

## COVERING FOR AN UNEXPECTED VACANCY

This story was originally posted on SPECULUMPAGES.COM, but supposedly has since vanished.

I graduated from a small private high school in a small town in the Midwest United States. It was required that each student receive a physical examination before being allowed to enter the next year. As part of the tuition cost, the school provided an annual free health screening through a local clinic. The screenings took place over a four-day period, with each class receiving their screenings on their assigned day. Monday was freshman; Tuesday was the sophomores, etc. The girls would gather in the girls' gym and the boys would line up in the boys' gym, and clinic personnel would check each student's height, weight, temperature, blood pressure, and so on. Girls would also receive a breast exam and boys, we assumed, would get whatever boys got (no boys in my family).

I should explain that our school was divided into a girls' school and a boys' school. Only lunch, driver's education, and a few AP classes were co-ed. The cafeteria was in the center of the school, with the girls' school out one set of exit doors, and the boys' school out the other. The entrances to the locker rooms were just outside of the cafeteria doors, and the gymnasiums were behind the cafeteria (actually, it was one large gym with a partition in the center that could be removed for an all school pep-rally, assembly, or for sporting events).

I was a junior, and had my physical on Wednesday, so I did not think much of it when I saw a couple of clinic people bustling around Thursday morning. The assistant principal called four of us junior girls into her office just before start of classes. My friends Sally, Emily, my close friend Tara, and me were all there, all Honors students, I noticed. She explained that some of the clinic personnel were unable to attend because of an emergency at the clinic and there was no way to reschedule the event, so they needed two students to help with the girls' exams, and two for the boys' exams. Ordinarily of course, they would want boys for the boys' exams, but the junior boys' class was out on a field trip that day. Because the senior girls were in their own clinic exams and she did not feel that this should be something that underclassmen were trusted with, she felt that she had no option other than to assign this to some trustworthy junior girls. She felt that the four of us were the most mature junior girls and would be able to handle ourselves properly. She went on to state that since both Tara and I had expressed interest in medical school on our recent college application profiles, that we would be assisting with the boys' exams. She threatened us with suspension from school if there were any inappropriate reports from the nurse. We promised only the most upstanding behavior.

Tara and I did not know what to expect. We figured it would not be much different from our own exams. Our school uniform was a skirt and a white button-down shirt. For our physicals, we removed our bras in the locker room, and replaced our shirts. We received our physicals, and would unbutton our shirts for the breast exam. The boys' uniform consisted of blue slacks (no jeans) and a similar white button-down shirt. We were not sure that the boys would need to disrobe at all, but as Tara and I made our way to the boys' gym, we hoped there was a chance we might get to see some of them in their underwear.

There was a tent set up in one corner of the boys' gym just in front of the doors to the locker room. The nurse giving the exams turned out to be in her early-to-mid twenties and very friendly. She asked us if we had ever assisted with anything like this before. We said no, but I quickly told her about our desire to attend medical school, hoping she would not turn us away and ask for assistants who were more qualified. She told us that the job she needed us was not difficult at all, and with a wink said we were in for a real treat today. Adopting a more serious attitude, she told us that we were to remain professional and discreet at all times.

She expected grousing about our presence there, but did not want to complicate her job by having it required that we leave altogether. She went on to explain that normally there would be two nurses and two assistants for the boys and the same for the girls. However, two of the other nurses and all of the assistants were unable to come because of the emergency at the clinic. Therefore, she would have to perform all of the examinations on the boys herself. This would already double the time she would have to take to perform the exams, and if we had to leave, it would become unmanageable. She said she really only needed one assistant, but since we were both there, we could both stay. She estimated that we would be out of class until lunch.

She had us each don an apron and hat, similar to what a candy striper might wear. Then she handed each of us a clipboard with several sheets of paper containing a list of names and several columns. She said she would

read each boy's name off his form as he came in, and then call out the results of each procedure as she completed it. Whoever had that boy's name on her chart would take the boys form, then fill in the appropriate columns on both the chart and form, and mark any notes the nurse might call out. It was as simple as that. The school would retain the completed forms for its records, and the clinic would keep the chart as the medical record.

As she finished setting up, Tara and I looked over the charts. Most of the column headings were easy to understand – 'temp' for temperature, 'bp' for blood pressure, etc. They were very similar to the blanks on the forms from our own physicals. The last column was marked 'TCE.' Tara and I looked at each other curiously. We were about to ask the nurse when the gym door opened behind us and the first group of boys began filing in, marching around to the front of the tent, and lining up in front of the main door. They were all in their underwear! The nurse announced that we were to get started. She had us stand behind and to the left and right of her to begin.

With only our hair pulled back, an apron and a hat as a disguise, it is amazing that more of the boys did not recognize us.

The first boy was a handsome athlete who looked very uncomfortable at our seeing him in his jockey shorts. He handed the nurse his form and she read off his name. "Mine," Tara said, finding his name on her chart. The nurse had him stand on the scale as she read off his height and weight, Tara dutifully writing the numbers in the columns while I checked out his butt. Lucky me, I had nothing to do but watch this handsome guy walking around in front of me in his underwear!

The nurse took his temperature and blood pressure, listened to his heart and lungs through the stethoscope, and all of the general physical exam stuff, calling out information for Tara to write onto the form.

