

National Forensic Doctor

Chapter: 2

Jiang Yuan complied, put the investigation box and white cloth with him in the corner, and took a few breaths.

Look into the tent again.

Lying inside was an obese man with a fleshy belly, wearing a pair of red dragonflies on his feet, a few buttons of his plaid shirt were torn off, and his belly was exposed in vain.

Not a single wound can be seen on the whole body, and he died unexpectedly. It really is a mysterious case.

Jiang Yuan took another step forward, only to notice that the dead man's neck was crooked, revealing a bloody hole, and a very familiar face...

Jiang Yuan couldn't help shouting in surprise: "Uncle Seventeen?"

The corpse did not answer Jiang Yuan, but this did not hinder Jiang Yuan's judgment.

Uncle Seventeen is his father's distant cousin. We don't have many chances to meet each other, but during the holidays, we can always meet him. Coupled with his outstanding body shape, Jiang Yuan asked himself that he didn't admit his mistake.

For a while, Jiang Yuan's mood fluctuated a little.

Immediately afterwards, Jiang Yuan couldn't help thinking of what his father said when he persuaded him to go back to his hometown to take the public examination: "There are relatives and acquaintances everywhere in my hometown, so everything is convenient. Going back to my hometown is much more comfortable than living in a big city."

Sure enough, my father was right, even if he was a forensic doctor, he would still encounter the corpses of relatives and acquaintances.

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Not long after, the old forensic doctor Wu Jun arrived at the scene.

He was wearing a white coat and his belly was slightly protruding. He looked like an old cadre sitting in an office. He squinted his eyes and looked around. "Bring it here?"

"Bring it." Jiang Yuan couldn't be more active, and had already slipped a big black box over from the survey vehicle, which looked thick and textured.

When you open it, you can see pliers, tweezers, bone saws, bone chisels, bone hammers, bone scissors, etc. neatly hung on the upper cover, but the lower cover is randomly divided into three areas, messy with cotton, gauze, and others. There are measuring tapes for syringes, stainless steel lunch boxes, towels...

"Take a few more masks and distribute them to everyone. Each person has one." Wu Jun took one and put it on himself. After watching Jiang Yuan distribute masks to the policemen at the scene, he asked in a school-examination style: "Do you know why? The first thing is to distribute masks to everyone?"

Jiang Yuandao: "It plays a protective role and also avoids polluting the scene."

"This is the reason in the book." Wu Jun put a third glove on his right hand, which had already worn two layers of gloves, and said, "The other reason why you gave everyone a mask is to cover their expressions."

Jiang Yuan was taken aback.

Wu Jun continued: "The police and forensic doctors all see too many corpses. Some people, especially you young people, can't control their expressions while talking. If someone laughs, it will be very troublesome when I meet the media or the masses to take pictures. Therefore, in my exploration box, the mask is always the one that I bring the most. Every person who comes to the scene is counted as one, and we can talk after wearing them all."

Jiang Yuan was stunned.

Only then did Wu Jun lean over and start the on-site survey.

Jiang Yuan also learned to put on two more layers of gloves, and said again: "Master, I know this person...the corpse."

"Oh? How should I say it?" Wu Jun, who was observing the position of the corpse, looked at Jiang Yuan.

"Looks like my Seventeenth Uncle." Jiang Yuan exhaled.

Wu Jun was silent for two seconds and asked, "Are you sure?"

"Double chin, big belly, big nose, and a big mole on the side...it should be Uncle Seventeen." Jiang Yuan described it conservatively.

"My condolences. Let me tell you about your Seventeenth Uncle." Wu Jun lowered his head again and said, "The thermometer."

Jiang Yuan looked away, took a thermometer from the survey box and gave it to Wu Jun, and then said, "My 17th uncle should be 50 years old this year. He is the youngest son of my second grandfather. He is a pig. His family moved to the county very early. No. 1 middle school family home, opened a small restaurant in front of me, has a car, likes to smoke, has some debt disputes..."