

TRASHED

Here I thought I was hot stuff. I'd turned 18. I was a senior. I had been accepted to college. There was one month of school left and hell, I was sailing through my final classes. I was invincible. I was eating lunch with my friend when a glob of pudding landed in front of me. Raucous laughter erupted from the other end of the table. I saw one of my classmates still holding the spoon used to catapult it at me.

I burned, I picked up my spoon, loaded it heavily with pudding and bent it back to launch return fire. The intended target ducked out of the way and the gooey chocolate mass continued on and struck the Assistant Principal. My heart sank. This wasn't going to good.

"Young Lady," he said curtly. "Report here at the beginning of first lunch period tomorrow...trash duty." I had no idea what that was but it didn't sound pleasant. Picking up litter I suspected.

I didn't think about it much the next day. What could they do to me. I entered the lunch room a few minutes before the first lunch began. One of the lunch ladies strode up to me. "Are you Kaitlyn?" she asked. I nodded and she led me to the back of the kitchen. "You'll want to take your clothes off," she said.

"Why should I want to take my clothes off," I exclaimed.

She gave me a sympathetic look. "Look, hon. Anything you're wearing in the trash is going to be ruined. Take it off or not. Makes no difference to me, but whatever you take off I'll keep safe here on the shelf." She looked serious. With great trepidation I removed my shoes and socks and then my blouse and skirt and handed them to her.

"OK, Jim, she's all yours," the woman said. I turned and saw one of the janitors. He was an immense, muscular man. I started to shiver at what was to come next.

His voice was strangely gentle in contrast to his appearance. "This way," he said softly. He led me to the small area where you returned your tray after lunch and threw out your trash. He put his hands around my waist and lifted me up. "In you go," he said lifting me and placing me inside one of the plastic bag lined cans. I settled down in the can, my head not quite visible out the top and looked up at him.

"How long do I stay here?"

"After the last lunch period I'll take the cans out and dump them in the dumpster. You're free to go at that point."

I sat there as I heard the bell ring. This was silly I thought. Sitting here in a trash can for ninety minutes in my underwear. I shouldn't have listened to that silly lunch lady. She probably got her kicks watching girls strip down. This was humiliating.

My internalized rant was interrupted when something hit my head. I looked down and saw a wadded up napkin. A few minutes later a top of a yogurt container came my way. It landed the yogurt side flat against the center of my chest. I peeled the thing off me. Yech. Then it struck me. I was going to be sitting here while people through their trash in my can.

Things were quiet for most of the period but as it drew to a close a steady procession of people came through. Napkins and empty food containers bounced off me and started to pile up around me. Occasionally someone scraped a plate into the can. Gravy from some nondescript piece of meat, mashed potatoes, peas. The level in the can rose up my folded legs. This was humiliating but nobody seemed to be paying attention to the girl in the can or so I thought.

A glob of mashed potatoes was launched off a plate and hit me in the jaw. I heard giggling. Soon I felt something running over my head. I looked to see a boy pouring the last of a milk carton over me. Hysterical laughter ensued. More stuff was flung at me. I heard a girl say "Serves the stuck up bitch, right." Soon the flow of people going by slowed and the bell rang.

The second period was much as the first. The level in the can rapidly rose over my chest. I pulled up my arms but there wasn't anything I could do. I felt slime encompass my lower body. The smell started to get to me, souring milk, butter, peas... I'd never be able to eat these again.

The third period came and as the rush came to throw things in my can the level rose up to my neck. At this spectacle people seemed to lose their inhibition. Every plate was scraped towards me or on top of me. By the time the period was over trash had covered my head. Every inch of me was covered with garbage slime. The last bell rang and soon I heard Jim's big, soft voice. "I'll throw you out now."

I heard the rustle of the trash bag and then realized that he was tying it shut over me. I felt the can rumble along the floor a bit and then felt being lifted. My world turned upside down as the bag containing my body fell into the dumpster. I laid there in shock for a few minutes not knowing what to do. Jim said I was free after I was thrown out. I heard the lid open and felt something else, contents of another can, land on me. I panicked and tore my way out of the bag. I made my way from my bag. A more foul smell of the inside of the metal box I was now in replaced the fresher waste I had been bagged with. I climbed on top of more trash until I could squeeze myself out the door and out to freedom.

Jim was there with a big hose cleaning out the garbage cans. He turned to me and said "Let me hose you off before you go back inside." I looked down at the slime and debris covering my body. The last of my dignity shredded, I held up a hand to pause him. I reached down and peeled off my panties and then slipped out of my bra. These won't be salvageable. I flung them back into the dumpster I had been freed from.

I stood there and let Jim hit me with the stream of water. Like the garbage cans he hosed all the smell and debris from me. It was cold but I welcomed the cleansing. I leaned forward and let him shower my hair with the water and then turned so he could blast off the back side of me.

Shivering, I turned to the kitchen door to see the lunch lady standing there with a towel. I stepped towards her and wrapped myself in it. After a moment I dried myself off and put the clothes back on that I had wisely removed before. At this point I realized that I had no panties and I also realized that some of the dampness down there was neither the slime of the garbage nor the stream from Jim's hose. Was I aroused by this episode? Was it the humiliation? The feeling of the trash? The helplessness of being hurled into a dumpster? I spent the rest of the day trying to figure it out.

I became more and more preoccupied about the experience. What was it? On its face it was humiliating and disgusting, but somehow thinking about it made my heart race. I longed to experience it again. I fantasized about how to make the most of it. I'd do it differently. How could I? Would they give me the same punishment?

