



LEARNING EXPERIENCE

FIBROLAMELLAR VARIANT OF HEPTACELLULAR CARCINOMA.....these were few words written on my biopsy report. As a layman to these medical terms I began surfing on internet to know the exact meaning and what I came to know was that this was a type of Liver Cancer. My parents were standing right behind me and were curious to know what it means. I gained courage and told them about the disease and they were very much shocked. It was 10:30 in the night and was raining heavily. We went to our family doctor to show him the report and we were right. It was a rare type of Liver cancer.

My mother was crying on our way back home and my father was explaining to her to not lose her composure and he was pretty confident that after the treatment I will be completely fine. He is more emotional than my mother but never showed it in front of me. Next day with our relatives who were very supportive during the whole process, went to the doctor who had suggested us biopsy, to show him the report and to take his suggestion on the disease and the hospitals where we can do our surgery. Though he had suggested us biopsy and because of him we came to know about the disease, still I was very angry on him as he had scared us a lot. When we were discussing with our relatives on whom hospital should be finalized, my Mama who lives in Nasik told us to mail my reports to him and he will show it to Dr. Raj Nagarkar who runs Curie Manavata Cancer Centre. We were not sure of going to Nasik for surgery as it was a bit far from Thane and it would be troublesome going to Nasik regularly for checkups. But as we were pretty disappointed from the response of the doctors of Mumbai and Thane, we went to Nasik on 28th of July. As we were discussing with doctor regarding the surgery, he ensured us that everything will be all right and he himself will carry out the operation. He gave us lot of moral support and was not at all behaving as a professional doctor. The amount of confidence he gave us was really very helpful. That can be understood by the fact that my father who cried in front of me before going to the hospital had a smile and a sense of relief on his face while leaving the hospital. Doctor told us that he will be operating me on 31st of July and asked me to get admitted a day before. Though a bit tensed, our family was confident that we were at right place for the operation. I was admitted on 30th of July and put through the process that is followed before the operation. I was now getting really tensed but did not show it in front of my family. The environment of hospital was really very good and every one right from the staff to the doctors were very helpful. Many relatives came to see me before the operation and that was very helpful.

At morning 10'o clock staff came to my room to take me for operation. Seeing the confidence in my relatives I was bit relaxed. As I entered the operation theatre I was thinking of all the stuffs that I had read on internet before coming to the hospital. One of the things was that this type of cancer is very rare and it happens to around 200 people across the world in one calendar year, but I considered myself lucky as this type of cancer did not have any chemotherapy. I was made to sleep on the table and the doctors were communicating with me to ease the pressure off me. After some time I felt like sleeping which was due to anesthesia and the next thing I remember that the doctors were keeping me on the stretcher to take me to ICU and I felt the pain on my stomach. It was then I realized that I had been operated. After getting out of the operation theatre I saw my family and gave them a smile. Though I was under the influence of anesthesia, I was slowly coming back to my senses. When I saw the time in ICU it was 6:30 in the evening. And then it struck me that I was operated for over six hours. All my family members came to see me in the ICU and were telling me that operation was very good and I need not worry. But it was then that my tough time had actually started. I was experiencing tremendous amount of pain and was not able to sleep the whole night. I was aware of the problems that one had to face after the operation but was experiencing it for the first time. I was under continuous surveillance and was given painkillers to ease my pain. I was not able to move my body and a little movement caused the pain which was unbearable. Next day my friends from my college came to see me while I was in ICU. I was very happy to see them and I was talking to them. It was then I realized that I was not able to talk much due to a pipe that was inserted in my mouth through my nose. I looked around my body and found that there were many pipes inserted in my body. On the same day I was shifted from ICU to a room. I was not able to speak because I was experiencing pain in my throat. I was very much disappointed and I cried a bit seeing myself in such a condition. I was experiencing pain near the stiches area even during crying and was very angry on myself thinking why all these stuffs happen with me only. Next day I was in severe back pain. This was due to constantly lying on bed, told my brother to tell the doctors to give more pain killers or some medicine that will help me to get some sleep. I was very disappointed on seeing people eat normal food and roam here and there. This was the time I realized the importance of small things in life. Very small and simple things like walking, taking a bath, going to washroom by yourself, eating homemade food might sound silly to someone but after my operation, I started giving importance to these things as well. If you can take care of your body by yourself then there is no greater luxury in life. As days passed by I was recovering well and I started eating normal food within 4 days of my operation and was even walking without anyone's support. I was experiencing heaven when I was walking, eating and doing some normal stuff. I was discharged on 7th of August which was a day after my birthday which I celebrated by having just one chocolate. All the doctors wished me on that day which made me happy. During my recovery everyone from staff to my family helped a lot but one person who contributed the most in my quick recovery was my brother. He use to sit the whole night besides me and always kept an eye on me.

People know very less about CANCER and they lose hope after hearing this word. Nowadays with such advanced technology and some great doctors Cancer is curable and there is no need to get scared of it. Common man knows less about it and they even scare others who are going through it. They tend to spread myths which are not at all true. God forbid if someone lands in such a situation then one should act calmly and always go to the right person to take advice on it and not listen to the layman who tends to pass false information about it.

One should always enjoy simple luxuries in life and should always have a positive mindset while being treated for cancer. I still go to manavata for regular checkups and doctors are very happy with my fast recovery. No bad phase lasts forever and EVERYTHING COMES TO NORMAL IN LIFE.

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