

## **A new adventure in Pune!**

Hi everyone!

I have just arrived in Pune today for my second half of my rotation! Boy is it warm here! I am all sticky hot yuck! It feels like I just arrived in Delhi in October.

So far so good. The city is really nice. Different from Delhi, but nice. Compared to Delhi, the streets are quieter, there is always space on the road. There is less noise. And there is less pollution.

My last week in Delhi was great. Just really chill. I got to choose which organizations I wanted to go spend more time at so I went to Sahara's Women and Children Home, Sahara's Men's rehabilitation, Rural Medicare Center with Dr. Toor, and Apollo Hospital. It was great. I got to ask a whole bunch of questions and I got to get involved with some activities that they did. It really got me thinking if I could really go into public health or community health and be good at it. I guess will decide in a few weeks!

The place we are staying at is at a residential area so it is really quiet. Well see how everything goes!

More later!

## **First week in Pune!**

Hey everyone,

I have almost completed one week in Pune! This week we were posted at the Deenanath Hospital in the OB/GYN and pediatrics department.

My very first posting was in Gyn. OPD with Dr. Doctor. No joke that is her real last name. So I got to see and observe women getting antenatal checkups. There were a few there getting regular check ups and pap smears. I got to see my very first birth! Most women here in India don't get epidurals since it is too costly so they do it all natural. The system here also does not allow any family members in the labor ward. So, from the time they get admitted to the time they deliver, they do it all alone :( The lady was having her second child, and had to be cut since the baby's head was too big. She had a healthy baby boy. Although she really wanted a girl. When she heard that she had a boy, she looked so disappointed and that she might actually burst into

tears. Which by the way is really uncommon in most families.....

The next day I got to see another birth! I felt so bad for the mother to be since this was her first child and there was no one there to really guide her and support her like in the US. She actually had to have her water broken manually and was put on oxytocin to speed up her contractions. When she was fully dilated, it only took about an hour for the delivery. She had to be cut since the baby's head was too big. We went out to where the family waits and congratulated the new dad! It was an awesome feeling to do that!

On Wednesday, I was posted in the operation theater and I saw tubal banding. It was a laparoscopic surgery and it was really awesome to see it on the TV screen and live and in person. When that was over, I headed over to the pediatrics opd and observed a doctor there. He was a really great doctor who took the time to explain things and we actually got to palpate a baby's spleen. Later on that day we joined him and his residents while one of the girls presented her case. I realize that you have to know and remember a lot of info.

Today, I did pediatrics OPD again with a doctor who specializes in epilepsy. I learned a lot about the disease, and the doctor was really good at explaining cases to us. Later today we watched a hysterectomy and the slinging of a prolapsed bladder. Both the uterus and the bladder were prolapsed so they took out the uterus first. Then they removed a part of the vagina that was hanging out. Then a urologist came in to put in a mesh sling for the bladder. It was crazy to see. An epidural was done and the needle was HUGE. They had to attempt multiple times to find the spinal space to inject the medicine. Plus the patient had hepatitis b so extra precautions had to be taken. It was awesome to see that surgery!

Tomorrow is at the same hospital. I guess we'll see what will happen then!

So the completion of week one went something like this.....

On Friday I got posted in pediatrics OPD. But things on Friday were running a bit slow so the doctor wasn't going to show up unless there was a call that a patient was there. So we headed upstairs to the operative floor and watched a few surgeries.

The first surgery was on a woman who had really bad dysmenorrhea, so the doctors went in laproscopically to see if she had endometriosis. Unfortunately, she did not have endometriosis and the doctors still don't know what is causing her so much pain. The doctors cauterized some tissues around the cervix area and on top of the uterus to relieve some of the pain.

The second surgery was a c-section and a tubal ligation. When we got dressed in our scrubs and were about to head in, one of the resident's informed us that she was HIV positive and that we should stand towards the edge of the OR. While all the doctors and nurses were suiting up we were just in awe because they looked like they were about to go to space. The delivery of the baby girl only took about 30 minutes. It was really awesome to see all the layers of skin and muscles they cut to get to the uterus. Suturing takes a while. first the uterus. Then they moved on to the tubal ligation. Afterwards more sutures and then on the very last layer staples! She is going to take a while to heal, but she does have a beautiful little girl. I think that Christy and I saw her baby close up even before the mother.

