

Drowning  
in  
Imaginary  
Blood!!!  
or, How I  
became a  
Radiologist.



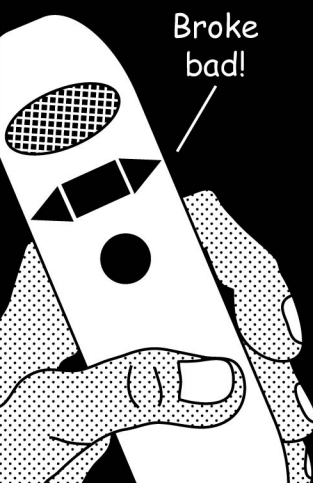
A  
non-super  
hero  
origin  
story.

By Stefan Tigges  
with apologies to  
Wally Wood, Tony  
Abruzzo & Roy  
Lichtenstein.

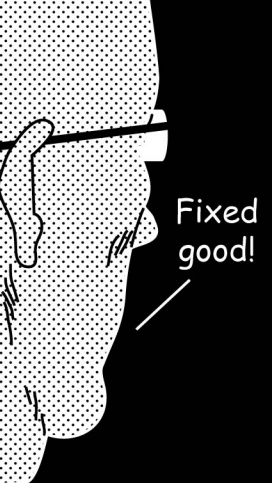
Mild mannered Radiologist at work.



It's a sweet, sweet gig.



I can look inside people!



How did I acquire this power,  
by buying \$1 x-ray specs?



Did a vampire carrot bite inject high potency vitamin A into my veins?

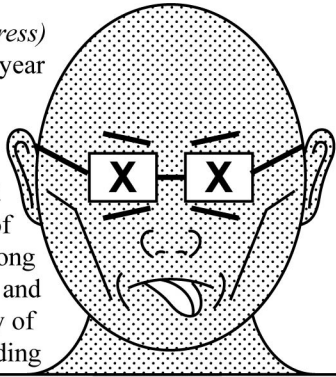


Bwa-ha-ha-ha!!

No, the real answer is embarrassing!

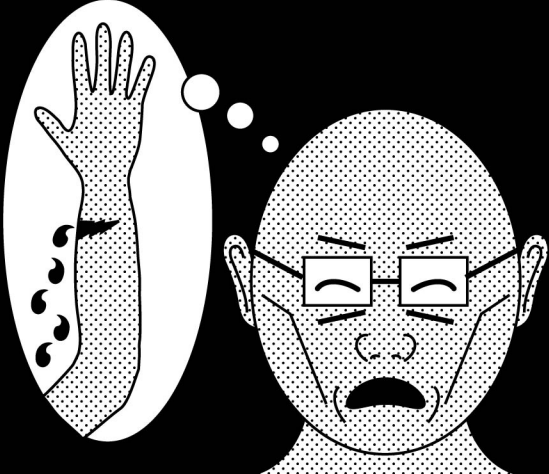
# ★★ EXTRA!! ★★ Doc Scared of Blood!!

By S. King (Assoc. Press)  
In 1985, as a second year medical student, grizzled veteran Radiologist Stefan Tigges nearly fainted at the mere thought of blood. Tigges has a long history of wooziness and suffers from a variety of GI complaints, including



Even thinking about blood makes me ill!

I had no problem in first year medical school: most learning was from books.

