

## Nik's Healthbeat



By  
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Life is like a candle in the desert or in the middle of an ocean. Let us enjoy while the flame is still flickering.

I was thinking, what is the best way to address a group of doctors using humor. One thought that came to my mind was to use a ventriloquist to have a frank, vibrant, and witty dialog sprinkled with some message, hope, and laughter.

Nik will be conversing with Raj, the ventriloquist's buddy who is in his mid sixties, with scattered silver hair, bald head, spectacles, and a sharp uncompromising language.

Nik: Hi ladies and gentleman, I brought with me today, my good old friend Raj. Hi Raj, How do you feel today?

Raj: I don't feel good.

Nik: Why not? You are surrounded by the most educated, intellectual, optimistic and hard working group of people.

Raj: Because of that reason, I don't feel good. I feel like I do not belong here. I feel like the engineer who was married to a lady doctor, and did know why he had to attend a doctors' convention? (Looking at the audience) Sir, you are laughing your heart out, are you an engineer?

Nik: Come on, you are being cynical. Did you have a good time at the cocktail hour?

Raj: Since my doctor told me that I cannot drink, it was like an unhappy hour on a dry, hard rock ice.

Nik: Really?

Raj: No. on second thought, it was as soft and tasteless as a caffeine free, diet soda.

Nik: So, why are you depressed?

Raj: If you listened to the conversation at that unhappy cocktail hour, you too will be depressed. Talking about cutting someone gut, while grinding a chicken tikka in the mouth. This lady was on her 3<sup>rd</sup> samosa, asking her friend whether her competition was looking slimmer than her. I overheard a conversation where one doctor said that he working all his life for his wife who was living expensively to keep up with her friend who was living expensively to keep up with her. Oh, I cannot go on.

Nik: You still did not answer my question. Why are you depressed?

Raj: I don't know. Maybe, because, I am not a doctor!

Nik: Well, why didn't you go to medical school?

Raj: If only I had gotten a better score on my SAT test. . .

Nik: What was your score?

Raj: ZERO! Ah ha! Zero like a big, fat '0'.

Nik: How the hell did you get a zero?

Raj: They did not explain that on the report card. I think, I forgot to sign my name. By the way, I recognize that lady in the red sari.

Nik: She is a doctor.

Raj: She looks familiar to me.

Nik: Where did you see her?

Raj: I don't know.

Nik: Think hard.

Raj: I think, she is the one who delivered me. Yes, she is the one who delivered me.

Nik: Come on. That is the most bizarre thing I have ever heard. Was she younger than you, when she delivered you?

Raj: If you don't believe me, I have a tattoo on my behind from her three fingers.

Nik: Where did you come up with this weird theory?

Raj: I am positive. When I was born, she spanked on rear end, cut off my oxygen line, (umbilical cord), and said, 'you are on your own from now on, baby.'



Nik: Raj, do you have a family doctor?

Raj: While my family doctor was checking my lungs, he said, 'cough, cough, cough.'

Nik: then.

Raj: I coughed, coughed, and coughed.

Nik: Ah ha.

Raj: He asked, 'How long in the hell did you this cough?' (Looking at the audience) You don't happen to have a cigarette do you, sir, ma'm?

Nik: Cigarette! These are doctors, they don't smoke!

Raj: You are wrong.

Nik: At your age, shouldn't you be more concerned about cancer and heart disease?

Raj: Speaking of my heart, on my first visit to a heart specialist, he said that I have excess weight, diabetes, high blood pressure, heart failure, high cholesterol, and irregular heart rhythm.

Nik: That's not bad; he saved you money on multiple office visits. What else did he tell you?

Raj: He said, 'Not bad for an 85 year old man.' I told him that I was only 65.

Nik: Really

Raj: He said if I were a car or an airplane, he would have recommended me to a junk yard.

Nik: Oh no! What else did he advise you?

Raj: He said, 'No more smoking, drinking, and cursing.

Nik: That is it?

Raj: Wait, he said, no samosas, chicken curry, rice, or Gulab Jamun.

Nik: What is left?

Raj: he said salad and jogging. When I look at all these doctors, it reminds me of those painful visits and depressed moments. Every time you see a specialist, he will make up a new diagnosis, if you don't have one.

Nik: Would you like to ask these doctors any question. Maybe, you can squeeze in a free consultation, while they are laughing?

Raj: Did any of you, by any chance, bring some Viagra samples?

Nik: Raj, you are a dirty old man.

Raj: Do not interrupt me. . .

Nik: You are embarrassing me. I still cannot believe that you would announce in front of more than 500 people that you are looking for help. Are you out of your mind?

Raj: You don't understand. When you get to my age, everybody needs help. When you reach the metallic age, like I have, with silver hair, gold teeth, steel coronary stents, and titanium hip, you too may use all the help you can get!

Nik: Stop! Stop! Didn't you say you have heart disease? If you take Viagra with heart medicines such as nitrates, it could kill you.

Raj: I rather take that chance than go home and listen to the music and get more depressed.

Nik: I am baffled by your performance today. Wait till your wife hears this.

Raj: Don't worry about her. She is the one who told me, that since I was going to a doctors' convention, to make sure that I get some help. If I came home without it, then I will have one more reason for my depression.

Nik: Do you have any advice for these doctors?

Raj: Please don't think of your patients as ATM machines. Can we get five minutes of your undivided attention, please? You are the only hope we've got. Do not make your patients feel more depressed when they leave your office than they were when they came to see you.

Nik: Raj, you keep mentioning the word Depressed, in front of more than 500 doctors. You will be like a perfect target, a sitting duck for them. Next, they are doing to strap you to a stretcher and deliver electric shocks.

Raj: Oh no, I am not going to go through that, again! I was just emphasizing how non-medical people feel when they interact with doctors. Why is that man walking toward me? He is holding something in his hand.

Nik: Just relax; he is the president. Perhaps he is coming to congratulate and thank you.

Raj: Or perhaps, he is coming to electrocute me and my depression. I am a jolly good fellow, I am jolly good fellow. I am the happiest man around here, and I am a jolly good fellow. Happy holidays! Good night everybody. Let's get out of here.

Nik: Happy holidays! Good night everybody!

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