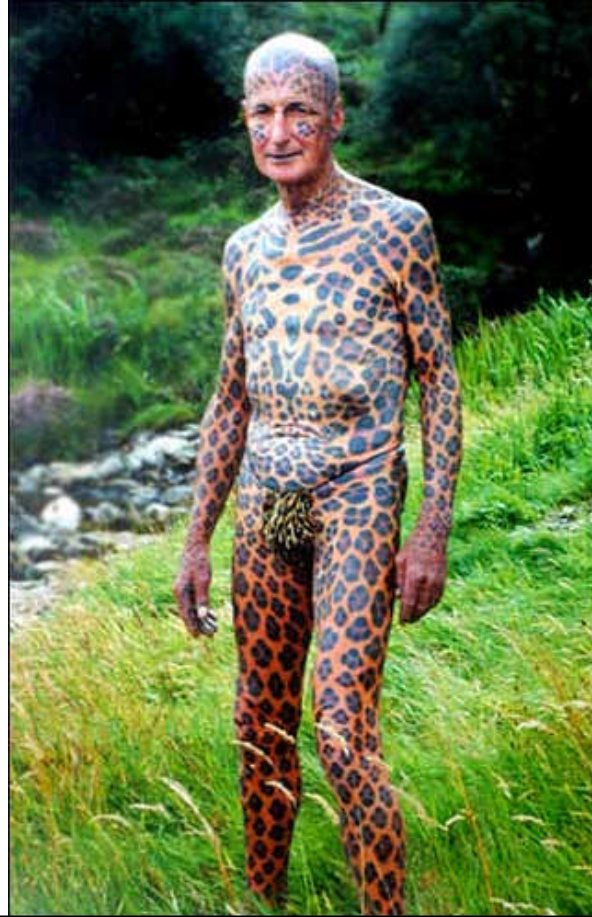


# Bernard



Bernard was a walking poster child for skin ailments. Psoriasis, rosacea, eczema, shingles, chicken pox – he had them all. Luckily, he enjoyed his afflictions, and he would cheerfully display them to anybody at the drop of a hat – more accurately, a hat, shirt, and trousers. So it was a surprise when he showed up at the Dinklaker Dermatology Clinic one clement Friday afternoon loudly complaining of a mosquito bite. He pointed at the teensy wheal on his forearm and demanded that somebody “**do** something! It looks *awful* and it *itches*,” he cried, “so **do** something!” Nurse Fenkle dutifully daubed some calamine lotion on it. However, the pink hue of the salve seemed to set Bernard off even more. He scabbled at his arm, inadvertently spreading the unguent to other parts of his body. But that just raised his angst level even more, and he ran howling out of the clinic, never to be seen again. If you think that’s a particularly lame ending to what is otherwise a cracking good story, well, life is like that sometimes.