Later that night we went out to dinner with Mrs. Dr. Dabak. It was pretty fun. She was explaining who arranged marriages worked here in this area.

Oh, something funny that happened. So on the way home one day we had to do a u-turn. There was also an older gentleman standing on the opposite side of the road. When we did the u-turn, the man staggered backwards and fell flat on his back in front of the car. I thought we hit him! So Dada, our driver runs out of the car to help him and he comes back in the car and left the man on the road. He informed us that he was drunk. When the drunk old man got up, he just went on his merry way home with his little bag of okra. It was funny in person. :)

So next week, I am going to another hospital for 3 days then it is off to the rural area. And for the weekend, I am going to Bollywood (or Mumbai...)!

### **Oh, the things I have seen.....**

Going on week 2 in Pune, I have seen so much at the hospitals! This week we were in a government hospital where they serve

underprivileged people, especially in the maternal and child health. I saw numerous births through c-sections and through normal deliveries. The first one that I saw there was a c-section and a tubal ligation. Since this was a government hospital, I think that the rules of how far we need to be from sterile instruments were totally bent. We stood right behind the doctor and right next to the patient. Even in our first event there, I could totally tell the difference between a government hospital and private hospital (where we were last week). The doctors bounce from surgery to surgery in like two minutes. And I am not exaggerating. All they did was changed their outer gloves since they wore two pairs. They didn't even change their aprons that already had blood from the other patients. But with limited resources, that is the best they can do. And yes, they do reuse their gloves here after they have been cleaned and sanitized. What really surprises me is that most surgery is done with an apron over the doctors saris and they wear flip flops!

So back to what I have seen....

I have seen numerous tubal ligations so far. I also seen a diagnostic biopsy of the cervix/uterus tissue to see if she had endometriosis. Then this week, I saw my first D and E, which is dialation and evacuation. Basically a termination of pregnancy. I saw two that one day and both ladies had a copper T inserted (and IUD). Later that day this lady got her copper T taken out in the labor room because she got pregnant. This is the second case that I have seen here in India where the copper T has failed. The main point is that birth control, whether it is temporary or permanent, it is not 100%. So double up people! And on the very first day, I saw the most dramatic delivery. The poor lady was in agony going through labor. She was bearing down and the baby started crowning. She was progressing very well by herself while the doctors and nurses basically ignored her even through her pleas to get help. When she pushed the top of the head out and the baby got stuck since no one was there to guide it. Then people sprung into action. It was so frustrating just to be there as an observer and I knew that she needed a doctor or nurse to help her. Even with the language barrier, her face just said everything. I wanted to do something for her but couldn't since I am not trained in anything. I couldn't tell people to help her, because I am just a student and most of the nurses there don't speak English. I just wished that things happened different for that poor woman. I am not sure if that is how patients are treated or whether it was something else. That woman came back the next day because she couldn't pass urine, and they had to put in a catheter. It was so painful for her for the nurses to insert it in her bladder. I had to walk away, because I just couldn't watch her scream in pain. But after a few minutes, she had filled her bag which was about 3 quarts and

she got a new bag a little while after. Traumatic huh?  
Oh, and I also watch a doctor manually deliver a placenta since it didn't come out on it's own. Basically the doctor sticks his whole hand and forearm up the uterus and manually separate the placenta from the uterus. It was pretty cool to watch.  
So for the rest of the week I am going to the rural area called Mahagow. I am not sure if that is how you spell it but for all you that know Cantonese, ha gow= shrimp dumpling. That is how I remembered the name, pathetic but it worked for me!  
This weekend, I am heading out to Mumbai with fellow CFHI participant. There is going to be a wedding out there so whoo hoo!!!

That's all for now!  
Loves!

