

Medical road

Chapter 106

The medical record of internal medicine can show a doctor's treatment level. The analysis of diseases and the ideas of medication can be reflected in the medical record. It is a good treatment file. Zhang Fan has a general foundation of internal medicine, which is to test the liver after work. Now there are a large number of medical records to study, and he will certainly not let go.

One hour, two hours, three hours, Zhang Fan sat in front of the computer and didn't get up once. Zhu Qianqian went to the bathroom and poured water for Zhang Fan twice.

"Dr. Zhang, don't worry. Anyway, it's best to finish the revision tonight. If you can't finish it tomorrow. You drink some coffee. My husband bought it specially. It tastes good. "

Zhu Qianqian was so happy that she was dying. Zhang Fan was so bitter that she could liver better than her. She really copied the treasure. Awfully awesome, Zhang Fan gave Zhu Qianqian a big time. He poured coffee and poured fruit into the water.

Zhang Fan didn't feel boring at all. He began to study and compare carefully from the medical records and analyzed a lot of knowledge and experience. In the past, in the Department of Cardiology, his teaching didn't accumulate so many medical records and didn't have the opportunity to analyze them like this.

The teaching in the heart is a Buddhist department. If you can ignore the patient, you can have an early rest. Zhu Qianqian of the respiratory department can really fight.

"Dr. Zhu, why doesn't this patient take respiratory stimulants?" Zhang

Fan pointed to a patient's medical record and asked.

"Well, I asked the director at that time, * the director said that the lung function of the patient had already declined, and breathing stimulants would aggravate the retention of carbon dioxide."

"Oh. So it is. "

"You don't know. The director of our department is too strict. Medical records like me are good medical records in other departments. Your surgical medical records are pasted and copied. We can't, can't write a little experience, don't give it, alas ~! It took me a lot of time. "

Zhang Fan's cold sweat came down. "He is too thick skinned. There are many wrong words in the medical record. He also hates the strict director. No matter how simple the surgical medical record is, the surgical records are typed out word by word. If you were at the starting point, you would be scolded to death! " Zhang Fan doesn't know what to say.

However, Zhu Qianqian is really fighting. She has the most patients in a ward, twice as many as the least doctors. A doctor can manage up to eight patients. No more energy is enough. Fortunately, the director of breathing is strict and the ward rounds are meticulous. Otherwise, Zhu Qianqian's posture of receiving patients will definitely have problems.

It's hard for the director to say what a doctor who tries to manage patients can say. I can't help but let her take the patient. Zhu Qianqian is like a robot cat, one snack at a time, one snack at a time.

The respiratory department is highly contagious. She washes her hands at any time. Zhang Fan doesn't like snacks very much. He is fascinated by the doctor's experience and doesn't want to get up and wash his hands. He eats like Zhu Qianqian's mouse. It's easy to modify the medical record.

There is a template anyway, but you have to study it carefully. Zhang Fan is upset. No wonder I don't eat dinner at night. I have a bag of snacks one after another. Can I be hungry!

There's no way. If we hadn't asked Zhu Qianqian, Zhang Fan would have wanted to sit at the door " Dr. Zhang, don't be too careful. Just take a look and change it. It's a routine, just a few drugs. Just look around and change the typos and the points deducted! "

She changed three medical records, and Zhang Fan didn't finish one. If she hadn't seen Zhang Fan leave the computer from beginning to end, she felt that Zhang Fan was idling away.

"It's all right. I'm less transferred to internal medicine. Dr. Zhu's medical record is just for learning." Zhang Fan ignored her. If he just changed it without studying it, it would be meaningless. He didn't change the medical record in order to change the medical record. He didn't get anything. Is it meaningful to stay up late and sit here?

Although Zhu Qianqian has many things to do, she is really not slow at hand. She uses the keyboard to fly. She hardly uses the mouse and various shortcut keys to paste, copy, modify and line feed.

"You can use shortcut keys to speed up. This is what I have summarized from many years of experience. Using shortcut keys can save three minutes than using the mouse to write down a medical record. If you want to write down 30 medical records, you can save a lot of time. You can change it early and have a rest early."

Zhu Qianqian really did the best, "are you a typist or a physician?" Zhang Fan wondered.

"Dr. Zhu, thirty-three beds are very suffocated. I rang the bell. I looked at it. The oxygen saturation is a little low." The nurse came into the doctor's duty room to call Zhu Qianqian.

"I'll have a look. Maybe phlegm is blocking the airway. You continue to change the medical record." Zhu Qianqian got up and said with a stethoscope.

Zhang Fan didn't come to change her medical record, but to transfer to another department for study. It's impossible not to see if she has a sudden illness. "It's all right, I'll see it too." As she spoke, she also got up with a stethoscope, and Zhu Qianqian skimmed her mouth.

33 beds, male, more than 70 years old, smoking for more than 50 years. Chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, cor pulmonale, hypertension and hyperlipidemia are all present. This time, the hospital was infected again because of a cold.

"Dr. Chen is not responsible at all. He doesn't prescribe ambroxol to atomize so much sputum. He has to suck sputum in the middle of the night. What trouble!" Zhu Qianqian kept talking.

The voice was not loud, but the old man heard it. He patted the bed angrily, and his face turned red under the mask. "Don't be angry, old man. I'll tell the director tomorrow and let the director clean up Dr. Chen." Zhu Qianqian can't be a thief. She calmed the old man in a word. The family members are also dissatisfied, but what can be done? The old man is very depressed and dare not say the doctor. He is afraid to provoke the doctor. As soon as she delays, the old man will suffer more.

With sputum suction and atomization, the old man felt a little better and could sleep for a while while half lying down "Tomorrow, you and the head nurse will get a thick mask like the one I brought. Your mask won't work. The respiratory department is particularly susceptible to infection. Don't infect you." After handling the patient, Zhu Qianqian said to Zhang Fan.

"OK, I'll get it tomorrow." Zhang Fan responded, thought for a while and asked, "why didn't the competent doctor give oxygen to this patient? Why did you take over the shift and take a low flow oxygen?"

"It's no use. The old man doesn't need positive pressure to give oxygen. The next oxygen inhalation is also a psychological effect on him. If you don't give him some measures and treatment, he can give you trouble all night. Giving him some oxygen can also comfort him." Zhu Qianqian said proudly.

One night, neither of them closed their eyes. Zhang Fan was systematic and energetic. Zhu Qianqian had a son who ate foreign milk powder. He was also energetic. He finished more than 30 medical records at dawn.

"Ouch! I'm really tired. I can't straighten up. Dr. Zhang, after the ward round, I'll treat you to a steamed stuffed bun. I've been busy all night, but I've never eaten steamed stuffed buns outside. The vendor selling steamed stuffed buns at the gate of the hospital grasps steamed stuffed buns after wiping his nose with his hand. I've seen it several times! "

"Ah! I really took it. " Zhang Fan, who stayed up late and didn't collapse, almost let Zhu Qianqian say he ran away. Because the stall selling steamed stuffed buns at the gate of the hospital, Zhang Fan buys steamed stuffed buns there almost every day!

"No. Thank you, Dr. Zhu. "