**Terry and The Stranger**

**Remember me ? My name's Terry. Maybe you read about me**

**taking my kid Darren to see the Doctor. He's a great guy that**

**Doc. I've always had a lot of admiration for him. Not just since**

**that time, and not just because he's educated, mind you he's**

**looked over this and checked the spelling and things, but he's a**

**guy who knows what he wants and he gets it. I respect that. I'm**

**a bit like that myself, of course. And luckily last time what we**

**both wanted was the same thing. Darren's foreskin.**

**Which we got.**

**Easy really, as it turned out, but I'll tell you something. When**

**I first saw that kid in the bath, with that lovely great cock**

**floating there between his legs, far too good for a kid of**

**fifteen, I never thought I'd make it. Let alone watch it happen.**

**I only got a quick flash that time, then he saw me looking, I**

**think, because he sat up and it went under the water. The tip was**

**still out though, and that's what I liked the best. Better than**

**my own, anyhow. You probably know what had happened to that.**

**Anyhow, I made damn sure I got a better look next time, and I**

**started fantasising about it. I tell you it was like a dream.**

**Now like I said, I'm a guy that likes to get what he wants. I**

**wanted just one thing. In fact I didn't just want it, I needed it,**

**really bad. I needed Darren's cock circumcised. I suppose it was**

**partly envy, that's what Doc thinks, anyway, but it was partly the**

**urge to have my mark on it. You may think that's cruel. All**

**right, it's cruel. I wanted Darren cut, not like I'd been,**

**butchered, but properly. And I thought about it and I thought**

**about it. Only thing, I didn't have the slightest how I could get**

**it done.**

**I knew one thing, though. I couldn't do it myself. Thought about**

**that too, mind you. Didn't I just. There's sometimes articles,**

**or letters in Forum magazine, and I read a couple, but they**

**weren't what I wanted. I even went to a medical bookshop to see**

**what I could find. I smartened myself up a bit and tried to look**

**like I belonged there. It didn't wash, of course, never does, and**

**I felt so fucking obvious. I looked up circumcision in two books**

**on surgery, but they were full of words I didn't know. I'm not**

**well educated, see. Course these days I know, because Doc**

**explained, after he did Darren. Words like meatus and corona.**

**Doc said he'd 'adjusted Darren's meatus'. That's a nice word,**

**meatus, especially after I learnt to call it me-ate-us, not**

**meet-us. But all it means is piss-hole. That's a nice word too.**

**Even nicer, Doc had cut Darren's wide open and it looked terrific.**

**Anyhow, I knew the big word, circumcision. I have since I was a**

**kid. Most kids do, because one of the first things they notice is**

**that not all little boys are alike.**

**Then I asked our old lady, and she said it was**

**something they did to bad boys, to stop them playing with it. I**

**hadn't much, till then, but after that somehow it suggested the**

**idea.**

**Got a bit off the track, haven't I. Anyhow, I looked at some of**

**the other books in the book-shop, and one of them was called**

**'Surgery in Africa' or something like that. So I picked it up and**

**looked up the index, and sure enough, just after 'Churchill, Sir**

**W.' (Christ knows what he was doing there !), there it was.**

**'Circumcision' and page numbers. I looked up the first one, and**

**BINGO !!. The other books just had drawings, which was**

**interesting but not very exciting. But this one had a picture of**

**a big coloured guy, having it done. I got a bit turned-on by**

**that. Too right I did. The killer though, was on the page**

**opposite. There it was, in black and white. "I do not" says this**

**guy, a doctor mind you, "I do not see the need for anaesthetics**

**when circumcising the African. Instead I advise him to practice**

**self-control." Yeah, well, my self-control slipped a bit there.**

**Now I guess the assistants in that shop are used to the odd**

**customer freaking out over the books. I was wearing tight briefs,**

**and my jacket was more or less closed, but without wishing to**

**boast, when I get a stalk on, let's say it shows. And those few**

**words had just given me the stalk of a lifetime.**

**Because you see, I knew how it felt, and I could just imagine some**

**poor coon waiting to get his, while this guy advises self-control**

**and sharpens his penknife. Tasty.**

**All that evening, watching telly I'm looking out**

**the corner of my eye at Darren. Thinking about what his**

**self-control would be like.**

**Round about this time I get this letter from Sylv. She's Darren's**

**mum, and I suppose she's my wife. Now she's gone off with her**

**boy-friend, haven't seen her in well over a month. Not that I**

**care. Anyhow, she says she wants a divorce, which is fine by me,**

**and she doesn't want to see me or Darren again. What can I say ?