

*The Ninth
Acolyte Reader*



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Casper

by Edward Bangor

This is gonna sound like I've flipped or sommat, but the simple truth is that I were haunted. Stupid, ain't it? Me, a 'normal' – whatever that is – twelve-year-old kid, and yet I couldn't do nowt without a dead 'un watching, and, what's worse yet, interfering in everything what I did.

It didn't start out as nowt special. I mean, there weren't no midnight meetings, no dead virgins, nor no rock records played backwards, which fooks the stereo anyway. No, all we'd done were move house, right out to the edge of town and that new estate what they built for them yuppies, 'cept we ain't no yuppies, no way! Me dad just works for the bloke what built the estate, so he got our place dead cheap. There's lots of rooms and shit, I've even got me own bath 'n bog, which is kinda nice, but I coulda done without the ghost.

When I first met it were on the first night what we slept there. We'd spent all day shifting our house full of furniture and shit in our battered old Tranny van. It took forever, and who were it that got lumbered in to help? Muggins here, weren't it? Well, me and me mum, really.

Still, I don't suppose owt went real wrong till I went to go to bed, only I didn't have no bed to go to, 'cos me mum had done nowt with me gear 'cept get it all in me room in one ruddy great pile in the middle of the floor, and there I were with me arms full of sheets and blankets and no bed to put 'em on, 'cos that were buried under everything else. Well, buggered I was.

I guess I should've got them two to sort it out, but I weren't really in the mood for a ruck, so in the end I just decided it'd be better if I sorted it meself – on the morrow like – when I had more time, so with a few minutes of improvisation I had me a bed of sorts. Sure, it were hard on me back, but with them blankets piled high it were cosy enough. Must've been, 'cos I were out cold practically when me head hit the pillow, just like they does in books and on the telly.

Next morning I had no reason to get up early, 'cos me parents were gone out already to get the 'lectric switched on, so I just lay in me bedding and thought about where I were gonna put what sort of thing. It were while I

were doing this that I started to play with me dick. Don't know why, 'cos I weren't thinking about no sexy stuff, and I didn't want to have no piss or nowt, but up it went anyway, so the plans for me stuff sort of got took over, like, and I decides to have a wank to christen me new room.

As this were to be a special wank, I thought I'd better make it a good one, so I got rid of me blankets and me unders – what I'd slept in – and pulled out of the back of me guitar amp me box of sex things – condoms, a pencil and a few pictures what I'd taken from books, mags and such like. Then I settled down for a good long solo session, with the pics all spread out on the floor, pencil in one hand and me dick in the other. Didn't need no condoms, 'cos you can't get nobody pregnant by wanking, can you, least not wanking into your own hand.

So there I were laying on me back with me legs up and open, giving me dick these nice long strokes with one hand while the other were teasing me hole with the blunt end of the pencil. And I were deep into this new dream – one of me bestest – about a lad what gets tricked into going into this kids' camp thing, takes all his gear off, gets tied up, and has his dick played with and things stuffed up his bum, like what I'm doing to meself, when all of a sudden there's this almighty loud crash, and all the gear what is piled on me bed comes avalanching down right on top of me. Fair scares the crap out of me, it does, but at least I don't get hurt or nowt and have to get ambulanced off to hospital while I got a pencil stuck up me bum.

And that's when I saw it – the ghost, I mean – 'cept it weren't real clear, just sorta floating around looking at me. I couldn't fooking believe it. Me eyes started blinking like mad to see if it would disappear, but it didn't.

Then things got even stranger. You see, I kept me eyes fixed on this thing, and when I went to get up it looked right at me nuts. Now, that sure freaked me. I grabs outa the junk all around me me old teddy bear I'd never somehow been able to throw out and uses it to cover meself. And it was like summat about this pleased the ghost, 'cos soon as me privates was hid, it vanished. I don't mean it walked out the door or nowt; I mean it vanished right into thin air, and the next thing I knew Teddy were all piss-wet through, 'cos I'd just wet meself like a little kid does when he's scared.

I never did much to me room for the rest of the morning. In fact I could hardly bring meself to go in the place, but I had to do summat to take me mind of all the crazy shit that were miming about in me head, and what I ended up doing were sorting out all of the packing cases what were still downstairs.

When me mum and dad got back from town, they were right pleased that I'd put the family before meself. Course I couldn't tell them about the ghost, though they might've believed me, 'cos I'm a good kid, really – a creep some would say – and I do what I'm told. Still, I weren't going to take no chance. I didn't rightly believe it meself yet.

As luck would have it, the ghost never did show for the rest of the day, and I soon had me mind offa that subject – musta been me imagination working overtime, I thought – and that evening I went to work in me room putting all me stuff away. By the time I got into me bed – a real bed, this time – I'd all but forgotten what had happened that morning, but I should've known better.

I weren't so knackered as the night before so I didn't go to sleep right away. Me mind started thinking back to that kid in the camp what I'd imagined up. Me hand drifts to, drifts *into* me unders, and this real big shiver runs right through me as soon as I touches me dick. At first I thought it were one of these new sexy feelings what I keeps getting, but it didn't feel nowt like that, more like someone were watching me. Now I knew neither me mum nor me dad would come into me room without knocking and getting permission first. Then I remembers the ghost, and me eyes snapped open, and there it were again, only clearer this time, 'cos I didn't have all that sleepy shit in me eyes and the moon were real bright coming through me window 'cos I didn't have no curtains up yet.

