin steps aside opening a path to the door and holds out the I.D. cards.

FRANKLIN
Return to your academy and
Never speak of this again, even
to each other. DISMISSED!

The midshipmen file out of the room each taking one I.D. Card. General Franklin holds the last one tight as the last midshipman stops in his tracks.

FRANKLIN
(whispering)
Answer in a whisper.
Are there any more
Polaroids?

MIDSHIPMAN
(whispering)
Top dresser drawer, sir.

General Franklin looks at Donna again with the steely death stare and releases the I.D. card.

FRANKLIN
I THOUGHT as much!

The last midshipman exits the room leaving Donna alone with General Franklin.

DONNA
You thought as much what, sir?
What did he say?

FRANKLIN
I asked if you had any part
in planning this and he said
it was all your idea.

General Franklin slams the door behind him.

TO BE CONTINUED…

Bottom of Form

Prisoner Exchange (Conclusion)

Wed Apr 6, 2005 16:26

155.215.21.2

Scene: Room 4 - Village Inn, Later That Evening
The last midshipman exits the room leaving Donna alone with General Franklin.

DONNA
You thought as much what, sir?
What did he say?

FRANKLIN
I asked if you had any part
in planning this and he said
it was all your idea.

General Franklin slams the door behind him

DONNA
He’s LYING, sir!

General Franklin takes a couple of steps in Donna’s direction.

FRANKLIN
Why lie? We already let him
off without official punishment.
A request from you that makes
perfect sense if you planned this.

General Franklin takes a couple more steps toward Donna. This time Donna takes a step backward.

DONNA
Sir, you can’t believe…
Why would I do
this to myself?

Donna shakes the goat blanket slightly to emphasize her point. Franklin takes a couple more steps in her direction. Donna moves away from the couch and wall toward the middle of the room.

FRANKLIN
Your tactical officer tells
me you’ll do anything for
attention. She complains
to me about you all the time.

DONNA
That BITCH!

Donna can hardly believe she blurted that out. General Franklin gives her his best steely death stare yet.

DONNA
I’m sorry, sir.

General Franklin pulls out the letter Donna addressed to him and unfolds it as he speaks.

FRANKLIN
I see you have a problem in
dealing with authority, Cadet
Peterson. How can I trust that
you dealt honestly with me in
this letter?

General Franklin shows the letter to Donna. She recognizes it at once.

DONNA
It’s all true, sir, and I
have no problem in with
authority no matter what
SHE told you. What did
she tell you?

General Franklin sees that he has found the right button to push.

FRANKLIN
You pretend to be weak and
vulnerable so you’re male
classmates will do your duties
for you . You pour on the charm,
wear your cheerleader uniform
around the company, manipulate
the males with your feminine wiles…

DONNA
Feminine wiles! Sir, I assure
you…

FRANKLIN
I wasn’t FINISHED cadet!
Your tactical officer reports
That you’re not to be trusted.
I don’t even trust that you’re
really naked under that goat blanket.

Donna is astonished at this.

DONNA
I most certainly am! Sir.

General Franklin takes a step backward to set himself up for a fuller view.

FRANKLIN
So say you. But I say you’re
wearing a strapless swimsuit
under there and this whole
thing is a hoax.

Donna thinks for a second.

DONNA
Wait, sir, I’ll prove it.

She turns her back to General Franklin, opens the goat blanket an lowers it enough to show her bare back but not her backside. She turns her head towards General Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Well, maybe you’re topless
but…

DONNA
But?

FRANKLIN
Butt.

Donna’s eyes widen and she glances down at the goat blanket covering the indicated area.

DONNA
Sir, you can’t possibly mean?
Please, sir, don’t make me…
I mean, a girl has her modesty.

Donna smiles pleadingly at General Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Pouring on the charm, Cadet
Peterson? Acting weak and
vulnerable?

Donna seethes as she thinks of her tactical officer putting these ideas into the Commandant’s head.

DONNA
Sir, I am NEITHER weak
nor vulnerable!

Donna whips both her head and the goat blanket around to her front facing away from General Franklin as her mind races. “I can’t believe I’m MOONING the Commandant because of that BITCH!” Donna thought “Of course I wear my cheerleading uniform sometimes. I’m a cheerleader! And I do my share of the duties. The guys just ask to help out to flirt with me. She’s jealous. Before I came along, she had their full attention. A woman in her thirties! Calling them to her quarters all hours of the night to pick up papers. What is SHE wearing? Going to their swim meets to gawk at their bodies like a pathetic Mrs. Robinson in uniform. Inspecting their dressers to touch their underwear and check the size of their jock straps. Disgusting. And SHE complains to the Commandant about ME? How long has she been deceiving him?” Donna suddenly snaps out of it and realizes she is furiously tapping her foot making her butt jiggle “Hey, how long have I been MOONING him.” Donna stops tapping her foot and looks back at General Franklin who is staring intently at her derriere. But this isn’t his steely death stare. He’s breathing hard.

