The Princess   
and the   
Witch Doctor

**By**

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[1. Cold Freeze 1](#_Toc115201233)

1. The First Step into the Unkown

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 hard-earned 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.

I paused a moment and then said, “Obviously you would need a pharmacy, a place you could easily sterilize for operations, equipment such as x-ray machines and sterilizing units. A computer is needed for record keeping. Finally we need space for personnel to stay.

“That all scales depending on how many vehicles you have,” I finished.

“What if there was only one vehicle going to the most rugged locations?” Martin asked. “Cost is not an object.”

“Then it would need to be built on a military vehicle chassis,” I said. “The front would house living space. Perhaps a sleeping area over the front cab,” I continued, visualizing it in my mind. “The back part would house the pharmacy, as well as the emergency and sterilization equipment. Perhaps even a tent extension could open up for surgeries.

“I don’t know. I’m sure there are plenty of people more qualified than me to build this.”

“When will you graduate?” Martin asked.

“In two months from now, provided I pass these impossible tests,” I replied, yawning. “After that comes my internship. Hopefully I won’t die from an overdose of caffeine and energy drinks,” I replied.

“Why don’t you come here for your internship?” Martin asked. “I’ll deal with the paperwork. You just need to sign.”

“Why are you so insistent on me coming?” I asked.

“Because we are friends,” Martin said. “Just come for a little vacation at least.”

“Very well,” I said, sighing.

“Excellent,” Martin replied excitedly. “I’ll arrange everything. Bye.” He hung up.

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True to his word Martin pulled who knows how many strings and my school told me his internship was valid throughout the world. I could literally practice anywhere I chose.

Seeing I had 2 months before my internship started, I took Martin up on his offer and flew to his hospital first class with the ticket he supplied.