

Urban Belina

# The Fake Bosom

## INTRODUCTION

*Lady Anous sings on the playback.*

ODE TO THE BOSOM AND THE COLONIES (*Only introductory part*)

I have one and only,  
But it's round and beautiful,  
No one passes by me  
Without giving notice...

Today I show you bodily delights,  
I steer you into twisted...

*(Music is interrupted)*

LADY ANOUS (*To the tech*): What's wrong? Yeah, no worries, I'll cover it.

*She goes pick up her skirt and asks a member of public for assistance. During the dressing, she apologises because of the mistake. When dressed, she goes to the bar stool and drags it to the middle of the venue. She starts talking while moving the bar stool.*

LADY ANOUS: Recently I watched a documentary about detoxification. Real, structured methods with diet, nutritional supplements, fasting and enemas. It impressed me so much that I had to try, they say the system can detoxify the liver. Dear Lord, what came out! For a few years of filth, I tell you. Fortunately, no tapeworms were present, I have to knock on wood. (*She knocks.*) I really wouldn't like to deal with endoparasites.

When everything leaked out of me, I first thought that it really works with all the power. Then my state worsened, and I was getting sicker from hour to hour. And this has been going on for weeks now. I feel as if a thing is flowing through my veins and nerves, even in the back, behind my eyes. Does this happen to anyone else? I guess it would be wise to book an appointment?

I have the most phenomenal doctor in the world, I like to visit her so much. But I'd prefer to go to a specialist, they're still the biggest experts. What if I tell you a little about my doctor, who's a surplus of surpluses. Superbabe. But a real one! If anyone is my role model, that's her. I'd like to become such a woman.



## FIRST DOCTOR'S VISIT

LADY ANOUS (*Excitement, elation because of the doctor, worship of the doctor.*):

When I came to the first medical examination, I was on the brink. With my nerves, money, I hardly had any will to live left. At that time I didn't change so often, so I was a guy, that's why I really don't know what inspired me to go and borrow a whole outfit from a friend, who also did my make up.

(*Pride.*) And so I went to the health centre all pimped up. People were turning their heads, but I didn't care. Tick, tick, tick, tick, tock, I hurtled down the corridor, approaching the most compelling experience in the world. It's my turn almost immediately. I deal with the nurse. I'm waiting. She calls me. I enter.

*She goes to the bar stool and wipes the seat with a handkerchief. Then she sits on it.*

LADY ANOUS (*Body posture and expression of Lady Anous and the doctor are differentiated. The passage between characters is structured.*): The doctor says: Good day. What is burdening you?

I answer: Occasionally I feel pinching in my tonsils. That is on both sides. To me all this seems like some kind of bacteria that entered into the bloodstream and is also eating away the nerves. And I'm so weak and powerless.

Oh, I hope I don't have cancer. I didn't notice elevated body temperature, at least in the last few months. Probably the inflammation disrupted the glands and consequently all of my endocrine system. The feeling's like when I had measles in my childhood, I'm all itchy. But I was last treated with antibiotics in elementary school.

And my head's boiling a bit. I hope it's not a tumour? In any case, the thing has spread to several nerves, across the endocrine system, and probably also into the brain.

The doctor says: Well, one thing after another. For how long have you been experiencing these problems? Is this the first time or have you ever had similar symptoms?

LADY ANOUS: What if I become completely senile? This behind my eyes, I think that I had similar symptoms in my childhood. And the measles. I read a little bit about various infections a few weeks ago, since then I feel tingling all over my body. It keeps prickling and doesn't stop. It says that it can even be syphilis or several different bacteria at the same time. A whole colony, Sweet Marry!

If I think this through, I've been experiencing waves of such attacks since January this year. And also in between, when I'm not tingling all over my body, I'm in a strange mood or the vessel on my neck pulsates and I experience heat flashes. Everything seems very hormonal to me. Since January, can you imagine?

