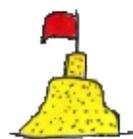


Silica

## Mr Sandy Glass



**Welcome to**

## Dr John English's Homeopathic Stories

This story and its cartoons introduce you to the homeopathic remedy Silica.

This story contains many rubrics (symptoms characteristic of the Silica constitution). Can you spot them?

For the answers and much more see:

[www.enjoylearninghomeopathy.co.uk](http://www.enjoylearninghomeopathy.co.uk)

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Enjoy Learning Homeopathy

## The Testimony of Mr Sandy Glass

Dr John English





Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sandy Glass. I've given in to strong persuasion to come and talk to you about myself today. I was told to make myself known to you, and that you would somehow learn from me, though I can't for a moment think why. I'd have considered myself a very uninteresting specimen in all honesty.

I must confess: I hate speaking in public. It's so embarrassing when it's about myself, and anyway it tires me out so much that I nearly declined to come. I've been dreading this meeting terribly, and that has exhausted me even more. I don't have a lot of energy anyway, unfortunately; if I had, I'd do more. That's enough of that. Here I am, so I must make the best of it and get on with my task.

Perhaps I should begin by telling you what I do for a living. I'm a solicitor, actually. I enjoy the precision and the detail of the law, which seems to make me good at it. Sometimes – it must surely happen to you too – people with loud voices and strong views try to impose them on me. Perhaps they think I'm a soft touch, as I'm so mild-mannered and reserved. I usually agree with them, to avoid an unpleasant argument, then carry on as I'd planned.



After all, I've studied the case, I've satisfied myself regarding all its details, decided on the best course of actions on its merits, and advised accordingly. After that there's no need for turning back, is there? I have my principles! I can be obstinate too, when necessary, and I belong to a well-respected firm, with a strong leader and good support. Other people's histrionics in court don't alter my view of things.



It's rare for me to lose my temper, and when I do, it's usually over some completely unjustified contradiction of what I've just said. I don't understand why that should affect me, but I have to own it does, sometimes. Otherwise I quite like the right sort of company. It can be stimulating at times, and give me a lift if I get a bit down, as I occasionally do. When things don't seem to be going as I think they should I can get a bit despondent – weepy even occasionally, when I'm on my own too long.

Where was I? Oh, yes, I was telling you about my professional practice. In fact, I'm quite successful in a quiet sort of way. I'm tolerant, see my clients' points of view and listen to them without making great demands on them. They seem to like me for that. Being sensitive myself, I know what it feels like when pressure is applied, so I try not to do that.



Pressure makes me anxious: the little things, again; the details; trifles - you might want to call them. These make me worry, put me on edge. It only takes a car backfiring and I practically jump out of my skin. Noise is terrible; I start at anything. Going to sleep, in my dreams and when I wake up – all make me anxious. It's worse when I'm tired, which is unfortunately all too common. Then I must go and rest.



Oh, I nearly forgot: not only noise upsets me. Pins! If I see one on the floor, that's it for the day – I get quite panicky and obsessed by it, and have to spend ages crawling round on the floor looking for more of the wretched things. My sister never sews, because she feels the same. It's quite irrational I know, but what can I do?

Now I think about it, I have mainly bad memories of childhood. Like my friends Olga and Lionel I was late developing physically as well as socially. Unlike Olga, I stayed very thin and underweight. I had very fine fair hair and blue eyes, which other adults round me insisted looked attractive, although my appearance did me no favours with my peers at school. I stayed thin whatever they gave me to eat.

I'm told that even my mother's milk upset me. Certainly cow's milk, which I hated, made me ill, and contributed handsomely to my catarrh. I know it gave me bouts of diarrhoea, because the rest of the time I was horribly constipated. I'd sit and strain for ages and ages, then just as the wretched stool began to come out it would slide back in again and I couldn't seem to stop it. So frustrating. I suppose it was bashful, like me.





My parents worried about my being so underweight and tried to give me a lot to eat, meat with fat on it being a common meal. It would, of course, be served hot. I didn't like it at all, and I felt ill having to eat it. I dawdled over it so long it went cold, and eventually I realised that warm food itself was part of the problem; I liked it better cold. I liked eggs too, when I could get them. Sometimes I'd get so ravenous I'd eat quickly, then feel full up and unable to finish the meal. I must have given my parents a bad time over eating.



I caught all sorts of infections, which would hang about and not get better like most other people's. I always seemed to have thin, unpleasant, and sometimes bloody pus or catarrh pouring out of my nose or ear, from the mastoid trouble which started after scarlet fever, or coughed up from my bad chest. My teeth were rotten too, with constant abscesses at their roots. I'm still prone to those. With all these infections, I had hard tender glands in my neck like knotted ropes.



