The neighborhood doctor, illnesses, epidemics and other witchcraft.

Dr. Mirón's office.

A new chapter was beginning in the life of the young doctor, **Alfonso Mirón** . After years of study and dedication, he had managed to solidify his knowledge, despite his father's disdain for those he called "quacks." His tenacity, forged by all kinds of hardship, gave him that thin, haggard appearance. He spent many sleepless nights, as the electricity in his humble home frequently went out due to non-payment. Breakfast was usually just coffee and a bread roll, and dinner a meager sandwich of something called chicken pie.

As witnesses to those moments remained the drops of wax on Dr. Fernando Quiroz's *Treatise on Human Anatomy* and the ethical and humanistic teachings of Dr. Ignacio Chávez. At his study table, Mirón mixed oxygen and

carbon dioxide from the candle so as not to be left out of the experiments of Dr. Río de la Loza, who had isolated oxygen and nitrogen. In his brief dreams, he saw himself before the international medical community, expanding Harvey Cushing's legacy with new methods for opening skulls.

Convinced that **“medicine is a social science** ,” as Rudolf Virchow stated, Mirón faced a lack of funds to begin his residency in internal medicine. It was fortunate, then, that the renowned Dr. **Ramiro Olvera** , famous in the Santa María la Ribera neighborhood, invited him to share his practice in exchange for a split of the profits.

The white coat was a minor obstacle: a fellow professor donated one, albeit with an odd waist adjustment that made it look rather feminine. Neat and punctual, Mirón presented his credentials to the friendly receptionist **Sandra Benítez** , a curious lady

with a sharp nose who, despite not having a nursing degree, was an expert at boiling syringes, spraying alcohol on wounds, and bringing Dr. Olvera curious snacks from the *La Moneda tavern,* obtained at a discount.

Once inside the office, Mirón would have the guidance of Dean Olvera, until he managed to adapt to the society of patients who eagerly awaited his appointment.

Indigestion and maternal wisdom.

The first patient was a child accompanied by his mother, Doña Engracia. He presented with diarrhea, fatigue, anal itching, a swollen abdomen, and abdominal pain. After the young doctor introduced himself, the mother requested that the procedures to cure **indigestion** be applied .

Dr. Mirón, with academic rigor, clarified that the disease in question did not exist in medical nosology. The woman was surprised by the

response and immediately sought Dr. Olvera's attention, hoping for a correction.

"How can you say no?" she retorted confidently. "This is the fifth child I've brought into the world. Do you think you know more than a mother?"

Mirón insisted that the symptoms could correspond to several illnesses, but not to something called indigestion. Doña Engracia, offended, replied:

—Well, you may be a doctor, but I know exactly what indigestion is. I would have taken you to Silvinita to have it cured, but the poor woman's eyesight is failing her.

Faced with this disagreement, and to avoid a conflict that could lead to verbal attacks, Olvera calmly intervened:

—Don't be upset, Doña Engracia. Let's go to the examination table to cure that indigestion.

—To the armchair?

—That same one

Before Mirón's incredulous gaze, the boy was subjected to massages, rubbing with a green ointment, cupping, and skin pulling. When it was over, Olvera wrote him a prescription to prevent relapses.

Satisfied, the mother said goodbye with a recommendation for the young doctor:

—You see, you have a lot to learn from Dr. Olvera.

Mirón, puzzled, mentally reviewed the pages of his gastroenterology treatises without finding an answer. Finally, he commented:

—It seems to me, Dr. Olvera, that that child had intestinal parasites.

—That's why I prescribed mebendazole syrup.

The dead man who catches.

Myron's next patient was **Erasmus** , a middle-aged man with a rugged appearance who complained of exhaustion and episodes of

sleep paralysis. It had all started recently, since he began working as a long-distance truck driver and increased his coffee consumption.

—You see, doctor, I'm not a man who gets scared by just anything. I'm very brave, for better or for worse, but in those moments, I do get scared.

Mirón tried to investigate:

—I imagine your job is stressful. Are you experiencing any emotional problems?

— “My girlfriend recently dumped me,” Erasmo replied. “The worst part is she left me a rag doll in the flowerpot by my door. Don’t think I believe in those superstitions; they creep me out, but I don’t. That’s why I don’t go to herbalists; I prefer science, being seen by a doctor.”