The doctor says: Miss, you're going to give some urine and blood. (Yes. she really calls me Miss, isn't she the best?) So, in January you started to feel heat flashes and tingling on the body? What were the first symptoms?

I tell: It started in January, we were shooting in some cellars at the time and I fell ill. Something similar to a flu. My throat hurt, fatigue, malaise, but nothing special. Then it passed and at that time I stopped taking my herbal remedies, this probably caused a period of episodes. At least that's what I thought at the time. It's already February now and I still feel tingling, all the time. It won't stop even for a minute. There's sticky puss in the ear. If the ear's not all slimy, it's slightly clogged. With a thicker plug.

This should be examined by an otorhinolaryngologist. He must have some special tools that help him to see more accurately. I understand that you can have a look with your little light, but you surely don't see so well, besides, what if we're dealing with something else? I think it'd be better if a specialist examined me? What specialist can help me with the tingling? And who can ensure me that this is not an old bacterial infection? And that everything's fine with my hormones?

LADY ANOUS: The doctor says: Miss, I understand that you're worried. You are certainly not alone. You can always consult with me. And you must have other friends who can help you out. What about your parents and family, do they support you?

I say: Why is this important? If they support me in what, in the change into a bacteria culture?

The doctor says: Well, I see that you're really brave, that's admirable. I am interested in how you're dealing with the responses of your surroundings; is something burdening you? I'm sure you don't have a light heart.

*Each statement is directed at a different member of the audience.*

LADY ANOUS: Can you imagine that you would come to see your doctor with a boil in your perineum or pain in the neck, and he or she would say something like that to you? Do your parents support you? I admire you to go walking around with this boil. How does the surroundings look at your atrophied neck? *(She jumps into the lap of audience member. Erotic.)* The protrusion of your intervertebral disk is driving me crazy. Is something burdening you? Are you tense? *(Gets up again.)* Anyway, I was rather annoyed.

The doctor says: Well, come on, calm down, I'll write you a referral for a specialist, I advise the clinic for infectious diseases, where they can test you for several things at the same time, and you'll also go to the examination of the gullet and the

stomach. Today, we'll also run blood and urine tests, will this be all right? You're going to go to the lab right away.

*Happiness, joy.*

*INVISIBLE NARRATOR (Bright and lively):* The Department of Infectious Diseases, as a state-of-the-art health institution, deals primarily with diseases caused by micro organisms. It integrally covers the field of infectious diseases in adults, intensive infectious diseases care and infectious diseases in children.

LADY ANOUS: In short, my great babe took me seriously. She said she admired me. She asked me if something's burdening me. You don't even receive such a service on the first-class flight.

On the same day I got the first results from the laboratory, but no value was exceeded. Leukocytes, sedimentation, erythrocytes, sugar, all within the limits of the normal, while I was barely still kicking. I just have to endure for a few more days, and it'll be my turn. Gastric exam can be performed fast. I can't wait to get back to her.

*(Silence.)*

All of those specialists and examinations didn't show anything, everything without deviations, but I'm still waiting to get my date from department of infectious diseases, I hope that they didn't misplace my referral.

What if I have a tropical fever? And an epidemic spreads in our country while they fuss about? What's left for me to do? I'm squatting in a dark corner at home and I stuff myself with various herbs, I also got some home-made ointment and I have to massage my chest and kidneys every two hours with this gunk.



My friend also tried to supply me with some voodoo shit, but these witchdoctors won't get a hold of me. I'm not persuaded by them, I'm a very rational person.

I also tried seating baths with horsetail, but then I found out that my heart starts pounding in the water, and I was completely exhausted for two more days. Old methods, yes, that's why people used to die in such large numbers.

I lay my trust in the official medicine. Health experts. I searched portals for information and read about various diseases. I can't claim that I've found out everything, but I managed to plot a certain direction.