### **"Damn good pelvis!"**

The rural area was sooo beautiful! Off the main highway, we drove into the mountains where the amount of farms around us got bigger and bigger. The Dabaks have a little flat built just for them and they have like two neighbors who are farmers. We were totally surrounded by mountains, clean air, and nature. You'll have to see the pictures! We got to tour a government school for the children of the surrounding villages. Then we got to go attend a self help presentation by two men that the Dabaks brought. The men talked to women of all ages about being good to themselves by eating right, and exercising. The other was using us three girls as an example about being brave and letting your child go out into the world to experience new things. He was saying that we left our families so far away just to learn about India and their culture. Afterwards, so many ladies came up to us just to say "hi" and to shake our hands. I think that it was so great that so many women showed up for this presentation and there should be more to empower them in this male dominated society. Afterward we headed back to the Dabaks and we had some snacks and walked their property. They have a bunch of fruit trees like bananas, guavas, papayas, and coconut. So the water there was kind of stinky and I didn't want to use it. As it turned out, frogs from the week before had jumped in the water tanks and DIED in there so that was why it smelled like cow poop. On the drive back to Pune, I realized that I washed my face with that water.  
EEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW! Well, what can you do now? I'm doing fine so no problem, it happens. Later that afternoon we hopped the train to Mumbai.  
Oh my gosh, I loved Mumbai! It was so much fun once you got past

the traffic and the terrible smells of Mumbai. On the train it took 4 hours. Then we got on the local train system with the help of a local to get to where we needed to be. Then this other lady helped us get on a local bus to where we were staying at. Holy cow, I can't believe that we used all local systems and didn't get lost once. Everyone is so incredibly helpful and they want to make sure that you get to the right place. On Friday night, we went out to a hookha bar. Then on Saturday we did the gateway of India and the Taj Hotel. Both were stunning and beautiful. It was really surreal that we were having tea at the Taj Hotel a week shy of the 26.11 attack there. There was so much security there. After a wonderful pot of tea we hit the markets there! The markets are so awesome! Since there are so many stalls you can get the prices of things really down. They actually start yelling at you with lower prices if you walk away. It was great and I got a whole bunch of stuff! I got to go to a wedding there too. The weddings here are affairs that last for days. We got to attend the groom's party for his friends and family. It was in the lavish Imperial Palace and there was live music, open bar, mendhi, and lots of good food. Then the wedding was held at The Resort Hotel, which was spectacular. The groom has his own parade in to the wedding ceremony with a band and he rides in a carriage pulled by white horses. Then the bride comes in all decked out with jewelry. She could hardly walk with all of her stuff on! Again you'll have to look at the pictures when I get back to the states.

This week we been at this one clinic with the great doctor. I am learning so much there! Well one more day at that clinic and I hope that there is more to come! I'll write more on her later. I'm off to Goa tomorrow!

Happy Thanksgiving you all! I am thankful for having such a great family (biological and extended) and for having such wonderful friends! I miss you all and I hope to see you all in about two weeks! Eat lots of yummy food for me, especially chocolate pie! And don't forget the whip cream fight!

Wish you all were here!

### **Damn good pelvis.....the explanation.**

Alright, so the explanation of this great quote. It was exclaimed by a great doctor that I have gotten the opportunity to shadow. Dr. Kaimorae (it's probably spelled wrong, sorry) is one of the best person that I have ever met. When it is her shift at the clinic she keeps it working order. She is not the average doctor here in India. She works

early if she has to and works late too, well past 5pm. When she gets mad at the nurses for not doing their jobs, she calls them out on it and ends up screaming "they are all idiots!" When something goes well, she will shout about it. For example, when she was doing a pelvis exam on a woman who was about to give birth in a few weeks, she shouted "she has a damn good pelvis, damn good!"

Dr. Kaimorae is also a great teacher as well. I have learned so much about how to do an antenatal check up. I have learned how to determine how many weeks a woman's pregnancy is at by palpating the size of her uterus. I have learned how to take blood pressure by palpation. I have learned how to use a Doppler to listen to fetal sounds. And so much more. She make everything so much fun to learn and so much more interesting.