—That's the right thing to do, it's great that you think that way.

—But tell me, doctor,... *Why do I get sleep paralysis* ?

—"The dead man?" Mirón asked, his face disturbed.

—Yes, I feel him grab my arms and adjust my chest, then I feel like I'm getting an electric shock.

The doctor's mind went blank. Psychiatry was a subject in which he had performed mediocrely. Then Dr. Olvera intervened in a calm tone:

—I have known Erasmus since he was a child, as well as his father, Eulogius.

—That's true, may God keep you for many years, doctor.

—I think Erasmus, I didn't see you at your father's funeral.

The comment disarmed the patient. His tough face broke, and tears flooded his eyelids.

—"May the Virgin forgive me! That time I ran away with a kitten and hid from everyone. I didn't find out about my dad until days later."

Olvera looked at him firmly:

—That's why your girlfriend dumped you, and I suppose that cat scratched you too.

—Yes, doctor, he left my back full of scars.

—I'm going to put some ointment on those wounds and you're going to take a week's vacation. Every day you will swear before Don Eulogio's tomb not to look for kittens or drink coffee or alcohol for a year.

—Do you think he will forgive me?

—"I knew him better than you did. He told me things only a doctor could know. I know what I'm talking about: he's waiting for you."

—Thank you so much, doctor, that's why I trust in science.

Erasmus kissed the elderly doctor's hand. With a prescription for melatonin and a serene

expression, he left the office, peace reflected in his eyes.

Mrs. Sofia and ethics in flames.

The last consultation of that day was notable for the presence of a voluptuous middle-aged lady. She was received by Dr. Olvera, who introduced her courteously:

—Good morning, Mrs. Sofia. Allow me to introduce you to Dr. Miron; he will have the pleasure of seeing you today.

With slow, sensual movements, the woman settled herself in front of the desk. She crossed her legs to one side and tilted her face coquettishly, fixing her gaze on the young doctor.

—So, you're Mirón... that interests me. You don't look bad at all.

—I am at your service, Mrs. Sofia.

—Sofía Gómez de Andrade, wife of Congressman Valentín Andrade. I come to place myself... in your hands.

—Perhaps that's not necessary. Tell me about your ailments.

While Olvera absentmindedly chewed a stray corn empanada he had found in his robe pocket, Sofia described her discomfort:

—Something's happening to me. It all starts with a heat that begins in my breasts, rises up my neck, and causes my lips to itch.

The description was accompanied by gestures: her hands roamed over his body until she ended with a kiss on the tip of his index finger. Olvera, uncomfortable, choked on his empanada.

—That heat... is it like a fever, or like a burn? — Miron asked.

—It's something that boils, like milk spilling all over my body.

—Have you noticed any lumps under your breasts?

—Yes, it's like... *a cherry rolling down to my little flower* .

—A flower? It could be a bee sting, but it could be serious if it's the size of a cherry.

—Don't scare me, doctor. Relieve my grief, please listen to me.

At this point, Olvera claimed to have heartburn caused by the empanada and went out in search of fresh water and some fresh air.

Upon returning, he found his colleague dejected, his forehead resting on the desk and his hands behind his neck, muttering an almost inaudible speech.

—My dear friend, you look like a pilgrim praying in Mecca.

—Doctor, I don't have the courage to look you in the eye. I have committed an act unbecoming of my profession.

—Stop, please. There's nothing you need to tell me. From the patient's face as she left, I realized how accurate her examination was... and the high quality of her therapeutic resources.

—Aren't you going to reproach me?

—Let's leave that to Congressman Andrade, who, between you and me, should be grateful to you. Let's just say that his professional experience is deficient, to say the least.

The doctor of all salvations.

Removing a thorn or treating a small wound is usually a simple matter: it's in plain sight, part of everyday life, and the remedy is immediate. There's no fear of disaster.

It's a different story when a part of our unseen human machinery begins to malfunction, rendering us incapacitated or precipitating our demise. Then we seek out the doctor with X-ray vision, the oracle capable of foretelling our fate.

