

School Trip

It was going to be a long couple of weeks. Four hours in and the children were already annoying her.

“A nice trip” they said. “You’ll enjoy it” they said. “Just think of the great weather Jane” they said. They lied. 24 teenage boys on a school trip was not nice, it was like herding cats that had just drunk Red Bull.

When her son joined St Mark’s school at the start of the year, he was very nervous and scared he wouldn’t make any friends. Although James was quite sporty, he was also a bit shy so it was taking some time for him to settle in.

After moving from the city to the countryside because of his dad’s promotion at work James had been enrolled at the prestigious St Mark’s school with its mix of boarders and day pupils. James was a day student as the family lived nearby but the majority of the boys were boarders and had already built a close network that wasn’t overly welcoming.

There had been one other boy who was new, called Oliver. They had met on the first day and became good friends. Both lads were well built and had made it onto the school rugby team and when the rugby trip was announced Oliver signed up immediately. James had to talk his mum into letting him go as she was dubious about letting him go abroad on his own, she still classed it as on his own even with teachers and the other boys.

Jane was quite a dominant character and was the boss at home so what she said was law. Even though she didn’t want James to go she could see that he was desperate to go and her motherly side kicked in. She had felt guilty about uprooting the family and moving them far from everything they had known but her husband’s promotion made it impossible to refuse due to the elevated salary, perks and standard of living offered so she saw the trips as her way to make amends.

She had gone to the school and spoke with James’s form teacher to check the details explaining that she was nervous about letting her son go. It turned out that one of the parent escorts had a conflict in their diary and was looking for someone to replace them, Jane could act as an escort and therefore could keep an eye on James.

That evening was the school open evening and Jane was talking to some of the other mums and they had all been so positive about the idea so she told the teacher she would go and help out. Everybody wins, except for James that is; what 15-year-old boy wants his mum on the school trip.

That was four months ago and now she was regretting her decision. She had met the other escorts at school early that morning for the briefing. There were only six escorts for twenty-four boys: Jane and another mum, three male teachers and a trainee teacher.

The six escorts were put into pairs for the trip, the experienced teachers know that children are like wild animals. When they spot a lone adult they strike, whether that be to cause mischief (not too bad), to get sympathy (they know that a lone adult is more forgiving when they don’t have to keep face in front of other teachers) or to get permission for something they shouldn’t do (the

best way to avoid trouble is to get permission in advance from a teacher that doesn't know you shouldn't be doing what you plan to do). Jane's buddy for the trip was Mr Ben Barnes.

Ben was a trainee sports teacher who was twenty-one and in his final year of training doing his placement at the school. Despite his age, he looked just like the students because of his relatively short stature, slim build and his baby face. His shaggy blond haircut didn't help to make him look older, it made him look like a generic high school student that you had seen in American TV shows. She doubted that Ben needed to shave more than once a fortnight as there was no sign of a six o'clock shadow.

Mr Smith, the Head of Physical Education and the most senior teacher of the group, put Jane and Ben in charge of the paperwork. The school's administrator had already prepared the documents so they were just being extra cautious. They had double checked 30 envelopes of documents containing all the important documents for the children and escorts. Copies of travel insurance documents, passports, next of kin details, loco parentis forms, allergy and medicine details, etc. Everything was in order and they were good to go.

The boys had been hyper on the trip from the school to the airport and she was already tired. She did however think there could be some fun on the trip as Mr Smith seemed like a bit of fun.

Ben, Jane and Mr Smith were the last of the group to go through security control. They had all put their bags on the conveyer belt where the machine had then eaten them but not yet spit them out the other side and they were waiting to go through the metal detector with Ben at the front of the queue followed by Jane with Mr Smith at the rear. Just as Ben was called forward Mr Smith leant over Jane's shoulder and quietly told Ben "have fun, I've put a battery-operated toy in your bag. I hope you like rabbits!".

Ben's face was a picture. The security officer was calling him forward, Ben was trying to check with Mr Smith exactly what he meant while stuttering over the words and at the same time he was turning red. He was halfway through the metal detector before he had fully digested what he'd heard.

"Don't worry. I'm just teasing him. He needs to loosen up a bit if he wants to survive two weeks with this lot." Mr Smith told Jane when Ben was out of earshot.

It just happened that he was randomly frisked and then his bag was selected for a search, the poor guy looked shell shocked, but very relieved when it was just that his Lynx deodorant was too big to be permitted in his hand luggage.

