

Winter Adventures

Five short stories:

The Au Pair Girl

The Death of Cheryl

Eirene's Execution

The Girls' Boarding School

A Winter Execution

For some people, winter is the season they like most. They love to wear those cozy winter clothes. And they love to see the ones they adore, wearing a Fur coat, Down jacket, Parka or a woolen sweater. This excites them even sexually...

Other people love bad girls. They love to see it, when young female felons are locked up securely and punished hard for their crimes. And they love it even more to see a beautiful young murderess executed in public for the sake of deterrence...

...The following stories and photo-compositions are dedicated to those who love both of the above topics.

The Au Pair Girl

Cathy's Trial

The 19-year-old American Au Pair girl, Cathy Logan, had never left the country before. And now she wishes she never had. In this strange land, let's call it Germany, Cathy had just been accused to be a murderess. That crime carried a possible penalty of death. The taking-of-evidence-phase of her trial had just ended. At a German court there was no jury, only a tribunal that consisted of five judges, who now had to decide what was going to happen to her. The wait was excruciating. Her attorney hugged her briefly and told her to be confident, for his case to spare her life was strong. His words were of little comfort however as she sat trembling in the court's holding cell.

"I don't belong here. I shouldn't be here. I want to go home." These were some of the many fleeting thoughts that rapidly passed through Cathy Logan's mind as she sat in this small room that contained nothing more than a bench. This room was the holding cell of the district courtyard. Soon, the reading of the judgment in her case would be held. Cathy had never been in any real trouble before. There had been a few childhood pranks and one false accusation of cheating on a test in high school (quickly resolved by the teacher), but nothing that had even involved the school principal, much less the police. She desperately tried to turn the clock in her mind back three weeks to when she made that terrible mistake.

At that day, Cathy stayed at her host-family's house. Her host-father was out at office, her host-mother, who suffered a serious disease, was at home in her bedroom, sleeping. Cathy was tired of that bitch and her ugly, continuously crying baby. As an Au Pair, she was to look after the baby, but the bitch made her act as a cheap domestic servant instead. Before she went to bed, she had just told Cathy to clean the living room, kitchen and bath room. Before she decided to become an Au Pair, Cathy was told that she would have to work only 30 hours per week. But now she had to work 9 hours per day! So, in an outburst of rage, Cathy lit the fucking house on fire. The wooden house caught fire much faster than she expected and Cathy was barely able to save herself. At the end, the mother and the baby were dead and Cathy was accused of arson. The police were convinced that she was in love with her host-father and wanted him to be free for her.

During the past few years, the country had gotten increasingly tired of crimes committed by foreigners. "Fight the foreign vermin" had become the political rallying cry, and politicians who were viewed as being too soft on those cases, even those unfortunates who were unwitting carriers, had been progressively weeded out. Soon, only the most conservative were left to make the laws. Under the new system, Cathy's trial would be short and the sentence assured and harsh. Now Cathy sat shivering in the court's holding cell, supervised by a camera that was installed at the ceiling.

It was wintertime and Cathy was wearing quite warm clothes, but nevertheless she was trembling. The court-rules said that female defendants were not permitted to wear too sexy clothes, like short skirts or low-neck-tops. Trying to influence the judges by sex appeal

would offend the court. But Cathy wanted to show how beautiful she was, so she had decided to wear tight jeans and a tight dark blue turtleneck sweater, made of cashmere. These things were not on the list of forbidden clothing but nevertheless they showed clearly her slender body, her long legs and her perfectly shaped neck. To complete her dress, she had put on her best jacket, a short white fur jacket. She really wanted to look nice in front of all those people who were watching her trial.

About an hour had passed when the door to the holding cell opened. "The Tribunal has reached a decision", the female guard said. As she was led out, Cathy began to sob quietly. She was terrified of what awaited her in the courtroom. Cathy's attorney grabbed her hand.

"Come on. Have confidence."

She nodded as she stood up and was escorted into the courtroom by the guard. Cathy and her attorney were seated at the head table directly in front of the judge's desk. The Tribunal entered.

"All rise for the High Tribunal and the leading judge, the Honorable Ronald Barnabas."

The judges took their seats at their desks and the people at the courtroom were allowed to sit down.

"Will the prisoner please rise!"



Cathy looked at her attorney and he nodded his head and gave her a slight smile. She was so frightened she could barely push her chair away from the table. She weakly stood up, kind of hunched over at the waist and trembling. The leading judge began:

"I would like to issue an explanation of my reasoning before passing sentence. It is clear that the legislators of this nation wanted to make a statement in attaching a severe punishment to this crime. That is that we, as a country, would not tolerate those, who come to our country as our guests and commit serious crimes then."

At this point Cathy was barely paying attention. All she knew was the judge was continuing to ramble and the agony of suspense was growing stronger and stronger.

"Your defense here at court was unchanged from your defense during the investigation of the fire by the police. In the chief-investigator's official written report, he stated that a conviction was issued because there was no evidence that other individuals than you and your victims were at home at the time the fire broke out. In addition to that, it is clear that the fire was caused intentionally by lighting a large quantity of waste paper that was stored in the basement. Thus the tribunal is convinced that you intentionally took the lives of two innocent German citizens. It would be inappropriate for me to issue you a reduced sentence."

Beginning to realize where this explanation was leading, Cathy began to cry.

"Therefore it is the judgment of this court that you, Katharine Logan, having been duly convicted of murder in conjunction with arson, suffer the required punishment of death for your crime."

Cathy was unprepared of just how terrifying those words would be. She fell back into her chair and began crying uncontrollably. Her attorney did his best to comfort her.

"Counselor, please try to silence your client so I may finish." exclaimed the judge. After a few moments, Cathy calmed a bit. Although her sobbing continued, she was quiet enough for the judge to continue.

"Ms. Logan, you will be taken from this courtroom to a cell at the Berlin home for young offenders, where you will be detained until Wednesday of this week, when at nine o'clock in the morning, you will suffer a public grade-B execution."

So the trial was over. Cathy was allowed a brief talk to her attorney, before she was led to the waiting prison van.

"So what do we do now?"

Her attorney was seemingly puzzled by the question.

"Can't we appeal this or something?"

"I'm sorry, Cathy. Didn't you learn about the reformed jurisdiction in Germany? There

would have to be some glaring error by the Tribunal in order for an appeal to even be considered!"

Cathy took this surprisingly well.

"Wednesday? That's tomorrow! So tomorrow I'm going to die?"

The attorney softly nodded his head. Cathy's eyes glazed over, fighting back tears.

"Thank you for all your help. Are you going to be there tomorrow morning?"

"Unfortunately I have to be. If a client is sentenced to death, the defending attorney has to be present to witness the execution. It's the law and without a doubt the most unpleasant part of my job."

A new friend

After the trial, Cathy was transferred to the so-called 'Home for young offenders', the facility where the newly introduced 'physical punishments' were carried out. Just after arriving there, a female guard led her into a small room.

"We have to do some formalities, honey" the guard said, "Take off your jacket and give me your belt, your shoelaces and your bra please."

Cathy understood what that was for: They didn't want her to strangle herself and commit suicide. She was to die in public by the hand of the hangman. She quivered as the guard now measured her height, her weight and the width of her neck. Then the guard passed Cathy a small box.

"Put your watch, your money and all your valuables in here!"

Again Cathy complied. Then the guard said:

"I have to inform you, that all your valuables are confiscated. This includes that expensive fur jacket. Prisoners are not allowed to possess luxury things like that."

Cathy sobbed. Then she was led to her cell, still wearing her own jeans and sweater. The inmates of the 'Home for young offenders' didn't have to wear prison uniforms. The female guard opened the door to the cell and pushed Cathy in. Cathy was surprised as she saw that it was a cell for two prisoners with another girl already present.

"May I introduce you to the drug trafficker Miriam Schroeder", the guard said, "Miriam knows your language, and I hope you two will get along well".

Then the guard locked the door leaving the two girls alone in their cell. Miriam was a black haired German girl of approximately Cathy's age. She was wearing jeans and a heavy white woolen turtleneck sweater.

"Hi, you can call me Miri!"

Her English was quite good. The two girls were looking at each other; neither of them really knew what to say. To break the silence, Miriam said:

Are you the American Au Pair everyone is talking about?"

Cathy nodded.

"So you've been sentenced today?"

Cathy sobbed and said: "They're going to put me to death on tomorrow."

Again Silence. After a while Miriam said in a soft voice: "Then we'll walk together. I'll die tomorrow as well." Now Cathy briefly caressed Miriam. Both girls were glad not to be on their own in that situation.

After a while Miriam asked: "Did they issue you a grade-A or a grade-B execution?"

"Grade-B" Cathy answered, "I hope the second grade won't be so hard...?"

Miriam didn't answer. She just looked at Cathy with a sad expression on her face.

"So what's it like" Cathy continued, "A grade-B execution I mean. Is it quick?"

"Cathy, I don't think you should be worrying about that,"

But Cathy stood up and shouted at her: "TELL ME DAMNIT, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY'LL DO TO ME!"

Miriam paused a bit, searching for the proper way to tell Cathy of their impending ordeal.

"Well, it's not very pleasant."

"Go on, I want to know what's going to happen to me!"

Miriam reluctantly continued:

"Well you'll be placed on a small stool with a noose around your neck. When the stool is removed you will only fall about a foot at the most. Not nearly enough to cause death. So you will basically be strangled to death. They call it a slow hanging."

"How long will it take?" Cathy sobbed.