In every family or neighborhood, there's always someone whose skill—or magical warmth—has managed to alleviate similar ailments and even save people from tragedy. With that hope, we assume, almost without thinking, that each person is a reflection of the others.

It is common for this medical luminary to hold his consultations in the Faraway Kingdom, forcing the patient and their caregivers to undertake a pilgrimage that crosses towns, cities, and nations. The fatigue and cost of the journey become secondary to the desire for a cure.

“In every neighborhood there is a minor god who heals with his hands and the vapor of faith.”

When resources are scarce, or the doctor's sentence is prison inside the body or the guillotine, we turn to what science does not yet fully accept: magic, tradition, herbs, and miracles.

Herbs and miracles

Over the years, I've learned not to dismiss these options. I've witnessed diagnoses that never came to pass or whose outcome was contrary to what was expected, even when all the pathology textbooks agreed on the prognosis.

Could it be that the ancestral wisdom of herbs, the smoke of copal, or the gaze of the saint of desperate causes is superior to the scientific method? My opinion is that knowledge is never perfect: it will always be incomplete, eternally incomplete.

The scientific method is the closest we have to reality, but being close doesn't mean reaching the goal. Error is part of being human, and wisdom is more expansive than any brain. Salvarsan is a prime example: designed to kill syphilis, with its fabulous arsenic formula, it ended up destroying several livers and kidneys.

Thus, an error in health matters opens the door to hope in other areas.

Many years ago, in the remote mountains of Tlachichilco—accessible only after a winding journey—I was surprised to find a modern mobile laboratory with a satellite dish. From it descended a few Americans and Germans, ready to interview and collect plant samples from the local healers.

Each sample was acquired cheaply, carefully stored in sterilized envelopes and jars, and even kept in a refrigerated chamber. The abuse was obvious: the potential ethnobotanical and pharmacological benefits could yield substantial profits for some pharmaceutical company.

Even so, as my godmother Merceditas confessed to me, she managed to sell some plants from her garden, to which she invented —with intricate magical language— powerful healing powers.

There are plant-based products whose effectiveness has been proven. Quinine, derived from the cinchona tree—a tree native to the Andes—was used as a remedy for malaria from the 17th century onward. The Jesuits quickly appropriated its patent to cure the "tertian fevers" of some king with a sunken fontanelle, renaming it "Jesuit Powder" and thus inaugurating intellectual plagiarism. This compound is still consumed today, in small doses, in quinine-flavored sodas.

Cuachalalate is famous for its healing properties in digestive, inflammatory and dermatological conditions, related to more than sixty ailments: gastritis, colitis, gas inflammations and even burns.

Arnica, for its part, has anti-inflammatory, analgesic and healing properties, which relieve pain caused by blows, sprains and minor wounds.

Corn silk is known for its diuretic, anti-inflammatory, and purifying properties, which are useful for reducing fluid retention and relieving kidney problems.

Banana peel is effective in removing warts and verrucas.

The list is extensive: chamomile, rue, epazote, bearberry, dandelion, aloe vera —capable of giving hair worthy of a Japanese queen—, holy herb and more than 4,500 registered Mexican species.

Special mention should be made of "Toad's Herb," useful for reducing cholesterol, controlling blood pressure, and preventing heart attacks. And, of course, toloache: an undisputed ally against indifference. Its active ingredients can induce visions, trance states, and loss of consciousness; in short, the precise definition of love.

Grandmother, healer of our lineage.

Grandma, with the traditions inherited from our great-great-grandparents, was always an essential part of our preventative and curative health system. Thanks to her, we learned that warm milk with honey helps you fall asleep; that lemon with honey soothes a sore throat; that eucalyptus opens up the airways; that mother-of-pearl gives you the face of a princess's bottom; that a raw egg in orange juice gives you vitality; and that butter heals burns. She also taught us that for rebellious behavior, there's no better remedy than Mom's slipper, and in serious cases, Dad's belt.

I don't know how effective magic is at healing the body, but I do know it has positive effects against fear and sadness. What was very real, though, were the remedies that accompanied our childhood and that all grandmothers trusted: Vicks VapoRub to cleanse the lungs, cod liver oil to strengthen bones, and the fiery Merthiolate to bring tears to your eyes.

