

It is Proven, A Prescription from The Physicians of Myddfai

1.94

I do not react well to the nightshade family. Face and mawe swell and tighten to a point of pain, and I remind myself: do not ete tomatoe, do not ete potatoe, do not ete aubergine, do not ete pepper, and yet still I am drawn to these plants, I want of them, I lust for them.

There was a time when I would ete almost nothing save tomatoe. I would consume, of a day, two pounds of the blede. This would not be in one sitting: no, for I would, throughout the day, ete on, two, thre, a gentle snack. The thought would occur: a tomatoe. This thought then would build in the mind, till I could no longer suppress it, and I would go, ete, graze throughout the day. I did not observe mealtimes, there were no meals, there were only these foul fruit. And do you know, since then I am unable to ingest them, an intolerance borne through oversaturation.

Today I ete tomatoe with salt, and the mawe hardens, it bloats outwards. It is difficult to concentrate, so discomforted am I. Clothing is impossibly constricted. I boil duckweed in goat's milk, and bathe the warm lotion on the stomak intermittently throughout the day. And I do curse myself, for my weiknes.

1.103

I fear constipation above all other ailments. I have not passed stool in thre days, and fele no urge to. It is no drede: excrement piles up in the colon, slowly hardening into a rock. Feling the creaking stasis of the gut, I boil duckweed in a pot, then cast it into a pan, and fry it with a quantity of blood and butter. This I ete hot, and await its effects.

1.109

The constipation is still felt. Five days with no stool and no abdominal cramping; drinche I greet amounts of fluid to no avail. Do you know I astound myself with the quantity of fluid I can ingest. Some years prior to this day, I would take no food save six whites of eggs at eventide. A hunger followed me everywhere, from morning until sleep. At this time, around midday, it was my particular wish to sit and drinche two pints of hot fluid within the space of an hour, and then repeat this operation at dusk. It warmed me, when the flesh was unable to warm itself, and it filled me, when I was not filling myself.

On this day, I ingest similar greet quantities of liquid, though in a less concentrated time period, instead staggering my intake as sips, across the hours of daylight. Still, this does not ease the stasis: rather it seems to contribute to it, sitting like a lake atop the sticky, compacted mud lining the intestines. Nothing moves. Thus I take salt and second milk in equal parts. These I place on the fire in an evaporating dish, until it has reduced into a congealed, waxy mass. From this unguent I make suppository cakes and insert one into the rectum, to await its effect.

1.117

Surfet. I cannot quite explain why I have frequent lyke to ete so much that I fele quite nauseous. This urge takes over approximately every other day, and I often will ete to the point of extreme distention of the mawe, then purge the contents violently. To inflate then deflate: I need this

sensation. This eventide I ete seven bananas and fele extremely sicke, and yet the bananas will not rise through the oesophagus: I cannot purge them. This is abhorrent: the inability to purge is the absolute worst fear of one who will purge.

It had been that on Sunnenday, I would ete greet quantity of banana and porridge, then, a mere two houres later, a greet quantity of salmon and wheaten bred, swiftly followed by greet quantity of chocolate brownie and raspberrie, and make myself quite ill throughout Monenday. It was only when I was prescribed the contraceptive pill and the appetite increased quite fourfold that I desired

to ete this amount and more, every day, and I knew the flesh would fatten if the appetite gain'd maistry. Lo, apprehend I a violent methodology of purging. It is not a prescription I would

recommend or share with you. This eventide, though, it does prove ineffectual, and the bananas remain stuck. I let them be, I digest them, much as I loathe digestion.

I take a turnip and boil it in goat milk, and take gentle sips until the stomak is quelled.

1.122

The bowels will not loosen, they are obstinately firm and static. I am quite at the end of my tether, knowing that I must continue eten in order to promote peristalsis, and yet not wishing to add to the compounding mass of shit accruing in the mawe. When I lie on my bed, I can fele a thick rope of excrement extending up the transverse colon.

Thistles as the thistles on the enamell'd broche my mother would wear, the purple tarnish'd and scuffed. I remember not her wearing this broche, I only remember it sitting in her jewellery box, and should I chance to remove it, she would find it in the hand and she would tell me: this is the first piece of jewellery your father did buy for me. I boil the roots of small thistles that grow in the woods, these roots of thistles I boil in water, this water I drinche with relish.

1.123

I am uncertain if I have had an inflammatory response to the nightshade, or if I have gained fat on my flesh, but I will tell you that I gained quite 4 pounds overnight, much to my disgust. This flesh is repellent to me. I have begun drinchen the juice of fennel.

