

A BLADE FOR BRYAN

Bryan restlessly squirmed in his chair while he waited for the policeman to get off the phone. He didn't like policemen and he hated to answer all those questions he knew Chief Rayborn would be hurling at him. Forty miles per hour in a 30-mile zone. Big deal. But what really had him hacked off was being ordered to come down to the police station after Chief Rayborn smelled pot smoke in his car. Bryan stood up and stretched his arms above his head. He stood five-feet eight-inches tall and weighed 125 pounds.

Chief Rayborn hung up the phone. Without even glancing toward Bryan he said, "Okay stud, come with me." Bryan followed the chief down the dreary-coloured hallway. He looked down at the front of his faded denim jeans. Just stay calm, Hitler, he thought to himself. The chief took out a keychain with about a dozen keys on it and opened a door at the end of the hallway. He pushed the door open and flipped on the light. "Okay, in here," he said as he moved aside.

Bryan looked around as he entered the room. No windows. The room was about twelve by fourteen. A small table and two chairs stood in the centre of the room. Cabinets and a countertop covered one wall. The other walls were bare.

Chief Rayborn looked at the eighteen-year-old standing before him. He really was a nice-looking kid, he thought.

The dark, piercing eyes had a look of intelligence. But what interested the chief was that look of defiance. He liked the opportunity to handle the tough studs in his own way. It was a challenge. He liked to bring them down a few notches.

"Well, now," he began as he closed the door. "I think we need to have a little talk, don't we stud?" Bryan looked up at the large, red-faced man in front of him and backed up two steps. "Look, man," Bryan stated flatly, "I already told you. I don't know what you smelled in my car but I don't have any pot. You already searched my car. Where else do you think I'm gonna hide it?" Bryan stood there with his arms held out to his sides. His white T-shirt fit loosely.

Chief Rayborn smiled. Bryan could see the condescending look in his eyes. "Well, you see, boy, it's my duty to make sure of the facts. Somebody was smoking a joint in your car just before I pulled you over. And since you were by yourself, that sort of points the finger at you." He paused and took a deep breath. Bryan swallowed hard. "But you searched my car," he argued. "Yeah, so it's not in your car..." Chief Rayborn didn't finish, but Bryan knew what he was getting at. "Hey, I don't have it on me, man. You can see I don't." "Well, in that case, you won't mind if I just make sure, will you? Let's start with your sneakers. Take them off and place them on the table. Socks, too."

Bryan rolled his eyes at the ceiling. "Oh, hell." With a look of scorn on his face, he sat down in one of the chairs and unlaced his white sneakers. He pulled them off and placed them on the table. Then he stripped off his socks and put them on top of the sneakers. Chief Rayborn examined the socks and sneakers to make sure there was nothing inside them. "Okay, sport," he continued, "now let's take a look at your T-shirt."

Bryan was beginning to get nervous. "B-but you can see I'm not hiding anything," he protested. "Yeah, but let's just say I like to be sure. Get the shirt off." Bryan pulled the white T-shirt over his head in one quick motion and disgustedly threw it on the table. He ran his fingers through his tailored, light brown hair. It fell neatly back into place. The chief picked up the shirt and sniffed it. He smiled when he noticed the unmistakable odour of marijuana smoke. "Chief, I swear. That's just

plain cigarette smoke you smell. I-I was at the bowling alley and ... I guess some of the guys were smoking." Chief Rayborn placed the T-shirt on the table and gave Bryan a patronizing smile. "If you say so, stud." He stood there and looked at the boy. Those dark eyes and handsome face certainly had a look of innocence. He had lost the air of defiance. "Okay," the chief continued. "The pants." Bryan tried to smile. "Jesus, Chief. You can look at me and see that..." "Put your pants on the table, boy." the chief interrupted in a slightly louder voice.