Another thing that I admire about her is that she is proud of her children. She is not forcing her children to become doctors like her and her husband, which is commonly seen here in India. Her daughter is in fashion design and her son wants to play cricket, and she supports them! Usually what I hear from all doctors is that they became doctors because their parents told her to and the cycle of telling their children what to do still continues now a days.

So in a nutshell, she rocks!

### **"White like chicken!"**

After a terrible 10 hour bus ride to Mapusa, Goa and a 30 minute taxi ride to Anjuna, we arrived in paradise....

We got the last room available at the Vanilla Guest House where a fellow Oregonian, Reid was staying at. The guest house was run by the nicest people ever, Clara and Paulina. As we left our stuff at the room, we headed out for breakfast in a cute little restaurant over looking the ocean. We all got nutella pancakes, it was so good! Later on we headed towards the sand only to get stopped by the many shop keepers trying to get you in their shop. "Come look at my shop. I give you good deal." That is all they said. So after getting side tracked for a bit, we finally got to the sand! The Arabian Sea was so warm and the sand was hot! Oh, it was heaven! We all just walked, ate, drank fresh fruit juices, and played in the water all weekend! We also got to meet other travelers from France and the UK, and we got the chance to hang out with them. The two guys we met are just taking time to travel for at least 6 months! We also got to talk to a lot of the locals who would say to us "I like your skin, it's white like chicken!" Heehee. Gosh, that was a awesome weekend that I wished that never ended. New week and off to the rural area with the Dabaks, then to the village for Dada's wedding!

So just to let you all know, I get back to the states on the 13th, not the 12th, at 11:30am. Let go celebrate with some dim sum! Yum!

### **Last week in Pune. :(**

Hi everyone,

I know that I haven't written in a while because my program with CFHI was winding down so that meant that there were all the last minute errands to do.

So, on my last blog I told you all that I was off to Aurangabad just north east of Pune. Well the trip was great and very fun, especially since the girls I was with were very silly. The two girls, Christy and Catherine, we had spent basically two weeks together solid. On the weekdays we did our rotations together and hung out afterwards at our flat. Then on the weekends we traveled to Mumbai, Goa, and Aurangabad together, so we got to know each other pretty well. Anyways, on our last trip together we decided to take the bus to Aurangabad. Since the ride was only about 5 hours we took the local bus. Many local bus riders and street hawkers were kind of surprised that we took the local bus instead of the private A/C buses available to foreigners. When we arrived there, there were a few auto drivers trying to pick us up as passengers. This one man wanted to take us to this one hotel that he obviously had a connection to, but we told him that we had already booked another hotel and that we wanted him to take us there. He took us to a hotel and we were pretty tired from the bus ride that we accidentally accused him of taking us to the hotel that he wanted us to stay in. Then we realized that the one the driver suggested actually was the one that we booked. Oooops! We all make mistakes sometimes....

Hotel P... seemed like a palace to us compared to the one we stayed at while attending Dada's (our driver) wedding. It was on the main highway for mainly goods carries and I think that they rented out rooms hourly. There were tons of mysterious stains on the sheets, and to my horrific surprise while getting ready for bed was empty vanilla flavored condoms from the previous guests. At least they used protection! Anyways Hotel P... was clean and spotless, and the food was terrific! We just spent the first night relaxing, ordering food service, and a little dance party with Akon (India loves Akon, and Enrique by the way).

