

New Technology and the Government

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New Technology and Government F/M This story is set in the future in the United States. However, it could happen anyplace in the world with the new changes in technology and governments. In the future, cameras will be everywhere. With the new video technology, you are now able to see the person you are talking to. Even our cars have cameras in them. Wireless Internet is now in every home. Everywhere you have a computer or phone or cell phone; there is a microphone and camera that is attached to it. But this technology works in two ways. Not only does it allow us to view the insides of our house when we are away, but it also allows the government to spy on us. Since every house is now always connected to the Internet, the government can listen and watch what we do. Also, after 911, the President and congress were given a lot more power. So slowly, the government started to look and listen to our every move. Then there was a dramatic change in government. It went from an all men's club to where more and more women held important seats in government and in congress. It changed from a 20/80 to 50/50 percentage of men and women in government. But to everyone's surprise, during the last election, there are now a 40/60 percentage of men and women in government. Also, the United States now have elected a woman for President and a woman for Vice-President. It has changed the way we treat other countries and our ethics in world government. Now we are, at last, taking care of nature and mother earth. Also, human rights have now become a worldwide issue. Because of the shift in power to women in government, women no longer will tolerate being "put down" by the men in their lives. A woman now can file a complaint about a man, and with all of the cameras and microphones at both the home and office, law enforcement can easily determine if the woman has a solid case against a man for harassment or any other offence. Also, since men granted the President so much power since 911, all of this surveillance is both legal and easily accomplished. Because of the vast amount of complaints against men and the resulting charges that were filed, a new system had to be set up. Since most of the men pleaded guilty once they were shown the videos of their transgressions, the women who ruled government started new correctional centers just for men. The procedure followed this way. At first a complaint was made by a woman or many women about a man. Law enforcement would then intercept audio and video from where the man worked, his home, and even his car. A panel of three men and women would review

all of this video. If they found enough evidence against the man, then he would receive a letter to report to a correctional center. These centers were set up just to handle crimes against women by men. They mainly handled sexual harassment in its various forms. One day when I came home from work, there was an electronic letter that showed up on my video screen. Instead of reporting for work the next morning, I was to report to a specific correctional center in the morning. I was a single guy in my late twenties, and I couldn't figure out why a woman would file a complaint against me. I thought it was probably a mistake, and I would clear my name once I reported to the correctional facility. When I reported to the facility the next morning, it was a very pleasant looking building and I reported to the information desk. The clerk looked up my name and sent me to the third floor waiting area. I was given a file of papers that I was to give to the third floor receptionist. I took the elevator to the third floor and the elevator had nice soothing music in it and gorgeous posters of the great outdoors. The women in power have really changed our mother earth and the environment. When I got off the elevator, it looked like a reception area for a doctor or dentist's office. There were many chairs and tables with electronic pads so that you could read various magazines and newspapers. To save the trees and papers, we now used electronic pads for reading newspapers, magazines, and watch videos. This way, the magazines and newspapers were always up to date and you could also access your personal e-mail while waiting. The pads also had a camera, keyboard, microphone, and earplugs so that you could send out your own messages. I was surprised at all of the men who were already seated in the reception area. The receptionist had a plain white uniform on, and I gave her my papers. She had me sign a few more papers, and then I was told to have a seat and wait for my turn. As the various men's names were called by women in a nurse's uniform, they disappeared into the many hallways in the center. After about ten minutes, my name was finally called. Jane spoke to me as we walked down the hallway. "My name is Jane, and I will escort you through the various events for today. Your first stop will be for your evaluation room where you will see and hear the charges against you. Depending what happens there, will determine the events for the rest of the day." Jane opened a door to a room with a big video screen and seats for a panel of six people. Jane showed me the chair that I was to be seated in and left the room. A few minutes later, three men and three women walked into the room. One woman remained standing as the others took their seats. "Your name is Clyde W. Brown. Is that correct?" She asked. "Yes, my name is Clyde, but I haven't done anything wrong." I complained. "We will see once you watch your video. In the last month, three different women have complained how you have treated them and have filed complaints. After watching hours of surveillance of your actions toward these women, we agree with their complaints. We have reduced the video to five minutes showing your wrongful actions. Please be quiet and watch the video." To my amazement, they caught me telling the women that they were bitches either straight to their face or behind their back. They also caught me viewing porn, and various other activities where put-downs for women. "Women should have never been allowed to run for office," is a comment they caught me saying. I was amazed at the quality of the audio and video. Every little comment I said after I had an encounter with a woman was recorded. I hadn't consciously realized that I had said those awful things. But I did now recall putting women down and it was all shown

