

Hot Stuff

by Frederick Wickert

Something happened today that is hard to believe. At least I never heard of anything like it.

The doctor recently told me that I needed to provide some stool samples. They gave me a plastic apparatus they call a hat. It is to put across the top of the toilet seat to catch the sample so it doesn't fall in the commode. Then they gave me three plastic Ziploc bags. Each contained two bottles with some preservative liquid in it. One was required to put sufficient sample in the bottle to reach a mark on the bottle. Then after securing the cap, shake the bottle to mix the sample with the fluid. There were warnings about the liquid being poisonous.

There were a total of six bottles, each pair to be filled at a different time. There was one more bottle, minus the plastic bag and the preservative. That was a larger bottle than the others and I was instructed to provide a plentiful sample in it.

I followed instructions as they were given. I then placed them on a shelf on my computer desk where they remained for about four days. Then, having to go to the town where the doctor's office is located, I placed them all in a plastic bag. I took them to the doctor's office and handed them to the male nurse.

A call this morning was from the same male nurse. He informed me there had been a problem and there will have to be an additional sample given. I was asked to please come to the doctor's office and pick up the necessary paraphernalia. When I arrived there, he brought out and gave to me the one larger bottle, minus preservative. He cautioned me to be sure to refrigerate it until I was ready to bring it to the doctor's office.

I inquired as to what happened to the other one. He replied that he didn't really know for sure. The hospital lab had called and said that it exploded in the lab. I noted that I had not refrigerated the previous sample and he replied that was probably the reason it exploded.

I wonder if that is evidence that I am what might be called, "hot stuff?"