"Several minutes, possibly longer. They always issue grade-B to young girls, as a means of deterrent. I'll hang as well..." Miriam started to cry softly.



What followed was silence, sometimes interrupted by a sob or sigh of one of the girls. Cathy wanted to talk about something different now, so she looked at Miriam and said:

“Nice sweater. Did you knit it yourself?”

“No”, Miriam answered, “My boyfriend’s mum knitted it for him, to stay warm on a sailing-trip. I always loved to wear his sweater when I was with him on cold days and Frank loved to see me wearing it. He called me ‘little lamb’ then... He gave it to me as a farewell present when I was send to prison. I’ll never see him again, but I have his sweater that still smells a little bit like him... Sorry, I’m telling silly things...”

It was evening now, and a guard entered the cell to bring some sandwiches.

“Ladies, we hope you’ll enjoy your last meal in this life! Please go to bed soon, tomorrow will be a strenuous day for both of you!”

The girls had their last supper in silence. Then they stripped off their clothes and put on the prison supplied night gowns, which were in fact just simple oversized T-shirts. As Cathy arranged her clothes on a chair, to have them ready in the next morning, Miriam reached for Cathy’s fashionable dark-blue sweater.

“Can I please put it on for a minute? Just to see how it feels and how I’m looking in that? I always wanted to have such a nice cashmere sweater, but didn’t have the money to buy one...”

“Sure” Cathy answered, “Can I put on your hand-knitted sweater then? I always wanted to have a really warm sweater, one of those you can’t buy in a store, but didn’t have someone to knit one for me...”

Both girls laughed about it. Miriam pulled off her sleeping shirt. Then she pulled the soft cashmere sweater over her naked body and Cathy arranged the collar for her. Doing so, Cathy noticed that Miriam obviously enjoyed to be touched. Then it was Cathy's turn to put on Miriam's huge sweater. Cathy noticed that it was as heavy and warm as a winter jacket. As she felt the thick and little bit itchy wool surrounding her up to her chin, she knew why Miriam loved this sweater. Wearing it was like being at home, cozy and safe. And she noticed that it still carried the smell of a boy's aftershave. Then Miriam started to caress Cathy's wool-covered body, starting at the neck and slowly moving down. And Cathy knew why she did it.

"We'll never see our boyfriends again", Miriam said. "But I want to feel someone else's body close to me, touching me gently, just one last time before I die."

"It's the same with me", Cathy answered. "Just imagine it's your boyfriend in this sweater..."

There wasn't the need to talk any more. They knelt down on Miriam's cot, facing each other. Then they put their arms around each other and Cathy put her thigh between Miriam's legs, to press it softly against her pussy. Immediately Miriam did the same at Cathy. So they started to stimulate the most sensitive parts of their bodies. They managed to do it perfectly, because girls know what girls like most. After half an hour of intense sex, both burst out into intense orgasms. Cathy felt too hot now, so she pulled the heavy sweater off and threw it over a chair. Miriam was still wearing the soft cashmere-sweater and Cathy allowed her to sleep in it. A few minutes later, both girls fell asleep.

Around 10:00pm the girls woke up again. Cathy noticed, that something was going on down in the prison yard. She looked out off the cell's window and couldn't believe what she saw. There were a few people busy down there.

"They've erected a wooden pole" she said, "Do you think that has something to do with ... eh ... tomorrow?"

"No" Miriam replied, "I don't think that pole has something to do with us. Perhaps they take preparations for such a non-public firing squad execution. Anyway, we will be taken to the gallows at the public execution yard tomorrow. But that yard is at the other side of the building."

At that moment the door of the cell suddenly opened and two guards entered the room, followed by the warden.

"Miriam Schroeder" the warden said, "I've got good news for you: As an act of mercy, your sentence has been reduced to grade-A execution. That means you needn't die in public. Your life will be quickly ended by a volley of bullets. This will happen immediately. Get ready!"

It took Miriam a few moments to understand what was going on. As she realized, that her life would be over in a few minutes, she started to cry. Then the guard ordered her to

dress, and she began to pull off Cathy's cashmere sweater she was still wearing. But Cathy said:

"Hey, I don't want it back! Won't it be comfortable to wear it under your itchy wool sweater? It's cold outside..."

Miriam just nodded. Cathy had realized that Miriam was a sweater fetishist, and thought that gift would comfort her somehow. Miriam was still in a state of shock so Cathy assisted her putting on her stockings, jeans, and boots. Miriam looked really beautiful now, in her jeans and the tight dark cashmere sweater and the warden took his digital camera to take pictures of her for the prison website. Finally Cathy helped Miriam into her heavy wool sweater, arranged the collar and briefly combed her black hair.

"Come one, Miri," the warden said, "We have to go now. Say goodbye to your American friend. It'll be over in a few minutes and it won't hurt much."

Each of the two guards got a hold of one of Miriam's arms and led her out of the cell. She wasn't even walking really. The two men were dragging her down the corridor as she started to scream:

"GOD NO! PLEASE, I DON'T WANT TO DIE. NOT YET, PLEASE...."

The 'little lamb' is going to the slaughter, Cathy thought. Just the thought of someone being put to death tied her stomach in knots. Then to think that early tomorrow morning, it would be her turn. It was a terrifying thought. She told herself that she was going to try and be more composed. Whether or not she actually could or not remained to be seen.

Cathy looked out of her cell's window, excitedly watching what was going on down in the prison yard. In the meantime, some very bright spotlights have been switched on, and the pole was brightly illuminated now. The guards and their prisoner appeared, and they marched Miriam directly to the post. Then with one arm on each side, they backed her up to the post, pulled her hands and arms behind it, and tied them with plastic cable straps. The warden stepped forward and read Miriam's death warrant. He concluded by asking if she had any last words, and she shook her head. A side door now opened, and the six members of the firing squad marched in, each of them carrying a rifle. They didn't blindfold Miriam, but obviously due to the bright spotlights, she wasn't able to see the people who were going to kill her. Once all six men were in position, the warden issued the first command.

"Squad Ready!"

The six men assumed an alert position with their rifles pointed upwards at a 45-degree angle.

"Safety's Off!"

In the silence of the prison yard the clicks could just be heard.

"Aim!"

The rifles pointed at Miriam's heart. She must have heard all the commands. She must have been aware that her life would be over in a few seconds.

"Fire!"



The bullets entered Miriam's chest, right in the center, between her breasts. She stiffened, and let out a gasp. Her head slumped over, and blood poured from her mouth. Great quantities of blood seeped from the wounds in her chest, slowly changing the color of her

sweater from white to red. After a few last spastic movements, Miriam was gone. Cathy watched all this from her cell's window, but this was more than she could stand. She collapsed into her cot and began crying uncontrollably, eventually crying herself to sleep.

Preparing Cathy

The sunlight shining on Cathy's face woke her Wednesday morning. When she finally came to she was in a panic. What time was it? How much longer did she have? She ran to the door and looked out at the clock. It was 8:15. Oh my god, she thought. Only 45 minutes left. She began breathing heavily, nearly hyperventilating. Then she began to calm herself. I have to be composed she thought. I don't want to be seen like Miri the night before. She washed her face and put her jeans on. Because she had given her sweater away, she pulled the sleep-shirt over her undershirt. Cathy kept looking at the clock. Each minute seemed like a second. She sat back down on her cot and resolved not to look at the clock again. Then the door to her cell opened. Again panic set in. A tall man who was carrying a large bag entered the room. Cathy didn't yet know that it was Johannes Kruger, the hangman.

"Hello Cathy, my name is Kruger. I will be your executioner today."

Cathy jumped up to look at the clock in the hall. It was 8:30.

"NO WAIT, IT'S NOT TIME YET! I STILL HAVE 30 MINUTES!" she cried.

"I'm sorry Cathy. I need get you prepared now. You will be hanging at right about 9:00."

She felt her composure weaken at the mention of her fate. Trying to fight back the tears but failing. "OK" She sobbed.

"Please, stand up in front of me, Cathy" Kruger said kindly. Cathy complied. Kruger noticed that she was looking really sexy in her tight jeans. Then he started preparing her. First he produced a pair of scissors out of his bag and shortened Cathy's curly blond hair. Now it was ensured that her neck would be bare for the noose. Cathy quivered as she noticed that Kruger was going to pinion her now. The hangmen fastened a thick leather belt around her waist and she noticed that there was a pair of heavy handcuffs attached to the front of the belt.

"They'll help you not to grab the noose," Kruger said. She briefly moaned as he pulled the straps on the belt very tightly.

"Please, could you blindfold me right now?" she asked, "I don't want to see all those horrible devices."

"I'm sorry" Kruger answered, "No blindfolds for criminals like you. Neither here nor later at the gallows."

Cathy tried to fight back tears and quivered again.

"I feel so cold, I would like to wear my jacket when we go outside" she said.

"You know, your expensive fur jacket has been confiscated. According to the execution rules, prisoners have to wear simple everyday clothes at the gallows. But your relatives have been informed about that and they've send you this:"

Kruger produced a green nylon jacket out off his bag. It was an original American air force pilot's 'N2B' parka. It was very warm and it had a large fake-fur trimmed hood. Cathy knew that type of jacket and she liked it. She put it on and closed the zipper. The jacket now hid the leather belt and only the Handcuffs could be seen, dangling in front of her waist. Kruger made them snap tightly onto her wrists, and then he looked into her face.

"I'm sorry. Those need to be tight. You'll really be struggling hard against them when you're hanging. I have to make sure they can't come loose."

Cathy sobbed. All these senseless explanations were pure terror, in fact just a part of the punishment.

