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## EPILOGUE

Thus ends my journey into the kingdom of broken limbs. As I finish writing, a few images quickly flash into my mind. Kabir sitting in the wheelchair, lifting his blood-soaked wrists up and shouting: 'Look at me. Look how they have cut both my hands.' Ramjan Ali peering at his X-ray plate against the light as the passing duty doctor says: 'You! What are you doing with the X-ray? Want to be a doctor?' The professor, who lost the only scissors of the ward, shouting at the bearded clinical assistant: 'You, with the divine face. You have to replace the scissors.' Khaleque's wife hiding under her husband's bed while the professor is conducting the grand round. A piece of paper stuck on the wall of the operation theatre with the note: 'Reminder: there is no sucker machine today. There is also no supply of cotton, Lysol or gauze.' Ali Ahmed's son standing speechless in front of the door of the operation theatre when he learns that the ward boy has stolen the drugs he has bought for his father's operation. The staff nurse Hasina's disillusionment about the nursing profession because people think nursing is an immoral, indecent profession. A doctor shouting into a microphone: 'We are calling a strike in order to protect the prestige of medical profession.' The patients pouring drops of perfume on their bodies to neutralize the foul smell of their unchanged dressings. The mother of a patient falling to the floor as the gatekeeper tugged her by the neck to drive her out of the ward. Ward boys, cleaners and gatekeepers ceasing work in protest of the termination of one of their colleagues who was caught stealing medicine from the hospital store. A mother crying and holding the leg of the trolley on which her dead son is lying, who could not eat the *hilsha* fish that she was about to cook because a bus killed him.

This is the hospital where I started my medical career as a student but after I completed this ethnography I realized I had not known this place before. I thought of T.S. Eliot's lines:

We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.  
(‘Little Giddings’ in the Four Quartets)