

The Tenth
Acolyte Reader



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Camp Diary

by I. L. Ingles

Sunday 1st April

Today I am fourteen. I have been in this camp for two years and 67 mornings, afternoons and, soon, nights.

We are called "internees" but really we're prisoners. I've decided to keep this diary so that, if I am killed or die, people will find it and read about me when the War ends. I have made a resolution that I will not change anything I write, even if I find out later on that it was a mistake.

I would put in a photograph, but it would probably get lost, and the man who has a camera charges five suppers for each picture. He gets the films through the Commandant's wife, so we all know what *that* means. The Commandant is away a lot, inspecting camps on other islands. I don't have any money but I have a very beautiful voice and, if I sing to them and translate afterwards, the guards and their officers give me exercise books and pens and cakes and underpants. Actually they mostly know some English but they pretend not to.

This is a very big camp. In our section, which is for males only, I once counted over 120 men and 11 boys besides me. Some men have gone and there is only one of those boys left now. People just die or disappear, and one man was killed in front of everybody else, but I will write about that later. Actually we don't believe that all those who disappear are murdered. There is a rumor that, if you know how, you can get yourself escaped and put on a boat.

At this moment (5.20) I'm using up the time while I'm waiting for Peregrine Fauntleroy Smith to come out of the wash shed. My name is Adam Olivers, which is all right, and it is not Peregrine's fault that he was called Peregrine Fauntleroy. He is nearly thirteen. My number is S27 (S for being in Sagawe section).

We are allowed exactly four minutes each for showering. When the whole compound is done or camp wash-time is up, our water is turned off. Nobody wants to miss their shower. The camp is full of dust and

sand, and most of the year it is unbearably hot. There is a strict rota for each hut. Peregrine and I used to have our shower together – unless the guards on duty were being extra bossy – so that we had eight minutes taking turns going in and out of the water, but now he won't, because three weeks ago I tried to kiss him, and he has refused to share with me ever since. Even though he's a bit thin, like all of us, he is very beautiful and quite tall for his age, and gets lots of extra food from the officers' wives, which he always shares with me – the food, I mean, not the wives! I shan't try to kiss him again, because he said he wouldn't share the extra food with me any more if I did. He shares because, when he first came here and couldn't stop crying, I gave him my copy of "The Coral Island" (I like Peterkin) and my autographed picture of Don Bradman, who is my favorite cricketer.

The guard has looked at his watch and bawled "Time!" They do that one minute before you have to come out. If you are late, even a second, they cut you on the back with the long, thin, bamboo cane that they always carry with them. You never see them without one. What's worse, when you are late out it means the time is deducted from the others', and sometimes the last person doesn't have a chance of a shower at all.

That twinkling light is shining again. I noticed it the other day out of the corner of one eye when I was washing under my arms. I think it's a reflection off a gun barrel. There are towers all the way round the compound. The officers and guards have their living quarters and stores and things in them. One of the towers is a block of cells. You go there if you do something they really don't like, especially disobeying an order. It's really nasty. You always have to obey them immediately when they give you an order, whatever it is, and you have to bow down really low every time one of them approaches you. They never bow back, and that's not fair or polite. If you don't bow, they cut you with the cane – but, if you've done something really bad or they're feeling extra bossy, they can send you to the cells as well. Then you miss the next two meals and have to clean out all the latrines. I got it once for grinning when a new guard told me one morning I was in the team for cooking the rice! He cut me all the way to the cells, but it's having no food that really hurts.

Peregrine has come out and bowed, and the guard is nodding to me. Peregrine is wearing some shorts I grew too big for. It's a good thing I have such a beautiful voice to earn money with, or I might have to use my towel for a loin cloth.

Friday 6th April

Nothing much worth writing about till today, but I think Peregrine is getting over the kissing. On Wednesday he started giving me lots of smiles again. He looks more beautiful than ever when he smiles. Anyway, I must write down the STRANGE THING that has happened. It is to do with Captain Sagawe, the Deputy Commandant.

The STRANGE THING. This evening, instead of it being an ordinary guard, Captain (I don't use "Capt.", because I absolutely hate, detest and reject abbreviations – except in dates, of course) well, Captain Sagawe came himself to be shower timekeeper. That was unique. I had done all my actual washing in a hurry, like we usually do, and was enjoying just letting the water spray over me, and waiting for him to give the "one minute" signal. Instead, I suddenly heard a sound behind me in the wash shed. When I turned round, it wasn't Peregrine (who I was hoping it would be), it was Captain Sagawe. I bowed low perfectly correctly, but he lifted up his bamboo cane and hit me on both buttocks. It wasn't a *real* hit that makes you bleed, but it stung. Then he said "Stand to attention!", so I immediately stood with my hands down by my sides. Then he stepped back and slid the end of the bamboo *under my penis* and lifted it up horizontal and, of course, it went stiff. Well, actually, it only went kind of half stiff, but thick. I kept still and said nothing. These people have all the power. That is why we are really prisoners, not just internees.

Then Captain Sagawe said "Get dry," and walked out. It's made me feel very strange. I once heard that these people cut off boys' willies and eat them, though I don't really believe it.

Friday 13th April

(I am not superstitious!) Ten more men have gone. One of them was Mr Arbuthnot. He was very rich before he was arrested, so I checked up all over the camp. The other nine were rich people too.

Peregrine said that a big car came and waited outside the barbed wire. A few minutes later all those ten men trotted out with their suitcases and got into this huge car. Everybody's saying the War must be nearly over, and all this favoritism to rich people is so that they will be kind to the officers when we arrest them back, but I don't believe it. In our History book it proved how Wars always last much longer than people think they're going to.

I liked Mr Arbuthnot. He gave me soap and pencils, but that's not the *main* reason. The *main* reason is this. Our hut, number 24CC, is long and thin, and there are beds all the way down each side, with a passageway in

the middle. There are thick bamboo screens six feet high for walls between the beds, but there is a gap between the tops and the roof to let the air go through. There is no air-conditioning, so you'd have to have gaps because it is always so hot, and people wouldn't be able to breathe, especially the old ones. Some are over forty. The trouble is there aren't any doors. Most of us hang up our towels or a blanket, to be private.

Now I have to write down something embarrassing. Otherwise you won't know why I really liked Mr Arbuthnot. Here goes.

I always thought, until I came to this camp, that only boys played with themselves in bed. Dad, who was a very nice man, once found out I did it (I don't know how) and had a talk with me. He explained how people used to think it sent you mad, like venereal disease, but that was rubbish. The doctors have proved it, so I shouldn't worry, only try to control it. It was just what they call "a phase" most boys went through.

Well, in our hut you can hear all sorts of noises. They seem to be amplified, and it's very hard to do *it* without making a noise. I was amazed when I worked out what some of the noises were that I could hear soon after people had gone to bed.

When I get *really* excited, my legs kick about all over the place, but even when I'm just rubbing gently you can hear. I know you can, because I can always hear the others doing it.

Well, one night when I thought everybody else was asleep, I was just rubbing myself quietly and stretching and squeezing my legs only a very little, when suddenly somebody pushed through my towel and sat on my bed, and whispered, "Would you like me to rub that Aladdin's Lamp of yours for you and let the genie out?" Then he started feeling around for it in the dark.

I knew who it was by his voice. He's a South African businessman. He is very ugly. Actually I thought it would be smashing to be rubbed up by somebody, but not by him. Dad said South Africans are nasty, because they beat up black people. I agree. Beating people up for their color isn't fair. Besides, this man smells worse than any of us. I am not telling his name, because after the War he might like some other boy who liked him back, and I wouldn't want them to get into trouble. Anyway, I was quite worried, because his fingers had just found my "balls". (Sorry.)

Then, exactly at that moment, the towel moved again and, the next thing I knew, the man had been hit and had fallen onto the floor and was being dragged out. All Mr Arbuthnot said was "Go to sleep. We'll talk about it tomorrow." I didn't know until the next morning that Mr Arbuthnot had punched him on the jaw and knocked him unconscious.

Mr Arbuthnot told me that if the South African ever came near me again I should shout, and everybody would know. Meanwhile, they were giving him a chance, because of the "stress and strain" here.

