

A Warhorse Fallen – Sample Pages

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Texas, 1935

The Army doctor took hold of Private Cook's penis and stroked it a few times, causing it to enlarge slightly; this was an involuntary response that led Bill to wince in embarrassment. He wasn't some goddamned gay motherfucker, he told himself, but the doctor didn't seem to notice. The older man tugged a few more times and tested the tautness of Bill's foreskin, then made a few marks on his dick.

"You feel this?" the doctor asked while pressing one of his instrument onto Bill's dick.

"No, sir."

"All right then, we're ready to go. Look straight ahead for me, please, and don't forget to breathe."

Bill stared through the wall in silence. He was almost certain he could feel the scissors slicing through his numbed skin, but maybe it was his imagination. The sound of the scissors, however, was very real, and Bill willed the vomit rising in his throat to retreat. The doctor quickly cut off almost fifteen square inches of his skin, all in one piece, and dropped it into a bucket holding a pile of other men's foreskins of varying shades. It landed with a thud that sounded much like a piece of chicken skin dropping onto a pile of meat.

The doctor moved quickly to begin stitching Bill's penis back together. The pain was nothing less than excruciating now that the analgesic was wearing off, and it seemed like the damn needle was inserted at least eighty times. Bill didn't breathe once.

Finally, the doctor wrapped Bill's penis up in some gauze.

“All right, you’re ready to go.” Didn’t the doctor just say this, or was Bill hallucinating?

“Do whatever you need to do to keep from having an erection, okay, Private?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Let your drill sergeant know if you need a doctor or you develop a high fever. You’ll have a low fever from the vaccinations, but anything that’s too high, let him know. And keep the gauze dry. Here you go.” The doctor opened the green metal door for Bill.

“Thank you, sir.”

With trembling hands, Bill draped his towel in front of his dick, then stepped into the stark, brightly-lit hall, shame-faced and struggling to keep from fainting.

“Private Cowley!” the doctor called out from behind, and the next man in line stepped toward the room Bill had just left.

Bill avoided eye contact with Private Cowley and the fifty or so men still in line, all of them standing, as he had just moments before, with nothing but a small towel and medical records to cover their freshly-shaved pubic areas.

Most of them were just as skinny as he was. Bill was sixteen years old and still growing, with just 140 pounds on his five-foot eleven-inch frame, and, truth be told, he figured the circumcision and backbreaking training were minor inconveniences for the benefit of three square meals a day. He’d lied about his age, of course, but nobody had pried too deeply when he enlisted either, and now the Army was his home. He’d slept better here than he had on the plains with his Comanche friends the last three years, and certainly better than under the same roof as his stepfather. Bill shuddered at the thought of that man and turned his focus back to the remaining medical and Army intake processes of the day.

A couple hours later, Bill stood in front of the mirror in the barracks restroom and looked at himself for what seemed like the first time. He felt like he was close to losing it. His body was beginning to protest the vaccines and stress of his first days here, exhibiting fever, pain, and fatigue. He felt like every illness he was vaccinated against was roaring to life inside his body, and the pain was compounded by his throbbing penis.

God, he had to relieve himself. Bill dropped his pants and gingerly took hold of his penis, wincing in pain. He aimed his dick and readied himself for the relief of a good piss. But when his urine soaked the gauze, Bill experienced a new kind of pain that caused him to shriek. He couldn't stop his overly full bladder from emptying, so Bill leaned forward and groaned until the urine stopped flowing. When the ordeal was over, he removed the bandage entirely with strict discipline to not look at his mutilated penis.