

My Circumcision

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"Would you like to come in now?" the Doctor smiled broadly and waited for me to precede him into his consulting room.

As I entered I glanced at the high trolley, covered in a white sheet which occupied the left hand side of the small room. A light on a floor stand arched up and spread a pure white light over the central area of the white sheet. Next to it was a similar stand holding an instrument tray which also hovered over the forthcoming operations area.

"Take off your trousers and pants, please" smiled the Doc.

With a mixture of apprehension and excitement I unbuttoned my blue shorts, pulled down my black Calvin trunks and discarded them both.

"Now, let's just have a quick check" requested the Doctor, stooping down in front of me and taking a firm but gentle hold of my cock. Carefully he drew my foreskin back and, lifting my penis up, examined my frenulum which, we had agreed at the consultation was to be completely removed along with my foreskin.

"That's fine!" said the Doc, standing up "Hop up on the trolley, would you please?!"

I hopped - via a little pair of steps helpfully placed alongside.

I had removed my socks and shoes along with my shorts and pants and so was wearing only my shirt as I lay down on my back. I put my hands under my head so that I could look around and take stock of the instruments and packets of medical swabs and gauzes which were stacked on a low cupboard at the end of my trolley. The Doc's desk was in the far corner of the room, together with a small settee and a couple of easy chairs. The room was light and bright from the beautiful sunny day outside. A good omen, I was sure.

It had all begun many years earlier with the reasons beginning to stack up as to why I should get myself circumcised. Anyway, about a year ago I started to think about it seriously. A period of research followed and about this time I got access to the internet and began find the host of anti-circ sites which some of our American friends think are so helpful to society (!) and the relatively few sites which were pro-circumcision or, at least, factual and neutral.

Over the next few weeks I downloaded loads of material - from the Circlist website in particular - studied the methods commonly used in adult circs, reasons for and against and, most interesting, other people's reasons and experiences.

I contacted the NHS but was warned that since I barely had a medical reason for wanting to be cut (a slightly shorter than usual frenulum) although they respected my psycho-sexual, functional and aesthetic reasons, they were honest enough to say that guys needing help for purely medical conditions which were more serious than mine would always have priority so I could be waiting for months - even years for my name to come up.

Next I talked to BUPA and another private sector hospital group and was quoted around £1,200 since they would only do it if I agreed to a general anaesthetic and, consequently, an overnight stay (to boost their profits?). They were also reticent to discuss the type or style of cut they would give me and I decided I did not want to be put to sleep and have little or no control over what was done to me

or of the finished result. A local would be sufficient and give me both the chance to influence the style I got and to watch, if I found I could when it got to the Big Day.

It was then that I found the Gilgal Society who sent me a list of Doctors who might be willing to help. However, in January of 2001 while surfing the net, I came across the Circumcision Agency who, although obviously specialising in circling baby boys, also said they would help adults. The day after finding the site I returned to it and sent them an email asking if they could help me.

About three weeks later their reply arrived giving contact details for Dr D'Silva in Luton and quoting costs of £25 for an initial consultation, then £200 for circumcision plus £50 for excision of my frenulum: a fraction of what I had been quoted by anyone else. And it would be under a local anaesthetic.

I rang the good Doctor.

We hear a lot about "bedside manner" but I can only say that if all Docs were as friendly, warm and encouraging as Dr D'S then surely nobody would have a problem.

After a long and detailed discussion the Doc explained that if I wished he could see me initially at his Harley Street clinic in central London any Thursday afternoon. We fixed a date immediately before Easter.

Now, being a self-confessed wimpish little boy at heart, I did not think I would have the guts to go through with it on my own and I realised that just perhaps I might not be alone in this. I also had more than a little interest in being able to watch my own circumcision (which this excellent Doc had said that I certainly could!) and that I would also be interested in the support and encouragement of other boys who perhaps might agree to form a little group and all be cut on the same day by the same Doc.

Encouraged in my project by guys from Circlist and the Gilgal Society I put out feelers on the Circlist Yahoo discussion group and received a number of interested responses. To cut a long story short (pun intended!) what eventually transpired fulfilled exactly what I had dreamed about.

On the Thursday before Easter I went up to London where I was met by YYY from Circlist who, after a bite of lunch, came with me to meet the Doctor.

