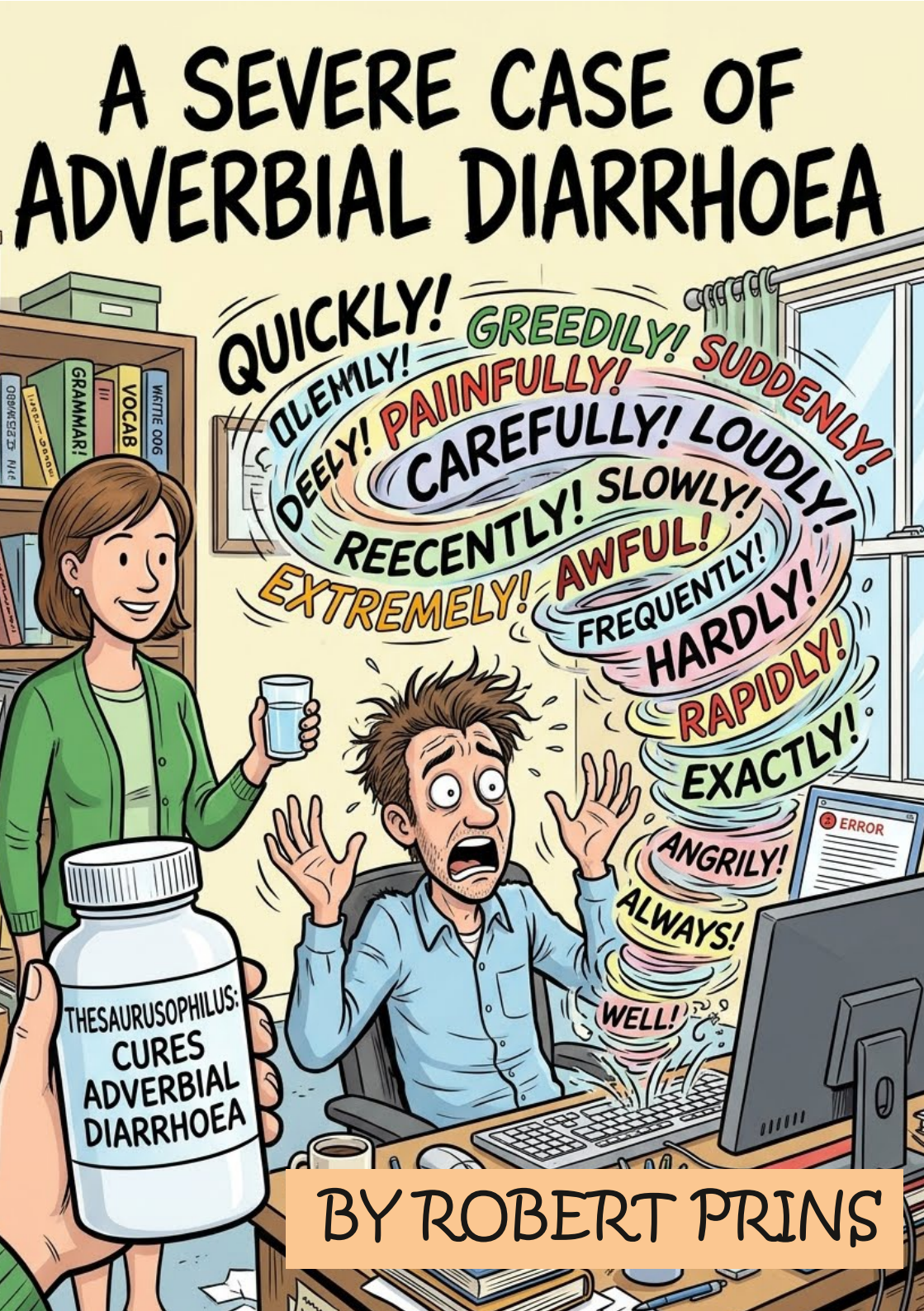
A SEVERE CASE OF ADVERBIAL DIARRHOEA



BY ROBERT PRINS

A Severe Case of Adverbial Diarrhoea

By Robert Prins

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Sam quickly ate his deliciously nutritious breakfast greedily. He had urgent work to do. His publisher wanted his monthly 500-word story really soon – like yesterday. He always seemed to be accidentally leaving his stories to the last minute and barely having time to write them.

He slowly sank into his computer seat and carefully put his hands to the keyboard. Completely out of ideas, his fingers stayed totally still for a while. Then suddenly an idea popped into his head. This was frequently the way it happened. Hardly keeping up with his thoughts, Sam's fingers rattled over the keyboard rather fast. It was a very exciting few minutes as Sam deeply concentrated on his work. He almost never stopped to check or read through what he had been writing. He was feeling rather pleased with himself, considering how swiftly the words had come. This was potentially the greatest story he had ever written – quietly, powerfully and morally strong in a loosely articulate sort of way.

Silently Sam kept patiently working in order to successfully present his story to the publisher later. He was so entirely focused on the flow of words coming from his keyboard that he hadn't fully realised that what he had been writing was painfully full of adverbs.

Having barely completed 200 words of his story, Sam looked closely at what he had written. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed loudly, as

he read the copy, “My writing has gone really badly. I have extremely awful adverbial diarrhoea!”

Sam’s wife, Judy, came rushing into the room at his cry. She took one look at him and asked, “Have you taken your medication?”

Sam looked at her sheepishly. “No.”

Judy opened the drawer slowly, and carefully pulled out the jar of pills. “Thesaurusophilus, they are the ones, aren’t they?”

Sam nodded numbly. He picked up his water bottle, threw a big pill in his mouth and gulped noisily.

Instantly he felt the adverbial diarrhoea suddenly dry up. No, that’s not right, he thought. I should say, ‘the adverbial diarrhoea dried up as quick as a flash’.

“Are you feeling better?” asked Judy.

“I’ll say!” exclaimed Sam as he swung his chair around to face the computer screen again.

Full of description and colourful words, Sam’s story flew from his mind to his fingers and into his word document. No longer would his publisher and audience think it was a ‘nice’ story; they would delight in it. They would read it again and share it with their friends. They would muse over his prose, contemplate his concepts and appraise his arguments. It would be a wonder of the written word.

The thesaurusophilus pill had worked wonders for his creative writing. It had put spice into his sentences and power into his paragraphs. He gazed at the bottle of pills for what seemed like an eternity. He must always remember to take his regular medications. They would keep him cured of his frequent bouts of adverbial diarrhoea. Well, nearly.

A Severe Case of Adverbial Diarrhoea

Sam had a severe case of adverbial diarrhoea.
Sam had a story to get the publisher.
Sam was late.
Sam had big problems.
Was there a cure?

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