

Anesthesiologists Compare Arm Tans While Surgeon Repairs Penetrating Aortic Injury

ATLANTA, GA - As local trauma surgeon Dr. Andre Mackersie desperately tried to gain control of a massively exsanguinating abdominal aortic gunshot wound, the [anesthesiologists on the other side of the sterile drape](#) were comparing the depth and degree of their arm tans.



“Can you guys STFU about your tan lines and push blood!”

“Look how even this is, Joel. You’ve got nothing on me,” said Dr. Mark Aldrich, brandishing his baby-smooth forearms as blood splattered onto the OR lights. “You’ve actually got more burn than tan. You rushed it.”

“Whatever, man,” countered Dr. Joel Willis, flexing his gleaming, Kiehl’s-basted bicep while the patient’s heart rate approached 190. “I don’t spend as long on the [\[golf\]](#) course as you because it’s called fewer strokes. This shade is totally intentional. You’re so orange you look like John Boehner.”

Meanwhile, circulating nurse Karen Rogers rapidly processed fresh frozen plasma while exchanging worried glances with scrub tech Melody Chen, who was passing increasingly larger instruments to a visibly sweating Dr. Mackersie.

In response to the increasing noise in the room, Aldrich and Willis elevated the tone of their conversation from hushed to loudly incredulous.

“Don’t give me that crap, Willis,” exclaimed Aldrich while he one-hand injected a milligram of epinephrine. “You messed up the back nine last weekend so bad that caddy was embarrassed to be seen with you in the clubhouse.”

“Horseshit!” said Willis, angrily massaging a pack of [red blood cells](#).

As the surgeon made an emergency thoracotomy to get proximal control on the descending aorta, Willis left the room muttering to himself and Aldrich returned to scanning Pinterest for camouflage-colored [iPhone](#) cases.

At press time, nurse anesthetist Brent Michaels was being called into the room to crawl under the drape and see if he could [get another IV](#).