## RASH

LADY ANOUS: Now I am almost convinced that it is an old infection which, in the last year, has managed to express after my experiments with Hildegard of Bingen diet, fasting, and enemas, and also because I stopped using herbal sedatives. Be it a coincidence or not, a certain inflammation is present all the time. I would prefer to go to a spinal tap, but this really frightens me too much; the examination can cause a puncture of the spinal cord or nerve roots, which can then additionally cause radiculopathy!

I have to ask my doctor if there's another test we could try, medicine is constantly progressing with a pace that's unimaginable to normal people. Soon the surgical procedures will be carried out by robots, this will be a serious fuck-up. I would never let a machine with hundreds of surgical blades and drills to scour within my insides. This must be prevented, they have to forbid it!

LADY ANOUS: I told you during last visit how I was all itchy and prickling, and since then I've had a rash outbreak and everything has become unbearable. What if I have a disguised syphilis or a gonorrhoea, rash can be linked with both conditions. Are you sure you wouldn't send me to see a specialist again?

Doctor gives me a look of questionable disapproval. (*Looks at the audience member and repeats.*) Doctor gives me a look of questionable disapproval.

I have to ask you for another thing, don't send me to the spinal tap, I'm lethally afraid of this. I hope they don't carry out spinal taps with robots in our country? I read in one magazine that in some places robots perform it now. I'm familiar with the complications that can occur in this procedure. And do write URGENT on the referral, this is the only way to get scheduled immediately, the last time at the department of infectious diseases I didn't even get a date.

I can show you the rash, and it tingles within as well, not only on the surface, as some worms would develop in the urethra and would wiggle all the time, inside, in the genitals. (*Looks around.*) Is everything thoroughly sterilized? One can get infected with dangerous things here. Do you have precise personnel?

The doctor says: Of course, everything around you is completely disinfected. We use very thorough procedures. Let's take a look at this, will you show me? You don't have to be ashamed, I'm used to everything. So, how is your sex life, are you lively?

I say: I would've been livelier if I didn't have to deal with certain diseases and conditions all the time. This occupies one completely, I don't even have a life any more, how am I supposed to be looking for a guy in such a state?

The doctor asks: Do you have sexual intercourses with men? When you have them.

I look at her all embarrassed. I think: Does she want to hook up with me?

I say: Yes, with men, it would be a bit much to be a lesbian as well.

The doctor asks: Are you using protection?

I say: Well, almost in ninety percent.

The doctor asks: And with how many different people have you had sexual intercourse in the last three years?

I think: You floozy, you are not going to titillate over me. I say: I would need to count them. Certainly not more than a hundred.

The doctor asks: So you didn't have protection with ten?

Well, maybe fifteen... But that's my personal matter. I don't want to discuss this with you.

LADY ANOUS: Your doctor ever asks you about your sex life, if you're lively? *(To a male audience member)* If you fuck with men? *(To a female audience member)* If you shag with women?

To me this is a pretty intimate thing. For friends. Would the doctor like to be my friend? Maybe then she'll write me all the references and prescriptions I'd desire?

I say: Interestingly, one of the distant relatives visited the doctor due to inflammation of the urethra and abdominal pain and he immediately got antibiotics. His doctor told him that it's better to take precautions. He already feels a lot better now. He got better a few days after he started taking antibiotics.

The doctor says: I do not like to prescribe antibiotics on a whim, if this is necessary, you will get them.

I'm quiet. I'm waiting. In my head I'm considering that I might have a lupus or a disguised gonorrhoea or something like that. And Ana recently visited me, she just came from some tropical country. What if I have an exotic disease that they don't even know here at all? I hope we'll be good friends with the doctor. And that we'll laugh a lot.

The doctor says: Well, will you show me now? Let me see your rash, I'll probably have to prescribe an antibiotic ointment. Or if I refer you to a dermatologist, would this calm you down?

I think: Referral, she's promising me a referral already!

I say: Calm down? I don't need to calm down, you must find out what's wrong with me! What if you at least send me to CT scan and a neurologist? What if I have a tumour in my head for years, but I'm not aware of it? And they can also look at the rash on the scan, is this not possible?

