



WHIPSTOCK GRANGE DAY SCHOOL

MAGAZINE No 10

CHRISTMAS 2011

Hello Whipstockers

Here we are again nearing the end of another great school year, thank you all for your support during 2011. I know I have said it before and I won't apologise for repetition, it's members that make a club and without pupils we have no school, so thank you again. It took an enormous amount of effort to create Whipstock Grange, but it was a labour of love and will continue to be fun for all involved, well done everyone.

We experienced a minor panic on the morning of October 14th, when our beloved Deputy Headmistress was suddenly taken ill. With about an hour and a half to go copious calls were made and the delightful Miss Marilyn stepped in to rescue the day. I have to say, even for the experienced schoolmistress facing a class of Whipstockers can be a daunting task, so imagine the thoughts running through her head as she approached the school. However Miss Marilyn proved she was more than capable and settled in with slipper and cane in hand to restore order! I'm sure those pupils who were present will agree with me, the lady did a splendid job, I'm also sure you would like to see her again in the New Year.

So reviewing the year, bad behaviour in class still remains a problem that will be addressed next term, Richard still finds extraordinary methods to cheat on the 'memory test', assisted by others in the class no doubt. Let me remind you all, any pupil caught cheating or an accessory to the fact, will be made to bend over in front of the class to receive 'six of the best', on the bare. Art class produces someshall I say imaginative results, I won't comment on the Music class, I still have ringing in my ears! However on an upbeat note the school now has new pencils!!!!

2011 has been a troublesome year what with the summer riots, the 'great unwashed' at St. Pauls Cathedral and recently the 'students' misbehaving as they made their way through the streets of London. It didn't go unnoticed that some of our pupils played truant to join them, naturally all were severely punished in the good old fashioned way, on the bare bottom!!

We finish the year with a Christmas party after school at the End of Term on Friday 9th December. We all look forward to seeing you in school in 2012 for more 'education' in the Whipstock way.

Merry Christmas to you all, be good remember Santa will be checking his list!

Miss Storm, Headmaster, Miss Switch, Dr Woods & Miss Marilyn

Art Class

Our autumn mid-term school was on 11th November, a very poignant date. The Art Class had to draw a picture or create a montage depicting a scene pertaining to this emotional period. The results were the best this year, it was so difficult to select a winner so the Headmistress, Headmaster and Miss Storm each wrote down their favourite and 14 year old Jennifer's picture received two votes to win, congratulations but also well done to you all.

Here is Jennifer's showing very good perspective and an interesting contrast in colour, the three poppies of different sizes in the foreground complete the picture beautifully.



Next on the left a splendid entry from young Bill aged 14. Very interesting by including a row of not often seen blue poppies, a nice surprise. Carefully cut out and standing erect like proud soldiers against a background of confusion. Finished off with a heart-breaking reminder of the huge loss of lives of those who paid the ultimate price! My favourite well done.

While on the subject of the casualties of war, 15 year old 'Dodger' gave us a reminder of the largest Commonwealth military crematory in the world, 11,954 soldiers are buried at Tyne Cot located at Zonnebeke, Ypres Salient, Belgium. The four different coloured portions of the picture possibly representing the enormous blocks of grave headstones. The work touchingly completed with a soldier saluting a red poppy in the centre, well done young Dodger.



Finally with an upbeat entry from a boy in lower school Richard aged 13. Making the point that Remembrance Day is not just for those souls who perished in the two great wars, but to express respect for those who fell in the line of duty in all the various theatres of war, wherever and whenever.

To this end young Richard's entry, 'The Battle For The Classroom' is to acknowledge

all our boys and girls, who regularly and willingly offer their bare bottoms to be beaten in the name of education and a better tomorrow!!



We are showing it in two parts, first we see the poppy hiding the rear end of a pupil of Whipstock Grange, shown bending over the punishment bench. Next the poppy is raised to depict the familiar sight of a bare bottom with a school cane striking the cheeks and leaving the familiar stripes. Very imaginative Richard and well done.....I understand you were!!