The list of elderly women also included Picot Grape Salt for indigestion and heartburn; Mejoral for headaches; sulfur ointment for boils and scabies; and camphorated alcohol for muscle aches.

A touch of magic to remedy ills.

In the highlands of the Veracruz Huasteca region, I had the honor of being a godfather in many towns, following the custom of sponsoring children graduating from elementary school. There I also acquired this kinship with Inés Santiago, the healer of the soul of Apetlaco, not by sponsoring a child, but by sharing with her my reflections on the innate goodness and evil of humankind.

With Inés, I understood that herbs and medicines can heal or harm the shell of existence, but they need the power of the spirit to grant life, a living death, or death itself. Herbalism and traditional medicine have been part of our geography and culture, perhaps

more so than in Western Europe, because they combine the chemistry of nature with magic and faith in the higher powers of the universe.

Even illnesses with a spiritual undertone: one gets sick from fright, when the soul leaves the body after a strong shock, causing insomnia, sadness, and loss of appetite. One suffers from the evil eye, when an envious glance causes crying and diarrhea. The "bad air" occurs when a harmful wind invades the body and generates pain, inflammation, or paralysis.

The treatments are as varied as they are poetic: an egg cleansing; a rosary; walking the child face down; spitting on brandy; summoning the soul to return; or applying massages and cupping. To set bones, one goes to the bonesetter.

Mexican art frequently reflects these symbolic afflictions. In Juan Rulfo's work, Comala—the town of Pedro Páramo—is plagued by voices

that never rest, populated by the dead who continue to speak, remember, and suffer. Ranchera music reminds us that the soul can be wounded, that it can be sickened by love, or feel a dead person weighing on its chest.

A child stuck.

On a new day of consultations, Dr. Mirón received a visit from a mature woman distressed by a gynecological case.

—Doctor, *I have the child stuck* .

"Did he bump into a door?" Mirón asked.

—No, doctor. I haven't had my period for a year.

—How old are you?

—Fifty-two, just turned.

—Let me tell you that's normal.

—Do you think it's normal that the baby hasn't been born yet?

Mirón, bewildered, tried to explain:

—Do you think you might be pregnant?

—Just look at my belly.

—At her age, many women stop menstruating.

—Well, it must be the others, I'm very healthy. Besides, I have a lot of anxiety, I get short of breath and I sweat at night.

—That confirms what I'm telling you —replied the doctor.

—Oh, doctor... I think the child wants to tell me something. I even see his little face in my coffee.

Faced with the confusion, and after their unsuccessful attempt to find remains of a pasty in the enema syringe, Dr. Olvera intervened:

— Look Carinita, that boy you're talking about is Luisito.

—How can that be, doctor? That was more than ten years ago... besides, I threw it away.

—That's what you think. Actually, she hid to help Fermín be born; you see, he was born very small.

—Oh my God! Have I been carrying it ever since?

—The thing is, he loves you very much and asked permission —you know from whom— to go to heaven with you.

—So that's why he appears to me in the cafe.

—Exactly. He's telling her she shouldn't eat greasy things anymore, or keep buying pastries at the bakery. She needs to eat better.

Carinita, moved, replied:

—Those gray hairs really didn't appear because he was stupid, doctor.

"A favor you're making me doubt. Before you leave, put that little cake you keep here on the desk," Olvera concluded.

The eyes of the Tehuana woman.

The next case was even stranger: a middle-aged woman from Tehuana entered the office without opening the door. Confused by this—which he attributed to his distraction—the young Dr. Mirón immediately began questioning her.

—What is your name, mother?

—"Whose mother?" he replied in a harsh tone.

—Please excuse me, it was a wrong assumption. Just tell me your name.

—"Ernestina," he answered firmly.

—Ernestina what?

—"What about what?" she retorted even more harshly.

—"Their surnames," Mirón insisted, bewildered.

—"My last name isn't going to make you heal the cut on my arm. So let's get down to business."

The wound was hidden under a large bloodstain, which made it appear more serious than it was.

—What caused the wound?

—With a moon.

—A mirror moon, I suppose?

—No, with a moon. Haven't you ever seen one in the sky?

