



## Alone

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Received: 26-AUG-2020

Accepted: 30-AUG-2020

Published: 16-SEP-2020



**Artwork credit:**

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The whirring of the fan had almost lulled me to sleep on an especially light night shift when the shouts of a mama (nursing orderly) stirred me from my stupor.

‘Unknown patient ahe..aakdi aali ahe.’

My eyes opened and I hurried out to see a young boy, not more than 25 years old, in the throes of a seizure - he was writhing violently and had froth streaming from his mouth. Immediately shifting him to the left lateral position, I then rushed him into the emergency medical service.

The resident asked me to get an intravenous drip started and to administer Midazolam to stop the seizure. It took me a minute or two to track down the staff nurse and load the drug. The patient's thrashing body meant that even with me and two other men holding him down, it took the resident another minute to cannulate him. Finally the first dose was in and I was told to get another vial and fetch the emergency intern on call.

I duly handed the loaded syringe over to the resident as she stood over the now calm body of the young man. I trudged back to the casualty, taking pride in the thought that I may have helped a teeny bit in saving the life of a patient. Or so I believed.

Not 10 minutes later, the same mama came to the casualty with an ecg paper and a forlorn visage. The color drained from my own PPE clad face when I noticed the flat black lines plotted against the bright pink paper.

Several thoughts raced through my mind. Would it have been different had I loaded the vial sooner or if four instead of three men had held him down to accelerate cannulation? Would it have been different had his loved ones been around to rush him to the casualty instead of a half asleep

mama? Or is Death so capricious that despite your best efforts, it snatches away Life from under your nose?

I think, what hit me the most were the circumstances around his death. Forensics will prepare an extensive death certificate and paperwork shall be filed citing the sequence of events but neither will express the loneliness of his death. The two men trailing the mama fled as soon as they saw his motionless body. No cries of anguish or tears of grief mourn his demise. He lies covered - but in a shroud of silence.

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