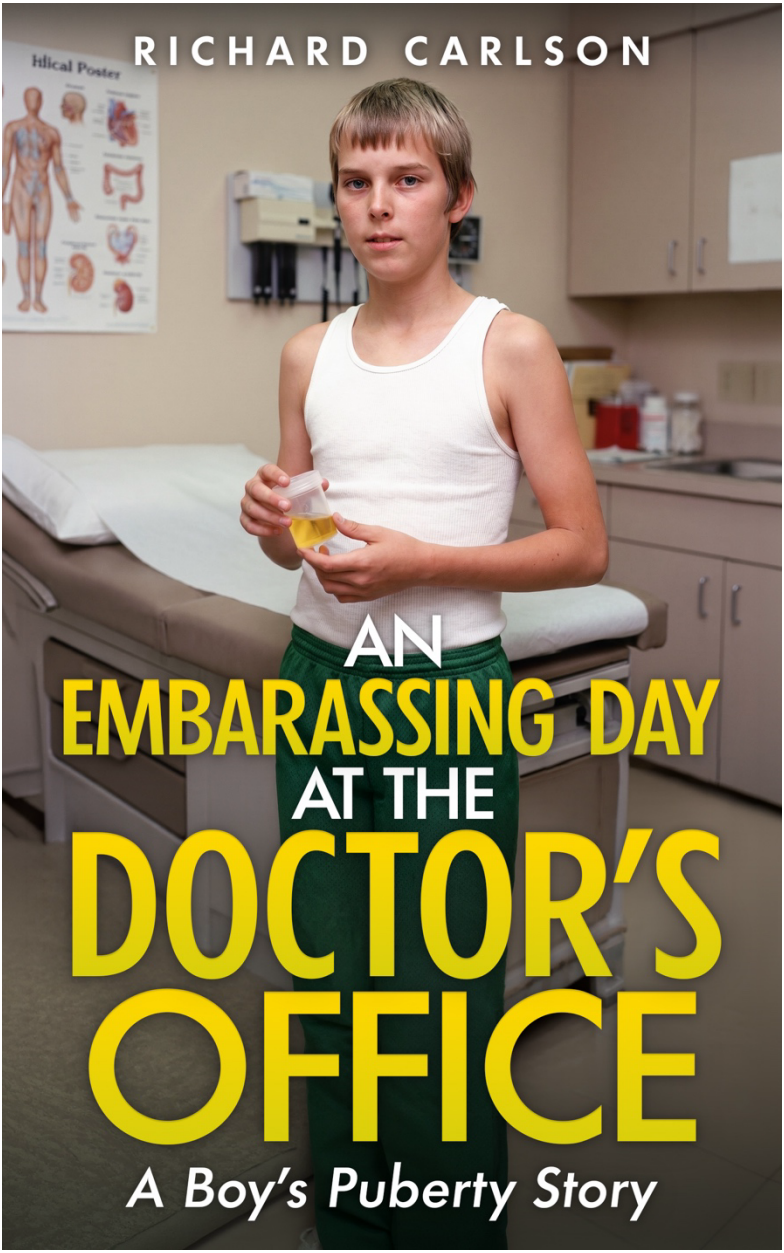

RICHARD CARLSON
AN
EMBARASSING DAY
AT THE
DOCTOR'S
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A Boy's Puberty Story

An Embarrassing Day at the Doctor's Office:

A Boy's Puberty Story

Richard Carlson

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About the story: Parental guidance suggested. Twelve-year-old Aiden and his mom believe he might have a urinary tract infection. Why was Aiden worried about a urine test and what the doctor might find out? Aiden was also worried about being examined by the doctor. This is a fictional story taking place in the summer of 1983 in Tucson, Arizona, USA.

About the author: Richard Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP. You can learn more about him at www.richardcarlson.com / www.boyspubertystories.com

Twelve-year-old Aiden urinated in the toilet in his family's bathroom toilet, wearing only his whitey-white underwear. It was early afternoon. He pretended his penis was a humongous Gatling gun firing armor-piercing shells as he aimed at an enemy battleship: a piece of toilet paper, listing precariously in the bowl.

Why does it smell so much? Aiden worried, sniffing his urine as he peed. It definitely reeked! It was also cloudy, unlike usual. Aiden didn't

know why. So, when he finished, he told his mom.

“Mom, I’ve got to tell you something. My pee reeks and looks very cloudy compared to how it used to look.” His mother wondered if he had a urinary tract infection.

“Did you flush the toilet after going?” she asked.

“No,” he said.

Aiden followed his mom into the bathroom. Leaning over the toilet, she sniffed questioningly.

“You might have a urinary tract infection. Did it hurt or burn to pee?” she quizzed, making him a little nervous.

“No. Not at all.”

“When did you notice your urine smelled?”

“Now, right then,” Aiden said, hoping he’d be all right. Besides, he wondered to himself, *Why would I have an infection?*

“We’ll go to the doctor. Put some clothes on, and we’ll head out,” his

mother said. He went to his bedroom and got dressed. He didn't forget to put on plenty of deodorant his mom had bought for him. He had been using deodorant for the first time for a week. He had turned 12 and was very excited about finally becoming a young man. He had a bit of a peach-fuzz teenage mustache and was in puberty.

During the ride, Aiden anxiously wondered what would happen at the doctor's office. Would the doctor check his privates? he worried about

making his stomach sink and about having to pull his sweatpants and underwear down and expose himself to the doctor.

