



Surgery shares fruitful possibilities

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Dear readers,

welcome to this autumn still pause publication of *European Surgery*. May the highly motivating multi-coloured spectrum of positive papers and articles collected within this volume of *European Surgery* enrich your understanding for multi-disciplinary management of disease. The term “*European*” connotes the translation and application of a multidisciplinary mindset. Surgery becomes art, if the *essence genesis ground* of a disease is considered for its diagnosis, therapy and management. Furthermore, you may allow to foster *essence-based* reasoning for the benefit of your well-being. Going in line with the recent editorials we recall the multidisciplinary traces of our ancestors. Pictures evolve as history always nourishes the future. Time and space commence to assess as eyes open to observe, tongues foster to speak and hands start to translate our ideas into the motions of our hands. As such surgery happens and takes place, resects and repairs. Orchestration counts! It is what it *shows*. It *shines* alike what it does not wish to be. Resemble the truth? Here we go to the background of our fascinating ongoing project.

Background

Conceptually an editorial interprets, dissects and turns around cosmic motives that have been sensed, created and composed by others and are published in the respective issue of a given Journal. In contrast to that, the editorials published in *European Surgery* follow a different scope. The editorials in *European*

Surgery aim to elucidate the *common ground and essence of all possible editorials* published in all possible Journals. Therefore the editorials published in *European Surgery* represent an ongoing project which tries to translate the *very source* of all perceptions and reasoning: this is the *momental* constellation of the atmospheric power under which particular ideas and sensations translate into written thoughts and considerations. Going in line with the *empathic notion* of the author, the adequate translation of the continuous flow of mood, temper and emotions contributes to a better understanding of the multiple constellations underlying the evolvement of a disease. As such surgery treats and manages genetically fostered conditions, which harbour a great chance to have arisen within the complex network of *so far unheard* emotions, desires and hopes. Metabolic turnover of *stress-formatted* genetics, emotions and food matters. As a consequence, the disease at least in part marks the sign which aims to translate these human conditions into our perception. This is why James Joyce stated: *I can't remember anything! I remember only ideas and sensations* [1]. If you are aware of this matter of fact, please continue to read. If not, stop here and you may return back later or during the mastery of your afterlife condition and Higgs particles based state of affairs. As such reads the model of the modern world, of *our times*.

Methods

Statistics were not applied. The number of individuals enrolled into the study outnumbers our imagination. Thoughts have not been prospectively randomised and simply aim to translate images into treatable words. The length may be its shortcoming and drawback. Excuse the length of this editorial, but the significance and multimodality of the topic justify the

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duration of its reading. May the thoughts raised herein stimulate a positive wave of reasoning and emotion. May the considerations help to foster a better surgery and a better understanding of the conditions you wish to fix, treat and heal. All cells of the human body are nerve cells, except those who make up the so called connective tissue. Thus it is allowed to state: the entire soma continuously thinks and feels and stores and processes information. Resection of organs (skin, brain, thyroid, liver, gut, thymus, kidneys, lungs, legs, arms, eyes, tongues, teeth, lymph nodes etc.) removes storage area and memory. From *ancestor reflux* to the *lack of memory*, our well perfused *mind-body* translates into the conditions housed within the textbooks of medicine and surgery. Most importantly, you do not fix, because you assess a disease; you act as a surgeon, because you aim to diagnose and treat a condition (cosmetic, functional disorder, inflammation, cancer) which impairs the life quality and wellbeing of those, who approach you seeking help. The method therefore includes: listen and learn first, then understand, then act. Study your score first, then play. Here we go to the data we obtained.

Please, dear reader, take your time for reading every single word. Do not swallow too much at once. All details are important, even diverticula are important, they may hide valuable informations. Would be great if you enjoyed sharing the thoughts presented and collected (logos) herein.