"I have one last question to ask you, Cathy" Kruger continued, "Where do you want me to place the knot of the noose? I mean if it's placed at your left ear, then there's a minor chance that your neck breaks. Otherwise, if it's placed at the back of your head, you strangle faster."

She couldn't respond. She was nearly in shock at this point. Kruger suddenly felt sorry for terrifying her so much. He hugged her for a moment, trying to offer some comfort.

"Hush. It's all right, you're a good girl. It will be over soon. I'll do my best to give you a quick death" he said and briefly kissed her face. Then he pulled her parka's hood over her head. "It's cold outside" he said, "Let's go" He put his hand on her shoulder and guided her out of the cell, down the corridor and out to the prison yard.

Cathy's Great Show

As they approached the execution yard, Cathy could feel her legs weakening. How was she going to be able to hold her composure together when they entered that place? They stopped right outside of a very wide metal door. It was wide enough for three or four people to walk through side by side. The executioner pressed a red button on the side of the door. It slid open. About twenty feet in front of her were two upright wooden poles, spaced about 10 feet apart and a crossbar on top. The noose was fastened to the crossbar. The sight took Cathy's breath. She felt faint.

The witness's area of the execution yard was filled with a crowd of about 300 people, who immediately fell into silence as Cathy was led in. 300 pairs of eyes were staring at her, 300 pairs of ears were eagerly willing to hear every single word that was spoken at the hanging platform. Cathy was led toward a small wooden stool directly below the noose. Her legs finally gave way and she fell to her knees. "Please god, no", she mumbled. The executioner helped her to her feet. There was a small set of steps directly in front of the stool. Cathy

was helped up the steps and on to the stool. The executioner carried on with his work and placed a leather strap around Cathy's ankles and fastened another one just above her knees. She was holding her head down, staring at the ground and trying to ignore the noose that was dangling right in front of her. Desperately she hoped the parka's hood that still covered her head would protect her from what was going to happen. Then the warden addressed the crowd. He pointed at Cathy and said: "This American Bitch, who's shamefully hiding her face, has taken the lives of two innocent German citizens in a very disgusting way. In a few moments, she'll pay with her live for that detestable crime. Katharine Logan, do you have any last words?"



"I... didn't..." she uttered.

"That's all?" the warden asked.

Cathy nodded. Then the warden addressed the crowd again:

"I want all of you to remember: You won't see a pretty young girl dying. What you'll see is a murderess and an arsonist getting her reward. Katharine Logan: You'll die now. May your death be painful enough to ensure that justice is done. Executioner, please proceed!"

Cathy was now crying heavily. She had lost all concern about keeping her composure in front of the crowd. The executioner placed another stool next to Cathy, climbed up on it and pulled the parka's hood off her head. Cathy knew what was going to follow. She saw the executioner reaching for the noose. She whimpered and threw her head to the side, looking for any means to dodge the noose, but Kruger gripped Cathy's hair with one hand and forced her head through the noose. The moment Cathy feared the most occurred. She felt the noose being tightened around her neck. It was so tight she thought. She was already having trouble breathing and she was still on the stool. "How am I going to stand it when I fall", she wondered.

Now everything was in place and Cathy was ready to die. Some of the witnesses noticed Cathy's pants. A big wet spot started to form on the front side of her jeans. Obviously Cathy had lost control of her bladder. Now Kruger fastened two long cords to the front legs of the stool. A last time he turned to Cathy and said: "Get ready Miss". Then he went to the front left corner of the platform and paused briefly.

Cathy was crying heavily again. She knew the stool was about to be removed. The wait was pure torture. Kruger yanked on the two cords and the stool was ripped from out beneath Cathy. She let out tremendous scream. The scream was short lived as her fall was less than a foot and the rope quickly cut off her windpipe. It was only a few seconds after the initial shock of the fall wore off and Cathy realized she was still alive.

Cathy was fiercely struggling against her bonds to no avail. She gasped shortly and her feet desperately looked for some support, which wasn't there. Her handcuffed hands opened and closed. The rope cut into her neck causing severe pain. Her lungs felt as if they were on fire. Her head was pounding from the lack of oxygen to her brain. However, to her dismay, she was still fully conscious and enduring incredible agony. At this point, she had completely lost control over her constrictors and everything that her bladder and her bowels had contained, was now released. Her jeans were full of piss and shit. Her prayer of a quick death had not been answered. She had been so terrified of dying, and was now begging for death. Her vision became cloudy as the blood vessels in her eyes began to burst. The severe pain of the hanging and the panic of worrying how long this agony would last were unbearable torture.

After ten long minutes, Cathy's movements became weaker, she only jerked a few more times, and then her body went limp. Her eyes were closed. The colored tongue was hanging slightly protruded out of her mouth. Her body swung back and forth from the slight breeze. She had now mercifully lost consciousness and was essentially dead. Regulations required that prisoners hang for one hour to ensure death had occurred. At the 27-minute

mark, the physician pronounced Cathy dead. At 10:00 am she was cut down and hauled off to the morgue.



The death of Cheryl

I've been tried and sentenced to be shot, the sentence to be carried out immediately. They give me my own bright blue down jacket to put over my dull orange prison dress. It's a cold winters day and I'm glad that they allow me to wear my cosy warm jacket. They've just told me, that they won't pinion me. They say if I try to run away, they will shoot me into my legs, prior to giving me the coup de grace. So I'll have to be strong now. When I manage to stand still when the rifles point at me, my death hopefully will be almost painless.

With several guards I'm taken to one of several cars and driven the short distance to the back wall of the prison. The concrete wall is several football fields in length, about 20 feet high and about 8 feet thick. The whole length of the wall from the ground up to about 6 feet high is covered by literally millions of little pockmarks from the impact of bullets hitting it.

I'm taken out and stood in front of that wall, and left standing there alone in my prison dress which comes down to my knees, and the down jacket covering it down to below my hips. Although I'm wearing simple prison slippers my legs are freezing from the cold air. Looking around, it's quite hopeless to try and escape. Everywhere are guards with rifles and there's no place to run. Now the warden is reading my death warrant. He asks me if I have any last words and I can hear me saying "No Sir".

Now eight guards are getting their rifles ready and are forming a line in front of me, and taking aim. Oh god, they're really going to do it! I can't remember that I was so terrified before in my life. I feel a warm liquid running down my leg and realize that I'm just pissing myself. Then someone shouts: "Fire!" I see small bright flashes of light from the rifles. The down jacket ripples from the impacts of the bullets. It feels like a number of punches hitting me in the belly and chest, following by searing pain so intense that before I know it I pass out. The air behind me is momentarily filled with blood and guts and feathers as my bullet riddled corpse plops to the ground.

The guards rush to put away their guns and get back into the cars to get warm again. My lifeless body is picked up and dropped into a box before it freezes into some awkward position and leaks too much blood all over the place. Soon all that's left is a few more pockmarks in the wall and a little spot of blood in the snow, which is being covered by more gently falling snow.



Cheryl, Inmate No 2004-0127

EIRENE'S EXECUTION

A few weeks ago, in a country with a fundamentalist regime; in the central square of a small country village, a lot of people were waiting around, excited, to see the head of the American tourist Eirene Baker severed from her body.

The young Eirene had been silly enough to purchase some of those cheap drugs that are available in this country. She tried to smuggle them home to America, hiding them in a secret pocket of her jacket. She was not addicted to drugs; she just wanted to make some money. But she was caught and the local court gave her a quick trial, just the next day. Unfortunately, the quantity of drugs was so high, that the judge had no other choice: He sentenced Eirene to death. In this country, such a sentence had to be carried out immediately.

Now, one hour after receiving her sentence, Eirene was waiting in the holding cell inside the court building. She was still wearing her own clothes: Black shoes, black leather trousers and a light blue tight-fitting turtleneck sweater. And she was told to wear her orange down jacket, the very same jacket she used to hide the drugs in. She was evidently scared, but she was feeling excited somehow... her head rolling on the floor... her headless body performing in a final show, maybe the kneeling fountain... yes, she realized she desired it, intensely.

Eirene was to be executed right at 12:00. At 11:50 a guard entered her cell and told her that everything was ready; He instructed Eirene, how she could assist the headsman to give her a quick death. She shivered. She closed the zipper of her jacket and pulled the collar of her sweater up to her chin, as if this could protect her somehow. The guard laughed about that. Soon, those pretty clothes would get really dirty, he thought. Then Eirene was led out.

At the place of her death, the headsman was waiting for her and the instrument of her death was clearly visible. When Eirene saw the sword, a cold shiver flowed through her body, freezing but exciting her more. She gave a malicious look at the noisy crowd, then, without saying a word; she knelt down, holding the upper part of her body upright, stretching her neck as it was told her. She felt her pussy extremely wet under her pants.

Briefly, the headsman inspected the kneeling girl. The collar of her down-jacket covered only the lower part of her long neck and the thin turtleneck-sweater, which reached up to her chin, was not a problem for the 10-pound-sword. Without any further delay, the headsman raised the sword and, with a strong stroke, crushed it against Eirene's neck.



Chop!

Within milliseconds, the sword ran through her neck, severing her flesh and her cervical vertebrae. At the moment the nerves inside her backbone were severed, Eirene felt unbearable pain, as if every part of her body was aching. She had never felt such horrible pain before in her whole life. The blond head plumped down. Eirene's headless body remained upright for a few seconds, spraying blood in the air; sitting on its heels, it started a nod of the kneeling fountain. Then, a strong jolt shook the brainless body, and it fell forward violently; her torso reached the ground, laying a bloody wake on it.

