



Blue Tongue
Evan Placey

Jamie is at the GP's, chatting to the doctors about their fluorescent blue tongue. They try to convince the doctor to agree to their plan before their Mum re-enters the room.

JAMIE: Let's level with each other, yeah?

Human to human.

Let's pretend you're not in the doctor coat, and I'm not in the school uniform blazer.

We're just two people who have about two minutes to come to an agreement before my mother comes back in here.

And we know how this is going to go down.

You're going to reassure her there's nothing wrong-

She's going to insist there clearly is- it's not every day her child has a fluorescent blue tongue-

And she'll start threatening all kinds of things- local press, a lawsuit, maybe even our street WhatsApp group, since most of them are patients too and that group is vicious-

I mean you don't want to have been there when someone put out their bins on the wrong day and a fox decorated the pavement with all manner of colourful debris- chicken bones and fish and chips grease-paper and some Play-Doh or perhaps moldy birthday cake icing, hard to tell- let's just say Joseph and the Technicolor Dreamcoat has nothing on the gaudy patchwork of stuff scattered about our street that day.

And so just as mum's yelling about second opinions and how everyone on our street is going to leave your surgery, you'll be tempted to calmly explain my blue tongue is merely a byproduct of having stolen a blue lolly from the box mum bought for my little sister's birthday party bags next week.

Now. I would argue that 'stolen' is a pretty strong word given they were sitting on the table, packet open, taunting me.

But the fact remains that Mum would turn her ire away from you and onto me and it's unlikely then that the videogame I asked for will be making an appearance anytime soon.

So.

Good Doctor. What I'm asking is that you simply tell my mum- in fifty-seven seconds when she returns- that I do in fact have some kind of terrible illness. While you are very clever- you went to med school after all- or so I'm assuming or you've got bigger problems than me- even the smartest person would struggle to come up with something in the next forty- four seconds. Not to fear, doc, for I have come armed with my own diagnosis.

The giraffe.

Because I bet you didn't know that giraffes have blue tongues.

But I, the saviour of your career and the street WhatsApp group, do know this.

And it just conveniently happens that my class made a trip to the Zoo last week. Sometimes fat does have a way of helping out. So you just need to tell Mum that the blue-tongued giraffe transmitted some of its saliva when I was feeding it.

Or maybe it's some sort of airborne-

Or like birdflu

Or madcow

Or

Look I cant do everything for you doc, you need to take a bit of initiative.

I have every faith in you.

And look, there's a delicious blue lollipop in it for you if you pull this off.

Okay, here we go- I'd know the squeak of those shoes anywhere.

And as ironic as it feels saying this to my doctor:

Break a leg, Doc.