

## Life as a medical student

**Shrestha S, Palikhye R, Shrestha S**

MBBS Final Year students, Kathmandu Medical College Teaching Hospital

We didn't realize the importance of the proverb "Time and tide waits for none" until we came up to this stage. It seems like we joined medical school yesterday not knowing much about medicine, a novice in the field medical jargon, however wishing to become a great doctor in the future, influenced by some roaring clinician of Nepal. We used to think that one day we would reach at that stage. When we just joined the medical school it felt good being called a DOCTOR. But now that we are so close to our dreams, it seems like we are losing our confidence and confused if we will come up to their expectation or not. We are trying to figure out what the future holds for us once the finals are over and will enter into the medical profession not as a student.

While in the basics, there was an enthusiasm for learning medical subjects in detail, sometimes with too ebullience to give the diagnosis of an illness when friends used to consult us. It makes us laugh at ourselves now, that's why it is said "empty vessels make the most noise". With little excitement though much scared we ran a scalpel through a human body. We lost sleep for days, afraid to walk in the darkness, sitting alone in the room until we got used to with the cadavers. The peculiar smell of dissection room due to formalin will remain in our memory forever. The meal after dissection classes was then a nightmare. We could not eat with our own hands and even the spoons were not of much help, as they were not long enough to keep our stinky hands little far from our nose. As time passed by, formalin was not unpleasant any more. It is said - time makes man adapt to everything. Looking at human anatomy so closely we wondered how God could be so smart making these entire complicated stuff look so simple from outside and at the same amazed by the achievement of medical science. All the slides looked alike in pathology, stains all over our hand and clothes in microbiology and drops of blood that we bled pricking our finger for blood smear to count RBCs, WBCs in physiology all were filled with fun and struggle to learn more each day.

As it is the natural law of balancing things in life, sooner the euphoric mood had to come to an end as

the exams approached. Theory papers were tough, vivas were even tougher. Though we used to prepare well but the fear of viva would take our breath to a halt. Life had never been so difficult, everyone used to be in tension, frustration, spending sleepless nights and missing numerous dinners. Even in the bathroom we didn't forget to take our notes. We then realized the importance of even a single second in the time clock. As the time flew away, exams were over and the clinical sciences welcomed us.

Being upgraded to the clinicals, everyone felt good! We were no exception. "The basics are finally over. Golden days are now ahead", that's how we felt. But as the hectic classes and ward postings began we realized how wonderful those days at basic were and how ignorant we were at that time. The fun at the canteen, those fights of boys and girls for the dominance over the TV, the dance parties in the hostel terrace, shouting at the corridor and also the late night studies during exams – we missed them all. As wonderful were the days at basic, equally important were the learning. Everything at clinical were just based upon what we learnt at basic. While in basic, we never took it seriously, we always thought clinical makes a doctor not the basics. Being at clinical, we often regretted why we didn't study basic properly, the foundation stone for entire medical career.

At clinical, one really feels like a doctor talking to patient, assisting in bedside procedure and lot more. White aprons and stethoscope around the neck help us to show our identity in the hospital different from the patient and visitors. It gives a sense of pride and dignity as well. The look of a patient after not answering simplest bedside questions was an embarrassment. We couldn't dare to look at the patient and leave the room silently who greeted us few minutes ago thinking that we were good enough, that is how a day of a medical students end in the ward.

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### Correspondence

Sarensa Palikhye  
MBBS 7<sup>th</sup> Batch  
Kathmandu Medical College Teaching Hospital  
Sinamangal, Kathmandu, Nepal.

History taking, clinical examination, presentation of the case and discussion were supposed to be mastered during the clinicals. Everyone was saying fifth semester is honeymoon period and sixth semester was the same. But that's where we missed again. We don't realize the importance of getting used to talking to the patients and taking history in detail that's what we were supposed to do in this semester. Seventh semester went by preparing for the minor's final exams. Eighth semester just slipped by re-adjusting from minors subjects to the major. Now it's the ninth semester - the final semester, with the exams swooping on, there is hardly any time for anything now. One was absolutely true to say, "In ninth semester, you already have your one foot inside the examination hall." However, things are not as bad as they seem. During the clinical we saw a new life being introduced into the world. We have also seen a life ending up like a burning match stick - few moments ago, it was there so red and lively, now it's no more. We have seen pain which is worse than a death. We have also seen a life being saved from the verge of death. And after all these, we felt life is not always a bed of roses and not always a bed of thorns as well. And that's exactly how our medical life is. May be many hardships are yet to come. The final exam is one of them, but it shall pass by. The only way out we see is hard work.

Another aspect of our life was getting out of touch with our family and our old friends. Our circle is narrowing day by day and filled up with medical circle but they are busy too with their studies. One thing we realized, friends are there but we hardly find time to spend quality life with them. Our old friends have already got into a successful career or into a happily married life and when we look at ourselves, we see a bachelor still depending up on parents when actually is a time that we should have been there for them at this age. Of course our parents are proud about us and they have never thought so as we do but what so ever, a weird feeling of dependency remains. This is one of the things that bother us the most.

These days will remind us the cherished moments of our medical school where everyone of us has gone through. Now, we think we have just touched the outer core of the medical profession, what it would be when we enter. Hopefully we will do our best in our career.

#### **Acknowledgement**

We would like to thanks Dr. Angel Magar and Dr. Niraj Karki for their immense help during the preparation of this article without their help this article would not have been completed. We also would like to thanks xenoMED Nepal ([www.xenomed.com](http://www.xenomed.com)) form where we took the references of many dimensions of a medical student.