So that's why I liked Mr Arbuthnot and I'm sorry he's gone. People can't tell you they're going. It's absolutely, utterly, completely top secret.

The South African is another reason why I shan't try kissing Peregrine again. I'd love to, but he doesn't want me to, same as I didn't want the South African to rub me up.

Something else has happened, this very morning. I was doing my work, which this month is sweeping the compound from Captain Sagawe's tower all the way to the barbed wire opposite and then as far as the Hut 45NR latrines and back across to the gate where the car took the rich men away, and an escaped pig, a great big one, suddenly rushed right past me and charged straight into the barbed wire (keeping pigs is the Commandant's hobby, because they are rare here). It got stuck, and squealed and squealed and squealed. Then it stopped. There was blood spurting out of its neck. Nobody ever tries to escape from the camp, because the wire is very very thick, but it made me think. Suppose somebody got so fed-up with being a prisoner and it made him sort of mad and he tried to get out like that pig? His throat and other parts would all be torn open, and his blood would spit out like a wet firework. Then they would beat him until he died, like that other man.

I would love to escape, but there's nowhere to go to. When Dad packed my case he said, "If anything ever happens to your poor old father, remember that we are going to your uncle's in Paignton in England." I remember the name of the road. It's Goodrington. I wasn't very bright at Geography but I think I would have to get to somewhere like Australia first, because Australia is friendly. Then the Australians could get me to Paignton. (Perhaps I could get another Don Bradman photograph while I was there.) Now I don't feel like writing any more, because I keep crying, so I'll stop for a while. It's worse because I keep remembering that Peregrine comes from a very rich family too.

Later. Wonderful news! Peregrine came and said he's going to be in 24CC to take Mr Arbuthnot's place. Peregrine actually asked Captain Sagawe himself. So I think Peregrine is getting back to liking me.

Wednesday 18th April

This has been the best day since I came to the camp. The officers asked me to be the star in a concert. They were all present, and quite a few guards, and some women – mostly wives, I think. A lot of the

internees kept staring at the women, but I don't think they took much notice.

I had to sing and translate six songs. Between each two the guards gave out sweets to the audience. It's made me very popular. After the concert Captain Sagawe and the officers invited me to their mess, and I had PORK. It was that pig that went mad and killed itself. They have a deep freeze, just for them. It's not fair. Why can't we have nice things? We're supposed to be internees, not prisoners.

I told the officers I had just had my birthday. They laughed, and took up a collection for me and gave me actual money. One of them asked what I would really like best, so I told him the truth – lots to eat, and extra pairs of underpants. You'd have thought they were all crazy, the way they fell about laughing. Then they sent me back to 24CC.

Peregrine said, "Why're you so late?" I told him, and he laughed too. It's all right for him, he's beautiful and can get lots of things, just by smiling at people. I'm going to give him a present out of the money, but I don't know what yet.

Thursday 19th April

I asked Peregrine what he would like, and he was very mysterious. He said just money, and he'd get the present himself. So I gave him the money he needed, which was much more than I had meant, and made him promise to bring and show me the present.

Friday 20th April

Peregrine has just shown me his present. It's a magazine. He went very red when he handed it to me. It's full of naked women, and a few men with them. I was surprised. I didn't know he was interested in that sort of thing. He's never let on. He got it from one of the Americans. I suddenly saw the price on it and I was even more surprised, because the money he had from me was ten times as much.

I said, "You can't have used all that money just for this. You're not *that* stupid," and he went even redder and started sweating. So I *insisted*. I said, "If you won't tell me, I want my money back." I feel ashamed of that now. It was mean.

We were sitting on Peregrine's bed. The hut was quite full, so he said, "Not in here. Let's go round the wire." So we went. Everybody does, when they need to be private.

AMAZING INFORMATION. We sat down by Rich Man's Gate, and Peregrine told me his experience. He didn't look at me at all, just

stared at the ground the whole time. "You remember that servant woman who called out the other day?"

I did. We had just been passing the Commandant's tower, minding our own business, and this woman in a red dress called out, "Want to buy a kiss, pretty, rich boy?" They all know we speak the language. She belongs to the Commandant's wife. I think they're all slaves really, but they're called "house servants". This one must be about sixteen. We knew she meant Peregrine, because there's no way I could pretend to be rich. He blushed as red as her dress, and I laughed at him, but inside I felt jealous because he didn't blush when I wanted to kiss him, just got cross.

Anyway, this is what Peregrine told me he did with my money – his money. (More or less his own words.) "I wandered down to the Commandant's Tower and hung around there for about twenty minutes until she came out to kill a chicken. When she saw me, I held up some of the money. She nodded to me, then killed the chicken and went back in, and I waited. About five minutes later, she beckoned to me from the side door, and I ran in. It was pretty safe. Except for the guards on duty, everyone was having their afternoon rest."

I nodded to Peregrine. It's true about the middle of the afternoon. If you ever want to do something without many people knowing, that's always the best time.

Peregrine didn't look at me. He just stared down at the ground as if he was talking to the dust. He went very red again, and said in a sort of mumble, "When I got inside her room, I said I needed to know how much a kiss was. It wasn't brave really, because she had already asked me if I wanted one – and they're very poor, the slaves, and I had lots of money from you. Then I said, 'Do you do anything else for money?' She gawked at me, then asked how much I could give her. I showed her half of what you gave me, and she wanted more. I had to give her the lot. She locked the door, and we took off our clothes and got on her bed, and she taught me how you do you know what."

Peregrine stopped talking, but I ordered him to tell me every detail, which he did, very slowly. It didn't sound worth spending all my money on. The only time he looked at me was at the end, after describing the pleasure and saying "It was *brilliant*," and why didn't I try it? I suppose that was his way of thanking me, but next time I shall give him something else, not money. I never guessed he would do that. He hasn't got hair between his legs, as far as I remember, even though he is tall. I thought you had to have lots of hair (like me) before you could put stuff into a woman.

Actually I would pay him money if he would let me kiss him, but he never will, and I'm too scared to ask.

Friday 27th April

A teacher from Singapore, Mr Barton, and some of the English internees and me have arranged a cricket match. Peregrine and I are in opposite teams.

Saturday 28th April

The cricket match was great. We won. I scored 13. (I told you I wasn't superstitious!) The best thing was this. I was able to look at Peregrine close up all the time he was batting, and he couldn't know. I told you that he is very beautiful, which is true, but people mean his face and his smile, when they say that. I mean that as well, but what I really liked was being able to stare at his bottom and legs without anyone knowing. I used to be very proud of my bottom. I used to look at myself in the long mirror on Dad's wardrobe, and I thought my bottom was actually quite beautiful. I hope it still is, but there's no way of looking at it here.

Peregrine was wearing my old shorts but he is beginning to get too big for them. When he stretched forward to hit the ball, they went very tight.

I said the cricket match was "great", and I don't alter things once I've written them, but I should have put "very good", so as to keep "great" for my next wonderful piece of news, which is this. After the match, when it was shower time, Peregrine said he missed having eight minutes going in and out of the water, and he wouldn't mind sharing again, so *of course* I agreed. I think he just wants to show off his body, because he did things with that girl. I looked really closely out of the corners of my eyes, but I still couldn't see any hair between his legs. He has lots under his arms, though.

I have just read this diary right through. It seems to be mostly about sex. I thought it would be mainly about food and being bored. Perhaps sex is more important than food when you are fourteen?

I have decided to write a play. It is about a boy called Bruce Roberts, who is in love with another boy called Frederick Smithson-Hawke, who won't even let him kiss him. So Bruce, who is incredibly patient, decides to do something really adventurous to make Frederick like him, but luckily Frederick breaks his leg in the mountains. Bruce rescues him, and is allowed to claim a fortnightly kiss for a year as a reward. When I have

written it, I might show it to Peregrine. He agrees that Peterkin is the best character in "The Coral Island".

Sunday 29th April

Nothing today, except the food was short. In future I will only write when something special happens. I need to save paper and things.

Thursday 3rd May

SOMETHING SPECIAL *HAS* HAPPENED, and I feel very funny inside. No, it wasn't Peregrine letting me kiss him. That would be more than special. That would be "fantastimashing". Get it?

