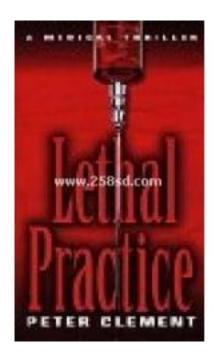
## Lethal Practice



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出版者:

出版时间:

装帧:

isbn:9780449002810

Tm going to die, aren t l, Doc?\"<br/>br > Christ, they always seemed to know.<br/>br > \"No, sir,\" I lied. \"Your lungs are filling with fluid.<br/>br > We re going to give you medication to clear them out.\"<br/>br > Openmouthed and gasping beneath the oxygen mask,<br>ve pa~en~ mas ~anrac ~o~ a~[./~ll llae muscles in l~s chest<br/>br > an6 ata~omen hea~e~l x~ith e ~er~ a~t~mpt to breathe, but<br/>br > each breath was shallow and ended with an ominous<br/>br > gurgle. His skin felt clammy and had turned the color of<br/>br > a dead fish s belly. I guessed he was about fifty, though<br/>br > he looked almost twice that age now.<br/>br > We were in the resuscitation room, a large, tiled<br/>br > chamber, cold, full of echoes, harsh light, and harsher<br/>br > verdicts. Crouched over the patient s left arm, Susanne<br/>br > Roberts, head nurse, was struggling to find a vein and get<br/>br > in

anlV. \"Damni¼Œ\" she muttered. \"Get Ventolin and eighty milligrams of Lasix. I ll try to get a line in his right arm.\" I was already reaching for a tourniquet as Susanne moved fast to follow my order. The patient s skin was slippery cold. I moved my fingers to his i¼Œneck and found a pulse. It was very faint and rapidi¼Œ but at the wristi¼Œ there was nothing. Shock. \"And dopa- mine!\" I yelled after Susanne.   
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