Then she sat down on a low stool and had the boy stand in front of her, Tara and I still standing just behind and to either side. Without any preamble, she hooked her fingers into the waistband of his briefs and yanked them down to his knees! The poor guy instinctively tried to cover himself with his hands, but the nurse instructed him to keep his hands at his sides. She proceeded to examine his penis carefully, gently holding it in her hand and turning it back and forth, then lifting it up and checking its underside. Then, holding his penis up in the air, she used her other hand to check his testicles, rolling them in her fingers for about thirty seconds each. Our eyes were like saucers, and the poor guy looked like he wanted to melt into the floor. Tara looked at me, mouth agape.

I nodded mutely and we both went back to staring. The nurse finally allowed the boy to pull up his briefs and said, "Testicular Cancer Exam – normal." Tara made the notation as the boy practically ran out of the room. The exit door back to the locker room was behind us, and the tent had an opening in the back that allowed each boy to leave as quickly as possible. It also, I noticed, assured that he had no way of warning the other boys what was coming.

Tara and I could not believe our luck. We were going to get to see each and every senior boy completely naked, and since that part of the exam took upwards of a minute and a half, we were going to get a good look, too! Our hearts were pounding as the nurse called in the next boy.

With the initial astonishment gone, we were able to concentrate on the details of each boy's sex organs. We were amazed at the variety of shapes and sizes (I had never seen a naked male except in magazines), and that the tallest boys did not always have the largest penises. In fact, one of the smaller boys in the class revealed a rather nice-sized one. Most of the boys were mortified to be nude in front of us, although a few appeared to enjoy showing off. One boy in particular had often bragged about being very well endowed, and when it was his turn, we were both practically leaning forward in anticipation. When the nurse pulled his underpants down, we almost laughed – his penis was one of the smallest ones! I am sure he saw Tara's hand fly to her mouth to keep from giggling aloud. He could not get out of there fast enough.

Some of the boys actually got partially erect from the nurse handling their privates, and a couple even grew to full-fledged hard-ons before our eyes! The nurse seemed to take her time with those, appearing to be amused as we stared. She extended the time that some of them were naked well beyond two or three full minutes! Neither Tara nor I could help but giggle when one boy tried to pull his underpants back on, only to have his erect penis cause a huge tent, then slip through the fly in his boxers! I expected the nurse to scold us but she turned and

smiled, then simply called for the next boy. I think the nurse figured that we would have a great time checking out all of the boys naked, and that was what she had meant when she said we were in for a treat. She also seemed to enjoy displaying some of the naked boys for us. When the best-looking boys were in or the ones with partial or full erections, she would pull down their underwear, start performing the exam, and then stop, tell him not to move, then turn around and remove her stethoscope as though it were bothering her. This left him standing there totally naked for thirty seconds or so, and would always catch our eyes and give the smallest smile before she continued the exam.

The most memorable was a boy from the swim team. He was very lean, but well-muscled. He was wearing small colored bikini-style briefs, and had the best body we had seen all day. The nurse pulled down his briefs, and not only did we get our first glimpse of one of the biggest penises we had seen all day, but he was totally hairless, too! The nurse asked him if there was a medical reason that he shaved, and he started to turn red, and mumbled in reply that he shaved his legs for swim team, and had just gone farther last night. He started to erect during the exam, and the nurse stopped and took off her stethoscope and put it on the table behind her. She was not even touching him, and he continued to erect until his penis was standing straight up towards the ceiling, and was probably close to eight inches long. The nurse turned to face him again, and after a moment, completely restarted her exam. Once she finally finished, she told him she wanted to be sure that there were no problems caused by the shaving, and proceeded to examine his belly and thighs, causing his briefs to drop past his knees and fall to the floor. She then asked him to turn around, and she examined his upper thighs just below his butt. When he turned, one leg stepped out of the briefs, so once the nurse finally finished he had some difficulty getting them back up and on. It was somewhat neat to see his erect penis swinging from side to side. When he finally pulled his briefs back on, he was facing us, and we all saw that about three inches of his penis was still sticking out the top. He turned red again, and then walked quickly out the back. Once we heard the door to the locker room close, we all three released stifled laughs. It was not loud, mind you, but it was comical. He must have been naked for upwards of five minutes total, including the time he had his back to us.

It was 1:30 when the last boy had received his exam. Over those five hours, we had seen 62 penises (which meant we had also seen 124 testicles, Tara pointed out). The nurse thanked us for helping and said she hoped we had not gotten too bored (with a wink). We assured her that we had not, but were unable to hold back a small laugh. Of course, there was no way we could keep a straight face when we saw the boys later (nor could they look us in the eye!). Of course, there was no way we could keep what we saw to ourselves! It is safe to say that none of the senior boys had any secrets when we were done talking with the other girls, and we were the envy of all of the girls in school!

Some of the boys complained about our being present, but since then the clinic has been able to provide adequate staff for the exams. Tara and I certainly enjoyed our opportunity, and it is something we will never forget. The shared experience has actually made us best friends, and if we ever find ourselves at a loss of things to talk about, we can still fall back on that Thursday morning in 1986! Tara is a nurse now, but I abandoned my dream of medical school, and became a pharmacist, instead. The first two years after graduation from high school, we both were able to volunteer one week each year at the clinic, near the end of the school year, when they needed extra assistants. The nurse we made friends with that day has always taken good care of us, and we were able to come back to our old high school and assist with the boys physicals both years, but those are stories for another time.