1.177

I try to restrain the appetite, for I must curb these urges toward surfet. Fayne would I live long, and a cycle of bingeing and purging may cut short my years without consent. I have heard that ongoing irritation of the throat may cause a canker, or still a rupture through the oesophagus into the flesh beyond. I do not wish for dethe, or to have my dethe discussed in papers and on web sites in lascivious terms. My greet fear is autopsy, my greet fear is to have the contents of the bowel pored over and discussed, my greet fear is that I should be defined by a base and shameful dethe, a dethe by overeting, a dethe that would be discussed with disgust. And so I shall restrain the appetite, and ete slowly. I shall not ingest to the point of distention. This too may aid in evacuation. The irregularity of the bowels is troubling to me: I must work towards a daily evacuation of substantial volume.

1.188

Trowe that this lust for fullness is a moral impunity and might represent something sexual. Trowe that I wish to reach a crescendo of food like the crescendo of balsamic injection. I am attempting eten and to allow some appetite to remain. Today, I ete sparingly, allowing myself to maintain a sense of hunger even after each repast. I drinche nothing with my meal, and throughout the day I drinche sparingly, choosing only the coldest water I can obtain. After eten, I take a brief walk in well-sheltered and level ground.

Tonight I shall sleep well, but not too much. I must give pause between my meal of eventide and my bed, for it is known that sleep before food will make a body thin, while sleeping after will make one fat.

These shall be the rules moving forward:

Ete two small meals each day, to remain hungry after the meal has passed

Drinche nothing with each meal

Sippe only little throughout the day, from the coldest source I might obtain

Forbete these chemical sweteners which I will use to make drynk more palatable: I fear they aggravate the mawe

Do make enough time between meals that I might fele empty: this I shall sense from my hunger and the thinness of my saliva

Sleep, some time after my final repast, deeply, but not for too long

2. 22

When I go to toilet, I pass only tiny pebbles, after much straining, and little else emerges. It does not represent my daily intake and I fear that if I do not pass a substantial stool soon, the thick and unwieldy serpent of shit in the colon will begin to extend into the small intestine. There is, happily, approximately 25 feet of this organ for it to traverse before it might creep into the mawe, but if nothing happens then perhaps, in a year, I will begin spiwan excrement.

When I would take pills derived from the leaves of the senna plant, I would never experience this aggregate of shit. To my infinite earthly delight, there would be a direct correlation between input and output: I might eat my one meal of the day at eventide, then after a good sleep of eight houres, I would evacuate a liquid in which the foods were suspended, barely digested.

Sooth, this time was a time of much pain to me, much sicknesse. Fayne I shall never revisit it, but still I sometimes wish I could be this empty again. These tiny pebbles I pass on toilet, these pebbles are mere chips in the enormous boulder residing in the rectum, a compounding of any number of meals of the days prior. I must chip away at the boulder by eten. Must I ete foods that are medicinals, medicinals that are foods, much as I fear that these foods will not be curie. Warily do I take a newly laid hen's egg and remove the white. Into the shell, I scoop unsalted butter to mix with the yolk, until the shell is full. This I warm, then eat. It sits well, but I do not shit. These eggs shall become a regular part of my regimen until I fele colonic spasming.

2.96

I cannot express to you my discomfort. I fele now a spasming, and excrement begins to emerge, but it has hardened to a point that it is impossible to pass through the rectum, and so it gives me pain.

I take a pennyworth of stibium and grate it as fine as flour, though this process gives me grief, for metal will take some time to grate, even one so soft as stibium—or antimony as you may call it. This powder I mix with a pint of sound ale, and warm. I ete nothing in the morning, and drinche only this liquid.

Quite half the houre has passed when a quart of posset do I drinche: I thence proceed drinche again, and once more for good measure—this as instructed. Later, I warm spring water, put some good butter and honey into it, and drinche the draught in two sittings. This consists my day.

2.97

When I ended my regimen of senna laxative, I was quite seekly. The recovree was slow, though I did visit a beach upon whose sandy edges plenty bushes of buckthorn grew. I harvested the berries, and these I keep in the freezer for such times as the present. For today the entire gut is static, and I seek the mollificaccioun of the rock of shit. So I express the juice of buckthorn and mixe two spoonfuls with a draught of good ale wort. This drinche I, and await its effects, willing the bowels to loosen. Still they remain obstinate, still they remain static. Thusly I drinche another draught without the buckthorn. I manage to force out a thin, tapering worm of soft excrement, perhaps passed through the spaces around the hardened stone lodged in the rectum, and so I ete some warm oatmeal gruel made with spring water, mixing it with some honey, butter, and unsifted wheaten bred.

Over the next nin days I shall follow this regimen thrice. I hope that the tapering worm shall grow to a fattened, thick and muscular snake, which coils out of the rectum and lands in the toilet bowl like a triumphant best. If the best does not make its presence known, I shall lead a further nin days on milk food and wheaten bred.

2.98

The abdomen is distended. I take a handful of the leaves of damask roses, boil them in the wort of good ale, and this I drinche. I shalt follow a regimen of milk food and wheaten bred for a further nin days.

