

By Order of the Court (public, nudity, spank, nc,
multiple/bbbgg)

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In this story, I've tried to be true to how juvenile courts
actually operate in the United States. I've also tried to
impart some information on terminology, procedures, and
general laws pertaining to juvenile cases. This is mostly
based on my own state of residence, other states may vary
somewhat. My references to United States federal law is
factual, states violating those provisions risk significant
lost of federal funding for youth programs.

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a Nudie Juvie festival story

"I declare and find that by your shoplifting, all five of
you are delinquent," declared Judge Tohickey, glaring at the
five youngsters standing in front of him. The ten year old
twins, Tony and Debbie, were already crying. As was their

next door neighbor and good friend, nine year old Tyler. Tyler's older brother, twelve year old Justin, and his not publically acknowledged girlfriend, eleven year old Jodie, had scrunched up faces, obviously shrugging to hold back the tears.

"You younger three are lucky that even if I wanted to, I can't send you to jail. In this state, you have to be at least eleven years old and commit a serious offense known as a felony to be locked up."

Tony, Tyler and Debbie were relieved, tears drying up, to learn they wouldn't be "locked up," as the judge had put it. Their lawyers had told all five kids that under the law, none of them could be sent to jail, that they most likely would just get some kind of probation and maybe be ordered to attend counseling. But being kids, they had their doubts and fears, till they just now heard the judge verify their attorneys' statements.

"You older two are lucky also," continued the judge, "that your shoplifting is a misdemeanor. In this state, you have to be at least 14 to be jailed for misdemeanors." Justin and Jodie gave their own sighs of relief, their faces relaxing as tears no longer threatened.

The judge realized that "jail" wasn't quite the correct term, but while clarifying the law for the benefit of the youngsters' parents, he wanted to use language the preteens would understand. Juveniles were placed in either a secure juvenile detention home, or for felonies, a juvenile correctional center, both somewhat different from an adult prison in philosophy and operation. And in any case, regardless of where being held, including police stations and temporary lockups, both the federal government and the state required that in custody youths have complete sight and sound separation from adult detainees and prisoners.

"Having found all of you delinquent, I hereby order that effective immediately till 11:00 p.m. next Tuesday, that in accordance with the provisions of the Juvenile Alternative Correction and Rehabilitation Act, you are to be nude at all times except for footwear."

All five kids gasped and began crying. They were going to be Nudie Juvies, kids made to be naked in public. Kids, who when naked, could receive additional punishments. The lawyers had said this was a possibility, but not likely, as the local court hadn't yet invoked Nudie Juvie since the law took effect two months ago. However, just yesterday, the

court judges, in consultation with the police, prosecutors, and court intake officers, had decided to use that part of the law more often, especially for cases involving either minor offenses, younger offenders, or first time offenders.

Unfortunately for the five light fingered children facing the judge, they met all three categories. Each charged with a misdemeanor. In this case, theft of comic books and candy, none taking more than five dollars worth of goods. Each was very young, not yet being teenagers. Each first time in trouble with the law. In the judge's mind, a perfect case to start the new regime, aimed at being a deterrent by example.

Normally such a case wouldn't even make it to court, the police officers using their discretion not to file charges. Instead, they likely would ensure the shopkeeper was reimbursed, verbally warn the children not to do anything like that again, and release them to their parents. But the shopkeeper had insisted the kids be prosecuted, and the two officers knew that the court was looking for a case like this to start Nudie Juvie. So, they took the youngsters into custody and brought them before the court's intake unit.

Usually intake wouldn't clog the court docket by petitioning a case like this for court handling. Instead, the intake officer likely would divert the case by taking the same actions the police ordinarily would, reimbursement, warning, and release to parents. Maybe require some counseling or community service. Or possibly, as the law now allowed, impose "Nudie Juvie" time. But intake knew that "his honor" wanted the honor of being the first to invoke a Nudie Juvie sanction. So, intake petitioned the case, and since this wasn't a detaining offense, released the kids to their parents with a summons to all to appear for the court hearing.

"Off with your clothes, now," commanded the court bailiff. Reluctantly, little hands began removing garments, piling them up on the courtroom floor. All five kids were glad that only court personnel, their parents, the arresting officer, and the shopkeeper were in the court. Once again the lawyers had been right when they explained that by law the general public could not attend most juvenile hearings.

"In addition," atoned Judge Tohickey, "tomorrow at a special assembly of all your school, you're to receive a sound spanking. And Sunday afternoon, you're to report at 1:00 p.m. to the Discipline Center at Great Valley Park for a

public spanking."

The judge was glad that after the police officers took the kids into custody, they followed department policy in cases of this nature by not handcuffing them or holding them in a locked area during processing. If the officers had imposed such backdoor punishment, Judge Tohickey would have felt obligated to not order the spankings.