At the same time, the headsman picked up Eirene's head by her blond hair and displayed it to the crowd. Still conscious, the girl could see the crowd now, and she could hear the headsman shouting words about her; the intense pain of the decapitation was slowly fading away, nevertheless she was still feeling pain from her neck. But the most horrible thing was that she was completely aware now, that it really had happened...

The headsman turned her chopped head to where the rest of her was laying: she saw blood all around and, her collapsed body... beautiful, her torso collapsed on the floor and her ass higher because her body had remained about in the chopping position; the shape of her ass and her slender legs were clearly shown by her sexy tight leather trousers. Her favorite down jacket, which covered the upper part of her body, was completely soaked in her blood... her sight began fading off now and her life gently flew away.

Eirene's eyes remained half opened, her face became very pale. The headsman shook her head one last time and kissed it on the bloody lips; finally, he placed it on a pike. The no more thinking extremity of the girl was exposed in front of thousands persons... Eirene had desired this, and her panties were still wet because this fantasy had become reality... In the mean time, Eirene's heart had stopped beating and no more blood was pumped out of her severed blood vessels. Every part of Eirene was dead now.

Later that day, Eirene's blond head was placed in a big formalin-filled glass. The down-jacket, that she used to hide the drugs in, and that now was soaked in her blood, was taken to the local crime-museum, as well as her preserved head. There they are displayed to the public, to remind everyone, what happens to drug traffickers in this country. Her headless body was given to the public and the male teenagers of the community made vivid use of it. The day after her execution, as the dead flesh began to smell, her body was completely dismembered and used to feed some animals...

The Girls' Boarding School

These are the adventures of Sarah the hangwoman, the first woman who managed to establish herself in a profession which had before been exclusively dominated by men. And you can believe me that she's a damned sight better at it than any man.

The gallows in the central square of Sarah's hometown could accommodate up to six condemned at once. Normally, this was not a problem. Although the death cells in the courthouse were actually always full, most days only one or two prisoners were hanged. A couple of months usually passed between the times the gallows was fully occupied, and it was seldom that more than six individuals had to be hanged at once. For such occasions there was a portable gallows for mass executions stored in the courthouse basement. With this apparatus, up to 30 persons could be put to death. When required, its parts could be loaded on a truck and brought to the place of execution, where it would be assembled.

Today was one of those rare days when the mass gallows would be needed. Massive drug abuse had occurred in a girls' boarding school on the other side of town. Apparently, an entire class of girls had secretly consumed huge amounts of marijuana the night before, during a party. The crime had been discovered during an unannounced inspection by the school's rector, and she had immediately telephoned the police. Based on the reformed, fast-track Justice Department jurisdiction, sentences were passed by the duty judge within 2 hours and, when possible, carried out the following day. The girls were 18 or 19 for the most part, and therefore legally subject to be tried as adults. For possession and consumption of drugs, the penalty was the rope. It was as simple as that. Now five of the girls were under 18, and these would receive a warning from their schoolmistress, but not before having to witness how their 21 adult classmates would suffer their punishments. The judge had decided that all the condemned would be publicly hanged in the schoolyard, for the sake of deterrence.

The sun was just about to rise, as the Justice Department truck entered the school grounds and stopped. Sarah, the town hangwoman, opened the passenger-side door, and yawned as she got out of the truck. She took a long stretch, trying to become wider awake. It was six AM and she had already been up for two hours. She had supervised the loading of the gallows, tied 21 nooses, and then left with the four policemen who had been appointed to assist her for the day. She shook out here splendid black hair, stretched her slim, athletic body, and, chilly, pulled the zipper of her army-parka up, she was wearing over her police-uniform.

The rector, who looked around fifty, came across the schoolyard, and the two women quickly shook hands.

"Where are they?" asked Sarah curtly. She did not like to waste time. The rector nervously wrung her hands.

"The janitor has the girls locked up in the class room where they were celebrating."

She looked pleadingly at Sarah.

"Is this really necessary? They're all so young, after all."

"The law is the law. They knew the risk," rang Sarah's glum reply.

This was all too true. Everyone knew the penalty for drug possession. It was unfortunately very much in fashion at the time, a kind of test of courage, playing with fire. Whoever didn't go along was considered a coward and shunned.

"I really am sorry," said Sarah in a somewhat milder tone to the desperate rector. "But I can't do anything for you. The Department is very severe with drug offenses. It would like to eradicate the problem. That is why I am here today to make an example."

She shrugged her shoulders and looked around the schoolyard to find a good place to set up the gallows. The area was more than adequate. She decided that the scaffolding should be erected in the rear of the schoolyard. The police could put up a cordon around it, so that the spectators, most of whom would be the remainder of the schoolgirls, could be held back. Sarah's gaze fell on the huge cast iron fence which divided the schoolyard in two. This gave her an idea. She turned to the rector again.

"Take me to that classroom".

As the two women walked off, Sarah indicated to her police assistants that they should follow her with the crate containing the handcuffs and leg irons. The classroom still reeked of marijuana smoke. The girls squatted or lay on the floor. For most of them, the previous night's buzz had yet to wear off, and they stared blankly at Sarah and her entourage. They were bay and large pretty girls, who evidently wanted to prove to each other how mature they were. Most of them were dressed in jeans, running shoes and sweaters. The sweaters were hand knitted wool sweaters or industrial made sweaters which looked like hand-made ones. This was the latest fashion. On a table at the back of the room, the girls had piled up their winter-coats, due to the cold season mostly down-jackets and parkas.

Sarah inspected the girls. They did not have a clue what was waiting for them. The Reformed Jurisdiction allowed sentences to be passed with or without the accused presence or knowledge. Not a single individual in this classroom had an inkling that she would soon hang. Sarah sought to take advantage of this fact. It would just take too long to drag 21 screeching and hysterical girls, one after the other, through the entire building and then across the schoolyard to the gallows.

"OK, girls wake up!", Sarah shouted, "Obviously all of you have drunken too much alcohol last night. I'm here to investigate that. I think those of you, who have more than the allowed amount of alcohol in their blood will have to do some extra homework as a consequence. We will now take you down to the schoolyard. There's a special police van waiting for you where we will do the alcohol-tests in. Please put on your coats. We will handcuff you to lead you down. That will be a little bit embarrassing, but you all knew before, that drinking is forbidden at school!"

So the unsuspecting girls got up and started to put on their fashionable winter outerwear.

Most of them just put on their jackets and were ready, since they were already wearing their shoes, jeans and sweaters. But Sarah noticed a red haired girl, dressed very sexy in a tight tank-top, a very short skirt and black panty-hose. Sarah and the policemen watched this pretty girl, preparing herself for the cold weather outside. It was like in a commercial-spot for winter-outerwear: First she pulled a warm woolen sweater over her tank-top and woolen stockings over her panty-hose. Then she put some big puffy black down-trousers and winter boots on. Finally, she pulled a black down anorak over. All that stuff looked unused, perhaps it was worn for the first time. As she now filed up with the other girls, all movements of her in her down-outfit caused small rustling noises.

As all girls were dressed for the wintry school yard, they voluntarily offered their wrists to the policemen, who began to apply the handcuffs. The procedure was the same for every girl: First, they had to pull up the sleeves of their puffy winter jackets, to give good access to their wrists. Then, they were instructed to cover their wrists with the sleeves of their sweaters, to make it a little bit more comfortable when the heavy steel handcuffs were snapped onto their wrists tightly. After all girls were handcuffed, the officers applied the ankle irons. These restraints were fastened to each other with a three feet long steel chain. Pinioned this way, the girls could take small steps, but could not kick or run. Since the girls were still largely stoned, there had been little resistance or cry of protest. But now they began to sober up. Then Sarah commanded:

"Christine Wolf, please report!"

"That's me!", one of the girls said. It was the red haired girl in the down outfit. Sarah continued:

"Our records say, that you broke the rules before, Christine. We will have to perform an extra treatment at you, therefore you'll be the last to be taken down. "

Then the hangwoman pointed at another girl and said: "OK, gentlemen, take her out to the schoolyard."

The officers pushed the protesting girl forward and shoved her through the door. As they came to the yard, Sarah pointed to the cast iron fence.

"There's another box of chains and locks in the back of the truck. Go get it and chain the girl to the fence. Then go and get another girl, bring her down and chain her next to this one. Understood? And remember: Our down-model Christine must be the last in the row."

The policemen, who knew exactly what Sarah had in mind, grinned and hurried off to carry out her instructions. Within the hour, the 21 condemned were neatly chained in a row to the fence. It had all gone off pleasantly with little resistance. The young ladies still had no idea what was to happen to them. They probably thought that they were being led out to be exposed in the pillories for a day, the way more serious offenses were customarily handled in the schools.

Sarah went down the row of fettered girls and looked closely at her victims. Most were

sober now, and they stared surly back at her. Finally, she gave her helpers another wink. Now the policemen began to assemble the gallows. At this point unrest immediately took hold among the prisoners. After the supports were put up, and the crossbeam laid across them, the purpose of the scaffolding became all too clear. The gasps became louder. But most of the girls still seemed to have no conception of what was about to happen. They probably thought that someone was only trying to frighten them.

Only when Sarah slipped her leather hangman's hood over her head, the symbol of her office, and began to toss the ropes with hanging nooses already tied in them, over the crossbeam, did it become clear to the girls what was happening. On top of the gasps came shrieks, some from rage and some from fear. Sarah ignored this. After she had thrown a rope over the crossbeam, she pulled the noose up to the correct height, and tied the other end to the cast iron fence which stood behind the gallows. After she had repeated this 21 times, she stepped back and, with hands on her shapely hips, surveyed her work, satisfied. It was still hardly 8 AM. She turned to the rector, who stood a couple of meters away.

