

Give A Drop, They Take A Gallon

Well, let's start off by saying that it's torture to donate blood. You have to sign your life away. The nurse sticks this foot-long thermometer in your mouth, and then checks your blood pressure by making you lose the circulation in your arm. Next, another nurse jabs your ear until you almost bleed to death! And would you listen to this . . . they expect you to get up and walk over to pick up your blood bag. Well, shoot! By the time you have had your ear jabbed, nobody in their right mind would want their arm stuck with holes. Gee, what do they think we are? Pin cushions?

You hand the nurse your blood bag and she says, "Lay down on the table, and borthor if you don't move when she says move she'll knock you down!" "Blam" you're on the table. She pulls out this nine foot long needle and tells you to lay still when she puts it in. "It won't hurt." Ha ha . . . It's so long she needs to take a hammer to insert the thing. So there you are with a nine foot long needle in your arm, you have a headache, your ear hurts and you're still choking from the thermometer they shoved in your mouth earlier. Now they say you're finished and you did real good . . . "When they say you're finished, they mean "you're finished." You walk away from the table holding your arm. You look like a dried up prune and look whiter than a ghost.

You now have two more steps. The helper slaps a sticker on you and says wear it or else. Finally REFRESHMENTS! You get up to the last table and get a coke and cookies. Boy is this really worth it? I guess so. I donated and lived to tell about it!



Top: Phone number? Daddy says not to tell anyone.



Above: Man, they ask you all kinds of questions on the forms.



Above: Well, it all started when I was a little boy . . .



Left: Don't they ever stop coming?