Bryan closed his eyes for a moment. He knew there was no need to say anything else. He was powerless. He would have to do whatever Chief Rayborn told him to do. He unbuttoned his Levi's and slowly unzipped them. He slipped them off and tossed them on the table. With his arms folded, he turned his back and studied the pattern in the ceiling tile. Chief Rayborn silently picked up the faded jeans and glanced at the leather label. Size 29 x32. Damn, he thought, how can someone be that slender? He emptied the contents of the pockets and placed everything on the table. Pocket knife, coins, a concert ticket stub. No billfold. Bryan looked over his shoulder at the Chief. Cautiously, he said, "I-I told you I didn't have any pot." He eased toward the table and started to reach for his pants. "Just a minute, Hoss," Chief Rayborn replied. "B-but you can see I'm not hiding anything," Bryan said weakly. He stood with his legs about a foot apart; he held his hands out for the chief to see. Chief Rayborn was getting a great deal of pleasure in watching the boy squirm. In a slow, deliberate voice he continued. "Well, I just like to see things for myself. I'm always thorough, you know." Bryan's heart was pounding. He looked down at his smooth, bare stomach and then at the bulge in his shorts. "Okay," the chief continued, "hand them over."

With a puzzled look on his face, Bryan said, "W-what do you mean?" "You know what I mean. Hand over the shorts, stud." Bryan opened his mouth to protest. Before he could say anything, the chief interrupted. "I'm not interested in anything you've got to say right now. Hand over the shorts, boy." Bryan felt his cheeks burning. This was something he hadn't counted on. With his back turned, he silently slipped out of his jockey shorts and tossed them to the chief. Bryan was now totally naked. Chief Rayborn examined the shorts and then threw them in the table. He looked at the slender, tanned eighteen-year-old. "You know, it's easier to talk to somebody when you can look them straight in the eye."

"Can - can I put my clothes back on now?" Bryan asked nervously. "Not until I say so. Now turn around." Bryan felt his face getting hot. With his hands in front of him, he slowly turned around to face the chief. "Boy, what's the matter with you?" Chief Rayborn replied in controlled anger. "You act like you're ashamed of your equipment. Just stand right where you are and put your hands behind your head." Bryan reluctantly did as he was told. It was then that the chief saw the reason for the apparent modesty. The foreskin of Bryan's uncircumcised penis was stretched tightly over an object about the size of a silver dollar. "well, well, well," the chief said with a smile. "So you're a little gentile, huh?" As he sat down he continued, "Move closer, so I can take a look." Bryan took two steps and stood directly in front of the chief. "It's not mine, Chief. I swear. I-I'm just keeping it for a friend of mine."

Chief Rayborn reached out and gently touched the ample, limp penis. Bryan stood still as he watched the foreskin being pushed back. As the skin moved back, it uncovered a clear, flat, plastic container. Chief Rayborn held the container in his hand. It was about a quarter inch thick and about the size of a silver dollar. It was full of marijuana.

Bryan closed his eyes and felt his foreskin eased back into place. It felt good for it to relax again. Chief Rayborn laughed. "Well, I gotta admit, you're pretty sharp to use your little built-in storage pouch. And you almost got away with it, didn't you, stud? It's been nearly a year since I've seen that

done." He held up the container of grass for Bryan to see. "You know what you're looking at?" he continued. "You're looking at two years in the pen."

Bryan tried to make his lip stop trembling. "B-but it's not mine, Chief. I swear it belongs to someone else."

Chief Rayborn reached out and grasped the tip of Bryan's foreskin between his thumb and index finger. "Well, now, that's just too bad... because you're the one I've got by the whang-dinger." Bryan felt relieved when he let go. With the plastic container in his hand, the chief got up and walked over to the door. When he opened it, he turned around, Bryan was still standing with his hands behind his head. "You can relax now, little gentile. I'll be back in a minute."

"Hey, Chief," Bryan said quickly, "can I put my clothes back on?" "No. Just stay like you are." Then the door closed. Bryan heaved a sigh of relief. He was glad to be alone. He reached down and stroked his penis. "Damn," he said to himself, "that was beginning to hurt." The plastic container had almost been too big to get his foreskin to stretch over it. His other containers were smaller. He hadn't intended to stash this one in his secret pouch, but the chief had caught him by surprise. Bryan opened up one of the cabinet doors. Nothing but a bunch of papers. Opening up the next one, he saw several small jars, about the size of baby food jars. He looked closer at the label of the jar in front. The name "Todd Thrasher" and the date "Dec. 15, 1984" were written on it. He reached up to turn the jar around to see what was inside.

