

The exam period from the point of view of a medical student

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Here we go. Once again, after half a year, the biggest fear of every med student comes ...exams. After each exam period, the plan for the next semester is clear and (it must be added) the same as the previous year: study continuously, attend all lectures, solve at least x questions per day in each subject. The more adventurous among us plan at least one term ahead.

In short, everyone has a clear goal in mind: I will study ahead of time so that I can catch everything, see every lecture, and not miss a single seminar. You and your classmates endlessly discuss the 1000 best ways to prepare for which exam and what all you can manage to read the best four times. However, as it happens in life, a few weeks go by, and the plan starts to fail. Life simply has other plans for us. We start catching up on things we could not do last exam, see friends, read a book...

And suddenly the plan is over, and we do not, and we don't jump back on the merry-go-round and be the student we set out to be. This personal battle with ourselves comes almost every day, and it is not always the responsible part of us that wins. And so, the plan slowly fades into the distance.

Time passes and we try not to think about what awaits us in less than three - two - one months.

It always seems to be a long way off. That we still have time to finish watching that interesting series, that we can still go on that weekend trip without remorse or arrive at the family party.

But then they are here. Exams. They take our breath away and suddenly there is no time to waste.

Now the real fight is about to begin. First you find that the amazing plan you had in your head just a few days ago does not quite work out.

You have failed to include time for eating, sleeping, and most importantly, a few hours a day when your brain cannot take it anymore and is preoccupied with something else. Like a new series or a fly on the wall. Before you know it, you are up to your ears in it. Sleepless nights, hectoliters of coffee and green tea, scrounging for energy drinks, in a chair from morning till night - it's a lifestyle that would horrify any of our patients.

We try to stimulate the brain as much as possible. The letters roll around in our heads as if it is not the Czech language, but Chinese.

What we read and what we learn is soon covered by other information. In the evening, we do not even know what we have read all day. We may not even know our names anymore.

The enemy is anyone who disturbs us from our hermitage; only other medics with similarly tragic fates are welcome. Alas to come across a classmate who already managed to finish his fight before you and the textbook you've been wrestling with for x hours, he managed to read a few hours earlier and 3 times over... Time passes by leaps and bounds and at the same time there are hours where every minute lasts a thousand seconds. The laws of physics simply don't work in this period. The exam deadline is almost around the corner and we would suddenly give anything to have an extra week, or rather month. Even if it's in contradiction, we already have really serious doubts if our body and our sanity can make it through one more day.

D-Day is here and not a minute to spare. We're putting on our boxing gloves and hitting the ring. But it seems like there's even less in our heads after all these weeks of learning. We try to put everything

we can into every fight. Sometimes we walk away from a round defeated. Sometimes we win by a whisker, by more or less. But before we know it, the judges announce the next round. Then it's finally here - the last, final number.

Before we know it, it's suddenly over. The last pipe in the now electronic index. We may have a few scratches on the soul, a body like jelly, a sore gluteus maximus and a caffeine allergy, but the "time off" is finally here. Our TO-DO list of all the unfulfilled wishes we have had to dream about during the exam period is bursting at the seams. No. 1 is a big celebration of our ultimate victory, preferably from evening to morning and in any place other than our desk.

But what are most of us really going to do? Crawl into bed and sleep... After all, we need to make up for all those lost hours of sleep, which of course means staying in bed for about a week straight. We fall asleep with only one thought in our heads: the plan for next semester is clear - I will study continuously, I will work on at least x questions a day...

And before we know it, here we go again. The dread of every med student: exams. And the vicious merry-go-round continues.



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