before me. I now had no defense but to plead guilty. The video ended and the woman stood up again. "Do you agree that you have been disrespectful to women and have harassed them?" "Yes I do. I saw it with my own eyes. I am sorry and I will never do it again." I said. "To make sure you never do it again, you will now receive punishment for your actions. It will come in the form of several spanking. If you respond well to your punishments, you will be allowed to go home; otherwise we will hold you overnight for further punishments. Do you understand?" "A spanking!" I said. "You must be kidding! You can't spank me." "Please sit down and be quiet, or else your punishment will be more severe. We will now leave the room and Jane will escort you to your next step in the process." They left the room and I was left wondering what would happen to me next. I couldn't escape from the room because the door was locked, so I sat down and wondered what would happen to me. Soon Jane opened the door and said, "Clyde. Please follow me to your preparation room. I will answer your questions once you are inside the preparation room." Jane guided me through many hallways. I thought the building was strange because I could see no windows and the few doors I saw had exit alarms on them. It seemed that I had no other choice but to follow Jane to the preparation room. After many hallways, Jane stopped at a door labeled "Preparation Room 311". Jane opened the door and I could see about ten lockers and two wooden benches. It reminded me of a small locker room in an exercise facility. Jane reached into a closet and pulled out what looked like a hospital gown. "Please take off all of your clothes, including your shoes and socks, and place them in locker number two. Then put on this gown so that it opens in the back. I will wait outside until you have changed your clothes. When you have changed into the gown, please knock on the door. I will enter and put a lock on your locker, so that all of your clothing will be safe. I will also answer any of your questions. Please change into this gown right now!" Then Jane exited the room. I was glad that my clothes would be locked up because I was carrying all of my ID papers and wallet. The gown was very thin and barely went down to my knees. There were also only two ties that held the gown together. One was on the top of the gown for my neck, and the other one was about halfway down my back. Once I had the gown on, I felt very vulnerable, but I knocked on the door and Jane walked back in. She reached into the locker again, and pulled out some heavy-duty small socks and gave them to me. They had a hard substance on one side. "These will work as slippers for you while you are in the facility. Please put on the slippers and then stand up and turn your back to me, so I can make sure you have taken off all of your clothes. Then I will lock your locker and I will answer your questions. So stand up and put your hands on your head." Jane said. I stood up, put my hands on my head, and placed my back towards Jane. Next, I felt her hands running up my body. "What are you doing?" I asked. "I'm just making sure you took off all of your clothes. Please stand still or your punishment will be increased." Jane said. Jane was about my age, and it was sexually arousing for me to have her hands running up and down my whole body. She even ran her hands up the insides of my legs until she felt my most private areas. I was glad that my back was towards her, because my penis was forming a big tent in the gown. "You can sit down now and I will answer your questions. And don't worry about your reaction to my searching your body. Most men have the same reaction." I quickly sat down next to Jane, and tried to hide my tent with my hands. "Please explain to me what my punishment will be like. Will you be with

me while I am being punished?" I asked. "Since this is your first time at this correction facility, your spankings will be relatively mild but they will make an impression on you." Jane said. "They will start with a thirty minute spanking using various paddles and spanking implements. Then after lunch, you will be given six strokes of the cane. If you speak when not asked to, or if you don't follow any of our orders, your spankings will be more severe and last longer. I will escort you from room to room, but will not be in the rooms during your spankings. Do you have any other questions?" "But I haven't been spanked since I was a little boy. Is this really necessary?" I asked. "Women have tested this punishment method, and have found that it is very effective in changing a man's behavior. All of your punishments will be given by women on you bare ass, and you better follow every command without hesitation or protest. You are allowed to talk to me right now, but you should remain silent unless you are requested to speak. Any other questions or comments?" Jane asked. "No. I guess I should take my punishment and get this awful experience over with." I said. "Since you haven't been spanked since you were a boy, I suggest you receive a hand spanking from me right now. It will make your thirty minute spanking easier to take since your bottom will be already warmed up." Jane said. "This will be your choice and it won't change your punishment if you accept my spanking. It will also get you into a submissive role for the rest of punishment." "Does it really help?" I asked. "Yes, it does help you endure your other spankings, but it is your choice." "Will it last long?" I asked. "It depends on how fast your