* * *

Upon arrival home, all five kids had as much as possible remained in their houses, hiding their shame from friend and foe. But now it was Thursday and school.

The terrible day started on the walk to the school bus stop, and only continued on and on from there.

"Hey, forget something," shouted one boy to Tyler.

"What did you Nudie Juvies do?" a young teen girl asked Justin and Jodie. The red hospital like bands on their wrists clearly marked them as Nudie Juvies.

"Whoa, look at those privates on parade," gloated another boy.

And on and on the taunts went, embarrassing the already embarrassed quintet of naked little thieves even more.

Teachers were sure to call on the naked youngsters, finding any excuse to bring them to the front of the class or send them on an errand. Fellow students continued to tease unmercifully, especially when a naked boy's penis inadvertently decided to go hard.

The school adults did little to prevent the clothed students from quick gropes of the naked kids, or slapping a passing bare bottom. They only intervened when the play became excessive, overly rough, or was disruptive to order.

Mid-morning, the middle school held its assembly for Justin and Jodie. The entire school gathered in the gym. The two naked preteens were brought in and made to slowly circle the gym, near the bleachers, clearly and blatantly displaying their still hairless "little kid" genitals and pale bottoms to all their fellow students. Then the fireworks began.

Both kids were bent over a vaulting horse. Justin's bare bottom faced the kids on one side of the gym, his

"girlfriend" Jodie the students on the other side. The two strongest teaches in the school, both physical education instructors, came forward. Without warning, they commenced landing hard hand spanks on the bottoms before them. It didn't take long for the crying, kicking and wiggling to take hold. Crying, kicking and wriggling that grew worse as bottoms grew redder and sorer. When both bare bottoms were a bright red, the hand spankings stopped.

"Now for part two," announced the principal. Quickly the sobbing sorry duo were repositioned so their bottoms were now displayed to the opposite side of the gym than before. The instructors now held ping pong paddles in their hands. Paddles that immediately began battering bruised bare behinds belonging to the two miscreants. It didn't take long for cries to become howls, legs thrashing about wildly, giving the entire school unabashed looks at the preteens' most intimate private areas. On and on the paddle pounding went, till the youngster's sounds of distress were almost deafening and their bottoms absolutely crimson.

Justin and Jodie were put back on their feet. After a few minutes of frantic dancing, prancing, and bottom rubbing, they were made to again circle the gym, hands behind heads. Their winces with each step, the tears still rolling down their faces, and glowing hot behinds were evident to all.

Needless to say, the rest of the day wasn't any fun at all. Sore bottoms making staying still on hard school desk seats difficult; hands touching their still heated behinds eliciting new cries; the teasing from everyone who had witnessed their public chastisement and humiliation.

At the elementary school, Tony, Debbie, and Tyler experienced much the same as Justin and Jodie at the middle school. Constant teasing, touching and slapping. Constantly at the front of the room or on errands. And of course, their own public spankings, this time in the lunch room just before lunch. Like their older two friends, the two boys and one girl had to parade around the room, showing off their hairless glories. To the hoots of their classmates, both boys grew erect during their trek.

After their parade, the three kids were brought to a platform at the front of the room where six teachers were seated. Tony went over the knee of the first teacher, Debbie the third, and Tyler the fifth. Without advance notice, the three adults began hand blasting the three bare behinds on their laps. After thirty hand spanks each left their impression upon the three now red and sore bottoms,

the three crying, kicking, squirming kids were passed to the teacher in the next chair. A fresh round of thirty spanks, from fresh sets of hands, reignited the fire and heightened the three youngsters agony. When this second dose was done, the trio, bottoms ablaze and fire engine red, were put on the floor to hop and rub, screaming their heads almost off. Instead of being paraded around, they had to stand hands on head as each child in the school filed past to feel the heat and soreness of the three badly burning bottoms.

The three elementary kids didn't find the rest of their day any more fun than the middle school duo. Sore bare bottoms on hard seats pure torture; slaps from giggling classmates keeping their bottom fires going; endless teasing, cruel in the way only little kids can be; and the embarrassment of all seeing their hysterics during their spankings.

* * *

Friday at school wasn't much an improvement for the naked brigade of five, except no formal spankings. But all the informal slapping of still somewhat sore behinds from the day before left the preteens with aching bottoms by the end of the day.

Saturday was particularly embarrassing and trying. All the kids had to go shopping with their parents; to the grocery, to the mall, to the video store. When home, the parents insisted they be outside playing with the neighborhood kids.

And then, dreaded Sunday arrived. The ordeal began when all three sets of parents demanded that their offspring attend church.

"But mom," protested Justin, "it's a sin to naked in God's house."

"Usually, yes," replied his mom, "but I checked with Reverend Covington and he said that since in this instance justice was being served, it wasn't a sin."

Church was bad enough, being birthday suited among all the church goers in their Sunday best. But the worse was to come, the trip to the Great Valley Park Discipline Center. Just recently completed, this was to be its first day of use.

