# MY MAD FAT WORM & I

A Memoir by

Diane Chambers

Humour undiluted is the most depressing of all phenomena. Humour must have its background of seriousness. Without this contrast there come none of that incongruity which is the mainspring of laughter.

Max Beerbohm.

By definition, fate is regarded as something, which is predetermined by a supernatural power. When a sequence of events, which are out of our control suddenly, come together even our most meticulous plans can take a sudden unexpected turn.

The trouble with fate is, it is not a physical thing and it can’t be brought to justice. We can’t seek revenge on fate.

Diane Chambers

**This is the first chapter, I am offering you the chance to read this 1st Chapter, to give you some idea of my voice, and how I tell you my true story of events.**

**I welcome all feedback, and invite you to share this Chapter with any of your mad fat, or sane skinny book worm chums.**

**I hope you enjoy this first insight to a life far from ordinary.**

# Chapter One

### Core Biopsy

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 ‘Would you like to follow me?’ It wasn’t so much a question as an instruction. My inner voice, my mind worm abruptly woke and began to chirp faintly. ‘Lead the way swine features’!

Whilst it was fair to say that the similarities between the woman standing before me, and that of a Gloucester Old Spot were remarkable I suppressed my desire to repeat the whisper having learned that a thin voice avoids a thick ear. Rather, I simply nodded and vacated my seat.

The corridor leading to the torture chamber was neither green, nor a mile, however it was never the less daunting.

In a bid to calm my nerves, I concentrated on the sound of the Old Spot’s trotters, which echoed ominously from the polished floor and began counting them.

My anxiety was briefly alleviated as I became overwhelmed, trapped within a small envelope of concentrated flatulence, which had silently wheezed from the Old Spot, and hung where it lay. I found the stench somewhat oppressive. Darn it, I lost count! I immediately regretted my decision to remain a few steps behind her.

At the end of the corridor, in a well-practised move, piggy tugged at a retractable key chain, which was clipped to her belt, and reaching forward she swiftly unlocked the torture chamber door. She turned to me with a knowing smile and winked as she simultaneously released her grip, allowing the key to snap back to its original position.

In that second, I’d got her weighed up and mentally tagged her as one of society’s ‘low hanging fruit’.

A dream come true consumer for the mail order industry, and partially responsible for keeping the inventors and suppliers of ‘We sell all kinds of shit’ publications in business.

I wasn’t in the slightest bit impressed with her gadget. I considered grabbing the retractable key chain from the flatulent pig, and imagined swinging her around on the end of it before releasing her back down the corridor we had since walked. How far would she slide? I wondered. I felt slightly better, just for a second.

Upon entering the torture chamber, my eyes swept the room. It was ugly, to the point of hurting my eyes. There were no windows here to climb out. My frivolous thoughts of escape were futile. The walls were parched white, clinical, lined occasionally with apparatus, which I instantly wanted to touch and fiddle with. In the middle of the room, was a bed? Some joker had propped a shoji screen in one of the corners, allowing a clear point of focus from the bed. ‘Very funny you twisted fuck,’ whispered mind worm. The screen has one purpose, that of protecting the modesty of the person undressing behind it, before they emerge exposing parts of or all of their body that they were protecting behind the screen. Am I missing something here?

A grunt bought my attention back to the pig. ‘If you would like to remove all of your clothing to your waist and lie down, someone will be with you in a minute’.

‘If I would like to?’ How many confused souls had been given that instruction, and sat there naked from the waist down to the astonishment of the ‘someone’ who walked in on the scene? I have learned to never ever underestimate the capacity for stupidity, which some humans are capable of. It must have happened to someone!

I turned to face pig, observing how perfectly round her face became when she smiled, despite the fact that the smile was only in the mouth, and a little bitter.

Mind worm began to whisper. ‘Snide, stinky little swine’! As if she had somehow heard, she abruptly turned and left me alone.

In my preparation for ‘someone’, I removed all of my upper clothing and sat on the side of the bed. I acknowledged an increasing feeling of detachment as it began to creep up on me seemingly out of nowhere. Mind worm reassured me, that it was ok to feel weird in this instance. After what seemed like quite a long time, I began to daydream. I envisioned myself on a steep windy hillside. In my hand was an endless length of string, which disappeared into the clouds above me. There was no pig on the end of it this time. I wished in that moment, that I were on that hillside, flying a kite with my kids. I wished in that moment that I were anywhere but sat here battling my feelings of degradation.

The sound of approaching footsteps prompted me to release my grip on my comfortable virtual reality, and swing my legs up onto the bed. As I lay back, I was faced with a distorted reflection of myself in a huge surgical headlight, which was suspended from the ceiling above me.

I cursed my twisted image for not preparing for this moment with extra caution, especially since I was so completely aware of the torturous, barbaric procedure, which was about to take place. I had stored all recollections from previous core biopsy tests in the attic and left them there dormant along side the box labelled broken dreams and aspirations, but now the ceiling was caving in under the weight of it all. The memories I had hidden away, showered down on me,

burning my brain as if acid rain. What a fucking glorious feeling!

I wished now that I had taken a double dose of xanax washed down with a decent measure or two of brandy, the perfect cocktail treatment when suffering disturbances of the mind. But it was too late for that now. Panic was setting in. The footsteps were right outside the door.

Forget butterflies in the stomach. I had a hippopotamus stuck in my throat. That coupled with the knowledge that I was here today of my own free will was a fact that even I found quite difficult to swallow.