This is what actually happened. When Peregrine and I were sharing the shower, I LOOKED. He *does* have some PUBIC hairs, almost invisible ones. Dad told me about pubic hairs, but I had forgotten the word. Then I saw it this morning in the American magazine. Well, Peregrine suddenly whispered, "You're to report to Captain Sagawe's quarters straight after this shower. It's an order. He said I wasn't to tell you before. Said he didn't want dirty boys polluting his front door."

When the door opened, I nearly fell over, I was bowing so low and correctly, only it wasn't Captain Sagawe. It was one of the lieutenants, Lieutenant Goro, the great big one who's supposed to be very cruel. He looked at me in a strange way, and I felt very frightened. All he said was, "The Captain wishes to try you out as his house-servant. Report here at 5.15 in the morning." 5.15! We don't usually get up until six, except those on latrine duty.

I've asked Peregrine and three other men in our hut to make sure I wake up. You have to obey orders EXACTLY and WITH A SMILE. If not, you're being rebellious or insulting. Then you get a terrible beating. Smiling was hard at first. That was because, when everything was normal, I was taught not to smile at the locals. It's against their culture or something, but here Captain Sagawe and the other officers insist on the opposite.

That reminds me. I meant to write about the man who was killed. I'd better do it now. Then you will understand why it is so important to obey.

THE EXECUTION OF Mr MAINWARING. I didn't like Mr Mainwaring. He was very bossy and old-fashioned and had a very loud voice and a great ugly mustache. He always seemed to think he knew everything. He used to work in India a long time ago, then Singapore and all over. One day he was crossing the compound and met a guard walking

towards our hut. I think Mr Mainwaring must have been day-dreaming, because he didn't wait and bow down, but just turned a bit to go past him.

The guard couldn't believe it. He stood still for a moment and then screamed at the top of his voice, "Stop!"

I wasn't there. Another boy told me. Mr Mainwaring turned round and stared at the guard and said, "Bugger off. I'm not bowing down to any little Yellow God, even if he has eyes as green as emeralds." Then he walked away.

The guard blew his whistle, and all the other guards came running and surrounded Mr Mainwaring. The insulted guard ran off and came back with the Commandant (the evil ex-one, not the one we have now).

That was when I arrived. I heard the noise. The Commandant shouted, "One hundred lashes, in front of the internees." They never say "prisoners".

The whole compound had to line up, tallest at the back, smallest at the front. Some guards took off Mr Mainwaring's clothes and started beating him, one by one, ten lashes each. At first he didn't scream, just shivered and gasped. Then gradually he started moaning. They had to hold him up. Then he began shrieking. All his back and bottom were raw and skin was coming off like scraps of paper. Then he just howled and howled like a dog, until he fell on the ground, and we were all sent away. Afterwards they said he'd had a heart attack, but nobody believes it. So that's why we always obey orders and try to smile nicely.

Friday 4th May

Peregrine waited while I dressed, and kept looking at me with a very strange expression. I wondered why, but didn't dare to talk. All my alarm clocks had got out of bed at five o'clock and come to wake me up and remind me. I thought it was very kind of them. Peregrine was first but he stayed when the other three crept back to bed. We tried to be quiet, so as not to disturb the others in the hut too much.

When I was ready, Peregrine said, "Tell the Captain I have obeyed my orders and I bow very low." It wasn't just being polite. Peregrine was hoping he would be given a present, but he wouldn't tell me why.

There weren't many people about when I knocked on the tower door. We all have to work so hard the whole day in the terrible heat that no one ever wants to get up early, even when it's hot in bed. Also, until the latrine squads have done their work, some parts of the compound smell ABSOLUTELY FOUL.

When the door opened, I bowed low very correctly and then looked up to

see who it was, and smiled, but it was the girl who had got my money out of Peregrine. I was utterly surprised, because she actually belongs to the Commandant. She said, "Please you come in." Her voice sounded quite musical, now she was talking quietly. I told myself I would ask Peregrine about it, I mean, was she quieter indoors with him?

Inside the tower was warm but nowhere near as hot as the huts. I could hear humming noises. I think they have some hidden air-conditioning. I could smell food cooking, a really delicious smell, not like the revolting smell of our stuff.

The girl took me to the bottom of a flight of steps and pointed up, and said, "You go," and smiled. For a girl she is quite nice-looking. I wonder if Mr Mainwaring would have seemed nicer if he had spoken more quietly and shaved off that ugly great mustache?

At the top of the stairs there were two doors. One said "PRIVATE" and the other had a tile with "CAPTAIN SAGAWE" painted on it in very neatly drawn characters. I knocked on the one for Captain Sagawe, and a voice said, "Come in."

The Captain was sitting at a desk. As soon as I had shut the door behind me, he looked at his watch, and said "Five-seventeen." He was frowning. I felt terrified. Then he said, "You're late," in a very strict voice. "Lock the door." So I turned round and locked it as quick as I could.

"Take off your clothes." I wasn't sure if I'd translated properly, because some words are similar to others and you can easily muddle them.

The Captain was staring straight at me, and said in English, "Did I issue an order or did I not? Take them off." I felt very ashamed and embarrassed and even more frightened. I knew what was going to happen. "Bend over." He gave me three cuts, and they really hurt.

"Next time you meet me or any of my staff, you will remember to bow, just as you are doing now." It was only when he said this that I realized that I had forgotten to show respect when I came in. It was because I was so nervous and confused. "Now go outside and knock again."

"But, sir, I've got nothing on." (My exact words.)

The Captain sighed, and picked up the cane again, and said "Although we know you understand every word we say, I am talking to you in English, yet still you do not obey. Go and knock. You don't need to feel humiliated. The girl has gone."

Very quietly, I did what I was told. As soon as my feet were in, I bowed down as low as I could without falling. I was trying to smile but it was difficult, because my eyes were full of tears. As I bent down I

heard someone making rude noises behind me, and I went red all over. The Captain had been lying. The girl had not gone away, and I was showing her my bare bottom with the cuts on!

Even though I was so frightened of the Captain, I jumped up and whizzed round to shut the door. Then I saw that it wasn't the girl! It was Lieutenant Goro.

The Captain laughed, and called out, "He is learning good manners, Goro. He is going to be a very disciplined boy."

The Lieutenant laughed too, and shouted back, "Under your expert teaching, Captain, he will become perfect. I am leaving now to superintend breakfast. Is the boy to eat with the other internees?"

Captain Sagawe shook his head, and said, "No. He is practicing to be my house-servant and, therefore, he will share my food. Shut the door, please, Adam, and lock it." I bowed as low as I could stretch, to show that I was obeying properly, and he laughed. "There is no need for you to bow any more for the time being, only when we first meet, or I praise or reprimand you." So I turned the key quickly, before the girl or anybody else could come along.

The Captain said, "These are your orders for the day." This time he was smiling. "First, you will get my bath ready. Then you will prepare our breakfast. After we have eaten, you will dust and sweep my rooms and clean my windows, then all my boots and belts and my gun. Don't be afraid. I have taken the bullets out. After that you will be free to read one of my books or write your diary."

I jumped, and must have looked horrified. The Captain stopped speaking for a moment. It was because he saw me jump. (Actually I meant to say ages ago that, when I write down people's words, they are not always the *exact* words, but the best I can do to remember them.) "My dear Adam," he said next, "you surely do not imagine that we are unaware of the things which interest you? I shall not embarrass you by reading your diary. To do so in my family would be dishonorable. Only if I discovered that you were revealing it to other internees, would I demand to see it. Do you understand?"

I nodded. He could see I was blushing and was afraid. Actually I think he is quite a nice man to treat me like that. I'm sure some officers would have forced me to let them see what I write.

Next, the Captain told me, "We shall have lunch together, and then you will be free until wash time, when you will return here for farther orders, and for supper. There is one thing you must always remember. An officer's house-servant has no tongue. The Commandant is adamant

about it. When you leave any room in any officer's lodgings, everything you have heard or seen there remains locked in behind the doors. You will not even talk about it to your friend Smith P.F. You understand?"

I nodded again, and asked permission to speak. When the Captain nodded back, I said, "Pere – Smith P.F. wishes me to say that he believes he has obeyed your orders. He bows very low to you."