ass turns to a nice pink color. But it should last less than five minutes. As I said, it just warms up your ass for your next spanking." "Then I guess I will allow you to give me a warm-up spanking. What do you want me to do?" I asked. "Stand up and stand next to me." Jane then slide down to the middle of the bench. "Please lay over my lap with your weight on the bench." Jane hiked up her dress and spread her legs apart. When I lay on her lap, my penis was now between her legs. I next felt totally trapped as her thighs closed around my penis and I felt her hands opening the back of my gown. "Please spread your legs apart with one leg on each side of the bench." I was now totally exposed to a woman who I had just met. Jane then started to spank me. She started with soft spanks and then they became harder and harder. She also left no part of my poor naked bottom untouched. She also would caress my bottom now and then. So I was feeling both pleasure and pain. But soon the spanks began to really hurt, and I began to wiggle. "Stay still, or else your spanking will last longer." So I tried to hold still while she finished my spanking. My poor bottom was now feeling a little warm and tender. Jane stopped spanking me and said, "You took my spanking very well. Your white ass finally has some color to it. Now stand up and turn your back to me so that I can prepare you for the next phase of your punishment." She reached into the closet and pulled out a few things. "Now put your hands behind your back." Then I felt her put cuffs on my wrists and secured my hands together. Then she put something on my gown that spread it apart below the lower tie, so that my now pink bottom was totally exposed. She also attached a plastic bracelet that which identified me as Clyde Brown. "Every man who is about to be punished goes through this same security measure. Just be quiet and follow me to a room for your first spanking." Now as we walked through more hallways, I noticed other men wearing gowns with their hands behind their backs and their pink bottoms exposed. My gown was still tented in front, but I was now unable to hide it. We finally stopped at "Punishment Room 102", and

Jane pressed an intercom button outside of the room. "I have Clyde ready for his spanking. My I bring him into the room?" Jane asked. "Send him in. I am ready for him." A voice said. "Your spanker is Nancy. She is very good at spanking men, but be sure to carefully follow her every command. I will be back in about thirty minutes to escort you to lunch." Jane said, and then she opened the door and quickly left the room. In front of me stood a woman about six foot tall and very shapely. She was wearing a very short skirt and a halter-top. "My name is Nancy and I will give you your thirty minute spanking. Do you need to be restrained or will you allow me to spank you. Go ahead, you can talk to me at this time." "Please don't restrain me. I will submit to a spanking from you." I said. Then Nancy stepped beside me and I finally could see the inside of the room. There were various spanking implements on the wall, and there was strange looking furniture in the room. There were also wooden "X"s and "T"s on the walls. There were also mirrors scattered around the room and many pieces of metal parts. She led me over to a strange piece of furniture. "I will start you out on this spanking bench. Please kneel on it." It had a padded bench that I knelt on, and then it was raised up in front of me, and then it sloped down. I will undo the connection on your wrist cuffs so that you can lean forward and put your arms in front of you." I felt my wrist connection being taken off, and she said, "Please lean forward." This put my bottom up in the air and exposed. "Now spread your legs so that I have full access to your body." She helped me spread my legs and now I felt fully exposed. Then she moved a mirror in front of me, and also a digital clock that displayed thirty minutes on it." I will be remotely able to stop the clock or add minutes to your time as I spank you. So please stay in position and don't try to cover or rub your ass with your hands. If you move out of position several times, I will then need to secure you to the spanking bench." She walked in back of me and spread my gown even more. Then I felt her hands on my exposed bottom. "Jane must of given you a hand spanking because your bottom is a little pink. She really enjoys spanking the men she escorts for their punishment. It does help you withstand the spanking from me." Nancy reached for a small paddle that was hanging on the wall. She walked over to me and showed it to me. "This small paddle should work real well to warm you up some more. Are you ready for your spanking?" "I don't have much choice, so go ahead and start my spanking." I said. I watched in the mirror as she stood in back of me and raised the paddle. The clock started its countdown, and my spanking began. This small paddle made my bottom wiggle, but didn't hurt very much. As she spanked me in this position for about five minutes, I was able to hold my position without any problem. It was very embarrassing for me to have my legs apart, and now and then Nancy would flick the paddle between my legs. The clock stopped at 25:00, and Nancy said, "Clyde, you are taking you spanking very well. I will now put you in a different position and use more severe paddles on you. So stand up and follow me. Remember, do not rub your ass and no talking." Nancy leads me to one of the walls that had two shallow wooden boxes about three feet apart and about two feet from the wall. On the wall were two chrome handles, like what you would see in a shower stall, and they were spread about two feet apart. "Put your feet in the boxes and then lean over and grab the boxes on the wall keeping your arms straight." I did so and then she lowered the bars so that they were about waist high. This made my poor bottom stick straight out, and my penis and balls dangled between my legs. "Now stay still while I untie your gown.