The doctor says: Well, we don't recommend these tests for rash. You better show it to me first.

I'm ashamed. I think: She still won't give me this reference; we haven't bonded enough yet, as friends. I have to invite her for coffee sometimes.

I say: What about the tingling and prickling around the heart, should I at least visit a cardiologist to check if everything is normal? In my opinion, I have chronic palpitations.

The doctor listens: You don't have heart problems listed in the file, I wouldn't send you to a cardiologist for now, there's no need.

And I give in and show her.

The doctor says: Yeah, interesting, there's some inflammation. We'll take a swab.

She takes a white stick. And pushes it into the mouth of my urethra.

I think: Bloody sadist.

The doctor says: Yes, that's nice.

I'm panting heavily. I think: I don't like this doctor any more. I don't like any doctors any more.

The doctor says: Well, bear with me.

And she takes a new stick. She jabs me.

I think: Oh, how I'd love to return this to you, if I could.

The doctor says: Well, now we're done.

I look at her all transfixed and wonder if this experience is close to a rape. I don't like this doctor any more. I don't like any doctors. I don't need a new friend.



## INJURY OF THE OESOPHAGUS

LADY ANOUS: For a while, I didn't visit her again, during secretion I was burning in the urethra for four days long. When it resided, my heart started pounding again on the same day. Then I really didn't have a choice any more, either I visit her or the ER.

I say: Ma'am Doctor, Ma'am Doctor, I am Anous, I assume you still remember me?

I have a sore or injured throat. Would you take a look with your little light? Is it thoroughly disinfected?

The good doctor asks: When did you start to feel this way?

I hesitate: Well, this in an ongoing condition since yesterday afternoon. It keeps tingling and scratching in my throat. I feel like it's a little swollen. And something's flowing around all the time. And I secrete unbelievable amount of mucus, litres of it.

The good doctor asks: Did you have an elevated body temperature, did you do anything yourself, how did this happen? Have you been in contact with infected people, someone with a cold or flu?

I say: I'm not aware of it. It's true that I was in the field a lot recently, so it's possible that I got contaminated with something in one of those dumps. But I'm certain that my throat doesn't hurt from infection.

The doctor asks: Have you eaten something very spicy in the last few days?

I say: No, I don't like spicy stuff. You know, the truth is a little embarrassing to tell. This is, how should I put it, physical damage from the inside.

I'm waiting for her to click.

The doctor asks: How did the injury occur, did you put something into your throat?

I say: You know, well, I'm just going to say it straight, it happen during... oral satisfaction of an extremely above-average lump. If I put it more clearly, I

already experienced one of those gnawing me in the tonsils but this one tickled down my stomach all the way to the pylorus.

The doctor looks at me sceptically. She takes the device and lights down my gullet: I see nothing up here. She starts touching my throat.

I think: What if she starts prickling me again with some sticks?

I say: Well, you've seen it, if you don't see anything, we're done, you won't swab me again, because this is a really unpleasant experience for me. But you didn't manage to calm me down at all. I assume ectopic pregnancy is unlikely?

The doctor smiles: That would be a bit difficult without an egg cell.

I return her smile. I think: If you're a real friend, you'll write me a referral.

The doctor says: Would you like me to send you to a proctologist? Since this is an extreme case, it's perhaps better if he checks.

I look at her flabbergasted: To a proctologist? Why would you send me to a proctologist? I think: This is what I get in return for a smile, a finger up my...

The doctor hesitates: Well, after what you confided in me on your last visit, that you have unprotected sex with men, and now you've had one such meeting of a more extreme kind, well, a partner with a very large penis. That's why I concluded that you might like to visit the proctologist so he can check for potential injuries. Sometimes this results in lacerations.

I say: Well, I said it was oral sex and I never stated I was a bottom. That's not for me. I mean, I dress up as a woman, but I'm not into bottoming. I never enjoyed it. So I prefer to suck it if necessary. And as far as I know, proctologists are only interested in the bums, and stick their fingers in your ass... I'd rather pass this. I'm worried about my throat mainly.