Nervous, Aiden asked his mother, “How will they check to see if I have an infection?”

“They will probably give you a urine test.”

“Oh, okay,” he mumbled. Then — he panicked! His chest sank to the ocean floor like the toilet paper battleship he had completely obliterated earlier.

I did it this morning. The doctor will find sperm in my urine, he worried as his stomach sank to the floor. *Then, everyone will know*! He had an icky feeling in his stomach as he worried about it. *Maybe Mom and Dad will find out!*

Aiden desperately wished he hadn't done it this morning, but he did it every day. And a lot. Usually, a few times a day. Aiden had started masturbating not too long ago, after he began puberty.

Being considerate of his mom, Aiden nervously held the door open for her at the doctor's office.

What will the doctor ask me? Will Mom be there?

Aiden's mom talked to the receptionist. Fortunately, they could squeeze Aiden in today for an appointment.

Aiden sat next to his mom in the waiting room, feeling uneasy about seeing the doctor. Then, his mom noticed a water dispenser with paper cups for the patients.

“Get a big drink of water now so you can go later,” she said, and he did.

Aiden sat back down. Time dragged on endlessly as Aiden worried and waited. Then, the nurse called his name.

“Aiden Kamiński!”

Aiden and his mom followed the nurse to the examination room.

The nurse weighed Aiden and then had him sit on an examination table; his mom sat in an armchair in

the corner. A privacy curtain hung in one corner of the room.

The nurse took Aiden's temperature, pulse, and blood pressure. Everything was normal.

As the nurse cared for Aiden, his mom explained why they were there. As she left the room, the kind nurse explained that the doctor would be in shortly.

Aiden continued to worry anxiously. Then, someone knocked on the door. Dr. Wilson opened it and came in with a warm smile.

“Hi,” Dr. Wilson said. He looked at his clipboard and then carefully listened to Aiden’s heart with his stethoscope.

Dr. Wilson asked, “You said you have foul-smelling urine. Do you have pain or a burning sensation when you urinate?”

“No.”

“Is there blood in your urine?”

“No.”

“Do you frequently urinate, more than usual?”

“No.”

“Do you have pain in your abdomen or lower back?”

“No.”

“Have you had a fever or chills?”

“No.”

“Is there any discharge coming out of your penis?”

Aiden hesitated for a second. “No.”

“Okay. Urinary tract infections in tween boys are rare. Please stand

behind the curtain," Dr. Wilson explained.

As Aiden nervously stood and walked behind the curtain, he got an erection. Behind the curtain, the doctor said, "Please lower your sweatpants and underwear."

Aiden hesitated at first and then dropped his sweatpants and underwear to his ankles, his penis flopping out, bouncing. He stood there, holding the front of his muscle shirt up so the doctor could examine him, embarrassed as he felt his face

turn a little red, wondering what the exam would entail.

The doctor inspected the tip of Aiden's penis for discharge and then held Aiden's testicles for several seconds, checking them.

"Are you sexually active?" Dr. Wilson asked.

"Uh, oh — no," Aiden replied, not knowing if the doctor meant having sex or masturbating. Aiden assumed he meant having sex.

“You can pull your sweatpants back up and sit on the exam table,” Dr. Wilson said, and Aiden did.

“It is rare, especially for a circumcised tween boy to get a UTI. We’ll give him a urine test,” Dr. Wilson said to Aiden and his mom, “And take it from there.”

“The nurse will be here in a second with a specimen cup, and she’ll bring you to the bathroom,” Dr. Wilson explained, making Aiden worry once more about sperm in his urine. Dr. Wilson left.

The nurse came in with a specimen cup. Aiden followed her to the bathroom.

“Take the specimen from midstream,” she explained. “There are instructions on the wall above the toilet.”

Aiden closed and locked the door behind him and read the instructions on the poster. First, Aiden washed and dried his hands with a paper towel. Then, he dropped his sweatpants and underwear down

to his ankles, again his penis flopping out and bouncing.

The directions stated to start urinating in the bowl. At midstream, fill the cup about half full. When the cup is half full, finish urinating in the bowl. He wasn't to touch the inside of the cup or lid. When he finished, he had to secure the lid tightly, flush the toilet, wash his hands before returning the specimen to the nurse.

Aiden followed the directions precisely, pulled up his underwear and sweatpants, and brought the

specimen back to the doctor's examination room. The urine stank and was still cloudy.

The nurse came in, and Aiden reluctantly handed over the specimen.

"Please wait here for us to test it," the nurse said.

Aiden sat back down on the examination table. His mother sat in the armchair in the corner of the room.

As he waited, Aiden continued wondering and worrying.

What if Mom knows? She won't like it, he thought, hoping he could still do it whenever and however much he wanted to. He did it in his bedroom, bathroom, and sometimes in the shower. He didn't want his parents to know.

Then, Dr. Wilson came back into the examination room with the nurse.

"Aiden has a urinary tract infection. I am going to prescribe an antibiotic. Aiden should avoid

caffeine and drink plenty of water," he explained to Aiden and his mother.

Dr. Wilson handed Aiden's mom a handwritten prescription. Aiden's stomach stopped quivering, and he suddenly felt very relieved and safe!

On the drive to the pharmacy, Aiden's chest tingled. He was happy and relaxed. He smiled. Now, he didn't need to worry anymore.