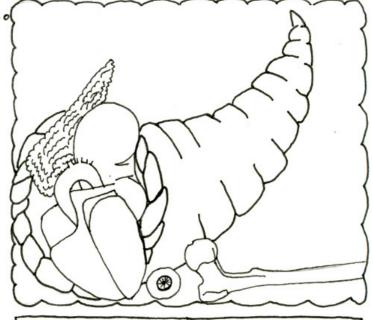
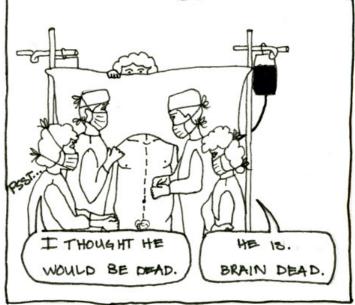


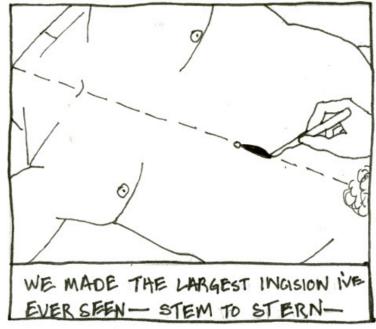


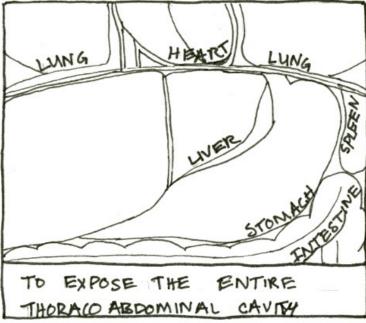
LATE ONE NIGHT ON MY SURGERY
ROTATION AN OPERATIVE CASE WAS SCHEDULED

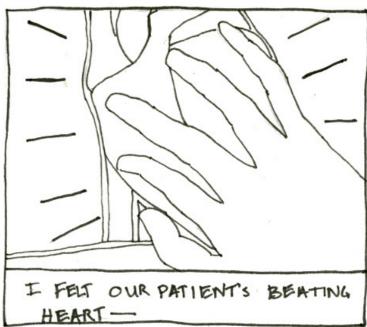


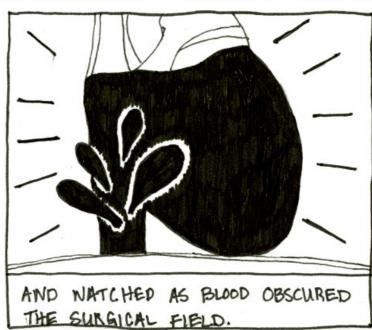


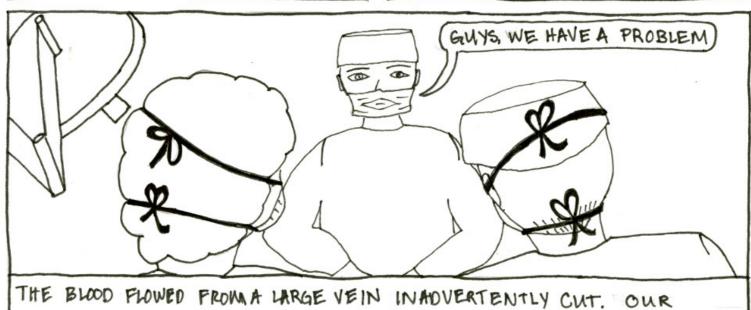










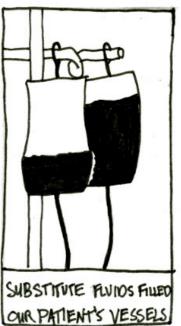


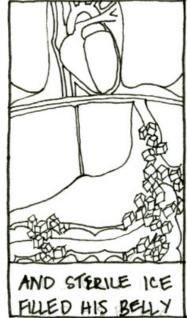
PATIENT WAS BLEEDING OUT TOO EARLY. OUR PACE QUICKENED.



MY MIN D. IRRATIONALLY



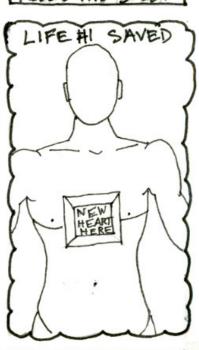


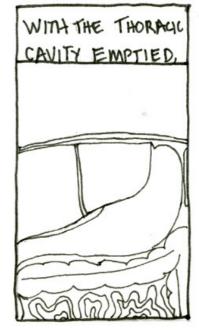


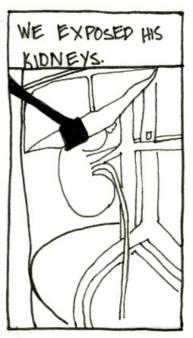






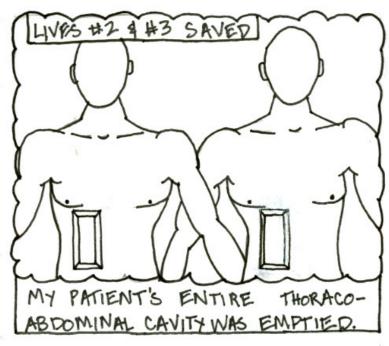




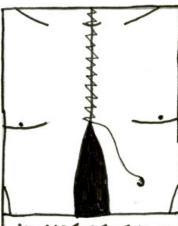




THEM ON THE BACK TABLE







NO MORE BEATING OR INFLATING, JUST MY HANDS SEWING UP AN EMPTY TORSO.



THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME— MY
PATIENT PHYSICALLY DIED AT SOME
POINT—HE COULD NEVER RECOVER.
A STROKE KILLED HIM. WE HIT
THE OFF SWITCHES. PANGS
OF GRIEF HIT ME AS I REALIZED
I'D LOST MY FIRST PATIENT.

