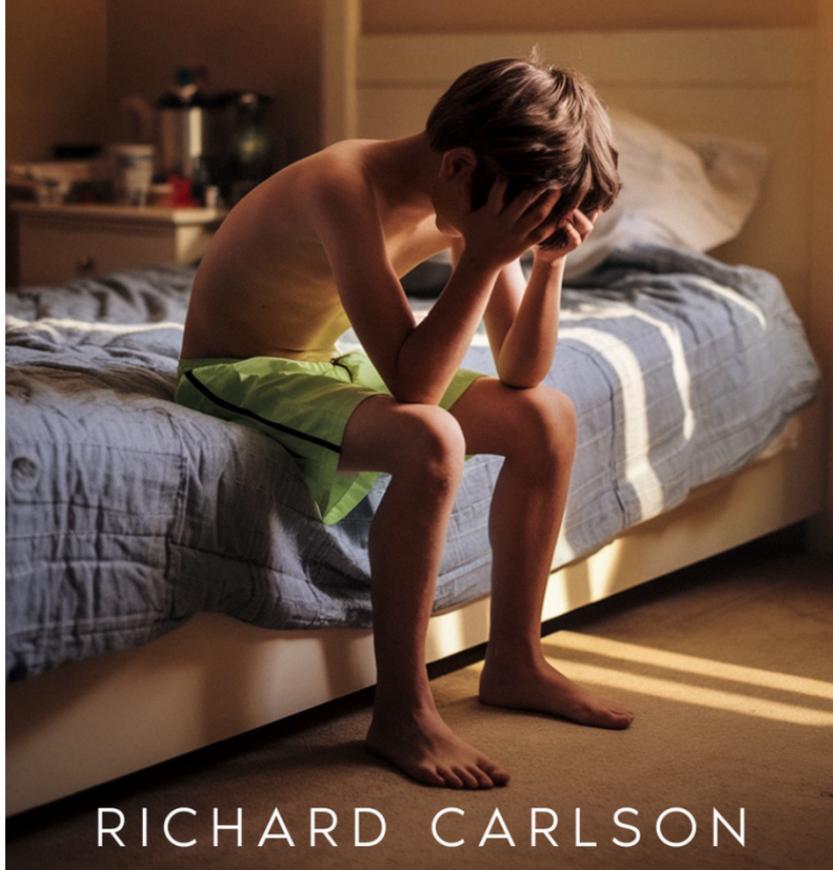


I WAS VERY SCARED

A BOY'S PUBERTY STORY



RICHARD CARLSON

**I Was Very Scared: A Boy's
Puberty Story**

Richard Carlson

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About the story: Twelve-year-old Brad is faced with a predicament. He thinks his body is betraying him. Does Brad's sixteen-year-old brother ameliorate his brother's situation? This story is an unofficial and unauthorized biography of a true event in a pubescent boy's life.

About the author: Richard

Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP.

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It was morning, the summer of 1983, in the southwestern desert of Arizona. Twelve-year-old, soon-to-be seventh-grader, Brad, was crying in his bedroom and sitting on his bed. He wore his neon-green sleep shorts. As he sat on his bed, hunched with his elbows on his knees, hands on his forehead, and his bare feet flat

on the floor, tears rolled down his face. He couldn't believe what was happening to him.

Brad's mom had just finished taking out the clothes from the clothes dryer. She headed down the hallway to Brad's room to give him his fresh clothes.

His mom knocked on his door.

“You can come in,” Brad replied, upset.

His mom entered. She was concerned to see her son was crying. Why wasn't he dressed and ready for the day yet? They had plans to leave soon for a fun time at the mall.

“Why are you crying?” she asked, worried about her younger son; she had two

children: Brad, twelve, and
Ricky, sixteen.

Brad explained, still crying,
“Mom, I am going to die.”

His mom asked, “What?
Why?”

Brad exclaimed, feeling
morose, “Something is leaking
out of my penis, and it is very
bad. I think my insides are

decomposing, and a white liquid is leaking out.”

Brad continued to cry; he was tired of feeling sad and upset. He had only started puberty not too long ago and was experiencing new things, especially things involving sex and growing up and maturing into a young man, like other boys do at his age.

“Wait here, and I will get your brother,” she exclaimed, hoping he’d feel better if Ricky, whom he looked up to and admired, could help him and come to his little brother’s rescue.

She left his folded clothes on the foot of his bed and got Ricky, since their dad was at

work. She really hoped Ricky could help.

Puberty was over for Ricky. He was sixteen years old and in high school. He knew all about puberty from what he had gone through and from learning about it during health class in school.

Ricky popped his head into Brad's doorway.

“What seems to be the problem? Why are you upset?”

Ricky asked, puzzled as to what could be on his baby brother’s mind.

“I’m– I’m–I’m–dying,” Brad exclaimed, looking down at his lap. “Something is leaking out of my penis, and it is very bad. I think my insides are decomposing, and a white

liquid is leaking out,” he said, scared about dying and not being with his family and friends.

“What happened?” Ricky gingerly asked. “Tell me about it.”

“Well, well—I woke up this morning, and in my underwear, there was white liquid around my penis. It means my insides

are decomposing, and I'm going to die," Brad explained sadly, wishing he wasn't dying. He wanted to grow up, like his dad and mom.

“You are not dying inside. That white liquid is from your penis, and it's normal. What happens when you start puberty is that some people have what is called 'wet

dreams.' The person has a dream about having sex, and they reach orgasm and ejaculate semen, the white liquid, all while they're asleep. When they wake up, they don't remember the dream or anything else. It means you're growing up and turning into a man," Ricky explained with a smile.

“Oh! Oh, okay,” Brad
cheered up, ameliorated.

“Now I know.”

“When we were at
Grandma and Grandpa’s
house—remember when we
changed into our
swimsuits?—you and I saw that
we each have pubic hair above
our penises. That happens
when you start puberty, and so

do wet dreams for many people. I had them, too, for a while. Then they went away. Now I don't have them. They will probably go away soon for you," Ricky explained further. "See?"

"I get it now," Brad stated emphatically. "I was really worried that I was dying," he said, laughing a little.

Ricky hugged his baby brother tight.

“It just means that you are turning into a young man,” Ricky happily said to his brother. “I can’t wait for us to be over this, so you won’t have to worry about it anymore. There is nothing to worry about.”

“Thanks, Ricky,” Brad exclaimed with a big smile.

Then Brad cheerfully got dressed to go out to the mall with his mom and brother.

Brad and Ricky had a blast at the mall. They each got some nice new clothes and new sneakers, and each chose a black cowboy hat to wear in the scorching Arizona summer

sunshine. Having a fun time, they ate delicious pizza made by an Italian family-owned restaurant at the mall's food court.

Brad was grateful to have his older brother. He never forgot that day. He eventually got married when he grew up and had children.

When Brad's oldest son turned twelve, Brad explained to him all about puberty and wet dreams, so he wouldn't be confused. They had a blast talking about Brad's son's changing and maturing body.