

IT'S MINE, IT'S MINE: MICHAEL MORGAN

At the time, I didn't think it was at all funny.
In fact, it was rather painful, and certainly embarrassing.
It began with a sharp pain in my right side.

Argggh!

The doctor diagnosed a kidney stone.
'We will either dissolve it', he said, 'or you will pass it'.
'Pass it how?' I asked.
I wished I hadn't.

Argggh!

2 months went by, and nothing had passed.
I was beginning to think it had dissolved.

Phew!

I was playing tennis at Hurlingham, a posh sports club in London. What better after a game of tennis than a pint or two of Pimms No 1.

Yum!

Time to relieve myself. The men's toilet was almost as big as a tennis court, with a stainless steel trough running the full length of one wall. I took my place at one end. The drain hole was at the other. Between me and the drain hole were 6 Pimm drinking tennis players relieving themselves. I started to relieve myself.

Having just started, everything stopped. So much for relief. I looked down. I was reminded of the giraffe swallowing a medicine ball. A blockage. Nothing.

Arggggh!

Then 'Ping'. Something flew out and dented the stainless steel. I remembered what the doctor said when I asked him, 'Pass it how'? I also remembered the second thing the doctor said. 'If you ever pass it, get it'.

6 Pimm drinking tennis players abruptly stopped relieving themselves at the sight of me, my trousers half down and various parts of my anatomy clearly on display, scurrying down the stainless steel trough chasing a kidney stone as it rattled its way towards the drain yelling, 'it's mine, it's mine'.

There was a polite chuckle among the members when I eventually returned to the bar.