

what shall I do? The patient can't give the urine specimen that you ordered. This is where he tells her to listen carefully and breaks the phone in half and goes back to sleep.

Don't Fight This Intern

Another story about the apocryphal intern at Cook County Hospital emergency room: Let's call him Dr. Weinstein. Drunk comes into the ER at 3 am. Has a bump on his head. Demands to be admitted to the hospital because he needs a place to sleep. Dr. Weinstein says you are not sick enough to be admitted and wake some poor intern to do the admission. Dr. Weinstein happens to be a former Golden Gloves boxer. Drunk says I'm a taxpayer so you have to admit me. Dr Weinstein says sorry, come back in the morning. Drunk says "You're a rotten filthy “*!*!*!” Dr Weinstein hauls off and slugs the drunk, knocking him clean over three exam tables. Dr Weinstein turns to the nurse and says, "Now you can admit him to neurology as a possible skull fracture."

A Good Cigar

Intern is smoking a forbidden cigar at Cook County Hospital in the elevator. The boss manager of the hospital, who is called the Warden for some unknown bureaucratic reason, gets on the elevator. Intern surreptitiously drops the cigar. Warden sees the cigar on the floor. He looks at the intern and says, "Yours?" Intern says, no, but you can have it since you saw it first.

Romeo and Juliet

Handsome young Intern, always the ladies' man, sees shapely nurse bending over the desk on the medical ward. All he sees is her curved glutei maximi which he thought he recognized. So he creeps up behind her and gives her a good whomp on her rear and says, Hi Mabel! Only it was Jezebel, the Chief Nurse. The story lacks a middle at this point but has an ending. The ending is the apocryphal intern, now having been fired, is standing outside at the curb on a cold winter's night in front of Cook County Hospital, shaking his fist at the entire 3,700 bed structure.
