The Inside Scoop:
Body Surfing by Medical Students

Dissection of a donated body is a ubiquitous curricular experience to advance the learning of medical students. Lab sessions in conjunction with courses make textbook descriptions come alive. Perhaps individuals who have been educators during life would be particularly interested in utilization of one's physical parts for this purpose.

Imagine a dialogue between six students gathered around a dissection table who are ready to delve into their subject matter. They are about to violate the usual regime, uncovering the decedent's head and taking a peek rather than waiting for a few months until the end of the course. Although only a number distinguishes the body that has been assigned to this group, an absolutely unrealistic instance of identity recognition ensues. Amid breathless anticipation, after receiving instructions from their instructor, Dr. Les Gasper, the sheet covering a motionless human form is removed.

...Doctor-to-be **ROSIE SANGUINI**:
Oh, look who's here!

...Doctor-to-be **EARNEST EXUDATA**:
My gosh, it's Professor Hunchbach from our summer alimentary education course! He sure was a character!

...Doctor-to-be **FLO URINABLAD**:
Yeah, what a wit. I've never come across anyone like him.

...Doctor-to-be **ARIE LUNGUNKIN**:
Who could forget how he always climbed up on the desk and sat cross-legged, with his face leaning on the desktop podium and a pile of heavy books balanced on his head throughout the entire class sessions!

...Doctor-to-be **COLLIN OSCOPEE**:
Remember how he told us at the beginning of the course that he'd do that all the time to make sure we had no reason to focus on anything other than him?

...Doctor-to-be **LANCELOT LESIONICKY**:
His body must have taken a beating from that "clever" strategy. Maybe that's why he was always referring to everything as a "pain in the neck."

...EARNEST: Hey, we should check out his vertebrae and knees to see if he developed lecture-induced arthritis!

...ARIE: Yeah, man. Or chin compression fractures.

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...FLO: That's pretty unlikely. Forget the chin. But I betcha we sure could find some cervical deterioration!

...ROSIE: For that matter, he probably has impressive hemorrhoids, what with all that sitting without moving around for so long.

...COLLIN: Nah, I DO NOT want to go there!

...LANCELOT: Well, forget about auscultation. Too bad it's too late to find out what made him tick.

...ARIE: Let's at least see if he had any bronchial inflammation from breathing all that chalk dust.

...EARNEST: Yep. I think he liked to see us squirm, the way he kept calling everyone up to the blackboard to write answers that we didn't know. We went through a lot of chalk, trying to come up with something!

...LANCELOT: Hey, look at his big toes. Those thongs that he always wore must have caused some friction desquamation.

...FLO: Never mind the toes. Take a gander at the suntan lines in his abdominal region. Obviously, it wasn't just his feet where he wore thongs! No signs of bun warmers there!

...COLLIN: Speaking of warmers, did you ever notice what was in the hot beverage cups he always brought to class? I don't think they contained hot drinks because I never saw any steam.

...ROSIE: I always wondered about that. Ha, Ha, Ha... the only steam we ever saw was what came out of his ears when he got mad!

...ARIE: Based on the way he acted after drinking that stuff, I think we should take a peek at his liver.

...EARNEST: You know, he really was awfully bizarre. Like the way he would tell us about his amazing scientific discoveries when he returned from his alleged trips to Nomanslanderamen. Is there even a place called that?

...LANCELOT: I'd never heard of it. Do you think he was referring to hell? Maybe by now, he's even more of an expert!

...FLO: I don't know. It could have been all in his mind. I think it was mighty questionable when he told us that if we'd sit next to a candle all night, we'd burn off the fatty oils that had accumulated in our livers after excessive alcohol consumption during the day. He must have been confused about the meaning of "burning the midnight oil."

...EARNEST: Or how about the time he brought in his five-year-old nephew's human body activity books, tore out the pages, and had us all coloring between the lines and connecting the dots. I mean, was he serious? What was he thinking?

...COLLIN: Weird man, very weird.

...ROSIE: Well, we'd better get started. I always wanted to get inside his head!

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Excerpt from the pre-planning book,
Pondering Leaves: Composing and Conveying Your Life Story's Epilogue
(no longer available)

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