

**"Tell It to the Sarge"  
(Foreskin Quarterly ["FQ"], Vol.I, No 3, pp 31-32, Summer 1985)**

(First 2 Letters are just Sarge Fan Mail)

SIR,

I am writing to you, Sarge, in answer to your ad in Drummer magazine. I

have often fantasized about getting "cut." In my fantasy, I have been bound, rendered immobile, beaten, verbally abused, hooded and gagged so that I was completely helpless, branded into slavery, and finally, as the climax of it all, was "cut" by a master. My dick is 6", has a tattoo of a rooster on the foreskin plus a tattoo of a fly on the head. The fly is hidden from the world because of the foreskin--so cutting me would liberate the rooster and bring the fly out of the closet. Please consider me for your services, Sir!

Dear Sarge,

I am already circumcised, Sir, but my big brother isn't. He's 19 years old and he is a bastard. He keeps slugging me in the nuts just because I am younger. Dad keeps hollering at him to join the Marines. He's a fucking couch potato, always watching TV except when he is beating his meat or pestering me. If he joins up, sir, does that mean you guys are going to cut off his stinking foreskin at boot camp? That's what I read somewhere. That'd give me a laugh. Only thing is that I want to be there and watch. Sarge, where are you stationed? Are you close to Brooklyn? I've got this clubhouse where you could come some Saturday weekend leave and bring your circumcision tools that you use on recruit dicks. Me and my buddies could grab the son of a bitch off the couch and bring him in for you. We'd rip off his levis and hold him on the floor--spreadeagled real wide--so you could get a good grip on his dick and trim it clean. Man, I'd dig watching that! He'd probably go crying to Dad, but shit, Dad's sick of him anyway and wouldn't pay no mind, especially as he keeps stinking up the house with his cheese. He'd probably just tell him to go out and join up! Now, Sir, if you can make it here pretty soon, do you think you could loan me a set of your tools?

**Dear Sarge,**

I am an ACORN and seeing your ad inspired me to write a series of

science fiction stories for my fellow ACORNs. I call them "Space Ageing David" because it is about a new laser beam circumcision gun being tested by the US Navy and funded by Saudi Arabia. The story goes that a war is

going on in the Persian Gulf and Allied troops are stationed in Saudi Arabia in huge numbers. The Arabs want this new tool perfected quickly because of all the uncircumcised Allied military personnel (British, French, Italian, etc.) fraternizing with their women, which is contrary to the strict Islamic taboos against "unclean" penises. The Allies want the instrument perfected quickly because of the danger to their uncircumcised men should they become prisoners of the opposing Islamic armies.

The concept of the laser gun is that it has a special wire which can be tied to several dozen penises at once and, when activated, the beam travels down the wire and circumcises all the men simultaneously--quickly and cleanly--so that they can go back to the front. The US Navy has perfected the gun for single circumcisions using their own recruits, but they ran out of foreskins. So, it was decided one large mass circumcision would complete the perfection of the tool.

The governor of California sent out a call for all patriotic men who still had foreskin to volunteer to join the circumcision ship. The Naval vessel left San Diego and traveled up the coast to San Francisco, picking up volunteers along the way. Reaching San Francisco Bay, the ship was greeted by tug boats, fire boats, a waving mob and the media.

My first person character is a Navy medical corpsman who still has his foreskin and hides it from view in order to keep it.

My second person character is you, Sarge. You are a tough old Marine Drill Sergeant who happened to obtain the circumcision gun in error and helped perfect its use by circumcising your disobeying, uncut recruits. This excerpt from my story finds the two characters arriving at the ship on Saturday morning to get their assignment. The Sarge had asked for a group of tough young punks that the various police departments collected to "volunteer." Sarge was looking forward to an excuse to rough up a few hated skinheads before he took care of their dicks. Instead, they were assigned to Room 900, which according to orders, was full of a group of college students from Southern California. We join our characters approaching Room 900:

"Just my lousy luck," the Sarge growled. "Hell, we don't start circumcising until tomorrow morning. They gave us the whole fucking day to explain to the skinheads how we are going to skin their cocks for them. What are we supposed to do with them for the rest of the day? I'd like to rough 'em up even if they are a bunch of snubbed-nose college shits. Goddamn skinheads!"

I kept silent as we walked up the crowded passageway. I wondered what those collegians were going to think of their circumciser. He was used to everyone jumping to attention when he shouted. I wonder how these guys are going to take his bullshit?

