

Discharged, HAO Wanted to Say...

What Hao Wanted to Say to the Hospital Staff?

Dr. Wang and all the nurses at the ICU of Taipei Tzu Chi Hospital are among the most memorable. Most of the time, I had received morphine, which resulted in delirium. ICU was busy and hectic and everyone having multiple tasks to complete. Initially, they had to begin wound cleansing and needed four nurses to assist care as we scream in pain. The nurses needed to endure our screams and continue with the wound care. It was really hard! Due to the changes in shifts and their work hours were hard and long. I was in bed, watching them most of the time. I hope that the hospital or the government will give these medical staff praise, encouragement or reward because they were very tired, really, really tired. Whatever I lost - the injury is minor. I was reborn because of Dr. Wang Shu-Wei.



Hao was the first Formosa Fun Coast Explosion victim discharged from the Taipei Tzu Chi Hospital. Hao and his parents attended a news conference.

How to survive debridement and dressing?

My skin felt so tight when I walked. I must stretch it to recover its elasticity. During rehabilitation, I did not give up because I know this was a necessary process. If I wanted to recover soon, I must give it all I have. What was most memorable was the second time when I was accompanied to see the turtles in the pond at the 5th floor garden. Initially, I was bored, but later I felt I was reborn. Dr. Wang was with me. He is like my older brother. I said many things while I cried, thanking Shu-Wei for what he had done for me, especially during the unstable stages in the ICU. For my own sake, he kept the truth of the passing of some of my friends. When I was later transferred to a regular ward and upon learning the truth, I was really depressed. He told me my goal was to survive and live to the fullest for myself and my deceased friends. In addition to my physical rehabilitation, that was also the main reason for my rebirth.

How I felt upon discharge from the ICU?

My father berates often; however, the first time he visited me in the ICU, he frowned and couldn't speak. When I told him that "I'm alright", he began to cry. My father is a very "manly" type of person. Seeing him cry, I cried too. Previous, we rarely talked but when he departed that day, I told him, "I really love you!"

When I was transferred to a regular ward and learned of people dying on the news, I felt really bad. I felt goosebumps everywhere. I continuously asked myself, "Why? Please don't have any more casualties!" When I saw the good news of individuals being transferred to regular wards or being discharged, I was really happy for them.

Planning post Discharge?

I've experienced it! I'm no longer afraid! But I pray it will never happen again! I shall precede the future with optimism. In the near future, I wish successful rehabilitation, go back to school on time, return back to my usual life, and believe that these scars will not affect my life.