

dict his voice. He was not tall and he did not stand upright. On the contrary, he was quite short and his shoulders were slumped over so that his physical presence was in the shape of a question mark. However, there was no question in his ability to speak. His voice was clear, he used perfect grammar and he could speak for hours without ever getting tired. Of course, his favourite way of expressing himself was with the simile. He once said that "a simile is like a drug. With a simile we can turn inanimate objects into living beings and we can turn living beings into airy spirits." His favourite authors were Doiwlín and Braught.

"Hello Dr. Simile." As Randy said this he sat up in his chair. "It's been quite a while since you have been here." As Dr. Simile spoke he sat down in the other slider-rocker that was directly across from Randy. "To tell you the truth I can't remember the last time that you were in to see me. It seems like light years ago." "Well actually, six months ago I..." but Dr. Simile cut him off. "Whoa! Say no more! I can see why you're here today." Randy looked amazed. "Really! Already you can tell?" "Oh yes. It's simple. When you have been in this profession as long as I have it's like A, B, C. But just to be sure, let's have you take a deep breath." Randy breathed in slowly. "O.K., now give me a sentence." As Randy exhaled he spoke the following; "He was punished for cursing severely."

"Aha! It's just what I thought. You've dislocated your modifiers." "I wh-what!" Randy was shaken. "Oh, don't worry. It's not like they're dangling or anything. They're just misplaced." "So it's not serious?" "Oh no, not when they're treated early enough. I'm glad that you came in now though. I once had to treat a patient for jabberwocky because he was too stubborn to come in and get his modifiers put back into place; stubborn as a mule." "Really? How did you cure him?"

"Well, I started by giving him a few interjections; you know, like Gosh! Zounds! and things like that." Randy seemed interested. "And did that cure him?" "Oh no, it was months before he was speaking normal again. But never mind him. You're the patient now. Let's have you take another deep breath and give me your best sentence. Speak it like an orator would speak it."

Randy sat up in his chair, clenched his fists and took a deep breath; so deep that his eyes started to bulge. Just as he was about to produce a sentence the nurse

rushes into the room.

"Dr. Simile! Oh, help Dr. Simile!" Dr. Simile turned towards the nurse. "What? What is it?" The nurse trembled. "Sally Simpson with the run-ons she ran off."

"What?!" Dr. Simile sprang from his chair. "What do you mean she ran off? I told you not to let her out of your sight!"

The nurse spoke in an undertone, "I know." Suddenly she raised her voice as she pleaded with the doctor. "But Dr. Simile, I had to leave her for a minute. I had to go and see how Billy Bergson was doing. You know how weak his verbs have been lately; and when I got back she was gone."

Dr. Simile fell back into his chair. He could have started searching for her immediately but he had to realize, and make others realize, how bad the situation really was. It was times like these when Dr. Simile spoke his thoughts.

"Ono-mato-poeia!" he exclaimed. "This is tragic! Do you realize that she left without getting her period? Oh, Ono-mato-poeia! It scares me to think about it! Do you know how contagious run-ons are? The whole city could be infected by tomorrow. This could be like...like...like the Black Death."

"Excuse Dr. me Simile," but Randy knew that he wasn't making any sense. Embarrassed, he fell silent as Dr. Simile and the nurse rushed towards him.

-Darrin McCloskey

