

Here is the story of one man asking another, over the internet, about a simple investigative procedure for which Picolax (high strength laxative) must be taken prior...

Mike

On Thurs some Docs are looking at my insides from the wrong end if you know what I mean...I've got to take two laxative potions; one at 0800 and one at 2000 tomorrow, **but** I've got an offer to go riding on Dartmoor. Will I s***t my brains out in the morning and then be fine for the day, or do I need to stay within sprinting distance of a loo?

Jim

DONOT

GO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Picolax is the pimp daddy of laxatives and you better be sitting **ON** the toilet when you take them. Have plenty of moiturised bog roll standing by.

Mike

:(Although I live 20 or so miles from D. Moor, I only get to go 3 or 4 times a year!

On your advice I've just sent a 'won't be able to make it' email to my potential lift...Hope there are some entertaining threads tomorrow!

Jim

I've seen nurses administer that to patients with a stopwatch whilst the patient's **on a commode**. If you're not loosing serious body weight 20 minute after taking it **YOU'RE ILL OR ANOREXIC**.

Mike

That's why I've got the Picolax ;-)-Although I can see Dartmoor from my bedroom window, not many of my frineds drive, and the ones who ride certainly can't afford a car... In fact, my best buddy just sold his car to buy some Crossmax SLRs. Well worth it, IMO, but his GF didn't agree!

Jim

Also, please don't try drinking 2 pints of real ale an hour before the 8pm dose (oh go on). You'll fart so hard and loud you'll terrify yourself, mind you you will be projectile sh1tting at the time so that might take the edge off the fun.

Mike

PMSL A_C. I'm so tempted...Is it really that 'pimp daddy'? It sounds like you know what you're talking about.

Paul

Picolax turned my bum from it's usual semi-dormant state:

a bit like Vesuvius; an impresssive and majestic sight with occasional noxious wiffs, regular minor expulsions of dangerous matter and a very rare display of awesome ferocity worthy of international newsinto:

a portal from another collapsing largely aqeous universe via which all compressed matter emerged at trans light speeds, expanding exponentially as it emerges from the "wormhole".

If you think the widespread deluges of precipitation experienced this "summer" in any way approach "Biblical Proportions", then rest assured by 09:00 tomorrow you will have ample personal evidence to entirely revise your delusion.

I will add three pieces of advice, two very useful, the other certainly very serious.

1] Wear tracksuit bottoms or other baggy style garment with elasticated waist, this might give you an outside chance.

PLEASE READ THE NEXT ITEM VERY CAREFULLY BEFORE TAKING "AGENT" PICOLAX

2] CHECK THE TIME & DATE OF APPOINTMENT ON THE HOSPITAL LETTER,

REPEAT

2] CHECK THE TIME & DATE OF APPOINTMENT ON THE HOSPITAL LETTER

3] Have a TRUSTED friend verify your reading of the details in ITEM 2

WCA, If you are looking for an INTERESTING thread tomorrow then I'll *try* to explain from personal experience why ITEM 2 above is so vital.

To those about to take Picolax, we salute you . . . (TBC)

Paul

At popular request, please be seated. I'd had some disturbing "signs" during daily "evacuation procedures". In the past I'd also had Farmer Giles & Family surgically evicted from my arse, so wasn't about to wait years to have any future "squatters" invade me via the back door. Doctor took a look and with only "Breathe out" for warning, proceeded to instantly put an expression on my face more commonly associated with riders of "The Big One" at Alton towers. And believe me I FELT like I was riding a VERY BIG one. the only word I could manage was "HOOOOOOOOOOOOFFFFFFFFFFFFF !!!"

Weeks later I got letter from hospital plus two sachets of "Agent" Picolax.

In true blokey fashion I then "Man Read" the letter (ie opened it scanned it and took out the "Free Gifts") re: appointment and pre-op procedure (WARNING: mistake alert).
WARNING: F*CKING BIG MISTAKE ALERT).

Right so on "Monday the 10th I was to have an "Investigative Procedure".

