Living with a Pig



Hey. I'm Eleanor Pigby. Remember me? Buster, the Bad Office Dog, wrote about me recently.

Usually, I'm happy … following my mom around the house, merrily grunting. But as I write to you today, I'm not grunting at all.

I guess you would say I'm "disgruntled."

Why? Well, a few weeks ago I overheard the neighbors complaining their cat suddenly had stopped behaving in a tidy manner. They had the nerve to say, “All of a sudden, we’re living with a pig!”

What?!

Are you kidding me? A *pig*? Why in the world would they use *my species* as an example of another animal’s dirty messiness? That is blatant species-ism.

Pigs are actually quite clean. I certainly am … ask my mom! When I’m inside, I use my litter box like a good girl, or I go outside where I’m told.

But that cat? Not so much.

Apparently, she stopped using her litter box – just refused completely. She started going to the bathroom in various places around the house … even in the bathtub! Can you imagine her poor Mom’s surprise when she stepped in to take a bath?

Blech!

It’s not that the cat didn’t know better. She did! She was purr-fectly well-trained. (I couldn’t resist.) It seemed as though she had just changed her mind and decided the litter box was no longer her cup of tea.

But those darn cats have such a big reputation for being clean. Who do they think they are? Nobody says they’re “living with a cat” to express frustration with dirtiness. No. When a cat gets messy, all of a sudden, they’re called a pig!

It makes me so mad!

Luckily, my friend Buster’s Mom, Joette, knew from experience of the perfect homeopathic remedy. She suggested

Ms. Cat be given *Sulphur 30* twice a week. In short order, it worked! Ms. Cat was back to using her litter box appropriately!

And all the unfair pig references stopped.

Joette says sometimes little humans have this problem as well. (I love hiding in my blanket, so Joette didn't notice me in the corner when she told this story.) Years ago, Joette knew a young sixth grader who wouldn't … um … how should I say this … "poop" in the toilet. Obviously, she'd been potty trained for years! She'd tinkle in the potty with no problem, but when it came time for a bowel movement, she'd go in a wastebasket!

It wasn't a lack of understanding; it was apparently a lack of concern regarding certain disgusting aspects of life. It didn't bother the little girl at all.

But it drove the girl's poor mommy out of her mind.

So, she gave her daughter *Sulphur* 30 twice a week. Would you believe, after only three weeks of taking this homeopathic medicine, the problem was gone? The little girl returned to normal bathroom habits.

I'd call that amazing.

It also works for little boys who refuse to urinate in the right place.

What's more, *Sulphur 30* twice a week can be helpful for anyone who is messy. Joette is specific though: not just "normal" messy, but reallllllllly messy. Their hair's a mess, their clothes have stains on them, they don't like to bathe, and many times have a foul body odor.

To remember this remedy for messy, smelly individuals, Joette reminds us foods high in sulfur are also stinky (like hard-boiled eggs, broccoli, cabbage or onions). So, think

Sulphur 30 for anyone who is messy, dirty and stinky.

You know, like in the Peanuts cartoon … the character of Pig-Pen.

WAIT! There's that word again!!!

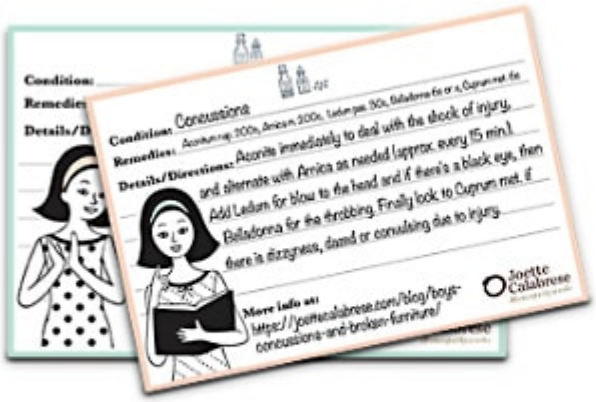
Why did they have to go and nickname that messy little boy after a pig? I wouldn't dream of being caught with a cloud of dust and dirt hovering around me.

Ugh. I give up. I'm going back under my blanket to sulk.

But as Joette would say, please pass on the good news of homeopathy – especially the good news about *Sulphur* 30. And as a favor to me, please don't let anyone say they're "living with a pig," (unless of course, they actually are).



P.S. In addition to detailing these interesting points about *Sulphur*, Joette's book, "*A Materia Medica*: Practical Homeopathy® for Busy Families," contains all kinds of clever information for many of the most popular and useful remedies. If you enjoy books as much as I do – I especially like to stick my nose in the paper and sniff around – then you really should consider owning your own copy of Joette's easy-to-understand *materia medica*. You never know when you might need it, so why wait?



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