

**BE PATIENT
PLEASE!**



Dode Sescrì

BE PATIENT PLEASE

By *Dode Sescri*

WORDS TO ELATE

Twentieth Agenda

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Smashwords Edition

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The stories given as examples in this book do not represent Factual or historical events but have been used fictitiously to bring out the literal aspects of discussions and also demonstrate authors intended thoughts and ideas exemplarily. Do not take them too seriously.

This book is stacked up of numerous mini chapters the author refers to as diagnosis. Each diagnosis stands for each idea or topic of discussion.

You will also find some non-English words, the author has used them only for the sake of enhancing description. They are not a result of typo.

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Contention.

"Let me assure you this mafriend, when the will to live is stronger, nothing can put you down, no matter what," said the nurse to me at the patient's ward.

When the will to live is stronger, no ugly thing can cross your path, no shapeless chivvy can end one's life unexpectedly, I said to the physicians I still have some unfinished business, I CANNOT DIE NOW, and that's how those words came to be true, and here I have come to stand as a witness to the tribulations I have experienced over the past years due to poor health conditions.

Diagnosis-1-no more needles

A physician tells an elderly man to turn his back in order to receive an injection on his bottoms, upon inserting the needle, he screams out loud Aaagh! Please stop, you are killing me, he exclaims. "I am not killing you, I am helping you sire" replies the doctor, if I don't inject you now the infection will spread to your vital organs and knock you out, that's what is going to kill you. To his shock this was only the first of the many injections he's going to be receiving.

"You have sixty injections says the medic. So aahhm..... Fifty nine of them left, you shall return to this clinic every evening from now on for another fifty nine days,"

Will Hearty as I have known him fears needles so much that he would rather harbour a disease in his body than to visit a hospital where the only mode of treatment prescribed is injections. "I hate injections especially the ones targeting the bottoms, would I be able to sit down comfortably, stand or laydown to rest? They are going to puncture my buttocks like a rubber tyre with their huge Cows needles, I still hate needles." He exclaims

Diagnosis-2-Doctor Stew.

Doctor Stew Cardigans is one of the most popular practitioner in my town. He knows so much about body ailments, things that cause people sleepless nights and many more. People are willing to pay thousands of

pounds to come and listen to doctor Stew, he is so knowledgeable eloquent and talented in his consulting field, in fact you won't remember the exorbitant amount you have paid for, as soon as you start listening, when you stay with him for two hours it looks like two minutes.

When you have a serious injury, he makes you feel like you have a small cut, when you have been ailing for days, he makes you feel like you are going to get well tomorrow, when he starts to speak to you, you feel that you are already healed, you quickly forget your pain and suffering. However many other doctors are asking patients to do strange things these days, once before they asked my grandmother to stretch her arms and legs 180 degrees twice a day, swing them round and round like rotor blades, in the morning and the night before going to bed. This they say will reduce the body aches she is experiencing every day. One afternoon I saw her in the Veranda in a pajamas trying to do a head stand, 'GRANDMA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING YOU WILL BREAK YOUR NECK!' I exclaimed, "My personal physician advised me to do vertical elevations and Horizontal Elevations, then diagonal boarding technique so as to increase bloodflo...."

One day I asked doctor stew about these difficult things , I like Doctor stew because of the way he makes difficult things easy for me, when I am speaking to him, it's like I am talking to my friend Jimmy, he can never confuse you,
"So doctor, what are these small animals I hear the nurse talking about, she said that they are the ones that entered my food and made me ill. She gave me a teaspoon of some liquid and asked me to drink, she further explain it will kill them soon and I will be well again. I have been vomiting badly recently. They say that they are so small that ordinary people like me cannot see them, only very educated doctors with glasses can clearly see them.

Then a worse piece of information came, she said, these creatures are in many shapes and sizes, each very different from the other, They are everywhere, in water in the soil, in the air, on the floor, and even on this table you are leaning onto, on hearing that, at once I let go of the table then began to stare at the palms of my hands, but I couldn't see anything, just the way the nurse had said.

It's those small bugs that get into our foods, our drinking water and makes us sick, they have strange long and funny names, and some of them I can't pronounce them.

Each news that comes seems to be worse than the one that came before it.

"They are ones that enter people's bodies and make them sick," he continued, "is there a way we can kill them all at once, so that they won't cause us any more trouble?" "No that's not possible, it's absolutely impossible" he remarked, "Can they kill us also?" I continued to ask astonishingly, "but there is good news also," he said calmly, the good news is that our bodies have huge reserves of armies that fight off these plaguing animals, although they are always outnumbered, most of the time they win the victory, unless the enemy is too powerful. When the body is invaded from the outside, they form a huge defense wall around the enemy and try to crush it on the spot, because if they reach the body organs they can cause further damage, and kill someone instantly.

