

Problems at the Cavernous Ministry of the Unmentionable Bog

Douglas had disappeared after breakfast at Oregano's and searches for him at reasonable places all ended in failure.

There was the question of getting out, and how to do it. A poster outside the Tourist Information Office invited discoveries of hidden slag-heaps but nothing otherwise.

I walked in. A poster invited a visit to the melting glacier at Lake Tequila in the Andes. Another beckoned 'Fly North for the Summer, Fly South for the Winter'.

It gave no indication of any escape route from Perfection itself. The staff were busy with computers. A woman emerged.

'I'm Sylvia Plunge. How can I help you?'

The answer being given, after milling about Sylvia asked whether I wanted form BX21QD or form BN42QR. Not having a clue, Dogshitt obtained both. The first applied to apes, squirrels and hamsters. Form BN42QR gave an address

Perfection termination
Cavernous Ministry
Desirous Bog of the Unmentionable
Windmill Rise
Crackflatter.

Moving to the bus station, the X39 bus to Crackflatter went every hour. On boarding the bus the journey was claimed to be roughly two hours with traffic delays because of molehill construction near Brickbutter junction at the intersection of the A14 and D23 interchange.

I, Dogshitt, being continuously uncertain of where Crackflatter Cavernous Ministry was, very often repeated I needed to be told where to get off. I was informed it would definitely happen.

Being on the wrong side of the road, I did not immediately find the Desirous Bog of the Unmentionable.

The Cavernous Ministry of the Unmentionable Bog is situated near a windmill decked out stoutly with its sail slats to a nonchalant incoming breeze. The Cavern itself resides on one side of the Desirous Bog of the Unmentionable which bestrides in its complex sets of buildings the rubble of Previousness on which it has been so carefully and accurately built.

Dogshitt was unable at first to find the entrance, but after some meanderings here and there I reached a secure gate with an extended gap in the fence on the left. This was not the entrance.

Eventually Dogshitt reached a porch in which were inserted the letters WELCOME in a wide arc over a glass awning where a glass electronic door was placed.

Cautiously I walked past a van with the words 'Cavernous Crucifixions' where a man in orange and yellow overalls was smoking a fag next to a NO SMOKING sign.

As I moved to the door, it opened. I then said out loud

‘Open Seseme’.

On the left was a café with a notice proclaiming ‘Crisps and Polo Mints’ with enough customers to promise more. On the mid-right there was an arc of a reception area, where a semi-darkly and well-dressed lady in her 40’s was attending to business.

As Dogshitt hovered after approach she smiled expectantly from her work.

‘Good afternoon, and your name’.

‘Dogshitt’ I replied.

‘Is that your first name or your last name?’

‘Both’.

‘I see. That is a problem if you only have one name’.

‘Yes’.

‘Perhaps what we can do is put you as your first name and last name. Let’s see. No, that comes up with a validation error. You have to have a first name different from your last name’.

‘I have come across that before. Put Nil Dogshitt’.

‘Is that one ‘l’ or two?’

‘One. There is a double ‘t’ in Dogshitt.’

‘Well Nil, that seems to have taken. Now, we are putting up for the day, but how can I help you?’

‘How do you get out of Perfection?’

‘You realise if you leave Perfection you forfeit eternal life?’

‘Please, can you tell me how to get out of Perfection?’

‘You will have to get a flight to Vardick first, we don’t have the details here, and we would have to send off for them ...’

‘Thank you. I will need to ask for general directions. I need to get a flight to Vardick. Where are your toilets?’

‘The vertical toilets are off reception. Here is a fob to enter the toilet area. It is situated at the end of the corridor here, turn right, and the fob will fit the first door on the left. Please return the fob after you have left. If reception is closed it can be put in this box here.’

The box had the label ‘fob’ at the side with a slot on the top so the fob could fit through.

The Vertical Lavatory had a (Male/Female) sign and upward and downward arrows to indicate whether the toilet was ascending to a higher storey or in process of descending to the ground floor. Avoiding the Vertical Shower on the right Dogshitt pressed the button on the left. The doors immediately opened to reveal a full-wall back mirror with a toilet positioned slightly to the right, and a toilet roll on the left. A sink with no apparent paper was positioned to the left wall in a recess, with two buttons on top, one on the left and one on the right. There was a

dispenser which said 'Glob', which appeared to be soap to the right of the sink. A lever allowed the soap to drop on the floor.

Dogshitt decided to have a shit. This was done and the toilet paper used. A female voice intoned

'Toilet ascending to the top floor'

followed by a voice to someone outside

'Toilet occupied, please wait'.

The question was how to get out. Dogshitt pressed the green button which said 'Press'. Nothing happened. Dogshitt exclaimed

'I am trapped on the top floor unable to get out'.

A voice replied

'You have to descend to the lower floor and wait for assistance'.

The 'G' button was pressed to go to the ground floor. Dogshitt exclaimed

'How do I get out?'

A trolley was being pushed along the corridor outside but the woman exclaimed

'Sorry. I am busy'.

After wait of 15 minutes someone came back and said

'There's on one to help you at the moment or over the weekend, but someone will be along on Monday to help you out'.

Then there was nothing. Despondent, I sat on the toilet and then paced up and down. Finally, I pulled the chain. The doors of the toilet opened and I was out.

Seeing I still had my fob with me, I opened the door to the corridor leading to the entrance, or in this case the exit. I threw the fob on the floor near reception and left.