Results

Imagine. Many years ago our ancestor stepped out of the distinct shadow of a fruitful tree. Adjacent to a watery well an idea fell. His hands or her hands folded a protective shell and held a small tiny little lake of water and prevented it from following the curved path of gravity. Water and live and ions and genes came from the heavens, as they are what they constitute. And then for a moment the tensions went free, the shell cleared and the hands opened and his or her hands unfolded and let the water drop down on the sand in front of him or her. The drops fell and followed something. At that time, when the scene has happened, she or he did not understand why the drops had to follow a particular route, but they fell, the water droplets fell and fell and crossed the *invisible* space until they reached the sandy soil of the earth. And as they landed the droplets sprinted and sprinkled into rainbow like units of segments and partialities and fragments and furious tiny little kinds of smaller and larger particles. And as those spin boiled segmented quanta danced out in the sand they kissed and wetted the dusty soil and left the traces of their watery lips.

What has once been held and protected within the protective shell formed by the hand of his or her body at this very moment started to draw curves and lines and circles and bubbles and walls and yards into the sand in front of her or his eyes. Out of *the power of*

necessity rose the model of archaic architecture. Combination of understanding erected shadows of walls, yards, pyramids, streets, roads, sidewalks and places. The mastery of art copied enlarged *forms of this will* into the large sized stone age architectures all over the world.

Fascinated you were as you assessed that the images spread out in the sand and the architectural forms obtained *resemble* basal lamina anchored epithelia and canal crypts and tubing towers and glancing glands and lovely lobes and rolling rosettas and bubbling bullets and deducing ducts and listening leaves and vagabond villi and very large villages. Soma teaches the painter: all mirrors something. Thus you admire those passionate possibilities distributed all over our beautiful globe. Therefore let us stand up to give a toast, using goblets. Spend attention. Your microscope shows what it aims to reveal. The earth hides the legacies of large and mega sized architectures of ancient times. They are out there to be found. They are out there pointing towards our nature. They are out there waiting for you. *Revisit and unhide*.

Imagine. You watch the moon as it beautifully arises in *your* east. You easily assess the fascinating glance of the bright and shiny disk. Full moon kisses your eyes. You ask for a method. You await statistics to come over you. You see, what you randomly describe. You describe *your* moon. What else should you describe? You recall the myths of mankind. So many stories have been told to mirror the dance and the glance of the stars and the sun and the moon. And suddenly your attention steps out of the disk and directly enters,—without haste but full of positive laughter—, into the centre of the full moon disk and from there the sight spreads from the middle of the eminent reflection out to the grey bound lines and edges and places and bubbles oriented across the surface of the disk, which definitely do not shine at you. Those spots and rounds and circuits and lines do not speak to you in the form of light. The moon ate the light, the surface of the moon swallowed the sunlight. Another one bites the dust. The dust took it all. Almost all. Prevented the light from going home? Why is that? Why does it appear as a disk?

You and others calculated or learnt about those calculations, have been taught about those mathematics and astronomy in school, at university and beyond, and as such you *came* to know: the *visible absences of light* required approximately one second to cross the space and to wave over from the surface of the moon to reach your eyes, your retina, your light processing optical centre in your brain. *Even absence has to follow spacetime*. May absence be the very essence ground-substance of spacetime? Schrödinger's cat would be in town (for one single hour!) and ask: "*May the probability-related spin of absence constitute the fundamental 'copy-paste' power of the Higgs and thus make up the matter processing and formatting the*

universe?" Me-au!!! Cup of milk warranted. "Kollege kommt gleich!" (Colleague approaching soon).

Calculate the invisible. Then the absences were caught and swallowed by your retina and translated into the lack of light. Sprinkled in grey, dogs hunted the bay. The swallowed globe sensation teaches: as such you see. Gullets of sunlight. The difference counts and creates perception: in the presence of absence, absence is present. Your optical perceptions speak to you as graduate transformations, mixtures and translations of darkness, light, silence and pause.

Silence and pause talk to you and explain, using short sentences, because short, straight forward sentences are required to describe the mind set and explain: open your eyes and watch out. Does a moon speak? *The language of spacetime follows the grammar of light.* Which is the language of the moon? Can we hear the moon sing? We better should ask Bach, Beethoven, Hendrix, Mahler or Marley and Tosh? They would have known the tune of the moon. Otherwise they would not have been able to make the moon. Would it be mandatory to know the grammar of the language of the moon? Would it be mandatory to know the grammar of the language of surgery, i.e. embryology, anatomy, physiology, pathology? *Nowadays mandatory does not mean that it is required.* But it should somehow follow the instructions. From spacetime to love we should somehow follow the instructions, at least those for the readers. Let us make it as light and easy as the weight of a feather (Egyptian mat). Here we go.