Captain Sagawe bowed, and said, "Thank you. I will give you something for him this evening."

There was a knock at the door. My heart began to bump again, and I grabbed up my underpants to put them on. The Captain shook his head, and whispered, "No, no. Just stand behind the door." I heard him talking quietly to the person outside. Then he locked the door again.

I had started dressing, but the Captain stopped me, and explained, "When I said 'No, no', that was an order. Take them off. Stand in the middle of the room and let me have a good look at you."

I think I went red right down to the soles of my feet. The curtains were still shut, but they looked very thin. Plenty of light was coming through them. I told myself that they must be thick enough, or we would have seen through them when we were in the compound. So I just stood in my birthday suit in the middle of the room while the Captain stared at me. Then he said, "Turn round," and I knew he must be studying my bottom. I felt ashamed, because it must have looked awful with the cuts on it. I could still feel them stinging. Then he said, "Turn round again with your arms out and your legs astride. Good. Now lift up your right leg. Now the left. Okay. Relax."

I bent down to pick up my clothes, and he said, "No, no" again. "Leave them off until I tell you. It's never cold in here, even so early in the day."

For the rest of the morning, I had to do everything with no clothes on.

The first thing was the CAPTAIN'S BATH. It really isn't fair. Why should these men, who are going to lose the War, make us live in dirty huts and do dirty work and have only four minutes in a mucky old shower in a shed, and they walk around in smart uniforms all day long ordering everybody about, and then they have as much water as they like and a shiny porcelain bath big enough for two people? The Captain's is pink and must be more than six foot long. There is a sort of shelf all the way round the whole thing. It's beautiful. The toilet is in the bathroom. Even the bathroom has a carpet. A carpet! It wouldn't last long in our shed! I could feel the lovely soft hairs with my toes, everywhere I

walked in the quarters.

There are three sorts of soap in the bathroom. Three! One is a liquid and smells like roses. If I can get away with it, I might pinch some. (I hope the Captain really is honorable and doesn't read people's diaries.) He told me he likes the water just warm to start with, so I was very careful, and tested it with my elbow, like Mummy used to before she died.

I felt a bit ashamed, because, when I was kneeling down and testing the water, I could smell myself. They should let us have water in the morning if we want, instead of the evening. Anyway, it's not my fault.

I was just kneeling down and giving the water another elbow test, when I heard the Captain's voice right behind me. I hadn't noticed him coming in, because the carpet is so soft. He said, "Is it ready, Adam?" His voice sounded quite kind for once. I turned round to get up, and he was standing right beside me and he had nothing on, and I was staring straight at his middle. I'd expected him to send me out while he undressed and had his bath, so I was really astonished. You don't expect officers to show themselves in front of internees, or grown-ups in front of children – well, people my age.

Before I could think what to do, he stepped right over me, and sat down in the bath and said, "Good. Perfect. Well done."

That was a compliment, so I stood up and bowed.

Officers look different out of uniform. Captain Sagawe isn't particularly handsome – his face, I mean – but, when he was lying stretched out on his back, he looked really nice. There was just enough water to cover his body, and it showed off his figure. He's got very black pubic hairs. (I'm getting to like the word "pubic".) They floated like a flower in the middle of the bath. Then he sat up and said, "The green soap, please," and washed his face and his back and his front, then from his knees down to his feet. Then he knelt in the water and did the rest. I was just fetching his towel from the rail, but he said, "Now the yellow." The yellow is the jelly kind of stuff, well, more like oil, and smells beautiful, like our garden used to.

Then the Captain said, "Good, now you." I thought he meant I had to give myself a bath. I wouldn't have minded, because of my smell, but he didn't mean that. "Not my face," he said, "start with my neck, and then my back and chest."

I was PETRIFIED. The Captain wanted me to rub the stuff on. I said, "Is it an order, sir?" I didn't want to feel that bamboo on my behind again.

The Captain replied, "Yes... all right, Adam... an order." He looked

surprised. I rubbed some on my hand and then onto his top half. Then he told me to do his legs, so I rubbed it on his knees and down his shins and calves.

Then the Captain said, "Okay. Now finish me." He stood up, and I couldn't believe it, but it was an order. I had to put my hands between his legs and rub the oil on *everywhere* and in his bottom! Then he sat down, and told me to turn the hot tap on. When he had enough hot water, he lay in it for about five minutes, then let it all out and made me shower him. There's a shower on a plastic pipe which you can aim anywhere you like. I thought Captain Sagawe was also going to ask me to dry him, but he just smiled, and took the towel and did it himself. I gave him his clothes, and we went back into the main room.

There's a sort of little kitchen in an alcove. The carpet doesn't go into the kitchen. I had to fry bits of chicken and some dumplings in sauce. I felt half angry and half jealous, having to cook nice food, but didn't say anything, because that would have been insulting, and I was going to get some, anyway. Fancy... pork, and fried chicken in sauce, and dumplings! And some rice wine. I was only allowed to drink half a glass. After that, I had to have water. I was really stinking from working in the kitchen, but partly it was nerves.

Then Captain Sagawe said, "Go to the toilet and have a wash." That was the best order he had given me so far. I would have loved to have used the shower and that yellow oil, but I didn't dare. When I came back, he said, "I've got some work to do with Lieutenant Goro. Then I shall inspect the huts. Nobody will come here, but keep the door locked. You will find all the equipment you need in the cupboards. You remember what to do?"

I nodded politely and bowed and smiled. Then an amazing thing happened. Captain Sagawe bowed back to me.

It was hard work dusting and sweeping. I was glad I could be naked. It was even harder work cleaning his military stuff. The gun was already sparkling, and I wondered if it was the one I had seen twinkling when I was in the wash shed. Anyway I polished it, so that I would be obeying COMPLETELY. In public the officers are always fantastically smart. It was really difficult to make the leather things shine, though. Then I thought of something.

I went into the bathroom and pushed past the screen in the corner into Captain Sagawe's bedroom and there, like a miracle, was a wardrobe... with a full-length mirror – and so, after two years and 100 days I was able to look at myself again. I am happy to report that, even

if I'm rather thin like all of us, the shape of my bottom is as nice as ever, though the red marks spoil the look of it at the moment. So I bowed to myself and smiled, then ran out into the main room and fetched the captain's spare cane and ran back and stood to attention, and lifted up my willie with the end of the cane, and the willie went really long and stiff, and I took a photograph in my mind of what I saw in the glass. The willie really did look like a cock, but I prefer to say "willie", because it sounds like "Will he?", and I imagine different juicy answers to questions beginning with "Will he...?"

I went back into the main room and chose a book out of the Captain's shelves, and sat down in his huge armchair, and started reading. It was ten minutes before my willie was able to hang loose again.

You would be surprised at the books I found in the shelves. Most came from England and are school stories and adventure books. I'm going to ask Captain Sagawe if he ever went to England. He speaks really good English. He's got an illustrated copy of *The Jungle Books* by Kipling, with beautiful pictures of Mowgli in, both books in one volume. So I'm reading that. I used to have them at home, but they didn't have such lovely pictures. I want to go to India one day when the War's over – as long as India didn't turn me into someone like Mr Mainwaring. I wonder if you can get money by letting people photograph you when you are in the nude, like Mowgli?

Because of reading, I forgot about everything else, even Peregrine. I think I would have gone on reading all day, except to go to the toilet as often as possible. It's lovely to be able to use a proper toilet.

Suddenly there was a very quiet knock at the door, and my heart went bump again. I slid my toes deep into the carpet all the way over, and called out, "Who's there?" but it was only Captain Sagawe.

Fancy me writing *only* Captain Sagawe, but he doesn't seem quite as frightening now. Besides, I knew I'd done my best with the work. I bowed low, and he bowed back to me but not quite as low. He didn't say a word, just stalked off and inspected everything. When he came back he said, "Very good, Adam, except for one omission – and did you find my bed comfortable?"

Of course my heart started leaping about all over again. It was true. I had let myself get into the bed for just a minute, to see how it felt to be in a proper posh bed again. Afterwards I thought I'd arranged it exactly as it had been.

I said, "I was only in it for a moment, sir. I didn't dirty it."