Now, what would you expect a ghost to look like? Freddy Kreuger? Jason Vorhees? All burnt up with a razor blade glove and wearing an ice hockey mask? Not this one. It was like he'd come right out of that *Tom Brown's Schooldays* book that we was reading at school before the holidays, with them white trousers with the square piss flap buttoned up so tight that you could have counted the hairs on his knackers, and a right jazzy waistcoat, dull jacket and this enormous tie thingy at his neck. What's more, he couldn't have been much more older than what I am – hardly summat I could boast about to me mates, or be scared of meself, come to that. In fact, I weren't real scared of him no more. I mean, how could I be, even if he were dead? He weren't no bigger than I was and I sure could take him if it came down to a bundle – no probs.

I tried to talk to him next – sounds stupid, I know, but what else were there to do? He just stood staring at us. Well, not *all* of me but at the bump in the sheets what me hand were making over me nuts. That spooked me, and I pulls me knees up, and fook me if he don't vanish. I stretches out again, and bugger me if he don't come back. I mean, this were getting silly. Me legs snap up and he's gone; down, he's back – up, gone, down, back. This

happened a few more times before I works out what were going on – and this is going to make me seem like a prime candidate for the funny farm – but from what I could tell this ghost kid would appear each and every time that I touches myself – you know – *down there*.

And that proved to be a right pain. I mean, how many twelve-year-old lads are there what don't play with themselves? It ain't natural not to. But, for the life of me, I couldn't do nowt with him watching, which is weird when you figure what we gets up to in the bogs at school.

There's other ways to get your rocks off without touching your dick, of course, but he wouldn't let me do none of them neither. Soon as I tried one owt – say humping me bed – there he would be again, and I'd never been one to keep me eyes shut. I tried, though, fook did I try, but all he did then were to chuck things at me: books, CDs and all sorts of shit. The whole business got seriously out of hand the next morning when I tried to have a quick wank over me bog when I finished having a piss. Set the towels on me, he did. It were just like them games what we plays on the new kids in the showers, 'cept there weren't no one holding on to these towels that were lashing into me arse.

I decided then I would have to approach this thing from a different angle. Somehow I had to get that nosy little bastard outa our house, preferably before me balls burst. You ever tried walking around with a permanent stiffie you can't do nowt with? You can't go swimming, can't even wear a pair of shorts without it showing through. I suppose I could've gone into the fields, or found a quiet spot someplace else for a quick one, but that weren't the point, were it? I mean, an Englishman's home is his castle, and what use is having a castle if you can't have a wank in it? Shit, I couldn't even have a nut-scratch at home without the little pervert turning up. But how do you get rid of a ghost, and who do you ask? It's hardly summat you can go to the Citizen's Advice or ring Child Line about, is it? What I thought of was the library – can you believe that? Won't do me street-cred no good, that's for sure, not that I'd ever had much of that in the first place.

I went there bright and early the next day, after yet another night of not being able to get me rocks off. Man, this was torture – all these sexy dreams I was starting to have, yet there was bugger all I could do about them. I ended up dying to keep me mind on as many boring things – like classical music and the History of the Industrial Revolution – as I could, but no matter what I thought of it always ended up with some kid getting into it, like pumping old man Bach's organ or getting pumped by the factory owner's son. I think I did get some sleep, but not before I'd seen the sun come up. Shit,

were I tired when I got to our library, but I thumbed through a whole lot of ghost stories all the same, looking to see how people got rid of their ghosts.

It would seem from them books that, if you want to get rid of a ghost, then you either have to do some sort of ancient religious bollocks or find some way to put the ghost's spirit at rest. I don't know much about church stuff, so that left me with trying to find out what it were that were keeping me ghost from going wherever it were he were meant to be, and then sort it. I knew *one* thing that bothered him, of course, but I were hardly going to ask the librarian for a book on wanking, were I? (They don't have none anyway.)

One thing was clean whatever it were that were bothering the ghost, it would have had to have happened back in its own time, when it were alive, and that meant the first thing I had to do were to find out just when the kid could have lived, which weren't as hard as you'd think, 'cos the ghost looked like he were one of Tom Brown's bestest mates. I could start by finding out when that book were writ, but that meant I had to ask the librarian the name of the author, didn't it?

Now the librarian turned out to be this cool-looking youngish man, Mr. Maycroft, with a kind of twinkle in his eye and a neat little beard. Instead of looking bored, he comes up real helpful. We discover the date of the book is 1857. Next I had to find out what were happening in our town back then what Casper – that's what I called him, after the "Casper the Friendly Ghost" TV show – what Casper could be so pissed off about.

It were over to the microfilm section and check out the back issues of our local paper. Unfortunately these only go back to 1934, but me luck weren't out yet, for the librarian seemed real impressed when I told him what I were looking for. Course I didn't say *why* I were so interested in knowing what kids were up to back in the 1850s, but he never asked neither, just let me into one of them little side rooms in what they calls the "study area" and told me to wait

In a few minutes he brought me this massive great leather-bound book what had "Hampton Village Parish Records 1850-1875" writ on the cover in gold-colored fancy letters, but all it had in it were a list of people what were born, married or deaded, and I didn't even know Casper's real name. Mr. Maycroft said he couldn't leave me alone with this book, 'cosit were the only copy of those records, and that made me uncomfy, 'cos I don't like being watched at the best of times, as you already know.

But pretty soon I noticed that most of the lines in this book were writ by the same person with these great big looped letters, but there were a few entries – always for kids' deaths – that were done different I asked Mr. Maycroft why this were, and it seemed most were in the vicar's hand – like

what I suspected – and the others were done by a headmaster, Mr. Chandos.

Course that started me off on a whole load of questions, and it turns out that our little town used to have a school of its own, and a private school it were at that. What's more, this school were right where our house is now!

