

[Amoebic Dysentery: Nature's Foolproof Crash Diet Plan for the New Emaciated Look](#)

You know you are there when you have diarrhea and are throwing up at the same time. You just have to lose those pounds and it just doesn't get any better than losing them on both ends. What you really need is an IV drip since you are losing fluids so rapidly but who cares, water is weight and weight is public and private enemy number one, no? You grin and bear it...

The experts tell us dysentery or as it is known South of the Border, 'turista', is simply the bacteria in the smaller intestines adapting to a change of scenery. Of course one has to remember that this theory is brought to you by the same folks that said the male and female brain are the same and cancer causing estrogen is just what all post menopausal women need lots of. Go figure.

But regardless of how you contact it, 'the runs' as it is known in the vernacular, is not hard to get. Just drink the local tap water for starters. If that doesn't work, try well water but be forewarned you might catch more from well water than just weight losing dysentery. But hey, in the final net net, who can argue with great results?

Before you pooh-poo this intervention strategy consider your other options to rapid weight loss reduction; a stapled stomach, colonic cleansing, addiction to diet pills, starvation or the newest grass and toadstool organic calorie burning therapies. After reviewing your options, you too might take another look at our weight losing user friendly amoebae.

And consider the cost savings. Amoebic dysentery is a breeze to catch and usually doesn't require hospitalization; your doctor simply says 'you got da turista, amigo. It's a lot cheaper to sit on the hotel toilet than a hospital toilet.' You stand up, pay and hurry out.

Because there really isn't treatment for dysentery except for letting it, if you will excuse my crudeness, pass through your system. You can take those pills that plug up your plumbing but remember that fix is only temporary and it all has to pass anyway; 'tarde o temprano' as we Mexicans say. Those pills only slow it down...stretch out the bliss if you will.

Several clinics have been using biofeedback and meditation to help you align your chakras so your brain will be faked out and tell you that you are having a peak spiritual experience instead of a wicked case of the runs. You might try biofeedback but the odds are it's a waste of time because your gut wrenching intestines constantly remind you otherwise.

My vote for the worst dysentery is for Africa. Three days of fever and chills finally subside and give way to two months of early afternoon relapses with both vomiting and diarrhea. Who said exotic travel isn't fun? Again, try faking yourself out by saying you are trying to understand the finer points of native culture as you lose it on both ends. Oh, to be an animal in Africa right now...

But since most wimpy travelers can only take Cancun or Bermuda, well, let's not get too far out on an amoebic limb. The limbs are actually called strains and strain is a very apt descriptor, along with pain, insane and slain. Hipster travelers will talk about the African strain or the Chiapas strain as if they were old traveling buddies which of course many are. What goes around comes around, right? Or at least passes through...

Be that as it may, there are many fools, mostly German, that just don't learn. Each time they go they fall deathly ill in the rainforest, as if the jungle heat were just a bit too much for their fragile insides to bear. But the experts assure us it has little to do with economics and class status and a lot about 'did you drink the water?' Case in point, the Germans. They just keep going back and drinking the water. It's a rite of passage; gastrointestinal passage if you will.

My luck is good with Mexico except way down south which unfortunately is where we jungle lovers tend to hang out. That is because we are just simply nuts. Each gut wrenching amoebae and itching mosquito bite should be crying out 'get the hell outta the jungle you idiot!' so the message would be loud and clear even for fools like us and the Germans. But it's not. We still go. The Crazies and the Germans.

But let's face it, if you really want to lose weight and go home with that newly emaciated look and feel, go right ahead and drink the water, moron. Nobody really cares what you do or if you turn green in the agonizingly protracted process.

In conclusion there are three certainties in our germ ridden existence we can acknowledge without hesitation: life, death and dysentery, nature's natural way to emaciation. The unfair, unjust reality in all this is your only choice is whether you drink the water...unless perhaps, if you happen to live there.

The bad news is the very end result is always same. The good news is at least we have a choice. Unless perhaps, if you happen to live there.

About the Author

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