I said this to doctor Stew, "there's a lot of appalling images on the walls and inside the medical journals placed on the table, how do you bear the sight of these horrifying images with your staff, if these are the things you look at every single day of your life, then I choose never to become a medic."

Diagnosis-3-Immune medics.

People have this notion that if you are a medic, you are supposed to get sick, or contract the common tropical diseases, when they hear you have contracted a common avoidable communicable disease, they mock you instead of sympathising with you since you just any other human being.

Even if you tell them science does not cure all diseases, they still would persist with their interrogation, "how did you, a renowned medic contract such an avoidable illness?" they ask.

They act as if they don't know that whenever an epidemic breaks out some of the medics who have volunteered to help treat the infected and assisted the affected are sometimes added to the list of casualties by the epidemic itself?

When you tell them I am really sick please help they won't believe you.

Diagnosis-4-Lazy medics

“Doctor what's happening, I brought mom in here a short while ago, there still seems to be no entry for us yet, why do you put us on the wait for so long,” “just walk out I will let you know when your turn comes,” barked the doctor angrily. Mark slam shut the door behind him, bitterness was engraved all over his face, now a little less composed, “that medic is a j****,” said Mark, “why is he so rude to us, he thinks himself as the best medic around here,” Martin glanced over his shoulders and noticed a grey bearded old man being attended to by a pair of nurses, he was badly bruised on his leg wrapped in a thick bandage, but his face showed no sign of suffering beside him appeared to be a teenager who was constantly wiggling and moaning in pain, come back on Friday evening, the doctor shouted back at them as they were just getting out, the guard gave them a warm smile as he opened for them the gate, "go in peace, heal quick."

When the patients are rushed in, they stare desperately into the doctor's eyes to see if there is any little sign of hope left, the doctors words could make or break them.

How bad is it doc? Please don't be quiet, say something at least.

"I wish the illnesses I harbour would leave me alone & go away forever," I said to the doctor coz I am tired of coming into this clinic every time,

Diagnosis-5-Expensive drugs

When patients ask, why has manufacturing become so damn expensive, in the doctors reply to this they say, well yeah,

The guy who manufactures drugs do it with the mentality of selling it, the chemist then buys it and sells it at a profit, by the time the drug reaches the patient, its price had risen by tenfold, how then can you expect healthcare to be cheap if everything else in life is made expensive?

You know drugs are simply for business?

Diagnosis-6- the most important.

Once I asked Doctor Cardigans, which is the most important organ in the body, is it the heart, the liver or the kidneys? "There is none that is more important than the other," he replied. All organs are equally important, though there might be some that do more work than others, there is none that can exist without the other. Every tiny single cell in your body has a purpose that gives it value and makes it different from all the others, you remind me of some fellows who were here a while ago," they asked me almost a similar question. They wanted to know my opinion of which was the worst illness in the world and the smallest, all diseases are bad for the human body and there is no way you can sort them out on a graphical scale, even a simple cold if not watched carefully can be extremely dangerous. What may vary could be its widespread inside given populations, say the outbreak of a pandemic.

Diagnosis-7-My bed ridden songs.

I do understand these people really want to help give their support for the sick patient. Its jus that many of them don't know exactly how to do it. It would have been better had they stayed in their homes and sent their support through others, because the words they utter to you at your bedside add more to your suffering than relief," hey my friend you look so terrible," How sad it is for me to see you this way," they don't understand that all you need now is to calm down and relax, you don't need to be reminded of your miserable condition, or what you should be thinking, how you should be feeling, "heck no, you are also preaching to a patient, what good will your ministry do at this time of their lives, comfort them not condemn them, don't really know whether they listen to you."

No wonder why medics understand the power of positive face well, they'll smile at you even if they know your situation is hopeless, better a stranger to smile at you than a friend condemingly frown at you in your weakest hour.

Because they are doing it for the sake, if they don't come to visit they fear people would think otherwise, they'd say bad things about them, that's why they talk nasty, they fear people would say nasty things about them. They visit simply because it is considered rude not to.

Then there is this category of people who belittle your condition, they claim you are making a mountain out of a molehill "you are just suffering from a small headache or a slight stomach-ache, stop acting very sick," they say, they make it look to others that you have no illness at all, you are just pretending to be very ill so that you can gain sympathy from others, it's the only words they have brought to comfort you. "Oh how I wish I could give them this broken arm of mine so they could carry it only for a week, so that they can feel the piercing pain as it cracks while they walk. How I wish we could change places for only a short while then they wouldn't be saying that."

When my conditions started to turn bad in the bed, the nurses gave stern instructions which says, "Mr Thompson is in a very vulnerable condition right now, should anyone want to say something to him then they should do so in writing."