And so from 36 hours prior I would be RESTRICTED TO CLEAR FLUIDS ONLY.
So no real food from 8pm Saturday night. Slap up meal Saturday teatime, then orange juice or tea without milk, or "Clear soup" (sod that), a couple of lagers can't do any harm (Erm, wrong d*ckhead but sadly that's not yer main problem, sadly no)

Sunday evening I've been on clear fluids only for a whole day. Family sit down to roast beef, yorkshire pud, gravy roasties, peas carrots followed by trifle. Never mind I'll tuck into a glass of orange juice.
(TW*TTT !!)

Whilst they sit back in post scoff bliss I prepare for my first meeting with "Agent" Picolax. (cue Music from Jaws)

Read instruction on "Free Gift Number 1".
I tear the strip off the sachet [PAUSE]

remember in those stories how insignificant it seems when the cork is removed from the bottle found on the shore, and an affable Genie trapped for a thousand years pops out ?
Well hold that thought

[RSTART]

And a few minutes later

“Agent” Picolax has entered the building (orally).

Not too unpleasant, tasted a bit “lemony”, to be fair if most energy drinks tasted like this they’d be more popular.

As these foolish thoughts are noodling around in my head a butterfly in the Amazon flaps its wings. . .
. .

A storm of geological cataclysmic ferocity fuelled by an apopleptic “Agent” Picolax is gathering pace, mass and will reveal itself too late upon the unwary. Oh Yes.

Seeing as I like the odd beer I’m pretty used to the occasional “rumbly in my tumbly”, so surely nothing to worry about there then ?

tick follows tick follows tock

Mike



I haven’t laughed so much in a long time Paul

Thank you so much!!!

Paul

The air was still. The usual background drone of distant traffic had recently gone,
I didn’t notice it get quieter
it didn’t happen suddenly, and
I had not gone deaf

Even the barking dogs and twittering birds had fallen confusingly silent.

I was alone in my own home but suddenly felt the eyes of entire nations focussed upon one single point.

The epicentre . . .

I turned to see what it was . . .

I realised too late what it was that they already knew only too well, the epicentre was behind me.
But this was no pantomime villain it was

KRAKATOA'S BIG DRUNK ANGRY BROTHER

And he'd come to kick the living shitt out of me

RIGHT NOW !!!

TBC

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noteeth – 2007-07-18 10:34:10

lol – it's like a book at bedtime in here.(nursing observation: makecoldplayhistory, I've seen people faint due to the combination of not eating and, er, repeated evacuations. Not great for trail riding.)

Paul

I read that Lake Baikal in Siberia is the largest body of fresh water on the planet.
So large that, if empty, then it would take every river upon planet earth flowing into the space a full year to refill.OR

The contents of my arsse would do the same job in 15 minutes flat . . .

Eventually that Sunday night, as it says in the bible, the waters receded and peace returned.

Once the aftershocks (not the highly coloured alcoholic stuff) had finally diminished and ceased.

I showered my skin (there was nothing inside, not even skeltal remains) and went to bed. Setting the alarm for 06:00 in order to rise and steel myself for 08:00 Monday morning.

08:00 was my next appointment with "Agent" Picolax.

It would be an appointment that I would NEVER forget.

Paul

I awoke at almost the exact moment the alarm went off, all in all a good nights sleep. I felt warm, safe, and happy. Lying in my comfy bed in that delicious half sleep world where Debbie Harry is still 23 and I'm at the height of my prowess as a rock GOD and Debbie really wants me soooooooooo badd. She's wearing that red shirt with red over knee stiletto boots and . . .

The Rabbit from Donnie Darko taps me on the shoulder and says "Your appointment with "Agent" Picolax, Mr Blu-tone"

[Music from Lee Van Cleef's musical stopwatch]

[Music from shower scene in Psycho]

Feeling like I'm in the lift of The Empire State Building and it's dropping unchecked

Sound of a very fat moggy desperately clawing for traction on an old school blackboard

Oh sweet Lord in Heaven, no pleeeeeeeeeeease not that, anything but not that

Paul

My feet are moving with all the alacrity of continental drift in the direction of AWAY.