We enter Room 900. Wow! What a lot of jock meat! The men were lounging around waiting for us. They were all naked in this small sweaty room. About 25 all-American specimens--fine faces, well-developed chests, slender waists, clean-cut throughout except for their penises, which we will circumcise quickly tomorrow. Damn, I'm going to hate this! I didn't know there were so many good looking men left with foreskins and here we've got to cut them off. What lousy duty! "Hey, are you guys our circumcisers?" one of them shouted out. Sarge introduced himself very properly and was greeted by a howl of applause, whistles, catcalls, yelling and foot stomping.

"Attention!" ordered Sarge. They either didn't hear him or ignored him. "Hey, Marine, here's my banana. Want to peel it now?" one of the handsome jocks yelled as he waved his long uncut penis at us. "Come and get it, boys. It's waiting for you!" waved another. "How many skins you snippers got under your belts so far?" asked another. "Hey, you old geezer, my old lady's going to be after your balls when she finds out you cut off some of my pecker," shouted a tall, hairy chested stud. More shouts, whistles, stomping. Cocks were waving at us from all directions. I loved it! Sarge was getting angry. Then someone yelled at him. "Hey, Leatherneck, let's see your short arm. I'll bet

it's never been docked!"

With that, Sarge opened his mouth wide and roared, "HELLLLL YESSSSS IT HASSSSS! I wouldn't walk around one single day with that ugly, good for nothing, stinking wad of baby fat hanging on my dick like you guys!" With that the men went crazy, waving their cocks at each other shouting, "Man, it's stinking baby fat!" "Yeah, so's this I've got here!"

"HOLD IT!" Sarge ordered. "Hold what, Sarge?" "Did you hear him, fellows? Sarge wants us to hold them!!" "C'mon over here, Sarge, you can hold mine!"

"GODDDAMMMITT! CUT THIS SCREWIN' AROUND!" Sarge bellowed. "Cut! He said cut, men!" "Start with mine, Sarge!" laughed a husky blond as he waved a huge, fat hunk of meat at us, which was covered with a healthy two-inch overhang. Jesus, I thought, I'd like to start with that one myself! "Hey, Sarge," yelled a black adonis. "If you want to screw around, come over here and let your ass feel what it is like coming from an uncut prick while it is still uncut."

That did it. Sarge stomped over to the black athlete, but suddenly realized that he was facing a 6'5", 250 pound halfback. Sarge turned and grabbed the first thing he saw. It was the penis the hunky blond was still waving into the middle of the room. He pulled the blond by the cock to the front of the room.

"OK, wise guys, I ain't wasting no more time here! It's my job today to show you shitheads the way we are going to peel your penises tomorrow with

that there laser beam and I'm going to show you by circumcising this here dick right now!"

Silence filled the room at last. The jocks realized that they were about to witness one of their own men getting his penis circumcised. No more jokes-- it was the real thing! The husky blond tried to pull away but his meat was firmly locked in sarge's grip. He turned pale. I prepared the laser gun while Sarge started to stretch out the doomed foreskin. He stretched and stretched until the skin fanned out like a bedsheet. I wondered what in hell the Sarge was up to.

He looked directly into the blond's blue eyes and said, "I'm just going to test for sensitivity, see." He picked up a needle and, grinning, he began to drive it through the top lip of the foreskin. He drove it through and then asked, "How's that feel, Skinhead?" The boy stammered, "Uh . . . er. . . not too bad."

"SIR! CALL ME SIR< YOU DUMBNUT SKINHEAD!" The Blond looked at him for a long time in silence, then the Sarge began to twist the needle. "Sir!" the boy said. Why the old bastard, I thought, he isn't checking sensitivity at all. He's just venting his sadistic hatred of foreskin on that kid. Sarge then gazed right into the boy's eyes again as he pushed the needle through the lower lip, clamping the foreskin shut.

"Feel it now, Skinhead?"

"Yeah, I suppose so."

"SIR! CALL ME SIR, GODDAMNIT!" Sarge said as he took a swat at the

penis in his captivity. With that the blond's dick began to stretch itself out and began to strain and twist itself around the restricting needle. "That's right, Skinhead," snarled Sarge, "it's getting ready." He took out the needle and the penis pushed itself out a good eight throbbing inches while all eyes in the room gazed at it in silence. There it was, waiting for its fate. Waiting for its circumcision. I handed Sarge the gun and Sarge pointed it at his quarry. He held it up and slowly looked around the room, obviously studying all the throbbing uncircumcised meat pointing at him. Then he looked once again at the husky blond's penis and announced in a triumphant voice, "IT'S TIME TO CIRCUMCISE THIS PENIS!"