"We're ready," she said. "You can let the public in to the schoolyard now."

The rector nodded and went to the entrance of the building where the dormitories were. The students were immediately informed by their teachers that classes would be canceled, and that they should appear in a group in the schoolyard, where they would observe what drug abuse leads to. The rector opened the dormitory door, which had been locked up to this point, so that the activity in the yard could not be seen by curiosity seekers. More than a hundred girls between 16 and 19, began to stream into the schoolyard. In an instant, they stood initially shocked by the sight of their schoolmates chained to the fence, and the 21 dangling nooses. Their reactions became varied: shock, fear and horror. On the faces of some students, and some of the teachers, though, if one looked closely enough, one could see a carefully concealed anticipation. After several minutes the schoolyard was full. Because of the way it had been sealed off, five meters of empty space remained in front of the gallows. To the right of the gallows waited the condemned girls, their eyes wide with fear.

Sarah stepped in front of the gallows and took a briefcase from one of the policemen, which contained the order for execution. It was regulations for the sentence to be publicly read before an execution. Sarah adjusted her leather hood and looked at the crowd, which silently stared back at her. She began to read:

"Pursuant to Paragraph 8, Section 3 of the reformed Drug Act, the following individuals, guilty of possession and consumption of controlled substances, are sentenced to death by hanging..."

She read out the names of all the girls who were chained behind her. Occasionally, a groan could be heard, or a loud "No, no!", when she read a name. Sarah cleared her throat and continued:

"the above-named individuals have been found guilty and sentenced by a duly constituted court. They will be hanged by their necks until they are dead. Execution to be carried out

on the day following promulgation of sentence, on the premises of the Marie Curie Boarding School for girls."

Sarah put the paper back into the briefcase and looked at the crowd. It was too loud to hear. She turned around to face the police assistants standing behind her and nodded. "Let's get started".

They began with the girl who had been brought first to the schoolyard and stood at the head of the line. It was a blond girl, wearing jeans and a blue parka with a large hood that was trimmed with black fur. As Sarah and two of the policemen came for her, she started to shriek. The policemen seized her arms from right and left as Sarah unfastened the chain holding her to the fence. As the assistants dragged her over to the gallows, she screamed louder and tried to defend herself. But the handcuffs and leg irons allowed for little resistance. After several seconds she was standing on the gallows and staring up stunned at the noose dangling in front of her. Sarah unzipped the girl's parka down to her breasts and arranged the parka's hood to give free access to the girl's neck. Then she took up a position behind the girl and reached past her head for the rope. The girl whimpered and threw her head to the side, looking for any means to dodge the noose. But Sarah had a lot of experience with these situations. She gripped the youngster's pony-tail with one hand and brutally forced her head forward. With the other hand she simultaneously pulled the noose over her head. Before the girl had time to comprehend what had happened, the noose was snugly tightened. She pulled the girl's hair out of the noose and adjusted the hangman's knot just behind her left ear. Then she took a step backwards and scrutinized this arrangement. Nodding, she grasped the end of the rope stretched from the cross beam to the fence and took a short breath. Then she lifted the girl with a quick tug. The noose tightened and the rope went taut as the victim's feet left the gallows floor. The crying abruptly halted and became a gurgle, which likewise quickly ceased. The girl's legs began violently kicking, and the hands which were fastened behind her back clenched into fists. Sarah pulled until the feet dangled approximately two foot above the scaffold. Then her helpers tied the rope to the massive fence. Now everything was absolutely quiet. Only the creaking of the rope could be heard, as the violent movement of its load caused it to scrape over the crossbeam. The rope had now tightened fast around the girl's neck. Her face turned first red, then purple. The eyes bulged out of her head; the mouth opened and closed as she vainly sought to take a breath. Occasionally, a slight rattle was audible. Her body began to rotate about its own axis. Almost two minutes passed and she was still kicking wildly. Over the next two minutes her struggle slowly weakened. Finally her eyes closed and her body went limp. Sarah spun the hanged girl about in order to see her face.

"Everything's OK" she said to her assistants. "She's unconscious. I estimate death in 10 minutes. Bring me the next one".

It was sheer assembly line work. One girl unshackled, dragged to the gallows, the rope put around her neck, strung up, and then the next in line. Some of them let themselves be hanged without resistance; others fought to the last. Each reacted differently when she was strung up. Some hung limply and seemed to just be waiting the inevitable. Others kicked and fought wildly. By and by, as the row of hanged corpses on the gallows grew longer, the line of girls chained to the fence became shorter. For those who waited their

turn, it was naturally excruciating. They could see at every instant what was going to happen to themselves. They could calculate when it would be their turn. Sarah needed an average of five minutes for each victim. So if a waiting girl had three others in front of her, she knew that her turn would be in 15 minutes, then ten and then five...

After almost an hour and a half the time had come for the last remaining girl, witch was Christine Wolf, the girl in the down-outfit. Now it was time for Sarah to announce the special treatment, that would be issued to Christine. Sarah produced another official paper out of her briefcase and read the text out:

“Christine Wolf, you have broken the law twice before. One year ago, you was tried for shoplifting and sentenced to one year in prison, but you was let off with probation after one month. During your probation period, you committed another shoplifting and received two years then. You was to go to prison after finishing school. That means: There are two additional crimes you didn’t yet pay for!”

Christine was confused. First she thought, she would be sent to prison before her death penalty would be carried out. That would have meant that she wasn’t to die today. But slowly she became aware where this explanation was really leading to. Sarah continued:

“Christine Wolf, to punish you for the repeated cases of theft, both of your hands will be amputated. You will not receive any anesthesia. The pain and agony involved with this punishment will compensate for the two years in prison that you’ll spare!”

Christine started to shriek. Still chained to the fence, she had to watch the preparations for the amputation. First, one of the guards brought a wooden block and placed it near the gallows. Then the hangwoman herself brought the ax, which soon would cut through her flesh. It was horror. As everything was ready, two guards got a hold of Christine’s arms, unchained the girl and forced her to the block. Sarah commanded:

“Kneel!”

“Pull the sleeves of your Jacket up. I want to see your bare wrists!”

“Put your left hand on the block!”

“If you move the hand, I’ll chop off your feet too!”

Christine had watched almost an hour and a half as her schoolmates had been executed one after the other. Her nerves were so worn that she complied to Sarah’s commands without any resistance. She closed her eyes as Sarah raised the ax. With one swing, she removed her beautiful hand at the wrist.

Christine screamed as blood sprayed from the stump. Sarah would need someone to hold her for the next one. “Bring me one of the under 18’s.” The guards picked out the prettiest. She was a busty blond girl dressed in a blue down coat. “Now, I want you to hold her hand as if you are shaking her hand. Hold it tight or I’ll chop off your fingers as well.” She looked

as terrified as Christine, who knelt there sobbing. Sarah raised the ax again and: Whack! Off came Christine's other hand. The other girl just sat there screaming holding Christine's hand. Sarah picked up both hands and drove a meathook through them. She tied the hook to the scaffold above where Christine was to hang. Blood was still pouring from her wrists.

Sarah picked Christine up and pushed her towards the gallows. The girl was in too much pain to think about the noose as Sarah slipped it over her head. Carefully the hangwoman arranged the collar of Christine's turtleneck to make sure that it won't obstruct the noose. The girl was ready to hang now. Sarah started to pull the rope tight and Christine instinctively tried to grab the rope. Blood sprayed from her stumps as she tried to grab. She started a final scream that came to a quick end as the rope did its job. Her eyes began to bulge. She started kicking but couldn't find a support for her feet.



As Sarah tied the last rope to the fence, she breathed easily. She watched her last victim's death struggle calmly. Normally she didn't take her eyes off her victim until she was certain that the girl was dead. But now her work was essentially done and she could enjoy the last

execution a little. After several minutes, the body went limp and dangled lifeless to and from. Sarah turned and let her gaze pass down the line of hanged girls. This was the largest mass execution she had officiated, and she was just a little proud.

Meanwhile, it was almost ten o'clock. She turned to the teachers and students, who for the most part were all still there, and clapped her hands.

"OK people, that's it", she announced. "You can go back to your business. According to the regulation, the girls have to remain hanging until 6 pm. You can watch them all the day if you like, but the special show is over".

The law stated that a hanged prisoner can be taken down from the gallows only after eight hours, at the EARLIEST. This had certain advantages. First, the deterrent effect was greater, and secondly a doctor wouldn't be needed to ascertain death. Whoever spent eight hours on the gallows would be dead. Period.

After Sarah had spoken, the crowd began to partly disperse. Many stayed though, to gaze in fascination at the gallows. Several students, and even a couple of teachers, took pictures, at first very furtively and secretively, then more openly as time passed.

The hangwoman was obligated to kill eight more hours. She had no desire to sit around in the Rector's office and listen to that old woman, so she took her seat inside the truck in which the gallows were transported. She had brought her notebook with her and now she started to write her Execution Report. When this was ready, she attended to the rest of the papers she had been shoving in there for weeks. Occasionally she tossed a glance at her victims, who dangled from their ropes only a few meters from her. 21 well-built young women together on the gallows. What a sight! One of the policemen had filmed the execution with a video camera. The tape now lay on the table next to Sarah. The Justice Department would make a pile of money from selling copies of that tape.