Dimensions of stupidity may appear and account for your actual state of emotion. Why is that so? Answer: stupidity is everywhere. Why do you mind stupidity? Answer: it hurts the reader and the writer of those lines. How does it hurt? Answer: it simply crosses and disturbs the fruitful branches of our heart, mind and soul. So we better leave it out and follow new possibilities, novel horizons, those without alcohol, without cigarette smoking, those without too much food and beverages containing concentrated sugar. Let the sun-beat kiss our mind and get our heart dance to the glance of romance. Resemblance counts. Maybe the apple is a good model for Newtons' world. But there is something different, too. Maybe the cucumber and its skin adequately match the geometry of the world axis? Who knows? The feather?

The full moon *appears* as a red-yellow-white-golden pure poetic story telling disk. As the moon raises and stretches the skies the red colour flies away home. Where is that? The right half of the yellow-white-golden appearing full moon disk harbours two parallel lines. Then, as the moon continues to rise, the golden colour flies home? Where is that? The parallel lines are visible to the free eye and somehow follow a mute dual wave like shape. Within, these two parallel lines capture a grey-cold-black disk. The disk looks at you, watches you. Why is that? The parallel lines hold and fix the grey-cold-black disk as if they

wish to prevent it from flying away, prevent it from falling out of the full moon disk. At this point, the parallel lines fuse with a dusty bold nose-shaped line which directly turns down to the lower edge of the full moon disk.

What you have seen and described is what has been seen and has been described by many ancestors before. The traces of their description have been caught in the form of images and words and sounds and texts and stories and architectures which all aim to mirror the heavens on earth. Housing the zodiacs. Diagnosis aims to detect, assess, order and list and house (text book) the traces of disease. *Disease management equals the translation of images into treatable signs.* Model the moon, stars and circuits. Mirror your heavens on earth. Perform and communicate *your* surgery. Please wait. Do not let it go. Let your sun shine! Please wait and resist uncritical superficial reasoning. Do not foster despotism! Do not stop top-dreaming. *We are all part of the myth of man.* Today we know: the moon is a sphere, not a disk. So what? Does that mean that we have to send phantasy home to its father (doubt) and mother (hope) and let it get totally replaced by the world wide google based and internet entangled race? Or may we continue to allow a complete modern Michelangelo to strike the hammer with the feather in order to give birth to a novel eternal cosmic gift? Even on the surface of our moon? Pieta and astronomy? Here we go.

Discussion

The major finding of our study is, that perceptions evolve within the complex network of emotions and their interpretation. As such an editorial serves the critical review and dissections of thoughts and ideas. Conceptually considerations are effective if we apply essence-based, cause-directed reasoning. The full collection of human thought constitutes the *myth of man*. Even you, dear reader, and your published and unpublished actions share the fruitful possibilities of the myth of man. As such we all represent a distinct and valuable part of the myth of man. The myth of man roots within the nature of man. Remains to be questioned: what will the mice do, if Schrödinger's cat is out of town? Would they fill this hour and try to explain the difference between normal tissue and cancer? May it be that cancer follows a differently ordered structure of spacetime quanta, when compared to healthy tissue? And may it be that the difference is somehow formatted within the spacetime quanta portfolio organisation of the genetic information? Could it be that cancer simply follows a different order, line up and orchestration of Higgs particles? So much things to say right now. Accurate translations end where probabilities start to explain the model of quantum physics. One hour later the mice are out of town. Where is that? Me-au? Another cup of milk warranted, Herr Ober!

Fusion of powers and surgeries

Housing the zodiacs the mirror enriches his and her mood by tempering down the skills of the heavens into the emotions of his or her tune of tissue and atmosphere. We are all connected. The pulse rate of the surgeon increases as multiple sutures are running across the operation field. Surgery aims to fix the problem. But: what is the problem? Do we really know and understand the problem, that we wish to fix? As such we assess fascinating images describing what the moon is, means and represents to us: the rabbit in Asia, the crocodile in West Africa, the eyes of the flying eagle in the Americas, the Horus eye in ancient Egypt, the corn within the weed in other minds, the man within the moon in Europe, the calculated sphere of modern science (modern myth telling). Here you see, that Europeans always tended to find themselves (the face) more important than the surrounding nature of man (except that part of the world, they could exploit for their economic advantages and benefits). Here you prove, that Europeans always liked, loved and tended to put themselves into the centre of all modelling perceptions, when compared to our ancestors in other parts of the globe. May this explain why Europeans typically have been so effective to *denaturalise* the world? May this explain, why Europe has been so effective and mandatory to endow ways back to our nature? How exciting is that?