(To Be Continued)

### **"Tell It to the Sarge" by the 'Sarge'**

**(Foreskin Quarterly ["FQ"], Vol. I, No. 4, pp.12 & 14, Fall 1985)**

<<We continue with the "Spaceaging David" segment from FQ3, in which Sarge and a naval corpsman have been assigned to circumcise a roomful of college jocks on the Circumcision Ship in San Francisco Bay. The ship sailed up the coast of California picking up volunteer uncircumcised men at the request of the government which was working with its Arab allies trying to perfect a laser beam circumcision tool to use on troops stationed on the Arabian desert. The college jocks gave the ole Sarge a bad time as he introduced himself as their circumciser and in anger he grabbed the penis of a husky, blond boy who was waving it at him in jest. "It's time to circumcise this penis," Sarge announced...>>

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"What's your name, college boy?" the Sarge bellowed into the face of his captive as I readied the laser circumcision tool. "Campbell," the kid replied. "Where the hell were you born, Campbell? Siberia or something like that?" Sarge taunted. "Los Angeles. I was born in Los Angeles," Campbell replied softly. "LOS ANGELES!" Sarge screamed, "Then how come they didn't take care of your dick when...hey, mister, wait a minute. You are forgetting to address me as SIR! ADDRESS ME AS SIR! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, PUNK? Sir...er...oh...I mean." Poor Sarge really embarrassed himself that time. He forgot that it wasn't a military subordinate's penis he had locked in his fist. Campbell broke out in a wonderful boyish grin and said, "That's OK, Sarge. I'll call you Sir, Sir."

That really mellowed the Sarge and he replied, "Oh... er...well, thanks, Campbell." With that the Sarge relaxed his firm grip around Campbell's penis

and let go of it just long enough to see that the cock was fully erect. Sarge looked down at it, placed it in one palm and with his other hand fingered the overhanging blond foreskin, contemplating. Then Sarge broke the silence, "Son, why didn't they cut this off when you were born?" "If you mean by that why I wasn't circumcised, Sir, it is because my father was against it," the boy replied calmly. "WHAT IN THE HELL IS WRONG YOUR OLD MAN ANYWAY?" Sarge bellowed again, "I'll bet he's a goddamn skinhead and wanted his little boy to have one just like him. Isn't that right, Campbell?" "Not exactly, Sir," Campbell explained,

"They took off dad's foreskin when he was in the army. He had been injured and claims that some fruit medical corpsman came through his ward and cut off all the foreskins one afternoon." "WHAT IN HELL DO Y' MEAN? THERE AIN'T NO FRUITS IN THE U.S. MILITARY!" Sarge protested, "Probably just an ordinary corpsman detailed to take care of a bunch of goddamn skinheads. Hell, your ole man should have been grateful to him!" "Well, Sir," Campbell continued in his calm manner, "Dad, claims that he liked his dick better when it had its foreskin." Sarge's eyes widened and then he asked, "Well, if that's the case, college boy, how come you volunteered for this here circumcision ship?" "Well, Sir, I didn't exactly volunteer. My coach told me and the other two uncut team members we had to do our patriotic duty in the name of the school, so we agreed and here I am with my dick in your fist, Sir, about to get it peeled<" Campbell continued, "I sure hope my dad never sees me naked again because he would probably kill my coach." "FUCK YOUR OLD MAN, CAMPBELL, IT'S YOUR COCK, NOT HIS! YOU CERTAINLY WANT ALL THAT SKIN CLEANED OFF YOUR MEAT, DON'T YOU?" Sarge asked. "Not really, Sir. I sort of dig the feel of the skin when it rolls over my dick," Campbell said as his eyes twinkled. Suddenly the crowd of naked college jocks broke their intense silence and broke out in an uproar of whistles, cat calls and cheers as the crowd yelled, "RIGHT ON, CAMPBELL! HEY, SARGE, LET'S WATCH CAMPBELL ROLL IT ONE LAST TIME! ONE LAST TIME! ONE LAST TIME..."

The jocks began to chant as they began to roll their own skins in unison. What a sight! The Sarge realized that he couldn't fight the sexual exuberance of these youths and shrugged his shoulders and announced, "Campbell, you've got twenty strokes, but for chrissake don't pop off because I sure as hell don't want to work on a limp dick."

"SIXTEEN... SEVENTEEN... EIGHTEEN..." the crowd chanted as Campbell slowly, deliberately rolled his foreskin up to a point and then back off the fat pulsing shaft. "NINETEEN... THIS IS IT, CAMPBELL... YOUR LAST ROLL, CAMPBELL... WHAT'S IT LIKE, CAMPBELL?... UP FRONT, CAMPBELL, THAT'S IT... BACK, BACK IT GOES... THAT'S IT, CAMPBELL... HURRAY!"

