

Doctor Z



His Eminence (Part II)

So long as a buck or two are saved, it is better for everybody; for the doctor (surely), for the patient (nearly), for the patient's husband (hardly).

So the game of private medical practice in the third world is based on three main players; the doctor (the plotter), the patient (the victim) and the patient's husband (the financier).

The three parties involved are closely related. In plain language, they are three successive cogs in a huge machine that is concerned with the physiology of symbiosis. They are closely related, but they spin in different planes and most likely in different directions as well. This is a rather lengthy introduction to a very plain, and evident issue; the money making trip.

Our dear Dr. Z heads for the famous institute he works in, for giving the new generations of the upcoming doctors his pearls (lectures). Today's lecture just coincidentally is about normal labor, a subject that he himself finds mysterious, embarrassing, even sometimes outrageous. But, who can claim that our theoretical knowledge is a 100% image of our day to day practice? Only in the case of his eminence, there is a slight positive attitude towards operative delivery-please don't understand me wrong, because I don't mean by operative delivery, God forbids the obstetric forceps, or God prohibits the ventouse delivery, because the only operative delivery his eminence knows about is the abdominal route of delivery. This is because it both entails a good outcome to the three beneficiaries involved, and an extra buck is directed into the real-estate business which is a secret hobby for his eminence. In a continuing debate with himself, as a major justification to his valueless efforts to increase

the cesarean section rates globally, he indulges himself as a distinguished cesareanist. Who dares to defy his eminence in numbers, or even can outreach his unmistakable convincing methodologies where a cesarean section is at stake. As a result, all parties are hilarious, and the preferred route of confinement (*à la mode*) is his eminence single and everlasting one.

To make a long story short, our friend fulfills his duty, gives the lecture, and retires in his office for a brief period of rest, combined with work of course. His eminence has three authentic research works, published in two distinguished journals, and need his magic touch, as he uses his golden fingers in optimizing those works- he says- for our poor third world country needs, and after few days work, the three papers are ready for publication in our modest journals, after of course being decorated with his eminence's full name on top.

The collaborators of his eminence warn him that time is up for his second tour over the scientific accomplishments of the department. So, he picks up his sword, and heads for the battle field (the conference room) where his eminence sips his coffee patiently and listens to the various outrageous researchers and believe me no one survived the massacre, not only mortalities were heavy, but the heavily wounded were in serious condition as well!!!

The only ones who survived carried their ragged belongings and marched away in a bitter defeat.

His eminence directs his attention to one of his many rivals and a fierce conflict is endangering the very existence of the institute; but meddlers succeed in containment of the situation after a compromise.

To be continued...

Hesham Harb