



## DIALOGUE 19. George's jaw

( [dʒ] jump, bridge )

DR JONES: Ah, George, jolly good. Just exchange your jacket and jeans for these pyjamas, while I jot down your injuries in my register. Age, religion, that's the usual procedure.

GEORGE: Well. Doctor Jones, I was just driving over the bridge on the edge of the village . .

DR JONES: Half a jiffy. Let's adjourn to the surgery. I've got a large sandwich and a jar of orange juice in the fridge. Join me?

GEORGE: Jeepers! My indigestion . . . and my jaw! I shan't manage . . .

DR JONES: A generous measure of gin - just the job!

GEORGE: It's my jaw, Doctor. I was on the bridge at the edge of the village. I was just adjusting the engine when this soldier jumped out of the hedge . . .

DR JONES: Imagine! He damaged your jaw, did he? I suggest an injection into the joint. Just a jiffy. I'll change the syringe.

GEORGE: Oh jeppers! Gently, Dr Jones!