On a separate note, we observed the two minutes silence at eleven o'clock, apart from a new boy named Roy who sniggered half way through. At the end of the silent period the Headmaster marched the boy to the front of the class and bent him over the bench, as in the picture. Selecting a cane he proceeded to thrash the foolish boy's bottom, six of the best. The Head then informed young Roy that the punishment will be repeated later in his study. After school dinner Roy reported to the Headmaster and noted the cane lying on his desk. The Headmaster lowered the trembling boy's trousers and pants, bent him over and mercilessly thrashed his bare bottom with his senior cane. Lesson learned!!!

Bottoms for Spanking

One of my favourite pages to research, lovely bottoms that are just crying out for a good spanking!

Now what's going on here? These twin teenagers have been so badly behaved, their parents have decided to have a weekend away, and has packed them off to spend the weekend with strict Uncle Peter. His instructions to wear full knickers have been completely ignored and the girls now await their fate. The girl on the left is thinking how flawless her sisters bottom is, but not for long, after a prolonged spanking Uncle Peter always finishes a punishment with thirty strokes of his thick leather belt. Once the tears subside they usually spend the next hour caressing each other's sore cheeks with cool soothing lotion!



At least the girls above had knickers of sort here this very naughty schoolgirl has been caught not wearing knickers at all. This caused much interest with some of the boys, who were loitering at the bottom of the stairs trying to get a saucy view up her short pleated school skirt! The girls Housemistress decided

that clearly girl was intent on displaying her bottom to anyone interested. Therefore the first part of her punishment was to kneel on the school steps after lunch with her skirt up around her waist, exhibiting her naked bottom to the rest of the school. The second part of the girls punishment was to report to the headmaster's study for a sound spanking from her Housemistress and then to bend over and touch her toes, to receive 'six of the Best' on her bare bottom from the Headmaster with his senior cane!! What a lovely pictures.

A Christmas ode from Richard

So I sit here just wondering, what Christmas gift's best
 For the good staff of Whipstock, on their long, well-earned rests
 There is headmaster John, and that light o'er his head
 Then the lovely Miss Storm, who is doddery (so it's said)

 Head Mistress Miss Switch, who is never on time
 And our dear Doctor Woods, didn't come, (too much wine!)
 Don't forget our Miss Marilyn, supply stand in with flair
 And her musical talent, (In a teacher, that's rare!)

 When we sit down to eat, light reflecting and that
 Thought for the glare from his head, the Headmaster, a hat?
 I thought for Miss Storm, who to please we all aim
 A big bag of nice tinsel, for her new Zimmer frame!



Now Miss Witch, who has trouble, just to get out of bed
 A great BIG loud alarm clock, to raise sleepy head?
 Dr Woods, who was absent (I put it down to the grog)
 Might I suggest Alka-Seltzer, or the hare and the dog?

 Dear Miss Marilyn taught music, played it all afternoon
 How about a recorder? But please, THIS one in tune!
 And when they all have read this, for my safety I fear
 So for Richard dear Santa, A soft seat for my rear?



So Merry Christmas to Whipstock, all friends, pupils and staff
 Have a really good Christmas; please don't do things by half
 Have lots of good wine, good food, company and cheer
 From the School, Merry Christmas and a happy new year!

The picture says it all

The Whipstock grange brochure contains a picture of a pair of school knickers around a girls ankles, a number of people have said how this sort of picture can say so much, it's left up to the viewer's imagination. So here are a few more to enjoy.



So what are you thinking, yes a number of naughty schoolgirls are about to feel that awful slipper on their bare bottoms!



Dom-estic Bliss

I wonder how many of our members can relate to this, an age when parents were only to ready to administer old fashioned discipline as a reward for disobedience. This foolish young lad complained that he was too old to go over mothers lap for a hand spanking, so he is now learning another important lesson, 'to know when to keep your mouth shut!



The time between when the pants come down and the brush lands are special teaching moments that a wise disciplinarian uses well! He will say or promise just about anything to either spare his poor backside a spanking or mitigate the scope or the punishment! In a question and answer format, you get all the right answers! This clever mother saw him squirming and just paused to listen!

Please mommy! (frantic) Don't spank me! I'll be so good! It won't ever ever happen again, honest! (getting very desperate) I'll even do extra chores! (unimaginably desperate) I I I'll be really nice to my little sister from now on! (whining) Moom, (last ditch begging) Pleaaaaaaasssseel (total loss of dignity) Preeettyyyy Pleassssseel

Christmas With the Babysitter

When I was 12 my parents had to go away for three days over Christmas to visit an ailing Aunt. It was decided that I should stay with our neighbour who had four girls of various ages. The eldest Alison was 16 and would often come to our house to babysit; I have to admit I had an enormous crush on her. Prompt at noon on Christmas Eve my parents deposited me with Mr and Mrs Tanner while waving goodbye mums parting words were, 'if Jamie misbehaves don't hesitate to put him across your knee.