I alternated between thinking this was silly and disgusting with a burning desire. Finally one depressing day I couldn't take it anymore. The vice principal was standing near the trash cans. I took my milk carton and carefully aimed it to miss the cans but to narrowly miss him. His eyes burned at me. He pulled a pad from his pocket and scrawled something. "We'll give you some time to think about this...for a start." I wasn't sure what it meant, but the note was an order to appear for trash duty the next day.

I showed up in the cafeteria before the lunch periods started. The lunch lady looked at me and shook her head. "You again?" I nodded and started to get undressed. With slight hesitation, I undid my bra and slipped out of my panties and added them to the stack of clothes for safe keeping.

I turned to see the janitor watching me. "I'm ready, Jim," I said and marched out to the cans. Jim deftly lifted me into the can and I sank down. The lunch period started and I began to regret this whole thing let alone the fact I left my underwear behind. Soon the first bag was launched at me and I got my courage up. I straightened up so I was clearly visible to all that approached. I instinctively covered my breast and crotch with my arms but then decided, no. I placed my arms at my sides. More trash came in. Much was aimed squarely at me. Guys came to gawk at me. Soon people were scraping their plates in a way to launch. Some kind of chicken and green beans and creamed corn. The latter was a common item to hurl at me as it was pretty disgusting to eat and even more so to have run down your body.

I continued my defiance as the level of trash rose around me. Milk and corn were dumped on my head. Green beans stuck to my body. Even maintaining my best upright posture by the third lunch period foot piled up nearly to the top of my head. I took it all in. I wiggled through the slimy mess. Soon Jim would take me out and it would be over.

I felt something rummaging around me. It was the lunch lady using a large spoon to compress the trash around my head exposing my face. She then started bringing up the top of the trash bag but rather than pulling it over my head as Jim had done she stopped at my neck. She produced a roll of duct tape and sealed the bag at my neck. "What's happening?" I asked.

"Jim got called to fix the boiler. He said he'd be back in an hour or so to take out the trash and I should tape you up so the place doesn't smell."

Oh, I thought. She left me and I sat there. I must be quite some sight. Sitting with a trash bag taped around my neck. Corn and milk and other slime was in my hair and running down my face. The thought of it was strange. I longed for a mirror. I wiggled my arms towards my crotch and after working my way through the trash and food slime found my privates and started to massage myself. I soon felt an incredible climax.

I slumped down afterward drained and before long Jim appeared. I was taken out to the dumpster and tossed in. The only difference this time is that I could see what was happening as was pitched in. Before I could claw my way out of the bag another launched in on top of me. Again the dumpster had older, riper smells than the trash. I dug my way out of the bag and climbed out of the dumpster.

Jim was there with his hose and I presented myself to him. I thought it was odd that a short time ago the concept of standing naked in front of the janitor and letting him hose me off was a nightmare idea but here I was. I let him get my front and back and my hair and moved into the kitchen to dry off and put my clothes back on.

The lunch lady handed me a note. The assistant principal wanted me to report to his office first thing tomorrow. There was going to be more.

I showed up with trepidation the next morning. Had he figured out that maybe this punishment had unexpected effects on me? I knocked softly on the office door and he told me to enter. I stood squarely in front of his desk.

"You seem to be making this a habit," he stated.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll be better."

"I can't have you missing any more class time; but you need more reinforcement. Mrs. Burdock is ready for you."

Mrs. Burdock was the lunch lady. I had no idea what was coming. I got to the kitchen and she clucked and brought me to the back. "Take them off," she said.

Nervously, I got out of my dress and she continued to stare at me so I removed my bra and panties. She handed me something and told me to put it on. I unfolded it and realized it was a pair of plastic panties. Mrs. Burdock then took a small trash can and approached me. She reached in and grabbed a hand full of garbage and she reached forward and pulled the waistband of the panties and dropped the trash inside. I felt it fall down towards my crotch.

She repeated with hand full after hand full of food scraps, greasy wrappers, dirty and wet paper towels. As my front became full she turned me around and filled up the seat of the panties. Soon I had a whole panty full of trash. I felt stuff ooze down my butt crack.

She then handed me a trash bag. "Put it on," she said. I looked at it and noted that it had holes cut into it. I pulled it over my head and found a hole for my head and arms and threaded myself through. I was now wearing a trash bag dress. "You can put your dress on over," she said.

So there it was I had a panty full of garbage and the rest of my skin was covered with a trash bag slip under my dress. The lunch lady directed me back to the assistant principal. "OK, young lady. You're suitably attired for the day. Get to class."

I sat down in my first class and felt the garbage smooch under my rear end. Slime worked its way through me. As class wore on, I started to get warm. Everywhere under my dress my skin was in contact with plastic. It's as if I was in a trash bag.

As the bell rang I stood and felt the goo release a bit from my skin. Moving down the hall got me a little ventilation but I was smushed back into the mess at the next class. Again, I was getting warm from being encased in plastic.

Classes dragged on and I sat down to eat at lunch. My friend Cara sat down next to me but after a minute she slid away slightly. "I don't know how to say this," she said sheepishly. "But you smell a bit funky."

"I'm getting trash punishment today. I've got a plastic trash bag under the dress and I'm sweating like a pig."

"It smells worse than that," she said.

I blushed a little more. "I've got a panty full of kitchen trash on as well."

"Ewww..." Cara replied. Eww indeed. The rest of the day dragged on and now that it had been pointed out I was cognizant of the odor I was emitting. Finally, the day was over and I headed back to the cafeteria. I carefully removed my dress and went out to the loading dock. Big Jim was as usual hosing things down. I slid off the panty and dumped the contents into the dumpster and set it aside. I ripped the plastic bag off and threw it in the dumpster and held my arms out so Jim could hold me off.

I returned inside and dried off and retrieved my clothes, happy to be less smelly. I think I had finally learned my lesson. At least for a while.