

Thursday, September 15, 2005

Pedi Surgery: Love the Kids, the parents...not so much

I'm closing in on the home stretch with my surgery clerkship! I had my oral exam yesterday, which caused me some worry and nightmares (typical for me when I'm stressed), but was pretty straightforward. All the reading and thinking and staying up all night evaluating surgery consults in the Emergency room has paid off--I can think like a doctor now! At least for some things. I know how to make a differential diagnosis (list of what may be wrong), and what tests and studies I need to order for my patient. Of course, I'm best at the surgical cases, and I'm looking forward to learning about the same things from different perspectives. I was on call last night, which was very busy and exciting, and then this morning I went over to see a surgery on a newborn. I was tired, but it is not something you see every day. I can sleep later...right? Baby is doing well. So I'm doing Pediatric surgery right now, and it is a lot of work, just like all the other surgery rotations. I'm the only student on a service that usually has two, so I'm there extra early in the morning to write down all my little patients' vitals, med lists, etc. Here's a secret that is not so secret: I LOVE KIDS. I think they are hilarious and awesome most of the time. I'm having a lot of fun talking with these little guys in the clinic either on their way to a surgery, or recovering from a surgery. I also really like checking in on them, making sure things are fine, etc. I tend to worry about them when I'm not around, and I get really happy when they are doing well. Most of the time, their parents pick up on the fact that I'm in love with their kids. Some of the parents we see, however, are so ridiculous that it would horrify you all. Example: a kid came in to clinic after an operation last week. He was looking and feeling rotten, and we were pretty sure he had some kind of infection/abscess going on. He needed to be admitted (for serious antibiotics) and get a CT scan. When I first went into the room, his mom was really annoyed with me, and kept pointing out that he was feeling really bad. I agreed readily, and thought she was just very upset. THEN, when we told her that our plan was to admit him, take him to CT and find out what was wrong, she heaved a big old sigh and said, "You mean we have to wait around here again?!" Um, lady, your kid is SICK! You just TOLD me that! I care that he's sick! I want to fix it and make him feel BETTER! This weekend I'm off to a wedding 5 hours away! Sad thing is that I'll probably spend more time driving to it than actually with the bride, one of my best friends who is on a leave of absence from my med school. My poor boyfriend hates weddings, but he's being a real trooper and coming with me. I'm planning on sneaking in lots of study time between my bridesmaidly duties! Next week we have a big practical exam where we evaluate fake patients, then a written exam that is allegedly insanely hard. 50% is passing grade nationally. Yikes. Finally, socks are sooo close to being done. Can't wait to not be working on them. I like the yarn, I like the pattern, I like the IDEA of making them for someone else, I just don't like that I can't put them down to start something else because they are due...today!!

Posted by Mia in Knitting, Medical School at 21:58