The door swung opened, and my executioner entered the room pursued by a spectator to the event. Mind worm shrieked, and covered me up. I however just lay there feeling totally ridiculous.

Stepping forward he shook my hand and introduced himself as “the radiologist”. ‘You’ve got to be fucking kidding me’ mind worm scoffed.

In his late forties, his face had a decidedly shifty appearance to the point of acquiring equine attributes. He could look in two directions at once and had about as much charisma as the Angel of Death.

From a side drawer, he removed a small box, which he placed on a shelf at the side of the bed. Next to it, he laid a square of soft material. Just before opening the box, I noticed him rubbing his thumb over his fingertips as if in eager anticipation. His eyes began to glint.

There was something in the calm and orderly way he did all these things that I recognized. ‘For fucks sake, that’s just about my luck, an obsessive-compulsive torturer with ritualistic tendencies.’

From within the box, he removed a silver pistol and held it lovingly in his hand. ‘It’s not a penis’, hissed mind worm. I am sure, I saw him visibly grow in stature slightly, as he held the gun up, inspecting it with obvious admiration. I had to suppress my desire to burst out laughing at this spectacle. ‘Christ almighty, its Dirty Harry’!

“Curse you mind worm, shut the fuck up”. Laughing at inappropriate moments had cost me jobs, friends and even relationships.

The angel of death snapped out of his transfixed state of adoration and placed the pistol down onto the square of material.

Mind worm began to chant. ‘Not nice, not good, oh god, Oh god’!

My eyes darted to the corner of the room, where the spectator had perched herself, and I looked at her with pleading eyes. Although not actually chewing gum, she moved her jaw monotonously, which made her appear somewhat infantile and cunning. Rather than race to my rescue, she smiled at me and raised her hand, giving me a little wave.

Should I wave back? I wondered. My world suddenly felt quite surreal.

Leaning in now, Death man took my right breast in his moist hand, and worm erupted in full singing voice as if in acknowledgment. ‘Here we go, here we go, here we go. Here we go, here we go, here we go-oh’! ‘What the chuffing fuck’? I don’t even like football!

With every squeeze, poke, pull and prod I felt increasingly as if I were a stranger in my own body. I didn’t want to look at Death man. That would have just been too weird. Had I caught one of his eyes in that instance, would it have been appropriate to smile? Be rude not to I guess. I focused on the Shoji screen, and immediately forgave the sick fuck joker who had placed it there. I imagined my self stood behind the screen now, looking in at the scene.

With a strange sucking sound from his thin lips, Death man signalled his satisfaction, and brought the molestation stage of the torturous examination to an end.

I watched him from my peripheral vision; glide over to the sink area where he proceeded to wash his hands with some vigour. ‘Unbelievable’! I thought. ‘Cheeky twat’ murmured mind worm. In the mean time, the sweat contamination from his hands slowly began to evaporate off my breast.

Heading back towards me now, I focused again on the Shoji, desperately trying to find a happy place from within. With a deep sigh, he took the pistol in his hand, wrapping his fingers around the instrument.

‘You must remain as still as possible’, he said. No time for diligence, with one sudden movement he loomed over me, and pressed the butt of the gun hard into my right breast and shot me at point blank range.

Mind worm screamed out in agony and suffered an immediate attack of ‘Tourette’s syndrome’, which I have to admit has never fully recovered. ‘Holy fucking shit you fucking prick, dirty fucking twat! Knob head cunt!

The shot sent a length of metal similar in shape to that of a mini corkscrew, deep into my breast tissue, and with it came a monstrous burning pain, which seemed to spear deep into my very soul. It retracted instantly, pulling with it, my innards. Mind worm sobbed, ‘big cheese is what you are’!

My thoughts began to scrambling wildly, clawing over walls of terror and despair and I felt so very small. I was drowning in a dark raging sea, which battered me relentlessly with wave upon wave of pain and fear. For a moment, I thought I might vomit.

The bulgy eyed maniac repeated his assault on me, under the watchful eye of the spectator. With an unnerving grin spread across her face, she witnessed it all. She sat on her hands and watched as I was molested, and shot by this nonentity someone. She sat on her hands and never said a darn word. Who even was she?

I took 12 slugs from cunt face. I changed his name after the 5th shot.

He scraped my innards into the last sample dish and finally placed the pistol down. Without so much as a look in my direction, he simpered, ‘You did very well’. It crossed my mind that it might have been the gun he was talking to.

Through gritted teeth, and with salt water leaking profusely from my eyes, mind worm screamed out ‘Fucking did I you piece of shit’.

The torture was finally over. I dressed and made my way back to the car park to my car, where I sat for a while with the engine running. Like a mother singing to her injured child, the familiar sound of the engine comforted me and I began to cry. I cried like a child does and I couldn’t stop. I gulped air between my sobs and tried to cradle my injured breast as great big tears fell from my face, splashing down, soaking my shirt.

I left the car park some 30 minutes later and returned home in good time to erase any evidence of my shameful display of self-pity. I knew better than to show any sign of weakness to my partner, for he was the sort who would always display fortitude in the face of adversity.

He taught me to rush to get up when I fell down, even when I wanted to lie and rest for a minute. He taught me how to be strong like he was, and how to self-restraint in the expression of emotion. He taught me how to turn my sorrow and pain into anger and resentment.