When a patient is undergoing pain, it's the people who love him/her most that suffer, when you see the sadness on their faces, it tells you for sure that your trouble is causing them uneasiness. "Please doc, take me out of this hospital I don't want to be a burden to anyone anymore," as some patients would say, "I don't like to see people gathered around me with their faces frowning at me. The look on their faces scares me more than the pain I am feeling."

My suffering as I happened to discover it was hurting others more than it was hurting me, for me I had already gotten over the pain, and learned to cope with the situation. My mother was the one hurt the most, she could not accept that I was in such a very bad condition, she did everything she can to make sure that my condition improved. When I was being walked down the van from hospital, everyone stopped whatever they were doing to look at me, they saw me limp like a hyena, my both hands being held like an elderly old man.

The children suddenly stop playing around the compound and came over to take a look, "Thomson what happened?" they ask, I could read from their faces that they had taken in the pinch, they could feel what I was feeling, each one of them tried to help me get into the house, they did whatever they could.

For the first time in my life, I could feel the overwhelming concern and care my neighbours had over me, even after I am carefully taken into the

house and placed onto the bed, they still crowded over me, they filled the room and blocked the doorway that people found difficulty getting in or out.

Some children clung onto my bedside and refused to get out, even when their parents loudly called out to them from the outside they refused to leave, they sat there silently and watched me. Previously, I used to play with them a lot, now they cannot understand how this once strong man who carried them on his back as they ran around the compound, is so weak he could barely lift himself off the bed. They all wanted to help me, they all wanted to do something for me, but what are they going to do, and exactly how? They too felt hopeless. They had equally received the blow.

Some of those who came to visit thought I wasn't going to make it, they waited for me to die. But I didn't. They were curious to see how a dying patient looked like, they wanted to witness the experience of it. It looked like they feared for me and my condition and excited at the same time.

Patient is forced to lie to them saying that he is okay, while are actually critically ill just to please the visitors so that they can stop frowning over him.

Thanks very much for your words of comfort I do really appreciate your presence, but all I need now is a moment of relaxation, I need to lay over and have a long deep & sound sleep, thanks once more you can go for now, if there is something you need to tell me, send it to me through writing, most visitors at the ward have an idea of what they are doing, they just don't know how to do it.

I still do not like the way they are looking at me, they gaze at me as if I am already dead, and they add more pain to my suffering. It is better they say nothing for there is lots of strange looks on their faces, others exaggerating while others underrating. They forgot that I needed only one thing, which is comfort and not their tormenting judgements.

I would rather be alone than to have people come and try to comfort me with their ill remarks, some even blamed me for being sick, saying that I should be up by now and running around the place, not saddening everyone with a sickly appearance.

For me personally, I am okay, my condition is improving. What troubles me most is the look on their faces, they come in to agonise over me. "People leave our hospitals with the full capacity to recover from their illness," said Doctor Stew, it's the words from their friends and families that crush them, it gives them a big blow, which sends their once precarious posture into unstable condition. Every person diagnosed with chronic or acute illnesses has the full strength and capacity to fight it, but when they begin to see the despair in others around them, they quickly give in the fight as they too despair.

I remember a time at the patients ward when I asked something a nurse, instead of helping me out she bursts into laughter, another nurse who happened to be nearby asked her what the fuss was all about, she too burst into laughter, they laughed there for almost half an hour, one of them almost slipped over and fell onto the ground, for the floor was very slippery, I don't remember exactly what I said at the time because I was very ill, but those nurses who laughed at me when I was helpless I still remember their tone, I can still hear their voices now joking over my bed. I forgave them a long time ago though, whatever motivated them to do that I do not know, maybe they had inhaled toxic gases from the pharmacy that drove them mad, had my condition worsened after that, I probably would never have forgiven them, they would have been the ones who sealed my fate and possibly a damnation. Those cheeky nurses who saw me as an amusement toy, and laughed at everything I said, I plead with you, please treat other patients well, I hope I am the last person you ever do this to.

There are ministers who came, and said a few words of intercessory for me, but I also remember a guy who came and started to preach at me, he asked me what my ailment was, "duodenal cap deformity, a very rare condition," I said to him, I am probably the first person in this hospital diagnosed with this condition, the surgeons have done their work, there is nothing more they can do for me at the moment, one of them says that my life is in God's hands now, then he began to preach at me with all his wisdom might and strength, sometimes he mentioned things I did not understand, he acted as if he was a priest performing some ritual of exorcism, which made me and some other relatives who were nearby very afraid. He claimed that my illness was a work of the enemy, and I needed the hands of the divine in order to break the strong grip the

enemy has had over me, and many more terrifying things he said to me, I never thought he was ever going to finish, the few hours he took standing over my bed were like weeks or months to me. Finally he got to finish performing his rite and walked away.

Diagnosis-8-more visitors.

