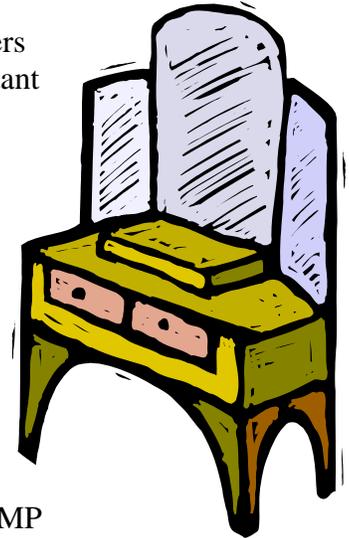


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Our bathroom renovations continue, and once again, I must alert avid readers and service club members that Miriam and I have added yet another important topic to our repertoire for bored types who require guest speakers on exotic items such as toilets and faucets.

We have replaced our vanity with one that is much taller and boasts not 3 but an amazing 4 drawers on both sides, leaving a small space in the centre for the usual suspects that one collects – sponges, rubber gloves, cleaning products, etc. I like the sound of the word vanity as it certainly says what it means. If our vanity had a human name, it would not be called something pedestrian like Fred or Charlie. It would be called Suzette or Brigitte with just enough French flamboyance to draw attention to itself.



For a short period, Miriam and I were getting rather paranoid about law officers visiting our house during renovations, especially the RCMP because one of our old drawers was filled with drugs, so many drugs it reminded me of the 60s. At one point during this apparent hoarding, I must have seized the initiative and actually labeled them all. From toe to nose, Miriam and I could put some sales pressure on the local Shoppers Drug Mart perhaps for a day or two. I don't suppose it would be prudent to advertize our stash on Craig's List or social media, even though when you think about it, it's the sensible thing to do. In South America, druggists dispense pills one at a time. Maybe they are on to something.

The old shower is gone. It was gargantuan. Seriously, you could easily deposit an entire starting hockey line inside our old one. Maybe the guy who first owned our home was a sportsman. In Canada, if you play hockey, you start taking communal showers early in life. This is both good and bad. It's nice to be able to have a serious shower discussion with a group of men, but inevitably the talk focuses on politics. That can ruin your shower. The other problem is that your clothes and valuables are in the change room out of sight, and there are some nasty kids on hockey teams, not the cherubic types you see on Hockey Night in Canada hanging out with the likes of loveable, cuddly Don Cherry.

A favourite trick amongst the football players at Western went like this. Each practise, one would pick up a clean t-shirt, socks and a jock from the trainer, and then proceed to get dressed. Sometimes, when an athlete set down the aforementioned bundle, he would be distracted by another who would usher the former away from his clean gear. Then it would get mean spirited. Someone would rub a thin film of liniment on the insides of the jock.

Liniments are used typically to relieve pain and stiffness from sore muscles, not the scrotum. The kind of powerful liniment that was dispensed to us was called "Atomic Balm." You now have an idea of how flaming hot the material was. The unsuspecting athlete would dress and while we were performing calisthenics in full gear on the practise field, we would wait for the balm to take effect. The victim usually lasted until jumping jacks whereupon he would start jumping much higher in the air than the rest of us and usually run screaming back to the change room. The rest of us thought it was good fun which leads me to believe that football players may be even dumber than hockey players.



Anyway, our communal shower is no more. It has been replaced by a sleek shower equipped with glass to compliment Suzette. One side effect that I didn't mention in a previous column may require me to soon get some counseling. It seems that with the new potent Champion toilets, I have developed a fetish. They are so neat, I tend to flush them repeatedly and rarely go outside any more. Renovations!