He could see that the jar was filled with a clear liquid, but there was something else, too, sort of pink-looking.

Before he got a good look, he heard footsteps and quickly closed the cabinet door. The chief came back inside the room. He walked over to Bryan and put his arm around the boy's shoulder. "Come on over here and sit down, son."

They sat face to face at the table. The chief continued, "You seem like a nice boy, Bryan. You know, I hate to see a boy like you get a police record so early in life. Especially a drug charge. I decided I'm not going to press charges against you." Bryan looked at the ceiling and took a deep breath. The chief continued. "There's just one thing that bothers me, though. I'm afraid this same thing is going to happen again. If I just let you walk out of here, sooner or later you're going to get into a lot of trouble with drugs because you know that even if a cop pulls you over and searches you, he won't find anything. 'Cause nobody is going to think to look in your little built-in hiding place you carry between your legs. So, it all boils down to this: How can I make sure that you won't hide grass there again?"

Bryan listened to the chief's words intently. In a relieved voice, he replied, "Man, I-I've learned my lesson. I promise I won't fool around with any kind of drugs anymore."

Chief Rayborn looked at the wide-eyed boy. "Well, that's good. I hope you will stop fooling with drugs completely. But I'm afraid you missed the point. You see, you have the perfect hiding place. And as long as you can stash your dope there and no one can catch you, then I'm afraid you'll keep on doing it." Bryan tried to smile. "I'll sign something if you want me to, but I promise you it won't happen again, Chief." The chief stood up and patted Bryan on the shoulder. "And that's a promise I know you're going to keep," he said with a smile. "Come with me."

He led Bryan to the stairs at the other end of the hallway. They went down the stairs to a door that had "Tank" written on it. As the room became filled with fluorescent light, the chief pointed to a support post in the middle of the room. "Stand by that post, Bryan," he directed. Bryan did as he was

told. The chief caught the boy by the shoulders and gently pushed him against the post. He felt the cold wood on his back. Then the chief took out his handcuffs and snapped them on Bryan's left wrist. Then he pulled Bryan's right arm around the post and snapped the handcuffs on it. Bryan was puzzled. "I-I thought you were gonna let me go." The chief stood facing the boy and placed his hands on the boy's shoulders again. Bryan looked up at the chief with eyes of innocence. "You're not gonna hit me, are you?" he asked with a tremor in his voice. The chief smiled and touched the boy's soft cheek. "No, I'm not going to hit you. I like you. And I wouldn't hurt you. It's just that... well, I'm going to help you keep your promise."

He walked over to the cabinet and then sat down at the table. Bryan watched as he held a small jar in his hand and wrote something on the label. It was a jar like the one he had seen upstairs. The chief placed the jar in the centre of the table and went back over to the cabinet. Bryan looked at the jar. The chief had written: "Bryan Evans, Nov. 8, 1985."

Bryan looked over at the chief. "Hey, what's that for?" he asked. The chief didn't bother to turn around when he replied, "We'll talk about that in just a minute." He placed a cardboard box and a bottle of alcohol on the cabinet top.

"I'll be back, stud." He closed the door behind him. Bryan leaned his head back against the post and looked at the small jar again. He was puzzled. The jar upstairs had Todd Thrasher's name on it and it was dated last December.

He remembered Todd Thrasher. Todd had come swimming at the river a lot last summer. There were usually about eight or ten boys and they never bothered to put on a bathing suit. Todd graduated from high school last June. Someone said he had moved to New Orleans. Bryan took a deep breath and pulled at the handcuffs.