—Can that... cut?

—Less talk and get to work.

Stunned, Mirón gathered the first-aid supplies, but noticed the lack of bandages.

—"I don't have any bandages," he warned.

—Take one from my bag, I brought several — Ernestina indicated.

Obediently, Mirón opened the bag and let out a terrifying scream that made him fall to his sitting down, then he fled in haste from the office.

Minutes later, Ernestina emerged with her wound treated by Dr. Olvera. He then approached Mirón, who was still in shock in the waiting room.

—Your behavior has been unexpected. May I ask what happened?

—I had a psychotic episode.

—Which?

—Inside the patient's bag were a pair of green eyes, like a cat's. There was no cat, just the eyes. They blinked and had their own light.

Olvera calmly replied:

—Dear colleague, you are not in Amsterdam, Montreal, or New York. This is Mexico. What you saw was not a hallucination. That Tehuana woman owns a surrealist restaurant across from the store “El Exilio.”

—There are only restrooms in front of that store.

—He still doesn't understand. Whenever you want to see that dining room, go in there. They cook liquid clocks in sauce, which are delicious.

By that time, Dr. Mirón had reached sufficient maturity to attend to his own cases. Olvera let him know this, just after Sandra Benítez, “La Pericocha,” announced the arrival of the last patient of the afternoon: Professor Teresita, a teacher of the elementary grades at the school. Her name provoked a profound silence from the old doctor.

—Take the afternoon off, colleague. I'll take care of this patient —Olvera indicated.

—Teresita? She has the same name as my elementary school teacher.

—It's the same one, no doubt about it. She's been waiting a long time for this consultation.

Living under the rules of a magical world has great advantages: misfortune can be transformed into sarcasm; sorrow into creative

impulse; pain into great paintings; spite into music; and abandonment into the search for the father we never knew. Illness, on the other hand, is a war against reality. And although victory is rarely achieved, those exceptions make life worth preserving.

When we have exhausted all the pills and infusions, there is one last resort: to appeal to the will of the creator of the universe. We speak to him with the words we learned to communicate, we cite the feelings we understand as human, we appeal to his justice as if he were a judge who needs to hear the case. And not infrequently, we mix selfishness and belated regret into our plea.

Can we convince him? Can his unwavering will change as if he hadn't encountered evidence, precedents, or previously assessed conditions? Can a machine remain useful beyond its obsolescence?

The truth is, there's nothing I can say for sure about something so vast. I can only think from my human perspective, the perspective that allows me to feel the desperation of others and, at the same time, acknowledges my own ignorance so as not to close the door to a will that transcends us.

The peace of an era between two storms: bugs and epidemics.

Being born between the 1950s and 1980s was a stroke of luck. Decades earlier, the world had been ravaged by revolutions and two major wars; famines could arise from a simple change in climate, and serfs and slaves were born condemned to remain so for life. The Spanish flu, measles, syphilis, rabies, smallpox, malaria, polio, and tuberculosis claimed millions of victims.

Our generation barely experienced any of that. Capitalism was rising as fast as the new airplanes. The middle class was born,

agriculture produced more than could be consumed, and an indelible mark on our arms let us know we were immune to tuberculosis. It was a stroke of luck tied to geography: Mexico was one of the privileged countries. We understood poverty through the image of our parents, and it remained a childhood memory.

Not everyone, however, managed to cross that garden of wonders. I remember the children enslaved by braces because of polio; the faces of teachers scarred by smallpox; the stray dogs drooling with rabies, causing alarm in the neighborhood; and the brutal persecution by dog pounds, torturously killing innocent beings, victims of disease, or simply for being part of a species. That human brutality, which makes us believe we are the masters of the world.

Those were times of a global crusade against bacteria and viruses. The Mexican state assumed that responsibility street by street:

tetanus and measles were brought under control. A capitalist state with social conscience, determined to maintain the healthy workforce necessary for industry. Vaccines were a miracle, so much so that thanks to them we can be alive today to spend our pensions on Netflix subscriptions and fall asleep halfway through an episode, or fill our suitcases for a trip to Huatulco with pills for hypertension and glucose.