One day when laying in home bed, some women came to visit me, they had heard from family and friends that I was ill, my mother had described to them in details the severity of my condition, so they decided to stop by to pay a visit.

After assessing my health situation, they sat there and began to chat, they discussed many things among themselves to the point of almost forgetting that I was there, within a few minutes they were lost deep into their conversations, I still lay there unflinching. One of them then brought up a story of someone who had a long illness then later died.

A relative of theirs I believe, right in front of me! I never saw that coming! I fumed with what appeared to be a mixture of fear and rage, swore if I had the least strength to lift myself off bed, I would chase them out the room like mongrels who have come to lick my wounds. Luckily for them I wasn't that strong, the illness also kind of numbed my vocals a little so I couldn't speak clearly, how could they discuss such a matter right at my bedside? They failed to realise there was a patient laying right next to them.

Diagnosis-9-Sober by Consent.

Once a psychologically disturbed patient was taken to a mental hospital. The psychiatrist told him to count bugs as a way of confirming treatment, he poured many ants inside a transparent container and asked him to count them, numberings in their hundreds to thousands these creatures were really stubborn, highly mobile, when you get down to labelling each one of them others are already crawling out of the jar, it's the silliest exam in the whole world, if you disagree with the proposal, if he turns down the offer saying it's a foolish thing to do, it clearly indicates he could be having a clear mind-set, and only pretending to be mad. But if he blindly accepts that proposal, and enjoys the whole affair, laughing

giggling etc. then you certainly know he is still out of his mind. All madmen think (*believe*) everybody else is crazy while they themselves are okay.

Diagnosis-10-a year I shall never forget.

At that time I was struck by a terrible illness, I grew so weak and thin, I had to stay indoors to avoid public ridicule, all my pride was gone, what is left of me now is hope, the future looks uncertain, when my friends come to visit me, upon looking at me, they fled back in terror and never coming back, the four walls of my room have been my guests ever since, people you knew before could easily escape from you, as I write to you now, I am about to be moved to a new bed & home, in three months' time, the thought of that place scares me even more.

END OF DIAGNOSIS.

##

Final Clause

We have come to the end of our conversation, looking forward to connecting to you soon. We shall have more to discuss.

Please leave your thoughts & queries about this text in the comments section, if you have something that needs further elaboration or have got some burning question, you can always text me and I shall be more than happy to respond appropriately.

Write to me,
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***NB**

Make sure you have the latest version of this text; you should check for newer versions at your favourite stores in order to get instant access to free content updates.

Thank you for your time.

More of WOTEs...

A Full list of other titles in the sequel.

WORDS TO ELATE.

- *Where is my inkpot?*
- *Media Moner*
- *The Laments of a Lumberjack*
- *Mundi Politica*
- *So you still do that?*
- *Hand me that take this*
- *A world of fakes*
- *Show me some lab ethos*
- *Flying above five feet*
- *Techno Chimps*
- *Dazzling riches*
- *Your highness let me speak!*
- *Mechanical revolts*
- *My mirror is a liar*
- *The beauty of Languages*
- *Darwin and the apes*
- *Tell me something funny*
- *Sweep thy planet*
- *Savage amusements*
- *Hello King James*
- **Be Patient please**
- *My Adventures to great unknown*
- *Can you colour a rainbow?*
- *A deer's diet*
- *Speed bones*
- *The Roman Cultures of today*

Footnotes.

My most used/favourite stylistic features

- Sharp contrast
- Heavy metaphor
- Extravagant exaggeration.

The reference to masculine characters in the above stories is not a biased motive to discriminate against any gender, it's just for the purposes of description, the authors repeated use of words such as he/him/man/king are just for the purposes of enchanting the narrative, if you feel offended by them then feel free to replace them with whatever words you choose as you read along, these pronouns are NOT put in place to intimidate, you can also contact the author directly and specify which part should changes be made to and to what particular effect, the author respects all readers and will not misrepresent members of any class, age, status or gender. All readers are precious.

I am trying to avoid the inconvenience of having to jump from one side of the group to another as it easily puts the readers off, jumping from side to side, back and forth, here and there is really irritating, take for instance it's better to say, "the king came out of his castle, called the knights and asked him to take him out on a ride through the royal forests and left his son in charge of the castle," than to say, "the king/queen came out of his/her castle, called the knight/knightess and asked him/her to take him/her out on a ride through the royal forest and left his/her son/daughter in charge of the castle"

Textual homogeneity- some aspects of the words, phrases and stories share lots of similarities with one another, the keen reader who repeatedly crosscheck between different titles will definitely notice this trend, if characters are portrayed in such a sluggish manner that makes the text boring to the reader, then reader please remember to inform the author as soon as possible.

Cover image: A medical practitioner calming a nervous patient, theme by the Author

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