

MYSELF — TO BE REPAIRED

Ms. Rachelamma M. S.

I was just a new one in good condition. I needed no repair. My 'masters' loved me and cared for me, for I was of much help to them in their need. My philanthropic philosophy was appreciated and everybody in my neighbourhood showed much concern for me.

One day on my way back from office I felt as if a 'sudden-brake' has been applied. I was there on the floor.....helpless, in search for a sympathetic look. My 'masters' took me, not to home, but to a human engineering firm where they took quotations for the repair of human organs. They give services of replacement of significantly destroyed parts.

I was taken in the workshop. I had much anxiety and apprehension. I could see many like me for repair of replacement of 'spareparts'.

The 'robots' came and examined me, subjected me for many tests, to find out the exact problem in me. The 'technical students' too manipulated my engine. I didn't object to handling by unskilled hands because they have to get the 'licence' to help these with out-of-order parts tomorrow.

I could see the 'dust-stricken' faces of others too. The engineers of the firm gave me 'thuds and kicks' and found out the defect in me. They announced the type of repair too. They said my central pump is not working which as they explained has certain valves to regulate the flow of petrol. And this is needed for the proper processing and burning of fuels.

Seeing the doubt shadowed in my 'headlight' they made it

clear. Mr. central pump has four interconnected 'reservoirs' and a 'processing unit'. The reservoir units collect the 'petrol' and send it for processing and then receive it back afterwards and despatch it for perusal.

The engineering department found that my valve is not working well and that has to be replaced. From my 'owners' they demanded a high 'charge' and they agreed.

I was 'put' in the workshop where I got so many friends—some for minor repairs and others for spare parts.

They decided and finalised the date for replacement of the valve for my pump. The day was nearing. The engineers said the 'generator' which help my pump to function is situated in that pump itself and to subject that pump for manipulation necessitates an artificial generator and pump to force in the petrol to sustain life in me. For that the petrol has to be forced through a sophisticated machinery—they called the heart-lung machine. The engineers operating that machine came to take my height and weight as if to get an equal or similar spare part.

They pointed out to me the place where the finer works of repair and replacement are being done.

Then they geared me to a computerised control station where they evaluate and study the functioning of the repaired part. This is a comparatively silent and airtight area and is all airconditioned. There, the scientists observe and interpret and infer things under controlled conditions.

"Hizzzz Hizzzz
Hizzzzzz". The bellows

blowing in and out. This sound is greater than the snoring sound of my friend or jarring sound of my wheel. "There" they said, "is the 'ventilator' through which gases will be given to you in the immediate period after replacement of spare parts". They called it 'Birds' which reminded me of the 'Radar' of the plane flying up.

"Peep ... peep ... Peep ..." I was searching to find out the source of the sound. Any small 'autos' nearby to give side to. I could see a headlight moving. 'There', it is moving in a particular fashion with ups and downs. I was wondering and about to apply the brake. A voice came. "That is the ECG". "One has to be connected to this monitor with some 'leads' applied on your body." I kept mum trying to imagine such a situation.

140 ... 141 ... 239 ... 140 ...
My God, some numbers too ...
'Any milage' signal? I was taken aback. But I knew later, it is just the heart rate being shown in figures.

Sh ... Sh ... Sh ..., something more is pushing ahead. Distant sound of some on coming jeep. No, it can't be. There, one fellow is pushing a white tube into a rubber tube placed in one's mouth. Hay, what can it be? Any magic? I heard later that it is the suction to keep away the 'secretions' when one cannot push out such fuel wastes.

Ho, something ... something large in that corner. I became a question mark before it. They explained it is a machine just kept there. I later found out from my neighbour that, that machine can bring back the 'soul' once left the body, if it knows about it immediately. And my headlights lit when I found

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that it works quickly by means of electricity. I tried to trace out the fellow who gave birth to such a sophisticated machine so that the highly complex human electronic apparatus can be geared on well again.

Tuk ... mr ... mr ... I got a jerk. What a nasty sound. A source of pollution of atmosphere.

Still, what is it?

Something has gone wrong somewhere ... Any fault in my brake-system? Oh, my Lord. I was again on my wheels when I was told that it is just a Therm-o-rite. What is it—'Therm-o-rite'? I wondered. Seeing the ugly curving of my eyebrows they said, 'It is a machine filled with water and can be used for cooling or warming the human machine.

Oh, that is applied physics.

I was taking reverse as if to get away from this danger-spot. Tuk ... Tuk ... Tuk ... Tuk ... Tuk ...

Something rolling coming to me from back. Ram!! Ram!!

My headlight grinned.

The nurse was taking the ECG in the central station.

I proceeded backwards.

I sensed, I neared the door. I took the curve and sped fast to my place in the workshop section thinking about the day when I have to be with them; to be among the paraphernalia set up in the human Engineering Sub-station.

My God. A task more difficult than what VELAYUDHAN has undertaken.

SNA FORUM

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isational matters of the unit to keep it going actively were taken.

A brief farewell was arranged for the out going students who had completed their training successfully. They were presented with suitable membership.

First and second year pupils separately organised sales to raise funds for the harvest festival. A combined Lamp Lighting ceremony for P.T.S. and graduation function for trained students was organised at the hospital chapel after which light refreshment were served.

BOOK REVIEW

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aspects of caring for patients. The authors, who have based this account on their considerable practical and teaching experience, have extensively improved many of the illustrations. The book is mainly for physicians and medical students. But nurses will also benefit from reading it. Unfortunately it is very technical, even as a reference text.

The book can be ordered from: "Teaching and Learning Materials", The Leprosy Mission, 50, Portland Place, London WIN 3DG, England.

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