We must also be grateful for the arrival of the new syringes, which replaced that crystal and steel dagger, which came out of a metal case shaped like a coffin, and which had to be boiled before fulfilling its sadistic destiny.

But that period of calm is now threatened. The wealth accumulated by a few is incompatible with the social advancement of an excessively large population, whose labor and talent are being replaced by technology. On the horizon, war plans are once again tempting, and

disease lurks: it takes refuge in the belts of poverty that are now entire metropolises of miserable houses, and in the junk we ingest as food.

Vampires and public health heroes.

In 1943, the Mexican Social Security Institute (IMSS) was founded under the orders of President Ávila Camacho, and in 1961, the National Medical Center was inaugurated with its impressive, highly specialized facilities. Labor law began to take shape: health and retirement benefits became enshrined in law. By then, solid research and healthcare institutions already existed, such as the National Institute of Cardiology, the National Institute of Nutrition, the National Institute of Respiratory Diseases, and the Institute of Epidemiological Diagnosis and Reference. All of this was thanks to the visionary spirit of Ignacio Chávez and Salvador Zubirán.

Everything seemed to be going well, but in the eighties, something began to change, first for the worse and then for the worse. The unions gave free rein to a generation of medical and administrative assistants, with the demeanor of piranhas and the attitude of brothel madams; to despotic and lazy doctors, who negotiated promotions in exchange for flattery, Sor Juana's banknotes, and affectionate favors in restrooms and break rooms.

I remember a head of nephrology who, in the late eighties, appropriated for her own benefit the divine right to decide on life and to distribute dialysis catheters. I also remember the neurosurgery conclave at the Primero de Octubre Hospital, which in the nineties spewed curses and contempt upon patients with brain cancer. And what can be said of the internists at IMSS General Hospital 27 or the Infectious Diseases Department at La Raza Hospital, who in the eighties and nineties

insulted those affected by HIV with ignominious signs.

Nor were nurses, orderlies, and pharmacy staff exempt, who, then as now, stole medications and medical supplies for personal gain or "cosmetic" treatments. Nor were favors exchanged among doctors, granting hospital privileges to patients of colleagues seen in private practice. Nor were acts of revenge against patients for disagreements with their families. These acts of retribution, with their criminal undertones, warrant imprisonment.

Here the saying is repeated: the intention was good, but the bad deeds came out like cockroaches from a vampire's sarcophagus.

I would have liked to conclude this account with praise for the institutions and members of the public health system. But my obligation—beyond creativity and fiction—is to end with the truth. That doesn't mean there aren't

exceptions or another side to the story. I also remember that nurse who, during an earthquake, covered a nephrology patient with her body to protect her from the dust that could cause peritonitis.

Within those concrete walls and the scent of disinfectant, there are also powerful consciences that endure, that practice their profession with innate kindness. Perhaps it's the person who adds a touch of flavor to the boiled apples, to make you forget for a while the IV drip in your arm. The resident who secretly obtains the sedative the head nurse forgot to bring to the bat symposium. Perhaps it's the one who washes someone else's body with disinfected compassion.

They are the only ones for whom, for now, I avoid using the fire of these words to completely set fire to the operating rooms and all the coat racks with white coats.

A star on the forehead can save us.

My age qualifies me to offer advice that isn't my own, because it's been said many times: life is short, and every second should be spent pursuing happiness. Not just pleasure, as many would like, because pleasure is often the root of illness. And believe me, the time will come to pay with pain and blood, not just symbolically. I myself am a victim of my own story.

In recent days, after a series of chemical tests and conflicting diagnoses—ranging from compassion to condemnation—I decided to seek the final opinion of the most experienced doctor I could find. Thus, I made my appointment with the elderly Dr. Mirón, whom I hadn't seen in forty years.

Facing his unwavering gaze, I doubted his condition. I even thought what I was looking at was an embalmed display of his remains. But, with that sour disposition he had acquired after years of professional practice, he

confirmed what I already suspected: my health was a twisted disaster.

—Look here, my dear soon-to-be-deceased friend, it's time to put your conscience in order. You no longer need to pay me for the consultation; give that money to your future relatives for whatever expenses they may need.

