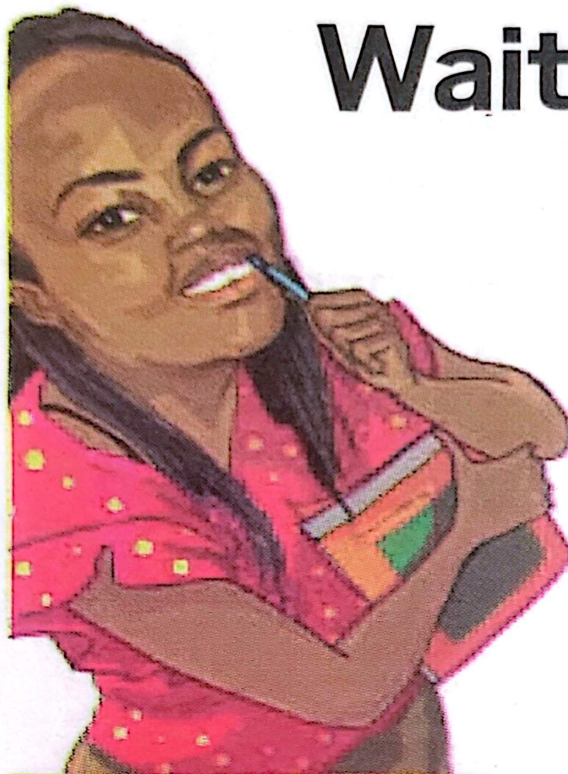




Waiting for the doctor

I dread hospitals – the smell, the sick people with their zombie-like stares (oh dear me, their sickness is sickening!) and worst of all, the long, long, wait. On the few occasions I have had to see a doctor, I have been dragged there kicking and screaming by someone who has invested in my staying alive.

I do not mind the registration process. Even with my mind foggy due to unbearable pain, I can fill out a simple form. It is the wait I dread. You hand the form back with your details and the receptionist smiles at you and asks you to take a seat. You look around the plastic waiting chairs and wonder where to sit. Definitely not next to the man filling three chairs with his legs and walking stick.

The next available seat will place you beside someone whose body is racked with a terrible-sounding cough. The only other option will place you next to a man who anointed himself with all of his cologne for this special visit (note to self: might be sitting next to Melchizedech of old— a king and a priest). Well,

it is either sitting next to him or remain standing. So, you sit next to him.

Your name is called out and you jump up in glee, only to find out that they want to take your weight, height and blood pressure. Weight (heavy), blood pressure—will keep climbing the longer you keep me waiting in here. Back in the waiting room, everyone else under the sun is seen, while you drift in and out of a cologne-induced coma accompanied by hallucinations. Finally, your name!

After such a wait, the least you would expect is a tight hug, a warm, effusive greeting and for the doctor to have time to listen to a description of every current ache, pain and strange noise going on inside your body. But, no. After a cursory questioning not even a blood test is ordered. The outrage! You are gently shooed away with a prescription for some drugs that do not even sound strong enough to conquer the parasites inside you— at least, until the next doctor's visit.

Please stay in good health this weekend.

OOPS! >

Stella Riunga

“After such a wait, the least you would expect is a tight hug.”