BUT

Like in all nightmares, the harder you struggle, the faster you run away the closer the MONSTER gets. So you break, become a quivering mess and submit to THE HORROR

Hating yourself for being weak, "One more effort and I'd have been free !!".

TOO LATE NOW

Stand before the bathroom mirror, the EVENT the night before must have sucked the very eyes from my socket, because I can't see properly. In the mirror isn't the reflection of 5'10" 15st me, it's a huge used femidom.

I find "Free Gift number 2" (oh the irony) and like the beaten drone that I am tear open the sachet (release the Genie pent up these last 10,000 years) mix the "Magic Potion".

Then the condemned man (deprived of even a blindfold, last cigarette, Debbie in thigh boots and light years away from a hearty breakfast) raises the glass to his lips and swallows.

I'm ready for you this time though "C'mon, C'mon, Come and have a go !!!"

I spin, and park my arrrse (now deeply grooved, and splintered from the previous nights multiple megaton detonations).

I wait and very time itself pauses

I wait

Nothing

Nope, not even the faintest pixies fart of a tremor

But I'm not gonna fall for that, if "Agent" Picolax can wait then so can I I'm ready for ya like a spring coiled by bhuddist ninja fellers

Distracted for the fraction of one second he's on me wringing me dry.
I wondered just where he'd been and he's about to let me know
He's dancing on my head as from my "Ring of Bright Water" emerges the Pacific Ocean and it's family, and they're in a rush.

After a period of time that could have been less than a nanosecond or longer than a Genies internment, I KNOW he's gone. I am dust,

and not much of it at that.

Time sort meself out for the day hospital, complete change of spare clothes plus 5 spare pairs of boxies (if necessary I'll wear 'em ALL, simultaneously, plus two pair of jeans, that'll minimise the death toll).

Right just before I leave on last quick check.No food 36 hours, Check

Clear fluids only, Check (ish) (few lagers can't have hurt)

Free Gift No1 at T minus 27 hours, Check (yep 20:00 hrs Sunday Night)

Free Gift No2 at T minus 3 hours, Check (Yep 08:00 Monday morn)

Report to day hospital

WEDNESDAY 10th

WEDNESDAY 10th

WEDNESDAY 10th

Mike



PMSL

Paul

"Hello, Day Hospital, erm I've got an appointment for Wednesday, Yes that's right (gulp) the 10th. I was wondering, is there ANY chance you could see me today?""I'm afraid not, is there a problem, only if you cancel you may go to the bottom of the list . ."

"Oh NO NO NO, I don't want to cancel, I wan't to be seen today"

"HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR PICOLAX YET ?" (stifled sounds, the unnerving feeling that nearby extensions are being lifted)

(small voice) ". yes"

"I'M SORRY I CAN'T HEAR YOU, DID YOU SAY YOU'D TAKEN BOTH SACHETS OF AGENT erm SORRY BOTH SACHETS OF PICOLAX ??" (multiple stifled sounds, presence of numerous 3rd parties confirmed)

(small voice) ". Yes, both sachets Can I get some more . . . "

No tossing about this time, they didn't even try to stifle their laughter, all women, about 10 of them.

"YOU SAY YOU'D LIKE SOME MORE PICOLAX ? Ha Ha Ha"

"No, I asked if I could get some more, I definately did not say I'd like some more"

"If you can drop by after 13:00 today we'll issue you with a repeat prescription which you can take to the pharmacy, OK ?"

". . . Yes, thank you"

Later on Monday the 8th "Hi I've come to collect a prescription ?"

"What Name is it please ?" (says a goodlooking red head nurse with twinkle in her eye)

Simultaneously, she's making some secret *SIGN* for EVERY good looking female nurse to emerge from various hidey holes.

TBH I didn't think the NHS employed so many NATIONALLY never mind at the local BUM CLINIC !!

