

# Winnie the Pooh and the Very Medicated Day

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One day, when Rabbit was taking his medications, Tigger bounced his carrots to smithereens and Rabbit had an idea. A wonderful, terrible idea. Rabbit, you see, when he was just a leveret, no older than you are now, had been diagnosed as a manic-depressive bipolar and was treated with Depakote. Rabbits, as you might know, are generally quite bouncy fellows, bouncier even than tiggers. But Depakote evens out the highs and lows, and this is why it was so rare for anyone in the Hundred Acre Wood to see Rabbit bounce. And this was Rabbit's wonderful, terrible idea. He would prescribe Depakote to Tigger.

"Tigger," he said, as he gathered the pulped carrots into a basket, "have you ever tried Depakote?"

"Why, Depakote's what Tiggers like best!" replied Tigger, although he almost certainly had no idea what Depakote was. So Rabbit gave Tigger a rather strong dosage of Depakote to be taken twice a day for the next month, after which they'd revisit Tigger's diagnosis and dosage.

Well, as you can imagine, the Depakote took the highs right out of Tigger's springs, and the lows, too. Tigger walked on all four paws, just like the cat you used to have before it got run over by a car.

Pleased with the success of his prescription, Rabbit turned his eyes to another of his friends. One day, while Tigger was most definitely not ruining Rabbit's garden work, Pooh came to lunch. And as Pooh was wont to do, he ate every last smackerel of Rabbit's hunny. Every smackerel but one, that is. Rabbit had been hoping to have some honey in his tea with carrot cake later that evening, and so he was perturbed.

When he asked, with more than a little trepidation, "Are you finished, Pooh Bear?" and Pooh replied, "I was just wondering if per-

haps you might have a little bit more hunny? Just a smackerel should do. I have a rumbly in my tumbly," Rabbit knew just what to do.

With his back turned to Pooh, he mixed some Xenical into his last jar of hunny before delivering it to the famished bear. Pooh polished off the jar post-haste and soon thereafter found his once prodigious appetite suppressed.

From that day forward, Rabbit continued to dose the unaware and somewhat unfortunate bear with dietary amphetamines. Pooh never ate more than one jar of hunny for lunch at his good friend Rabbit's house, and he grew noticeably slimmer. That his speech patterns rapidified was not of horribly great concern. That he developed a stutter that made it difficult to distinguish whether the speaker was Pooh or his good friend Piglet was to have nearly tragic consequences, however.

One day, when Pooh and Piglet both visited Rabbit's house for lunch, Rabbit mistook Piglet's request for hunny to be a request from Pooh. Well, as you may or may not know, many dietary aids also act as diarrhetics. Within hours of Piglet's consumption of the tainted hunny, I'm very sorry to say that liquids were streaming from both ends of his poor little person, much like the puppy you had that died of Parvo.

Fortunately for the friends in the Hundred Acre Wood, Eeyore was alarmed enough by the goings on to fetch Christopher Robin. Unfortunately, even when rushed, Eeyore was not the swiftest moving animal. By the time Christopher Robin arrived at Rabbit's house several days later, Piglet was naught but a deflated shell of bacon, Tigger was reading philosophical treatises in Owl's treehouse, and Pooh had acclimated himself enough to his new speech patterns to lose the stutter, but also had developed a very serious addiction to, what in street parlance is known as "speed." And I know I don't have to tell you, of all people, that speed kills, since I'm quite certain you remember the fatal seizures your sister had while being subjected to strobing lights in an episode of "Speed Racer."

"I-think-that-I-should-like-to-be-a-pharmaceutical-company," said Pooh, when he saw Christopher Robin, "because-pharmaceutical-

companies-make-tremendous-amounts-of-money-and-I-should-then-be-able-to-purchase-as-many-methamphetamines-as-my-rumbly-little-tumbly-could-possibly-handle.” Except that there weren't any hyphens in his speech—I've only inserted those to make his words more comprehensible to your dyslexic little head. “And-I'm-not-afraid-of-needles-as-I've-stitched-up-my-own-stitching-many-times-and-it-would-be-ever-so-much-more-efficient-to-mainline.”

“Silly old bear,” said Christopher Robin. “You can't be a pharmaceutical company. You have to lobby congress with lots and lots of money to be a pharmaceutical company so that the FDA will let you market your merchandise before it's been fully tested and allow you to hold a patent for many, many years without threat of competition from generic brands.”

Which leads us to the story of Winnie the Pooh and the Detox Center, but that will have to wait for another night. You need your sleep, as well you know. I'm certain I don't have to remind you of your colicky baby brother who kept his parents awake all night until your mother smothered him to death with a Boppy nursing pillow.