**

**Great. Funny, though. She's been rushing round after anything in**

**trousers ever since we got married. Actually I didn't much care,**

**but while I was with her I didn't look at anyone. Well, not true,**

**but I never went with anyone. Well, that's not true either. I**

**sucked a guy off on the train from Clapham Junction once. And I**

**admit I'd fancied Darren a bit, but not like it got later. He's a**

**real good looker, you know. And if I'd known then what I know**

**now, I could have been fucking him speechless since he was**

**fourteen. He says now he used to wish I would. He's a good kid.**

**You know he's not mine, but I'm really fond of him. He is of me,**

**too. Seems a funny thing to say after what happened, doesn't it.**

**But I'll tell you something else funny. Darren's crazy about Doc,**

**and it was Doc that cut him. Look, I'm getting all mixed up**

**again.**

**I got big early. I had started to have hair on my balls by the**

**time I was twelve, but it was the Greek kids that I watched.**

**Remember, we were only eleven when we went there, and some of**

**those kids had hair so thick you could hardly see their cocks**

**through it. Fact, I asked one of them once "How do you find it**

**when you need a slash ?", and he said, "It's the thickest tree in**

**the forest !" Too fucking right it was ! Mind you, when I got a**

**hard on it was bigger than his, cause it was longer, not so thick**

**mind you, but I thought it looked better. Some of those Greek**

**kids had real funny shaped ones, too. Short and stubby and very**

**flat heads like mushrooms. We used to compare them a lot in the**

**showers, that's how I know. The other kids I looked at were the**

**black kids. Now people say that they're the big ones, and some of**

**them weren't bad, but I reckon I was as big as any of them**

**I used to think a lot about cock in those days. Most kids do. A**

**lot of them grow out of it, but I never have. I used to wank**

**quite a lot, too, in class even. Quite a lot of kids did**

**especially in English lessons. Don't know why English, probably**

**because it was boring. The bloke who taught it was a real fairy.**

**I reckon he didn't like to take the risk of interrupting us. Only**

**one night when I was fifteen, I got mine, like Darren got his.**

**I should have said that our old man had cashed in his chips about**

**a year ago. Kevin and Ron being both a bit older than me were**

**earning good money on building sites. Kev especially, he was a**

**big bruiser, thick as a brick, but one of nature's cement**

**carriers. So they agreed to look after me till I left school,**

**which couldn't be too soon for me. Anyhow, that night I thought I**

**was on my own in the house, I went upstairs to have a quiet wank.**

**Kevin and Ron were in the boozer as usual.They must have come**

**in dead quiet, because I was lying on the bed**

**with my chopper in my hand, just getting into the rhythm of it**

**when the door opens and Kevin man walks in. "What the fuck d'you**

**think you're doing ?" he says, "Dirty little bleeder. 'Ere Ron,**

**take a look at this, we got a wanker in the family." Well, I**

**suppose it wasn't too bright of me, but I said "That makes three,**

**dunnit." Should have said two, shouldn't I, because of course**

**that gets Kev on the raw like it was meant to, but it gets Ron**

**sore as well.**

**Anyhow, Kevin thumps me for cheeking him, and I call him a fucking**

**bastard and thump him back. Then Ron tries to get between us, and**

**I make another mistake. Honest, I didn't mean to, but I was still**

**trying to get to Kevin and I caught Ron square in the cobblers.**

**Well, I was quite strong for my age, so he retired hurt, like they**

**say, and Kev thumped me again and then went off downstairs to see**

**if Ron was all right.**

**Now I may not have said it, but if Kevin was a stupid bastard, and**

**he was, Ron was an evil one. Stupid as well, but mostly evil. I**

**didn't see either of them the next morning, because they were out**

**on the job before I got up. They were on site-work, see, and that**

**started at half-past seven. I went to school as usual, I mean I**

**was a good kid, like Darren, no bunking-off or anything. There**

**was soccer practice, so I got back about six. I'd almost**

**forgotten last night's little incident. No sign of my brothers,**

**but that wasn't a surprise. I went down the Chinese take-away and**

**got some food.**

**What I didn't know was what Kevin and Ron were up to. I said he was**

**stupid, didn't I, and I said he was evil. I missed**

**out he was a vengeful cunt. Now my bad luck was that about**

**nine-thirty or so, after they'd had quite a few, he started to go**

**on about getting hit in the cobblers. On and on and on, if I know**

**him. There's another guy sitting at the table, and after a bit he**

**gets the drift, so to speak. After a bit he introduces himself,**

**buys them a pint, and agrees that today's kids are nothing better**

**than a load of hooligans and yobboes, etc, etc. He must have been**

**about the same age as them, I should think, so today's kids, ie**

**me, would be five years younger than them, at the outside ! Now**

**Ron is trying to get Kevin worked up about me beating my meat, but**

**what he's sore about is the punch in the cobblers. The strange**

**guy, I can just see his eyes light up when he puts these two**

**together. "Well," he says, rubbing his hands I'll bet, "if a**

**kid's a wanker there's only one cure for it, and if he punches**

**foul, I know a trick worth two of that". At which point,**

**according to Kevin, Ron jumps straight to the point and says, "So**

**do I. Circumcise the little bleeder." Kev thinks this is a joke,**

**see, but no way.