

There once was a nervous med student,  
Who deemed that it would be prudent,  
    To put enough thought  
    Into studying a lot,  
So attendings wouldn't think him impudent.

In the ED, where on his first day,  
He found he had little to say;  
    His assessments were lacking,  
    His plans: much backtracking,  
And his first eval: "you didn't slay."

Beginning outpatient rotation,  
He started to learn information  
    About things he should have known  
    From doing his Anki alone  
In the phase we all call "Foundation."

He found it was really essential,  
If he wanted to have some potential,  
    With his eyebrows furled,  
    To start doing UWorld  
And add more to his differential.

There was the one kid with asthma,  
And the woman with mycoplasma,  
    A baby with a rash,  
    The old man with a gash,  
He felt he was in a miasma.

But it was quite awkward when,  
He noticed, much to his chagrin,  
    Ping-pong with his buddies,  
    Distracted his studies,  
And made him late to OB again.

Inpatient attendings were sterner,  
And though he was merely a learner,  
    He thought writing H&Ps  
    Would be such a breeze  
Until he met his nemesis: Cerner.

So, he asked with enough contrition,  
If the chief would give him permission,  
    To copy a note,  
    (it was better than what he wrote)  
Since he was no charting magician.

And so, he continued his mission,  
Which he hoped would come to fruition,  
    To spend less than an hour  
    Going workroom to Tower—  
And learning to be a physician.

*(Some stories embellished for better rhymes)*

