

A story about antimicrobial resistance

by Skye Sivapalan



The resistant bugs

I'm sick. Right now ,I'm in hospital, lying on my bed. I have an infection ,which has now led to sepsis...

“ We need to give him antibiotics! But which one?” said one of the doctors (I assumed he was talking about me), “ Otherwise we might lose him” said another, scurrying around with a look of panic on his face.” Yes, he's not got much time left!” one cried out. I had no idea who it was. All of the doctors were rushing around trying to find the antibiotic that would prevent me from passing. Then suddenly...

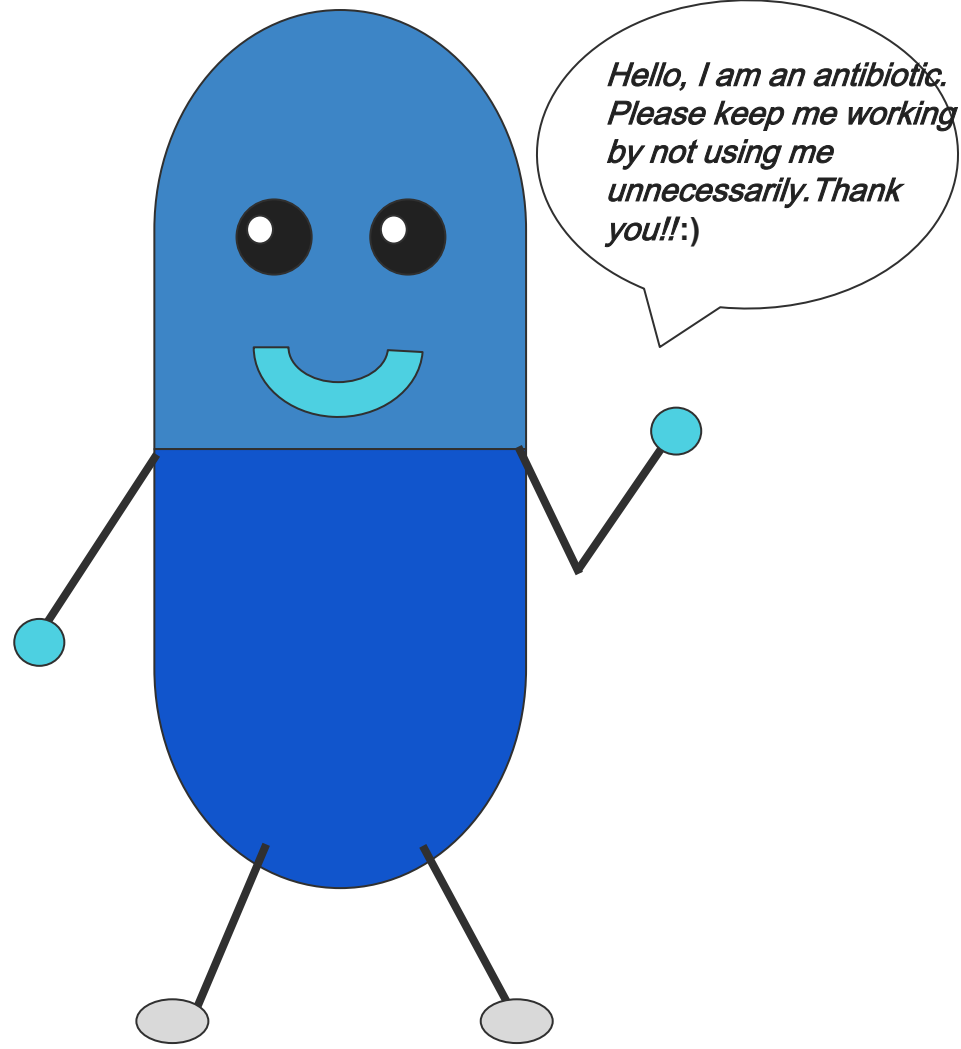
“ Stop!” someone shouts. Everyone paused and glared in the direction of where the mysterious voice came from. A figure then emerged from the darkness, a doctor whose face was unfamiliar most in the room. “I know which antibiotics to give.” he said. Murmurs of appreciation were heard. So, they thanked the doctor and handed me the right amount, and I took it. It has been two hours now, since they gave them to me, and being completely honest with you I don’t feel too good...

The Main Doctor

Hello, I am Dr Finch, Stephen's doctor. I hold some bad news. Unfortunately, Stephen has passed. Due to using antibiotics when not needed and using his families unused/unfinished antibiotics, his body became resistant to them so sadly there was nothing we could do.

The Moral of the story

DO NOT TAKE ANTIBIOTICS IF YOU DO NOT NEED TO; REMEMBER, THEY DO NOT WORK ON COLDS . NEVER USE OLD ANTIBIOTICS AND NEVER USE YOUR FAMILY MEMBER'S EITHER , AS THEY WOULD'VE BEEN PRESCRIBED FOR THEM FOR A SPECIFIC REASON TO HELP THEM, NOT YOU!



*Hello, I am an antibiotic.
Please keep me working
by not using me
unnecessarily. Thank
you!!:)*