"*Blu-tone*"

"Ah yes, TWO SACHETS OF PICOLAX !!"

Sirens, alarms, party poppers and flashing lights

BINGO!! LAYDEEZ AND GENNEMEN WE HAVE A WINNER OF THE LORD ELIZABETH FUKKWITT TROPHY

Then the killer question,

"Do you know how to take it ?"

"Yep"

Blu-tone exits the Bum Factory for the day and the workers roll about the floor.
Still it's not every bloke that can induce damp knickers in so many foxy nurses simultaneously.

Now any of you that are familiar with even Primary School arithmetic will be aware that a 36 hour countback from 08:00 Wednesday is 20:00 Monday.

By the time I got home it was almost 18:00. 2 hours to eat, then back, once again, into the hands of "Agent" Picolax.

But even I with my double dose of "Agent" Picolax was not prepared for the *delights* of . . . "**THE PROCEDURE**"

Mike

"**THE PROCEDURE**" Now I'm worried! Just tell me it doesn't hurt....

Paul

RightHome I go with 2 replacements. And for those who enjoy cheap, ritual, humiliation *it felt as though* every worker that I passed in Fazakerley Hospital began polishing the floors with their backs as they writhed and contorted about.

Every other chancer wants "Temazzies" but Blu-tone, the only man with the addiction to "Bum-Explosives".

This next statement may be the least surprising ever reading from the book of "Revelations" but I **DID NOT RIDE MY BIKE THAT NIGHT.**

Truth is I just can't remember 'zackly what I did eat during my 2 hours I was granted beyond the unfailing grasp of "Agent" Picolax.

Rest assured small balls of cotton wool, economy portions of candyfloss and undersize clouds were VERY VERY high on the very short menu.

Items NOT REQUIRED on the voyage included:

Pineapples (the spiny oversize handgrenade of the fruit world)

Beans

Chips

Infact ANYTHING which MAY produce a "Propellant" (yeah like "Agent" Picolax needs an enthusiastic assistant FFS).

By 20:00 Monday, the "Safe Food Fest" was over and the waiting game had recommenced !!

BUT

So had the internal dialogue [Music From "Rocky" as the plucky contender runs up the steps]

"Fluids Tone. Ya jass think fluids"

*"Erm, right d*ckhead like I can think of ANYTHING else !!!"*

May as well try to go to sleep, (lets face it a night down the pub and a Tandoori can never measure up to a "session" with "Agent" Picolax).

LOOK There's no easy way 'round this, so why not make a game of it ?

DID FREE GIFT No3 ?

a) surprise me with it's gentle playng of the flute ?

b) treat me like an old friend not seen these many years and soothed my pain with the stories of childhood ?

c) Treat my arrrse/ears/NEIGHBOURS to a display of 4 dimensional pyrotechnics unseen since Stephen Hawkings wheelchair *accidentally* knocked the switch marked . . .

K A BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

Sorry the correct answer is, Infact "Agent" Picolax worked Blu-tone over completely TWICE before he presented his sorry arrrse for DEEPER inspection.

FredDibnah – 2007-07-18 23:47:21

Deary me, it goes from worse to worserer....You're rambling now, btw. Not surprising, really....

I can honestly say; I never read someone talk about sh1t in quite such an eloquent, lucid and entertaining way...

STOP!!

Carrry on...

Then I was summoned into a room and asked to lie on the bed lying on my left hand side. So I do, and in front of me is a tv screen with some wierd picture on it, like the inside of a bike mechanics toolbox. But it was something to look at and try to distract myself from the fact that I was lying on a bed in the presence of 4 women with my (impresssive and majestic) bare arrrse hanging out of a childs dress.

Nurse "Now draw your knees up towards your chest"

PULSE rate definatly quickening now !

Next came a phrase that no matter how softly said, how far away would have grabbed my attention, as surely as the fist of the school bully grabbed a tie in search of "Spare dinner money".

Nurse "Right we're just going to apply some lubricant"

WE ?? WE ??

