

**From the Mouths of Babes**

It has often been remarked that whenever there is a strong, sad moving moment, a small child can be guaranteed to wail, ruining the proceedings. The chaplain, when preaching in chapel, took the time to wave his mallet around threateningly before presenting the only really small child with a caramel bar as a bribe. It is a common ailment which most of us suffer from at some point, youth: and yet once we are cured we look upon the sick with hatred and often animosity. These unfortunates are smaller, less intelligent, have high-pitched, squeaky voices, and that is not all.

While we, the privileged to not be infected converse, debate, laugh, shout, argue and generally use our voices to the full, the disabled youngsters have not even learnt to talk. It is as if they had just been born. All they can do is scream, wail, yell, and that terrible weapon, cry. All of these are done at ridiculous amplitudes, which are often unnecessary. The merest stumble, which would have someone healthier merely embarrassedly springing up, incites a terrible cacophony, which, if put on a graph, would show an un-called for response.

The causes: Genetic, impossible to remove.

Symptoms: Screaming; loss of height; bones, hair, etc. do not develop; stupidity.

Results: can incite those nearest to him/her to contract another less well known

disease, called Age.

Treatment: the disease will slowly deteriorate, but never quite leaving, with the result that the symptoms disappear. The process of deterioration can be hurried onto the next stage by a device called 'school'. Under the pretence of education, these establishments are really clinics to squeeze youth out of one. They are run by brave volunteers, well aware of the risks of contracting Age. May we all hope that this disease shall quickly pass from our society.