

MY ONE DAY'S EXPERIENCE IN HOSPITAL

Pages with reference to book, From 76 To 77

When I came to the hospital was very happy because I thought it would be like in England. I had to have a small cyst on my back removed and expected stay in the hospital for a day. I arrived with my parents in the morning but, to our disappointment, the Admission Office was closed. After a very long time a man came along and did all what had to be done. He then took us to the stairs and we had just climbed to the second step when a security guard stopped us and would not allow me to go upstairs. It was because children are not permitted in the hospital. It took a long discussion before he understood that I was a patient and let me go up. In the ward they took me without my mother and father for checking my weight and height. As I came back to my mother the nurse said, "I will take you to your bed," and I was taken to the bed. The table that you put your food on was not present near my bed and there was no pillow for me. All the other beds had a table and pillows. The nurse brought a BP apparatus and a thermometer which she put in my mouth. It had a horrible taste. She then put the BP band on my arm and then went off to get a stethoscope. We waited and then Daddy took the thermometer out of my mouth. The nurse returned after 15 minutes and pumped the BP apparatus to measure my blood pressure. She was not at all friendly and polite but in fact quite rude. I did not like her at all and did not want to go through the necessary procedures. I started crying. She wanted to shave my back but because I was being a little difficult she called a man to hold me as though I was a goat to be slaughtered. My Daddy consoled me and she shaved my back. It really did hurt me. The Nursing Manager then came in and chatted with me. She was real nice person. I was taken on wheels to the operation theatre and was holding my Daddy's hand all the time. My Daddy had to leave before we entered the operating room premises and then I met the anaesthetist who I found to be an extremely nice and kind person. I felt scared as I entered the operating room as all the people present there were wearing masks and blue lights were hanging which were illuminated. I asked a nurse if my cyst would be taken out today. She was kind and said yes. Then they put 3 round discs on my chest and were watching some graphs on a television. I could see my heart beating. The anaesthetist was talking to me while preparing an injection. Can you cough?" She asked me 'let us have a big cough.'" I was scared of the injection and as she pricked me I screamed, "don't do it", and then I went to sleep. Later I was woken up by a man. I was very sleepy and could not open my eyes. After a while when my eyes were wide open I saw a blue pipe blowing air. I asked the man "ye-kiya-hai and he replied "ye-oxygen-hai". I was uncomfortable so I moved it away from my mouth. The man put it back again and told me to hold on to it. After a while I got tired of holding so I put it aside. My back was hurting me a lot and as I complained the anaesthetist said she would inject me in the bottom to stop the pain. But I said, "no please," and she agreed. She was very kind. I was put into the recovery room for about ten minutes and then taken to the ward. I was anxious to see my parents. I complained and said I did not want the cyst removed. My Daddy brought the cyst and showed it to me and explained that the surgery was over. I really did not like the look of it. I was sleepy and dozed off. When I woke up I found my Aunt sitting by my bed side. I wanted to go to the toilet but the toilet was extremely dirty and smelly because someone had been sick there and it was scattered all around and nobody had cleaned it. I felt horrible. It was beyond expectations. I dont know how this hospital could be so dirty. I called my mother. She flushed the toilet and cleaned the seat. The bed was too hard and not at all comfortable. Most of the staff were unkind and unpleasant. The only two people I liked were the anaesthetist and the Nursing Manager. I do hope they keep this big hospital clean, which looks so very nice from outside. Also I hope they teach the staff not only manners but to be kind and friendly to the patients. This was my experience of a day in hospital. I do hope I never fall ill again.

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This is the experience of a 10 year old child in one of the city's big teaching hospitals. She was born and lived 8 years in the U.K.