

The finesse of the

PETIT MAL SULK

By Chris Ellis

Sulking has not received much recognition as a diagnosis.

Yet, as an art form of infinite shades of refinement, it deserves more attention.

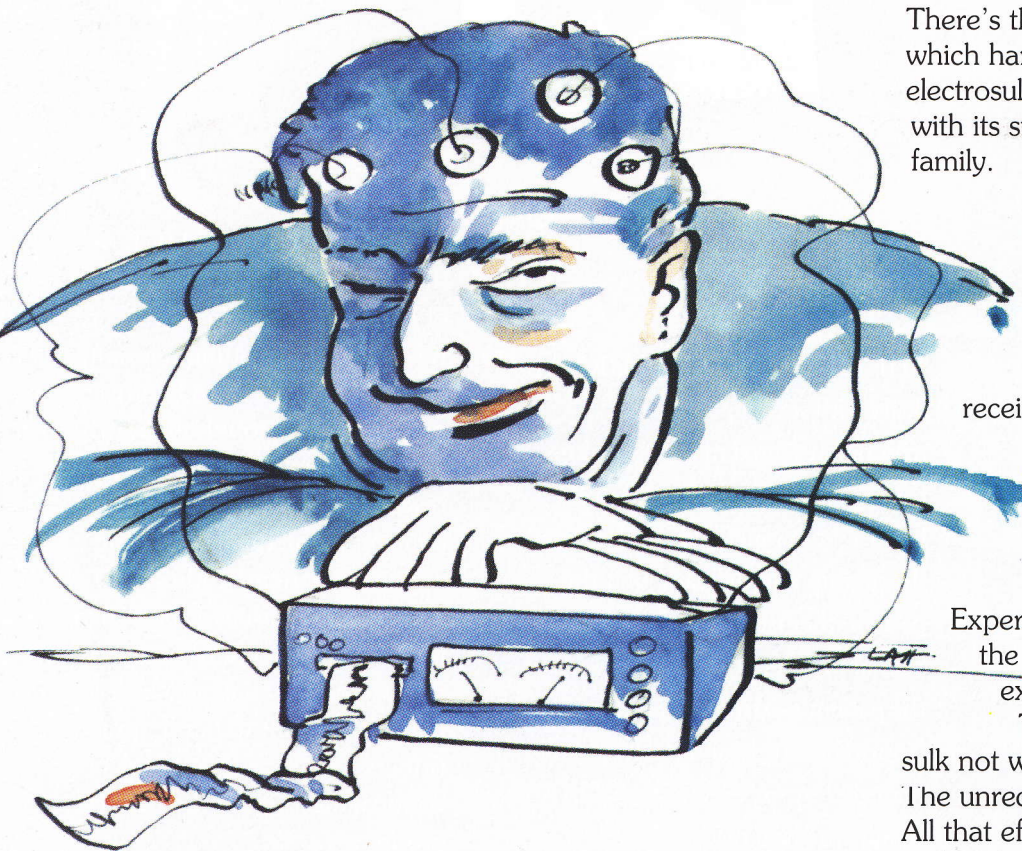
There's the finesse of my petit mal sulk, which hardly spikes on the electrosulkingram, with its subtle effect on the staff and family.

Or the out-of-control grand mal sulk.

All contact is lost with the outside world by taking the telephone receiver off the hook and cutting the cord to the intercom and handing the set to the receptionist.

Experienced sulkers know how to get the best results for energy expended.

There's nothing worse than a sulk not working. The unrequited sulk. All that effort and self pity wasted and nothing to show for it.



Note: This poem is reprinted from Ruminations from Rural Practice, by Chris Ellis, with illustrations by Louis Hiemstra. Published by Academy Publications, 1994. For your copy please post a cheque for R50,00 made out to SA Family Practice, to: P O Box 3172, Cramerview, 2060