Jane can put it back on you once I have completed your spanking.” I moved my arms so that she could remove the gown from me. I was now completely naked and totally exposed for my spanking. With my legs spread wide apart and being bent over, exposed every inch of my poor bottom to be spanked. Mirrors were in front of me so that I could see what Nancy was doing. She placed the countdown timer on a shelf near me and showed me the paddles that she was going to use on me. This time they were a lot bigger and wider. She also showed me a riding crop that she said was also very effective between my legs. The timer started to count down and my spanking began, again. Sometimes, when the paddles really stung me, I would try to stand up. Nancy would then put her hand on my back and say, “Stay still and present your ass for a spanking. Otherwise, I will add more time on the clock.” So I would grit my teeth and stay bent over. In spite of how much the paddles stung my poor bottom, Nancy would keep me sexually excited by playing with my penis and balls with her riding crop. Also, the crop was able to reach the tenderest parts of my bottom. My whole lower half was feeling quite warm. The timer stopped at 15:00, and Nancy said, “Since this is your first time at this center, I will give you a five minute break. You can stand up, step out of the boxes, and rub your ass. We are halfway through with this part of your punishment. You will next receive the strap for ten minutes.” She went over to the wall and handed it to me. It was about two inches wide, two feet long, and made of very flexible leather. “I will now let you decide how you want to receive the strap. Either standing up against the wall or laying on a bench.” “Is one better than the other?” I asked. “If your legs are losing strength, the bench is easier. But both hurt about the same. So what will it be?” I thought for a few seconds and said the bench. I wanted to conserve my energy. Nancy pulled out a bench and put it in the middle of the room. She also found two pillows and put them on it. “Now lay down on the bench so that the pillows are under your butt. That will keep it sticking high into the air. Put your arms and legs straight out. Do you want to be bound in position?” “Let me try it without being bound.” I said. Nancy then put the timer in front of me and started to strap me as the timer started to count down. The strap hurt a lot more than the paddles. Nancy would also strap one of my cheeks, and then walk to the other side and strap my other cheek. Sometimes, the strap would land in the middle of my cheeks. I guess I was moving around too much because the timer stopped at 7:00. “The strap is hard to take without moving around. I will now tie your hands and feet to the bench so that you stay in place.” After she tied me to the bench, I was unable to move at all. The timer started again and she strapped me for two more minutes until the timer read 5:00. I was untied and allowed to rub my poor sore bottom. “The last part of your punishment will be with this wooden paddle with holes in it.” She held it up and showed it to me. “It really stings and I want you on the spanking bench that you first started on. Be sure and spread your legs far apart and stay leaning forward.” Nancy put the timer in front of the bench as I leaned forward and spread apart my legs. In the mirror I could see her go to the wall and take down the riding crop, again. She tapped the tender insides of my thighs and said, “Spread those legs apart some more.” After my legs were spread apart as wide as possible, she finally stopped tapping my inner thighs. The timer started to count down, and she started to spank me again. The wooden paddle with holes really stung me. I stayed in position but I had tears in my eyes from the pain. There was only 1:02 on the timer when I yelled out, “Please stop, please stop. It really

hurts.” “It is supposed to hurt. This should remind you to always treat women with respect and dignity. Since I had to stop the timer, I will add another minute to your spanking.” The timer now read 2:02. Then I heard Jane’s voice on the intercom. “Are you through with Clyde yet?” “Clyde’s punishment will be completed in two minutes. You can come and get him.” Nancy shouted out. Then she said to me, “Stay in position and don’t say anything, and your punishment will soon be ending.” The timer started again and so did my spanking. I still had tears in my eyes, but I didn’t say anything. Soon the timer said 0:00, and my spanking stopped. “You can stay in that position until Jane comes for you. I hope this has taught you a lesson. Please do not say anything and do not rub your bottom.” Nancy said. I really wanted to rub my poor sore bottom, but I just did as I was told