The Sarge squared his shoulders and picked up the laser tool while I secured Campbell's huge hands behind his back. His muscular thighs thrust forward and his long, fat penis bounced freely in the air. All eyes were on it as the crowd came to a hush again. Sarge turned to me and asked, "How far do we trim this one?" I pointed to a spot not too far down the shaft as I hated the thought of all that thick skin coming off his pole. "SHIIIT! THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!" Sarge growled, " WHEN THE MARINES SKIN A DICK, WE SKIN IT RIGHT! I'M SKINNING THIS PIECE OF AMERICAN MANHOOD RIGHT BACK TO WHERE IT BELONGS. BACK TO THE BALLS!"

Campbell turned pale and softly asked, " Aren't you going to leave me enough to fiddle on, Sir?" "FIDDLE?" Sarge asked with disgust, "Mister, all you need to do with this thing is to fill holes. After I'm through with it it'll be so tight that you won't want to fiddle." Sarge began circling the penis with the laser almost two thirds of the way down the shaft. "Jeeze, Sir," Campbell said as his eyes widened, "That's too far down on me. Oh! What's that feeling? Oh, shit, that feels good." Campbell was beginning to feel the beam vibrating around his rigid shaft. "Ooohhh! Sarge I don't really want to get circumcised, Sir! Is it too late to stop, Sir! Ooohhh, shit, man, what are you doing to my meat? Sir? Sir, keep doing it! Oooh, yea! Ooohhh, right man, skin my meat! Yea, Sarge, skin it! All of it ! Oh fuck, peel that skin off my meat, Sarge! Yea, that's right, take it off! Yeaaaa!"

Suddenly, Sarge put down the tool. The audience was spell bound as they watched Sarge slowly pull off Campbell's foreskin unveiling his handsome new circumcised American penis. Then Sarge looked around the room at all the naked jocks, each with a pulsating uncut dick pointing right at him and his laser gun, waiting until tomorrow when he is scheduled to take care of all twenty college boys for the sake of the country.

The End.

## **Brandon**

**"Tell It to the Sarge" (Foreskin Quarterly ["FQ"], Vol.II, No 5, pp 14-16, Spring1986)**

From the anonymous author of "The Circumcision Ship" fantasy (FQ4) . . . . We are now taken back in time a few months to our first meeting with the Sarge:

Day after day, one young fresh-faced Naval recruit after another was led to the hospital's unique circumcision auditorium, secured face down on the circumcision board overhead and his set of genitals descended through the hole in the ceiling over the heads of the audience. One by one, one Navy penis after another was circumcised during a demonstration of the Laser Circumcision tool while visiting medics, military

brass and allied officials watched.

The tool was almost perfected, but it still was too slow a process to rid Arabia of all those unwanted foreskins on allied troops stationed on the Arabian desert battlefield. The Arabs were getting impatient and threatened to withdraw funds from the project. Hospital officials didn't want to lose that money, of course, but then another problem was developing. The Navy was running out of uncut recruits.

The governor, hearing about the crisis, offered to send us the state's park rangers to circumcise. Our inspectors were quickly dispatched to the local parks where wary rangers obediently allowed their genitals to be studied. Sure enough, at least fifty of them still had foreskin on their cocks and the program was saved for another few weeks. But after "ranger month" where will the next supply of uncircumcised penises come from?

Meanwhile I was attending to my routine hospital chores. While using the new x-ray scanner on a patient with a broken jaw, I got bored and decided to strike up a conversation. "Where are you stationed?" I asked, just to be friendly.

The old leatherneck grumbled through his broken jaw, "At the brig on Goat Island."

I was startled! I didn't know the Marines had an installation on Goat Island. Upon questioning further, my patient said, "Hell, yes, we've got the dregs locked up there. Bunch of asshole punks getting kicked out of the Corps and the like. Corps doesn't publicize the place 'cause they don't want those fuckin' peace freaks raising a fuss about it. I'm a drill sergeant on the island, see. We march the fucking hell out of the prisoners so they're too tired to screw around at night, if you catch my drift."

Thinking that the brig might be a good supply of foreskin when the hospital had gone through the rangers, I asked, "How many men are in the brig?"

"Who in the shit knows? Thousand or so," Sarge shrugged his shoulder.

I wondered if our commanding officer in charge of the circumcision program knew about that brig? Wanting to get more information from my patient, I said, "I'd hate to see the fellow who broke your jaw, Sarge. How'd it happen?"

