



## A morbid manifesto

Shraddha Kaushik

Final year Medical Student, Subharti Medical College, Meerut

### Corresponding Author:

Shraddha Kaushik  
E-502 Hill View Apartments,  
Sector 46, Faridabad, Haryana  
Email: ssskaushik at gmail dot com

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“My dear Fatal Fraternity, on this day we do congregate here, in this place which we call our battle ground. I welcome all the dignitaries with a warm shake of the flagellum for having made it to the Crisis Committee of the Wellness Hazard Organisation at the Un-tied Nations.

The session is presided over by the wise Mr. Giardia Lamblia and the agenda is ‘Strategies - New and Improvised - employed to achieve eradication of wellness.

And now, I call upon our honourable President, Mr. Lamblia, to address the conference.”

Stout and grumpy, with a pair of large, ovoid, deep-boring eyes and a forest of flagella in the name of a beard, the President graciously floated like a leaf from the stage to the dais.

“Ahem...” he cleared his throat of the remnants from his last intestinal mission and growled in a husky voice.

“Blood, sweat, tears and, most significantly, sacrifice! Sacrifice of your loved ones is what brings you here. You must remember

that you are not mere viruses or bacteria, fungi or parasites; you are ‘Rebels with a cause!’ and you are here to avenge the microbes lost in our battle against wellness!”

The animation on his face dropped and it transformed into a grave countenance, as if to pay homage to all the soldiers martyred to this date.

“All of this started when in the name of health, they injured Venerable Sir Small Pox, but the real blow was when he succumbed to those inflictions.

Before we could recuperate from this grief, we had more mayhem let loose at our heels. Hell hath no fury like that invoked upon us in the name of health!”

His perfectly rounded pout dissolved into a diabolical grin and he began to recount his retaliatory efforts – colossal efforts, which is why he was the President of the Wellness Hazard Organisation in the first place.

“Von Behring, I killed him! He tried to damage our Dame Diphtheria. Similarly, how could I forgive Ronald Ross for decoding my good pal Plasmodium?”

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Another time, I deployed Mr. Mycobacterium to detonate humanity but Waksman audaciously plied out streptomycin. Never giving up, I developed Anti-genial Genes to set cancer rampaging, derange their hormones, and denature their enzymes, but these humans didn't relent.

However, all is not lost. I refuse to give up! I shall do whatever it takes to kill, destroy, or maim wellness."

By now his eyes were cold as ice and even the most notorious of beings felt a chill run down their non-existent spines.

"We have used enough of crude methods. We shall no more play to our strengths but to their weaknesses.

These people who claim to be working 'in the name of health' have a rudimentary approach to what they call 'disease', but which is actually our raison d'etre. Their strategy is focused on mechanical diagnosis

and empirical medication only. Hence, we infer that deploying such resilient soldiers as our Superbugs is our best bet and can ensure continuous morbidity.

More importantly, modern medicine is currently engaged in an inter-disciplinary war, where everyone is shackled into thinking within the narrow confines of their particular discipline and completely ignoring possible contributions from other systems of practice.

So this is my message to you: Spread far and wide my children, pool in your efforts, ask your relatives and friends, EVERYONE, to join the battle. Let's imbalance hormones and let expressions of genes run amok. Remember always that we are rebels with a cause."

The disease mongers ended their meeting soon after and who knows what they're up to now: they haven't already reached you, have they?

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