DONNA
Sir? Permission to cover up?

FRANKLIN
Yes, of course, what have you
been waiting for?

Peterson faces back around towards the recovering General Franklin and looks at him with some suspicion.

DONNA
Sir, why were you staring
at my… Couldn’t you see
that I’m naked right away.
Why did you… need… to
look for so long sir?

Franklin straightens his back a little to advance to his next objective.

FRANKLIN
I was searching for marks
left by the cattle prod and I
didn’t find any. So, you DID
dress for this hoax but clearly
none of the things in this letter
really happened.

Donna points to the cattle prod resting against the chair.

DONNA
There’s the prod, sir, but it
doesn’t leave a mark.

General Franklin consults the letter again.

FRANKLIN
So it makes you jump uncontrollably
but it doesn’t leave a mark? I’ll
believe THAT when I see it.

Donna instinctively grabs the bottom hem of the goat blanket behind her and pulls it tight to protect her rear.

DONNA
See it? Sir… this is getting
really weird. Couldn’t
I put on my uniform now?

FRANKLIN
Stalling for time, Peterson?
You know that prod will leave
a mark and your cover story
for your AWOL will be blown.

Donna backs away now, scared.

DONNA
AWOL!?

FRANKLIN
Of course, your pass expired two
days ago and your reluctance
about the prod proves your
cover story false.

Donna looks behind herself at the prod. “I guess I can take it one more time,” she thinks. She picks up the prod, hands it to General Franklin and gets down on all fours in front of him.

FRANKLIN
So… I press the on button and
touch the end to your backside?

DONNA
Yes, siIIIIIRRR!!!

Donna leaps up faster than the goat blanket can follow. Her breasts pop up and out in full view of General Franklin who makes no attempt to cover his eyes. After they bounce around a bit, Donna corrals the runaway breasts into the goat blanket.

DONNA
Sorry, sir, that happens every time.

Donna tries to get past the next part without making eye contact with General Franklin. She turns around, flips the back of the blanket up slightly and quickly lowers it again and turns back.

DONNA
As you can see, there’s no mark.

Donna, now flustered and embarrassed, tries to calm down by acting nonchalant and looking around the room, anywhere but at General Franklin. Meanwhile he thinks “One last objective to reconnoiter”.

FRANKLIN
That jump could have been an act.

Donna can hardly believe her ears as she looks at General Franklin to see if he’s serious.

FRANKLIN
I’ve seen you act in cadet plays.

General Franklin looks back at the letter and points to a particular paragraph.

FRANKLIN
Now, this shearing story…

Donna brings her legs close together and grabs the bottom hem of the goat blanket at the sides pulling it tight over her final mystery.
DONNA
What!!??

General Franklin looks up at her.

FRANKLIN
Well, that’s one story where
acting won’t help you.

Donna shakes her head.

DONNA
NO sir. Noooo sir. This breaks
every regulation in the book. You
are a male officer. You can’t ask
to see a female cadet’s… Sir,
you can’t examine a female cadet
that way.

Donna straightens up a little, proud that she finally stood her ground.

FRANKLIN
Of course you’re right. This has
gone too far already. Let’s get
you back into a uniform at once.

DONNA
Thank you, sir.

FRANKLIN
On the way back to West Point,
we’ll drive through a fast food
restaurant. You must be hungry.

DONNA
Yes, sir. Thank you very much, sir.

FRANKLIN
Then when we get back, your
tactical officer can do the
examination.

Donna is flabbergasted for a moment.

DONNA
Excuse me, sir?
FRANKLIN
She’s a female officer. You can’t
object to that. And if everything
is as you say it is, she can report
that to me.

“Yes and every male cadet in the company behind my back” Donna thinks. “The humiliation of being examined down there by HER. Oh, she’ll like putting me through it, too.” Donna releases the hem

DONNA
Sir… If we have to do it, I’d
rather get it out of the way…
right here… with you.

FRANKLIN
No. I don’t know what I was
thinking. If anyone were to
find out… no, I’d rather
let your Tac handle this.

Donna reaches out to General Franklin.

DONNA
Please sir! Let’s just get this
behind us now. I won’t tell
anyone if you don’t. In fact,
I don’t want anyone to ever
know about any of this.

“Good” General Franklin thinks “That’s my trump card.”

FRANKLIN
Very well, if you insist.

Donna’s hands begin to tremble as she reaches down to the front of the bottom hem of her goat blanket. She cringes as she touches the hem. She doesn’t move it at all. She exhales heavily and drops her hands back to her side.

DONNA
I can’t do it myself, sir.
Could you do it, please?
But, make it quickly, please.

General Franklin thinks for a minute and looks around the room.

FRANKLIN
Well, if it’s going to be done
quickly, I’d better have a good
angle so there’s no mistake. Here,
step up on this couch and face me.

Donna looks over at the couch and doesn’t move.

FRANKLIN
What’s the matter. Change your mind?

DONNA
No, sir. It’s just… I didn’t expect
to have to get back up on the couch.