Afternoon came. The shadows were growing longer when she looked up and saw a blond girl staring at her. She was a pretty young thing, perhaps 18 years old. Sarah had noticed her before, because she was the one eagerly taking photographs. She had stayed in the school yard all afternoon and hadn't taken her eyes off the gallows. She kept her camera in her hand, and she seemed to be struggling with herself as to whether or not to speak to the hangwoman. Sarah laughed softly and attempted to calm her down.

"You want to take my picture, right?" The girl nodded shyly. Sarah shrugged her shoulders. "No problem". "Would... would you put your hood back on and maybe stand by the gallows?" the girl asked, embarrassed. Sarah looked thoughtfully at her for a couple of seconds, and then took her leather hood to put it back on her head. She went over to the gallows and stationed herself next to one of the girls she had strung up. She grabbed her body and rotated it enough so that the dead girl's face was turned toward the blond. Then she put an arm around the hanged girl's hips, pulled her a bit nearer, lay her head on the girl's side and smiled as if they were a couple of good friends posing together for a photo. "How's this?" she asked. The girl swallowed, nodded, and began to take pictures. Finally, it seemed that the camera was out of film and she lowered it. Sarah let go the corpse and

stood waiting. The girl seemed to want to say something else, but didn't dare to.

"You can come behind the barrier", Sarah came to her aid again. A few seconds later, the girl was standing directly in front of the gallows and was staring in fascination at the hanged girl next to Sarah. The dead girl was a delicate black haired teenager. She was dressed in a black down jacket and dark-gray padded cotton winter trousers. It was visible, that she was wearing a hand knitted crew-neck wool sweater under her jacket. The well-tied hangman's knot, which led along her left ear to the rope, had forced her head somewhat to the side. The eyes were closed, the mouth slightly open, and you could see the tip of her tongue. The blond let her gaze wander slowly down the girl's body. Her gaze stopped for a moment at the place where a wet stain had spread across the front of her trousers. Sarah saw what she was looking at.

"When someone hangs," she explained in a gentle voice, "he or she loses control for a short time over their bladder and they wet their pants. Many wet themselves as soon as they see the gallows. It's normal."

The blond let her gaze pass over the line of dangling girls. Most of them had stains between their legs as well. "What's your name?" asked Sarah. "Tania", answered the girl without taking her eyes off the hanged ones. "Well, Tania," Sarah said, who now knew what the youngster wanted. "You can touch her." Tania slowly reached out her hand and touched her dead schoolmate's upper arm. She carefully spun her a bit, both to and from. Then she gave her a push so that her body began to rotate.

"Did you know her?" Sarah asked. "Stefanie Blackman. I couldn't stand her," came the answer. Tania kept looking at the dangling body. "What did it feel like?" The words burst suddenly from her. She turned to Sarah. "I mean, what did it feel like when you put the noose around her neck and strung her up?" Sarah stopped the rotation of Stefanie's body with her right hand and passed her fingertips over the loops in the hangman's knot. "It was... exciting. It's difficult to describe the feeling. A person has to have done it himself in order to really understand." Sarah smiled thoughtfully at Tania. The girl was actually trembling with sexual excitement. Sarah made a decision. "How long have you been at the school, Tania?" she asked.

"I take my exams next year."

"And then?"

Tania looked at Sarah and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. My parents want me to work in an office." Sarah frowned. "That's really boring." Tania shrugged her shoulders again.

"I know, what else can I do?"

"You liked the execution, right?"

Sarah grinned at the girl. Tania nodded shyly.

"You would have liked to put the rope around Stefanie's neck yourself." Tania realized it, but didn't reply. Her heavy sigh was answer enough. Sarah decided to show her cards.

"You know, I could use an assistant."

Tania looked at her, her eyes growing enormous.

"But I..." she stammered. "You've got enough assistants already." She pointed at the policemen lounging around the truck loading area, waiting for quitting time.

"Oh those are just auxiliary police assigned to me for today only. I need an assistant who can be an example for the modern hanging craft." Tania was speechless and stared at the older woman.

"Do you know," Sarah added, "that I get a whole pile of applications for hangman's assistant in the mail, every day? But they're mostly stupid idiots who think it's the shortest way into my bed." She gazed pensively. "Most of them can be really pushy. One was outright obnoxious." She smiled grimly.

"What did you do?" Tania asked.

"The asshole was calling me all the time, saying he absolutely had to work with me, that he couldn't live without me." Now Sarah was grinning ghoulishly. "His going on about not being able to live without me gave me a good idea. I lifted some drugs from the police archives and planted them. Shortly after that, he got my undivided attention for a while, albeit in a much different way than he had imagined. In any case, his neck got longer and I got my peace and quiet."

Her thoughts came back to the present and she looked at Tania. "So, what do you think?" Tania seemed confused.

"My parents wouldn't approve."

"Your parents want to lock you up in an office for the rest of your life. Shit on them. My parents don't speak to me."

"What do I have to do to be a hangwoman?" Tania asked.

"First, you've got to find someone who will take you on as an assistant. You've got that someone already," Sarah pointed at herself with her thumb. "Then you have to work for a year as an apprentice. Two years more as an assistant, and you can apply for a hangman's post, if any is vacant. Room and board is free at the Courthouse. The pay is nothing special, just like any government work. But I'll tell you something: I'd do the job for nothing. No, really, I'd do it without pay. So, what do you think?"

With these words, Sarah took her hood off, ran her fingers quickly through her hair and looked attentively at the girl. Tania looked at the hood. When Sarah noticed this, she

squeezed the leather headpiece she was holding. Tania rolled the hangman's hood back and forth in her hand. She seemed to want to pull it over her own head, but apparently was unable to bring herself to put it on.

"Look," said Sarah, "here's my business card. Think about it for awhile and call me if you find you want to become a hangwoman." She looked at the schoolyard entrance, where a second truck has just entered and parked behind the one Sarah had arrived in. People got out, dropped the tailgate and started unloading oblong wooden boxes.

"Listen," said Sarah, "the gravediggers have arrived. I have to give this idiot some instructions, so I have to cut our little interview short." She nodded over at the gallows.

"Think it over!"

With this said, she walked over to the second truck. Tania ran after her.

"You forgot your hood!"

Sarah only grinned. "Keep it. You'll need it." She winked goodbye and began supervising the unloading of the coffins. Tania passed the hangman's hood through her fingers back and forth, and then pulled it over her head with a decisive motion. She ignored the astonished looks of her classmates who were still in the schoolyard. "Yes," she said. "I'm going to need this."

A Winter Execution

It's a cold day in December and everything is covered with snow. Blackrock, a small town located somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, looks peaceful and friendly. But the citizens of Blackrock are not so friendly in some cases. The young female inmate of the Blackrock county jail soon will know...

Inmate Profile No.: 12238

Name:
Hayley Anne
Morgan

Age: 19

Sex: Female

Height: 5' 7"
Weight: 7 stone
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blond

Distinguishing Marks:
Tattoo on Base of Spine
(Sun)

Crime:
Causing a fatal accident



Prelude

I lie in my cell. The trial is tomorrow. We all know I'm guilty; it's just a formality. I go in, plead guilty and get my sentence. My lawyer says there's a good chance I'll get life. I can't get my hopes up though. I know they could sentence me to death, but I'm young, white and female. Even Texas doesn't execute people like me, often.

I'm wondering over and over again how I got into this terrible trouble. Five of my friends and me decided to hire a small hut, located high in the Rocky Mountains, for our first holiday-trip without our parents. We've had really a great time there with snowboarding, hiking and just having fun in the snow. And then that fateful day was there. My 15-year-old sister Amy and me were on a hiking tour and lost our way. As we finally figured out how to get home, it was already late in the afternoon and nearly dark. So we ignored the sign reading "No trespassing, danger of avalanches!" and used that forbidden footpath because it was a shortcut.

And then the accident happened. The snow under our feet came loose and started to move down the hill. We managed to save ourselves, but the small amount of snow we initially kicked off increased into a vast avalanche, and that avalanche hit a group of teenagers, killing 4 of them and severely injuring 21. So Amy and me were arrested and accused for causing the death of those people. And that unfortunately was the truth. I've never seen poor little Amy since we've been arrested because Amy was sent to the central juvenile court in the district's capital. So I was alone here all the time, detained at the county jail of this small rocky-mountains town, far away from home.

The Trial

So today will be my trial. It is now 7:50am and the door to my cell opens. A young female deputy-sheriff comes in, and I notice, that she is carrying my large rucksack, which was the only luggage I took with me on this once so happy trip.

"Come on Hayley-Anne", she says, "You should put on some new clothes for court!"

During the last three weeks in jail, I had to wear the same clothes I was arrested in, my snowboarding-trousers and my heavy hand-knitted woolen sweater. I'm really glad that I can change my dress now so I pick out some new jeans and my gray designer-turtleneck. Dressed like this, nobody can say I want to influence someone by sex appeal, but nevertheless my sweater fits tight and shows off my body. I'm hoping the Judge likes it. Finally I put on my cozy parka. I really love this heavy jacket. It always keeps me warm and I think I'm looking really pretty, when its fur-lined hood surrounds my face. When I'm led to the courtroom later, I'll pull the hood over my head, to hide my face from the press.



“O.K. turn around and put your hands behind your back”, the deputy-bitch says. I comply and she handcuffs me. Now she looks at me as if she is interested in something.

“By the way, I really like your dress”, she says, “I’m looking forward to getting it!”

“I’m not going to sell it or even give it away”, I reply.

“Listen bitch”, she says, “Don’t you know that in our county, It’s an old privilege of the executioner to get all the property of the executed prisoner? Well, the executioner is my lover... lets go!”