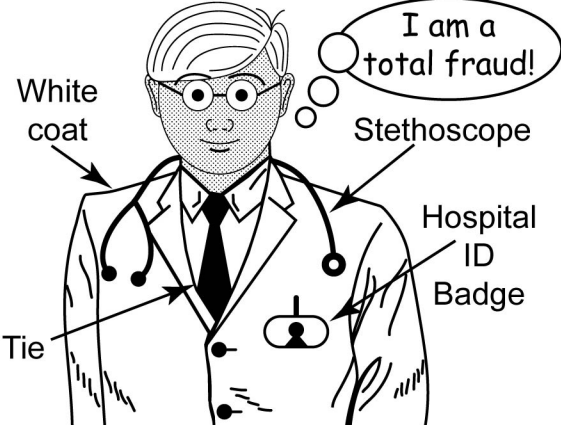


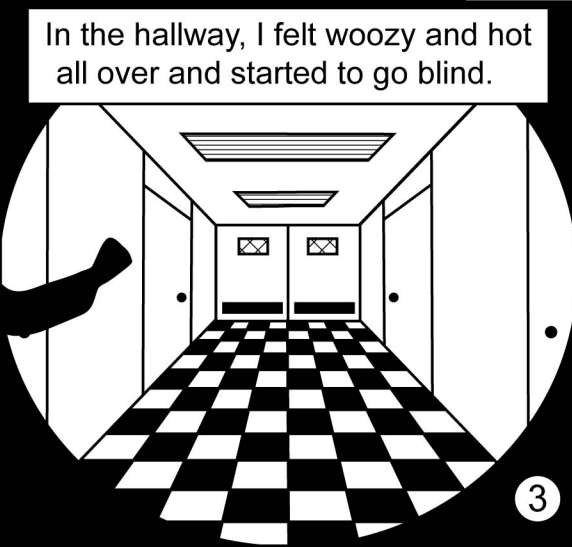
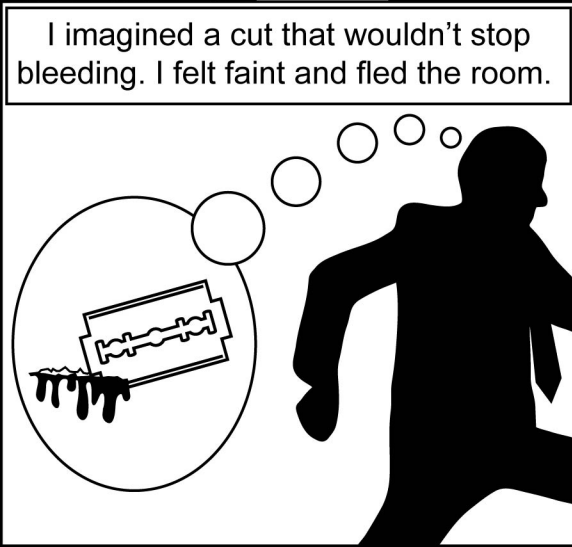
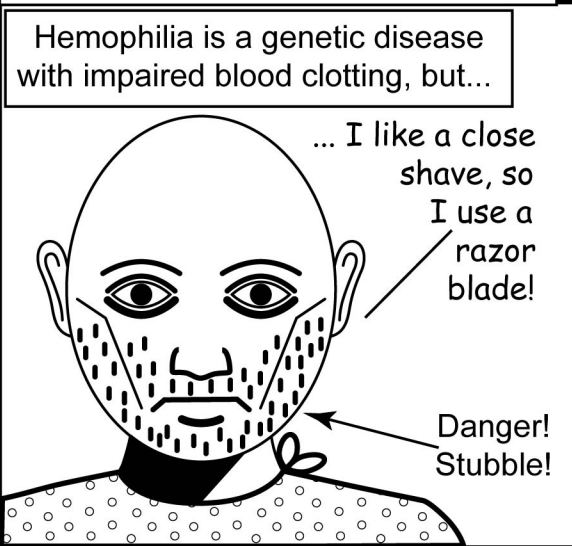
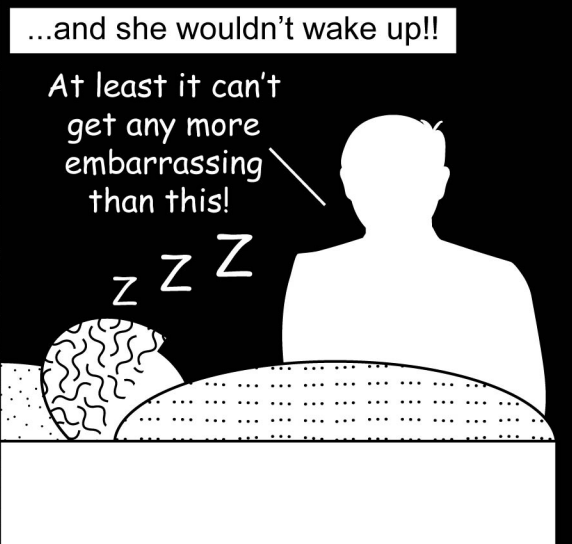
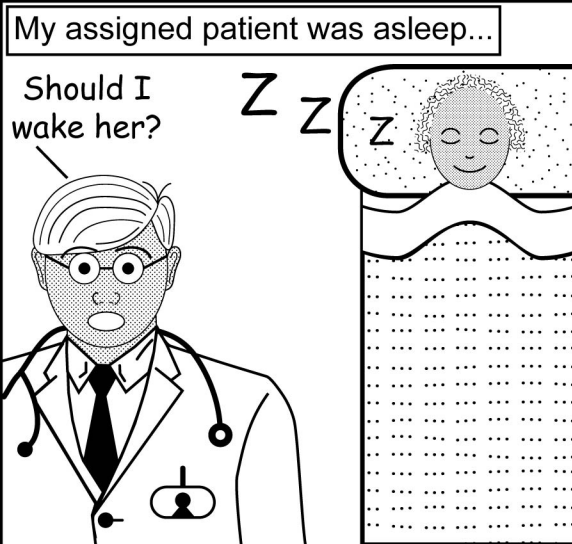
Yep, I was a blonde!