As I settled myself in the spare room Alison came in and sat on my bed, 'just so you know' she said, 'mum and dad are going to a party this evening, and I will be in charge'. She looked into my eyes and told me she heard what my mum said 'so any disobedience whatsoever and', she patted her lap, over you will go my boy, trousers and pants down, she then got up and left smiling. Did I hear right, did she..... would she..... Spank my bare bottom, oh my god, I finished unpacking in a daze of confused excitement.

We had our tea and the Tanners left for their party telling us all to behave or Santa will not call tonight. No sooner had the car pulled out the drive when Alison decided to establish her authority, repeating what her parents said with the addition of 'or it will be sore bottoms for you all, now I want a peaceful Christmas eve to watch Scrooge on TV, so go and play in the other room'. Well I don't know how the girls managed to tip over the Christmas tree, but the noise alerted Alison who appeared at the door just as I was replacing it. The girls just stood to one side giggling, I had never seen Alison look so cross, 'and just precisely what do you think you are doing boy' she thundered. My mouth went dry and I couldn't speak, 'Jamie get in the lounge now, as for you three girls you can watch but then it's off to bed with sore bottoms after.



All assembled in the lounge and Alison placed a chair in the centre of the room, 'come here Jamie you've had this coming for a while boy', 'yes Alison' I sniffled. The girl of my dreams reached forward to undo my trousers and pull them down; my pants were then yanked down to my thighs, exposing my bare bottom to her sniggering young sisters. 'Bend over boy' came the command, slowly I positioned myself across Alison's lap, she was wearing a short skirt and her naked thighs pressed against mine, I felt strangely comfortable in this position, my bare bottom vulnerable and waiting to be smacked. I didn't have to wait long, Alison spanked and spanked my bum hard as she said she would, and I sobbed.

After about ten minutes of slow stinging spanking I was allowed to get up, I stood there rubbing my sore bum-cheeks as Alison just sat and looked at me in silence. 'Now Jamie go to my room and wait for me, I will attend to your sore bottom shortly, first I need to turn my



attention the three little girls who deserve to go to bed with hot bottoms tonight! I obeyed my temporary guardian wondering what more she had in store for me. Being curious I stopped on the stairs for a while to listen, Alison berated her sisters with such a strict tone, it was clear that she dominated them and they had no choice but to submit to a smacked bottom before bed. Each girl was called to bend over Alison's lap, dress raised and knickers lowered she spanked their young bottoms soundly. The door was open and I could see the freshly punished girls standing in the corner with very sore cheeks! 'Be thankful I don't report you to daddy, or you would feel his belt across your bottoms'. The girls all thanked Alison for their spanking and were sent to bed.

Before I could move Alison was standing at the foot of the stairs glaring at me. 'I thought I told you to go to my room Jamie', she said in a soft gentle voice, 'clearly I haven't smacked your bottom enough'. By now she was beside me taking my hand and guiding me to her room, she closed the door and sat on the bed. 'You have been a very naughty boy this evening Jamie, I think we both know that you are in need of another spanking, come along let me take your trousers and pants down, there's a good boy', 'yes Alison' I replied, completely mesmerised as her steely blue eyes took over my willpower. 'Now over my lap Jamie, good boy, you've asked for this spanking Jamie so now you're going to get it. 'I want you to remember Jamie, from now on whenever you displease me I will bare your bottom and spank you hard, are you comfortable my boy' 'yes miss' I whispered. Then I will smack and spank your lovely bottom until it is bright red, then if you take your punishment like a good boy, I will soothe your sore cheeks with some special lotion.



That was ten years ago, Alison and I have been married now for four years, and she has been true to her word. It's now Christmas Eve and she is checking her diary to see if I have been naughty or nice, oh dear; she is sitting in the punishment chair with a painful looking leather strap in her hand. Merry Christmas!