That were most interesting. Maybe Casper had died there like all them others in them parish records, and that's why it was *our* house he had to haunt. Obviously I needed to find out more about this Hampton school. But how? That were the question I put to Mr. Maycroft, not really expecting him to be able to do owt, 'cos me luck had to run out sometime, but he said that there were a book writ by a local bloke what were just about that school, and he rushes off to get it like he were Customs men sniffing out Dutch porno.

This were a big bastard of a book as well. It were the size of typewriter paper and bound in leather and looked like there were only one copy of it ever made. The title were *Seat of Education and Rebellion – Hampton Public School 1825-1868*, and under that were the author's name, one P. M. Thatcher, which I thought were kinda funny, but you ain't allowed to laugh in the library, are you?

I asks Mr. Maycroft if I could borrow this book but he said no, and he weren't sure I should even be examining it in the first place. I asked why, of course, and he said just read the preface, which I did.

Hampton School were set up by some religious group who had these crazy ideas about boys' education: no so-called home comforts but lots and lots and *lots* of beatings, all of which made Hampton a laughing stock among schools even in them days, 'cos no boys learnt nowt, and they had a higher kids' death rate than anywhere else, which were sure saying summat. It even had one of them Victorian porno books writ about it. But the crunch came with the pupil's rebellion in 1868.

So far there didn't seem to be nowt in that book what should stop a kid from reading it, but then I noticed in the Acknowledgements, what came after, that Thatcher thanked some collector for letting him borrow and quote from the porno book mentioned in the preface: it were called *Adventures of a Hampton Young Gentlemen* and were published in 1865.

Now, normally on reading summat like that, I – or any kid – would've turned right to them porno parts. No messing. But I couldn't, not with Mr. Maycroft peering over me shoulder all the time. In some ways he were worse than Casper, though, to be fair, in other ways better: at least he could be helpful, and he *did* talk to me, which is more than Casper ever did. Then all of a sudden he asked me if I wanted to read "the dirty bits", as he called them.

I couldn't say nowt. It were like he'd been reading me mind. I would've said no, of course, 'cos I knew what would've happened, and for him to see, down inside me zip, but I never got no chance, 'cos Mr. Maycroft were already flicking through the book for the first porno quote. I tried to stop him when a couple of glossy photo pages went past, but he didn't, couldn't or wouldn't, hear me, going straight to the part he wanted and reading it to me, or rather at me, right into my ear. It went as follows:

My not being acquainted with any of my fellows gave me a beastly time locating the long cavernous room which would serve as our dormitory for the next eight years, only to discover, when I finally reached my journey's end, that the bell had already been rung for the Lambs – the name given to new chaps like myself – to be in their cots. Not only that, but the candles had been extinguished, leaving a cloak of deathly gloom all about my person. I still did not know to which cot I had been assigned, and so I thought it wisest simply to search for the trunk Nanny had so carefully packed for me all those hours ago in the soft comfort of my happy home high in the Dales: my fingers were bound to recognize our family crest carved on its oak lid.

While so preoccupied, I collided with another, larger body, which turned out to belong to the most dreaded of all the prefects, a brute of a boy called Hatherton, who seized me at once by the throat. "What are you doing?" he breathed harshly into my ear. "Why are you not in bed?"

"Please, Sir," I begged, for he was of a good size, even among his fellows, "I could not find my way in the dark."

"Are you the new Lamb?" Hatherton asked, lowering me so my hand-crafted shoes touched the stone floor once again. "The son of Captain Neville, presently serving Her Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Empress of India?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, relieved to have found what I thought was a friend at last, and one who seemed to know my pater.

"Then we have been awaiting your attendance, Sir!" he said with heavy irony. He turned to shout down to the far end of the chamber where, I was to later learn, the prefects had their cots. "I have the ragamuffin," he bellowed.

Presently I was surrounded by numerous louts smelling of a foul liquor, known as "Early Purl", which they had smuggled into school, at great risk to their fags' posteriors.

"Prepare, Sir, to be 'pinched in'," Hatherton told me. I had no idea what this term meant, but soon it became abundantly clear, as many hands

spun me on my axis until I was as confused in mind as if I had been at the 'Early Purl' myself. Then the new boy's traditional welcome started, hands assaulting my bottom, trying to snatch my soft flesh betwixt thumb and forefinger, while others tortured my prick and balls within the confines of my britches in much the same manner, until I was little more than a weeping little baby from the pain this treatment brought to my bemused and travel-weary body.

My ordeal continued even after the rotter, Hatherton, had returned to his intemperance, for my own fellows soon took his place with their questions, the likes of which I had never endured before. They must gain from me my entire history, and that of my family, in the few minutes we had before the Night Porter was due to make sure we had retired, with a painful behind destined for those who had not.

I answered as many questions as I could, but some I evaded, for I was not keen on the way many of the inquiries were aimed at my more personal activities, with the demand that I disrobe so my toilet-making areas could be inspected. Naturally, I refused to do this in all modesty, never having been one to go around unclothed like a heathen. In the end, this was to be decided for me, when one of the apprentice ruffians seized hold of my arms and another relieved me of my britches.

"Gad, it's a big one!" a fellow said, as his inquiring hand roamed bare around my most intimate regions. "Hatherton will like you, Sir."

I wondered what he meant by that, but had little time to ponder the matter further before all of his chums were doing the same with my Parts, several of the boys clearly handling themselves with scant regard for the Doctor's Rules on Chastity, all but myself achieving a hardened state of immodesty, within or without their night-gowns, before they drifted off, in pairs, to make their cots creak with the indulgence of their passions.

When he'd finished, Mr. Maycroft asked if I now knew why I shouldn't be allowed to read the book. I nodded – I couldn't say nowt, for me dick were damn near to crippling me, but when I tried to slip a hand into me lap to shift it some place more comfy, Mr. Maycroft beat me to it and did what needed to be done.

