

A SANGUINE TALE

Unfolding the Life of a Project Engineer

R A J A T



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PROLOGUE

I heard the whisper, *Yes, he is coming back*. Someone was saying, *move your right hand*, and I obeyed. Then the left hand and then the legs. Yes, I am coming back to my senses. I was lying in the ICU and on ventilator support. Few pipes were coming out of my belly with a blood-like substance oozing out of them. The catheter was in place. Soon, a few doctors were there near my bed. From their discussion, I understood that everything had gone as per their plan and that I was recovering well. Suddenly, I noticed that the wall clock in front of me showed that it was 11:45 am. A lot of things started rolling in my head. I clearly remembered that I was in the operation theatre at 13:15 hours and, after that, I couldn't recall what had happened to me and now I was lying in the ICU bed with a heavy oxygen mask on my face.

After some time, my daughter came to see me and because of the oxygen mask, I could not talk to her. She seemed to be very scared, seeing all the paraphernalia attached to my body. My wife—I knew she couldn't withstand such a situation—so I signalled to my daughter to not send her inside. The visiting time was very limited, so my family waited outside and my son met me in the evening. Around eight pm, the senior doctors started coming again and removed the pipes from my stomach and instructed their subordinates to stitch the now open places. I felt better but drowsy all the time.

A Sanguine tale

I was allowed some food in the evening. One more pack of blood was infused. My haemoglobin level was low. Suddenly, I heard the voice of the doctor—I could not open my eyes—but I heard him speaking loudly to someone in a very worried voice; he was asking them for some help from the cardiology department and the availability of the echo machine. In the evening, a few nurses came to me and fixed something in my chest area. I did not know what exactly that was. The cardiology doctor came and started doing my Echo. They were shouting as I understood over the phone to someone that the Mitral Valve that was replaced was not in place. They were contacting the Senior doctors who also rushed, and later, I understood from their discussion that the item put in my chest by the nurses was having some issue and so the Echo was coming out wrong. After correcting the same, the result came out to be okay. During all this time, I was in my full senses and was listening to everything fearfully but I could not open my eyes to see anything. Fear was running within me as I listened to their conversations. I was very worried and I felt that the doctor in charge of the ICU was very negligent. The work that was supposed to be done by him was given to the nurses. I did not want to be under his supervision. The morning when my surgeon and the doctor in charge came to speak to me, I told them what had happened the night before and requested them to shift me to the other ICU. They were very helpful and told me that they were aware of all that had happened to me and transferred me to the other ICU. Some disciplinary action was taken against the doctor in charge of the ICU that night, which I came to know later.

The other ICU was much better and the nurses and the doctors in their shifts were very cooperative. All the senior doctors were visiting one after the other, both in the morning and the evening and some tests would be recommended every time and all were saying that I was doing well. My family members were spending their time outside day and night. One person was allowed to visit me for only 15 minutes in the morning and another for 15 minutes in the evening. Seven days passed and I was shifted to a cabin where one of

my family members was permitted to stay with me. After two days in the cabin, I was discharged but needed to come back for check-ups frequently during the next month. We took a furnished house on rent and stayed there for two months. In between, I had to be admitted twice after being required to report in emergencies. Anyway, after two months, I was quite well and the doctors permitted me to leave for home and report after three months for a check-up.

During the whole episode, I kept telling myself that everything would be alright since I never hurt anyone in my life intentionally and *Ma Durga*, who is my strength, would lead me to recovery. Anyways, what was going to happen, will happen. I had the best cardiologist and a full family supporting me, waiting outside in the central hall of the hospital half-sleeping in the chairs provided to them. During the days I was in the hospital, I left everything to God's will and in the hands of the doctors. I was mentally determined that I would be alright and that I have to be alright. During the entire process, I collapsed almost three or four times and the doctors were also worried about me and called my family to the ICU, which was normally not allowed unless there was an emergency.