

Why Medical Students should not Fall in Love!

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I have a lover, a lover like no other,
She's got soul, soul sweet soul,
And she teaches me how to sing.
She shows me colors when there are none to see,
Gives me hope when I cant believe,
And for the first time, I feel love.”

(U2 - Zooropa)

If not hypothetical, I envy Bono (U2's lead singer! For finding someone worthy for this passionate outpour of emotions. Unfortunately cupid has never been this lucky to me or none of my close medical college friends. For me atleast, after having fallen out of love more times than have fallen into it, the whole deal has become as repulsive as the first day in the dissection hall.

I'll start with what happened to a friend of mine in first year medical school. He went totally crazy over this really weird final year student, weird in more ways than one. She was self-centered, highly not good-looking and had a squeaking voice that made you want to hide in trees. Unfortunately, when they had been going out for 2 months, she told my friend that they had to stop seeing each other since she had found someone else. (Read: another unfortunate fellow had fallen victim to Midas). My friend was in total shatters. He quit medical school, joined the stock exchange and is now earning millions. Since we medical students don't have much life left after we are done with our studies, whatever time we keep aside for falling in love is either wrong timing, or right timing but wrong person. Take this instance. A female friend of mine decided

to hit on a male friend of mine. Now this guy was a pure study freak and shy as a door mouse. His reclusiveness was a sort of aestivation. a dormancy, a psychological equivalent of what bears do to get themselves through winters, except in his case it looked as if the winter would last forever. My female friend on the other hand, to say the least, was a party animal (or an equivalent of that in medical college, if you know what I mean). After a long drawn season of infatuation on her part and an irrevocably non-reciprocative part that he played. when she finally popped the question, he really popped. He has never been seen in nearly the same vicinity as hers, to date.

Well even this unfortunate soul has fallen. deep on more occasions than one. She could fly me across the world in minutes, yet hold me to look at a wilting flower forever. Yet all along I never knew she wasn't the one. Unfortunately half the guys in college were mad about her and more unfortunately, she was mad about them too!! Until I last learned, she had shown those wilting flowers to four other guys beside me.

I have often wondered why we always “fall in love”; never “rise in it”. I have also often wondered why both medical students and doctors so frequently fail in this aspect of life whereas excelling in most others.

So you see, my experience and of those around me has completely succeeded in lifting my faith off the “L” word. Frankly, I have started to dread it now. Five years ago, I would have believed in every word of the last ten minutes of “Jerry Mcguire” the movie. Not now. There's no one to whom I can say, “you complete me” not yet!