"I was marchin' this platoon of shit and heard giggling behind my back, see. Then I realized it was one punk acting real cutelike, mocking me or something. I ordered him front and center and told him he was acting like a pussy and that real Marines were men. Then the bastard had the audacity to reach for his crotch and offered to show me how much of a man he was. Well, I called his bluff and ordered him to pull out his short arm, if he had one, and show it to the platoon. Damned if the goddamned punk didn't reach into his fly and pull out his joint.

"That's the kind of thing I have to put up with in the brig! Well, I took one look at the kid's dick and I knew I had him! He was a goddamn fuckin' skinhead, for chrissake! I

ordered the men to take a good look at the punk's dick and told them to observe all the baby fat still hanging on it. I shouted to the men, 'Is that a man's dick or not?', and the men shouted back, 'No, Sir!' Well, I noticed the punk's smirk began to fade when I told him to scat back and show the men his cheese. Shit, he came at me like a bullet and decked me cold. Damned punk skinhead. Jesus, do I hate skinheads!"

I was fascinated by Sarge's story but was somewhat taken aback by his vehemence concerning uncircumcised men. Anyway, I thought this was my chance and asked, "Are there many skinheads on Goat Island?"

"Shiit, yes! The Corps is full of them. We get the goddamn dregs. Trash! No one took care of them when they were kids and now they swing those filthy skins around the barracks as if they were normal. Beats me why the medics don't round them up and give them what they've got coming! I always said you can't make a Marine out of a skinhead and I mean it! Jeezus, do I hate skinheads!"

Wow, I thought, this old buzzard is a true prepucephobe. Well, the hell with him, I'm going to keep my mouth shut about all those foreskins on Goat Island. Let the Marines keep their rolls.

Later that day a new patient came to my lab with a broken wrist. He was a good-looking fellow, sort of cherublike baby face, clean-cut type who'd be pretty if he wasn't so husky. Huge arms, covered with soft, blond hair. He had a great smile and his blue eyes twinkled. Probably about twenty. I was surprised when I learned he was a prisoner at the brig.

A guard was stationed outside the lab door. I asked the patient who the guard was and he said, "Just some queer who wants to eat my meat. I am so cute he follows me around everywhere."

I said, "C'mon, man, you're putting me on. Who is he really?"

"Well, if'n you got to know the truth, my daddy is President of the good, ole USA and he's my personal CIA man," the blond Marine said with a huge smile.

I decided to shut up, this kid was a smart-ass.

The guard stuck his head in the door and asked, "Everything all right in there? If the prisoner gives you any trouble give me a call. Bastard struck an officer."

Somewhat shaken to realize I was working on a prisoner, I decided to keep quiet. Then the young Marine said, "Want to see it?"

I spontaneously asked, "See what?"

"You know," he said, "my weenie. My meat roll. Everyone wants to see Brandon's dick. That's my name, Brandon James. Jesse James is my ancestor. Yep. My rod shoots the same seeds that Jesse's shot. Ain't that somethin'? Wouldn't you like to see a



historical piece of American manhood?"

I ignored him. This guy is too much! Then it hit me. I put two and two together and realized that this was the Marine who broke Sarge's jaw. Hey, wait a minute. Sarge said he's a skinhead. I'd never pass an opportunity to look at an uncircumcised penis on a patient, so I decided to take a chance. I walked to the door and asked the guard to go and get some more x-ray film.

When I returned to the patient he said, "I know why you did that!" He reached down and began fumbling around for his penis. "Git ready for a real treat," he grinned as he slowly pulled his cock out of his pajamas. Well, Brandon's penis was one hell of a voluptuous meat and it was covered with thick folds of cascading foreskin that flowed to a fat, rounded tip and a good inch of overhang. I stood there transfixed.

"how's that for a piece of American history," Brandon smiled as he waved it at me. "Want to touch it?"

"Yes." I brought my hand down on it quickly and slowly began to retract the foreskin.

"Stop! Don't push it back!" Brandon protested softly.

I continued to push, but just as I was about to unveil his cockhead, he yelled, "That's enough! Let it go!"

I continued to push and just about cleared his pisshole when he jumped up and yelled, "Didn't you hear me? Stop skinnin' my dick. No one sees inside my dick, understand? That's private in there."

I wasn't about to give up and continued to slide his foreskin back when he shouted, "Queer!" and decked me out cold.

I was flat out on the floor when I came to. The guard was running in and the prisoner was yelling, "Queer! Queer!" as he was tugging his foreskin forward and in ran my commanding officer shouting, "What's going on here?"