Here's the account of that meeting which I wrote at the time:

Dr. D'Silva greeted me like an old friend – all smiles and a warm handshake. He was dressed in morning dress (well, it was Harley Street!) and soon we were chatting happily about circumcision.

After a few minutes he asked me to drop my pants so that he could have a look and agreed that what I wanted he could and would do – save only that he wanted to be sure to leave enough skin to cope with a full erection so said that when flaccid the remains of my shaft skin might come up to the coronal groove – a shame, but I do “grow” quite a lot when I get an erection, so some slack must be left if the result is not to be painful at full erection.

After getting me to fill in a card with my address and “requirements” on it he asked if I had any questions, so I asked him about technique. He said it would be easiest if he showed me on me (as it were) – so I dropped my pants again! This time he showed me where he would inject the anaesthetic (into the base of my cock and also further up near the glans) and how he would pull my foreskin as far forward as he could with forceps before putting a forceps clamp on it immediately beyond my glans.

He explained that when he was happy he had got that in the right place with the greatest amount of foreskin pulled through that he thought “safe” then he would chop it off and release the forceps clamp.

He would then roll the inner skin back down my shaft before using a scalpel to remove my frenulum. With that gone he could make any final adjustment to the foreskin cut freehand before sewing me up – with the inner skin meeting the outer - hopefully fairly high on my shaft towards my body – and moderately tight, at least.

I found the Doc a really lovely guy – we chatted about why I wanted to be circumcised and he showed he understood, explained what he thought were the undoubted benefits of circumcision and emphasised (a) that it would not hurt and (b) that he would do his very best to get the neatest and most attractive result he could. It was all very relaxed and friendly.

He also explained that once he had sewn me back up he would put a dressing around the line of stitches and that he would want this dressing to remain untouched for seven or eight days. It should then be removed (either by him or by any other doctor) and the wound checked. The stitches should have melted away. His one word of caution about the result was that on some guys there is some remaining scar tissue afterwards – on others there is not. There was no way of knowing whether I would have a scar or not.

We confirmed the appointment for the cutting in May and he gave me his card and a map of where his surgery is in Luton. He said come “around 1230” – it doesn’t matter whether we are a bit early or a bit late.

That was it - £25 in cash to his Receptionist and all done in about 30 minutes.

The Doc is a lovely man and has loads of experience of circling babies, boys and men of all ages and says he has never had a serious problem or complaint in twenty years. He is full of smiles and chats away in a most relaxed manner and has very gentle and soft hands. He is completely laid back about us being present at each other’s operations and I think it will be a gentle and very informal occasion.

So that was my initial consultation.

The big day itself

Over the next few weeks arrangements firmed up and on the Monday immediately following my birthday in the middle of May, I had a very careful shower and caught a train down to Luton.

Actually I got off at Bedford since it was there that I was being met (by YYY again, bless him) for the short trip to the Holiday Inn at Sandy where we had decided to base ourselves and where we settled down to take some pictures of my penis with foreskin - for posterity.

Over dinner that evening YYY and I talked about all sorts of things - but, of course, mostly about my forthcoming cutting - now less than 24 hours away!

Back at the hotel and Nick arrived to join us. Nick had been circumcised some while before but needed to be “tidied up” to remove skin tags left from where his frenulum used to be.

After a couple of drinks together we retired to our rooms - Nick and I, who had agreed to share a twin, lay awake for half the night talking. I don't think I could have slept much anyway! Of course I was a bit nervous but was already more relaxed now that I was with another guy who would be under the knife as well.

The following morning, after breakfast, YYY went to the station to pick up the last member of the group: Ian, a German student studying in London who had the misfortune of a beastly tight foreskin (phimosis) and who desperately needed relief!

At half past eleven we piled into YYY's car and sped off to the Doctor's rooms in Luton - less than an hour's drive away. A last minute cigarette on the pavement outside for Nick and me and then . . .

So there I lay, naked except for my shirt, ready for the culmination of all those months of research, planning and hoping.

The Doc called YYY and Nick to join us: Nick to hold my hand and YYY to take some photographs for me. The Doc produced a soluble ink marker pen and , after a short discussion with me and with Nick, he marked the skin on my shaft where the cut would be made. All the skin from there to the end of my foreskin would soon be gone!

The next bit was, undoubtedly, the worst. Now I don't normally mind injections all that much but I have to say that having injections into my cock is not something I would like every day! Anyway, it was, of course, all in a good cause and after a few minutes my entire penis was numb. I could feel nothing.