Dear God, if it takes more than one of them (and there are three in the room that I can't actually see from this position) just to apply the lubricant how big is the bloody "DEVICE" they are planning on sticking up my arrrse ??

The size of a human fist ??

A Football ??

(now I've never been a Rugby fan but all of a sudden it seemed to have ONE ENORMOUS advantage).

A suitcase ??

Dear God not a suitcase

Then I hear the sound of big machinery, and I mean BIG MACHINERY

Sweet Babby Jehoosus they're going to drive a bloody Chieftain tank up my arrrse while I'm asleep.

Then whilst I am still reeling at the prospect of armour plated catterpillar tracks and gun turret taking me by storm

MY BUM GOT SLIMED BY GHOSTBUSTERS !!
ALL OF 'EM

Current Dignity Rating for Subject Blu-tone = MINUS Eight Million and falling

“OK Mr Blutone, we're just preparing the ENDOSCOPE” (Did she say, she did ?? I'm sure she said HMS ENDOSCOPE)

CHRISSSSSSS it's a bloody SUBMARINE !!!!

At least I'll be out of it whilst my uncharted waters are being searched for intruders by this HUGE vessel.

“OK Mr Blu-tone, on the screen in front of you is the picture from the camera on HMS ENDOSCOPE, you'll be able to follow the entire procedure”

WHOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA Lady jusss a bloody minute, where's Jeremy FIKKIN Beadle ??

I've got a bare arse with about 10 gallons of KY-Jelly in, on, and UP it.

I'm wearing a kids dress. (Backwards)

HMS Endoscope, is about “To boldly go”

AND

YOU want to show it live on TV !!!

BUT

HA! HA! HA! That's NOT the best bit, is it ? NO !!!

YOU WANT ME TO STAY AWAKE AND WATCH !!!

Look I may be daft enough to live on just *yummy* orange juice for a week, whilst suffering 4 YES F O U R !!! bouts of bowel movements big enough for Steven Hawking to test out his theories on. But AWAKE ???

How bloody daft DO you think I am ?

Well that's what I thought, but obviously being a BRITISH BLOKE what I actually said was.

“ok”

The picture on the tv screen then started to go all blurry, just diffuse blobs of coloured light.

Then it went dark and a distant object began to emerge from the gloom

The camera was showing some pretty poor quality *black & white* footage of 2001 a Space Odyssey

And up ahead is the orbiting space station, hey yess! I love this movie, at least I'll have something to do whilst they (Nah best not think about that).

In the distance there's the familiar form of Planet Earth's lonely satellite, The Moon.

Except in this version the part of the Moon is being taken by MY ARRRSE !! AAAAAAAHHHHH !!!

Nursey then kindly gives me the most impossible instruction, "OK Mr Blu-tone, just relax for me".

When what she means is "My mates about to launch HMS ENDOSCOPE, and YOU are the target acquired".

Suddenly "The Moon" fills the screen and it's topography becomes crystal sharp. There are craters and hills. And up ahead is a deep gorge with sparsely wooded steep sides.

Then like something off Tracey Island or GoldFinger (please don't say *finger* like that) or Moonraper (could't we just stick with Tracey Island, after all I could be wearing Tracey's dress) the steep sides of "The Gorge" slide apart to reveal

BULLSEYE, Sherriff Rusty's Badge, The Chocolate Starfish

"The Lunar Podule" is gonna crash if it tries to land at this rate of descent. Bloody Hell! if it doesn't slow down it's going to embed itself.

Precisely, embed itself

At the same time as the crew of "Podule Number Two" perished, I was suddenly treated to a simultaneous experience at BOTH ends.

What I saw was:

"Podule Number Two" suddenly suffered temporary blackout whilst entering a narrow cave (very narrow).

What I felt was:

Air. Rushing from my lungs like a desert storm.

Eyes out on stalks like Arnie at the end of "Total Recall".