I was furious! However, when I told my commanding officer about the supply of foreskin on Goat Island, he suddenly forgot about my problem and said, "You have saved our circumcision program. I shall see to it that you get a medal!"

After I left his office I entered the room in which Sarge was recovering.

"Well, shiit,! Who'n hell gave you that shiner? He roared. I told him about Brandon and he growled, "Why that fuckin' no-good skinhead punk bastard asshole. I'll skin him alive."

That gave me an idea. I said, "Sarge, why don't you skin Brandon Alive?"

His eyes narrowed and he said, "What'n hell do you mean?"

"Well, you told me how much you hated skinheads and we both have a score to settle with the bastard," I continued. "Why don't we meet in this room about midnight and go to Brandon's room and circumcise him?"

"Shiit, I ain't no doctor," the Sarge growled. Then I told him about the Laser Circumcision tool.

His eyes widened and then narrowed, "Git me one of them tools! I've got more than one score to settle back at the Island."

"Okay, Sarge, but first we get Brandon. I'll be here at midnight with the tool."

Brandon Gets What's Coming to Him!

"Tell It to the Sarge" (Foreskin Quarterly ["FQ"], Vol.II, No 6, pp 14-17, Fall1986)

I couldn't believe I was doing this, but I was so mad I didn't give a damn if we got caught. The Sarge and I were sneaking through the empty hospital corridors with the laser beam circumcision tool I had stolen from the supply room. We entered the prison wing of the hospital which was entirely empty except for Brandon. We knew no one would hear him yell!

Before entering his room, we went into a closet, turned on the lights and read the instructions that came with the tool, "Quick Removal of the Prepuce in Six Easy Steps."

"Shiit! This thing's a cinch," Sarge smirked and we returned to the hallway and found the right room. I had stolen the key to Brandon's room and quietly opened the door.

"Okay, you bastard," I thought to myself. "Whatever you've got hidden inside that foreskin isn't going to be secret anymore. After tonight, Brandon James, you won't have an inside, it's all going to be outside!"

We locked the door behind us. In the dim light we could see Brandon's muscular hulk sprawled out stark naked; he was sleeping like a baby. I focused the flashlight on what we came for. . . his penis. It was half erect but still encased in folds of skin. It really was a beauty; too bad it hung on such an asshole!

Sarge quickly grabbed Brandon's ankles and yanked him to the foot of the cot. I grabbed his arms and shackled them over his head, while the Sarge tied his ankles to the legs of the cot. Brandon's legs were spread wide over the edge of the cot and his fat genitals were dangling over the edge waiting for their fate.

"Hey, what the fuck?" Brandon stammered as he came out of his groggy sleep. "Wha . . . what the shit?" I put the flashlight directly in his face and he squinted his

eyes and strained at his bonds as he tried to see us.

"Who's there?" He began to struggle and said, "Ouch. Don't you know I've got a broken wrist?"

Then Sarge broke our silence and said in a low, husky voice, "Yea, pig shit. How'd you git it?"

Brandon's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open, "Er . . . is that you Sarge?"

"Yea. It's me," Sarge calmly replied.

"Well, what are you doing here?" Brandon asked like a puzzled little kid. "I've come to take care of you," Sarge growled as he pushed his face

right into the boyish blond Marine's baby face.

"Wha. . . What do you mean, Sarge?" Brandon's voice was getting high-

pitched.

The Sarge put his fist up in front of Brandon's blue eyes and said, "See

this here fist? This fist is going to skin you, James! It's going to skin you alive. Ready to have your manhood skinned, leatherneck?"

Brandon was obviously puzzled, "Huh? My manhood, Sir? I don't . . . OH! Oh, no! You mean you are going to scat back my short arm and look inside it, Sir?"

"Well, yea," Sarge smiled, "for starters we're going to take a look inside your dick."

"Please, Sir, I am sorry I broke your jaw. It's just that I can't stand havin' people lookin' inside my dick, Sir. Please don't look, Sir. Don't. . . " His voice

faded as he watched Sarge's fist move down his rippled stomach and reach down for his fat, limp cock. The Sarge lifted it into his huge palm, tightened his biceps, slowly brought his five fingers into a tight grip around the skin- draped shaft. I held the flashlight steady as the fist brought the captive up into the light and slowly the skin began to retreat.

"Oh, no! Sir!" Brandon was almost whimpering.

Gradually, a perfectly clean, well shaped and boyishly tender cockhead was revealed as the fist shoved the skin down to Brandon's huge ball sack. Sarge's fist held steady at the base of the penis and it responded by stiffening out as all eyes studied its newly exposed parts.