2.99

Today I have result. After some straining for quite thritti minuten, I manage to dislodge a plug of hardened shit the shape of a bulb of garlic. This is followed by a fat, soft rope quite two inches in diameter, and my relief is indescribable. I shall tell you how I gained maistry over the gut.

Two days prior I took honey, and the juice of the fruit of buckthorn, in equal quantity. I boiled these together over a slow heat, and kept in a well-covered glass bottle. Today I take thre spoonfuls of this liquid. Thritti minuten after, I drinche a hearty draught of the wort of strong ale. It is not another thritti minuten until I fele colonic spasming, a dearly-belov'd friend from a distant past. Sitting on toilet, the pain of passing the bulbous plug is quite extreme, such that I worrie I should tear the rectum, but I do not. I have only enough time to turn and observe its form in the water: bitymes it is proceeded by a soft and warm evacuation of what must be almost the full contents of the descending colon. My solas is greet.

2.106

I have been experiencing a humoral flatulence which has been weakening both body and mind. My mother once told me: I do not pass wind. She instilled in us a belief that to pass wind was a moral failing, and a failing of femininity in addition. But in this latter endeavour I wish to fail, and so often I fart freely and with relish. *And I shall die, all peacefully pickled in farts.*

This flatulence, though, it brings me agony. And so this morning, before breaking my fast, I take the juice of sweet apples, raspberries, plums and blackberries, strained. I set it upon a slow fire, and

add a spoon of honey for every draught, bringing the liquid to a gentle boil. I shall drink a hearty draught of this with my morning meal, and for the next nine days hence shall eat only bread made from highly roasted akorns. My supply of akorns is low, perhaps only enough for two loaves. Should I not be able to obtain more in the nine day period, I shall not worry. Many nettles grow by the roots of the sweet apple-trees, and these I shall pull up from the ground, dry the roots away from the fire, and grind to a powder to make bread.

2.107

Flatulence does not diminish or abate. I cannot pass an hour without emitting a violent and noxious gas. There is no one else to witness the event, so I feel no shame, but I do feel a perpetual discomfort at the tautened maw, filled with a toxic air. Often it is sweet agony.

I take a spoonful of mustard seed this morning, then again at midday, washed down with good old mead. I shall repeat this dosage again tonight, and tomorrow I shall begin a regimen of milk diet and well-baked wheaten bread, eating small amounts at regular intervals.

2.161

Abdominal distention has increased. I have eaten no nightshades, no aggravating foods, and yet it continues to swell like a drum. It is eventide. I have eaten nothing all day. This is not rare: eating during daylight is more the rarity. I find I am unable to concentrate after food or drink, and so I fast throughout the daylight hours and will only eat once the sun is set. Today, I take two spoonfuls of the juice of holly. Tomorrow I drink it thrice, at intervals throughout the day, and continue for nine days.

2.198

Distention has decreased, though occasional cramps do hinder my daily activities. I take a little tansy and reduce it to a fine powder. This I take with white wine to remove the pain.

2.199

I take some tansy and southernwood, boiled together and eaten well with salt. I eat nothing else this day. Agonies across the maw continue to attend me.

2.265

For two days now I have been in the grip of an unease in the maw, that I cannot locate as either hunger or sickness. At once I focus upon this pain and it eludes me in its origin. I try eating and it neither abates nor increases; I try avoiding food and the same conclusion arises. Verily it reminds me of the time immediately after I ceased heavy dosing of laxative, and I became convinced that this malaise was due to auto-intoxication: the vapours of my shit slowly poisoning me. Mayhap this is happening now.

I take a pint of the juice of fennel and boil it with a pint of clarified honey. This morn I take a spoonful, abstaining from any other food or drynk, and I shall repeat again before the day is spent. The next nin days shall be spent thus.

2.290

The contents of the stomak sit heavy and unmoving, perhaps slowly dessicating and hardening. Induracioun. I must purge before the chyme and chyle turn to a solid and immovable rock that threatens not only the digestion, but the very existence. The hed feles quite as full as the gut. I shall take thre spoonfuls of the juice of betony for thre days hence. Upon completion, I shall place in the nostril the feather tips of a wing, its irritation proving a good emetic for hed and mawe.

2.327

As October crumples and folds into the beginnings of a winter, I take precautionary measures, knowing what will come. Before all hallows eve, I take treacle, a quart of red wine, a pennyworth of mustard, thre pennyworth of aloes, and boil together. This I store in a vessel, in preparation for the time of winter. The flesh is weak, and cannot warm itself, and the guts fail.

It is no drede: winter be the time I fall apart.