The rest of the airport experience was quite eventful, she caught one of the older looking boys trying to buy duty free vodka, almost getting away with it due to his big build, dark cropped hair and three-day stubble, until Jane explained to the cashier that he was 16. She then laughed when Ben, Mr Barnes, got challenged for being too young to buy a bottle of wine which she would have also done in the cashier's position as Ben looked years younger than the student she had caught trying to buy vodka.

Following the six-hour flight the group emerged into the heat that would be their permanent companion for the next two weeks. They would be visiting different boarding schools in the region,

all part of the same educational network as St Mark's. Most of the schools had a mix of local children and children from expats either living in the area or based nearby.

The trip was relatively inexpensive for the group as the boys and escorts would be staying in the dormitories of the various schools during their break between terms. At each school the boys would compete with local students in different sporting activities, not just rugby. There would be rugby and football matches, track events, tug-of-war, swim races, golf competitions and even fun obstacle courses. It all depended upon the host school and what their teaching staff chose to organise.

The first week was relatively uneventful. The most difficult aspect for Jane was learning names. She'd learnt first names and some second names but everyone also had nicknames, these she was less familiar with. There was Josh who was Rambo (apparently, he was an army cadet), Tom was Maverick (something to do with the movie Top Gun) but others just seemed random but probably known to insiders. Even the teachers had nicknames, Mr Smith was Beast due to his huge muscles and hairy frame although he wasn't blue like his x-men counterpart and Mr Barnes had been given the name Peter Pan for obvious reasons.

They had competed at two schools winning their fair share of the activities. Jane had to admit that the sight of the male teachers competing in a tug of war at the last school, all shirtless, had got her hot and bothered. She didn't remember her teachers at school being as muscled or as hairy as these teachers, except for Ben who had less hair than most of the boys, she remembered old men in ill-fitting suits. She just hoped she would see more of her escort group in the coming days, maybe during the upcoming swimming competition.

The group had arrived at their third school which was in a slightly more remote location than their previous schools. After introductions to the local students and staff the boys headed off to the dormitory to get ready for bed as it had been a long drive through the hot desert and it would be a busy day tomorrow.

Jane was chatting with the head, he had said with a smile to use "Tim" as his full name was difficult for westerners to pronounce and it always came out mangled, nobody ever pronounced Tim wrongly. She was checking the timings for tomorrow and whatever Tim said was the starting time for tomorrow's events she would tell the group fifteen minutes earlier as they were always late.

As Jane wandered the corridors to find her room, she could hear a commotion coming from the boys' bathroom. It sounded like the standard high-jinx until she heard her son's voice, "fuck off".

She had brought James up to stand up for himself. She wasn't a helicopter parent, she taught her son how to deal with things, how to spot danger and how to make decisions. On the whole it had worked well as James often had small accidents, but nothing serious, and he could hold his own in an argument. This didn't mean she didn't care, it just meant that he didn't always know that she had been keeping an eye out from a distance ready to appear if she was needed.

"You gonna make me" came a deeper voice through the door that was slightly ajar. "Look at the state of you. What do you call that?"

"Do you not know? Do you not have a cock?" Came her son's comeback.

“Not deformed like yours. Look, this is what a proper cock looks like.” A group of boys laughed, “are you Jewish?” asked another boy.

She could picture what was happening. “Hurry up you lot.” She called out through the door. “I want you all finished and back in your rooms in five minutes”.

Last year, when James was fourteen, he had a problem with his foreskin. His father had taken him to the doctor and after various creams and follow up appointments a circumcision had been recommended. It took some time to schedule the operation as he wanted his dad to take him, not his mother, and he didn't want to miss any sport so the operation was done at the end of the school year, about seven weeks before starting at St Mark's.

He was fifteen when he had the operation, two years older than his father was when he was circumcised for a similar problem. Her husband had explained what would happen and how embarrassing it would be for their son as he had gone through it himself. He was one of just two circumcised boys from his class of thirty.

Jane was a worldly woman and knew the difference between a circumcised and uncircumcised man and she knew she preferred her men cut. It was one of the things that she loved about her husband.

She had asked her son about his operation on a few occasions but in a very general way just make sure he was ok as his father had gone away for work. “Is everything healing ok?”, “have the stitches dissolved?” and “is it better now?” Were all met with a swift grumble of “yes, it's fine.”

She had often wondered if anyone would have said anything about his status but didn't want to make him uncomfortable but now she knew.

She waited by the bathroom door and one by one the boys left with their towels wrapped around their waists. She was surprised by just how developed some of the older boys were. Finally, James came out, the last of the boys.