A muscle (which I will NEVER EVER take for granted again) expand at astronomical rates

She stuck a camera (complete with its own lights) on a "Rope", in me. Right up my bum

And then, she played the Ace.

Mike

do you do after dinner speaking to doctors?if not, you should.

pmsl (almost).

Paul

The Ace She served it like a Grand Slam Champ. I didn't see it coming (well no shame there after all I had things on my mind, and an anaconda up my arrrse).

"OK Mr Blu-tone, so that we can see the walls of your bowel as clearly as possible we're just going to inflate you"

Yep, inflate me.

Now, for everything that I had experienced up to this point I'd had *some* point of reference, some previous experience from which to draw upon, some vaguely transferrable skill via which to cope or rationalise my situation.

She was going to inflate me.

Judging by the size of HMS Endoscope's engines it would be delivering just a bit more puff (yes, I know it has connotations) than required to make one of those things you get out of a christmas cracker unroll and bleat.

She was going to inflate me.

The mind is most often a wonderful thing, but, it can be a fearsome enemy.

She was going to inflate me.

And

Just like the computer in 2001 my mind chose this precise moment to reveal that it had turned bandit.

At some point during "The Great Deluge" my guard had dropped (probably out of my arrrse). Seizing the moment "Agent" Picolax had waved his fingers in my minds face and in the calming tones of Ben Obi Wan Kenobi whispered "These are not the drones you're looking for".

"Agent" Picolax had effortlessly "turned" his opponent, taken him over to the opposition.

Now she was going to infalte me,

But

My mind was suddenly supplying images, no soundtrack, no dialogue. IMAGES.
millions of 'em.

LARGE, small, B&W, colour, still, video, real, CGI, cartoon, sketch, millions of 'em.

SOME FREE SAMPLE IMAGES:

An Elephant
The Montgolfier Brothers (pioneers of the Hot Air Balloon)
Great gouts of fire spouting forth from a distant and angry sun
Mushroom cloud from H Bomb tests on Bikini Atoll
An erupting volcano
A beach babes playing volleyball
An american footballer kicking a field goal
A zeppelin
Two zeppellins
A pan of popcorn, popping
Bomb disposal Engineers detonating a "Suspect Device"
A Track pump test in STW
Compressors on display at B&Q

then

A child's face the instant after a birthday balloon disappears

Then antique footage with sound of Hattie Jacques as the Matron in the Carry On Films
"Hello? Mrs Bl-tone ? Yes he did have "The Procedure" today. Well I'm sorry to say we exploded him.
No he won't be home for tea I'm afraid."

She was going to INFLATE me !!!

And BOY she INFLATED me. She INFLATED my brains out. BIG time. I don't know if any of you have been inflated.

I mean fully inflated.

To about 120psi inflated.

My belly was the size of a family dome tent.

So, I lay there, an anaconda slithering off up trap 2, gradually expanding, watching my bowels live on TV gently rocking on the bed, as you do on a Wednesday off work.

The remainder of the procedure was (by the exciting standards of recent days) just a mundane question of HMS Endoscope lazering away a few "squatters" from my exhaust pipe and generally giving a spit & polish valetting to me giblets.

Job done.

Erm no.

You see the sphincter muscle of the human anus is generally a pretty effective non-return valve. Mainly in the direction of out.

Being fully inflated in the presence of 4 female nurses avails the non-return valve an opportunity to display it's true vocation.

EXPULSION.

Rapid, Voluminous and Gaseous (a small blessing I suppose).

FARTS MEASURED ON THE HIGH END OF THE RICHTER SCALE

The human bum (to give it it's correct term) is capable of an astounding array of sounds, a whole orchestra of noises, both musical and percussive. But mainly a badly played trombone.

Not Over, because having successfully engaged and defeated the enemy HMS Endoscope was withdrawing from active service.

And at the very instant it was decommissioned (accompanied by facial expression suggesting you have suddenly achieved X-Ray vision) the commencement of it's passing out parade was signalled with a 20 bum salute from the "tail guns" of the badly holed HMS Blu-tone.

