



Fire in the hole!

Every man has an Achilles' heel. For FHM's Ben Wilson, the heel was his ruinously bad guts. Then he decided to suck it up and go for a colonic...

It's Friday night. I've just left work. And I'm lying on my side while a woman I've only just met inserts a pipe up my arse. At first, it feels a bit like I'm eating the world's longest Frankfurter from the wrong end. And then as it slides in, inch-by-inch, aided by a fat, emasculating knob of KY Jelly, I panic. 10 seconds... 20 seconds... 30 seconds. I hear the lady quietly groan. Maybe I've got an irregularly deep bum that resembles the Sarlacc pit? And what happens if my anus turns out to be this woman's Somme?

"Not much longer now," she says softly, quietly grimacing behind me, I imagine, while theatrically flapping her left hand near her nose. "Juuuuust a few more inches deeper."

For some men happiness is a dry fart. (Who hasn't unintentionally soiled his underwear in a public place?) But perhaps, in my decision to get a first colonic, I've taken this backdoor odyssey one step too far...

As far back as I can remember I've had earth-scorchingly bad guts. At the age of two, I had polio and whoopsied myself so badly on a flight to Portugal that the air stewards were forced to cordon off part of the plane. It turned out the pilots even considered a forced landing. Many years later, I accidentally cacked myself at a New Year's Eve party, but then hid my boxers round the back of the toilet's U-bend. Two weeks later a cleaner came to the bar I was working at nearby and presented me with a see-through bag. I'd crapped the same boxers I'd worn since boarding school. She'd read the name tag in my drawers.

It was only recently that I decided to tackle the problem head on. First I became a vegetarian and only ate fruit. I'm surprised the facilities manager where I work didn't go on strike or picket 'trap three. I took up running to boost the speed I digest. But I got such bad botty-chafing that it felt like someone was taking a flamethrower to a foxhole, at one



In heaven even the medical was good fun

“Water flows into me until I’m waterlogged – it’s not pleasant”

point forcing me to run down the road with my arms and legs spread like a massive daddy longlegs. Enough was enough.

And then, a few months ago, I stumbled upon a peculiar statistic that made me feel fractionally better. It turns out that the average person – man or woman – is up to two stone heavier on the scales than they should be because they're weighed down by a stockpile of old food.

But just showing up for a colonic carries with it its own set of fears. I was scared to book the appointment because I thought the receptionist would laugh at me. For the two weeks leading up to my session, I'd daydreamed of a scenario where, amidst all

the water-flooding, I'd accidentally farted and blasted the pipe out of my bum; the nurse tussling with the pipe like it was a mythological snake as my own 'poopies' spattered the wall. I also had visions of the beautician just collapsing face-first onto the table in front of her, like that scene in the original *Batman* where the museum attendants around Kim Basinger pass out from that toxic green gas. What if something popped out of my bum like in *Alien* and ran across the room?

Fast forward a week and I'm now sat before an older lady, wondering what the hell went wrong in this sweet woman's life for her to want to bask in the glory of people's bad guffs. Miss Poo gives me a reverse

dressings gown where my fat buttocks jut out of the back. A "complimentary but compulsory" prostate check follows, which is such a sudden shock to my system that I groan like that sacrificial cow at the end of *Apocalypse Now*.

And then, methodically, the insertion begins. Instantly, I feel sympathy for every weak man in prison. Ten seconds go by. Water slowly flows into my belly from the pipe. Suddenly I'm waterlogged. It's not a pleasant ten seconds, to be sure.

"Er, is everything ok?" I ask, my voice wobbling. Silence. Another ten seconds pass. He-lloooo?

She flicks a tap. Everything inside me floods out with such force I imagine my eyeballs being sucked out of their sockets and down through my throat.

"Oh... oh dear..."

What? Tell me. I'm dying, aren't I? I'm going on the big ride tonight...

"Wow! Oh WOW! WOW! Ooh, that was a big poopie! WOW!"

I flinch in horror. For a chod veteran of her experience to express genuine shock takes some doing. My terror switches to pride as my 'poopies' flying through the pipe and into the nearby sink sound like ground-to-air artillery hitting an overhead chopper.

Minutes later, I burst onto the toilet and fill it with the kind of never-ending transparent gunge that would have made the cost-cutting accountants at *Noel's House Party* proud. I have finally found backdoor Nirvana.

As I'm blasting away, it dawns on me that I've just cured a lifetime of social faux pas. I'm invited to weigh myself on some nearby scales. To my surprise, I've dropped half a stone. And despite warnings not to eat too much food for the next 24 hours, I proudly book myself in for a follow-up appointment and head to the café next door for a spot of celebratory cake. One slice for me, I reason, and one as a future gift to my soft-spoken new friend.