Captain Sagawe is tough. He just replied, "Bend over." It was only

one cut and not very hard, but then he said, "That's for thoughtlessness, and this is for not cleaning my windows." I couldn't believe my ears. How could I have been so stupid?

I got two really nasty cuts for that. Then the Captain said, "Even I would never get into my bed dirty. However, that is not the important thing. The important thing is your discipline. Everyone in this camp is over twelve years old. That is an age when each of us can understand how to behave."

There was a knock on the door. Captain Sagawe said, "Wait in the bathroom. It's the girl – with our lunch."

The lunch was marvelous. There was a huge bowl of fried rice with meat and bean-shoots and curry sauce and yoghurt. I don't think we even had such nice food at home. Then the Captain gave me cakes and sweet tea. I felt ashamed. I didn't deserve such a treat when I'd been so disobedient, so I said I was very very sorry. Captain Sagawe said "Good," and smiled. "You are learning, and you're not blushing so much."

I think that was true. At first, because I knew he kept looking at me, I kept blushing and, because he had caned me twice on my bare bottom, I felt extra ashamed. (I still had to wriggle a bit while I was sitting down eating, because my bottom was sore.)

Then the Captain said, "My English is not good," (untrue), "but I have read somewhere that in your religion it is said that Adam was the first man to be created. Is it said also that he was very handsome?"

That made me blush, but I said, as politely as I could, "Excuse me, sir, I have no religion. I don't believe in God, not since He let my father drown when we were trying to leave."

The Captain said "Ah", like a gull cawking. He lifted up his face, and his eyes seemed to be drilling right through me. "So, that was what happened? Our records say simply that you are an orphan."

In spite of the lovely lunch, I felt sick. I think it was from remembering Dad. I informed the Captain about how, when I was picked up, I told everybody that I was an orphan. I couldn't make myself tell anybody what had just happened to my father.

Captain Sagawe said, "Can you bear to tell *me*?" There was that same kind sound in his voice that I had heard in the bathroom.

I said "Yes," and told the Captain how there was a great crowd of little boats going out to the ship, and some kept crashing into each other, and ours was nearly tipped over, and Dad fell out into some thick oily grease, and he couldn't swim in it, and choked, and it swallowed him, and his hands stuck out, and then he disappeared.

When I said "disappeared" I started to cry, and Captain Sagawe got up and came to my chair, and put an arm round my shoulders and said, "Thank you. You have told me enough. I did not intend to make you cry."

I apologized and said, "I couldn't help it."

Captain Sagawe nodded, and said, "Go and wash your face. Then you can read to me, so that I can enjoy hearing English spoken properly."

I told the Captain his English was perfect. He said, "Thank you, but my English is only good, not perfect. You will read to me from 'Coral Island', please."

I was very surprised. I hadn't seen "The Coral Island" in the shelves.

The Captain smiled and said, "You are an honest boy, Adam Olivers. You did not look inside my safe, even though the key was lying on top?"

I was a bit rude then. I almost shouted, "Of course not, sir! It was locked!"

"Exactly. You are indeed honest. The book is in the safe. It belonged to your friend Smith P. F. He gave it to me. What you call a 'peace offering', I think."

We read for the next half hour, until the Captain told me to dress and go away, and come back at wash time.

Peregrine was quite disappointed when I turned up without a present or even a proper message. He asked me if I'd gone and annoyed the Captain, but I just said that we weren't allowed to mention anything that happened in the officers' quarters. Then Peregrine said, "Did he ask you to do anything... strange?"

So I had to tell Peregrine again that everything that went on there was private. He seems to be getting very nosy nowadays. I thought it was all right to ask him about "The Coral Island", because that book had once been mine. I told him he shouldn't give presents away unless he asked the original giver first, but he only muttered that, once you had given somebody something, it was theirs to do what they wanted with – which is true, like him and that money. So I just asked him, "Why *did* you give it to Captain Sagawe?"

Then Peregrine went all red, and stomped off in a temper, and shouted, "Why should I have to tell you everything I do? You're not a bloody officer!"

I'm taking this diary over to Captain Sagawe's rooms, to bring it up to date in spare minutes. I'm sure he'll keep his promise and not read it. I

think Captain Sagawe is very honorable, even if he is terribly strict. My bottom is still sore. I don't understand why he needs to be *so* strict. I'm not *really* rude or lazy. I'm sure I worked much harder than that stupid girl would have. People are lining up for showers, so I'll close now and go back to Captain Sagawe's.

Very much later.

AMAZING THINGS!!!

As soon as I had shut the door and bowed, I took off my shorts and underpants and started undoing my shirt, but Captain Sagawe said, "No, Keep everything on." I felt a bit disappointed. I've got used to him being able to look at me all the time, and I'm enjoying going around bare. Then he said, "You still have those windows to clean," and of course I blushed like a madman again. Anyway, it only took me about a quarter of an hour to clean them and put back the net curtains. Then I IMMEDIATELY said "Shall I undress now?"

Captain Sagawe said, "Not for a moment." He kept on looking at his watch. After a few minutes, he handed me some binoculars in shiny metal frames, and pointed to one of the windows. It's a sash window, so I shoved the bottom part up (with only one hand) and leaned out. Then I knew what it was that had been twinkling into my eyes. It was the sun on the binoculars, not on a gun barrel.

I was looking down along into the wash shed, and it was Peregrine, and he was pissing into the shower (wait till I can tease him)!

Captain Sagawe came and stood behind me and stroked my shoulders, and laughed, and said, "Do you think I should go down and spank those nice little buttocks of his?"

It was terrible. I suddenly felt so jealous that I wanted to screech like that dying mad pig. First there was that stupid girl calling Peregrine "pretty, rich boy", and then doing things with him. Now there was Captain Sagawe wanting to touch him on the backside, and *I* can't even get a kiss. Also I felt jealous in another way hard to explain, only somehow it seemed to me that I wanted the Captain to spank *my* bottom and not Peregrine's.

Then the first amazing thing happened.

1ST AMAZING THING.

Captain Sagawe suddenly said, "While you're still dressed, go down and tell your friend that you are staying here tonight, and he will get a message from me in the morning."

That was the first moment I knew that I would be sleeping in

Captain Sagawe's quarters. I thought, 'It's a good job the armchair's so huge, easily big enough to curl up in.'

When I told Peregrine, he blushed the reddest I've ever seen anyone ever blush. It was like the sunset when the compound's really extra-extra hot and dusty. His smell was really lovely. I guessed that he had been given some high-class soap by the Commandant's wife. He asked me again, "Did Captain Sagawe want you to do anything *unusual*?"

So I had to repeat once more that everything in the quarters is strictly private. Peregrine really is a bit thick these days.

Later. This time I was able to take my clothes off. It's strange how quickly I've got used to going round like a savage, and not caring that Captain Sagawe is able to look at me. Perhaps it's because I saw myself in the mirror, and everything is ALL RIGHT.

Then Captain Sagawe said, "You are not fragrant."

I must have blushed as red as a Peregrine sunset, because it was awfully true. I was smelling like a skunk, so I just looked at the carpet and waited to be caned. Then I thought of an excuse. I said, "I'm very sorry, sir, but I came back at the time you ordered, and I missed my turn at the wash shed."

Captain Sagawe gave a huge laugh, and said, "Of course. Those were your orders. It is not your fault that you smell. When you have given me my evening bath, it'll be your turn to have one." I bowed low, then ran into the bathroom and got the water ready, and things happened exactly like in the morning, except for him telling me this time to dry him. I was embarrassed again, because he meant *everywhere*. So I said, "Is it an order, sir?" His face went all puzzled again, then he said that it was an order, more or less. I wasn't sure what that meant, so I dried him. It made me awfully nervous, and I had to sit down and use the toilet immediately after, right in front of him.

Then Captain Sagawe said, "You would have had to go to the toilet, anyway, before bathing. Hop in now." He had let the dirty water out and was already running some fresh in for me. Of course I only used the plain soap. There was a knock on the door, and he went to see who it was. When he returned he said, "Aren't you going to use the yellow stuff? You said it reminded you of gardens." So I smiled, then bent my shoulders. I couldn't bow properly, sitting in the water, and I started rubbing the stuff on. That was when the second amazing thing happened.