**

**"Got it in one," the strange bloke says. "If you want to stop him**

**wanking, well that'll take the shine off it for him. Besides,**

**it's only fair, he damages your three-piece suite, you go for**

**his."**

**Course there was more than this, but Kev was always a bit cagey**

**about what. He says he wasn't keen but they bought him another**

**pint and talked him into it. Anyway the next question was**

**"How ?". Pity they didn't know about Doc. "Look here,"says the**

**guy, when he's bought another round, "I'm not a doctor, but I'm a**

**qualified male nurse. I'll do it. It's not difficult, I've seen**

**it done lots of times. We can do it at home and not bother your**

**doctor." Ron doesn't take any persuading. Kev takes a bit more,**

**according to him, but he's pretty plastered and the guy says the**

**thing they all say, "It's only a bit of skin !" Pretty important**

**bit, though, in my view. So they all troop out the boozer and**

**home, Ron and Kev as pissed as ferrets. Luckily for me the**

**strange guy had had a lot less than them or God knows what would**

**have happened. I was up in my room, not wanking this time,**

**listening to my records if you must know. Suddenly the room is**

**full of people. Well, that's what it feels like. "We're going to**

**put a stop to your larks" says Ron, and they just sit on me. I**

**couldn't do a thing. One minute, I'm lying on the bed all**

**peaceful listening to the record-player, the next there's two**

**fifteen stone blokes on top of me. Which worried me, but not as**

**much as it should have. Because the next thing I hear is evil Ron**

**saying "Take his pants down." Now Kevin is sitting on my chest**

**facing me, and I can't really see much. I didn't get a chance to**

**look at the stranger, hardly at all. I struggled a bit, of**

**course, but it didn't do much good. My jeans came off. He left**

**my underpants. And you know I still didn't catch on. Then I hear**

**the strange guy's voice. I'll never forget that. It was a simple**

**question really. "Where's the scissors ?". I only heard him say**

**one other thing, but I won't forget that voice. "Where's the**

**scissors ?"**

**"In the kitchen drawer," says kind brother Ron.**

**I still can't see the guy, but I hear his steps going down the**

**stairs. Kev maybe got cold feet just then, because he said to**

**Ron, "Here Ron, d'you really think this is all right ?"**

**"Course it is," says Ron. "It'll make a man of him !" Then he**

**gives an evil chuckle. The guy comes back up the stairs. I still**

**can't see him or what he's doing, but I felt him pull down my**

**briefs. Christ my cock and balls didn't half feel cold and**

**exposed. Ron must have taken a good look, because he said, "Not**

**bad for a nipper."**

**Then the bloke says the only other word I heard him say. I heard**

**it once again when he was done. "Right !" he says, very softly.**

**And he slips the scissors underneath my foreskin and starts to cut.**

**Just imagine it. Take a second or so and hold it in your mind.**

**It's the worst pain you've ever felt, it's the worst pain in the**

**world, and it's right there in the sensitive skin of the most**

**sensitive part of your body. And he's doing it very, very slowly**

**so that very, very slowly it gets worse and worse and worse. It**

**doesn't get unbearable. The way he does it, with the blunt**

**scissors, it starts unbearable, and you feel the cut like fire**

**round your cock-head. He's an amateur, so he tries to cut too**

**much skin and the blades jam. He starts at the very tip and puts**

**the blades under the foreskin, then he forces them shut and the**

**skin tears between them. Then when he has got through he cuts the**

**skin back, pulling it on one side so it gapes where he takes too**

**much, then leaving a great fold of skin on the other. Underneath**

**he just hacks it away, leaving the frenum but cutting down the**

**shaft along the join mark. No, I wasn't brave. I'd have screamed**

**the place down, only Kevin had his big hand over my mouth, damn**

**near smothering me. I tried to bite him, but I couldn't. I**

**wriggled and twisted, but they were both big guys, and I couldn't**

**get any leverage. Each time I writhed, the bastard at my groin**

**cut a bit harder. At last, he was finished, and so, nearly, was**

**I. As it was, I thought I was going to pass out, when I heard**

**that voice once more. "Right !" it said again.**

**My brothers stood up then, taking their weight from my body, and**

**as they did so I saw him standing between my legs. He had the**

**scissors in one hand, and in the other the rag of skin he'd just**

**torn off my cock. I shan't forget that face.**

**And if you ever read this, friend, remember that.**