

Medicine's admission interview

With sweaty palms and bone dry throat
 He steps into the interview room, shirt all soaked
 The almighty panel is certainly no joke
 All prepared to cast that sacred vote

Phase I

Lifeless skeleton sitting quietly at one corner
 Waiting for students to touch and clamour
 Anatomy wouldn't have its mysterious glamour
 Without the many self-sacrificial cadavers
 Physiology was intricate and fun
 But too much to absorb after a run
 Lamenting about *Guyton* weighing a ton
 Flipping the first page, the nightmare has just begun

Phase II

If you thought second year is better than the first
 Then it's a big dream bubble that you've just burst
 Never able to quench that ever growing thirst
 In pursuit of patho, microB and the many many interests

Phase III

I don't know if you remember the white coat donning days
 They went past me like thick whirly haze
 There's no time to sleep and laze
 In the midst of this never-ending craze
 Ward round is like going on a wild goose chase
 I floundered and struggled in the ocean all dazed

Phase IV

Fourth year is all about fun things and stuff
 This I said to my juniors with a hearty laugh
 Use this time wisely to hone your craft
 Before final year makes you tough and gruff

Phase V

Alas, the legendary final year has come
 But why am I ever still so dumb?
 The SIPs and tiring calls made us grumps
 The corners and crevices on which we slumped
 Mugging through the "lumps and bumps"
 Thinking 'bout examiners I've to charm
 Found it really hard to keep my calm
 Looking for the right time to play the trump

In closing

Looking back on these wondrous days with joy and tears
 How time flies so quickly through these years
 The time to start work has now drawn near
 The chiming of the graduation bells ever so clear
 Many thanks to colleagues, current and past
 For their love and care, and immense trust
 Let's embark on a new journey with a loud blast
 And may friendships grow and sweet memories last!

A parody of the well-known poem "If" by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
 If you can trust yourself when nurses doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can round and not be tired by rounding,
 Or, asked to give first dose, don't roll your eyes;
 Or being shouted at, don't give way to shouting,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can clerk – not clerk the ED paper;
 If you can think – and come up with a plan;
 If you can culture every patient with a fever,
 Not leave the septic workup "to the morning team";
 If you can bear the strain of your full bladder
 To relieve some poor sick old man's ARU,
 Or keep calm as someone's relative gets madder
 And proceed to the next task on the list to do;

If you can take a deep breath as you dial the number –
 Case files at hand – to the nastiest boss in town,
 Or stay post call till an unholy hour
 To prepare the slides for next day's trauma round;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and fingers
 To go on working when the sun is gone,
 And so hold on in times when nothing lingers
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can set the plugs and keep compassion,
 Or witness death – nor lose the human touch,
 If you don't complain (as sadly is the fashion),
 But make sure that your MO doesn't do too much;
 If you can fill the HO year with spirit,
 With 365 days of wards well run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And – which is more – your HO year is done! **SMA**



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