So, picture the scene if you will. Nurse, "young middle aged" (I hope I do not do her an injustice!) standing on my left, instrument tray and bright light sprouting up and hovering over my groin, Nick resting his hands on my shoulders and gently tickling the side of my neck, YYY at the foot of the trolley taking an occasional digital photo of the key events and the Doc hovering on my right, now with forceps in hand. It was about to begin!

One pair of forceps was used on each side to pull my foreskin out in front of my cock (as it were) until the mark which the Doc had made was clear of my glans. Then a forceps clamp (rather similar to an adjustable wrench!) was clicked into place across the projecting foreskin, just clear of my glans (meatus). Taking a fresh scalpel from its pack, the Doc began cutting off the unwanted skin immediately beyond the forceps clamp.

There was a moment of hilarity when the Doc stopped cutting after a couple of seconds - just to check he was not slicing into my glans as well! With everyone (especially me!) satisfied that it was only my foreskin he was cutting through, a couple of quick slices and off it came - just like that - a neat section of sleeve.

I was finally cut!

Off came the clamp and with a quick dab to stop the cut end of skin bleeding, the whole cutting had taken about three minutes, I should think.

After relaxing for a couple of minutes to let the blood from the cut skin clot, the Doc then set about excising my frenulum. One little scalpel cut up the middle of the triangle of skin and then a couple of quick dabs with the electrocauterising wand. That was it. All gone!

There was a little more blood from where my frenulum had been but after a couple of minutes the Doc and Nurse started to sew me up. The new cut end of skin was carefully drawn back down the shaft of my penis and, with the skill of a practised double act, the Doc and Nurse executed about eight neat little stitches with what looked like carpet twine but, they assured me, was actually dissolving suture (!) to produce a join line about 3/4" from my coronal groove - just as we had discussed.

With everyone now relaxed, the jokes started again and, at times, I found it hard to keep still for the stitching, I was laughing so much.

When I was completely sewn around, including two or three for the site of my former frenulum, the Doc prepared an antiseptic dressing and wrapped it around the middle of my cock to cover the line of stitches, and then put a neat strip of surgical sticking plaster around that to hold the dressing in place. The whole band was no more than an inch and a half wide.

That was it -at last - I was circumcised! And, apart from the injections, I had been able to watch and enjoy the whole thing.

Fantastic!

Apart from a touch of bleeding from where my frenulum used to be, as I sat in the waiting room again with sweet coffee and biscuits, everything was fine. The whole thing had taken little over an hour - and it would have been even quicker if we hadn't spent so much time laughing!

Ian was next in and again Nick was with him, while YYY found himself assisting by passing things to the Doc.

By the time it was Nick's turn, I was sufficiently recovered to go in and hold his hand.

Half an hour later, with Ian, Nick and I now fully recovered from the anaesthetic, we all trooped back into the Doc's room for "Final Assembly" and our post operative care instructions. We were each given a prescription for a one week course of antibiotics (purely as a precaution) and for antiseptic dusting powder for when the dressing comes off. An appointment was made for us to reconvene a week later for the Doc to remove the dressings and the remnants of any stitches which had not fully dissolved.

Later that day as YYY drove the three of us to a local pub for dinner, we found ourselves registering every bump in the road – although YYY was doing his level best to avoid them - but it could have been worse! Sitting in the pub after our meal I realised that the three of us who had been cut were all doing the same thing - sitting well forward on the edge of our seats - we were all finding it the most comfortable position to avoid unnecessary pressure!

Next morning and the residual slight discomfort had all gone. There was still a need to avoid anything rubbing or causing pressure on our penises: particularly since bruising from the injections was quite pronounced and was set to remain so for several days: but with a little care, there was no discomfort at all.

Now I can look down and see the exposed glans of my cock and, boy, it's a sight (and a sensation) that more than repays the effort we made to arrange our Cutting Club. We are planning a reunion in a couple of months to show off our healed results to each other and hopefully YYY will be on hand to complete the "before, during and after" photoshoot.

That is a day to look forward to!

I would sincerely recommend that all boys thinking of getting cut consider forming their own Cutting Club - the personal support and the ability to compare notes before, during and afterwards were, for us, invaluable. And holding another boy's hand while he is circed? That's a unique privilege and a fine example of male bonding, isn't it?

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