Did I want to read another section? he asked, though I ain't read nowt yet. I just nodded again, unable to speak for amazement at what was happening, and unable to take me eyes from the pages in front of me – and not daring to look down at Mr. Maycroft's hand what were worming its way over to me dick, either, lest I messed in me briefs. Meanwhile the librarian found another part in the chapter called "Vices" and read on:

I lay, near to blissful sleep, quite used, as I was by then, to the sounds of my fellow students, prior to the Night Porter's visit, scurrying back to their own lonely cots, having rubbed their pricks to sleep on a pretty little lamb, only on this night I found myself set upon by Hatherton and his accomplices. Suddenly my meager bedding was removed and my arms and legs pinioned by myriad hands. I could not move in the slightest, at least not effectively. Further hands took me by nose and chin and silenced my screaming mouth by pouring into it seemingly endless gallons of Early Purl, for which I would later be taxed, until I was so relieved of my senses that I hardly knew night from day, up from down, nor pleasure from pain.

My night-shirt was torn upwards, baring my young pale torso for all to see. Hands once more reached for my organs of modesty, toying with my prick until it was in a state such as I had observed many times on the other boys of our chamber as they played their bedtime games, but which, up until that moment, had yet to achieve myself true rigidity – a full stand, throbbing from time to time, as if expecting further developments. In the dim light to which all our eyes had become adjusted, I could see the rounded point of the head uncovered, creating a rosy-red zenith in stark contrast to the creamy white of the stiffened shaft and the close little bag of jewels beneath.

Hatherton summoned out of the darkness to my bedside a boy obviously deft at the skills he was to perform on my person, for he wore the Doctor's patented Prussian device for the abolishment of self-pollution. Although this boy-child was otherwise unclothed, his private parts were covered, encased in a miniature suit of armor covering both prick and sack and closed with a tiny lock that swung betwixt his thighs. The key to that chastity lock the Doctor himself held, only opening it once a day for the performance of toilet duties.

This unfortunate creature now bent over my prick, raising it so he could press his lips upon it. Easing back the skin from my prick-head, he moved further down, sucking the whole of my boyhood into the warm cavern of his mouth. His hand slipped betwixt my forcibly opened legs, pressing against my fundament, worming in one finger to the depth of its badly ink-stained knuckle and keeping it there, as I was rudely rolled over onto my front, my prick at last popping out free of the lad's mouth.

Hatherton, meanwhile, had rid himself of his britches. The favorite of his small band of bugger-boys now set about covering the prefect's prick with a liberal coating of spittle. So anointed, the well-lubricated pego

was guided to its place betwixt my soft orbs and the tightly puckered target hole hid between them...

Well, that's about as far as we got. While Mr. Maycroft had been reading all this, he were taking down me zip and his hand moving inside me jeans. No sooner did he touch me dick that I were this gibbering wreck, and in a couple of seconds me belly were all sticky as I shot me stuff.

"Did you enjoy that?" Mr. Maycroft wanted to know. He said it in such a way I couldn't tell whether he meant the book or the wanking he'd given me. In any case I weren't sure on me feelings about neither, so I didn't say nowt, unless you count asking for a tissue.

He scuttled off, and I popped over and snapped the lock closed on the cubicle door so it would show "Engaged" on the other side, just like them bogs do at school. Then I got back to the book. I knew I weren't going to have long, so I went right to the index and found a list of page references after "Deaths".

The first gave out examples about them kids what had died at Hampton. Most were boring shit like food poisoning and "fever", whatever that were, but one kid died after a boxing match what went on for hours, and another fell out of his window when he were trying to get away from a mob what wanted to "initiate" him, probably that pinching-in thing, and another died in a pond what they chucked him in so he would learn to swim, 'cept he didn't and he drowned. But it were the last one what were the most interesting.

It would seem that all them posh schools were having trouble keeping the kids in line, even with the way what they could whip their arses, and changes, like softening up on the discipline, were starting to happen, but not at Hampton. Dr. Chandos weren't having none of that, and nor were the Jesus freaks what run it neither, 'cos while at the likes of Harrow and Rugby things were getting better, Hampton were getting worse. In an average week, a couple of hundred names would be posted for boys to get it on their bums, which ain't so bad until you realize there were only thirty or so kids there.

Seems Dr. Chandos had sex on the brain. I don't mean he thought about it all the time like what I does, but that he spent all his time trying to catch kids who were having a bit of hands-on activity. The lads what got caught had their hands bound up at night so they couldn't do nowt, and it were this sort of thing, mixed with the amount of flogging going on, what got up the kids' noses, and they formed a plot.

The idea were to get Dr. Chandos to change his ways. When the headmaster heard that he went into a right paddy and started to lash out like he

were demented, which he probably were. The timid kids scattered all over the place trying to get away from him, but the prefects took Dr. Chandos' son Nicholas as hostage and told the old man he could have his kid again when they were promised they could go back to their studies without nowt further happening to them.

Surprisingly enough, that worked, and Hampton returned to summat like normal for a while, but there were one more bit to come out, and that didn't happen till Dr. Chandos went right over the top and killed his own son Nicholas. Turns out the kid weren't kidnapped at all but had organized the whole rebellion so his dad wouldn't beat this new boy what Nicholas had fallen for in a queer sort of way and was looking after and protecting and shit. When the doctor found out about that, he laid into his son with every cane what he had, until he was beating not just a senseless 13-year-old but a dead one. In the end Dr. Chandos were strung up by the prefects in revenge for the kid's death, as young Nicholas were a damn sight more popular than his old man ever were.