You know of great and effective powers. The laws of physics aim to calculate and compare those powers and to put them into the perspective of the large scale universe. You know of the immense destructive power of weapons, of atomic bombs. You also know of the huge power hidden within the energy of a flying comet. If such a comet hits the world, all may look different. If a comet (diameter 5–10 km) hits the world, we all will definitely look different. Even the man in the moon may change its course, even the eagle, the crocodile, the weed within the seed, the snake, the Horus eye will tremble and fall, cry and fly. Even the Higgs particles will run out of form. Follow the myths, floods happened and happen. *Carlo Rovelli* meets *Enrico Fermi* for another cup of *boson—rich spin type Italian espresso*. *Umberto Eco* serves his semiotic sonata to his fascinated audience: information indicates dilution, no information without loss of energy. *La vie en rose*. In the name of the rose. Here we go.

You know that there exists one single universal power which exceeds all measurable forces. Why do you know that? Who taught you that? The answer: the highly valuable *matter* you currently try to kick out of your life, out of your reasoning every day, every second, each twinkle of your eye, taught you that. The full answer: the teaching *matter* we are talking about is the *nature of man*. And the *nature of man* educates you about the single universal force, that exceeds all measurable powers. So what should you do? Spin up,

down? Higgs up? The answer: replace *the face of your mask* (oncology) by a conduct of reasoning allowing yourself to follow the *nature of man* (physiology & storm bringer). Eat, drink, breath, treat, move, sleep, behave, dance, diagnose, look out, watch, dress, walk, admire, think, plan, compare, reproduce following the *nature of man*. Resist stupidity and despotism! Watch your moon, watch your sun, watch your skies, watch your tree, watch your lake, sea, flavour of woods, shores, shadows and alike. Bridge heavens of your island while being a bird. Jump the river while being a bear. Bear in mind what you are. Catch the lion while facing a snake. Fly the oceans while dancing and singing with a blue whale. Be a friend of life. Twinkle the roots. Be a brother of life. Be a sister of life. Be what you are anyhow. Spread out your ideas. *Harmonise with yourself*. Did you get out of ideas? Did you ever have any ideas? Did you adequately resist stupidity and despotism, using the adequate methods, aims and skills, statistics and *vertebrae*? Scopes are the tensions of your thoughts. Have you been thumb without knowing? Allow yourself to follow the nature of man when you perform your surgeries. Allow yourself to be a *stool rebel*. See the morning load on a hill side. Capture essence. Short lived traces of disease. Please try to be different. Simply try to be different. Try to be *you*. Try having fun @ do. Here we go.

Tissue sounds the music of thought

Conceptually all human collections (logos) and productions (bile, sputum, voice, stool columns; arts & grafts & sciences; web based textured bias; google, twitter, facebook etc.) follow space time curving. They are not rigid. They ultimately change. They are a process. They form a continuous process. Dear reader, please differ from the other columns. Be unique. Be profound. Reformat yourself. Allow yourself being unique. Be brighter, positive and shine. Our time lacks brightness and needs more light. Allow, what we require. Allow motivation. Allow novelty. Allow positivity. Allow the light. *Lack uncritical plagiarism*. Resist uncritical and superficial group think. Resist despotism. Learn to listen. There is too much noise around. Too much ado about nothing. Please commence to question. Please constitute, form and wave out along the horizons of your desires. Deliver the liver of the river bile. Harbour haemorrhoid harms. Pancake the pancreas. Arc the aorta. Fly the femoral vein. Thyroid the thymus. Run back and fuse with the main trunk of the neckless nerve, before it hits the calcitonin producing sponge and lets you get out of sing-sang-sung voice. No way for a coda and a coke. Bright the sprite. Here we go.