“Is everything ok? I heard some commotion?” She asked in the now deserted corridor.

“Yeah, just Will being a prat as always. He doesn't like me. He thinks I might get his spot on next year's team.” She knew Will, he was a cocky lad - the one she had caught trying to buy vodka. At 16 he could pass for 20 and as she had just seen it wasn't just his face that looked older. He was very muscly and with quite a lot of dark body hair to match his dark cropped haircut. He looked like he could be “thug number two” on a tv crime drama.

“I heard what he said.” She gently probed. “Are you ok?”

“I'm fine. He does it every time, if it's not me it's Oliver. It makes him feel big.” He gave a sigh, not realising he had given his mum some very personal information about his best friend. “I just let it go. It's like water off a duck's back.” He could see his mum's face frowning, she looked like she was thinking. “Don't worry, I'm handling it. I just wish I had never had it done.”

After a moment she nodded. "If it keeps happening tell me and we can sort it. Just don't be ashamed of it. You are who you are, be proud." James then went off to his dormitory.

The next day was a swim competition at the school's outdoor pool. St Mark's easily won. Oliver, James's best friend was their star. He won all of his races, with James coming a respectable third.

As James and Oliver were heading back to the school's locker room, she wished them congratulations. After her conversation with James last night she had a sneaky look from behind here mirrored sunglasses at Oliver's speedos. With her insider knowledge she could make out that James' comment about Oliver were true as she could see the shape of his glans through the tight wet material.

The afternoon was a five-a-side football tournament where their hosts were victorious. She was waiting with some of the other escorts for the boys to finish showering and getting dressed for dinner when she saw Ben with Oliver having a hushed conversation to the side of the locker rooms entrance. Oliver looked upset.

A few minutes later Ben gave him a smile and a pat on the shoulder then came and joined the rest of the escorts where they headed off for dinner in the main school building.

After a fun dinner where the host teachers had made them very welcome, they started walking over to the dormitory building. Despite the very hot days the evenings were quite cool. They were lucky they were visiting during the spring as summer temperatures would have been unbearable. The host teachers were either locals or had lived in the Middle East for years so they were used to the temperature but for the visiting brits it was a shock to the system, they had left snow when they took off at the airport and landed to the regions hottest spring in years.

Jane and Ben were at the back of the group as they walked. "Was everything ok with Oliver before. He looked upset?"

"Oh, yeah. He's ok." Replied Ben looking a little flustered.

"What happened? She gently probed.

Ben pondered for a moment, unsure how much to divulge. "It was just some boys making fun of him in the showers. I walked in on them doing it. They gave him a mean nickname. But it's sorted now. I had a little chat with him."

"Was it Will?"

"How did you know?"

"I heard him doing the same to another boy last night." Jane was discreet about James' identity and explained that she couldn't go in to stop the boys but she did make them leave the bathroom quickly. "I assume they were taking the piss because he's circumcised too? They always go for the differences."

"Tell me about it. The usual nickname they gave is roundhead, like during the civil war."

Jane thought for a moment. "Did they do it to you too?" She asked, thinking he meant he had been bullied for the same reason when he said "tell me about it".

"Ha, not me. My cousin was in my class at school and he was circumcised at 13 or 14. The other lads were merciless. He hated it. He hated that it was a lot tougher to play with it after the op even more." He stopped talking quickly, realising too late that he wasn't talking with a mate but with a parent.

Jane smiled, "well I just hope you stuck up for your cousin."

"I did, I even got a black eye for my trouble from one of the ring leaders." They smiled. "I'm just glad they didn't snip me, ouch! I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy."

This got Jane thinking, she would have to speak with her husband and find out more about his experience, was it really that different after the op?

"How did you leave it with Oliver?"

Ben explained how he had told Oliver that everyone's body is different and that he should be proud of his, that people make fun normally because they are insecure in themselves and that if it happened again that Oliver should tell him. He had given Will a warning that if he caught him again, he couldn't give him detention but he would make him miss a day's activities, he would even make him watch from the side-lines so that he would know what he was missing.

Ben had gone up in her estimation. She had thought his youthful looks matched a softer personality but she now saw that he was actually quite mature, emotionally if not quite physically.

The next day the group were driving even farther away from the big cities to their most remote school. The majority of the group were in a minibus with couple of the teachers following in a car with the head of the previous school. Tim was visiting his family near their next school so he was taking the opportunity to quiz a couple of the teachers about how the exchange was going and how he would go about organising a similar trip for his students. In his car they could converse without 24 boys distracting them.