Donna walks over to the couch and steps up on the fluffy cushions. She takes some time turning around maintaining her balance. General Franklin positions himself at one end of the couch and discretely hooks one heel around a leg of the couch. Donna moves over until she stands facing him. General Franklin pinches the center of the bottom hem of the goat blanket with his fingers.

FRANKLIN
Ready?

DONNA
Yes, sir.

General Franklin lifts the hem slightly, exposing the shaved area, and then swings the hem back making sure to SLAP the shaved area with the back of his fingers.

DONNA
Yiiiiiiikes!

Donna gasps and crouches away from General Franklin putting her off balance. At that very moment General Franklin jars the leg of the couch with his heel. This is just enough to make Donna lose her balance completely.

DONNA
Haaaaaaargh!

General Franklin holds tight to the bottom hem of the goat blanket and doesn’t let it move an inch. Donna rolls down the back of the couch, out of the goat blanket, bouncing on the fluffy cushions with arms and legs flailing wildly about until she lands on the floor, facing up at General Franklin, stark naked and spread eagle.

FRANKLIN
Sorry, Cadet Peterson.
I was trying to do it quickly.

Donna struggles to her feet unable to talk. General Franklin hands the blanket back to her. She slowly puts it back on over her trembling body. Her eyes have a stare of disbelief. Finally she musters the courage to speak to General Franklin if not look at him.

DONNA
We..el, si… ir.
Sure..ly, you’re con…
vinced, now.

FRANKLIN
How do I know you don’t
keep it like that all the time?

Donna’s trembling turns into rage at this insult.

DONNA
SIR!

FRANKLIN
There ARE some women your
age that do that, aren’t there?

DONNA
Not ME, sir! Why can’t you just
believe me?

General Franklin waves the letter in front of her.

FRANKLIN
I’m sorry Cadet Peterson, but some
of the details of your story strain
credibility. In short, I don’t believe
it’s even possible for you to get
completely dry after a scrubbing
just by shaking yourself.

Donna looks back at the bathroom and then pleadingly at General Franklin.

DONNA
Sir, this is highly irregular. It’s not
professional for us to be doing these
things. It’s not military justice, it’s
trial by ordeal.

It was time for General Franklin to play his trump card.

FRANKLIN
You’re quite right, again, Cadet
Peterson. I’ll refer your AWOL
to the Cadet Disciplinary Board.

DONNA
The cadet board, sir?

FRANKLIN
Yes, a jury of your peers. I’ll
give them this letter and the
Polaroid and you can tell them
the rest of your story. Don’t
worry, I’m sure they’ll be discreet.

DONNA
Sir they WON’T! You don’t know
how male cadets are when they get
a story about a female cadet. This
will be all over the Corps! No, no sir.

FRANKLIN
I’m sorry, Cadet Peterson, as long
as I still suspect you of AWOL it’s
my duty to have it investigated.

Donna looked back at the bathroom again.

DONNA
As long as you suspect me?

“Just pretend he’s the female trainer and it won’t be so bad” Donna thinks as she takes off the goat blanket in full view of General Franklin, holds it to the side and drops it to the floor.

FRANKLIN
If you think you can get me to drop
the charges by dropping the blanket…

Franklin looks Donna over head to toe. Donna makes no attempt to cover up, anymore.

DONNA
No sir, I’m going to prove that I can
shake myself dry. If you promise that
this is the LAST test.

FRANKLIN
Yes. But you’re already dry.

DONNA
Yes sir, follow me.

Donna turns around and walks toward the bathroom.

DONNA
It’s time for my daily scrubbing anyway.

General Franklin scoops up the blanket and folds it “She won’t need this for the rest of our stay. She seems quite comfortable keeping no secrets from me now.”

FRANKLIN
I have to hang up my jacket.
Get set up in there, Cadet Peterson.

DONNA
Baa.

Donna turns the water on in the bathtub and adjusts it to a comfortable temperature. She crawls into the tub and stands on all fours both hands and knees shoulder width apart. General Franklin opens the top dresser drawer and finds it filled with Polaroid’s of Donna, asleep and out of her blanket. “Saved me the trouble” he thinks. He puts the pictures into his jacket pocket and hangs it up over the blanket. “Ill have to get her something nice to wear on for the ride back” he thinks “Tomorrow… afternoon. Until then, I like her this way.” Donna watches the bathroom door wondering what was taking General Franklin so long. Finally he enters rolling up his sleeves and picking up a washcloth and bar of soap.

FRANKLIN
Complete and vigorous, you said?

Donna faces forward again.

DONNA
Baa.

“Just get through this last scrubbing and dry off” she thought “then you can avoid eye contact or speaking with General Franklin for the rest of your cadet career.” General Franklin knelt down by the tub “Time to familiarize myself with the new Commandant’s Aide.” He thinks ”I foresee a lot of business trips.” General Franklin begins scrubbing Donna’s foot and works his way up her leg.

DONNA
Baa… baa… baaAAAAAGH!

THE END