The geometrically ordered structure of the surface of many treated or untreated animal organs, including those of human origin, mirrors shapes and traces of the wings of a bird, the feathers of a tree, the roots of

a trunk, the cuboids of a temple, the frame of a town wall, the riding sheep kissing the lips of the dog of a shepherds' heaven, the floating ridges of a whale, the curved instances of a reggae music producing mountain range elevated within the open sea, where the comet once has hit the earth, millions of years ago, to give birth to the ring of dust which finally collected to form the moon (moon shine reggae); the dust of a comet covers the peak of a central pyramid (the eye of Horus), the shadow of a fly (stroke), the rain of infection (academy), the jungle of signs (unspoken words), the unheard orchestration of the well-tempered fugue of a river (BACH).

Find your sweet heart, sings the cardiac surgeon, while he cheats his wife with a female general surgeon and she cheats her husband with a male endocrine surgeon. But it also could have been a gastroenterologist or a pathologist or whatever you want. Possibilities always create possibilities. Breath your air, chants the thoracic surgeon, while she or he cuts out bubbles of cosmic dust, which transformed into a cancerous cavern due to a long standing history of disciplined regular accurate spacetime-filling cigarette smoking. Gut the girdle, so that it may not move away and column the porridge of cowards and hypocrites. Find the nature of your layers, find the nature of the vascular layers (obesity), find the nature of your embryology (resurrection). Mind the gap (proctology!). Borrow the roots, have them, as they are. All is borrowed, irrespective if you are aware of it or not, if you can buy it or not. We all are part of the universe, we all are made up of cosmic dust. We do not have to go to the heavens. We always have been heavens and will have been so in the future if reasoning and being will allow our existence to do so. Is that our home? May that be the home of our mood made moon? May that be the home where the tempered colours of our above moon disk have gone to travel and twinkle for return? Shivering eyes twinkle to smile.

Emotions constitute the embryology of our world

As reasoning evolves, atmosphere *selects* and creates atoms, quanta and spacetime. *Do not only let others get the minds of your atmosphere.* Do not let others get full control of your decisions, selections and your life. Do not let others get unrestricted power over your feelings, desires and emotions. Be careful when using google, twitter, facebook etc.

The net wishes to catch you and form you the way it wishes to see you and have you. Mind the shark. Step out of uncritical group think and generality and find the nature of *your* surgery, of your individual wonderful and exciting surgery, which *translates* the understanding of embryology. Embryology teaches the surgeon and the following can be seen: *As it forms* it shall shine, move and decay. *As it forms* it may rise, fold and fall into cancer, inflammation and disease. Dissect, what you know. Plastic smiles do not work.

Unfold, what you understand. Behave. Follow the layers of your mood. This is why you should know *embryology based medicine*. There is no effective surgery without the understanding of embryology. Even the moon has once been unfolded out of an embryological cosmic layer made out of strictly ordered dust, gas, light, tensions and desires. Evidence based medicine equals embryology based medicine. Open the shell. Use the web to learn your embryology and you will definitely be better at work. Understand the lines, holes, peaks and layers of nature. The sky serves the rain. Ocean serves the river and takes it up, swallows the waves. Surgery serves nature. Nature *may serve* surgery, if embryology is kept in mind. Remodel your understanding for successful repair. "Follow the nature of man instead of following the fake faeces of your colleagues, before they collect you into pieces and sell you to the new market, where they are going to nail you at the front edge of the nameless wall street science of behaviour and well taken mistakes", said the surgeon prior to getting lost within the endless colourful horizons of a pluripotent phantasy rich Alzheimer's wave function of profound bariatric importance, actuality and geriatric relevance. *Naked stands the truth, orders and commands.*