2ND AMAZING THING.

Suddenly Captain Sagawe said, "Would you like me to rub you with it?"

I couldn't believe my ears. It was me supposed to be the servant. I didn't know how to answer, except, as usual, by saying, "Is it an order, sir?"

Captain Sagawe laughed and laughed and laughed, then, just as suddenly, went very serious, and looked puzzled again, and said, "My dear Adam, this is not a punishment or discipline."

I just nodded, I was so astonished.

Captain Sagawe rubbed the oil into my back and chest. Then he told me to stand up, and he rubbed it into my bottom and my privates, and I was **TOTALLY ASHAMED**, because my willie stood straight up in his hand.

I was sure the Captain would send me back to 24CC in disgrace, but instead he just said, "Good. You're healthy, in spite of living in this wretched place. Perhaps you would prefer to dry yourself?" I did.

Afterwards I had to read aloud again and lay the table for supper. Suddenly Captain Sagawe said "Lieutenant Goro will be joining us." I must have looked **HORRIFIED**, but Captain Sagawe just smiled and said, "Don't look so worried. He will not be eating *you*. He is coming for the rice!" That wasn't why I was horrified, of course, so I had to explain quickly that I couldn't run around naked and sit at the table naked, if somebody else was there.

Captain Sagawe laughed again, thank goodness, and said that he wouldn't dream of such a thing. Then he showed me into that room marked "PRIVATE". You can get into it from his bedroom. It's a sort of walk-in safe where the officers keep their treasures and special belongings locked up in suitcases, one for each officer. The Captain explained that, if there was an emergency and everyone had to leave in a real hurry, he would open the room, and they would grab their cases and go. I thought it was a very good idea.

Captain Sagawe unlocked his case and took out some beautiful shirts and underpants and shorts, and asked me to choose.

I could not believe my ears, and Captain Sagawe said, "Go on. You told us you would like some underpants, and I'm sure that new shorts would be acceptable too?"

The Captain is not much bigger than me, and nearly all the clothes fitted perfectly. He told me to go and look in the mirror. I am not beautiful, not like Peregrine, but when I was dressed in those smart clothes I actually looked more than handsome. I looked fantastilicious. I felt myself all over. I was so wonderfully clean and smart and sweet-smelling.

Lieutenant Goro didn't seem *quite* so bad when you were sitting at a meal with him, instead of being beaten for not cleaning the latrines properly.

He has very staring eyes. When Captain Sagawe stares at me, I feel almost a bit proud, but when the Lieutenant was looking up and down me and all over, I felt as if I wasn't dressed, which is silly, because I *was*, and I'm *not* when only the Captain is here. It's hard to explain, but that's how I felt.

IMPORTANT FACT. Captain Sagawe *has* been to England. He is really half English. He was born there and lived there until he was nearly thirty. His mother was English and he was in the Navy. Then his father and all the family came back here and Captain Sagawe changed navies. It was long before the War. He studied "Marine Construction" at a place called Barbridge, and he says Paignton is not far from there. So that's how he comes to speak such good English. He couldn't get out of being in the War and he was specially chosen to be in charge of internees because he knows all about Westerners. He told me he is really as much English as anything else, only he has to hide it. He said his father was bitterly disappointed in him because of him not being properly part of their real culture. Now I understand.

Lieutenant Goro's English is only just understandable. He once had a holiday in America. He's interested in boats too. That's how it came out about Captain Sagawe. They were arguing over frigates. They talked all the time as if I wasn't there. Once they even talked about me and my standard of discipline, but I understood, even though they were deliberately using a different dialect.

Captain Sagawe waved a hand around and said that I had done all the dusting and sweeping and cleaned the windows and so on, and wasn't it good?

That's when I asked about Paignton. The Lieutenant only sort of grunted politely. I don't think he likes me.

Supper was as good as lunch, better. There was more of it. Captain Sagawe let me have not just half a glass of wine but *one* and a half. Wine is certainly a good idea. It makes you feel quite relaxed, which I needed, because of the Lieutenant being there. He kept touching me, even though I hinted that I didn't want him to, so the wine was ESSENTIAL. It seemed ages before he left and all their boring talk was finished and the door was locked again, but after a million minutes he actually went, and the very last thing he said was, "Just make sure, Captain. The discipline must be perfect." It's really hard to like him, even if he is the Captain's friend.

When the Lieutenant had gone, I was able to ask my important question. I didn't want to have to go back to the compound once I had

cleaned the dishes and we could settle down for the evening, so I said straight-away, "Shall I go and get my pillow and blanket now, before washing up?" I knew there weren't any spare bed things, because I had noticed that there were only uniforms and underwear in the wardrobe. "I can lie down on the floor if you don't want me to use the armchair." (Actually I didn't see why I shouldn't use it.) I said I would keep my underpants on, just in case.

The Captain laughed, and said, "I hope that won't be necessary, my dear Adam, but the washing-up is. Take off those nice clean 'togs'." (I think that's what he said, but he meant "clothes".) "It would be a pity to spoil them with kitchen grease."

I am writing this in the armchair in front of Captain Sagawe while he does some work at his desk. When he said "grease", it reminded me, and made tears come out of my eyes, and he – well, he must be very intelligent, because he immediately said "I'm sorry. That was not a good word to use. Go on, get out of those clothes and do your work in the kitchen. Then you can relax in the chair for a while and read something or write your diary."

Captain Sagawe wanted me to read to him for a bit first, but I was dying for a pee as usual, so I asked if I could go to the toilet and then read. I think it was all that wine.

Then he said "Finish your work quickly. After that you can tun yourself a nice bath. Use any of the soaps and oils you like, and come back beautiful and fresh, so that neither of us will feel disgusted by that kitchen sweat." He looked at his watch. "You can have seventeen minutes."

That was a fantastilarvellous bath. I lay full-length with my feet up on the taps. The trouble was that I kept crying, because I was remembering our bath at home.

Then Captain Sagawe shouted, "Three minutes!"

I went into the private room, without asking permission, and chose some new underpants and shorts, and put them on. When I reported back to the Captain, he was signing letters. He looked up and said, "Come here. Let me inspect you." He sniffed the air all round me and patted my skin, then smiled and said, "Perfect." I agree. I smelled like the arboretum near our house.

Captain Sagawe said, "Now we shall read some more of 'The Coral Island'. Then it will be 'early to bed' etc."

When the Captain had had enough reading and talked about it, we made some fruit juice and gobbled some cakes, and I went to the toilet

again. Captain Sagawe looked at his watch and smiled. "It is nine o'clock."

I thought, 'At last he's going to say it's bedtime,' but instead he told me to stand in the middle of the room. Then he went and sat back in the huge armchair with his legs wide apart, and studied me. Then he said, in the kind voice, "Come and sit down."

I felt a little embarrassed, but it sounded like an order, so I sat between his legs on the edge of the chair, with my back to him. Then the third amazing thing happened.

3RD AMAZING THING.

Captain Sagawe suddenly leaned forward and turned my head round, and KISSED MY FACE! Then he kissed me between my shoulder blades, and then licked them and my neck.

I went tingle all over. All sorts of things flashed through my mind – Peregrine refusing me when I asked *him* for a kiss and him pushing me off, the South African in my cubicle and Mr Arbuthnot rescuing me, Lieutenant Goro touching me and me not liking it, and Dad talking about boys "going through a phase". Then my mind jumped back to Peregrine again, him blushing and asking me funny mysterious questions.

I knew I was absolutely helpless. Captain Sagawe had all the power. The door was locked and I had just shut the windows because it was almost bedtime. If I shouted, he only needed to say that he was disciplining me, but no one would hear, anyway.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't going to shout. Besides, I'd never be able to tell anybody what went on in here, because the Commandant would cut out my tongue and throw it on the rubbish heap. Even if it wasn't and some people listened to me, no one could do anything. *We* are all prisoners. *They* have the guns and the cells – and the binoculars – and they beat Mr Mainwaring to death.

Suddenly Captain Sagawe put his hands round the tops of my legs, with his thumbs actually pressing my "round things"! His chin was on my shoulder, and he whispered in my right ear, "Your friend wanted more than kissing, but not with me. He wanted the girl." Captain Sagawe paused. "Do *you* want more than kissing?"