I think: In our country everyone is so outdated, everything is different abroad, biohackers are embedding new senses into their bodies, expanding awareness with technology, while these goblins here can only see binary, nothing but dualities, total heteronormativity.

The doctor says: Oh dear, I apologize, I shouldn't have anticipated in this way. So you don't need to visit a proctologist right now, this is not an option then. Then it's probably best to refer you to gastroscopy, you already know this procedure, so you don't need me to explain.

LADY ANOUS: From then on, I knew that I could trust her with anything. The woman extracted the whole truth from me in a minute, she even knows my sexual preferences. Who wouldn't want to have such a doctor who can see deep within a person?

Lady Anous begins to perform the choreography of the Victory.

*INVISIBLE NARRATOR (Bright and lively):* An endoscopic examination of the upper gastrointestinal tract is an examination that allows the physician to accurately and accurately examine the oesophagus, the stomach and the duodenum, or the initial part of the small intestine.





## MAMMOGRAM

LADY ANOUS: Now that I am convinced that we're really genuine friends, I dare to express my really deep urge.

I say: Ma'am doctor, I think I know what's wrong with me. And please don't laugh at me.

I think: If you make fun of me, I'll grind you.

I say: I think a breast started to blossom on my chest.

The doctor says: Now, that's something! This is really the first for me. Why do you think that?

And I tell her: Occasionally I had something similar before, but not so often or for so long. Whatever. Something's wrong with me. I'm tingling and prickling all over. A bit here and there over the whole body. And then stronger here in the chest, in the middle. I had some problems already before this started. Last year, and two years ago. That's terrible. This can completely exhaust any entity.

The good doctor, of course, is sympathetic and nods.

I continue: You know, for a long time, I yearned that my breasts would blossom. I consulted old hags for recipes and applied different ointments and pomades. But nothing helped, after several failed trials I finally gave up. And now they really sprouted, well, at least one is surely protruding, and I thought if you could do some tests.

I've already got a special bra, I wouldn't really like it to get all soggy right away. But now I'm curious, if that's really a genuine breast. I read that the antibody against mammaglobin marks normal epithelial breast cells, as well as primary and metastatic breast carcinoma. Can this test be used to determine if a certain tissue is really a breast?

You know, it's fine if it's cancer, just that it's a real breast. And if it's cancer, it'll grow quickly, right? That's not a bad option either. Can you order the test for mammaglobin? This doesn't hurt, this test? I'm a bit frightened, but I'll endure, only to find out.

The doctor says: I think this will be rather impossible. You know, the test I order must be justified according to the rules. If we look at your condition more closely, it's obvious that you want to be a woman, but your body is still developed with male features. I can't send a person of male gender to a mammogram. It's not justified. Health insurance won't cover these costs.

I get upset: You want to say I need to go to surgery before you can send me to a mammogram? Well, then write me a referral for that, I want to change my sex, I'm already determined. Write it right now, I'll go get a date tomorrow morning!

The doctor's astonished: You're really incredibly brave. Are you aware that there are many risks associated with sex modification surgery? For example, weakness, stiffness, myalgia, dizziness, headache, hypaesthesia, hyporeflexia and also sensory loss, insomnia, and pruritus, all mentioned are associated with changes in the hormonal system and genitals.

The surgical construction of female breasts can cause pneumonia, a malfunction on the adjacent level of backbone, deep venous thrombosis, pulmonary embolism, wound infection, myocardial infarction, nerve damage, vascular damage, pain in the area of the thoracic vertebrae, instability and the development of benign tumours. Have you really considered everything?

I think: I just want a referral for a mammogram, a true friend would've written it for me by now.

I say all pale: You know what, maybe I need to sleep on it, the decision about my surgery, I said this in excitement. But I'm certain a real breast sprouted on my chest. What if you write that you suspect a tumour, they'll then do a test with this antibody against mammaglobin. Isn't it used in determining cancer?