By the time I'd read all that, Mr. Maycroft were outside scratching, then knocking, then pounding on the door. "You all right?" he asked when I let him in.

"Course," I told him, and shoved the tissues what he gave me into me pocket, 'cos I'd already tidied meself up in that area with me hankie.

"Did you look at the photos yet?" he asked.

Now that were actually summat I had been wanting to do, so I flipped the book up onto its edge to see just where the darker and shiny picture pages were. Meanwhile, Mr. Maycroft moved back to where he'd been before, looking over me shoulder, but he kept his hands offan me this time.

First there were a photo of Dr. Chandos himself, and you could tell he were a right bastard just by looking at him, and then finally came a photo what really freaked me out, so much so that Mr. Maycroft noticed: sitting on the ground, right at the front of a group of lads, were me! I ain't joking, it looked like me sitting there in all the gear from *Tom Brown*.

"You all right?" Mr. Maycroft asked again, but I couldn't say nowt. I mean, how could I? It were just like looking in a fooking mirror. The kid in the picture even had the same hairstyle that I have, and here I thought I were being dead modern with me side parting. Of course, I knew it couldn't be me – how could it? – but it *were* me, yet it weren't. If you know what I mean?

"Who's that?" I finally managed to stammer out, pointing, and it weren't easy, I can tell you.

The title of the picture was "Happy boys at Hampton". Mr. Maycroft explained it were taken a couple of months before the shit hit the fan in 1868

when the school beat another at footie.

"But this kid?" I said again, getting a bit frustrated now and jabbing at the picture with me finger.

"The team mascot," Mr Maycroft said. "Interestingly enough, he was half the reason why Hampton had to close."

"You mean the rebellion, or whatever it were?"

"You've been reading about that?" Mr. Maycroft asked.

I nodded, and it turns out that this kid what looks like me – or should that be the kid what I looks like? – anyway, he were the very one Chandos's son, Nicholas, had been shacking up with. If I shivered when I first saw the picture, you should have seen what happened when I found that out: it were like I were having an earthquake right in my trainers. And it weren't over yet, 'cause Mr. Maycroft were pointing out the person he said were the other half of the reason Hampton had to close: not Dr. Chandos, like I'd have said, but Nicholas his son, and that were to be the second biggest surprise of the day, 'cos sitting right behind me double, and the only kid in the picture what were wearing owt like a sports kit, were none other than me mate Casper-the-not-very-friendly ghost, 'cept he weren't no ghost here but a real live kid with a strange little grin on his face and one hand on me double's shoulder.

"Why him?" I asked, and Mr. Maycroft said he figured Nicholas were trying to save this me-look-alike kid from following any of them vices what the rest of the school got up to behind his dad's back, even though it'd never bothered him before when he'd joined in the wanking contests and such like, but nowt were to happen to his kid. Some of the others had got jealous, which is when the me-look-alike had been set up to get a real nasty beating from Dr. Chandos in front of the whole school for something he hadn't even done, and that's when Nicholas went to the desperate measure of getting all the kids to rebel, which I thought were kinda sweet in a strange pervy way, trying to save his mate. Mr. Maycroft got real excited when he was telling me this.

And then, like they say, the light-bulb turned on, lightning struck, and I asked Mr. Maycroft straight out, were he the P. M. Thatcher what had writ the book. And do you know what? He fooking well were. Said he got the idea for the name 'cos of sommat called *Clause 28* what Maggie brought in to stop kids hearing about queer sex stuff like what happened at Hampton!

Once I knew that, I sorta felt better about being with him. And one secret deserves another, don't it? So pretty soon I were telling him that the ghost of this Nicholas were haunting me bedroom. He didn't laugh, nor say I were imagining it or nowt, like what normally gets said to a kid. No, if

owt it were him what were the little kid, 'cos he got all excited about Nicholas-Casper reappearing, and he near enough begged me to take him home so he could talk to the ghost and find out more about what had actually happened, even though I had told him that Casper had never said nowt to me.

Now this didn't seem that bad an idea after all. Mr. Maycroft did know a lot about the goings-on at Hampton and the boy that'd become a ghost, so I figured if anyone'd know what to do to get rid of the little bastard it would be him, and, anyway, what would I have to lose except more sleep and a stiff dick what I knew Mr. Maycroft could cure already?

"Yea, sure," I told him, "come by tonight after we eat," 'cos I knew soon as the dishes were in the sink me mom and dad would be down at me dad's boss's place getting rat-assed.

Anyway, Mr. Maycroft showed up right when I told him to, and he sat himself down on me bed and asked me to do whatever it was that I did when Casper turned up. Now, that left me with a problem, didn't it? I mean, Casper only showed when I played with me dick, and I were shy enough doing that with just a ghost watching, let alone a growed-up, even if that growed-up *had* had his hands in me unders and brought me off only a few hours ago. Well, I told myself, I did want to see the last of Casper, didn't I? I took a deep breath and said, "It's whenever I start playing with meself that he appears."

"Really?" Mr. Maycroft said, his eyes bugging out. Then he started to laugh and said, "You poor kid!"

"It ain't funny!" I told him. "It ain't funny at all!"

Course, all this had woken me dick up from its little sleep, and, since I'd already taken me sticky unders off, I only had me jeans on now which sure weren't enough to stop that thing from showing when it got going.

"So you were masturbating," he said, "or trying to."

"If that means pulling meself, yea."

"Well... let's see."

One thing that puzzles me now is why did I take me jeans right off then? I mean, all them other times, when me and Keith had done a bit, we'd never stripped off, not even the slightest bit, 'cos when we did that stuff in the school bogs we had to keep our trousers on, less we got spotted or summat Yet here I were in front of a fully growed-up bloke what I didn't know from Adam, really, and I'm getting me gear off, and do you know what? It turned me on summat rotten.

