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Subject: (Continuation of: "What It's Like To Hav...

(Continuation of: "What It's Like To Have A Raisin Super Glued To Your Anus." June 23, 2025)

Now I'm sitting here in the medical waiting room, hoping it doesn't take two hour for them to call my na. . . Hold on! The door's opening. Okay, look. The nurse just called for me, so I gotta go. Don't go anywhere.

(After entering the nurse's office.)

The procedure of checking my weight, temperature, and blood pressure went without a hitch. It was the mention of my hitchhiker that made things a bit awkward. Please understand, this was the first time I ever had a conversation with someone about having a raisin Super glued to my anus. I suppose THIS questioning period -- face to face with someone -- was for the purpose of loosening me up for my future talk with the doctor. Although, I assumed that with the doctor there wasn't going to be much face to face conversation. Butt at least it was the doctor who was going to get the tail end of the deal.

The nurse sent me back to the waiting room where I waited for ten minutes before one of the doctors opened the door and called out my name, however, it was neither of the doctors I was familiar with. Apparently, there was a new doctor in town. No big deal. . . Right? Except for one thing -- it was a FEMALE doctor. As I followed her down the hall to her office, I started feeling a bit uneasy. I mean, this changed everything regarding the dropping of my drawers in front of someone to have them. . . Well, I didn't even know what it was the doctor was going to do. Shoot, I still didn't even know what it was I had back there. And I sure as heck didn't know that they let females work as doctors in male prison institutions.

Fortunately, by the time we reached her office and I had sat down, my sense of logic began to take over. It began to dawn on me that considering the circumstances it would make much more sense to want a female doctor. Well, think about it. Let's just say that by chance (obviously the odds would be very much against it) someone were to walk in at the very moment my pants were down while the doc was checking out my anus for any foreign matter. Believe you me, I would much rather want that doctor to be a female -- not a male. Now that I think about it, I think it's safe to say that ANYtime I'm in a situation where I'm alone with someone and my pants are down, I'm going to want the other individual to be a female. I mean, doesn't that just make logical sense? I'll admit though, my opinion doesn't always correlate too well with these guys around me. I guess I should take one of my polls and find out if I'm the oddball in the crowd. I'll be back in a little while.

(A little while later.)

Okay, here we go. I just asked 20 guys of various: ages, races, and length of imprison time, which sex they would prefer the doctor to be if they had been in my shoes. I still can't believe the outcome myself. Eleven of the guys would rather have a male doctor, while 9 would rather have

a female doctor (55% vs 45%). I'm failing to see the reason for these guys not being able to just relax around women -- even if the situation is a bit embarrassing. Don't get me wrong. I'm sure if I had been seen by her as a free man out on the streets it would be quite embarrassing to -- sometime later -- be at a dinner party with a date and have the same doctor be introduced to us. At which point she would say, "Oh, yes. I remember you. You're the gentleman who had a raisin Super glued to your anus." But nothing like that was ever going to happen -- especially with my natural life sentence. Alright, let's get back to the doctor's office.

With the routine procedures behind us, her focus shifted to MY behind. So she informed me it was time to take a look at just what it was we were dealing with. As she slipped a pair of gloves on, I turned the other way, slipped my pants and boxers below my buttocks, and pulled my two hemispheres apart. Naturally, just as she reached forward to get a feel of the growth -- so as to verify what she had probably expected it to be -- I'll be damned if the door didn't swing open as a male guard began to enter. "Hey, doc. Have you seen. . . OH MY GOD! Ah. . . I'm. . . I'm sorry. (All being said as he was shutting the door on himself, because he couldn't back out fast enough.) SLAM!

So now I was standing there in a state of total disbelief. Of all times for that guy to walk in. This was another good reason for the doc being a female. Because if that had been a male doctor behind me at the time, I would have found it necessary to track that guard down later and explain to him just what exactly was going on.

(Well, it's not looking like the remainder of this story will fit my 6000 digital limit on my tablet. So I guess you'll have to wait until next week to read the end of the story. Sorry about that. See you next week.)