

The Drug Relay Race

After Death, Discovering the Culprit

In this intriguing tale by an Israeli author, the story unfolds with profound implications, shedding light on the perplexities of modern medical treatment.

"As I was in the stairwell, a sudden itch crept into my left ear. Insisting that I consult a doctor, my wife warned of the potential consequences of negligence in health matters leading to severe illnesses.

The doctor examined my ear, taking about half an hour before lifting his head to inform me, 'You need to take six penicillin tablets; this will quickly clear the impurities in your left ear.' I swallowed the pills. Two days later, the itch was gone, and my left ear felt rejuvenated.

The only downside was the appearance of red rashes on my abdomen, intensely itchy and unbearable. I promptly sought out a specialist. With just a glance, he remarked, 'Some people are not suitable for penicillin, resulting in allergic reactions. Don't worry; take 12 erythromycin tablets, and everything will return to normal in a few days.'

Erythromycin had the desired effect: the spots vanished. However, I noticed swelling in my knees, accompanied by a high fever. I staggered to an experienced physician.

'These phenomena are familiar to us,' he reassured me. 'They often correlate closely with the effectiveness of erythromycin.' He prescribed 32 tetracycline tablets for me. Miraculously, the high fever disappeared, and the knee swelling subsided. However, I developed excruciating pain in my kidneys.

Summoned to my bedside, the specialist concluded that the fatal pain was a result of taking tetracycline, a matter not to be taken lightly as the kidneys are a vulnerable

organ. He then had a nurse administer 64 injections of erythromycin to eliminate any remaining bacteria in my system.

In the modernized hospital laboratory, numerous tests unmistakably indicated that, while not a single live bacterium remained in my body, my muscles and nerve bundles suffered a fate similar to the bacteria.

Only a high dose of chloramphenicol could save my life. I took the hefty dose of chloramphenicol.

Admirers and idlers alike flocked to attend my funeral. In his touching eulogy, the Jewish rabbi recounted my resilient struggle against illness, expressing regret that despite all medical efforts, I had succumbed in the prime of my youth.

It wasn't until I unintentionally discovered in the afterlife that the itch in my left ear was caused by a mosquito bite."