So there I stood in the middle of me room pulling on me dick like a right little wanker, and it worked. Mr. Maycroft gave out this childish shout,

and there the little bastard were, floating up near the back wall, "as clear as day and twice as cute," as Mr. Maycroft put it

Casper-Nicholas actually seemed confused, if a ghost can be confused, 'cos he kept staring at me, then at Mr. Maycroft, as if he were trying to work out what the librarian were doing in me room. Then he started giving me dirty looks that made me feel about as good as a bit of dog shit, so I drops me dick and Casper fades away.

"No, don't stop!" Mr. Maycroft near screamed, so back me hands went, and Casper reappeared, even before I had the chance to move me dick-skin even the littlest bit.

It weren't as bad this time, 'cos Mr. Maycroft started to talk to Casper about all the shit what had gone on with his dad and them others, and you could tell this had Casper confused again, 'cos it were like Mr. Maycroft knew all the details about his private life and 'specially what he'd got up to with that kid what looked like me.

Anyways, Casper and Mr. Maycroft got more and more into what they were talking about. Well, what Mr. Maycroft were talking about, 'cos Casper weren't saying nowt, least not what I could hear, yet Mr. Maycroft did seem to know just what Casper were thinking or would have said if he could talk, and Casper *was* making little signs all the time – nodding and shaking his head and shrugging. When Mr. Maycroft started on the sexy stuff it turned me on summat rotten, and I feared that if I shot me stuff Casper might disappear, so I tried not to listen too close, until Mr. Maycroft said, "Did you follow that?"

"No, what?" I said.

"There is a way you can get rid of your uninvited friend here, but it *is* a bit extreme."

I thought for a moment. A short moment, 'cos Casper were back to staring at me nuts. "I don't care, just do it."

"All right, come here," he said. "Stand between my knees."

And what he did then I weren't expecting, not in a million years. It were summat what I had only *heard* about before. I never once thought Mr. Maycroft would actually go that far, let alone with someone what he hardly even knew. Keith had mentioned it a few times and said he'd tried it on himself, but all it did was hurt his back. Mr. Maycroft actually put his lips around me dick.

"Wha... what you *doing*?" I said.

"Exorcising your ghost," he said, looking up.

"Exercising me dick, more like," I said.

"Not exercising, *ex-or-cising*," he explained, and went back to doing

what he were doing. So there I were, standing in front of this full growed-up bloke with me dick in his gob, and do you know what? It were fooking fantastic!

Casper stood – or floated – around, shaking his head from side to side as Mr. Maycroft carried on. That ghost weren't the only one shaking his head, neither, 'cos that's just what I were doing. I'd never felt nowt like that in all the times I'd played with meself, nor when Keith had touched me neither. No way, nowt were a patch on this. It were so warm in there, and the way what Mr. Maycroft were sucking were just like he were trying to drag me insides out through the little hole in the end of me dick. Not only that, but his hands were all over me arse, like he were petting some dog or summat, 'cept for this one finger what were going up and down me crack. Then, just as his tongue were moving over the end of my dick, his finger went right into me hole – not very far, but enough to make me squeal like a stuck pig, which, I guess, is a bit like I were. Mr. Maycroft didn't have it all his way, though, 'cos when he stuck his finger up me I went onto me tip-toes, like I were trying to get away from him, but all that did were jam me dick right up the top of his mouth, and he started to cough, which he couldn't do right, 'cos his mouth were full already, so it came out more like a snort or summat.

Apart from that yelp, I didn't say nowt, though I weren't too keen on his finger at first, but I soon got used to it, 'cos it weren't much different from them pencils what I sticks up meself, 'cept it were a bit rounder and bigger like. One advantage what it did have, though, were the way what it could bend, 'cos Mr. Maycroft sort of had it turned right back on itself so it could touch this one spot right up inside me arse. I don't know what the right word for it is – prostrate or summat – but it's inside near the bottom of me dick. As soon as he touches this bit of me it were all over. There's no way I could have stopped it even if I'd wanted to, and do you know what? Mr. Maycroft actually swallowed everything. All of it. When me dick came out of his mouth there weren't a single bit of stuff left in it. Milked dry, I were.

"You all right?" he asked me yet again. I nodded, but I were real light on me feet then. In fact I think it were only Mr. Maycroft's hands on me bum that stopped me from going arse over bollocks. It were like I were on another planet. The problem were that Casper were still on this one.

"Oh, shit," I said, when I saw him hovering there scowling at me.

"Well, that didn't work," Mr. Maycroft said.

"Something else might," I said, and I showed him just what I meant before he could ask what.

"You sure?" he asked, but by that time I were already undoing his trousers,

like I were the sex-starved little kid what Mr. Maycroft might have taken me for earlier. And I was, in a way. I wanted to see his tool – bad. Even more, I wanted to exer – whatever it were, Casper.

Once I had Mr. Maycroft's fly zip down, his dick flew out, and there it were, right in front of me face, as big as a fooking cucumber, with these blue lines all over it, knobbly as hell and strangely nice looking. It were the first hard adult dick what I'd seen, but I never thought they would be this big. I mean, I knew mine were slightly bigger than Keith's, 'cos that's how we'd started out in the school bogs, with his saying his were bigger, and neither of us were tiny; still this were a fooking monster of a thing. And Mr. Maycroft couldn't keep it still. All the time that I were looking at it, it were jumping about all over the shop. In the end I had to hold onto it, just so I could get a proper look, and, man, were I impressed! The top bit were as smooth as silk and coated in this real thin liquid stuff. He didn't have no skin what came over the end of his cock, neither, like I had. Instead, the whole of his dick-head seemed to swell out of his skin, like it were too big to have ever been covered up in the first place.

