

National Forensic Doctor

Chapter: 3

Wu Jun checked while listening, and asked Jiang Yuan to take notes, then asked for a puncture needle and a syringe, and drew blood and urine for backup.

After a while, the captain of the criminal police also rushed over, and then, the deputy director and director of the county bureau in charge of criminal investigation also came in a hurry.

"What's the conclusion of the forensic doctor?" The director personally asked, followed by the deputy director, the captain of the criminal police brigade, Huang Qiangmin, and several squadron leaders of the criminal police brigade, including Captain Liu.

Homicide cases are the most important of all criminal cases, especially for new homicide cases, which are hundreds of times more expensive than ordinary cases in terms of administrative levels.

In recent years, the incidence of homicides has shown a clear downward trend, but for the police, the degree of attention has risen linearly.

Wu Jun stood up unhurriedly, straightened his stomach, and said, "The cause of death is preliminarily estimated to be craniocerebral injury caused by a sharp object inserted into the back of the neck. No other wounds have been found so far. We will have to go back and have an autopsy to see the specific situation." one time."

The director gave an "en" and observed the scene himself.

Wu Jun continued: "There are traces of carrying the corpse, and there are very few blood stains on the ground, so the deceased should have been dumped here..."

"It is very likely that the body was thrown away after the passionate murder." Captain Huang Qiangmin waited for Wu Jun to say the same, and gave a judgment.

The chief nodded slowly, looked at the police on both sides who were taking pictures and extracting blood and traces, and asked, "What information do you have about the victim now?"

"The deceased is 50 years old and belongs to the pig." Wu Jun reported with the same tone.

The director and the others couldn't help but focus on the forensic doctor again.

Wu Jun looked at the crowd calmly, and said, "The deceased lived in the family home of No. 1 Middle School in the county, opened a small restaurant, had a car, liked to smoke, and had some debt disputes."

Captain Liu, who was bending over to look at the wound, straightened up involuntarily, and looked at Wu Jun in surprise: "Old Wu, yes, this can be deduced, old Sherlock Holmes. However, the reasons for opening restaurants and smoking are because of fingers. There are oily fumes and smoke stains? How did you find out about the debt dispute?"

Wu Jun smiled without saying a word, seeming to enjoy it.

funeral parlor.

The hearse pulled the corpse to it, and ran away in a hurry, leaving a heavy corpse on the trolley.

"Forensic medicine starts with moving the corpse." Wu Jun put his hands behind his back, and with an uncontrollable smile on his face, he said, "Your body is really suitable for moving the corpse."

His classmates in the big cities had lived a life of free corpse removal twenty years earlier, but Ningtai County was a place where people could not keep them. Newly recruited forensic doctors came and went, and came again and again. Throughout the year, he can't get along with the life of someone moving the corpse a few times. The worst time of luck was when the new forensic doctor was there and there was no corpse, and after he left, the corpse came in.

Pushing the cart, Jiang Yuan asked curiously: "Is there no dissection room in the county bureau? It's just the one that turns white when lit..."

"Like the one in the TV series?" Wu Jun shook his head and said, "Rich cities can afford it, so don't think about it in a small county like ours. When we do an autopsy, we need not only an autopsy room, but also ice coffins and the like." Let's store the corpses with the most advanced equipment. Be a little more careful. These ventilation equipment and bathrooms have to be maintained and managed. It's better to rent a funeral parlor. gone."

"It will be inconvenient to collect evidence and the like."

"It's usually just to draw some blood and get some stomach contents. In such a big county, it's more important to have a good parking." Wu Jun said with a smile, "I don't pick corpses anyway."

Jiang Yuan looked down at his Seventeenth Uncle, and thought, that Seventeenth Uncle seems to be a bit picky when he comes to the house during the Chinese New Year. Of course, it is estimated that he is not interested in playing with his character now.

"When you come over again in the future, remember to keep a pack of cigarettes in your pocket, buy some pastries occasionally, and make friends. It's easy to get along with the people in the funeral home." Wu Jun walked beside him, pressed the elevator, and lowered his voice. The voice taught Jiang Yuan: "The funeral home is also a workplace."

Jiang Yuan smiled and said, "Okay."

The funeral home in Ningtai County set up the dissection room in the basement.

Fortunately, there is an elevator to go up and down, which is quite convenient, but the flashing red fire lights in the dark corridor are a bit intrusive.

There is plenty of light in the room, the floor is made of large tiles, the walls are made of small tiles. In the center is a stainless steel autopsy table. On the left hand side of the door is a washbasin and a long row of stainless steel cabinets. If you don't look carefully, I thought it was the kitchen decoration of ordinary people.