But during second year when I saw my first patients, there was trouble.

My friend Rhonda and I drove to the hospital. She was poised and calm.



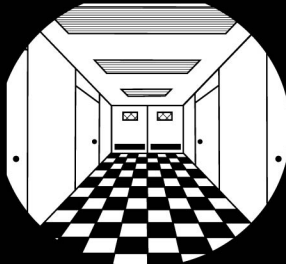


As blood flow to my visual cortex decreased, my vision went black from the outside in.

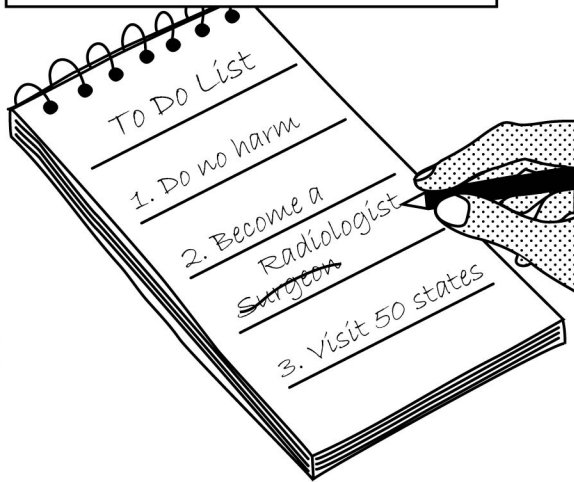


Soon I was completely blind... and frightened... and humiliated.

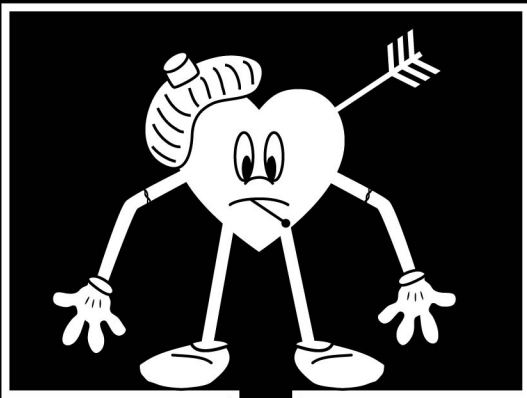
Eventually, my vision returned, from the inside out.



I had to reexamine my priorities.



As a Radiologist, I use forms of energy to "cut" people open and find disease.



Funny, I'm OK with digital blood!

