The Perseus Journey of Winning over the Medusa Hornet

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INTRODUCTION

The story begins with two words: "Good doctor" and "psychiatric training." Before starting my journey, in my opinion, a good doctor is one "who listens calmly," and psychiatric training is all about "patience" and "resilience".

Becoming a psychiatrist was an experience of a lifetime for me. Thank god I made the decision to become a psychiatrist, even though it was never my first option. By god's favor, I was chosen in 2019 but declined, and in 2020, I received psychiatry. Like other Indians, I was contemplative about going insane, but I decided to leave it up to god. At the time, my mind was like Medusa, full of questions about whether or not I should treat psychiatric patients. Will I be able to make sense of everything and improve things for people whose lives have been complicated? Will I be able to change the way society views those with mental illnesses? Will I make a good physician? Will training in psychiatry aid in my attempt to reframe what I believe to be the requirements for a successful doctor? I have to, and I shall overcome my medusa hornet.

"Heroes reborn and evils lose" is how my journey ought to be remembered. Psychiatric training is an essential step on the road to becoming a competent physician. The time has come to reshape the journey of doctors through psychiatric training—not because it's something I want, but because it's necessary—and this story must break everyone's heart and wrench the soul of a beautiful mind to rethink about being a doctor for every branch of medical science.

I began working as a psychiatrist in a central Indian hospital two years ago. I was so thrilled on my first day, and my smiles always say a thousand words. It was a wonderful day, and my worry and the medusa sitting over had subsided. I met my coworkers, and we laughed together. Around 10:00 am, I had my first conversation with my professor. I was a little nervous, but his grin and his statement, "We are not only doctors here, we are a family: A different culture from other departments," marked the beginning of my first life lesson and introduction to psychiatry. Love your subject, love your patients, and treat them with humility, he stated. I had the impression that I was at the proper spot at that precise moment; I felt as though the Medusa snakes had calmed down and accepted their upbringing. Later that day, in the evening, I continued to work on a patient reference who had been admitted to the medical side. Sadly,

by the time we arrived to complete the reference at 9:00 pm, the patient had passed away. The patient's needs were not met by the locals, who yelled at the carer to remove the body and leave. My pulse was racing—how could we have grown so callous? Our senior's courteous demeanor made them grasp the situation when he or she spoke with the carer and had a brief, consoling conversation with them. At once, the havoc due to death was calmed down and I feel my branch has done justice to me and the patient also. My eyes were in tears and I fell in love with psychiatry that day that moment. My first day as a psychiatrist was successful. My achievements were "LOVE." I came back to my room at 1:00 am and had a nice sleep.

Once more, the journey starts. The following day brought with it new difficulties, and as the days went by, I discovered the deeply ingrained, hidden realities about society. One day, as was typical for me in OPD, a fifteen-year-old girl approached me formally, her mother in tow, her feet shaking, her lips parched, and her eyes full of anxiety. I simply saw her, and she covered her face so tenderly and carefully. When she arrived, I urged her to sit down and told her mother to sit down there sternly. In front of me sat my lecturer. Right now, he said, "Dear, she's the mother of one of your patients. Be humble, control your nerves, and ask nicely. Only then will you learn about the illness because everything is history and examination, and if you're not giving that your all, there's no way you could be a better doctor." I apologized to the mother and asked, "Mam, could you please sit down and tell me why you are here?" I also asked, "Are you comfortable, ma'am?" I escorted her to a different room, where I asked the specifics in front of a female resident, as sir told me. I get the gist of his instructions. The next minute, I was with her, and we were sitting nicely. I offered her water, which was something I had never done before because I had not seen anything like this in any other area. I'm not sure why, but our professor's modest remarks made me reconsider treating patients with prescriptions alone. As she approached me, her daughter remarked, "Brother, I want to tell you something," answering my question with, "Why not tell me, dear?" She claimed that when I was seven years old, I experienced something terrible. As a result, I have not slept well, and have

constant restlessness, and it appears that my life has no value. Saying, why? She added, "My paternal uncle touched me badly repeatedly for the next two years, starting when I was six or seven." I experienced severe agony at times. I was at a loss for what to do. He threatened he would punish me if I told anyone. I was afraid, but after two years, I finally informed my mother. Don't talk; shut up, she said. After that, we moved, and everything was well. I was enrolled in my new school, but when he visited my mum 15 days ago, he did nothing at all, and I stopped being myself. I want to die. I'm quite irritable, and I didn't get any sleep. I was stunned. When she was leaving my cabin, I calmed her down and made sure she understood the importance of being humble and speaking properly. She had previously seen three doctors, but she had not told any of them. She turned to face me and remarked, "Brother, you are so calm and sweet." Out of four doctors, you are the first who spoke to me courteously and treated me like a sister. Every patient is unique; therefore, you should talk to them and try to relax. Set away your ego and your wrath. Patients are like an open book; you have to know how to read it before you can learn anything from it. My values changed that day. I know what psychiatric training is and it's all about patience.

I felt lucky and amazed by my journey, but it turned into a life-altering event when I heard about an incident in another department where a junior resident had a panic attack while in the hospital due to certain circumstances. We looked into the matter and recorded the details so we knew how junior residents were treated in other departments. He said, with tears in his eyes, that I had been working more than 18 hours a day for the past few weeks and that one day I was late. My teachers and seniors reprimanded the entire ward in front of patients, saying, "You people come here but don't deserve a place here; wanted to be doctors but you." yes, it is right; sometimes we scold our patients but we are not criminals and he weeps like a child. He said I have to live with this word. He asked do you feel, sir it is the story of our department no sir I have heard it from different colleges, a similar situation. I am fed up sir. Sir, have to listened about the suicides of doctors? I feel because of patient load they did this but no, sir its because of the environment. I call it a hazardous

environment that is responsible for suicide. I have the same feeling sir. I was trembling from inside as I have never seen this kind of thing in my department. I informed him, "Brother, I haven't seen anything like this in my department; everything is so organized there." If our busy schedule forces us to do seminars, we begin them around 8:30 am rather than 8:00 am. Every month, our seniors urged us to take a walk outside to avoid becoming tired. We also occasionally had departmental meetings to discuss the workload of our residents. We never had any trouble discussing our problems with our teachers, and they always lend a helping hand. It's different for us, he said. Their seniors have not learned that only treating patients is not going to help you to be a good doctor its your calmness, how u behave with others, and finally, the treatment. As our professor told us most of the time if u have passed MBBS it means you are able to treat your patients but being a good doctor requires everything. That day I felt why it is important to get psychiatric training for being a good doctor. It did not only built you to be patient but also teaches us work ethics, how to talk with professional personnel, how to respect and what not to do?. Perseus the god which defeated medusa in Greek mythology. I feel like my medusa hornet was destroyed, the stoned eye have come into life and the tears in it are the proof of life in it. The fight to determine whether or not psychiatry is required has been won by Perseus, and the answer is that mental training is necessary to become a good doctor. Indeed, I can state with pride that my training in psychiatry has helped me become a better person overall and, more specifically, a better doctor. If my perception is correct, then I believe that my colleagues and department residents may have similarly believed that psychiatric training is essential for both professional and personal lives.