You know there is one single unique power which exceeds all measurable forces. You believe, what you can't measure. You model, what you can't see. Models aid to think, fix and deliver. You know that according to the nature of man. Nature of man *cares about you* and teaches: the most striking, effective, enduring and strongest force is the *atmospheric power*. No energy exceeds the force of the atmospheric power: the striking force of the actual moment, the momental power of your eye, the dynamics of your tune, the tempered energy of *your* emotion. Even Newton could not have overcome that (\pm apple and tree). There is no way out. Mind the gap. You may know a lot, you may control a lot, you may possess a lot, but you never possess your actual moment, your actual atmospheric power. All you perceive, remember and sense comes *after* the lightning manifestation of the atmospheric power. *Thunder follows the light, reasoning the sight.* Even when you get angry due to a misunderstanding etc. in the operation theatre (*Der Schau-Platz*), during a surgery (the show), a procedure (linguistic invasive argumentation) etc. during a principal fundamental profound pure process within the conduct of your career (dig it, eat it; "*Halb-Stock-Experiences im 1. Hof des Alten Wiener Allgemeinen Krankenhauses*": who feels it *knows it*, many of you, dear readers, have faced it, have been there and know about it) etc.; the atmospheric power always comes first. You have it in the form of "have been".

One of the most beautiful experiences is the silence within the first moments of a *given* day, when the sun arises and sends the first beams delivering warming harmonic power to our world and mind, when we are allowed to take the first swallows of the day. Poetry

minds, music cares and we love it. No birds cross the skies. No stars cross the heavens. No milky ways serve the dog for work out. Instead of that comes everybody. And then comes life and man and dogs and cats and cars and mice and trains and airplanes and power plant activities of our modern world and wipes away the beauty of the first and silent swallow of the day. The swallow arises, doesn't even look back to us, purity vanishes and flies home. Where is that? Within the tune of a fugue by Johann Sebastian Bach?

Did you know that *Johannes* or *Hannes*, *Hans*, *Giovanni*, Jean etc. originates from *Ioannes*, this has been an old Babylonian and Sumerian name and connoted the "fish man" (first appearance within the Gilgamesh epos). *Ioanna* or *Anna*, or *Ann* or *Hannah* equals the fish wife. The meaning of the term genders the following: So, if you come to know a Johannes or a Johanna, think about it, may he/she be a fish man/woman, enabled to swim away if hypocrite behaviour requires to do so? If it is important for his/her career to actually and quickly alter his/her course for *rapid personal restitution*. To reseal a mistake, to reseal an unpleasant behaviour, to make the "tactic wound" unseen and un happen. Opportunism against colonic occlusion. You better shed off what causes dislike. To clear the skies from things that others (colleagues: co-collectors) would not like to see. To restitute your personality in front of the lions of Caesar: thumb up, let live and go.

The other story is very beautiful and goes like this: once upon a time fish-men and women have come from the open sea to bring knowledge and wisdom to the people of Mesopotamia. They have taught the inhabitants of ancient Mesopotamia how to build houses, temples, ships, how to perform agriculture, order their society and how to write and perform science. And this ancient know-how transfer is kept and remembered within the old myths from that time. Every Johannes, every Johanna carries this old legacy from our ancestors. Would they be aware of it, would they be glad to know it? Here we go.

Beauty closes the gap

You are the victim of your momental atmospheric power, you are the slave of your atmospheric power, there is no way out. Mind the gap. The atmospheric power fills the gap between remembrance and stroke. Migraine simply is an other word for stroke. If one gap is closed, look out for another. Call it as you will: disease, irritation, rheumatic circumstances, cancer, twins, virgin, bull, hero, full or partial professor, matter of complete or incomplete psychosomatic behaviour, master of cosmetics and ceremony, matter of space-time quantum or light function. Harley Heavy? Then you may feel the pause. Then comes google, the principal selector (PS) enters the scene, the web based decider (WBD) tells you what to do and when and how to dress, eat, drink, shave, behave

and reproduce. There is a single choice and this may be the very chance to step out of remote control, at least for a short lived while. Here enters the moment. *Bulla temporis pulchra est.*

