

## Bargain Basement Surgery

By A. R. Alan

When I bent down to dry my feet after showering my pendulous breasts knocked against my knees with a thud, and my whole life changed forever. After consultations with eight surgeons, I chose Dr. Simone. Although he was a noted physician and teacher in a prestigious learning hospital, my breast reduction and nipple replacement surgery would cost me next to nothing, because an intern would perform the operation while Dr. Simone looked on.

So here I was, lying on a metal operating table, a fuzzy-brained, inert, lump, surrounded by young interns. I'm not sure how many, because happy juice was being pumped into my arm through a thin, plastic tube.

Mrs. O'Brian, I'm ready," one young man said, pulling the sheet down to my waist and raising my arms above my head. Both breasts plopped down to the sides of my body. "Mmm," he reflected. "You're lucky. We just got a hold of a lovely, perky- pair of nipples. I think they'll be perfect."

I smiled, dribbling through my almost numb lips.

"I have more good news for you, but I'll let Dr. Marsh tell you about it."

A bearded young man stroked my hair. "Can you hear me, Mrs. O'Brian?"

"Uhh.... Uhh... "I gurgled like an infant.

"Mrs. O'Brian," he shouted like I was deaf, instead of drugged out of my mind. "I've decided to throw in a free tummy tuck."

After shaping my lips, I mumbled, "my belly button..."

"You're belly button? Oh yes," he laughed. "When I remove that tire of fat around your middle, your belly button will have to go, but don't worry, I'll tattoo one on and you'll never know the difference."

I shook my head, and forced myself to stay alert. Another young man pulled the sheet all the way down. "Just as I thought," he remarked, rolling me onto my side. "We'll have to

tighten her butt by pulling all of the excess skin into her crack, and as long as we're at it, I can get rid of the cellulite on her thighs by tucking the skin up. "

"Good, good," another agreed. She'll never see the thin scars."

He rolled me back down, and a freckled-faced man ran his fingers through my pubic hair. "This will never do. Too sparse and too gray. What do you gents say to my giving her a pubic hair transplant?"

"Sounds fine to me," the bearded one said, "but if you do that, I think you should add some plugs under her arms."

"I'm sixty-one," I slurred, my eyes rolling around in my head. "Can't afford...."

"Mrs. O'Brian, "Dr. Simone said, taking my hand. "Don't worry about money. The total cost of this operation will still be only \$375.00 for the bandages, plus state and local tax. My interns and I appreciate your giving us the opportunity to operate on you, and to show my gratitude, I'm going to throw in a free face lift and then Botox your lips.

"Tanks," I mumbled.

The last thing I remember hearing, before I woke up encased in a white-gauze bandage that went from the tip of my head to the bottom of my toes was: "Sal, those nipples don't match. What are we going to do?"

"Keep her here," Sal replied. "I'll check out the morgue and see if I can find another pair."

The End

**A. R. Alan bio:** Barbara Bixon writing under the name A.R. Alan has had many short stories, poems, and 14 Comedy, Mystery, Romance, Thrillers, and sexy books published. She's also sold comedic material to Joan Rivers and has been published in Playgirl Magazine. Her humorous book talks about sex, romance, and mystery will definitely entertain you. Worldwide travel and a career that brought her into contact with a never-ending stream of interesting personalities and celebrities fanned her already fertile imagination over the years and validate the vivid, often zany characters that people her novels. Barbara

# Writing Raw

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is also an avid environmentalist and played a major role in saving a New Jersey/New York mountain range from developers. It will remain open space forever. Screenplays available for: "The House Of Cupcakes, The CB (Chocolate Brown) Social Club, and Do I Flaunt My Fat, Or Jump Off A Bridge? Please check out her website: [aralanbooks.com](http://aralanbooks.com)