They were secure. Guess I'll have to stand here and listen to a lecture about the evils of drugs, he thought to himself. Bryan heard footsteps on the stairs. The door opened and the chief entered. He looked over at the 220-pound policeman. "Uh, sir, if you'll take the handcuffs off, I won't try to get away or anything." "Oh, I trust you, sport. I'll take them off in a little while." He moved a chair so that he could sit right in front of Bryan. "Now, I want you to help me decide what we need to do." He held the tip of Bryan's penis and tugged at it gently. "First of all, I want to do what's best for you." "I'll do whatever you say," Bryan replied weakly. "If you just won't keep me in jail, I'll... I'll..." The chief patted Bryan's stomach. "Good. That's just what I wanted to hear. So you'll agree to anything I decide, huh?" Bryan eagerly shook his head in agreement. His big brown eyes were full of anticipation.

"You know, I have to admit that I had a pretty good idea where you were hiding your grass because I've seen it done before. Did you ever know a boy named Todd Thrasher? I guess he's a little older than you." Bryan nodded his head. "Yes, sir, I know him. I saw him at the river some last summer." "Well, I picked him up last December. He was driving a little bit too fast... just like you. And there was the same odour of pot smoke. So, I brought him here to do a routine search. He was a real smart-ass at first. But he had the same little secret pouch you've got, and after I found it... well, let's just say he got real agreeable." Todd Thrasher... the name on the little jar upstairs, Bryan remembered. He thought about the scene at the river several months ago. There were about six boys there. Someone came up with the idea of a contest. They all drank three cans of beer and waited for about an hour. Then they had a contest to see who could piss farthest. They each took a turn. Bryan watched each boy closely as he stepped up to the line and let go with a stream of piss. He remembered now ... none of the others still had his foreskin. All of them had been circumcised,

including Todd. Bryan looked down at the policeman. He held Bryan's penis in his left hand, and with a pen he made a mark on Bryan's penis, about an inch and a half from the tip. "Chief," Bryan said, "are you sure it was Todd Thrasher you caught last year?" "Oh, yeah," the chief said with certainty. "About your size. Blond hair, blue eyes. Sure, it was Todd. Why do you ask?" He got up and walked over to the cabinet and opened up the box. Bryan looked down at his penis and the line that marked the ridge of the head underneath his foreskin. "Chief," Bryan continued, "what did you do to Todd?" The chief sat the bottle of alcohol and the box on the table in front of Bryan. He smiled as he said, "The same thing I'm going to do to you, stud." He reached into the box and pulled out a strip of leather about two feet long. It wasn't much thicker than kite string. He sat down in front of Bryan and he made a loop and placed it around the end of Bryan's penis. Bryan watched as the chief tightened the noose around the loose skin of his penis; he winced as it got uncomfortably tight. Then the chief pulled on the leather strip, and Bryan's foreskin started to stretch.

"Hey, that hurts," Bryan said as he watched his penis stretch about as far as it would go. Bryan took a deep breath and looked at the ceiling. "W-what did you do to Todd?" he asked again. He almost held his breath as he waited for an answer. Chief Rayborn looked up at the boy. He noticed the sweat on the boy's face. "Well, Todd and I had a little talk and he said he would go along with anything I decided to do if I wouldn't keep him in jail. So, right here in this room, in the very spot where you're standing... I circumcised him." Bryan felt his heart pounding. "B-but you're not going to circumcise me, are you?" "It'll be over before you know it, stud. Besides, that big dick of yours can afford to be trimmed down a little bit." Bryan was really starting to sweat. He watched with wide eyes as the chief loosened the leather noose and removed it. He reached into the box and pulled out a piece of stainless steel that looked about like a thimble, only larger. He pushed Bryan's foreskin back and placed the device on the head. Then he released the foreskin and let it cover the device. Again, he placed the leather noose around the tip and pulled it tight. Then he reached into the box and got a piece of cotton. The smell of alcohol filled Bryan's nostrils as the chief saturated the cotton and swabbed it on his penis. Bryan remembered the small jar upstairs with Todd's name on it. Then he realized what was in it. Chief Rayborn really had circumcised Todd, and the jar contained Todd's foreskin!