At this time, Wu Jun stepped forward to help, pushed the trolley to the corpse stand, stepped on it with his feet, raised the trolley platform, and raised it up to the corpse stand, and then slowly poured the corpse onto the corpse stand.

Said, "Go and see if the family members have come. If they come, call someone to come over and have an autopsy."

Jiang Yuan responded, and looked straight at Uncle Seventeen.

Uncle Seventeen, who is fat and strong, is now lying on his back on the stainless steel table, his belly is high and bulging, and it is shining white. Under the light, he can still see the fine hairs standing up, which made Jiang Yuan feel a little terrified for a while. Panic, more, it is uncomfortable panic.

"The phone is by the door." Wu Jun reminded Jiang Yuan lightly, without saying much.

Jiang Yuan looked away, walked to the door, picked up the fixed phone, and called out.

In China, close relatives need to be notified to attend the autopsy and sign it. In practice, non-blood relatives such as brother-in-law, uncle or son-in-law often come, and occasionally immediate family members come. Usually, an extra trash can is required. .

After a while, someone was ushered in, looking at everything around him blankly and in fear.

"Uncle." Jiang Yuan recognized the person, and he was the brother-in-law of the seventeenth uncle, that is, the husband of his nineteenth aunt, and the two should have met when they worshiped the ancestral hall two years ago.

"Jiang Yuan!" When my uncle saw Jiang Yuan, he was very kind, and looked at Jiang Yuan with emotional eyes across the uncle's body: "Your seventeenth uncle left in a hurry. Fortunately, you It's the coroner, make him pretty..."

"Let's start." Wu Jun interrupted the chat between the two, stuffed Jiang Yuan with a full-body surgical gown, let him put it on the outside, and then pulled off the white cloth on the corpse, and asked: "Make sure, Is it Jiang Jiancheng himself?"

Uncle retched and said, "It should be."

"Sign it. Write down your ID number too." Wu Jun watched the family members put pens down, put away the documents, then looked at Jiang

Yuan, and asked, "Not everyone dares to perform an autopsy on someone they know. If you don't want to do it, it is also normal."

"I can." Before Jiang Yuan came in, he had already done psychological construction. Now he has mixed emotions in his heart, but he doesn't want to simply retreat.

Wu Jun confirmed again, nodded and said, "You come first."

He also wanted to see Jiang Yuan's ability. If Jiang Yuan couldn't do it anymore, or made a mistake, he could teach him a lesson. Those new forensic doctors who came before were all educated by Wu Jun in this way.

Jiang Yuan's expression was serious, slightly nervous and hesitant.

Jiang Yuan didn't have much experience in autopsy, but in the few times he practiced in school, his performance was praised by the professor and he was called "extremely talented".

If it wasn't for Uncle Seventeen's body this time, he might be calmer.

"First check the corpse watch." Jiang Yuan took a deep breath, frowning for a moment, then sank down, put a notebook next to him, looked at the corpse, and said: "The deceased Jiang Jianfeng, 50 years old, male, tall 169, weight 188... There is a crescent-shaped birthmark on the left hip, about 5 cm long..."

"Then there is a general status record. The temperature of the rectal body is..." Jiang Yuan mumbled to work, recording the condition of the scalp, baldness, pupils, conjunctiva, nasal cavity, teeth...

Most of the examination of the corpse form was completed on the spot. Jiang Yuan just read the previous part step by step, and checked the conjunctiva and teeth carefully again.

Wu Jun was quite satisfied with this approach, nodded and said: "It can be done...have you done an autopsy?"

Jiang Yuandao: "I did a few cases in school."

"That's good. Now in many schools, students can only do one case."

"I participated in several dissections when I was doing projects with the professor."

"Oh, have you had three cavities?" Wu Jun said that the three cavities are the cranial cavity, thoracic cavity and abdominal cavity, which enclose the important internal blood vessels and nerves of the human body, and are an important way to determine the cause of death in forensic pathology.

Jiang Yuan answered "Yes", and said: "I have driven it twice."

"Then you do it." Wu Jun handed the scalpel to Jiang Yuan, and said: "You may know, but I still remind you, be careful when cutting, and don't cut your own hands. The temperature in the dissecting room is too low, the blade is so fast, you can't even feel it when you first cut it. The criterion for judging is whether there is blood flowing out, the corpse does not bleed, so the only one who bleeds is you..."

Jiang Yuan nodded, looked at the corpse in front of him again, adjusted his posture, picked up the scalpel, lowered the blade, pressed it against the neck, and drew a straight line to the top of the pubic symphysis...

Uncle Seventeen's body is thick and needs to be cut very deeply, and the fat turned out is also yellow and white.

The super long straight incision, super long and super big, is far more cruel than autopsies in film and television works. This method is also commonly used in domestic forensic medicine, and it is slightly different from the Y-shaped incision in the United States.