"Shiit!" the Sarge growled. "There ain't nothing hidden here! Ain't nothing inside this dick but what you'd expect to find in it." Firmly keeping the shaft skin tautly pushed to the bottom of the pole with one hand, the Sarge opened his other palm and with a

great swipe he made a ferocious slap at Brandon's tender glans. WHACK!

"What the fuck's wrong with you, James? Ain't nothing inside your foreskin but what every man's got. Are you ashamed of it or something?"

Brandon, almost hypnotized by the sight of his penis caught in the grip of his drill sergeant's fist, murmured, "You wouldn't understand, Sir. It's too personal, Sir."

That enraged Sarge and his face reddened as he took another swipe. WHACK! By this time the exposed glans was flaring out as if to make itself an easier target. WHACK!

"Goddam. I hate skinheads!" Sarge suddenly bellowed into the face of the startled Marine. WHACK! "Jeeze, what an ugly dick!" WHACK! "How come you've got this skinhead cock, James?" WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Both Brandon and I were spellbound at the sight of this prepucephobe venting his hatred onto a poor, defenseless penis. What had I done? What had I released? What was going to happen to Brandon James' beautiful uncircumcised manhood?

The whacks suddenly stopped. Almost foaming at the mouth, Sarge released his stranglehold on the penis and we all watched, with some relief, as the foreskin crawled back up the shaft and swallowed the victimized glans as if to protect it from further insult. Once the foreskin had slithered back into place, the fist returned to the now skin-encased shaft and began to masturbate

It.

"I'm going to beat the shit out of your meat, James, and if you crack your nuts into my face I'm going to rip that filthy skin off your dick." He began a furious jack-off on Brandon's poor, doomed foreskin. Brandon began to pant heavily as he watched transfixed.

"Understand, James? If you shoot this thing off I'm going to circumcise it!" Sarge shouted into Brandon's face. The boy's expression didn't change, his eyes were set on his penis. His panting got heavier. The Sarge screamed, "Don't you understand me, you stupid punk? As soon as you pop your nuts I'm going to skin your cock. I'm taking you right back to the balls! Don't you know what I'm saying? You are about to get circumcised!"

Suddenly, Brandon must have realized what the Sarge was trying to tell him and he shouted, "Let go of my dick! Sir! I don't want to pop off. I don't want to get circled. . .er, circum. . .er, clipped or whatever you call it. Please, Sir! I'll tell you why I don't want people looking inside my dick. I'll tell! Please don't circle me, Sir!"

The Sarge abruptly stopped pumping. "Okay, mister, let's hear it. It had better be good!"

"You were right, Sir," Brandon was almost crying, "I am ashamed of it. My cockhead is so small and soft and pink. All the other leathernecks have fat, tough ones on their

dicks. I'm glad I have enough foreskin to cover it. Please don't take it off, Sir!"

The Sarge stopped dead in his tracks. He quietly pondered Brandon's admission as he continued to hold the penis in his fist. He slowly looked up at me and raised his eyebrows as if to say, "Is that ALL that was bothering this guy?"

With sudden compassion, Sarge said quietly to Brandon, "Son, there is something no one bothered to tell you. Your cockhead is soft and pink because you are still uncircumcised. You just wait, after I take care of your skin tonight, your cockhead will get fat and tough and it will stand up to any cockhead in the Corps."

"Huh?" Brandon responded quietly, "You sure, Sir?"

"Hell, yes, I'm sure. How in hell did you expect your meat to get tough while it's all wrapped up in its baby fat just like it was still in the womb," Sarge slowly began to pump the skin on Brandon's dick again.

"You sure, Sir?" Brandon questioned just like a little boy.

"I am going to circumcise this for you tonight, son, and you will soon be damned proud of your Marine dick. It will be clean cut, tough and streamlined. . . just the way all Corps meat should be!" Sarge began pumping faster.

"Well, Sir, I am not sure." Brandon was becoming putty in the Sarge's fist.

"Yes, you are, James!" Sarge began slamming away even faster. Brandon's dick was stretching out to a rigid, pulsating piece of man-meat and Sarge was beating on it so fast the foreskin began to snap.

"Oooh, Sarge, Sir, that feels good!" Brandon purred.

"Brandon, son, I am doing this for you because it will be the last time you will have the feel of skin rolling up and down your rod. You ought to thank me; hell, the Corps medics would just cut it off and you'd never have your last beat-off with skin. Yeah, mister, now you want me to cut off your foreskin, don't you?"

"Well. . .oh. . . I'm not sure. . . ooohh. . ." Brandon was obviously enjoying having his drill sergeant pump his foreskin, but he wasn't too sure about the circumcision.

