

# Milt



Dr. Pabst, professor of psychiatry at the University of Hummock-on-Smythe, had treated more than umpteen patients for Regressive Puberty Syndrome – also known as Second Childhood Disorder – but he had never seen a case as deep-rooted as Milt’s. As a rule, the president of the National Organization to Repeal Balalaikas acted like a thoughtful, steady-as-she-goes corporate administrator. But with increasing frequency, he shucked his seersucker suit, slipped on a modest adult diaper – often accessorized with matching gingham bib and hat – and launched into the most strident temper tantrums imaginable. (The snits, opined the doctor, would abate once Milt learned how to affix the giant safety pin without turning into a poster child for genital mutilation.) The tantrums turned violent whenever Milt had his baby bottle, which he wielded like a medieval cudgel. More than a few curious colleagues who strayed too close suffered acute noggin trauma. Once, Pabst was able to distract Milt with a Tinkertoy, and he grabbed the bottle long enough to extract a sample from it. But then Milt – who had once played linebacker for the Omaha Steakholders – ferociously leveled the doctor and retrieved his bottle. When Pabst regained consciousness, he had his sample analyzed, and was a bit bemused to learn that it contained equal parts Similac and Jose Cuervo. Irked at the prospect of having a patient who didn’t respond to treatment, the doctor launched Plan X. He got a large teething ring and injected into it six ounces of Nembutal, a powerful barbiturate. The next time Milt had a baby seizure, Pabst, pretending to play “catch,” lobbed the ring at him. Milt caught it in his teeth and instinctively bit down on the nipple. Pentobarbital sodium sprayed everywhere, including onto the doctor, who fell into a hypnotic stupor. What little part of him remained conscious was forthwith rendered comatose by Milt’s baby bottle bashing. You’d think that after so many setbacks, Dr. Pabst would give up on his patient. But, having taken the psychiatric oath, he wasn’t about to throw in the towel. After another ... oh, wait a minute. Sorry, he *did* give up. Yep, he’d had enough. So, never mind.