Now, the weder has taken a turn, and so too has the complexion. The November wind blows harsh and chills the marrow, it chills the stomak. As consequence the gut has quite ceased to move for

some days, the food being rejected and the bowels confined. I have begun to take this liquid preparation in the morning while fasting, two spoonfuls. Als, take I a pennyworth of fennel and boil it in clarified honey, using the leaves which are superior to the seed. When my present cordial runs out, I shall begin on this preparation.

2. 341

The stoppage in the guts has shifted lower, a leaden weight moving from stomak to intestine. I find myself again in the position of being unable to pass stool, feling neither colonic spasming nor the ability to force any excrement to emerge, much as I might will or strain. I shall tell you my regimen:

I take the roots of gladwyn, the inner bark of the elder and the juice of the house leek. These I pound well in a mortar, and mixe with old ale. I strain these through a clean cloth and drinche whilst fasting. In not on houre the blockage lifts, I fele a familiar and comfoting discomfort around the kid-neres, and lo I pass a significant quantity of small, hardened pellets, like the droppings of a rabet.

2.455

I am not ashamed of my flatulence, it is proof that I am not a womman, or I am disobedient to wommanli ways. It is not ladylike to pass wind. As the sun begins to set on this day, I take wild

carrot seed and bind into pills using honey. Tomorwe I shall take four at daybreak and again verrei night, and repeat for thre days.

2.457

The spring does usually bring a renewed appetite, and yet the stomak feles the flat and grey of a lack of hunger. I see food in abundance and cannot crave it: I crave the craving. I will boil centaury in spring water, and drinche nin spoonfuls. For thre days I shall fast, and pray that the hunger returns.

2. 467

I cannot stand it, again I am struck with the indouracioun and solidification of the colon. A rock of shit resides in me, I fele the thickened rope curling around the abdomen, framing the gut in its immobility. I remember a time as a child when I could not pass stool for some days, a hardened bezoar of shit lodged in the rectum and watery stool would pass around it, I fouled my underwear, I lay in bed in pain, and yet to strain on the toilet, well the shit was lodged, it caused me agonie. The memorie of these days haunt me still, and I fear constipation above all else. And so I take the roots of gladwyn, and pound them as I would garlic, with good old ale. I let it stand aside a space of time, then strain, and warm as a potion. I shall take again this eventide before sleep, for this is a proven laxative.

2.475

If the stomak would be still, then perhaps the mood would improve. I fele a perpetual disaise, from a humoral imbalance, it is no drede. This disaise overtakes the mind, that I am unable to focus on anything save the bodily disorder and disobedience. Today this fleshly unrest manifested in a swelling of the stomak. I fele the tightening of the flesh and I loathe it. I will the flesh to do otherwise and it does not obey. I cannot fathom it. Arm may bend upon my maistry, and yet stomak moves not, it will not inflate or deflate, move or stop.

An unwieldy best it is, with so much agency I wonder that I should call it my own.

I take the whey of goat milk, and pound the herbs called ramsons, which you may call wild garlic, or bears garlic. These two I mixe together and strain, and this liquid shall be my only drynk for thre days hence.

2.484

Gastrodynnia. I bruise camomile and boil in a pint of wine till reduced by half.

2.485

Gastrodynnia. I take wild carrots, and cover with water, and leave to infuse. I use the water as a drynk for my day.

2.649

Again I am met by the unruly swelling of the stomak, extending beyond the waistband of my denim. I must loosen my jean, and walk around my home with unbuttoned trouser. In such a state of discomfort, I take the roots of fennel and the roots of ash, and pound well, tempering with wine and honey. The expressed liquor shall be my drynk from now until the day is closed.

2.749

Gastrodynnia. I take mugwort, plaintain and red nettle. This I boil in goat's whey, strained through linen, and administer to myself.

2.762

I worry that my pains indicate a wider illness, perhaps a sicknesse more serious than distempers. Wary am I to admit true sicknesse: my dethe is something unfathomable to me, a thing impossible, a thing that may never pass. I do not seek diagnosis, I will axe no one else, no one might know, but tonight before bed I shall bruise violets and apply them to the eie-brous. If I sleep I shall live, and if not: well, my fate is sealed.

2.765

After much stoppage, excrement now runs out of me like a torrent, more fluid than solid, a translucent yellow that could be mistaken for piss, if it was not pouring from the rectum. A river it is, and it burns the asshole something special.

The yolk of seven eggs, twice as much of clarified honey, the middle of a wheaten lof reduced to fine crumbs, and a pennyworth of powdered pepper: all boiled together, and eten warm. This shall be my curie.

2.769

I return to a stagnation of the colon. Thus I take small beer, unsalted butter, and wheat bran, boil well and strain. This I pour into a bladdre, into which I insert a quill, then tye up the bladdre around it. This quill I pass gently into the rectum, the hed being lower than the pelvis, and I force the fluid into the body, then right myself as quickly as possible. Results follow quickly, though only a small amount of shit produced, and what pours out of me is mostly what I pour'd in.