Then Sarge made a mistake. "Don't you want good ol' American meat between your legs, James?"

"WAIT! STOP! My daddy said all of Jameses have dicks just like my ancestor and all the James dicks I have seen have long skins on them. Oh, no, Sir! Thanks anyway but I have got to be like my ancestor. You can stop pumping now, Sir!"

Sarge, who hadn't heard the bit about Jesse James before, looked up at me as if to

say, "What in hell is he talking about?"

I had to think quickly and make up some American history. "Why Brandon, didn't you read about your ancestor getting caught by Indians in New Mexico? I read in a history museum how the James boys were taken prisoner and tied to stakes and the Indians circumcised them. Their gang freed them before they got scalped, though. So, Brandon, you are not like your ancestor when he died with his boots on because he had a circumcised penis by then."

After a long, long silence Brandon murmured suspiciously, "You sure?" Sarge resumed his pumping slowly and then Brandon raised his thighs into the air and said, "Oh, all right, Sarge, he's all yours to circle!"

"What do you want the ol' Sarge to do with your dick, James?" the victorious prepucephobe gloated as he pumped Brandon's skin faster than ever.

"Oooohhh, Sarge . . . I want you to . . . uh. . . circle it. I mean circum . . . whatever it's called, just skin it, Sir!"

Sarge stopped pumping and said, "The word is circumcise, mister. Circumcise." He motioned for me to give him the circumcision tool.

Brandon's eyes widened in surprise, "Sir! I haven't popped my nuts yet! You promised that I could crack 'em, so dammit don't stop pumping it . . .oh, Sir! Excuse me, Sir!"

"Shiit, Marine, you don't want to shoot your seeds through a skinhead cock ever again. As soon as we are finished you are going to pump them right through a circumcised Marine dick. Understand?" Sarge retorted.

"Okay! Okay!" Brandon panted heavily, his eyes transfixed on his tall, stiff pole. He was now excitedly anticipating his circumcision. He wanted it!

His muscles were tense, his fists clenched, his balls tight, his penis quivering. He was about to watch the Marine drill sergeant make a Marine out of him.

I held the flashlight close to the penis. "How far back?" Sarge asked me. "Ask the owner," I suggested.

"Okay, Brandon James, where do you want to see your circumcision

ring?" Sarge asked the spellbound boy. Sarge began to run the laser tool down the erect penis and suddenly Brandon shouted. "THERE!"

"Fuck, man, that's nothing!" Sarge growled, and he kept running the tool further down the shaft. He was at least three-fourths down the shaft before he stopped and said, "HERE! Here's the place, son. This will give you the cleanest, slickest, most tightly skinned dick in the Corps. Okay, James? Let's start peeling . . ."

The Sarge ran the laser tool around Brandon's shaft at the designated place like a pro,

around and around.

"Ooooooh, fuck . . . I mean, Sarge . . . I can feel it, Sir . . . you are skinning my manhood like you said. Hurry Sir, TAKE OFF THAT SKIN! PEEL ME OFF, MAN! HURRY, I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, SIR!"

Not wanting to get Brandon's nuts spilled all over the new tool, Sarge quickly finished the job and ended up with the tool in one hand and a wad of James' history in the other. WHEW!

Brandon James was no longer a skinhead! Sarge handed me everything and then said to the young Marine, "Mister, let an old hand at beating circumcised dicks show you how to do it!" He began to pump on the freshly skinned penis.

"HOLYTOLEDO,SIR.HEREICOMEVERTHETOP ...SIR... Aaawww." The kid was wiped out. He fell sound asleep. We untied him, pulled him back up on his cot and left Brandon just the half hard-on we found him with . . . except now it no longer had an inside.

The next afternoon one of my fellow Corpsmen stopped me in the corridor and said, "Did you hear what happened at the circumcision demonstration this morning? Well, you know that blond Marine who took a swing at you?" OOOPPPS! My friend continued, "He was supposed to be the one to donate his foreskin to the program and when he was brought in and his penis came through the ceiling/circumcision bench they were surprised to see that he was already circumcised. He said that he had been circumcised during a dream. Ha. Ha. Ever hear of anything so stupid? They really have some dumbbells in the Corps these days."

I laughed in relief. Poor Brandon, such a big, beautiful dumb Marine. I hope his cockhead gets fat and tough so he can show it off proudly, but I'll never forget that beautiful, long foreskin he used to have. Fuckin' old prepucephobe! Wish I didn't give him the laser tool to take back to the brig

with him. He said he had a few more scores to settle with it! The world won't be safe any more for skinheads, as long as the Sarge has that damned laser beam.