

Human dissection – A student's perspective

We, as humanity, tend to forget what is under the skin. We are defined by skin, hair and nails. This renewable sheath that covers everything that goes inside us.

We work, sleep, laugh and cry, we're structured and featured but all along we're also these biological entities formed from bones, muscles, organs and cells that are processing, metabolizing and decaying.

At the beginning of this year, my 2nd year studying chiropractic, I walked into a room full of dead bodies covered with white plastic sheets, masked as a duvet cover over your loved one while they rest in bed. Although, instead of a comfortable bed is a cold, flat steel bed.

Above these bodies are air vents, used to cover the smell of formaldehyde and other chemicals that stopped a dead body from doing what it wants to do.

On the walls there're blackboards, intended to make it feel as a "normal" classroom for teaching and learning.

There's racks of skeletons lurking around that seem like the "invigilators".

This is called a dissection hall.

This year I had the amazing opportunity to hold a hollow muscular organ that pumps the blood through the circulatory system by rhythmic contraction and dilation, known to you and I as the heart. I held a human brain that once held someone's consciousness, sub-consciousness, intelligence and memories of their lifetime.

I had the opportunity to learn from a human textbook.

Although this year has not been an easy one, with the amount of breakdowns, lost hope and sleepless nights I can officially say I have conquered second year anatomy.

This post isn't about praise or pride rather acknowledgement and awareness on some of my, together with my department's, experiences.

I know this isn't the end but a step closer to fulfilling my passion.

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