

Bubbe's Nobel Prize Formula

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Members of the Nobel Society, and esteemed colleagues of the SVE writers consortium, it is my humble honor to accept this Nobel Prize in Medicine for the discovery of the vaccine to cure the coronavirus. I accept this award on behalf of my Bubbe, who without her inspiration, and recipe card, I would not be sitting here this afternoon.

For my story of how this vaccine was discovered begins in the middle of the night. My wife, who has a habit of moving around the bed at 2 or 3 AM, had kneed me in the groin. I won't go into her motivation for doing this...needless to say, sitting in the kitchen with ice on the "boys", my mind began wandering. Ice is such a simple cure for aches and pains, and maybe, just maybe the cure for the virus was far less complex than the scientists think it is. Maybe, just maybe, the cure lies not in bleach or Mr. Clean, as touted by you know who, but in what my bubbe always gave me when I was sick as a child.....Jewish Penicillin, otherwise known as chicken soup. Chicken soup, the cure all for anything that ails you. It didn't matter if it was a boo boo, a flu, a broken bone, "here my kindela, eat some chicken soup, you will feel all better". A 4 foot 8 inch Dr. Welby, but with a Russian accent, bubby could fix anything.

So I began wondering, could this be the solution? But where was her recipe? In our attic, basement, maybe my sister's house... let's face it, bubbe's been gone a long time. The search commenced, and finally, after an exhausting 2 weeks, it was found in the attic right under the index card for her gefilte fish. She made a damn good gefilte fish, especially with a little horseradish sauce, you know, not the hot stuff but red one made from beets, and maybe some carrots and celery, but I digress. The recipe card for chicken soup had a few stains on it, making it a variety of colors, but mostly it was yellow, aged by time, with corners tattered, but still legible. And then I started reading....boil a chicken, add carrots, celery, onion, a pinch of salt, a smidgen of parsley, and so on....what the hell is a smidgen?

So the lab work started... many chickens gave up their lives as we tried to develop a vaccine. And nothing worked as the volunteers lined up to test the latest batch. Am I using the right kind of carrots, maybe the size of the chicken is wrong, maybe my guesses at a pinch and smidgeon were wrong?...we worked day and night, but still we were missing the mark. Weeks and months went by, as my kitchen/lab crew worked feverously, and I can still hear Mrs. Swartz saying, "it needs a little salt", or Mrs. Meyerwitz kvetching about "the carrots aren't peeled enough". I was ready to peel her carrot.

And then it hit me. At bubbes house, with every chicken that came out of the soup, there was a fresh bottle of ketchup. The large bottle, which was desperately needed as the chicken was as dry as burned toast. You see, everything was overcooked, the carrots were mushy, the onions fell apart, and the chicken, well, you could have made leather shoes out it. Never a rival for Julie Childs, my bubbe had come from "the old country," and she learned to cook the crap out of

everything, as you never knew how fresh anything was unless it was carp swimming around her bathtub which was used for the gefilte fish...ah, the gefilte fish, she was a maestro at gefilte fish making...but again I digress.

Back to the lab...we need to cook the chicken until only starving Armenians would eat it...and maybe then the vaccine soup would be ready. So we cooked, and cooked, and cooked, and tested, and tested and tested. Purdue was running out of chickens to give us, but we persisted substituting moscovi ducks from SVE, which we found were plentiful.

And then, success...after 3 successive bowls of soup, patients just got up out of their hospital beds and strolled out singing hava nagillah. All over the world, patients were getting better overnight. The pharmacies and hospitals were distraught as they couldn't make money on the vaccine, but Perdue and Tyson were clucking up a storm. And the carrot, onion and celery growers had ordered their new Mercedes Benzs. A funny turn of events in which the farmers got rich, and the doctors, not so much....

Anyway, on behalf of my beloved Bubbe, thank you Nobel committee and SVE writers group. You guys rock.