Yesterday, I made sure I got to Hlaing TharYar successfully, an area with several road entries blocked, a township with large smokes rising up.

I couldn't contact any of the phone numbers I saw on a post that said there was medical cover. So I went straight to Hlaing TharYar hospital and as soon as I introduced myself and asked how I could help, I was immediately taken into the operating room. Waiting for me were one patient already in there, and another outside. I didn't know how many more were downstairs but I had to start operating one that was right in front of me.

It was already 7pm by the time I finished operating on a patient who had his stomach shot open with his intestines broken in pieces. With gunshots still being heard in front of the hospital, I made my way to the emergency room to see a major chaos. Ambulances made their way to the hospital one by one after the military trucks moved away from blocking the roads. Patients being carried into the hospital constantly; some with life and some without life already.

A patient who had his brain meninges out due to the gunshot wound started getting up from his bed to run away, only to collapse instantly, falling into coma.

All the doctors and nurses were so occupied trying to save their patients. No one could help and assist each other. Everyone was busy trying to give oxygen, trying to look for veins, trying to keep control of patients who were struggling in bed.

"Hang in tight, son. Mom's here" screamed some.
"Picture your son, buddy. Don't give up yet" said some.

A patient complained he couldn't breathe. His gunshot wound on his right chest had blood splashing and pumping out constantly. I knew a chest tube would be able to save him but it was in the operating room, not near me. The patient was already in shock. I couldn't even find an IV Line. And I still needed to ask for blood. When reading it may sound like I had a good amount of time but in reality all this happened within minutes. The patient expired right then before I could do anything.

Last week I managed to save a patient with similar injury by inserting a chest tube. Under normal circumstances in big hospitals, we can even put chest tubes into patients in the ER while they're on the stretchers. But now, I had nothing in my hands. What the patient didn't have remaining was time and what I was left remaining with was regret.

The ones who shot were them (the military). Even if we planned to save and operate on every single one they shot, it wasn't guaranteed that they would shoot into the hospital. Didn't the UN even mention the CCTV where they hit rescue workers in the heads with their guns saying "Because of people like you, they're all hyped up"?

So if you asked me "Are you scared to do your job now that they are raiding into hospitals to arrest and shoot?", I'm not scared of being arrested or getting shot. What I can't tolerate anymore is seeing unarmed civilians constantly being terrorized and murdered by people with weapons.

Yesterday they killed more than 100 people. The most I was able to save could not exceed more than 4 or 5.
I couldn't help but wonder if it would be just better to kill off those who were doing the killings.
& I couldn't help but wonder if the only way for me to save more lives were to drop the scalpel in my hand and switch to holding guns.