

Very soon your Husband/Fiancee/Boy-friend will be in your midst once again, somewhat dehydrated and demoralised to take his place once again as a human being with freedom and justice. It will be his ambition to pursue his somewhat delayed life, liberty and happiness. You must make allowances for the somewhat crude environment that has been his lot for many weary months. In short he is suffering from Salalaotisis, i.e. too much sun, sand, and sweat. Because of this you are warned to take the following precautions and to follow the instructions carefully.

On being notified of the 'hero's' return you should take the following action:

- Fill the fridge with beer.. Don't be alarmed if he drinks 15 straight from the bottle or can (glasses are a luxury in the desert)
- b. Lock up all females between the ages of 9 and 90 and warn all your neigh-bours to keep all their daughters inside for at least a month.
  - Send someone to meet him at the station large crowds of people, motor cars, trees etc, will leave him flabbergasted for the first few days.
- d. On boarding a bus buy his ticket for him, or he will try to bargain for a lower price. Be careful of him trying to palm people off with Rials and Baizas; remove these from him and let the kids use them for monopoly money.
- e. Accompany him to the local shops, he is very prone to arguing with shop-keepers and tells them in very graphic language what to do with the prices they quote.
- f. As an added precaution, surround your garden with dannert wire and alloy; him to dig a funk hole in the back gardon. These ghastly objects d'war will help him re-adjust to a civilised life more easily.

General helpful hints...

- a. When serving such delicacies as butter, fresh milk, fresh bread, coffee, do not be disgusted if he attacks it like a wild animal shouting "tamaam mungers" which is Arabic for "good Food"
- b. If, on encountering the following objects he becomes a little surprised explain in your best "Pidgin English' what they are:

1	Cars
ii	Double-decker buses
iii	Fresh milk and bread
iv	Traffic lights
v	Grass trees and other greenery
vi	Street lights and pavements
vii	Shops with glass windows
viii	Last, but not least, - a good old English pub.

c. Keep cool when he pours gravy on his peaches or mixes bananas with his mashed potatoes. Be tolerant if he stands outside the dining room at 7am, 11.45am and 4.15pm clutching knife, fork and spoon and mug singing "Why are we waiting" d. Never mention the following :holidays by the seaside, the price of cigarettes or whisky, a lovely sunny day, Salalah, oil drums, public holidays sandbags or the Gulf.

At all times it is important to remember that he has boon separated from civilisation for some time. Therefore do not be, alarmed, nor call a psychiatrist, should he do any of the following:

On hearing a helicopter- overhead, runs and gets a stretcher.

Laughs in your face when you suggest he might like toast with marmalade or omelette or a poached egg.

Walks around the house wearing only a towel and flip-flops.

Gets glassy eyed, drools at the mouth and goes into a cold sweat on seeing an advertisement, or a packet, of SMARTIES.

Shouts, whistles, cheers and raves when he sees a beautiful woman; sounds like "tamaam binter" may be heard.

When at the cinema he insists on flicking his cigarette stub and empty beer cans at the screen, or insists on yelling encouragement or derision, at the actors.

Walks at least two miles to the toilet.

Ignores the newspapers until they are at least four days old.

Thrashes round the room with a fly swat shouting obscenities at a poor defenceless fly.

After lunch flakes out on the bed naked.

Wakens up at some unearthly hour yelling "days to do are getting few" This will wear off in about three months.

Throws the mattress off his bed and sloops on the bed springs

Sleeps under the bed.

Burns the bed with a great roaring blowlamp.

On hearing a fire engine's siren, shouts "hostile incoming" and dives down the nearest manhole.

When driving, instead of using the horn leans out of the window shouting obscenities to all.

Pulls into a petrol\_station, fills the car, then leaves without paying.

Finally, bear in mind that beneath this sun-scorched rugged exterior there beats a heart of gold. Treasure this, an it will be the only thing of value that he has left. Treat him with kindness, tolerance and the occasional pint of draught beer and you will soon be able to rehabilitate the happy man you once knew.

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