I really shivered this time. These officers know so much about you, everything. Well, not quite. If it was everything, Captain Sagawe wouldn't have needed to ask me, so I replied, "Yes, but not with her. How did you know about Smith and her?"

The Captain licked between my shoulders again and down to the

middle of my back. I went all nervous and said in a hurry, "Sir, you ordered me to come here and be your servant, and you are very powerful. You could do anything you choose to me, without asking me if I wanted it"

Captain Sagawe must have had a really big smile on his face and opened his mouth very wide, because I could feel his hot breath zizzing against my neck. Then he said, "My dear Adam," (and squeezed my legs when he said 'Dear') "the girl is only in this camp because she is a distant relation of mine, so she is grateful and brings me a percentage of her earnings, and informs me how she got them. Now then, would you like *me* to show you what a 'bit more than kissing' can be like?" I don't remember his exact words, but they meant what I have just written.

I bowed my head. I couldn't speak, because my throat had suddenly filled up with something.

I heard Captain Sagawe draw in his breath, and then he asked me, "Did Smith P. F. tell you it was an order to come to my quarters?"

That really surprised me, and I immediately said, "Yes, sir, of course."

Captain Sagawe took his hands away, and there was a very long silence. Then he said, "We have been sharing a misunderstanding. I hope I can now rely on your discipline. You remember what I said about the locked doors?" I told him that of course I did. Nothing whatsoever could be revealed, not even to closest friends. Then he said, "And is Smith your closest friend?"

I said that Smith was the only other boy left in the compound, but I did like him quite a lot.

The Captain said, "And did you try to kiss him once?"

So I had to confess. Then the Captain said, "I told your friend that I saw the incident through my binoculars, but I thought it was he who was trying to steal a kiss, and I invited him up here, and he refused to let me kiss him either. Now do you understand?"

I did understand, and Peregrine was a liar. Captain Sagawe is **TOTALLY HONORABLE**. He thought I'd come to his quarters because I wanted to. No wonder he kept being puzzled when I seemed to be so shy. I told him that I would definitely have come **IMMEDIATELY** if I'd known properly.

Then the **REAL THING** happened. I don't know whether to call it part of the 3rd **AMAZING THING**. The Captain said, "I know you keep yourself fit. I have watched you practicing gymnastics in the compound, and your body is strong and trained, in spite of your limited diet."

I blushed. I'm a bit proud of my fitness and the exercises I do. So, when the Captain said next, "Would you like some pleasure? Can you swing those supple young legs right back over yourself on either side of

my head?", I didn't say a word. I just tried a sort of reverse somersault but couldn't quite do it, so he propped up my legs, and we managed to dangle my ankles over his shoulders and then, by wriggling my hips up, I got my feet hanging quite low behind the top of the chair.

What a funny position! It was only when I was hanging there that I started thinking how funny it was. I'd been expecting Captain Sagawe to do the same as the South African, only this time I wouldn't be trying to stop it. The Captain's neck was right up as far as it could get between my legs, and his face was rubbing against my bottom. His hands were still holding my thighs tight, and I stretched myself out as far as I could from my waist to my toes, so I could feel all the strength of my muscles. Then suddenly he lifted my thighs up and wriggled his nose into my privates and kept pushing and sniffing. Then he found the end of my willie, which had gone stiff as a piece of sugar cane, and the next second it was in his mouth, and he started to suck it – and that is how, I have discovered the MOST PERFECT, PERFECTER, PERFECTEST THING ever.

In a few minutes I was getting the perfect feelings all over my body but especially in my privates, until it got so fantastitastitastittastilectric that I couldn't balance properly any more, and Captain Sagawe had to hold me up, and all my stuff came out in a great rush and my legs flew about all over the place and my feet hit the wall behind the chair and hurt, but it didn't matter, and I went "Orrrrrrrr!" and collapsed, but he didn't stop sucking. He just held me in his arms, like holding a baby, until everything was over. Then he let my willie slide out, and the end of it went all soft and jellyish, and felt marvelous when he touched it. It was the most wonderful, PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL POSSIBLE thing in the WHOLE WORLD, and I never knew anyone so small could be so strong.

After that, Captain Sagawe carried me onto his bed and took off his clothes as quick as lightning and told me to lie on my left side with my right arm up over my head. Then he sort of crouched on either side of me, with one leg squeezing my chest and the other pressing into my back, with his willie sticking up into my armpit. Then he leaned downward on me and started rubbing himself against my ribs. He was a bit heavy but I didn't mind, even when *it* happened, and his stuff splashed all over my chest and up in my armpit and on my throat. Then he grabbed me and hugged me in a usual frontward way, and we just seemed to be one great stickiness, but I didn't care. It was the BEST EVENING of my WHOLE

existence. Afterwards we had lots of cake and fruit juice, and we spent all night hugging each other and having "sexual intercourse", which Captain Sagawe says is the scientific word for it, and then I suddenly fell asleep.

When I woke up again, I found I was lying with my back against Captain Sagawe's chest and he was cuddling me and playing with my privates. My thighs were stretching up and down, but I made it last at least two more minutes and then shot my stuff out all over his nice clean sheet! This time I didn't get my bottom caned for thoughtlessness. Instead he kissed it all over, and my belly and my pubic hair! Then I cried because the feeling had been so beautiful. Fancy it making you cry for something beautiful!

Captain Sagawe and I have agreed that we will do it every night. I love Captain Sagawe, and Dad was quite wrong. I KNOW this isn't just a "phase". I suppose Peregrine tries to get the same marvelousness by doing it with that girl, and I feel very sorry for him for what he is missing. I have persuaded Captain Sagawe not to punish him for telling lies, but I'm going to find a way of punishing him myself.

I have decided that, unless something ultra-ultra special happens, I shan't write about our sexual intercourse for the next week or two, because it would be repeating the same sort of thing every time.

Saturday 5th May.

Captain Sagawe brought a camera this morning. We took three pictures. One was of me. Then I took one of him. Then he timed it, and we took one of us both together. Hope they come out good.

ULTRA-ULTRA SPECIAL FACT. While we were sitting together being photographed, Captain Sagawe told me HE LOVES ME! I am so happy.

Saturday 19th May.

The last two weeks have been S.U.P.E.R.B. They have proved it isn't a phase. Captain Sagawe is still strict. He says he is *obliged* to discipline me, and I will understand one day, but I don't have much problem with that now. I must be the most obedient person in the world. For example, one night he made me lie on the carpet for four hours without moving or speaking. I had nothing on, naturally, and I got very cold, and at last I couldn't bare (joke) it any longer. I asked him to let me get up. Then he gave me quite a painful cut on my bottom and refused to have sexual intercourse with me. Why does he behave like that when I

know he loves me?

I had to practice the same discipline the next night, but this time I managed it without complaining. He was working at his desk all the four hours, watching me. He made me do the same discipline one more night, and I'm pleased to report that I controlled myself properly. Afterwards, in a worried sort of voice, he said, "I think you will be all right now," which is a strange thing to say.

So we're back to having SEXUAL INTERCOURSE again. (I think I like those words more than "pubic" now.) So I'm not only the most disciplined... I'm also the *happiest* person in the world. Still, if I loved somebody very much, I wouldn't be so ultra strict with them, even if it was for their own good, like he says it is, or to hide it from everyone else.

I am waiting patiently. Captain Sagawe is going to tell me something important later. I wonder what? I've got all the clothes and food and books I want, and we have sexual intercourse all the time.

I forgot to write down something, this... that after the first night, I did have to take a message to Peregrine. It was: "Thank you. Although you did not obey my order properly, the result is satisfactory. Your reward is to sleep with the girl for one night until five a.m. free of charge." Peregrine was SO EMBARRASSED!

LATER. Captain Sagawe and HALF of the important thing. He is going away this afternoon and won't be back until tomorrow afternoon, and I've got to be Lieutenant Goro's servant till then. I am to obey him as if he were always my officer. I'm not being told the other half of the important information until tomorrow bedtime.

Sunday 20th May.