Doctor sighs: There's really no other way to calm you down.

*Dance with the doctor.*

*INVISIBLE NARRATOR (Bright and lively): Needle breast biopsy is an examination in which a sample of breast tissue is taken with a needle and the nature of changes in it is then determined.*

*Following a preliminary explanation of the procedure and any complications, the patient must sign his/her consent. Through this he/she becomes aware of the risks and benefits that the procedure brings.*

*The procedure takes about half an hour. The patient usually lies during the examination. The skin is disinfected with an antiseptic solution. Sterile coverage is applied in the puncture area. Skin and subcutaneous tissue are injected with an anaesthetic, and then under the supervision of ultrasound, we perform a puncture. The needle is constantly monitored during the introduction into the tissue and during movement in the tissue itself. The sample for the cytological examination is usually taken three times, and for histology once. After puncture, the puncture area is covered in a sterile manner. When administering an analgesic injection, the subject may experience mild burning pain, which soon resides. The doctor should be alerted if the pain intensifies.*

*In the results, it will be specified which cells compose the change in the breast. This information is crucial for further treatment. In benign changes, treatment is not necessary, while in cancer, depending on the nature of the change, we select an appropriate treatment regime.*



## A REAL BABE

LADY ANOUS: Cyclin D1, one of the key regulators of the cell cycle, is supposedly proto-oncogene, are we then nothing but big cancerous formations? Will we all get tumours and die?

I have a few billion bacteria under the nail, I am not a human but a colony. Super-infection in infinite replication. Multiple specimen of highly contagious variety. Highly likely also a genetic error in the generation.

From birth to death, we are at risk of fatalities. If we survive infections with all the viruses, bacteria, fungi, molds, and opportunistic parasites, arachnitis and cavernous hemangioma, we develop cancer in the stomach or the gut, or our heart starts to give in due to clogged blood vessels and an unhealthy lifestyle. If this is not the case, it's lupus, Hashimoto, or another pesky autoimmune disease.

And what's your diagnosis, do you think you managed to avoid all this? Of course, in the end, however, one of the STDs will jump from the cover of the toilet seat on the public toilets.

The result of the test has not been informative, we were not able to determine the cells of the tissue we have collected. The formations of my body are incorrectly differentiated and don't belong to the standard classification of diseases, although they're not normal tissue. There's no mammaglobin in me. There's no female tissue in me. But that's not true! They'll never understand that I'm a real woman! That I've everything, including a mother's instinct!

*Ultra-feminine dancing in silence.*

INVISIBLE NARRATOR: The Department of Infectious Diseases, as a state-of-the-art health institution, deals primarily with diseases caused by micro organisms. It integrally covers the field of

infectious diseases in adults, intensive infectious diseases care and infectious diseases in children.

LADY ANOUS: The infectious diseases doctor asks: You are this unknown infection?

I say: Infection, a bunch of bacilli, infectious essence in person.

The infectious diseases doctor starts looking at me with repulse, she asks: You have indicated in the questionnaire that you have unprotected sex with men. This is a very risky endeavour. Are you aware that this puts your life at risk? And that this also threatens others?

I'm silent.

She continues: The patient reports that he has sex with men, often without protection. He is inclined to promiscuity practices and does not show any intention to change the behaviour.

To me: What are the symptoms, here you have mentioned a rash and a burning sensation in the urethra, as I see. What else did you notice?

I say: I'm itching and prickling all over, and then rash appeared as well and it all became unbearable. Oh, what if I actually have diabetes? We have it in our family. And cancer as well, several relatives died in young age.

I have to ask you for another thing, don't send me to the spinal tap, I'm really lethally afraid of this. I can show you, it itches on the inside, not just on the surface. As some worms would develop in the urethra and would wiggle all the time, inside, in the genitals. And I feel constant prickling around my heart, but my doctor won't send me to the cardiologist. Do you think something's wrong?

