

An Unfiltered Man

by

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Black and spongy. Five bristling hairs poked from its center. A wart. Even though I had a great distrust of warts, I tried to keep an open mind, hoping that this one might exhibit some shred of social decency. I doubted it, though.

“Allen,” said Nurse Bemeyer, “this is Dr. Christoffer.”

To say the least, I was surprised. I’d encountered many warts throughout my travels, but few that had names, and fewer still that were doctors. This did not look good. Warts were generally bad enough, but experience had long ago taught me to rank doctors at least three notches below a wart. Facing a wart bestowed with a medical degree left me with little hope that this would be a pleasant encounter. I prayed that it wasn’t a specialist.

“Pleased to finally meet you,” said the wart.

I never saw its lips move when it spoke. Actually, I never even saw its lips. I grudgingly had to admit to myself that this might be a wart that was a cut above the norm. It was then that I realized what the tricky little growth was up to. It was using the body that was attached to it to do its talking. This was pretty damn impressive even for a wart that had remained unscathed after four years of medical school. I realized in an inspirational flash that the art wanted to remain incognito, and pass off the body growing from it as the real Dr. Christoffer. It hadn’t fooled me, but I’d go along with the charade until I found out what its real plans were.

My eyes decided to focus on the creased, white bearded face that was masquerading as Dr. Christoffer. His little brown eyes were sunk deep behind rimless bifocals. A roadmap of crisscrossed veins covered his red nose and cheeks. This is not a face I would have chosen, but of course there’s no accounting for taste when you’re dealing with something from the medical profession.

“I hope I will be able to help you,” said Dr. Christoffer.

I was momentarily confused. I rarely get confused. Then I realized what Dr. Christoffer was referring to. It’s amazing how the little things can slip your mind. I was insane.

Something grabbed my left hand and pumped it vigorously. The grasp was moist. I was not surprised. I’d expect the handshake of a wart to be moist.

“What do you say?” asked Nurse Bemeyer.

“Albacore tuna,” mumbled my mouth. I have no idea why my mouth said that. It’s not very intelligent. Perhaps it was hungry again. If the damn thing wasn’t drooling, it was eating. I don’t know why I brought it along with me.

Nurse Bemeyer and Dr. Christoffer smiled. Maybe they liked tuna. Perhaps my mouth wasn’t the fool I had always thought it was. It might not be a bad idea to listen to it more often.

Dr. Christoffer’s moist fingers slipped from my hand. It was only as his little finger was just sliding away that I felt the hunger, and I’m not talking about tuna cravings. Evil ate deep within him. Squirmy worms munched his small intestine in their quest for soft lymph nodes. My mouth seemed to like the doctor, and even though it wasn’t the most intelligent