I had a bad time with the various immunisations they forced on me too. I was terrified of having them, of that sharp needle puncturing my poor skin. Ugh! The thought still scares me, and as a child I'm afraid I screamed hysterically and didn't co-operate in the least. It did no good, however, the adults were stronger than me. I'd get a fever, and/or a headache afterwards and feel ill. I only hope they're worth it in the long run.



When I was eight they sent me away to boarding school. They said they thought I needed it, and that somehow it would be good for me. I was very unhappy there. I was much too serious; the teachers said I was an old head on young shoulders, which I didn't understand at the time and used to worry about. I suppose it was being so small that got me picked on by the others. I was teased constantly, it was awful.

They'd bait me, and they found out that if they contradicted me I'd get into an awful rage and scream at them, and want to hit them – although I never quite managed that; then all they did was laugh at me, and I'd end in tears. Occasionally that feeling still comes over me, I must confess, although now I control it rather better. I never understood why some children want to torment others by playing such vicious pranks on them. It seemed so unjust; perhaps it was that – the desire for justice – that made me go in for the law; I've never thought of that before.

I could have done well in class, but I didn't like to draw attention to myself, so kept quiet and average. I was so frightened of them all. Yet then, and since, although on one level I know I know the work well enough, I'm always dead scared of failing the exam that was looming up. That feeling's always been with me.

At the time I tried repeatedly telling my parents how unhappy I was each time I saw them, but it didn't do any



good. They kept saying I'd get used to it.

I felt so weak and incapable that eventually I just gave up, and did no work, and ate practically nothing, and withdrew as much as possible from anything to do with the wretched school.

I was fed up with life altogether, and in despair I'd wish I could go to sleep and never wake up. I even fantasied committing suicide by throwing myself into the river that ran alongside the school. I hope I'll never feel like that again .... Then the teachers got worried about me and told my parents they'd have to take me away. I told you I could be obstinate in my unobtrusive way when necessary!

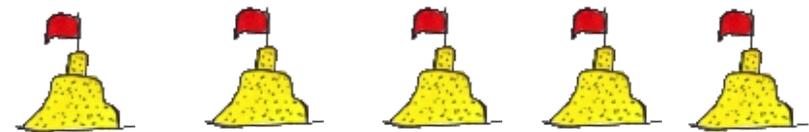


Once my parents realised how unhappy I'd been at boarding school they became very sympathetic, and tried being extra nice to me – cuddles and presents, and stuff. I found I didn't like that either. I've never wanted anyone's sympathy and consolation. I'm too independent, I suppose. It only brings home to me how inadequate I must be to seem to need it, and that makes me nervous.



I'm still nervous most of the time, I'm sorry to say. As I told you before, I haven't much energy, and what little I have takes ages to recover after dealing with anything particularly demanding, like a difficult, long-drawn-out case. Consequently, I'm careful what I undertake to do, in case I should find I can't cope.

Unfortunately, that leads some people to say I lack initiative – that I'm a coward, even. I don't think that's true, since once committed, I see whatever it is through, but I do lack confidence. I'm easily discouraged when something goes wrong; I so want everything to be perfect, and that gives me such a fear of failure that I can even get to dread the work I normally love. I put all this down to knowing my own limitations rather than native inability – I know I'm quite bright really.



I fear this need for everything to be perfect has interfered with my social life as well. I did have a few girlfriends. As a young man I was quite ready to react to feminine charms, if you know what I mean, although sex itself hasn't been that important in my life. I think I'd have liked to get married, if I'd found the right partner, but I never did. There was the odd one I might have made it with, but I got cold feet and left her, then regretted it afterwards .... Really, this is too embarrassing!



I'm even writing a book, on a rather abstruse point of law, and I enjoy exploring the material and sorting the details out into a comprehensive text. I don't suppose more than a handful of people would ever be interested in reading it, so it probably won't get published. Oh well! I ought to have finished it long ago, but finishing things is so difficult, don't you agree? There's always the danger that something vital has been left out, so I keep going over and over it, changing things. I do so worry about the minutiae, I don't know if it will ever be right.

An added problem is that studying gets harder as I get older. I'll sit down with my work in front of me in an afternoon (that's when I notice it most) and gradually I get sluggish and unable to think clearly. I really struggle to keep going, but I don't have much to show for it at the end of the session. It's really worrying. My sister keeps on at me to parcel the book up, send it to the publisher and have done. I suppose she's right really ... although if she'd written a book she'd be just as bad as me.





I suppose you'd say it's warm in here, wouldn't you? Even I'm beginning to thaw a little. It's cold outside though, and very damp this morning. I can't stand either the cold or the damp, especially when they come together. I always wrap up well like this when I go out, even in summer. It's partly to keep warm, and partly because I think it helps to stop me catching a cold, which I might otherwise easily do. Perhaps it will be alright to take some of it off now, it is quite warm in here really, isn't it?