Old Fashioned Exercise

An interesting couple of pages from a comic introducing a novel method for weight loss, Aerobispank! So with comic in hand I hopped and skipped along to my local gym to see if I could persuade them to start a class.

Alas although the concept caused a great deal of interest, the manager thought it would be difficult to find sufficient bottoms to put together a viable class. Clearly he had not heard of Whipstock Grange and the plentiful supply of naughty pupils, both deserving, and in much need of exercise. He agreed that there is not enough P.E in schools these days so immediately a deal was made and the first Aerobispank class took place the following week.



Nine-thirty Monday morning and 4 young boys who failed to complete the cross-country run, assembled in the gym in their vest and shorts. Seated were four healthy men, prepared to put the boys through their paces, once in position, bent over their knees, bottoms bared and ready for an extensive work out!

Each man applied a sound spanking to each boy's bare bottom in turn, then it was time for the advanced class. The boys were made to go over each waiting lap again to receive the Aerobispank Paddle, 12 good hearty whacks from each. The boys couldn't wait to take a cold shower. So down to the gym and sign up now!!!

'D' Mark Punishments procedure (for new members)

The procedure for the 'D' mark punishment system. The 'D' stands for Detention, 'D' marks are awarded during the school day, some pupils may even start the day with one or more 'D' marks depending on their parents/guardians wishes. They are awarded for bad school work, disobedience, untidy uniform, bad behaviour in fact any reason the school teacher desires. 'D' mark punishments are carried out at the end of class before you go home; they are administered in the classroom, in private on the bare bottom!

One 'D' mark equals 12 strokes** of the slipper.

Two 'D' marks equal 12 strokes** of the strap.

Three 'D' marks equal a minimum of 12 strokes** of the cane.

****The teacher in charge has the option to decrease the amount of strokes****

All 'D' marks awarded over three carry a penalty of 12 strokes of the cane. So if you are foolish enough to amass five 'D' marks you will receive 12 strokes of the slipper, 12 with the strap and 36 strokes of the cane!! So be careful how many you collect.

The procedure

At the end of class all pupils will be given a detention slip showing their position in the queue and what punishments they are to receive, and your name put on the blackboard. Class will then be dismissed; the pupil who is first will stand outside the classroom door, hands on head and wait for the school bell to ring. The pupil will then knock and wait for the command to enter, failure to knock and wait will earn you an extra six strokes of the cane. Once the pupil has entered the next in line will wait outside the door, hands on head. This will give the pupil time to reflect and listen to the thrashing, knowing that soon it will be your bottom on the receiving end!



On entering you will remove your trousers; girls take off your skirt/gymslip, you will then wait hands on head until your schoolmistress orders you to step-up to the bench, which will be positioned in the centre of the classroom and pull your pants/knickers down, you will then be given the command to 'bend over'. Once the schoolmistress is satisfied that your bottom is in position and ready, your detention punishment will commence. On completion you will stay bent over until you are dismissed, you will then thank your mistress for disciplining you, pick up your clothes and leave.

Headmaster's Detention Class

Naughty boys, girls or boy-schoolgirls will report to me and attend my detention class during their next free period. I may test your knowledge of maths or history and punish you for incorrect answers. This however will not be distract me from the real reason you are here, and that's to be severely punished with my cane on your bottom!! You can expect to spend three hours in my class and I will make sure you learn your lesson of obedience thoroughly. This will include a lengthy sound spanking on pants/knickers and bare bottom, applied with my firm hand and slipper while across my lap. After a short spell in the corner hands on head, bare bottom on display I may allow you to choose your next punishment, the Headmasters leather strap or a tawse. I will naturally decide how many strokes you are to receive.... minimum 12! Your well-deserved chastising will continue with short breaks until your bottom is ready to taste the Headmaster's cane. I'm well experienced at judging how many strokes to apply to a juveniles deserving bottom, which will always conclude with six of the best with pupil bent over touching toes!

Similar to our full school days you are likely to collect 'D' marks during your detention; this will result in extra punishment at the end of class. The punishment routine will be carried out as described on the previous page.

Detention Class lasts 3 hours, the school fee is £80. So if you desire to reach back to your school days when naughtiness was rewarded with a sore bottom, book your desk in my detention class now and leave the rest to me, remember to address me as Headmaster or sir and behave yourself until we meetor else!!!!!!!



