He was browsing the publications in the doctor’s waiting room, deciding between picking up the pamphlet Ten Things You Should Know About Hooting Cough, or the article Proceedings of The XXIst World Congress on Indiscriminate Flatulence, when Nurse Quimby’s voice boomed out,

‘Oh good grief not again …. Mr Subbie. Doctor’s room! Now!’

He picked his way across the waiting room, his butt cheeks clenched tightly, and entered the Doctor’s office. The Doctor was in his chair, elbows on the desk, his head buried in his hands.

‘Yes Subbie, what is it today? Something exotic no doubt’ Doctor sighed.

‘Well Doc, it’s like this. I was on the internet last night trying to slip some foreign words into what I was writing - you know those words with little mark thingies above and below them, but someone commented back that my bad diarrhetic was probably caused by a dodgy infection of some sort…’

The Doctor looked at Subbie with a furrowed brow, ‘Er, bad diarrhetic? Dodgy infection? Don’t you mean diacritic and inflection? So let me guess - you think there might be something wrong with you - is that it?’

‘I s’pose so Doc. The internet can’t be wrong can it?’ Subbie enquired earnestly

‘Depends on how you interpret it. In your case Subbie, I suspect you might be a lot different to everyone else’ the Doctor sighed

‘See, I knew it Doc. So what’s really wrong with me then?’ Subbie asked cautiously.

‘Oh, probably lots of things, Subbie, but in this case I think it’s just a bad case of brain drain - but I have just the thing to stop it’ the doctor said as he reached into a drawer and pulled out an object to show Subbie.

‘Gee Doc that looks awfully like a rubber stopper. What do I do with it?’

‘Just jam it in your colon, that should put a full stop to all this nonsense’ the Doctor replied

‘Do you really think it’ll make me feel better Doc?’ Subbie asked fearfully

‘Maybe Subbie, but I’m absolutely certain it will make me feel better!’ the doctor replied gleefully