

### Chapter 1 : 'One of them made cuts in my penis. I was in agony' | UK news | The Guardian

*The Hand on My Scalpel and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.*

He was arrested at Karachi airport on April 10 , and describes being flown by a US government plane to a prison in Morocco. These are extracts from his diary. I tried to put on a brave face. But maybe I was going to be raped. They took the scalpel to my right chest. It was only a small cut. At first I just screamed Then they cut my left chest. One of them took my penis in his hand and began to make cuts. He did it once, and they stood still for maybe a minute, watching my reaction. I was in agony. They must have done this 20 to 30 times, in maybe two hours. There was blood all over. They cut all over my private parts. One of them said it would be better just to cut it off, as I would only breed terrorists. I asked for a doctor. Doctor No 1 carried a briefcase. I told him about my penis. How did this happen? He looked like it was just another patient. I was in Morocco for 18 months. Once they began this, they would do it to me about once a month. One time I asked a guard: She was one of the few Americans who ever showed me any sympathy. When she saw the injuries I had she gasped. They treated me and took more photos when I was in Kabul. But in Morocco, there were even worse things. Too horrible to remember, let alone talk about. About once a week or even once every two weeks I would be taken for interrogation, where they would tell me what to say. They said if you say this story as we read it, you will just go to court as a witness and all this torture will stop. I eventually repeated what was read out to me. When I got to Morocco they said some big people in al-Qaida were talking about me. They talked about Jose Padilla and they said I was going to testify against him and big people. They told me that I must plead guilty. I kept insisting that I had only been in Afghanistan a short while. I was also questioned about my links with Britain. The interrogator told me: Do you know these? I was at first surprised that the Brits were siding with the Americans. On August 6, I thought I was going to be transferred out of there [the prison]. They came in and cuffed my hands behind my back. But then three men came in with black masks. It seemed to go on for hours. I vomited within the first few punches. I just wanted for it to end. After that, there was to be no more first-class treatment. No food for a while. During September-October , I was taken in a car to another place. The room was bigger, it had its own toilet, and a window which was opaque. They gave me a toothbrush and Colgate toothpaste. I was allowed to recover from the scalpel for about two weeks, and the guards said nothing about it. Then they cuffed me and put earphones on my head. They played hip-hop and rock music, very loud. I remember they played Meat Loaf and Aerosmith over and over. A couple of days later they did the same thing. For 18 months, there was not one night when I could sleep well. Sometimes I would go 48 hours without sleep. At night, they would bang the metal doors, bang the flap on the door, or just come right in. They continued with two or three interrogations a month. The interrogator told me what was going on. It became like a routine. They never spoke to me. The cutting, that was one kind of pain. The burning, that was another. In all the 18 months I was there, I never went outside. I never saw the sun, not even once. I never saw any human being except the guards and my tormentors, unless you count the pictures they showed me.

### Chapter 2 : The Hand on My Scalpel : David C Thompson M D :

*The Hand on My Scalpel is not a just book about surgery. It is not even just about surgery in a remote jungle station. It is about God and His unpredictable working in the life and ministry of a missionary kid from Cambodia who ends up as a medical doctor at an isolated hospital in Gabon, West Africa.*