

Audio Index: 20:13

Going to the doctor is never **particularly** pleasant for me. But I couldn't **put it off** any longer. It was time for my **annual physical**, and there was no **getting around it**. So I picked up the phone and called for an appointment. "**I'd like to see** Dr. Shimoya next week, please, if that's possible," I said. Of course, it wasn't possible. The doctor was **booked** until next month, the **receptionist** told me. "Okay," I said, "let's schedule it for next month."

When the day arrives, I drive over to the doctor and **check-in** at the receptionist desk. I have to present my **HMO** card and pay the **co-pay** of \$15.00. The receptionist instructs me to go to **waiting room B, down the hall, first door on the right**. So I go there and take a seat to wait. And wait. And wait. Finally, my name is **called** and I go into see the doctor. The nurse **weighs** me, **takes** my **temperature** and **blood pressure**, and asks me why I'm there. I tell her it's time for my **yearly check-up**. She tells me to follow her to the **examination room**, and then **to strip down** to my **underwear**. Now I'm sitting on the **exam table**, half- freezing, waiting for the doctor **to show up**. Finally, he walks in, looks at my **chart**, and begins his examination. "Breathe," he says, as he places the **stethoscope** on my chest. "Breathe in and out slowly," he says. I do so. Then he checks my throat and has me lay down to check my **abdomen**. Finally, he **orders** a **blood test** and says, "Well, you're good for another year, Mr. McQuillan." Thank goodness, I think to myself, and get dressed to leave.