

Tip of the Month



Gloveless Phlebotomy and the BBP Club

Hey, you! I noticed you're not putting on gloves for this venipuncture. That's GREAT! Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Hepatitis C. I've been watching you and I must tell you how happy I am that you're not wearing gloves. I mean, you have no idea how long I've been waiting for someone like you to come along so I can move into your liver and start a family. In fact, you're a perfect candidate for a very elite organization I belong to: the Bloodborne Pathogens Club.

The BBP Club needs people just like you. People who think they are so careful when they draw blood that they don't need gloves; people who realize that getting infections from a blood draw is something that happens to other people; people who believe that since they have never gotten exposed to bloodborne infections that they never will be. Is that you? I thought so. You are perfect for us. We need more people just like you to survive.

As a member, you're not gonna believe the benefits we offer. Unlimited time off from work, free fatigue, a nice amber tint to your skin, nailbeds and the whites of your eyes, HIV cocktails anytime you need them plus the satisfaction that comes from offering your body to up to 20 different diseases. Whadya say? Can I sign you up right now? Great! Raise your right gloveless hand and recite *The Bloodborne Pathogen Club Creed* after me:

I believe in drawing blood without gloves.

I believe that my patients don't have any diseases I can catch just by drawing their blood.

I believe that making me draw blood with gloves is a violation of my civil liberties.

I believe that yellow, jaundiced skin is quite attractive and that liver transplants are a good thing.

I believe that my carelessness is my business.

I believe that those who love me and depend on me don't deserve consideration for how my carelessness will affect them.

I believe that my skin is perfect and that my fingers and hands never have cuts, abrasions, hangnails or any microscopic breaks. Not ever.

I believe that it's impossible for a needle to come out of my patient's vein accidentally, and that I will never have to sop up blood with my bare hands.

I believe that it's better for me not to report my little accidents than for someone to find out I don't wear gloves.

I believe that when push comes to shove, I can cut the tip of my glove's finger off and still be able to say I wear gloves.

I believe I am immortal.

Welcome to the Club!