But... could I get that big old thing into me mouth? I could guess how big the dick were, but what about me gob? How many people know how big their mouth is? That ain't exactly the sort of problem what they gives you for math's homework, is it? I guess there's only one way to find out for certain, so that's what I did.

Mr. Maycroft had flopped backwards onto his elbows on me bed. Casper were still there, of course. The poor chap looked like he were ready to top himself, that is if he weren't dead already. I opened me mouth as far as I could. Me lips hurt, but I tried to keep me teeth covered, 'cos there were this story what Keith told me once about this lad who were getting sucked, and the one doing the sucking had got so excited he'd bitten the dick right off, and I sure didn't want to do that to Mr. Maycroft, not that me teeth are sharp enough in the first place.

I knelt down then to make it easier, 'cos then me gob and Mr. Maycroft's dick were about the same level. Still, I had to concentrate as he went into me. It only just made it, and I could feel the widest part of him pass over me teeth, but in the end the entire head were inside me gob, and now I could give him all those wonderful feelings what he'd given me, only he weren't the only one what were going to like it

I'd never thought that the person doing the sucking could have got some good out of it. That's why I'd always discounted Keith's story, yet now I knew different didn't I? Having that thing in me mouth were nowhere near as uncomfy as I thought it would be. True, I had a little trouble breathing, but

summat about it were nice, more than nice, even. And, although I couldn't have been good at it, Mr. Maycroft were all over the place – stroking the back of me head, saying what a good boy I were, and how he loved me and all sorts of sloppy shit like that – the sort of thing that would normally embarrass the hell out of me, yet somehow, coming from him, and right then, I didn't mind at all.

Anyways, it didn't last long. Mr. Maycroft mustn't have been wanking off as much as he should have, 'cos no sooner had I really got started good than he were at the end, so to speak, and I wish he could've handled it better than he did. I mean, I were new to all of this, and the first what I knew about it were when he pushed me head offa him. It were that much of a surprise I never even had the chance to open me gob proper, and it must have hurt him for sure, 'cos me teeth raked all over the back of it.

"What you do that for?" I asked, and Mr. Maycroft explained he weren't sure if I wanted to swallow his stuff or not. To be honest, I don't think I would have minded much if he had done it in me, but it were too late to do owt about it now, 'cos he'd already pumped this real sticky goo out all over his trousers and shirt.

"Do you want a tissue?" I asked then, a bit sarcastic like.

"No, I've got a hankie," Mr. Maycroft said, smiling.

"Has he gone?" I asked.

"I don't know how to tell you this, but.."

"But what?"

"He hasn't."

That was a right disappointment, and I said as much, though not quite in them words, but some others what Casper could tell I weren't no innocent virgin, even if he hadn't just been watching. 'Cept I didn't get to finish, 'cos, when I looked up, the front of them white skin-tight trousers Casper had on were stood up like a regular soldier during the national anthem. I mean, not only do I have to get haunted by a fooking kid ghost, but a ghost what has a sodding stiff dick.

"Now what?" I said to Mr. Maycroft. "I thought all that shit were meant to get rid of him, not turn him on."

Mr. Maycroft started talk to the ghost again, only this time he were using a bunch of big words I didn't understand. Casper did, though, and he were wriggling and squirming like the little kid what he were being caught out. "That's right, isn't it?" Mr. Maycroft kept yelling at Casper. Then to me, he said, "Guess there is only one thing for it."

"And what's that – have a fooking orgy?" Guess I were a bit upset.

"Yes." And that took the wind right out of me sails, I can tell you. Yet

I had to ask, didn't I? Just what did he mean by that?

Seems the one thing what Nicholas agreed with his dad on were the welcome the new kids got at Hampton – getting them pissed out of their heads and then having them up the bum, and *that* were what Nicholas had always managed to get his mate out of, 'cos he were in love with the kid and he wanted to be the first one to do it to him, 'cept he weren't nowhere near old enough nor big enough, so he were trying to save the kid's arse until such a time as he could have it all to himself.

When Mr. Maycroft finished explaining, Casper didn't half look dead embarrassed. I mean, his secret were out now. He were a shirt-lifter and a dirt stabber. But what had that got to do with me?

What it came down to was the only way I was going to get rid of Casper forever were to do the very thing what Casper had always tried to stop the me-look-alike from doing. It weren't the wanking, nor the sucking, but the fact that they could lead on to the real stuff. In other words, if I were going to have me room back to meself again, I'd have to get meself fooked up the arse.

Naturally that idea went down like a lead balloon with me. I mean, that dick-in-the-gob thing weren't bad at all, but arse-fooking were another matter altogether, and I told Mr. Maycroft this in words that could leave no doubt as to what I meant. I even sat down so that nowt could happen, 'cos that's what we always does at school when someone starts talking queer – "backs to the wall" and all that. Okay, I dreams about that sorta stuff sometimes when I has a pull, but that don't mean I wants it done to meself, now, does it?

To give him credit, Mr. Maycroft didn't act like he were just saying that as a way to get up me bum, even if all this does sound like one of Keith's dodgy stories. I looked Casper in the face and the little shit actually smiled when I gave Mr. Maycroft the brush-off. He thought he'd won or sommat. Next thing he'd be moving in proper, and I might as well cut me dick off, 'cos I'd never be able to do owt with it again 'cept piss, and that'd be a pretty messy proposition if I weren't allowed to touch meself and direct what I were doing into the bog.

