

County Medical Examiners, The "Y-Shaped Thoracoabdominalincision"

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...Alphabetic diagram...

...Of the gross exam...

Medical examiners are detectives, who forensically
sift through a body of evidence

It's rarely simple, as you can see...the organs are on
the inside

We open up the corpse to find the clues that point to
an explanation that might make sense

Let's crack the cadaver open for a little peek and
document what we find...

...With scalpel in hand...

...I hatch the plan...

Whether man, woman, child-the procedure is always
the
same

Beginning the medicolegal autopsy isn't very hard
The thoracoabdominal incision is the name of this
turgidly morbid game

And the letter "Y" is the shape that we must carve...

All ME's worth their salt keep a blade of their own

And have their scalpel professionally sharpened,
polished, and honed

Because of its ability to cut through skin, meat,
gristle, and bone

We keep track of it from the opening of the corpse to
when it is sewn...

...I must confess...

...This will make a mess...

...The stiff is ripe and putrefied...

...I scalpel the mephitic skin...

...And trace the letter "Y"...

...So the autopsy begins...

In order to field dress this cadaver we cut from the
bottom of the neck to above the crotch

Some pathologists prefer to first puncture the bloated
corpse to release built-up methane gas

Simply grasp the scalpel and apply downward pressure
at the jugular notch

You'll find the skin will slice like butter, revealing
subcutaneous tissue and ballooning yellow fat...

...No time to flinch...

...Only amateurs cringe...
Draw the blade down over the body of the sternum and
breastplate
Past the manubrium and xiphoid process and
costoxiphoid ligament group
Split the rectus abdominal muscle without a measure of
haste
Then stop and wipe your brow and take a moment to
recoup...
Peel back the flayed skin and shear it from the muscle
sides
Taking the retractors, spread the carcass wide
Costal cartilage snaps from each of the ribs so we may
look inside
The inner organs sit on display-glistening-with
nothing to hide...
...You've earned your degree...
...In the art of necropsy...
...The stiff is ripe and putrefied...
...I scalpel the mephitic skin...
...And trace the letter "Y"...
...So the autopsy begins...

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