

DOCTOR DEATH

(A certified serial killer)

I have always been a bright student ever since I can remember. I was the pride and joy of my parents. Seeing that that I was good at my studies my parents wanted me to be a doctor and this is how it all started. It was no piece of cake to get admission into a medical college. But somehow I managed to get in. I was on cloud nine. My friends and family treated me as royalty. I totally deserved a pat on my back for what I had achieved but this was something else. Although I was not a doctor yet and just a student I was treated like a celebrity. No matter where I went people looked up to me. All this attention got to my head. I became careless about my studies. Most of my time in medical college was spent outside the medical college. My parents spoiled me rotten and I being myself took full advantage of their recently developed generosity. They never scolded me for anything. For them it was enough that I was studying in a medical college. All the good things come to an end so did my short lived happiness. It was the time of exams. How was I supposed pass the exams when I did not a thing about anything. All this stress was eating me out.

When there is a will there is a way. My way was just a tad bit different from others..... I cheated. For the first time in my life I cheated. At first it felt bad then I got used to it and after sometime I started taking pride in it. I did things I never knew I was capable of. There was no problem a little hush money could not solve whether it was the cranky lab attendant or the rude peon with the attendance record, all became polite enough to let everything pass by. What better way to spend my monthly allowance. It was after all for the sake of my studies. Through all these short cuts I finally reached my destination, it was the time for graduation and not just any graduation. We were going to graduate as doctors. Standing on the stage holding my MBBS degree there were many things coming to my mind. This is it my ordeal for five years has at last comes to an end. No tension of studies no terror of exams whatsoever and most importantly no fear of getting caught. It felt as if I have achieved the unachievable. I have outsmarted everyone present here cheering for me my parents, my friends even my teachers. I am a doctor now. I have done it but at the back of my mind I could hear a voice saying have you really done it.....?

So I started my practice as a doctor it did not turn out to be well for. It was all too hectic. This was the real thing. If the pressure of exams was anything the pressure that I had to face now was lethal. I kept on making mistakes after mistakes. Then again I thought that everybody makes mistakes in the beginning. It is just a matter of time. I just could not get it right no matter how much time passed and then it happened..... A person was about to die because of me. There was a turmoil going through my mind. I tried to remember anything I could come up with, but nothing. My mind was blank like a white sheet of paper and the next thing I heard was the horrid sound of the ECG going flat it was as if I was paralyzed I just killed a person no..... it can't be. I did not kill. It was the natural course of events he was not in a very good condition when he came here and then I heard the same voice in my head saying that is why he came to a hospital hoping you will make him better. Everyone started at me with such accusing eyes. Why were they looking at me like that? For the thousandth time I did not kill him. I was not a killer. I was a doctor. I had a degree to prove it so no one can blame me. I did not do anything. Again that sick voice echoed through my head taunting me. Yes you did not do anything. You should have though. At least the poor guy would have been alive.

So this was a litter sneak peek into the life of a **doctor death**, God knows how many of them are roaming among us. A degree is just a useless piece of paper as long as it does not help save anybody's life. Using a little extra something may make your days from bad to good to even better the feeling of accomplishing something without having to work for it is a good one indeed so good it is almost addictive. Once you get away with it successfully you have the urge to do it again and again and the period of five year passes by. Instead of taking it as burden it should be taken it as an opportunity, a once in life time opportunity to learn how to be a doctor. Mistakes a doctor makes does not help them learn. It brings shame and guilt, a burden so heavy to bear that it makes you sick inside, makes you regret the day you got into medicine.

A doctor is someone who is certified to treat the ill not someone who is certified to kill. But these days such people are graduating from medical colleges who murder in the name of medicine. Not all of them cheat but the main objective of today's medical student is to somehow pass the class so on this very day we should ask ourselves whether you want to be a doctor or **doctor death**.