By now I were in a right state as to what I were going to do – get fooked or haunted – 'cos that's what it came down to, didn't it? Neither sounded great, but I chose the one what wouldn't last for the rest of me life and would also rub that smart-arse grin from Casper's gob.

"You sure?" Mr. Maycroft asked. I could see his dick were stiff again and sticking right out through the front of his trousers. "You got any stuff?"

I hadn't a fooking clue what he were talking about, so he had to explain about lubricants, which were interesting enough, but I didn't have nowt like

that, and he said, "Then we'll just have to use what nature provides."

Well, I grabbed me pillow and lay out on me front on me bed and shoved that pillow under me hips so me bum was up in the air. I heard Mr. Maycroft spitting into his hand and felt him rubbing the stuff inside me crack and, more to the point, up me hole, his finger going in right easy this time, and, before you could say 'fook me', I was squirming about all over the shop again. I mean, if his dick could make me feel half as good as what his finger could, then I were in for one fook of a good time, and maybe I'd been getting all worried about nothing.

I heard him spit again, and then the funny sound of his wanking the stuff on his dick which he then put to me hole and tried to get into me, but it hurt like fook, so he stopped and put more spit on it. When he tried for the second time, it weren't nowhere near so bad. I could feel meself open up and him go into me, just like I were having a crap backwards or sommat.

He stops then and says I'd have to get used to it just a bit before he would stand a chance of getting the rest up me, which were all right with me, 'cos I knew how big his dick were, which was more than I could say for the size of me hole. Still, Mr. Maycroft were sure he could do it, and he were a librarian, so he should know what he were talking about, and sure enough after a bit it didn't feel nowhere as bad as it had to start with. I could still tell it were there, course, but in a nice sorta way.

"That's better now," I said.

"Take a deep breath and keep taking deep breaths."

I did, and he moved further up me bum a bit at a time. Just then I turned me head so I could keep an eye on Casper, and you should have seen him. Man, he looked like he were about to burst, and that cheered me up summat rotten. I told Mr. Maycroft he could go in deeper now.

But all Mr. Maycroft could do were gasp. Things were really getting on round the back end, 'cos, what the fook, I were enjoying meself. Sure, it hurt a bit – more than a bit – but it were good, too. Mr. Maycroft were good. Basically getting fooked were good, better than good. It were fooking fantastic.

Mind you now, I were also watching Casper, I couldn't help it: me head were flinging about like nowt, but wherever I looked Casper were always there – on me left, on me right, even straight up. Spooky it were, but there again he were a ghost.

And now the strangest thing started to happen. As I said, Mr. Maycroft were going like a good 'en by now, and I weren't that far behind him neither. Humping, pumping, wanking, and fooking – a right to-do it were – and the only one who didn't like it were – you guessed it – Casper the jealous

ghost. Right pissed off he were, flying about all over the shop, making all these real weird faces, and he couldn't do nowt about it. He couldn't say nowt, couldn't touch us, couldn't do nowt, and that were almost as good as what Mr. Maycroft were doing right up me arse. Just seeing that little bastard what had made me life a misery going out of his mind almost made up for everything else that had happened. But there were more to it than that, 'cos as things were moving to the end for both Mr. Maycroft and me, Casper were sort of vanishing – not all at once like he did before when I left meself alone, but real, real slow, not a bit here and there, but all over. At first I couldn't tell 'ow it were, but it got more and more obvious, as things got hotter and hotter. No doubt about it, he were going, fading out like his batteries were running out, and he didn't fooking like it one sodding bit. Every time Mr. Maycroft shoved inter me again Casper went out one shade more, and it weren't long before there weren't much left to him – not much at all.

I didn't see the final moment, 'cos then me eyes were watering something awful. I don't know why that were – I weren't crying or nowt – and I would have like to have seen the last bit of the bastard go, but you can't have everything, and I *did* have what Mr. Maycroft were doing to us. I could never have guessed that getting your arse fooked were so much fun. All right, Mr. Maycroft were heavy when he lay on me back, but all that slow pumping movement what he were doing and his rolling me about over and over were better than any freak show what Casper could put on.

With the ghost gone, we didn't really need to keep on at it, did we, but I doubt whether I could have stopped things then, even had I wanted to, and I doubt whether Mr. Maycroft could've stopped himself neither. No, instead I were going to enjoy it. But it couldn't go on forever, no matter how good it were, and end it did not long after Casper bugged off. Mr. Maycroft just let out this real weird cry and rammed himself up me good and tight, and I could imagine his stuff going inter me, great gushes of the stuff, all hot and creamy.

We lay there with his dick still stuck up me bum for a long time. It didn't hurt no more, but then it weren't moving or nowt. In fact I could tell he weren't even hard no more, 'cos I could move me insides about. It were sort of nice, having him there with me, like he were me prisoner or something, 'cos it were like he couldn't do nowt until I let his dick outa me hole.

"You all right?" Mr. Maycroft asked, like for the millionth time. It were becoming his favorite line.

"Yea!" I says back to him and relaxes so that he could get out of me bum.

"It did the trick, I think."

"Yea, it did," I said. "He's gone, and I watched him... how to you say it?"

"Dematerialize."

Even so, he gets up and he looks about in me room as if the ghost were hiding someplace, which he weren't – I were sure of that.

"Well, guess I'll be going, then," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"Well, my job is done. You haven't got a ghost anymore."

"But..." I said.

"But what?" he said.

Trapped me, didn't he? That'll teach me to try it on with a librarian. Nothing left for it then but to spit it out. "Can't we do it again, just to be sure?"

"I guess," he laughed.

"Better safe than sorry," I added.

"If you say so," he said.

"Mr. Maycroft...?"

"What?"

I had him now. "Can you be the one what has the ghost this time?"