About halfway there one of the boys in the minibus was feeling unwell. Very unwell. He was doubled over in agony. The teachers thought it was a stomach bug and normally they would have chosen to wait until they reached their destination to get medical help but they were about three hours from their destination and the head in the following car explained that there is only a small medical centre there.

The teachers and Tim decided that the group would continue to their destination so that they could arrive before sunset as they didn't want to be driving in such a remote area after dark. Tim would take the ill boy to the local hospital to get him checked out and he would then catch up with the group the following day. It was decided that Jane and Ben would escort the boy. The head was from a wealthy family so he offered to put the boy and the adults up at his family's home for the night.

Tim, Jane, Ben and Will who was doubled over in pain separated from the group and drove an hour to the hospital. As they got nearer to the hospital Will looked worse. Jane was starting to suspect appendicitis; the head was too and his foot became a little heavier on the accelerator.

They arrived at the hospital and rushed in. The head did all the talking and they were quickly seen by a doctor who rapidly confirmed appendicitis. As the hospital was small their only surgeon had left for the day but they had called him back to perform an emergency appendectomy. He would be back as fast as he could be.

Jane and Ben called Mr Smith to explain the situation. Will had to have the operation and the main group were too far away to get back to give them support before he went to surgery. Luckily all the paperwork was with the main group so they would call his parents and explain what was happening, saving Jane the task. They would send another teacher tomorrow morning to help them make the arrangements to get Will home but for now all Jane and Ben could do were support Will.

Jane stayed with Will while Ben walked out with Tim to thank him for his help. The head had been fantastic, he had spoken with the doctors, sorted the paperwork and explained the situation to the doctor as he only knew basic English. He had explained how the boys had been on a group trip and that Will's parents were not here so that they understood, he pointed out Jane to the doctor to explain that she was escorting the group. The head departed from the car park, giving Ben his mobile number to call when they needed to be picked up. The head was going to his home nearby to set up the spare rooms.

The sun had set while Ben and the head had been talking so Ben had to be careful with his footing. Unfortunately, he wasn't careful enough and fell over a low wall and fell six foot onto concrete. He felt something break.

Luckily, just as he fell a nurse was arriving and quickly took control speaking in Arabic. In no time at all Ben was stretchered into the hospital.

Jane was looking for Ben when he was stretchered in. It was chaos. She ended up with Will in one room and Ben in another. Only the one doctor spoke a little English and he became the default translator, although she wasn't sure he grasped everything she said. There was an hour of frantic toing and froing between rooms.

Eventually the doctor explained in broken English that Ben had broken his leg, high up near the hip joint and that it would need to be put back in the correct position with a temporary pin while it set. He wouldn't be able to walk for a few weeks. He explained that their general surgeon was ex-military and his former speciality was orthopaedics before moving here to take over general surgery so he would perform both operations.

The doctor said his goodbyes as he was leaving and the night team were starting. The surgeon would give her an update later.

In a matter of minutes Will was wheeled down to theatre for his appendectomy swiftly followed by Ben to have his bones set. As Will went down first she expected him back first and then Ben.

What a trip she thought. She tried calling the other teachers to give them an update but her battery had died, she didn't have the passcode to access Ben's phone and she couldn't remember the headmaster's full name to try and find his details from someone.

As it was a small provincial hospital there was nothing to do but wait. She flicked through some old magazines looking at the pictures not being able to understand any Arabic. Everywhere in the world hospitals only ever have old magazines she thought.

After a while another doctor came out to see her. He removed his mask he introduced himself as the surgeon. His English was worse than the previous doctor, it was very difficult to understand him. He explained that when the young boy had been put under anaesthetic, they had tried to insert a catheter but his foreskin was getting in the way making it difficult. As the person legally responsible he asked if he could perform a circumcision while he was already under to solve the problem for the boy."

"I'm not sure." Jane wished she could call someone. "Could you do something else instead? I'm not his mother, I'm just escorting the students."

The doctor could have made a small slit, or he could have just stretched the skin but it would be preferable to remove the spare skin. He actually recommended the circumcision because he knew he could get away with it. He thought, all boys should be circumcised and it would prevent lots of problems.

"I'm sorry doctor but I can't authorise elective surgery. I can only approve it if it is specifically stated that it is an emergency and it's the doctor's medical recommendation" this is what the senior escort had explained to her and Ben earlier when he departed from the main group. She wanted to follow everything by the book, especially as she couldn't check with Ben.

