

## THE GATES, REVISITED

The deceased horse that paid Charon's due had been cleared expediently from the hospital gates the week before, without a proper royal bang and splash. Amends were made, for someone steered a Toyota Landcruiser a wee bit too vigorous and made proper shish kebab of the Chinese built structure.



## TROPICAL ENEMA RECIPE

One taketh the following ingredients:

- **18 French urinary catheter**
- **Syringe** (the bigger the better!)
- **Bar of soap** (nothing fancy, it will "go places" that not necessarily demand a good scrubbing. Besides, blowing of bubbles can be socially stigmatised when using the body as instrument)
- **1L of water**

You dissolve half a bar of soap in boiling water and let it subsequently cool to a body friendly temperature. When comfortable, one inserts the catheter you know where and you know how deep. When satisfied, you attach the syringe, wherein you already aspirated the soapy solution, to the opening that provides direct access to the business end. Beware! Do not inflate the catheter balloon to avoid unwanted effects. Insert in excess of 500ml and repeat the process if not effective within half an hour. If this approach fails, you can substitute this solution with natural oils and pray for the best.

## CONSTIPATION AND MCGUYVER

All silliness put aside, it is time for something completely different. Constipation is the protagonist in this petit piece of proza. After scrubbing one's behind raw and bloody the first few weeks of this valiant endeavour, one could only hope to pass Bristol Class three stool or lower rather sooner than later.

*DISCLAIMER. Before I continue to relate this epic adventure, I feel obliged to state that all activities and individuals introduced henceforth are purely fictional. \*wink wink\**

It so happened to be, by cosmic decree, that one of us failed to pass stool for over five days and started to feel a bit like a turkey on Thanksgiving night. After oral and rectal laxatives failed to deliver reprieve from stoppage, it was time for the Big Bertha in the laxative business. Local practise was void of commercial enemas. Here they dissolve a piece of soap in water and good riddance up the bum. Constipated patients on the wards do not share tubes, however an used tube was kindly offered.



After visiting many a drugstore and pharmacy, desperately hoping to acquire a commercial version of the soap and water enema, we were forced to, in the end, buy all the necessary components for a local styled enema. The water was boiled by the hotel's coffee machine, at a mere two bar pressure, soon followed by Anna Kournikova merchandised soap. What else would you want to,... nevermind! After two servings and a royal wait, the constipated person was soon able to relief himself in conventional fashion. What a laugh I had!