The cider country collector reveals and unfolds: under the shadow of an apple tree the sister cares about her laughing house and her plants and colourful gardens and pool and meaningful flowers and wooden beauties and stoney blisters of happiness within the relaxing orchestration of her family, the successful husband, the highly motivated children, and a clear open smile runs over her cheeks and eyes and reaches the middle of her brother's heart who minds: I love her, she is my sister; my sister takes care about the heartbeat of so many people; I admire her, as she is; I admire what she has achieved and what I simply failed to do; what I simply missed, because I left it out; and there are so many positive things I can say about my sister: she takes pressure from the vascular system of so many individuals, against a stroke she introduces adequate aspirin blood clotting interference, she orders the metabolism, she levels out custom made cholesterol, neutralises handy street food and orchestrates the kidneys and makes them run: two times two litres for two equal individuals represents the minimum; and due to other fundamental experiences she knows: when people ran out of horses their wars ended; she administered evidence based electromagnetic shock waves into the dead bodies and life decided to return, those many people were allowed to continue their existences here on earth; others received the legacy of *Sir Charles Stent* right down into the orifices of their coronaries; their lives returned, but did that foster humility to return, did it provoke passion and enlightenment to come back? She ultimately loves to give strict orders and warrants that her patients go in line with her recommendations. As a consequence health reunites with a positive body; then follow the sensations and ideas and whatever you wish to name it. You may not be able to smell it. *Taken together, diseases exist in all various forms of collective and individual ancestor reflux, in Europe and abroad.* This is, why *European Surgery* cares about the topic. Do not hunt the truth, it will definitely find you. Millions of Kaplan Meyer plots prove the relevance of this statement.

Where words end to work, surgery aims to cut it out. Mind embryology and oncology. R0 resections are the best. T stages are very British and use to come at five. They usually mirror desperate dark sides of the moon (M stage). Pink Floyd Buckingham Palace Milky ways and sugar cane powder manifestations appear in order to dilute the remote bitter taste waving over from the distant colonies. The motto of human history *exclamavit*: sugar cane *power* over gun powder! Curious roman chicken roots rock reggae. Mighty bunny diamonds glittering wailing connections. Negril your sunshine. Tosh the burden from above, name it love. Ham let the humble bee be or not to be. Lethe

for Naples. Late for the lake. Football for afterlife. Espresso for Nations. Latin for latinos. Spanish spears survived slavery. Let us make clear cut drinks and sausages for our countries. Vive la pays. Francis the Dragon jumping all over wall streets' heavens. Country side counts the cider. Cities run our of shit. *Bonum est* the bubble. Here we go. May moonwalker mind middle earth.

Remember your embryology and you may understand the cross talk (*re-ligere*, outbound, inbound) of different natural parts (home run organs). If you do not remember your embryology (home base), nature will not care about it and simply strictly follow its nature, which is the conduct of embryology (one strike after the other). It is as simple as that. Nature cares about layers. Nature does not care about you, but you may care about nature, about the *nature of man* and about *your* nature. Who are *you*? So mind the care. Be a physician, be a surgeon. Breath relevance! Be a dear cutter, if you will. Be friendly. Meaning harbours misunderstanding. A disease does not care how you may think about it, how you may consider it. It is not even clear if a disease harbours the capacity to think. Maybe disease equals a spectrum of collected perceptions (logos) which draw our attention towards a reaction *of something* against, *through*, towards and *for something*? What does it translate? What does it mean? What does it teach? What does it show? What ever it is, disease matters. It follows its rules. And these rules follow the *nature of man*. Why? Because the author thinks that it may be that way. However, the same may be untrue and not a matter of fact. Error kisses our understanding and keeps reasoning alive.

Finally, please find your argumentations. Discover your own ideas. Relax within your sensations. Own them, now. At the very momentum. Most importantly: man is part of the *nature of man*. So why dissect? Insect, yes! But why dissect?

Let us make friends. Let us put together, what has been taken apart. Let us unite as Isis and Nephtys. Let

us get Sirius. Let us create our own spirit, let us put together Osiris and own. Mind the gap. Let us look out for gaps and let us close them. Beauty closes the gap. Breath unity!

Unfortunately, accurate and meticulous observation repeatedly assesses that all is done to increase the number of gaps, borders and tensions for hostilities to happen and occur. Do not hesitate to contribute to close those gaps. Allow beauty. Believe it or not: love is the the strongest force we have, so let our atmospheric power translate into love. Let us do our surgeries with love in our eyes. Tears of hope may run over our cheeks. Enjoy your cases and be you, be true, and foster to prosper, good vibrations for all nations, rock it. Autumn prepares the pause of the year, the season to reason about it all. Stay tuned, cider up, let us give it a toast,

sincerely
Martin Riegler.

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