For further details e-mail headmastersir@live.co.uk

Useful information for your day at Whipstock Grange.



The school is located at Waltham Cross EN8 8RJ, the nearest station is Theobalds Grove out of Liverpool Street station, or you can connect at Seven Sisters underground on the Victoria line. By road we are 5 min from Junction 25 off the M25 or the A10 at the A121 roundabout, parking is free. Please do not arrive before 9.30am to get changed, be in class by 10am. Class begins at 10.05am sharpish! For members travelling from afar looking for hotels, there is a Travelodge nearby at EN8 8DY telephone 0871 9846 349

If you require school uniform, please give Miss Storm the school secretary, your waist and chest sizes as soon as possible. Boys, you will need to bring your own white shirt & white pants, black shoes or plimsolls. Girls white shirt, white or maroon knickers and black shoes or plimsolls, no high heels. School dinner is at 1pm and will consist of main course and desert, if you are vegetarian please inform Miss Storm before your School Day. We hope you have enjoyed the second edition of your school magazine, and look forward to seeing you in class soon, until then be good.....or else!!

School fees are £120 for the full day or £80 for half day from 2pm, to reserve your desk in class please pay a 50% deposit into the schools bank, details are. Barclays Bank, account name and number is 'The Tuck Shop' 43094502, sort code 20.69.17 Please state a ref number on the paying in slip, the date you are booking will do, thank you.

Please note, to attend Whipstock Grange School & continue receiving the school magazine you have to be a paid-up member. I will send reminders for membership fees soon (£20).

Please try to book your place in class as early as possible, thank you and see you soon.

A very merry Christmas to all our members form Miss Storm & all the staff at Whipstock Grange.

Fri Dec 9th End of Term + Xmas Party

Dates for 2012

Fri Jan 20th New Term

Wed 8th Feb Headmaster's Detention Class 2pm

Fri March 16th End of Term Detention

Fri April 27th Summer Term



The Night Before Christmas

14

'Twas the night before
Christmas
and all through the house
not a creature was stirring
not even a mouse.

'cept for young Mary,
THAT DEVILISH MINX,
"Now where are my presents,
why downstairs, me thinks"

In her Micky Mouse nightie,
matching panties to boot.
She put on her slippers,
for downstairs she would
scoot.

She searched and she
searched
but no presents she found,
then all of a sudden
she heard a strange sound.

Mary froze in her steps
not hiding her shame,
As a big jolly red man
through the front door he
came.

"WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE"
he yelled to the skies,
as Mary stood there ashamed
tears welled in her eyes.

An angry old santa
sat down on a chair,
and hauled Mary over
her bum in the air.

"This, young lady,
is what you will see,
comes to naughty girls
who go over my knee".

He spanked, and he spanked,
on Mary's young rear, she
kicked and she wailed
but nobody could hear.

Tears came a rolling
as her bottom was toasted,
then up came her nightie
and her panties were roasted.

Santa picked up her slipper
on the floor in a mess,
"Yes, this will do nicely
to give her the rest"

The Mickey Mouse panties
offered Mary no help,
as her own leather slipper
did cause her to yelp.

He spanked on her panties
with no cause or no care,
then pulled down her undies
now her bottom was bare.

Young Mary was crying,
she wanted no more,
but Santa kept spanking
until she was sore.

Santa finished the spanking
with a few hearty spans,
then young Mary arose
left clutching her flanks.

Santa admonished
the naughty young brat,
as Mary stood rubbing
the place where she sat.

Mary thanked Santa
for steering her right,
and wished him her prayers
as he rode through the night.



He then let her go
and sent her to bed,
and watched as she left,
her bottom bright red.

Mary laid on her tummy
and cried with a weep,
wondering silently
as she drifted to sleep.

Come Christmas morning
young Mary was sad,
she knew there were no
presents
for she had been bad.
As she came down
tears came to her eyes,
she DID have her presents
WOW, what a surprise.

Now you see our dear Santa
is a very nice chap,
he'd already punished Mary
right over his lap.

For one night only
she had done something
wrong,
but for the rest of the year
she'd been good all along.

She cried with joy
at all of her toys,
and hoped that the same
went to ALL girls and boys.

She knew he was right
for she'd made him so sad,
but what Mary knew not,
was that Santa.... was really
her dad

