



Doctor Z

The Extinction of Dinosaurs

Wherever you go, you are greeted by many fans of your accomplishments. You get used to the fact that you are a genius. You think you are gifted, inspired, updated, and every single thought you get is brilliant, smart, and handsome. You begin to accept the rule that the almighty has possessed you with outstanding features, and his gifts are so precious that any objection on your side is considered heathenry. You think you are the gifted one. The little bunch of Hippocrates surrounding your existence endorses you all over the way; exhibit your ideas as the doctrine for every malady. The scrubbings on drafts you make absent mindedly are the more important than the testaments themselves, the garbage you mumble while being intoxicated by your successive victories are the law for the upcoming generations. even the perspiration you emend in a sunny day is full of courtesy , serenity, and even just. You became the second teacher of humanity, after Avicenna, or better still you should be the first, because he made only contributions to the medical literature, but your gifts are conclusive, and/or inclusive, your thoughts are revolutionary, your tactics are the best since the late Irvin Rommel, your medical, or surgical decisions are the law for everyone who dares to ask for advice.

Then, where is the problem? Or rather, is there a problem? There is no answer unfortunately, at least on your side because you are disqualified,

you know why? Because no body is perfect, nobody wins along the line, and nobody has the supreme power of kidding all the people all the time. as you may notice, there are too many ways to the truth, the shortest and the most direct route is the correct one, and any sane man should calculate the odds of loss before gain, as too many victims of grandiosity are shredded along the path to success, simply because success itself is relative, and the joy of stardom often complexes with a bitter taste of defeat.

You might not notice, my friend; but the more you get critics, the more you get reforms. The more stones they through on your figure, the more you build up your career, bearing in mind the temporal nature of life itself, nothing is steady or continuous. What is above does not remain for long, neither does what is below. If, however, you indulge in the predetermined course erected by your Hippocratic fans, most probably you will shift to the next level of despising all your rivals, critics, or even bystanders. And the inspired physician, tutor, mentor is resurrected. At this stage, dictatorship is full fledged, and no comment is the rule for even your followers. The outlet is full of disasters in the near, as well as the foreseen future.

But, dear doctor Z, you may be surprised to know that we think you are like dinosaurs: great,

mighty but unable to survive the natural evolution
and doomed eventually to complete extinction!!!

Pins

Modern medicine calls for no more doctor Z's.

Hesham