As they approached the outdoor amphitheater like facility, the five kids were startled to see about twenty naked youngsters, preteens and younger teens, boys and girls,

sitting in some bleachers to the left of the five identical punishment machines.

In the processing line, some kids were naked, and some dressed. All the nude kids had wristbands; some red, some yellow, some green.

At the head of the line, sat several intake officers, two females and a male. Nearby Judge Tohickey was talking to a group of smiling parents.

Two dressed boys, thirteen and fourteen, and their parents stood before a female officer. "Based on what your parents state, I find you two are CHINS, that is, children in need of services," intoned the intake officer. "But I don't think the court needs to be involved at this time, so I'm diverting with an order that you two undergo a standard punishment today and remain nude till 11:00 p.m. Tuesday. Disobey any part of this order, or continue your misbehavior, and you will be before the court." With that, an attendant put yellow bands on their wrists and directed them to the unscreened disrobing area, in plain view toward the right.

"What the heck does CHINS mean?" asked Tony.

"I don't know, son," answered his father.

Overhearing, a staff member came over. "CHINS are the kids with the yellow bands," she explained, "It means, like the officer said, a child in need of services. That means run aways, truants, kids who constantly disobey their parents, and in this state, status offenders."

"What's a status offender," asked Debbie.

"That is a kid that does something other than having a firearm that's against the law for children, but not adults, like being out after curfew or smoking," answered the staffer.

"Can the judge put them in jail," asked little Tyler, having never completely understood the judge's explanation the other day on jailing kids.

"No," she responded, "federal and state law says that status offenders and CHINS kids can't be put in jail, before or after trial."

"Thank you for your help," Tyler's mom told the staffer as

she departed to attend to some duty.

Just then, a naked thirteen year old boy with a green band walked by.

"Hey," said Jodie to the deeply blushing boy, "what does green mean?"

"It means that my mom thinks I need punishment and that lady from the court agrees," said the boy.

"Wouldn't that make you a yellow band?" asked Jodie.

"No," explained the boy's mother. "Green is for when they agree with parents or teachers that a kid needs punishment, but isn't delinquent or a child in need of services."

* * *

The amphitheater was packed by the time the first spankings began. In groups of five, naked kids were made to stand at the front of the stage, hands behind head, facing the audience. When that group of five went to the spanking stations, another group took their place being on display. The just spanked group stood, again hands on head, showing their very red and sometimes weltd and bruised bottoms to the audience. They were released when the next spanked group took their place. All spankings, even the standard ones, were long, hard, and had even the fourteen year olds acting like very little kids.

Eventually, the five stripped shoplifting friends stood facing the crowd, their bare bottoms awaiting their fate. All too soon, they were called to station. They were bent over in the spanking frames, the padded center bar adjusted to their height. Legs were spread wide and secured to the frame, leaving tiny puckered anuses open to view. Hands and arms were similarly secured to the frame. Then the worst pain, the worst fire, the worst agony they had ever felt on and in their young bottoms began and kept on coming. The computer and laser controlled mechanical straps did their dastardly duty, determinedly damaging dangerously vulnerable behinds. Stroke after stroke rained down upon the screaming kids, reddening, heating, and occasionally welting their throbbing and burning bottoms.

The kids had been sanctioned to a standard session, which meant less strokes, and the canes remaining still and unused. But having been adjudicated delinquent, no matter how minor, meant they automatically upgraded to a standard

plus session. They soon learned what the plus meant, as the straps occasionally landed squarely in the crack between their butt cheeks; three times biting into their tiny rear holes. Even worse, eliciting horrendous screams, were the two times each the straps solidly impacted their defenselessly hanging genitals. Being the first delinquents to be spanked that day, they and the audience, were taken completely by surprise by these devastating anal and genital blows.

Eventually, the spankings were done. The five wildly screaming children were released, genitalia almost as red as their bare bottoms. Standing with their behinds on display, hands behind head, was pure torture. For the seven minutes they were so, they couldn't rub, and were sternly warned that too much fidgeting would ensure an immediate return trip to the frame, this time for a caning.

Once off stage, the five immediately went into a furious rendition of the dance of the spanked, much to the amusement of their satisfied parents and many onlookers, including the shopkeeper and Judge Tohickey.

After having their bare behinds, and privates, so savagely ravished by their public Sunday strapping, Monday and Tuesday were almost anti-climatic. The embarrassment continued, the teasing continued, and so did a little touching, but not much. Most fellow students realized just how much pain their naked compatriots were still in, and the natural sympathy of the young took hold. Besides, there were now some fresh Nudie Juvies roaming the halls, ripe for reaping some fun.

But all, including the five fingered five, vowed to never, ever, do anything to get in trouble with parents or police. But kids being kids, some were sure to slip and end up being Nudie Juvies.

The End.