Everything is terrible. The Lieutenant doesn't keep things clean and tidy like Captain Sagawe, and he doesn't have carpets, only mats made out of rushes which hurt your feet. Everything, including him, stinks of cigarettes. He told me to make his rooms as good as the Captain's. It took me hours, but that is not the WORST THING.

I've been mentioning about cigarettes and mats and things because I don't like writing down what he DID IMMEDIATELY I was in his sitting-room. He just locked the door and said, "Strip!"

That didn't worry me, because I'm used to being naked indoors. Then the Lieutenant said, "Bend over. Hold the legs of that table." I couldn't think why he needed to beat me. It is a low table. When I bent over to hold

it, my buttocks were sticking up. The Lieutenant grabbed me and pushed his thing in between them (I refuse to use the name "willie" for his thing) and he did his sexual intercourse inside me. He didn't even ask. That's rape, and it hurt. When I yelled, he slapped my face, and shouted, "Discipline!" I fell on the floor, but he pulled me up and caned me for insulting him. Then I had to do all his housework.

Now it is afternoon rest time. Lieutenant Goro is fast asleep because of having three lots of sex on me, so I've sneaked out of the bed and am bringing this up to date. I hate him.

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. I have been crying for ages. Captain Sagawe has gone out on patrol for an hour. He told me to write down my feelings, because it will help. So here are the HORRIBLE WORDS.

Captain Sagawe is LEAVING. He told me just after we had had some really wizard sexual intercourse, and I was lying on top of him and kissing his nose. He put his hands up and held me by the shoulders and looked into my eyes, and said, "Bad news, my lovely Adam. Next week I am being transferred, and we shall almost certainly never see each other again. I've kept it a secret as long as possible, but now you must know." Then he cried. I told him over and over again how much I love him, and he said, "There will be other men, and boys, and you will find someone." Then we both cried.

Then I told my darling Captain about being raped. He went very quiet for ages. Then he said, "When I come back from my patrol, I will tell you the good news."

So I am waiting. All I can think of is that, until the War ends, if I don't commit suicide, I'm going to have to live in this filthy camp with only Peregrine to talk to, and he's not like me, and only that smelly South African will want to have intercourse with me. THIS CAMP IS HELL. I probably *shall* commit suicide.

MORNING (May 21st). I don't know what to say. I don't know if I'm happy or miserable. Captain Sagawe has told me the GOOD NEWS. I LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE Captain Sagawe. I shall tell everybody in *New Zealand* what a good man he is.

New Zealand! (Pity it's not Australia.) You have now read "New Zealand" twice. New New New, Zealand Zealand Zealand! I'm going to be escaped. Only me, not more rich people, just me – because Captain Sagawe loves me, but I have to forgive Lieutenant Goro.

REASON FOR FORGIVING Lieutenant Goro. (Not Captain Sagawe's exact words. There were too many.) He said that in the world there are several kinds of people, the Adams and Sagawes, the Peregrines, the Goros and the Really Bads. Also, my discipline is not perfect. I shouldn't have repeated what went on in the Lieutenant's quarters. If the Lieutenant knew, he might refuse to help me. I must go back and apologize to him in a way that will please him. Also, all the disciplines have been for my own sake and the Lieutenant's. Lieutenant Goro will be risking his life so that I can escape. Captain Sagawe and the Commandant have risked theirs for other people too. They want to make peace and stop this War, and the Really Bads would torture and kill them if it got out.

When I'm escaping, Lieutenant Goro will give me very strict orders. Whatever he says, I MUST do it.

I promised Captain Sagawe my discipline is going to be perfect, so now I've got to go and apologize. Captain Sagawe said he is PROFOUNDLY sorry about it, but the Lieutenant is not all bad.

LATER. As soon as I was in, I said, "I have come to apologize for insulting you." Without waiting to be told, I took off my shorts and underpants and held the table. I was sure that was what would please the Lieutenant most. (While he was doing it, my willie went stiff, but I'm glad to say that nothing came out.)

The Lieutenant said, "You have been fortunate to find a man like Captain Sagawe. I hope you will show your gratitude when this futile War is over."

I went back to my darling Captain. I suspect he guesses what happened. He could see I was blushing all over. He stroked my face and the front of my shorts, and said, "Let's not wait till bedtime. We have only a week." Then, even though it was day, we got into bed and had EXCELLENT INTERCOURSE. He said the Lieutenant was wrong to force me but he had many problems and he was a very brave man.

Thursday 7th June.

I am in a ship on the way to New Zealand. Lieutenant Goro told me that there are some important soldiers and politicians on it, going to try and make peace with Europe. Lieutenant Goro helped me escape but he took every chance he could of doing things to me. Our zips must've got seasick with shooting up and down! We had to lie under tarpaulins for hours in boats while spotter planes buzzed around, and the people taking

us pretended to be fishing. Sometimes we were under tarpaulins for half a day or night. Now I realize why I had the carpet discipline. Actually I didn't a hundred per cent mind about the Lieutenant doing things. He deserved it for helping me escape, and also he has promised to try and help Peregrine. I think I quite like the Lieutenant actually.

Then one night we were right out in the middle of nowhere and this ship came. I had to jump out of the boat and hang onto a peculiar kind of ladder and climb it. While I was hanging there, the Lieutenant reached out from the boat and stuck his fingers up my shorts and squeezed my privates, a funny way of saying goodbye! Anyhow, I will try to save him as well as my darling Captain after the War.

There are three other bunks in this bunk-room. The sailors are out working now.

I LOVE CAPTAIN SAGAWE.

I'm finishing this diary now. When I get to New Zealand and Paignton, it will be a new life. It won't belong to this diary.

At four in the morning of our last night, my darling Captain gave me some wine and a present. It is "The Coral Island" with his name and number and home address in it. Then he gave me my copies of the photographs. The one with both of us in shows me on his lap with our erections sticking up! I daren't show *that* to *anybody*! Then he carried me to the bed again, and I have kept this part till last, so as to finish up with something FANTASTILERFECT!

Captain Sagawe, who I will always love, lay on his front with his bottom humped up. He rubbed some vaseline into it and then asked me if I would like to do what Lieutenant Goro did. I was absolutely astonished, twice – once because of being asked if I wanted to do it, and then because of the marvelous feeling it gave me when I got totally and utterly EX-EX-EX-EX-EX-EXCITED. We had never done that with each other.

Then Captain Sagawe said, "Now you know why the Lieutenant wanted to do that so often. Was it nice?" What a stupid question! He must have known it was more than "nice", because I had made so much "Orrrrrrrrr" love-noise when my stuff was Spitfiring out. Then he said, "Would you like me to do that to you?"

I didn't refuse. I knew my darling Captain wanted to do it, but I was afraid, because it hurt when the Lieutenant did it to me.

LAST AMAZING THING. We did it. It was beautiful. Captain Sagawe told me to lie on my back and stretch my legs up astride right over my head. He seems to like seeing my legs being gymnastic and stretched

out. Lifting them right up and back over my head made my hole feel VERY OPEN AND COOL with the air moving, and VERY WIDE AND NOTICEABLE. He knelt in front of me and rubbed some vaseline into it, and then put his willie in, so slow and gradual that it didn't hurt in the least. Then he laid his chest on my chest, with his hands round the back of my neck, and started pushing into me, AND IT WAS MARVELOUS, even when he went wild. So did I, and we rolled about like a great ball of sex on the bed. Now I know why I've always been so keen on bottoms!

Then Captain Sagawe said, "That's our last present to each other, until after the War," and we said goodbye, and cried.

I said goodbye to Peregrine in my Captain's quarters (unique permission), alone. I told Peregrine about "The Coral Island" and offered it back, but he said no. Then I did it – I said, "Can I *kiss* you goodbye?" He went sunset-red again and stood quite still and didn't say a word. Then he shut his eyes, and I knew that meant YES – and in a few seconds I knew something else too. When I hugged him, he got "excited" in his shorts. I could feel it. That was a great way to punish him. Actually I felt a bit sad for him and sorry at leaving him on his own.

Now I just wonder how things will turn out for me in New Zealand and England, and right here in this bunk-room. There were some sailors in Peregrine's magazine, and he told me that sailors had a reputation for being ULTRA-ULTRA-ULTRA SEXY, so who knows *what* will happen?

– *Adam Chivers, S27.*