

Imaginations

The Adventures of Dr. Simile "Like the Black Death"

"Randy Wilkins". The nurse's voice sounded an-
elic. Randy had been waiting since 9:30 A.M. and it
was now close to 11:00 A.M. It seemed like everyone
who came into the room had been treated except for
him. Even the people who came in after him had been
treated. It didn't seem fair, but then again, it didn't
really matter now. It was finally his turn.

He set the magazine down and proceeded to where the
nurse was standing. Halfway across the room a
peculiar feeling overcame him. It had something to
do with the magazine he had been reading. He
stopped for a moment and glanced back to where the
magazine was lying on the table. There was some-
thing odd about that magazine. It had all the qualities
that make up a successful magazine but the articles
were written in a different manner. It was as if
someone took the articles from a popular magazine
and re-wrote them in simpler terms. A school child
could pick up that magazine and, with the least bit of
difficulty, he/she could read about the latest develop-
ments in computer technology. "Is it a children's
magazine?" Randy asked himself. But then he
realized where he was. This wasn't any ordinary
doctor's office. This was Dr. Simile's office. And
Randy wasn't here to be treated for a sore throat or a
sprained ankle. No, Randy was here because he was
intentionally producing improper locutionary ac-
tions. In other words, his English had gone bad.

The nurse led Randy down a corridor and into a room
that was decorated with everything you don't ordinari-
ly see in a doctor's clinic. There was no table bed
and there were two slider-rockers and a re-cliner
chair. Although the floor and the walls may have
been a bleach colour, they were covered with a dark
plush carpet. There was even a stereo system
built into the wall. It was equipped with four
speakers that hung from the four corners of the
ceiling. The only evidence that the room belonged to
a doctor would be the diagram that was hanging from
the wall above the stereo. It was a diagram of the
human brain and it illustrated three areas of the left

hemisphere; the Broca's area, the Wernicke's area,
and the angular gyrus..

All of this would seem rather strange to someone who
entered the room for the first time, but to Randy, who
had seen it all before, it was quite normal. The carpet
was used to provide better acoustics, the stereo was
used to record the patient, and the chairs, well,
they're self explanatory. To someone else the room
would be more like a recording studio, but to Randy it
was just another room in the doctor's office.

"Another waiting room," he said hopelessly as he sat
down in one of the slider-rockers.

The nurse smiled and said, "Dr. Simile will be in to
see you in a few minutes. He is with another patient
at the moment. Make yourself comfortable."

As she was leaving the room she turned around and
pointed to a remote control device at the stereo. After
pressing a button she turned and walked out the door.
What she left Randy with was the sound of a man's
voice resounding through the speakers. He spoke in a
dull monotone:

"Personal pronouns: I...You...He...She...It. Demon-
strative pronouns: This...That...These...Those. Inter-
rogative pronouns: Who...Which...What." etc...

This was new to Randy. He never had to listen to
this before and after a few minutes it became excrucia-
tingly boring. He would have turned it off himself
except the stereo was behind a glass door that Dr.
Simile kept locked.

"This must be another new method of Dr. Simile's",
he thought to himself.

It was about fifteen minutes later when Dr. Simile
came in. As he entered the room he clapped his hands
together. At this, Randy experienced instant relief as
the dull voice ceased to resonate through the speakers.

"I should have known," Randy said to himself.

"It's a clapper." "Hello Randy." Dr. Simile's voice
was strong and articulate. If one was to judge him by
his voice alone one would guess that he was a captain
or a general in the Reserves. His voice had that
certain commanding air about it. The interesting
thing about him is that his presence seemed to contra-