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Subject: (Conclusion of: "What It's Like To Have ...

(Conclusion of: "What It's Like To Have A Raisin Super Glued To Your Anus." June 30, 2025)

At any rate, after the doctor pulled her gloves off and I pulled my pants back up, we had a seat again.

Doctor: Well, it appears you've been experiencing quite a bit of pressure back there.

Me: (Misunderstanding her suggestion.) Hey! Look! I ain't down with that kind of stuff! (Almost standing up.) I don't mess around with guys like that!

Doctor: (Smiling real big, and using her hand to signal a "relax" gesture.) I know. I know. I can see there's no ripping of the tissue back there. You must be experiencing some other kind of pressure.

Fortunately, her use of the word "Pressure" reminded me of a particular strain I had been experiencing the last few times I had a seat on my toilet. Probably due to the fact that those last few times were so many days apart from each other. Actually, now that I think about it, the use of the word "Strain" seems like a rather mild description. This is after all a memoir, and so I do have to remain honest. Basically, it was like this: The fact that I wasn't in the doctor's office to have my anus restitched back to its normal size, after having experienced some form of a lengthy laceration was truly remarkable. However, I must have busted something else on my last excavation.

So with the root of the problem having been deciphered, the doctor wrote me out a prescription for some better working bowels, and handed me a tube of ointment for the disintegrating of my unwanted hitchhiker. Then while leaving her office, I'm sure I made some form of smart aleck remark regarding the timing of our earlier visitor, and returned to the waiting room.

After sitting down, I waited for the next movement. . . I suppose I should clarify that statement, considering what I was just talking about. You see, every half hour the prisoners were permitted to leave the medical department if they were finish seeing the doctor. The procedure was given the name: "Movement time." Look, the whole thing doesn't sound all that silly when you've come to see the doctor about something like a sore throat, or an earache.

(Sorry to cut you short, but that's the end of this chapter. Next week I'll start you on a new one entitled: Mind Over Matter. I'm quite sure you'll really enjoy reading about how difficult it can be to just trim the whiskers on your face in a place like prison. However, I think if you're female you might still like it for other reasons.)