and stayed in position. Soon I heard the door open and Jane was beside me. “Slowly stand up so that I may put your gown back on you and then we will get you something to eat before your caning.” I stood up and Jane tied the gown on me. “My, your ass is now bright red! It must really hurt.” “It sure does.” I replied. “Remember, no talking and put your arms behind you.” Jane fastened my wrists together and made my gown so that my poor sore red bottom was totally exposed. “Now follow me to get something to eat.” We walked down many hallways again to a cafeteria. It had many tables and the chairs had pillows on them. Since my hands were still bound behind me. Jane got me a salad, a high protein drink, and a glass of water and put them on a tray. Then she escorted me to a table, unbound my hands and said, “I will be back in thirty minutes for the next phase of your punishment.” It was nice to sit down on a pillow and relax and eat. Soon other men were seated around me. I tasted the protein drink, and it didn’t taste very good. But I drank it anyway because there wasn’t much to eat. In my job, I am used to talking to people, so I naturally started talking about the food. Quickly a woman in a white uniform ran up to me. “You are not to speak to each other. Let me see your wristband.” I held my arm out to her. “You are Clyde and I will inform Jane about this incident.” Then she left the table and I kept on eating without talking. Before I knew it, Jane was standing beside me. “Stand up Clyde and we need to bus the dishes, then I need to deal with you.” We walked over to where they washed the dishes, and then she bound my arms behind my back. We walked down the hall and into one of the locker rooms. “I told you there was no talking unless when we ask you to talk. I was told of your talking in the cafeteria, so now I need to deal with you before your caning.” Jane sat down in the middle of the bench and then said, “Turn around so that I may untie your hands, and then I want you to go over my lap for a spanking.” When I turned around, I noticed she had a large wooden hairbrush in her hand. “Hurry up and lay over my lap so that we can get this over with.” Jane said. So once again I was over Jane’s lap for a spanking. But this time my poor bare bottom was sore and tender and the hairbrush really hurt. After about five minutes, Jane quit spanking me and said, “Stand up so that I can secure your hands. Then we need to hurry up to the next room. Ann does not like to be kept waiting.” Jane rebound my hands behind my back and readjusted my gown so that my bottom was exposed in the back. We left the locker room and we walked down several hallways. Jane finally stopped at “Punishment Room 165” and said on the intercom, “Ann, Clyde is here for his next punishment.” A voice came over the speaker, “Your eight minutes late. Bring Clyde in for his punishment.” When Jane and I entered the room, I was shocked at what happened next. “Jane, you were eight minutes late and you did not call

me. This may impact the whole afternoon for the facility.” Ann said. “Clyde was talking in the cafeteria so I had to give him an additional spanking. That was the reason for the delay.” Jane replied. “How long have you been working here, Jane?” “Two years.” Jane said. “Then you know the rules say that you need to call me if you are going to be late by five minutes or more, when you deliver a client to a punishment room.” Ann said. “If a call is not made, when the escort arrives at the punishment room, she will receive a punishment deemed appropriate by the punisher. And the punisher is me and you have earned two strokes of the cane.” “Can’t we discuss this at the end of the day, and not in front of Clyde?” “I’m pulling out a chair.” Ann said. “I want you to walk over to it, lower your panties, raise up your dress, and bend over the chair. DO IT NOW.” Jane quietly followed Ann’s directions and bent over the chair. Her nice white round bottom was now on display. I now wished my arms weren’t bound behind my back. I noticed that my gown was tenting again. “You will receive two strokes of the cane.” Ann said. “Please count them. Ann next took a cane that was on the wall, stood beside Jane, and Whisk. The cane made a whistle sound and then left a long red line across Jane’s white bottom. “One. Thank you, ma’am.” Jane said. Ann measured for the next stroke. Drew her arm way back, a whistle sound and a thump. Now two parallel red lines went across Jane’s bottom. “Two. Thank you, ma’am.” Jane said. “Now stand up and straighten up yourself. You can pick up Clyde in twenty minutes. Don’t be late, or else you will receive two more strokes of the cane.” Ann said. Jane quickly stood up, rearranged her clothing, and left the room. Ann wasn’t a tall