

# University of Nigeria Teaching Hospital, Enugu- The Killers Den...

By Phina Unachukwu Ezeagwu

An SOS call came across that my sister, Charity Unachukwu, was involved in a vehicle accident and was receiving first aid at a hospital here in Enugu. My husband and I rushed out to the hospital and were asked to take her to orthopedic hospital. Immediately, we drove down Orthopedic hospital. And on observation of a blood soaked bandage around her abdomen, we were asked to take her immediately to Parklane as they suspected spleen rupture which they cannot handle. We sped off to Parklane where we were told that their emergency unit was temporary at the new market road extension due to renovation. On getting to the extension, we were told that that two accident victims were awaiting the arrival of doctors that had been called since 6pm. This was after 10pm. We raced to Memphis hospital, Trans Ekulu, where head and neck CT scan revealed no neurological issues. The HCV read 9.0 and they were divided here. Conducting cross- matching and transfusion for another 30mins and transfuse her since she was in an ambulance another group said no that time was enough to get to UNTH and start complete treatment. After some first aid, we were asked to take her to UNTH.

We zoomed off to the infamous kidnappers and armed robbers' road at about 12 Midnight. Had before now thought that at the sight and sound of an ambulance, medics/ caregivers will rush out, but no. We rush into the emergency unit and met Dr Eze Ik, who refused to admit us nor even look at the blood soaked patient outside stating that there was no bed. Time was 1 am on 20/9/25. My husband and the ambulance driver, ran helter skelter looking for bed, came back with a mattress, the doctor refused, even when the ambulance driver offered an extra pillow in the ambulance since doctor said her head must be elevated before he starts treatment, all to no avail. My husband and the ambulance driver rushed out again and came in with a bed and she was admitted at 3 am. Lab forms were filled and the most important to us was hematology. On getting to the lab, miles away after rigorous payments procedures were made, my husband was asked to come back by 6am, they did not listen even when my husband pointed out that it was an emergency case, showing very urgent written on the form. We complained but no one has control over anyone even the porters. Treatment commenced. On getting back to the lab at 6am, he was asked to come back by 7am. On getting back by 7am, the lab staff snapped back at him that does he not know that work starts at UNTH by 9am.

At this point, we had been termed quarrelsome people. While forced waiting for 9am, we went for ultrasound. Dr Okoli asked that the patient be wheeled in. To get the porters took another quarrel as they were chatting and laughing at their office behind the nurses counter even after we got a doctor to get them three times. No one has control or authority over another. The porters removed the oxygen from her without recourse and angrily wheeled us to the radiography unit. Dr Okoli who asked us to bring the patient was called and he retorted that he had closed that we should wait for morning duty doctor. My husband saw a phone number on the wall and called to report, the voice at the other end asked us to take her back, promising to act. We took her back to the ward, we did at no other option. We were grateful she even responded as the numbers we had earlier called before then, were rejecting our call, given us number busy. At 9am, my husband went back for the bottles for blood samples and collected them. The ultrasound was finally done with us wheeling her as the porters had closed. The only porter we could find, had guts to insult my husband about the oxygen roller he shifted not knowing he brought it out for the cylinder.

Even the doctor threatened to leave us, a norm. The x- ray group came and we had thought that they were the ones disturbing them from collecting blood samples. The chest X-ray was done but no X-ray for the fractured bandaged leg, the machine was bad, they told us. We went to the doctor, this time a female doctor, are you not worried that by now, some minutes to 12 noon, that blood transfusion has not started for someone who has lost blood. She had earlier told us that the lab is a different department from hers and she has no control over them. Eventually, the blood samples were taken and before you know it, they came back that they could not work with the sample as the blood has coagulated. And I asked what has happened to your EDTA bottles, no response. More blood was taken from someone who had not enough! Another set of blood was drawn from a patient who has lost much blood. At about 1:30pm, she had started having respiratory distress and sweats all over her forehead and yet no transfusion.

I called the female doctor's attention again, who asked for a new



oxygen mask, which we procured. She demanded for the chest X-ray report, it had not been delivered, we went back to the radiograph unit and snapped with phone as they said they were writing the report, of course for hours unending. She looked at it and said she had accumulated fluids in her ribs. At this point, I asked that she be transferred to intensive care unit to which the doctor said she was has to write a report. Twice I went to ask her to move us to ICU and she said we have to wait for her report. At 1:45pm, my sister, who entered UNTH at 1am but admitted 3am, gave up the ghost. The blood hematology lab result was still not ready!!!! No transfusion was done for more than 12 hours. The daughter who had gone back to the lab was coming back to hear the doctor saying she had called ICU and no one responded. If she had told us, we would have gone there ourselves like all other cases. UNTH killed my sister with negligence of duty. Nothing is working at UNTH, not even control of junior staff. The conveniences are a complete write off, an eyesore in a health facility. Good night Chinwe, my sister, my confidant my meet and humble sister, my husband's good in-law. We did our best but Nigeria happened to us, a country where our leaders go for medical tourism for even headache but citizens perish with dearth of Medicare. Sleep tight Chinwe, Ezinwanne, till that resurrection morning when the trumpet shall sound. I will see you in His glory. I have told your children that I will always be there for them, God helping me. WE KEEP Moving