

Chapter XIII

Discount time...



Central Atheneum of Surgery, Thursday 10 o'clock AM. Head-Surgeon (doctor for 30 years)spoke and voiced his opinion; Head of Proctology (doctor for 43 years); two consultants lectured (45 and 47 years as doctors) and the floor doctor (24 years as a doctor) who had operated her six months ago lectured about all his discoveries. "187 years of doctors" was the amount of exposed experience.

The arguments were convincing. The real intestinal obstruction in somebody whom a partial colectomy had been practised and a lot of numerous liver metastases had been found, it should, of course, be neoplasm. Even the intolerance to quimiotherapy was a presuming fact that the tumor was increasing.

"Let's not operate for the moment" and "Primun Non Nocere", pontificated the ancient people.

The Atheneum was similar to a Roman Coliseum with a huge thumb pointing down. Somebody handed to the "old lion", an aged surgeon who is retired now, the decision of the Atheneum regarding to his wife. He didn't say anything, bowed his head and slowly went upstairs, where she was lying down.

He was enduring such a painful load as the emptiness that was suffocating him. Words weren't needed, she knew him too well. Behind the probe, the serum and the swollen abdomen, she closed her eyes.

- "What will happen to him? How will my children feel? What will happen to all the plans we used to have?"

Saturday was cloudy at dawn, and later the storm burst against the old hospital. The probe was useless due to the vomiting, and in spite of the sedatives, the colics shook her tiny body. The ward turned round and round while the abdomen threatened to snap awkwardly. The helplessness of the old lion was obvious. Sitting. Standing. Walking. He was the true image of a cornered quarry.

That day the surgeon on duty was a student of his, who came to greet him; and on evaluating the patient, said:

- "*If it is a postoperative adhesion?*" it was another blast in the storm, but it stuck deeply in his mind. It challenged resisting "187 years of doctors" that shouted to him "No".
- "*If I don't operate her, she'll die*", he told his old professor.
- "*Yes, I know, operate her, I'll help you...*"

It happened one year ago today. I read the surgical report again: "... and a manual reading of the bowels confirming the existence of postoperative adhesions that surround the small intestine, proceeding to its surgical removal and noting vascular

injury level of the third distal of the jejunum ileon. A wide resection is performed and anastomosis termino-terminal...”

In front of me, I've got the latest report of TAC abdominal... it reveals the disappearing of hepatic injuries, shown in previous researches... The recently discovered oncological drugs have proved to be working wonders on her...

The “old lion's wife” is happy and the professor looks like a playful cub.

They bring a small book as a present. They know the student is a keen supporter. “Discount time”, the Official History of Racing Club of football.

The book is just a pretext, because the real present is a bookmark with a sentence written by Anatole France:

“Although 50 million people believe and repeat a nonsense, it will go on being... a nonsense”