

Steam Room

By Dante Harker

Wow it's hot in here; which is probably an odd thing to say given that this is a steam-room. Still, it's rare to actually have it this steamy. I've had words in the past with the caretaker about the steam. He said that it's not meant to be so hot and steamy in here that it strips your skin. I told him, I can generate more steam in my bathroom. To which he replied that he was surprised it wasn't always steamier in here given how much hot air I produced complaining. Which is just rude! Still, he's dead now. At least dead to me.

Where was I? Oh yes, the steam. You need it in here; I find it far too awkward when I can see other people. Especially if it's someone I've had a go at in the swimming pool. I am prone to shouting. I have medication for it but I find it works better if I don't take it. My doctor said that makes no sense, but then what would he know? The last time I went he looked my symptoms up on The Google; which proved rather embarrassing for the both of us given the net's desire to flash naked pictures across the screen at every given opportunity.

Still, it's not that I shout often, depending on who's definition of `often' you are going to use - I prefer mine. It's just that some people who use the swimming pool are so stupid they shouldn't be allowed in unsupervised. I just don't get how hard it is to swim in a straight line?

Yesterday, there was a girl in the pool who insisted on just standing there, resting on the side, blocking my lane. Every time I got to that end, she glared at me and moved over slightly. She was just stood there, doing nothing? It's not like it's a kid's pool or one run by the council where they have to train the life guards to remove nappies. I said that to her in the end and she left crying.

Personally, I think if you're going to stand in someone else's lane then you're going to have to toughen up a little.

The worst was a tiny man with unnaturally long arms was back stroking his way across three lanes. I was just about to point out the error of his ways, when I spotted the caretaker, and at the time I was more concerned with the steam room than the flaying of what looked like a drunken windmill. Though do windmills get drunk? I'm not sure, either way it wasn't pretty.

But surely, if people are being stupid then it's only right that someone shouts at them? That's what's wrong with the world today, no one yells for the right reasons. There are

those TV chef's losing it over undercooked turnips, but people start naming their children things like: Yoga, Aero or Donathan

Donathan!

And no one says a word. Well they do on the internet but that's not a real thing. Plus, it's much better to write a stern letter. No one expects a letter these days so the surprise of receiving something hand written shocks them into a response.

That's how I got them to stop playing Fairy-tale in New York at the local shopping centre. I hate that song.

Anyway, where was I? Oh, it doesn't matter, she's found me.

`Mr Walker, what are you doing in the laundry room again. You know we have to keep it baking hot in here to get rid of the smell of the old dear's urine. Have you taken your pills. Come on, grab your walking frame and I'll see you back to your room'.
