

Medical Advice
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Egbert waddled his pear shaped body (odd for a man) up to the tailgate of the truck where his two friends are chatting. Some doctors would classify his body and features as OLP, which stands for odd little person. A quiet but certainly not shy character is how most folks know him, renowned for his poor timing and bad habit of interrupting conversations.

Standing at the tailgate of his truck, Duke and his friend Willis are in a spirited conversation about the affairs of last night. Duke is a big scrapping chap with a Johnny Cash like face, baritone voice and roguish personality. Willis is slender, a habitual smoker, wears baseball caps over sunglasses night or day and has the personality of a petty criminal, which he is.

“Hello Duke. Hello Willis. I just got back from the doctor.” Egbert injected into their conversation with a nasal monotone drone.

Duke stops mid-sentence and looks down at him. “Jesus, Egbert, don’t tell me you were out with Della again! I warned you about her.” He boomed, loud enough to stop traffic and alerting anyone within a hundred yards about Egbert’s indiscretions, causing Egbert to duck.

“N, no, it’s not that kind of problem, Duke. I’m having problems going poop.”

Willis rolls the toothpick he is chewing on to the right side of his mouth then took it out and pointed it at Egbert. “Bad plumbing eh, Egbert? Christ, it’s probably the five-pound block of cheese you get from the Food Pantry every week. Clogs up arteries and rectums, ya know.” Egbert stared back at him. “By the way, how in the hell do you qualify for that cheese, you work at the factory. Tell ya what; I’ll get you a quart of my

Aunt May's sour kraut. That'll take care of your problems." Willis chimed, with a mischievous grin.

Egbert, not terribly fond of the vegetable food group, especially fermented cabbage, ignored Willis's offer. He viewed the weekly five-pound brick of cheddar cheese and two loaves of white bread that he was able to convince the good folks at the Food Pantry to give him as frugal opportunism. He figured if they thought he deserved it, far be it for him to turn away their generosity. It was his civic duty to donate a little of his valuable time to help make them feel as if they were doing their good deed for the week.

"Well, well, the doctor thinks I might have something wrong so I got to have a test." Egbert explained directly to Duke.

"What kind of test are you going to have?" Duke asked more seriously.

"I don't know. He said it was a coloscopy or something like that." Concentration etched Egbert's face as he sought to remember exactly what the doctor had told him.

"Oh, you mean a colonoscopy." Duke clarified, a broad Cheshire cat smile erupted across his face and he gave Willis a devilish wink. "You know what that is Eggie?"

"Well, he said I had to go to the hospital and they would give me something that makes me sleepy then they would go in and check me out."

"Check what out?" Willis queried.

"I don't know, why I can't go poop, I guess." Egbert shrugged.

Duke, ever the expert in most all matters, took charge. "Egbert I know a guy who just had one of those test so let me tell you how this is going to go down."

“Ok, Duke. That would be nice because I get so nervous when I’m at the doctors I can’t remember half of what he tells me. Thanks, Duke.” Egbert said, seriously appreciative of getting clarification about what he is about to go through.

“Eggie, did Doc give you a prescription that you have to take before you go for the test?” Duke began.

“Yeah, here it is.” Egbert dug the script out of his pants pocket, unwadded it and handed it to Duke.

Duke studied the prescription with a critical eye. “Ummm, just as I thought.”

“What, what is it?” Willis asked adding to the drama. Egbert began to fidget as he looked nervously back and forth at his two counsels.

Duke peered down at Egbert with the seriousness of a preacher in the middle of sermon on marital fidelity, which having been divorced three times, Duke knew little about. “Ok, here’s what you got to do when you take this stuff. You have to take this the day before you go for your test, so make sure you get a good night’s sleep the day before. Make sure you take the day off work when you take this stuff.”

Egbert stared wide eyed at Duke as he listened to the instructions, responding with a cautious. “Ok.”

“Then, about an hour after you take this stuff take a glass and a pitcher of water, four or five magazines, or a good book, and three rolls of toilet paper into the bathroom with you.”

Eyes even wider, and fidgeting even more, Egbert asked, “Why?”

“You know how the City flushes out those fire hydrants every now and then?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s what that stuff the Doc’s gonna have you drink is going to do to you, all night long.”

“It is. Why do I need to do that!!?”

“Well Eggie, that’s where the colonoscopy comes in - no pun intended.” Duke looked at Willis with a sly smile then continued. “You see, they have you get buck naked and bend over this table, then they stick a tube up your butt and don’t want it to get all messy.”

Willis nearly bent over with laughter when Egbert clinched his butt cheeks, his chin fell to his chest, and his mouth puckered up to a dot.

Duke, recognizing he had Eggie going, carried on with the story. He picked up the end of a garden hose out of his truck box and wagged it in front of Egberts face. “My friend told me that tube’s about this big, and that even though they give you a sedative you’re awake. Now, pay attention to this Eggie. It’s important.” Duke poked his tongue into his cheek and tapped it with his finger. “When you feel the end of that tube poke your cheek, let the doctor know.”

Egbert’s eyes bulged open and lower jaw quivered. He did a pirouette and scurried away in an odd style of speed walking, elbows pumping and hips flipping and flapping back and forth with each of his short little leg’s steps.

Duke hollered at him, “Where you goin, Eggie?”

With more animation in his voice than he normally displayed Egbert shouted, without looking back, “To cancel that damn test and get me some sour kraut.”

