**DAD'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT**

My Dad and I have always been very close - sometimes more like brothers than
father and son. I was born when he was 22; my mother left when I was two;
I'm his only child. All of that may have something to do with it. And the
fact that I became aware early on that it was just the two of us against the
world. His parents, of course, were always nagging him to remarry - "Your
son needs a mother", they'd say. But he never did remarry, and thank
goodness his parents and siblings were around to baby sit me as he went
through medical school.

But this isn't meant to be a sentimental story of a single father raising his
son. This is the story of the time both of us felt closest to each other.
When I showed that I had total trust in him, and when he, at the same time,
showed his total love for me. When he circumcised me, without anaesthesia, on
my 16th birthday.

When I was born, Dad refused to allow me to be cut. I'm not sure when I knew
that I had this covering at the end of my dick and that he didn't. I
remember when I was around 9 coming home from school almost in tears because I
had been teased about my foreskin. By that time I knew what it was, and that
most boys have it cut off soon after birth; I knew, too, that I was deformed
because I had that skin, though that's what the kids had said. Dad sat me
down then and told me that, as a doctor, he thought that circumcision was a
good thing: it prevented some problems; but he felt very strongly that every
man should decide for himself whether or not to have it removed, provided it
wasn't causing any discomfort. If I wanted to get the skin removed, he said
he would do it - it wasn't a major operation, and he had done it lots of
times. He asked me if I was having any problem with the skin. I said I
wasn't, but he thought he should take a look just to be sure. I sat on the
kitchen table. He took hold of my cock and gently manipulated the skin.
"You've certainly got a lot of skin", he said, "but it seems to be fine." He
started to push it back over the head, and after a little resistance, the
opening stretched and the skin slid all the way back. "From now on, you
should always slide the skin back when you pee, and every time you shower -
make sure you keep it very clean." He gave me a hug and a kiss and we each
went off to do our own thing.

I probably should tell you that Dad was very demonstrative. It didn't bother
me that he usually had an arm on my shoulder, or that he kissed me when he
dropped me off at school. We slept in the same bed, and it was very
comforting to fall asleep wrapped in his strong arms and to feel his body
close to mine.

After our conversation about circumcision I was able to deal with the comments
of the other guys. I started to notice other penises in the showers at
school or at the pool. Only one other boy at school had a foreskin and he
seemed pretty embarrassed about it - always trying to hide it. What intrigued
me, though, were the differences in the various dicks. At this point in our
lives Puberty was setting in: some of us were starting to grow hair all over
the place; dicks seemed to get bigger, almost by the day; and some guys
seemed not to change at all. I would have thought that one circumcision
would end up looking pretty much like another, but from what I saw that wasn't
at all true. There were very visible rings on a few shafts, and not much
loose skin; others had lots of loose skin bunched behind the head - just like
mine when I slid the skin back, but of course, my skin always came forward
again. Some heads were quite prominent and others less so. It was great
when some of the guys got hard-ons - loose skin disappeared, and you could see
that some cocks had no frenulums and some had just a strand of one. When I
got a hard-on the skin still covered my head. I started to wonder what my
cock would feel like without the skin, and what it would look like. How
painful would it be to get circumcised? And how long would it take to heal?

By now I had decided I wanted to be circumcised. I was tired of having to
clean under the skin, and, besides, it didn't seem to matter, as there always
seemed to be some smegma there. And always a smell. We talked about the
operation and decided that he would do it on my 16th birthday, which that year
fell on the Friday of a long weekend at the beginning of summer. We decided
that the cut would be as close to his as possible.

We drove to his office. He had cancelled his appointments and given his
staff the day off, so the place was empty. I helped him set out the
instruments. The various scalpels and scissors and clamps looked a little
scary. "Are you OK?" "Yes - I think so". "It's going to hurt you, so if
you feel like you can't take any more, I'll give you a shot". We had
discussed the whole question of numbing my dick, but I decided I wanted to go
for the total experience. If my foreskin was going to be cut off, I wanted
to feel the blade slicing through the skin. And I knew my Dad would not want
to hurt me any more than he had to.

When everything was ready, I stripped naked and lay on the table. "I need
you to get hard so I can mark off exactly the amount of skin to cut"

The skin covered the head. He pulled it forward and clamped it - it pinched a bit. He clamped the underside and, with
the clamps, pulled the skin even further forward. Holding the clamps with
one hand he felt for my corona and then moved along the shaft and then marked
a spot. He removed the clamps and watched the skin relax; the mark was
about half-way down the shaft. "I can't guarantee you a cut as perfect as
mine - a free-hand is never as symmetrical as a Gomco clamp, but I've had lots
of practise and I'm pretty damn good.

"Because I'm going to take off so much skin, I'll cut in
two stages. First I'll pull the skin forward, clamp it with a forceps and cut
it off with a scalpel. Then I'll remove the frenulum and the rest of the
skin. Then I'll stitch you up. I want you to tell me if the pain gets too
intense. OK?" "OK."

He wrapped a cloth strip around the base of my now soft cock and knotted it
tight - to control bleeding, he said. He waited a while and then pulled the
foreskin forward. He put a forceps on it just level with the tip of the
glans and took up a scalpel. I nodded. I felt a searing, burning pain as
the knife slid along the edge of the forceps. He held up a piece of skin.
"Part One!" I smiled weakly. He removed the forceps and the skin slid back
over the head. He applied hemostats to the bleeding points and swabbed up a
bit. There actually wasn't as much blood as I had thought there would be.
He took a small forceps and pulled on the frenulum. I must have screamed
because he asked me if I needed a shot. My yell of "no" must have pleased
him, for he said "Good boy", and took up another scalpel. Cutting off the
frenulum is a delicate job, requiring many short slices, especially if the
desired effect is that triangle under the meatus. Were the stitches there
worse than the actual carving? I can't say. To feel thread pulling through
your flesh is certainly strange!

Now the scissors came into play! About an inch of skin had still to be
amputated - a snip on the top, another on the bottom, and then slice around
the base of the corona and all my foreskin was gone. It is in stitching that
a doctor shows his skill and I knew that my Dad wanted my to have a visible
scar, but not a disfigured-looking one. He worked quickly, for he could see I
was about to crack - the tears were streaming down my face, my mouth was open
in a silent scream of agony and my hands were white from gripping the sides of
the table.

He seemed relieved to put the suturing equipment back on the tray before
cleaning my dick and bandaging it. I think that was when I passed out.

When I opened my eyes my cock was wrapped, with only a very bruised-looking
head peeking out. I had been cleaned up, and all the instruments were gone.
I was aware only of a throbbing mass of wounded flesh between my legs. Dad,
still naked, handed me two pills. I swallowed them and lay back on the table.
Soon the intense throbbing my penis lessened and I felt at peace.

I opened my eyes. Dad was standing to my left. "I've just circumcised my son. I
have turned my boy into a man by cutting off his foreskin. Now he is a man.

A month later my cock had basically healed. There is still a bit of
swelling around the scar line, and it's too soon to say how visible the scar
will eventually be. Other than that my cock is a masterpiece of the
circumciser's art.