And of course, the waves of weakness, and episodes of depression and mood swings. It's like this from January on. I was waiting for my turn here for three months. What if I have a tropical illness? And an epidemic spreads in our country?

No need for the swabs, I have to mention this, they already took them. They didn't find anything. I also went through the biopsy of the breast. Everything's already been analysed, but nothing is established.

She continues: The patient reports a variety of bodily problems with no known cause, pruritis, localized primarily on the intimate area and penis, including transient episodes of tingling in the urethra, and a variety of psychological problems, including allegedly imaginary examinations.

To me: Does it burn while urinating?

I say: No, I didn't notice that.

She continues: The patient does not mention a burning sensation during urination. The patient mentions diabetes and malignant diseases in the family medical history. He also shows signs of acute anxiety and refuses full participation in the examinations. Suspicion of paranoid compulsive disorder.

The specialist asks: Why are you so afraid of tropical diseases, have you recently returned from a foreign country? You didn't mark this in the questionnaire.

I say: No, one doesn't need to go there at all. The whole city's full of tourists, who knows what they contaminated us with! What if I have bone parasites? Or Ebola? I feel tingling for months and it won't stop, I hardly get any sleep at all.

Specialist continues: The patient has not been abroad recently, he mentions pruritis, neuropathic pain, sleep problems and phobia of infections transmitted by tourists. I am starting a physical examination.



To me: Mister, are you going to undress and show me the rash?

I say: Well, there's hardly any rash left, it has already disappeared. Is everything thoroughly disinfected?

The specialist insists: Then show me the areas where you feel itching. Of course we follow all protocols to maintain the cleanliness of the premises and personnel hygiene. Well, show me.

*Lady Anous takes off all but underwear. She starts to sob.*

LADY ANOUS: What if I have an old myocarditis and I will die at twenty-six? Or an ocular syphilis in the third stage? There's a bunch of children everywhere whose parents don't want to vaccinate them any more! What if the mumps, like in Hawaii, mutated somehow? What if I get Italian malaria? What if I'm gonna die in my own shit, just like uncle Henry? What if I have a gonorrhoea! Ataxia! Horner's syndrome! Small cell lymphocytic lymphoma! Chlamydia! What if they cut off my breast?

*INVISIBLE NURSE OVER A SPEAKER: Mr. Anus, Mr. Anus, please come to room 4 for a swab.*

LADY ANOUS: I told you not to take any swabs! What if I stuff one stick in your sinuses to improve their flow? Once everyone starts to get ill, it'll be too late. I warned you an epidemic might occur.

I'm off, you're not ready to help me here either. *(She gets dressed.)* And when I arrive dead in an ambulance too late to the emergency, we will at least know who is to blame!

Mister, you should go to psychiatry!

*Lady Anous slowly undresses. The song can be sung live or pre-recorded. When she removes all her clothes, she starts kneading the fake bosom and squeezes out the contents of the chest boil.*



## ODE TO THE BOSOM AND THE COLONIES

I have one and only,  
But it's round and beautiful,  
No one passes by me  
Without giving notice...

Today I show you bodily delights,  
I steer you into twisted heavenly heights,  
In the feverish tripping of tropical infections,  
In the safe embrace of health care structures.

I share infections and secretions,  
Diseases of all kinds,  
Tomorrow we shall bury you,  
All the women and all the men!

And all those in between...

Come to get STD.  
Come for pussy boils.  
Come for gout and cataract,  
for sarcoma, noma and myeloma!

Today I show you bodily delights,  
I steer you into twisted heavenly heights,  
In the feverish tripping of tropical infections,  
In the safe embrace of health care structures.

I'm a bunch of bacilli and a disguised syndrome,  
A swarm of infects and a pathogen colony.  
I am a repeatedly mutated reo-virus genome,  
Always fatal and contagious bacteria.

I have one and only,  
But it's round and beautiful,  
No one passes by me  
Without giving notice...

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THE END