Bryan pulled at the handcuffs, but they held tightly. He pushed against the post as hard as he could. This couldn't be happening. Circumcision was the most brutal word Bryan knew. It was something he thought he would never have to endure. When he tried to speak his voice came out in a whimper. "Chief, I swear, I'll do anything you tell me to do. I got \$200 in the bank...Ouch!" Bryan winced as the chief took a metal clamp similar to a clothespin and placed it on his penis. He closed his eyes tightly as the clamp dug into his foreskin. "That hurts," he grunted. Chief Rayborn gently rubbed Bryan's stomach. "I know it hurts," he replied with genuine concern. "It'll stop hurting in a few minutes. Then it will be numb and you won't feel any more pain."

Bryan looked at the ceiling as the minutes ticked by. This was a nightmare. Sweat rolled down his face as he thought about what was coming. He thought about all the times he had envied his buddies because they had been trimmed as infants. The exposed head seemed more manly. He had tried in vain to train his foreskin to stay bunched up behind the head long enough for him to get into his P.E. clothes in the sixth grade. But his foreskin was too long.

Then, in the seventh grade, on a camping trip with four of his close friends, he learned that they were envious of him because he had everything he was born with. After that, Bryan learned to appreciate what he had, and he wore his foreskin proudly. Chief Rayborn removed the metal clamp. Bryan watched as he took the leather strip and pulled it gently. Then he reached into the box and

picked up a roll of gauze and a pair of scissors and placed them at the edge of the table. He wrapped the leather strip around his hand and pulled. Bryan watched as the tender foreskin stretched as it had never stretched before. "Okay, sport. Just stand still. Keep your back against the post." Without letting the pressure off, the chief reached over to the box with his free hand and picked up a metallic object.

Bryan felt a rush in the pit of his stomach when he saw that it was a surgical scalpel. He didn't want to watch but couldn't take his eyes away. Sweat glistened on his chest and stomach as he watched the scalpel being placed in position. Chief Rayborn looked up at the handsome, frightened boy. The beautiful brown eyes were full of anticipation more than fear. There was nothing sassy about him now. He was completely helpless. The chief smiled; he had a feeling of satisfaction. Suddenly Bryan felt even more pressure. He was straining to keep his back against the post. He didn't feel as much pain as he had a few minutes before. It was beginning to numb. The chief placed the blade of the scalpel against the taut skin on the mark he had made earlier. Bryan watched the blade as it slowly moved across his skin. The tender young skin gave way to the sharp blade. One slice, two slices, three.

Bryan closed his eyes and tilted his head back. He felt the pressure stop as the blade cut all the way through. He heard the thimble-like device fall to the concrete floor; nothing remained to hold it in place. Strangely, he didn't feel as much pain as he thought he would. He looked down. The head of his penis was completely exposed. The stump of skin remaining barely reached to the ridge of the head. Blood was beginning to ooze from the stump.

"Say, you're quite a man, Bryan," the chief said as he wrapped the penis in gauze. "Boy, you're all right."

Bryan looked over at the table. The strip of leather lay there, his severed foreskin was still in its grasp. He took a deep breath. It was all over; he was circumcised, just like all the other boys he knew. He felt the handcuffs release their grip on his wrists. Chief Rayborn guided him to a chair. It felt good to sit down. Then Bryan watched as the chief removed the leather strip from the piece of flesh which had been a treasured part of his body only minutes before.

"I gotta hand it to you, sonny boy," the chief continued as he held the soft tissue in front of Bryan, "nature really gave you something extra. Hell, you had a lot bigger flap than Todd Thrasher."

After giving Bryan some pain capsules, he let the humbled, thankful young man get dressed and be on his way.

He held up the small jar of alcohol and looked at his new prize, which he had just removed from Bryan. He walked over to the cabinet and pulled the door open. Again, he held up the small jar was Bryan's name on it.

"You'll always be special to me, Bryan. You're number ten." Then he placed the small jar with the other nine, each containing a memento of the teenaged stud who had encountered the scalpel of Chief Rayborn