I’m led to the courtroom now and I’m so terrified. I don’t want to die but obviously there are some people who count on my death! Now the Judge enters and the Trial begins...

The Sentence

The trial took 15 minutes. The jury was unanimous. I was guilty. The Judge took only three minutes deciding my sentence. It appears he had made up his mind long ago.

“No brave Citizen can understand, why a young intelligent student like you, willingly risks the lives of so many innocent people, but you did and so you are responsible for the death of four juvenile girls and boys in the age of your sister. Your behavior is a good example that our society is falling apart. The crime rates are doubling every decade. We must do something to stem the flow of crime. Taking this into account, the Government has decided that a new punishment system must be introduced. So far, we have learned from history that one punishment is far more effective than any others, not only for the perpetrator, but for the public as well. Therefore, Hayley Anne Morgan, I have no choice but to sentence you to death by Public Hanging”

No, I can’t die. Not now. Not in public!

I shit all down my jeans. Everyone sees it. I’m so embarrassed.

“Guards, take her away!”

Transport to Prison

I am taken down the stairs and placed in a small holding cell. There, I can see some poor little biker chick being prepped. I know that I’ll be doing the same soon.

First they unzip her heavy biker-leather-jacket and remove her tight little tank top, then remove her leather trousers and pants. They then search her cavities, and strap her down to a table. They begin by shaving off all her body hair, till she is bald except her head. Then they shower her and begin to dress her.

They make her put on simple long sleeved cotton underwear, an orange padded jumpsuit and simple working boots. Obviously due to the cold climate, the jumpsuit is a heavily padded winter model. With its nylon outer-shell and its high collar, it looks nearly like a simple snowsuit.

Finally, she turns to the guards who begin to apply the restraints. They start by chaining her legs together, and then apply the waist chain and handcuffs, finishing by linking them all together. Lastly, an oversized, red ball gag is pushed down her mouth, pulled tight and a bag goes over her head. Now she's prepped to go. Eventually ready, she is lead to the waiting cell. She looks so helpless. She was so beautiful but now, she is unrecognizable.

Now it's my turn, I can't wait.

Soon, I look just like her, the other girl, in my prison winter-dress, restraints and with that horrid gag. I can barely move.

I can hear the van pull up. No escape now. I am pushed into the van first and my hands and feet are chained to the ground. Then my collar is bolted to the side of the van. I can hear the other girl sobbing beside me. I can feel her warm nylon suit rubbing against mine. I can hear her pissing herself. I can't smell much better myself though.

Arriving at death row

We are both taken from the van to the "Check-In Desk." The first Guard removes the bags from our heads. This place looks like Hell. There is a small desk, which I am pushed towards.

"Hayley Anne Morgan"

"Mmphh!!"

"I'll take that as a yes, from now on you are Inmate 12238. From now on you will answer to that name. You will answer with Sir before and after everything you say. Is this understood?"

I nod.

"Good." He removes my gag, "Welcome to Blackrock. I hope you enjoy your short stay with us." He smiles at me. "Now, Sarah Rosa Mitchell, ..."

The sound trails of, as I am lead through to the Mug shot room. They take photos of me from all angles and then take me to the Prison Tattooist. There, one of the Guards unzips my jumpsuit. He pulls my left breast out and then pushes me into the chair. The guard straps me down whilst the tattooist prepares the ink and needle. I know what they're going to do. They're going to brand me, like cattle. Two minutes and some immense pain later, I am Inmate 12238, according to my breast.

“Dress yourself, slut”

“Sir, Yes, Sir” I whimper.

As I zip up the jumpsuit, the guard turns to me. “You learn quick, keep it up and we might make sure your death is too.”

The biker chick is lead in. She looks petrified because it was her turn to watch this time. Now the guard grabs me by the arm. He takes me down a long corridor and past two security gates. I’m not getting out of here. I pass a sign that says Death Row. I begin crying.

“Look, shut up now or I’ll gag you.”

I know I killed but surely I don’t deserve this. At the last security gate, the guard hands me over to the Death Row Staff. He takes me to my cell. It is 3” by 6” and has a thin mattress on the floor.

“What if I need a shit?”

“Then shit yourself, slut, and remember, it’s Sir.”

“Sir, Sorry, Sir”

I’m still in all my chains and dressed as on the transport. The guard pushes me in, still close the door behind me. It has a small slit in it. Other than that, there’s nothing here. No toilet, no window.

Now I’ve been in here for 6 hours now and I’m bursting for a piss and a shit. I’m really sweaty from the “prisoner’s winter suit” that I’m wearing, but I can’t get it off. The chain is round the waist of the suit. It’s high collar does make a good pillow though.

I can’t hold on any longer and I let a big steaming shit out, followed by a long trickle of piss. The suit is horrid. All I can look forward too now is getting out of this uniform. Only a few days to live.

I finally got to sleep at 4 and now they wake us at 6.30. I can smell the shit and I’m bursting again, despite having nothing to eat. I wait till 7 before moving. As soon as I do, I need another shit. I shit again and as I stand up, I can feel it slowly slide down my leg. Another trickle of pee follows it. At 7.30 a guard comes in.

“You dirty little slut, you’ve shat everywhere. At least you’ll only have to live in it for a few days.”

“Days, but appeal processes take years. I’ll be forty before I die.”

“New system, bitch. No appeals, and remember. It’s Sir. Once more and I’ll make you lick that jumpsuit clean.”

“What! No appeals?”

“You dumb bitch!” He begins unchaining me. “Get that suit off.”

I comply.

“Lick it clean.”

“You’re joking!” I cry. He glares at me. He means it. I kneel down.

He grabs me by the hair and pushes my face in the shit.

“Lick, slut.” I begin licking. It tastes, surprisingly, like shit. I feel so sick. Tears are streaming down my face. After a couple of minutes, he lets go. I stand up and he smiles.

“Get dressed, we’ll get you a new uniform later”

My face is covered in shit, piss and tears. I feel like I don’t deserve to live.

“Sir, Thank You, Sir.” I sob.

The guards take me in my dirty uniform and chains to the shower room. There I am finally allowed to remove my uniform. I come out naked. Then they take me to the Prison Store.

“New Death Row Inmate. She needs a new uniform, better made it a small.” The guard tells the Store Manager. He soon comes back with a dark blue denim jacket and some jeans.

“Put them on”, the guard says and I comply.

“She’s still all shitty,” remarks the Guard. “Filthy whore.” I pull on the jeans. They’re tight but fit. I button them up and then take the Denim Jacket. It feels so rough on my naked body but I put it on anyway and button it all the way up, before pulling the collar up around my neck.

“No, No.” The guard puts the collar down again and undoes the top three buttons. “There. Now we get a better view.” They begin chaining me again.

“Now we’re going for a walk.” The Guard looks at me with an evil smile. The jeans hurt my crotch and the tight jacket chafes my already sore breasts.

Good bye, little sister

The guards take me down a set of stairs and past a sign that says “Death Watch / Preparation”. I need another shit.

"Not today, you're not going to kill me today. Please, No, Sir"

The guards just laugh. Soon, we go through a security gate and enter a room with a sign saying:

"Visitors area, Relatives of Prisoner"

I wonder why I have to be here. My parents just wrote me a Letter, telling me that they don't have a daughter any more and that they are not going to be present at my execution.

"Today, there's going to be an execution. You're going to watch!"

"Sir, please, I can't watch sir."

"You must."

Now the door opens and a female guard pushes another girl in. And... wow, it's Amy my little sister. Amy and I are seated at a table and instructed not to touch each other. Two guards, standing very close to us are watching us.

"Hi Amy, nice to see you. I really was praying that they allow us a last visit before I die..."

Amy cries heavily.

I notice that she is wearing her own clothes. She is in fact looking very nice, wearing her tight leather trousers, a white long sleeved T-shirt and her gray down vest over it. I'm happy not to see her wearing a prison uniform and so I say:

"Baby, tell me something about your trial at the juvenile court!"

Amy's crying increases.

"What's wrong Baby?"

"There's nothing wrong at all", one of the guards says. "It's all perfectly right: The little bitch was sentenced to the same penalty as you. That's all!"

Slowly I understand what's going on here. "So they'll also ... will it be soon?" I ask.

"Stupid slut" the guard says "Didn't I already tell you that you're going to watch an execution today? If the phone doesn't ring until 12:00 your sister will be a dead little slut right at 12:10!"

Now another man enters the room and introduces himself as the warden of the juvenile prison.

"We've taken Amy here to Blackrock for her execution, because the relatives of your victims live here! It's your job as her elder sister to calm her. When she behaves well when

we go outside, she'll have a fast and nearly painless death!"

Amy's crying turns into sobbing and the warden continues:

"Amy, you know you will be shot. This won't hurt you much. This is a benefit for you, as a teenager. Additionally we offer you the opportunity not to be pinioned. But this requires your cooperation. If you don't follow our commands, we'll have to pinion you after all. Do you think you can be that strong?"

"Yes..., please no handcuffs and leg irons again"

"O.K., a last question Amy: Where do you want the executioner to aim? Head, Neck or Heart?"

"Not my head please. I want to be myself up to the end. Don't destroy my brain..."

"Fine, good decision. I really didn't want to see your pretty little face blown away. We'll aim at your chest, right?"

Amy nods and tears are running down her face. It is really horrible, listening to this cold-blooded man talking to my little sister about the way she wants to die. The clock on the wall reaches 12.00 and the phone still hasn't rung. The warden turns and signals to the waiting officers. Both Amy and I are aware what's going to happen now. Two young female officers are reaching for Amy, getting a hold of her arms, one on each side of her. She is not pinioned as she has requested. Now she is led out and I have to walk behind her, still bound and thus controlled by only one guard.