"I recommend circumcision and I write it for you in papers. You agree?" He said more like a statement than a question. "It is very unusual for us to see a foreskin here. My team would find it interesting to see a male undergoing operation who is not a baby."

Jane started chuckling at the situation. "Madam?" Enquired the doctor.

She explained how funny the situation was as she had caught him picking on her son just the other day for being circumcised and here he was, needing the operation. Apparently, he had been bullying her son because of it for months making him ashamed and he upset another boy yesterday too for the same reason.

"What is picking on?" Asked the surgeon.

"Bullying, humiliating him, making fun of him in the showers." She could feel her face flush with anger thinking about Will and how he treated James and Oliver. It turns out karma does exist.

The surgeon just gave a solemn nod, he didn't look happy. It reminded him of his own childhood. Being from a wealthy family he had spent some time in London when his father was stationed there at the embassy. He was only there for one term as he hated his new school and eventually his father agreed to sending him back home to stay with his grandparents. What he hadn't told his

father was that while in London the other boys picked on him after cricket practice in the showers. They had made fun of him for not having a hood like them and hearing about this boy brought back some unhappy memories. This is why all boys should be circumcised, it would prevent boys being different and “picking on” each other. This gave him an idea.

Jane approved the procedure and signed the paperwork presented in Arabic. She couldn't understand it so she just signed it. She knew she had to follow the good doctor's advice and as she was responsible for Will she had to approve the procedure but she really didn't want to have to explain what had happened to a 15 year old boy. “Doctor, could you please explain what has happened to him when he comes round. I'd rather not explain it myself?”

The surgeon agreed and went back to the theatre area. A while later he came back and explained that everything had gone well and that he would explain everything when he wakes up. He explained that he did a full circumcision and “he won't be ‘picking on’ anyone in future. I gave proper circumcision.”

Knowing that the boy had been picking on her son for being circumcised he had made sure to perform the most radical cut his Hippocratic oath would allow him. There would be no way he could hide his new status now and he had made sure to remove all the sensitive inner skin and frenulum to in order to minimise his future pleasure as a punishment.

“That's some good news, at least the bullying should stop. He can't make fun of boys when he is the same as them.” She gave a slight smile.

As he was turning to leave, he said that Ben would recover well but it would just take time. He would now start Will's surgery.

Jane gasped. She explained to the doctor that she thought she was approving the circumcision for Will. She had no authority to make decisions for Ben, he was an adult.

The doctor looked confused. “Sorry, maybe I've mistaked the patients. I have not spoken English for long time and I have to concentrate lots. It is the boy with light hair, not the man.”

Jane confirmed that the blond-haired patient was “the man” and that the dark-haired patient was actually “the boy.” He'd thought Ben was a student, he was certainly living up to his Peter Pan nickname.

After a moment to gather himself the doctor explained that as Ben had no next of kin or legal representative present it would be fine as he would have signed his own paperwork for whatever procedures were needed. Despite looking calm on the outside he felt bad as he had done such a radical circumcision on someone undeserving of something so extreme.

Jane felt guilty, after Ben's comments yesterday he was in for a shock when he wakes up.

“I'm sorry doctor. I wish it was Will who needed it.”

The doctor gave a little nod and set off back to the surgery suite.

It was still the middle of the night but after a while both boys were out of recovery and positioned in adjacent beds. Just as Ben came round the doctor appeared then pulled the curtains around the bed but Jane could hear everything that was said.

The doctor explained that while he was in theatre, they had seen that he had problems with his foreskin and they had to perform a circumcision. Due to the severity of the condition it was a full circumcision and they had to remove all of the inner skin and the frenulum which would leave him with a very tight result. This would cover the doctor for the radical result the poor innocent guy would soon discover.

The doctor was a little nervous as Ben was an adult who would know there was nothing really wrong except a very slightly tight foreskin. Some doctors would have just recommended a steroid cream but most doctors would have said it was fine, just on the snug side.

Little did Ben know that in future he would never be able to move his shaft skin, never covering his glans and never able to masturbate without lubrication ever again. His sensitivity would be just 1/10th of what he previously experienced and he would find the drastic change very difficult to adjust to.

The doctor gave him a sedative to send him back to sleep so he wouldn't yet feel the pulling of the skin stitched almost directly to his glans.

As he exited through the curtains surrounding Ben's bed, he saw that Will was awakening. "Hello young man. How are you feeling?"

Will just mumbled.