woman, but she was a very large woman. Her voice was low for a woman and she was a very ‘no nonsense’ woman. She studied my papers and said, “Clyde. You are to receive six strokes of the cane from me. You will count them out like Jane, but I will secure you to a special caning bench.” She took my elbow and led me over to a strange piece of furniture. It looked like a very low chair with no seat. The arms were very wide and about three feet apart. The back of the chair had a pillory on it, which would secure your neck and wrists. First Ann unbound my hands and took off my gown. “Kneel up on this so that your legs are spread and your head and wrists are in the holes.” Once my head and wrists were in place, then she lowered the upper half of the pillory and locked it in place. Now I could only look down and I couldn’t see what was happening to me. Next I felt her secure my legs to the bench with straps. Again, I was totally exposed and was unable to move. “Be sure to count these and thank me. Otherwise, you will receive the stroke again.” I felt a tapping on my very tender bottom, heard the whistle, and then felt like a hundred bees had stung me in a straight line. Jane took her two strokes very well. I didn’t realized that it would hurt this much. I just shouted out, “Ouch! That really hurts.” “Since you didn’t follow my orders and forgot to count, the next stroke will be called one.” Ann said. She tapped my bottom. I heard the whistle, and felt the hundred bee stings. But I cried out, “One. Thank you, ma’am.” “Very good. You are a fast learner.” I felt the tap, heard the whistle, boy did it hurt. “Two. Thank you, ma’am.” “You will treat women a lot better from now on.” I felt the tap, heard the whistle, and the pain. “Three. Thank you, ma’am.” “Your halfway through your punishment.” I felt the tap, heard the whistle, and the pain. “Four. Thank you, ma’am.” “Only two left.” I felt the tap, heard the whistle, now my whole bottom was on fire. “Five. Thank you, ma’am.” “Only one left. If you break the rules again, you will receive twelve strokes of the cane. So please be a good boy.” I felt the tap, heard the whistle, and

the pain was incredible. I slowly said, "Six. Thank you, ma'am." "I will undo the straps and the pillory that holds you in place, but I recommend you stay in place until Jane comes and gets you." It felt good to be able to move again, but then I felt Ann's hands on my poor naked bottom. "You have seven nice red welts on your ass. Those should remind you to treat women with dignity." The door opened and Jane rolled a gurney into the room. The gurney looked a little strange, because it had a medium size hole near the middle of it. Jane and Ann lifted me off the caning bench and laid me face down on the gurney. They positioned me so that my penis and balls were sticking through the hole in the gurney. Underneath the gurney was a plastic tube that captured any liquid coming out of my penis. My ankles were spread wide apart and secured to the gurney. Jane wheeled me down the hall to what looked like a small hospital emergency room. There, several nurses check my pulse, and blood pressure. I heard one nurse put on gloves, lubricate my bottom hole, and stuck a rectal thermometer into me. They examined my tender bottom for bleeding, and told Jane that I was okay to leave. Then Jane wheeled me over to some showers and unsecured my ankles from the gurney. "You can shower, now, or I can take you back to the locker room." "I'll take the shower." I said. "I will give you five minutes to take a shower." Jane said. I slowly got off the gurney and showered. Now it didn't bother me that I was completely naked and there were no curtains around the showers. It just felt good to take a shower and feel the cool water on my poor spanked bottom. I was now able to feel for myself the seven parallel large welts on my bottom. Soon Jane arrived, I toweled off, and then I put the gown back on me. Jane bound my hands behind my back, and walked me to the locker room. She unbound my wrists and took the cuffs off me. Then she unlocked the locker my clothes were in, and said, "If you follow the exit signs, they will guide you to the reception area. If you need to come back here, again, your punishment will be more severe. So be a good boy." Before Jane left the room, I quickly said, "I am truly sorry for the caning you received because of me. Is there anyway that I can make it up to you? She wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to me. "I can arrange a private spanking from me. Please feel free to call me." Then she quickly left the room. I dressed and it felt so good to leave the correction center. I wished that I had a pillow to sit on as I drove home and I called Jane the next morning. END.