Karma & Diamonds

Sneak Previews from

Book 2 - Web of Karma

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Life or Death

"It's all f*#@ed up down there! I'm not going to touch you. No one will."

The Scottish surgeon, who had performed an exploratory laparoscopy on me earlier that morning, gave this far-from-compassionate prognosis. He had popped by to give me his verdict of why I had been experiencing frequent pain in my abdomen.

My good friend Rupin had come by to see me and happened to be sitting at my hospital bedside. I looked at him with the unspoken question, *Did he, this so-called expert in his field, really just say that?* We looked at each other and laughed, thinking the surgeon was a bit of a joker.

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"What you've got is a condition that's more complex than a complex cancer and I'm not going to touch it." The surgeon said, as dispassionate as if he was telling his wife that their supermarket had run out of her favourite brand of peanuts.

"What do you mean?" I asked, utterly confused, more so because I was still under the effect of the general anaesthetic. "Why didn't you operate on me then, while you had me in the operating theatre? Are you saying that I've got a bad cancer?"

"No, no. It's not cancer. That's the good news. The bad news is it could turn into cancer pretty soon, because your condition's already so advanced. More so than anything I've seen. It's a condition that's causing blood to flow in the wrong direction and so it's gluing some of your vital organs together. And there are some other complications," he replied coldly. "There's also lots of tissue growing on top of some of your organs. So all in all, it makes what you've got very difficult, if not impossible, to treat with surgery."

Panic arose. I felt shocked. Worried. Upset. "But why? What's the cause of it?"

"Well, no one knows." His manner was sharp and indifferent.

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"What do you mean no one knows? Is it a rare condition? What research has been done on it?" I asked, mustering up the meagre energy I had.

"Well, the condition itself isn't rare but the voracity with which it's occurring in your body is unusual," he replied.

"But what's causing it?"

"It's most likely genetic."

"Is there any treatment for it? I mean, why am in I pain more frequently than before?"

"There's no cure for it." He remained curt.

The questions flooded my brain faster than I could synthesise them. I stayed silent, while my stomach churned with panic. Eventually, I asked, "What do you mean you can't operate?" I felt desperate. "When I came to see you for the first time you told me you were one of the most experienced and the best in the field."

"Well, I am. Twenty years in the field and I've never seen a condition such as yours," he said, callous and matter of fact, as if he was doing me a favour with his expert arrogance.

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Rupin and I looked at him, still wondering if this guy was joking.

"It's way out of control and I'*m not going to touch it! No one will.*" The expert surgeon emphasised the last part of his little speech with Gaelic fervour.

I looked at Rupin as we both realised that the surgeon was as serious as a high court judge sentencing a serial criminal.

I was stumped to hear this doctor's prognosis. My world was crumbling and all I could do was stare at him wide eyed, mouth agape. Every word that came out of the surgeon's mouth felt more excruciating than the pain I had been suffering with, as if I was still on the operating table, pieces of me being chopped out without anaesthetic.

"Look." He glanced at his watch in a gesture of impatience. "I'm going to put you on a course of hormone treatment for the next eighteen months. Let's see if that helps. Though it's highly unlikely, if it does bring about a change in what your insides look like compared to the state they're in now, then we'll review and see if I can operate on you. Come and see me in a couple of days when you're more awake and I'll give you the prescription then." He turned his back on me and marched away.

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"Wait, you said this could turn into cancer pretty soon. How long is 'pretty soon'," I asked, trembling.

He stopped and studied me over his shoulder. "Oh, seeing as how advanced things are in there with so many things stuck together and rampant tissue growth, I'd say within a couple of years at most, or sooner." After casting his confident pronouncement of my death sentence, he continued to stride out of the room. "You're lucky that the tissue growth hasn't spread to your eyes or ears or away from the pelvis. But that could happen," he called over his shoulder, just before he disappeared from view.

The fear of hell ran savage through me.

Rupin had witnessed the whole scene. He looked at me, his eyes ready to pop out of his head, and clearly echoing my shock. "I know," I said, desolate. "I can't believe that just happened, either."

Along with my body, my spirit felt limp and drained.

It was one thing to be given this kind of life-threatening news in such a callous and ghastly manner, but it was quite another to realise that the balance of my life rested in the hands of this cold-blooded, Hammerhead shark-like excuse of a human being. Even

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comparing him to a Hammerhead was doing great disservice to their species because most were harmless to humans. I could not say the same for this surgeon, 'Doctor Hammerhead'.

I left the hospital, hopeless.

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