The Princess   
and the   
Witch Doctor

**By**

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Every journey starts from the known and comfortable

“Damn I’m going crazy,” I complained to no one as I downed another energy drink.

Biology is an amazing science. Living things are truly fascinating. Even a simple mosquito is amazing, if you think about it. How does it form?

Why are some creatures seemingly immortal? How can bats survive such hot metabolisms? How can flat worms remember, even when you chop their heads off? Why do birds have such fascinating lungs, while we have crap lungs? And could they breathe underwater? Why can’t women generate eggs all through their life? Why can’t we regrow teeth as needed, or regrow limbs like salamanders?

If only we could collect all these adaptations and adapt them into ourselves.

These were the real reasons I choose to study medicine. And the fact being a doctor was a great way to meet cute girls.

Unfortunately medical training is a Spartan discipline that considers sleep an optional activity. Hence my growing pile of discarded energy drink cans.

I jerked awake as my phone rang.

“Yo bro, how is life treating you?” My childhood friend Martin asked.

“I have no time to study, or let alone to sleep,” I grumbled. “I don’t look forward to internship.”

Martin laughed. “You should come to South America and become a witch doctor.”

“No can do,” I replied, annoyed. “I don’t want to spend my life as a charlatan, fleecing people of their money, letting them die of curable diseases.”

“You shouldn’t dismiss the ancient wisdom of the Indigenous cultures of the world,” Martin scolded.

“I won’t deny many of their medicines have medically active properties,” I said. “However, without proper studies, you can never tell what is valid and what is nonsense.

“However, I don’t believe in that nonsense about spirits. If gods existed, they would reveal themselves, so we could worship them.”

By now I had fully awoken with my rant.

Martin just sighed. “What would it take for you to come over? The people need you.”

“I seriously doubt that,” I replied. “You’re a billionaire, aren’t you? Just build more schools and hospitals and train the local population. That way everyone wins.”

“I do have schools and hospitals,” Martin insisted. “However, many of the villages are remote.”

“Then you need a mobile hospital,” I said.

“If you were designing one, what would you do?” Martin asked.

, imagining an expedition vehicle filled with medical equipment.