The second day, we got up early to hire a car for our weekend. The travel agent that was next door was featured in the Lonely Planet Guide and he was so proud of it that he had photocopies of the page that he was mentioned on. He made us look at it before any business was done! Later on that morning we headed for the Ajanta Caves about two hours away from Aurangabad. On the way from the parking lot to the bus that takes visitors to the caves, we were hounded by the shop keepers that had shops at the bottom of the caves. One shop keeper named Ralphie, sold rocks at store 67. He shoved a really pretty quartz crystal in my hand and said it was a gift and that I should stop by his shop on the way back down. Of course by now I am well acquainted by these gimmicks that shop owners used to lure tourists into buying things from them, so I was planning to give the rock back to Ralphie afterwards to avoid buying things I didn't need. The Ajanta caves were so awesome! Carved out of a solid wall of rock, these caves were decorated with religious statues and paintings dedicated to Hindu, Buddhist, and Jain faiths. They were amazing and I couldn't believe how old the caves were! We got some awesome pictures and even got some of use doing some yoga poses in front of a giant Buddha statute. At the same time that we were exploring the caves there was a field trip going on, where ever we go there always seem like there is a field trip going on. Anyways, as us three were walking past the group the instructor pointed us out and said three words to us. First being "Americans," then "swine flu." This was the first time that someone actually blamed us Americans directly for bringing swine flu over India. Our mouths dropped to the ground because that was the last thing that we thought someone was going to say to us for being Americans. We were like "No, we don't have swine flu!" and we kept on walking along. On our way to leave, we dreaded passing the shop keepers. We tried to blend in with a group of school children, but failed to do so. The shop keepers found us shouting our names and reminding us that we promised to look at their shops. I told Ralphie directly that I would look but not buy. Well little good came to what I said to him. He started pulling all these beautiful rocks out and started making deals. "Ok, take these three for 500Rs." "Make me a good deal." Oy! I was very kind in telling him that his rocks were lovely but I didn't need them and I wanted to give him his gift back so I would feel bad taking something away from him. His face just dropped and said that a gift is a gift and that wouldn't back. I was really shocked actually at his response and walked away with my beautiful gift. Unfortunately, the rock that Christy got from another shop keeper was taken back which I was expected that it was going to happen to me as well.

The next day we headed to the Ellora Caves which was much like the Ajanta Caves. One of the best things that happened there was that in one of the caves which served as a monastery for Buddhist monks a man started chanting a mantra for us. Since the cave was carved to resonate the voices of chanting monks, the sound of one single man chanting sent chills down my spine. It was so beautiful and eerie at the same time just to think about that at the spot we were sitting at that monks of centuries past did exactly the same thing. Early that day we visited the Daulatabad Fort. Most of the fort was in ruins so it was really fun to explore all the nooks and crannies of it. There was a moat around it that was pretty polluted and it didn't help that the other girls were spiting in it to see how far above we were from it... There was also a maze like stairway that was pitch black to confuse the enemy so they would kill each other. We attempted to go in and explore, but as we reached the first step of the Andheri a bat swooped down in front of us and I screamed and ran out. So that was the end of exploring the dark places for me which was like the whole fort... But we did get some fun pictures there!

The last week in Pune was so busy and hectic for me. Of course I had put stuff off not realizing how fast time passes by in India. We did a slum rotation for three days where we visited health camps where people were taught about anemia, hygiene, importance of breastfeeding, and how to eat a well balanced diet. There was also an eye OPD, and for children a deworming OPD and check ups. The last week was at Apollo Hospital where they specialized in laparoscopic and endoscopic surgery. The first surgery that we saw was a hysterectomy. It was crazy to watch. The patient had fibroids in her uterus, so the doctors cauterized the fallopian tube, then round ligament, and then the artery last. When that was done on both sides, then they cauterized the tissue around the cervix. When the uterus was unattached to the body, a gynecologist had to pull it out from the vagina. Since this was a laparoscopic surgery the surgeons had to pump carbon dioxide into the belly. Before the gynecologist could pull out the uterus they had to deflate the belly so when the uterus did come out of the body then blood wouldn't spray every where. The gynecologist had a really hard time trying to pull out the uterus and had to get the help of a surgeon to pull with her. It was so intense watching two doctors struggle to pull the organ out and to also watch what was going on inside as well. Finally with the sound of a deflating balloon, the doctors were successful in performing a hysterectomy! Woo hoo! The next surgery was very similar. A hysterectomy due to uterine fibroids and a very large ovarian cyst, because the organ was

so large they would have to remove it in pieces. So cool to watch!  
After my rotations each day I had to go all over to do last minute shopping before I left on Saturday, so I was on the go all the time! I can't believe that my time in India was almost over. It only seemed like yesterday that I had arrived in Delhi.