Unfortunately I don't like stuffy heat either. I'm really hard to please where temperature and weather are concerned. It's better dry yes, but any sort of cold, damp, rain wind, draft or thundery weather seems to bring on whatever the next illness is. I feel the cold even more if I get a fever. I can shiver uncontrollably, and want even more wrapping up than usual. The affected part of me, if there is one, gets even colder than the rest of me. Sometimes my head can get hot, and I get thirsty for cold drinks, probably because I'm sweating more than normal.

I'm worse if I lie on my left side, and I can't get comfortable in bed because the mattress feels too hard. As for any sort of uncovering, such as for washing or bathing! Ugh! Impossible! Or nearly so – I mean, I do wash. I'm not at all a dirty person.



Another reason for keeping covered up.... Oh, dear, this is so embarrassing! I used to sweat such a lot. Still do, but not so much now. Head, neck, underarms, palms, and especially my feet. And it would smell. Oh, how it would smell! It was so strong it rotted my socks, it was awful. In my teens it was the bane of my life.

What with that, and my horrible warts, and brittle nails with white marks on them, and skin which festered for ages if I injured it, and turned into an abscess or a fistula that would sting and burn and end up as a big ugly scar ... no wonder I was short on girlfriends!



More recurring problems: my headaches and sinuses. My nose feels all stuffed up, especially the right nostril, and there's thick, greenish-yellow foul-tasting muck dripping down my throat much of the time. I can't remember a time when I've been free from it. If not sinusitis, studying or bad weather brings on my headaches.

Perhaps it's the position my head gets into, all hunched up while I'm working. I get one regularly every week, it seems. It's like having a great weight sitting on my head, and often there's nausea and vomiting too. Everything seems to make it worse: jarring movement, stooping, talking, being touched, missing a meal. They even come on at night.



I do worry about my health, it's a family trait, I fear. My sister, who's very like me, is worse in this respect. I think she's worse now she's having to cope with her menopause. I notice little things, and one of them is that she's usually at her worst during her period, when most of her friends seem worse before theirs. Quite why, I don't know; nor do I think there's anything mystical in it.

Come to that, I'm more likely to go down with something at the new moon. It's true I haven't had so much illness in recent years, although there's a hard cyst on the back of my neck that's due to be chopped off soon. Can't say I'm looking forward to that either. Wounds always take so long to heal. Who'd be a Silica?

Oh, well. Now I've told you. It wasn't as bad as I'd feared it would be, and you've all been very kind and tolerant, so thank you. Now I really must get on with that book. I've just had a thought: do you think a 10M of Silica would get it to the publisher?



## Dr John English's Homeopathic Stories

Dr John English has written over thirty poems, stories and other creative learning materials for homeopaths.

This poem contains many rubrics (characteristic features of Silica). Can you spot them?

For the answers, other poems and much more see:



Enjoy Learning Homeopathy

[www.EnjoyLearningHomeopathy.co.uk](http://www.EnjoyLearningHomeopathy.co.uk)

### Other titles

Calcarea

Olga's Full Moon Day

Natrum muriaticum

Ode to Natrum Mary

Gelsemium

No Joy for Jasmine!

Rhus toxicodendron

The Story of Ivy Rusto

And plenty more!



### About the Author

Dr John English FRCGP FF Hom Dip Med Ac, lives in Salisbury with his wife, Wendy, and Jem the dog. They are visited frequently by an ever increasing number of grandchildren. He graduated in medicine in 1957, soon discovering – during national service in Nigeria – that general practice was where his heart lay. He developed a thriving and unusual National Health Service practice, introducing homeopathy and other complementary techniques to his patients. For this innovative approach, he was awarded the Fellowship of the Royal College of General Practitioners. He taught homeopathy for over forty years, developing his unique body of teaching materials as a lecturer at London's Royal Homoeopathic Hospital and as a guest speaker worldwide. He was also rapporteur for an EC (EU) committee that met for three years evaluating homeopathy, though its positive findings were never published. Whilst most famous amongst his family for verses on annual birthday cards, his homeopathic poems have been received with affection – and sometimes astonishment! – by his pupils and colleagues. Accurate, yet engaging, the remedy poems reflect his creative approach to passing on the wisdom of homeopathy to new generations of homeopaths.

### About the Illustrator

Cecil Holden (1919–2004) started sending cartoons to magazines as a glider pilot during the Second World War. After demob he entered the teachers' training scheme eventually spending his working life in primary schools in Sheffield. As well as watercolours and cartoons, he was an accomplished musician, writing and arranging music and publishing poetry and articles on a variety of subjects.

Did you spot the Silica rubrics in the story?

For the answers and much more, visit

[www.enjoylearninghomeopathy.co.uk](http://www.enjoylearninghomeopathy.co.uk)



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