

Medical road

Chapter 73

Munk listened and hurried to prepare for the operation. There are only a few people in the township health. You can do whatever you have to do.

Hu Zengxiang regretted when he finished. If something goes wrong, he won't get rid of it. Here he is a superior doctor. Now it's too late to repent. A group of black people are blocked at the door of the health center. If you really want to repent, it's estimated that it's difficult to go out.

"I wish you success." With a sigh, Hu Zengxiang went to talk about the transfer. Wang Zipeng and Zhang fan are in a group. They don't have to talk nonsense. He's ready to roll his arms. Wang Zipeng and Zhang Fan transferred to two departments together. They know Zhang Fan very well and have more confidence.

"First measure the blood group, open the venous channel and correct the shock." Zhang Fan began to give oral medical orders. Doctors, including Hu Zengxiang, began to take action. Rescuing patients is a main doctor who gives orders and other doctors help. Setting the priority is the beginning of the charge. Unless there is a major mistake, the general assisting doctor will not interfere with the idea of attending.

"Type O, Rh positive." A physician and part-time examiner in the health center. He added, "Dr. Zhang, we have no blood."

Zhang Fan knew that the conditions of the health center were bad and had expected this for a long time. Fortunately, he was consistent with the patient's blood type. He said, "I'm type O. come on, smoke mine, 400cc."

Many people in the pastoral area have never been to the hospital in their life. How can they know their blood type? Moreover, this is the responsibility of Zhang Fanqiang. Other doctors are not obliged to donate blood for free. Zhang Fan is hard to speak.

"I'm old. I can't stand 400cc. Smoke me 200cc. I have the same blood type as the patient." At this moment, I don't want to be responsible anymore. It's already started. As a medical group, let's contribute, Lao Hu said to the nurse.

"At least 1000cc should be prepared. Hurry to have a blood test among the masses."
Lao Hu said to Munk.

"This is a simple blood type test. We can't do other blood tests!" Munk tangled.

"Take mine, my blood type is the same, 400cc. And I just had a physical examination and there was no problem," said another transferred doctor who came with me. "Although I don't support this kind of operation here, since you have decided, I can only obey." He turned to surgery and knew the risk of surgery, but he couldn't even do basic tests here. He had to be a living horse doctor.

Zhang Fan, after system strengthening, has no problem with 400cc blood for him, but another doctor like a thin chicken can't do it. He's dizzy! It's a little disgusting! There's no time to care about him. Just take a break. Take care of yourself. Who makes him a doctor.

The operation began with the help of Wang Zipeng. In the early spring weather, it's freezing to wear less, but he's sweating heavily on his head. He's not nervous! It used to be two or three AIDS.

This time, I can't meet Zhang Fan's requirements and help Zhang Fan. Open the posterior sheath of rectus abdominis, wall peritoneum, enter the abdominal cavity, wash hands and explore, "gastric perforation, still bleeding, prepare ice saline." Zhang Fan said to Meng Ke.

"The refrigerator is broken! It hasn't been repaired yet." Munk blushed.

"Well! Then rinse with salt water." Zhang Fan glanced at mengke and didn't know what to say.

Suture intermittently. After sewing, pull the greater omentum to cover the wound. Wash again. After confirming that there is no obvious bleeding, count the gauze and close the abdomen.

Lao Hu outside the operating room was so nervous that he was more nervous than he did his own operation. For a while, he blamed himself for not stopping Zhang Fan, and for a while, he looked forward to the success of the operation. Another blood donor, Dr. Li, is lying on the hospital bed for infusion. His body is a little poor, and the nurses here are inexperienced and draw blood a little faster.

There are more and more people outside the door. An ethnic group here is the same ancestor as a village with the same surname of the Han people. Lao Hu looked at the herdsmen gathering outside the door. He didn't understand Mongolian, and his hands began to shake a little. "If we can't get off the stage today, we'll have to put them down."

Ah! " The more you think about it, the more worried you are. Lao Hu's palm is cold. If it hadn't been for the chair, I might have sat on the ground.

It's not easy to say that surgery is just a word. Wang Zipeng has never had surgery on his stomach, and Zhang Fan has to teach him in many places. Hand to hand arrangement.

That is, today, the patient had a good life and met three doctors with the same blood group. Otherwise, you can't even correct the ischemic shock. Sew it up and start closing the abdomen. Zhang Fan is not in a hurry. Stretched out his head and looked at the stable patient, he said to Meng Ke, "Lao Meng, Feng Shui in your place is not good. I can encounter things every time I come."

"Nonsense, good. here! Genghis Khan has been here. Good place! Will you come again this summer? "

"Why, do you want to cut wool again?" Zhang Fan asked jokingly.

"Ha ha." The operation is almost finished, and Munk is relaxed.

"OK, done. Lao Meng, you have to worry these days. The operation is very successful. Don't have problems in postoperative care. You must worry about the stomach tube. Don't let him pull it out secretly. "

"He dares to break his hand. You have a quick rest and have an operation immediately after you draw blood. Thank you very much. "

Munk and the nurse pushed the patient out of the operating room. Old Hu looked at Meng Ke's face with a smile. He was soft and couldn't stand. A group of big men surrounded the operating door and couldn't communicate with each other. Can you not be nervous.

"The doctor in the city saved Mutu. His blood belongs to the doctors in the city. They are our best friends. Let's thank our friends with the warmest banquet. "

"Good!" Although the voice is loud, they all use Mongolian. Lao Hu didn't understand, but fortunately everyone looked very happy. " Seeing Zhang Fan and Wang Zipeng out of the operating room, Lao Hu said, "pull me quickly. My legs are soft and I can't stand up. How about the operation? Nothing will happen. "

"No problem. Dr. Zhang did a good job. There was no bleeding at all." Wang Zipeng said excitedly. This was his first major operation as a helper.

"That's good. Hey! Really old! " Lao Hu said with emotion.

I thought it was a bug, but I almost scared myself to death. Fortunately, the results were good.

At night, the whole tribe moved. The grassland is broad and vast, which has created the herdsman's hearty character. Singing the toast song, the snow-white hada hung around the doctors' necks one by one.

The whole sheep was the first piece of meat. The oldest herdsman cut it off with a small knife and gave it to Lao Hu: "relatives from afar, please try the mutton on on the grassland."

The herdsmen entertained the doctors as much as possible. Because this is their friend, a doctor friend from afar.

Drunk Lao Hu and Meng Ke dance together, Wang Zipeng Hey! well! A silly smile. There's no sense of strangeness at all. I don't know the language. It's all right. Have a bowl! Happy night! Zhang Fan was persuaded to quit early.