

Dear Dr. Nutbeater,

Recently, you performed a vasectomy on me... Well, maybe the word "performed" is a stretch. I perform... you "execute a procedure". And what a perfect word as I feel like that's what's happened. You executed my balls. You know, for a trained urologist who owns a pair of balls, (I assume) you sure don't act like it. You treated my balls like they borrowed your car, crashed it and then got your daughter pregnant. I swear I've never even met your daughter. Let's just say you were a little rough with the merchandise, to say the least.

I came in because I didn't want to have kids, not because I was angry with my testicles and wanted you to beat them up. In your defense, I wasn't listening during the surgery, maybe my nuts had information vital to national security and you had to interrogate them to save the country. Perhaps you're the Jack Bauer of the scrotal community... Was Osama Bin Laden in there? Did you get him? I hope so.



Maybe we're just different people... I've never had occasion to jostle another man's junk, but I suppose if I did I would be sensitive to the fact that the beans should be handled with care and not like dice at a craps table at Caesar's Palace. I'm surprised you didn't have your wife come in and blow on them exclaiming "mama needs a new pair of shoes!" Dude, if your wife needs new shoes, tell me, I'll run out and get them. What size is she? Anything that saves my plums from getting slapped around is well worth it.

Aside from the physical pain which lingered up inside me for nearly two weeks as if you were hanging from them, (it's not a tire swing down by the lake, Doc) it was also a real psychological challenge. Walking into that little room and seeing the stirrups from which my feet would soon be dangling was a real ray of sunshine that I'm sure I'll relive every night when I wake up in a cold sweat. So, thanks for that. And hearing you clanking all of the metal instruments around on the steel table like you were digging in your toolbox for a pipe wrench put me right at ease. It reminded me of working on my old Camaro in the driveway when I was in high school. And much like my newly snipped testes, that old Camaro was no help in getting anyone pregnant either.

But if you'd like to know my absolute favorite part... I'd have to say the two shots of local anesthetic that you so gently jammed into my bean-bag like you were trying revive Marsellus Wallace's overdosing wife with an adrenaline shot. I'm no anatomist, but I don't remember there being a breast plate in my scrotum for you to bust through; it's just skin, and needles are sharp.

So once again, thank you for scarring me for life physically and emotionally. I now feel like a Vietnam vet. My balls will hate your guts until the day that I die, but my penis will shout "thank you" every time it gets to have sex totally naked.

*Love,*

*Bill Scott*