Upon leaving, with a heavy feeling of defeat at the diagnosis of the best doctor I could trust, I found myself in the waiting room with teacher Teresita.

—Professor, what a surprise to see you. Your face doesn't change with time.

—That's my nature, baby.

—What brings you to this office?

—I have an appointment with the boy Alfonso Mirón.

—Any special circumstances?

—I have to present it to the director.

A sudden dizziness, followed by a chill, ran through my body.

—Excuse me, teacher... do you know if I'll have to go see the principal soon?

—Let me check the attendance list.

The teacher opened her portfolio, and from it slid out a manuscript full of names, each accompanied by a little gold, silver, or black star.

—No, baby. Get ready for next year. But come here, bend down in front of me.

As I left the doctor's office, my lungs breathed the freshest, sweetest air I had ever tasted. The world shone with luminous colors I had never seen before. Then, I touched my forehead and felt the little golden star the teacher had placed there.

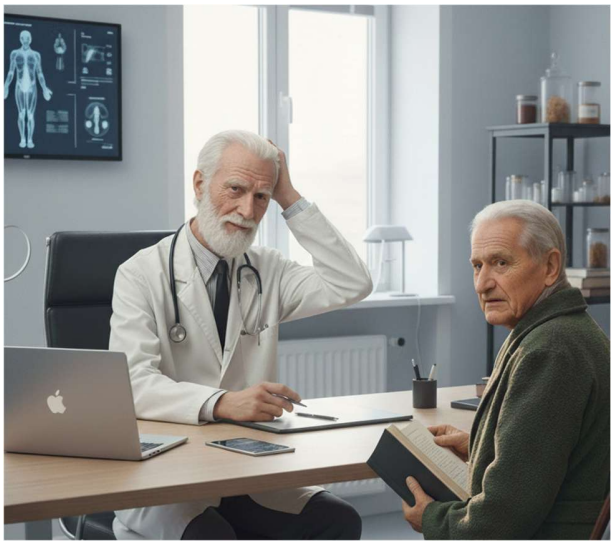
Dr. Mirón was an eminent figure. He never completed a residency to become an internist,

but his diagnoses were wise and accurate. Well... not always!

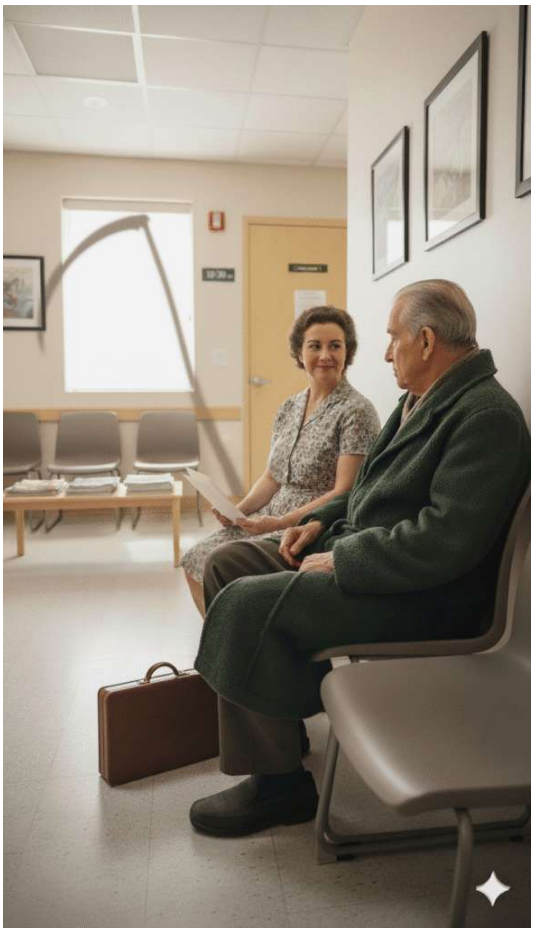
" *Perhaps we all carry an invisible little star, placed there by someone who is more patient than us.*"

What to do when you get sleep paralysis?

Mexico is not like Amsterdam or Montreal



Dr. Mirón was an eminent figure, but... he was sometimes wrong too.



Meeting with teacher Teresita.

Perhaps we all carry an invisible little star on our forehead.