"I come back later when he is more awake. Don't worry about Mr Barnes, he sleep through until morning".

An hour later the doctor returned and Will was more awake.

The doctor explained that the appendectomy had gone well but during the operation he had seen some other problems. "I see that you had problems with foreskin, it very red and infected. Not opening correctly. I perform a full circumcision to prevent problem in future."

Jane was amazed with what she was hearing. The doctor just gave her a look that said "stay quiet".

Will protested that he doesn't need the operation, that everything is fine and that he will check with his own doctor when he gets home. The doctor explained that that was no longer an option, the boy didn't seem to realise it was already too late. He explained that he had removed the foreskin and the fraenulum and that he would suffer no problems in the future and that he should be happy to have it done at the same time as his appendectomy.

Will was starting to panic so the doctor gave him a sedative like he had for Ben.

A few moments later the boy was asleep and the surgeon explained that as Jane had already signed a set of paper work he used it as authorisation as he had not got round to completing the patient details when she signed it. He hoped that this would save her son from any more trouble.

The door opened; it was the Tim who had gone home earlier. He explained that as Ben hadn't called and nobody was answering their phone, he had come back to check everything was ok as it was now after midnight. After a swift review of the nights turn of events, he took Jane to his house so that they could get some sleep and freshen up before returning to the hospital in the morning.

She borrowed a phone charger and called Mr Smith. She explained that Ben had had surgery on his leg, not going into any detail about his other little procedure and she then explained that Will had needed a circumcision during his appendectomy.

"I've come back from a school trip with an extra pupil before when we ended up with a kid from another school on the coach but I've never come back from a trip with a bit less of a pupil before. Just wait 'til the other teachers hear about this."

Mr Smith said he would be with them first thing in the morning to sort things out.

When they returned to the hospital the patients had been put in separate rooms. Jane saw Ben first. He was in a quiet mood, the surgeon had just left after his morning rounds. Ben never mentioned the circumcision, but asked what the doctor had said to her. She just said that when the doctor came out, he said everything had gone well and that you should recover soon. "What has he said to you?"

"The same really. He thinks it will be a while before I can walk properly again and I will need some physio." He avoided any mention of circumcision.

"Did you hear about Will?"

Ben shook his head so she explained that there was an issue so the surgeon had had to circumcise him. "The poor sod. He will wake up with a very sore little soldier this morning." She chuckled trying to make light of it and see how Ben would react. "At least he won't be picking on the other boys now, he's one of them too."

Ben just said "wow" and nodded. "Really?" He should have won an Oscar, his face was unreadable.

Jane decided to play dumb, the poor lad was embarrassed. His first school trip as a teacher and he manages to break his leg and get circumcised. If this got out, he would never live it down.

As she went to Will's room, she met Mr Smith and Mr Davis, another teacher. She gave them a quick update and then they went to see Will who was not a happy boy.

Luckily Mr Smith was a teacher that doesn't take any mess. When Will started raising his voice saying they should never taken his foreskin, Mr Smith calmly asked him if they should not have done the emergency appendectomy then and let him risk death. Will calmed down a little. When he argued he should have been able to make the choice himself, Mr Smith asked him if he could think of another alternative that would have worked late last night, there wasn't. When he argued

that he would be a freak now with his foreskin missing, Mr Smith just said he couldn't be a freak as lots of guys are circumcised so he would still be normal. All these calm replies seemed to diffuse his anger, but he certainly wasn't happy.

Mr Davis and Mr Smith left to go and see Ben and Jane went outside for some fresh air. It was just hitting her now how much had happened in the last couple of days.

The plan was that Mr Davis would stay with Ben and Will while the insurance company arranged for their transport back home. Jane would join the rest of the group to finish the tour with Mr Smith.

Mr Smith dealt with some paperwork, spoke with the doctors and Ben before they left making sure everything was clear for his report.

Jane wondered if Ben would tell the male teachers everything that had happened or if he would leave out the circumcision.

As they pulled away from the hospital Mr Smith said, "what a trip. This is going to become a legend. Two lots of surgery in one day, I think it's a new school record." He smiled. "You forgot to mention something last night and again this morning, didn't you?"

Jane played dumb.

"The doctor explained how he had to circumcise Will due to infection and he had to circumcise Ben too to insert the catheter as he can't get to the toilet on foot."

She hoped Mr Smith would go easy on Ben.

"Just think I can give the lads new nicknames "Bare Ben" and "Skinless Willy" the PE department will find it hilarious. We'll have to put it on their Get Well Soon cards."