On our way out, additional witnesses, the relatives of the victims and press join our little parade. We are heading to a far away corner of the prison yard. A man is waiting there. He's wearing a green uniform and a green parka and he's hiding his face with a balaclava and the hood of his parka. I know what his job is. He'll soon kill my little sister. And perhaps he'll also kill me in the near future.

Now Amy is told to kneel down. She complies. The witnesses, including me, are instructed to form a half-circle around my poor little sister, so everyone has a good view. Oh god, they are really going to kill little Amy. I can hear the warden read her death warrant. He closes with the words:

"Amy Morgan, do you have any last words?"

She nods.

"Please, don't kill me, I'm only 15, I'm still a virgin, I can't die like this, please, don't do it."

"That's all?"

"Yes Sir. Bye Hayley"

She knows it's too late. I see the guards leaving her now, leaving her alone kneeling in front of the executioner, bravely facing him. The warden continues:

“Amy, I recommend to cover your eyes now, that will make it much easier for you. And Please talk no more now. When you're ready, stop any movements, just freeze!”

Amy complies. I watch my poor sister getting her scarf off and use it to blindfold herself. She does everything very slow and I can see that she is quivering. She is still kneeling and the scarf already covers her face. Her hands are at the back of her head as she is tying a knot to fix her blindfold. Oh god, the executioner is producing a gun out of his pocket. He is aiming. Not yet, she isn't ready I think.



Bang!

The single shot enters Amy's chest in the front and leaving it at her back. Blood spreads out off her wounds and red-painted feathers from her down-vest fly around. She lets out a short final gasp and falls to one side. Her body makes some spastic movements but this is rapidly getting weaker. Large amounts of blood flow out of her wounds and her mouth. She is lying motionless now in a lake of blood. The physician pulls her blindfold away and inspects her eyes.

“Good job, she already expired!”

“So in the case of the juvenile offender Amy Morgan, I declare justice is done!” the warden says and the witnesses applaud.

I watch the witnesses taking a last close look at my sister’s corpse and then leave. A guard is getting a hold of her ankles, lifting her feet and legs up and making the remaining blood leave her body. Now someone brings a body bag and they are putting Amy in it. Before they close the zipper, they allow me to take a last look at my sister. Her face shows signs of agony and pain. She must have felt incredible pain in the last moments of her life.

“Poor little Amy, what did they do to you...?”

“You’ll follow her down to hell soon, slut. Move!”

Twenty minutes later, I’m back in my shitty cell. I wish I hadn’t seen that. I don’t wish anyone to have to watch the death of a so close relative. It also was a horrid reminder of my fate. I need to lie down. I had plans. I was going to be an actress, famous. Now I’ll be famous. The first public executions in America for a very long time.

It’s my turn now

The guards enter my cell at 11.15.

“Sir, Where are you taking me?”

“Think we should gag her”

“Yeah”

One guard holds my mouth open whilst the other pushes a gag down my throat, before pulling the strap tight.

Soon, we reach a large white room. It looks sterile, like a hospital room. There is a gurney in the middle and a nurse standing in one corner. She is wearing long gloves and a surgical mask. The guards unchain me.

“Take off all your clothes and place them in this bag.”

I comply and I’m completely naked now. They take me over to the gurney and strap me down. The nurse walks over, performs a fast and brutally painful cavity search and then disappears.

Now a man enters the room. I already know who he is. I’ve seen him yesterday.

“Hi, my name is Johannes Kruger, but you can call me Joe. You know what my job is. You’re going to hang at 12.00 today so we will have to get you ready quickly.”

“Mmphh!!”

“Guard, remove the gag and let me talk to her,” the guard does.

“You have the right to wear your own clothes at the gallows, do you want that?”

“Yes, please.”

“Fine. So you’ll mess your own stuff and not the state’s property. You can request one pair of shoes, one pair of trousers, a shirt or sweater and a jacket. No socks, no underwear, no bra are allowed. You understand?”

I nod. “I’d like to wear my padded winter boots, my padded snowboarding trousers, my gray turtleneck and my blue parka!”

“That’s approved!”

“Why can’t I have underwear?”

“Do you really want to know that?”

“Yes”

“Because it’s easier then to strip your hanging corpse naked for the physician to examine!”

Oh god... I feel so sick.

“Lets proceed, get her clothes.”

A young prison official leaves the room and comes back with the clothes I requested. The guards unstrap me and hand me them. I pull on the trousers and zip them up, followed by the boots. Then, I’m handed the turtleneck. I pull it over my head and roll down the collar. I’m glad to wear my own clothes again. The woolly turtleneck is quite itchy on my naked skin, since I’m not allowed to wear a T-shirt under it. But the snowboard-trousers are really great without underwear. Their soft lining gently caresses my pussy. Why did I always wear panties under them? Finally, I take my much-loved parka, zip it and button it up. I always feel safe when I’m wearing this heavy warm jacket. And I think I’m really looking good in shiny blue nylon and a big coyote-fur collar. And I want to look nice when all those people are watching me.

But now I’m brutally reminded that I’m about to receive a punishment. One guard takes a leather belt, with heavy shackles attached at the front and puts it on me. The executioner allows me to cover my wrists with the sleeves of my sweater, to prevent the shackles from hurting me too much, as they are now fastened tightly around my wrists. Now I’m ready to go to the gallows.

“Just a minute, and we’ll head off.”

“Joe, will it hurt much?”

“I can’t promise that it will be easy for you”

“When it lasts too long, will you give me the coup-de-grace?”

“That’s not possible, sorry. Stop lamenting now. Perhaps you better think about your victims, dying in the avalanche. By the way, it’s time to go!”

Someone shouts “Dead girl walking” and they push me down the corridor. I know, there’s a door at the end of the corridor that leads to the big public execution yard. I know the rules: when I’ve passed that door, it is too late for pardon. The execution will surely take place then.



The end of the corridor comes nearer and nearer. Soon, I can hear the crowd. Now the fatal door is right in front of me. Joe picks up a phone next to the door and calls someone. I can’t understand what they are talking about. Then he looks at me for nearly twenty seconds, gives me a slight hug and says “Be strong now, pretty Lady”. The door opens and I’m pushed trough.

The yard is surrounded by massive brick-walls. I’ve seen this place on a picture in one of my schoolbooks: It used to be an exercise yard, but after the reintroduction of the death penalty, it was converted to the place where executions are carried out. It features a roof made of sheet metal, that is arranged free over the center of the yard by steel supports. That roof was intended to keep the yard free from snow, but now it would serve as my gallows as well. From one part of the steel-structure dangles the horrible noose and a stool is arranged right under the noose. Everything is ready for me. This fucking simple device is going to kill me.

I’m pushed forward now. I can see a camera-team of EX-TV filming me. I wonder, how much people in the whole USA have just switched on EX-TV to see my dying performance. About 50 people are present in the execution yard. They have all come out just to

see me die. Why would they want to see anyone die? I can see their faces staring at me, hating me. They really want me to die. The guards lead me forward. Soon we reach the stool and the executioner helps me up. I can feel that someone chains my ankles together now, so tight that it hurts. Diverted by that, I don't notice that the executioner reaches for the noose. Suddenly, the deadly rope slips round my neck. Then, he carefully arranges the collar of my sweater and the hood of my parka, to not interfere with the noose. Then I can hear the warden speaking:

"Hayley Anne Morgan. You took the lives of four innocent teenagers. Today, the friends and relatives of your victims have assembled here for your punishment. Is there anything you want to say to the them?"

I hear me say: "I'm so sorry... so sorry... please have mercy..."

Now I notice, that five young women, obviously relatives of the dead teenagers, approach the gallows. Then the warden continues:

"Ms. Morgen, can you see the red haired lady in the down-jacket? This is Clarissa McPershon. She lost two of her little sisters, who were twins. She will soon kick the stool under your feet away and I don't think she'll feel sorry for you."

In the meantime, the five girls have formed a half circle around me. One of them is holding a black-and-white photograph of one of the victims. I can see her studying the noose around my neck with great pleasure. She obviously enjoys my fear and looks forward to see me die. I can't stand all those faces any more, who stare at me with so much hate and I'm glad that the hangman now produces a thin black scarf out of his pocket and uses it to blindfold me. Now the warden speaks again:

"Hayley Anne Morgan, you have been sentenced to death and are to be hung by the neck until dead. We all hope, you suffer long enough now, to compensate for your crime. God bless you!"

I just sob. They will do it now. Right now. I hear someone approaching me. I hear the rustling sound of a brand new down-jacket and I know it is Clarissa McPershon in her north-face-jacket, the girl that was chosen to kick the stool away. I know, I'm going to hang soon and begin to cry.

I hear Clarissa say "go to hell, slut" and feel the stool kicked away under my feet. I drop, only a few inches before the rope digs into my neck. I try to bring my hands up to pull at the rope but my hands are tied to my waist. I try to kick around to find some support for my feet, but they are chained together. My face goes bright red. I am making strange gurgling noises as I struggle to breathe. My tongue is sticking out and I can feel my eyes bulging.



I am swinging from side to side as I jerk about on the end of the rope. Drool is running down my chin and onto my parka and tears are running down my cheeks. I can't hold on any more. I release a massive steaming shit into my trousers and at the same time piss all down my front. The crowd gasps as the excrements fill my trousers.

Seconds later, it all goes black. I think it's over.