Later followed by a selection of marching tunes keeping strict tempo with the defeated ships company as I retreated to the recovery room. Each step triggered off a postern blast heard across the free world.

Imagine a creaky bottom bracket, which issues forth each revolution, now substitute the creak for the sound of your best ever fart, multiply by 10. Now we're getting close.

Upon reaching the recovery room I noted with great interest that someone had already had the presence of mind to open the windows, all of 'em. Like the thinking young feller me monkey, like the cut o' yer jib.

After a suitable recovery period, I was judged best giant marrow in show. And free to leave. I was still the size of some prehistoric land mammal in the later stages of multiple pregnancy. But free nevertheless.

I made my way to the lifts. Each step now a masterpiece in self control as I hold back a mighty tempest desperate to play his new baritone sax.

Lifts. What is it about lifts and flatulation ?

Just like fish and chips, just go together no question.

Exerting enough pressure to snap an iron bar with my "unseeing brown eye" I struggle the 20 metres from ward to lift. Displaying a walking style that would allow me to pass over landmines without detonation and with just one minor (reasonably) quiet escape party.

e-v-e-r s-o g-e-n-t-l-y

I press the call lift button.

After an age it arrives.

For the first time in days Lady Luck manages a tiny wink in my direction.

Not only is the corridor empty, but, so is the lift. BONUS !!

I leap in, like a jet propelled panther. (OK Jet propelled walrus).

I'm in, and my finger has hit Ground floor before I have settled back to earth. Please close, please close. Finally the doors are closed. Success, a lift all to my self.

BOOM, a sonic boom, think Cape Canaveral. I'm farting for the Solar System.

The bloody relief is ecstatic I can see my body actually shrinking. Eyes closed and I'm loving it. My arrrse (still heavily lubricated) is singing out high praise to "The Mayor of TRUMPton". This is borderline as good as a cold beer in a frosted glass on a scorching day (abroad obviously, unless it's April UK).

The noise is glorious and I've got a silly great grin spread Wiiiiiiiiide across my face.

Then

Then, something . . . Just how do you instinctively know these things ?

I open my eyes. Because some "other" voice gently nudges me.

And

The lift has only dropped from floor 6 to 5.

The door is wiiiiiiiiide open.

The entire population of Merseyside has been waiting for a lift. For years.

Whatever they do on this floor, the population is entirely women, teenage girls and kids.

Every last one (ZERO EXCEPTIONS) is staring aghast at the fat hovering man in the lift.

Doors wide open. Thousands waiting, No-one moving. Eyes wide, jaws dropped.

Just me.

Gently.

Floating.

My feet are 18 inches above the floor of the waiting lift.

I touch no surface. I am in geostationary orbit.

A gradually shrinking moon.

My captive audience needs a lift. But not this one.

Or

Maybe, if they could overcome the hurricane, they might. (Probably not)

I hang there.

In mid air, supplying my own live soundtrack, and then, begin to slowly rotate.

And for the first time in nearly a week,

ME.

I.

I AM IN CONTROL.

By now, I have SHAT entire continents through a part of my own body less familiar to me than the far reaches of the Amazon.

(There are villages, in countries plane flights away from my home requiring visas, that I knew better, before this week)

(to tell the truth, I still couldn't pick my own arrrrse in an identity parade (now that's a phrase my old english teacher/probation officer never taught me) and still can't)

So, here I am, my bum smeared in expensive, high quality fork grease, gently bobbing up and down before an audience of female strangers. And as the stainless steel doors gently close, there's only one phrase in my head.

KISS MY F*KKIN FAT ARRRSE

PS If you are concerned about the current performance of your OEM installed bum, PLEASE consult your GP.

NOT the voodoo witchdoctor just to save a few quid.

Even being inflated and floating on your own farts in a lift in front of a bunch of kids is far less of a concern to ALL the people who love you than the consequences of ignoring it.

So remember, wherever you are, no matter how silent, how still.

“AGENT” Picolax

He's waiting

The EYE that NEVER blinks.