Lighter Side of Medicine

HUMOR

BUT WHERE WERE YOU YESTERDAY?

Tom had this problem of getting up late in the morning and was always late for work. His boss was mad at him and threatened to fire him if he didn't do something about it. So, Tom went to his doctor who gave him a pill and told him to take it before he went to bed. Tom slept well, and in fact, beat the alarm in the morning. He had a leisurely breakfast and drove cheerfully to work. "Boss", he said, "The pill actually worked!" "That's all fine" said the boss, "But where were you yesterday?

NEW TEETH

Our local minister had all of his remaining teeth pulled and new dentures made a few weeks ago.

The first Sunday, his sermon lasted 10 minutes. The second Sunday, he preached only 20 minutes. But, on the third Sunday, he preached for an hour and a half.

I asked him about this. He then told me "well, John, that first Sunday, my gums were so sore it hurt to talk. The second Sunday, my dentures were still hurting a lot. Now the third Sunday, I accidentally grabbed my wife's dentures AND I COULDN'T STOP TALKING!"

MY GRADES

A high-school student came home one night rather depressed.

"What's the matter, Son?" asked his mother.

"Aw, gee," said the boy, "It's my grades. They're all wet."

"What do you mean 'all wet?'"

"You know," he replied, "…below C-level."

BANK NAME

Mother decided that 10-year-old Cathy should get something 'practical' for her birthday. "Suppose we open a savings account for you?" mother suggested. Cathy was delighted. "It's your account, darling," mother said as they arrived at the bank, "so you fill out the application."

Cathy was doing fine until she came to the space for 'Name of your former bank.' After a slight hesitation, she put down 'Piggy.'

Doc says, "Joe, I got some bad news for you. You've got 6 months to live."

Joe says, "Six months? Doc, I can't pay your bill in 6 months, I can't do it!"

Doc says, "OK, I give you a year..."

Patient: "Doctor, I get heartburn every time I eat birthday cake."

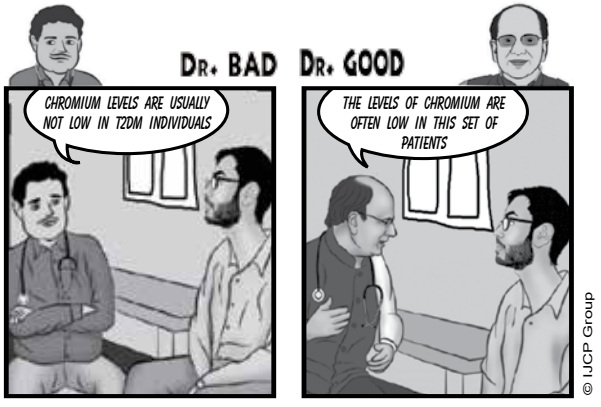
Doctor: "Next time, take off the candles."

When an employment application asks who is to be notified in case of emergency, I always write, "A very good doctor".

My therapist told me that a great way to let go of your anger is to write letters to people you hate and then burn them. I did that and I feel much better but I'm wondering... do I keep the letters?

Dr. Good and Dr. Bad

SITUATION: A 45-year-old type 2 diabetic male had lower plasma chromium levels.



LESSON: According to a case-control study, an inverse association has been demonstrated between plasma chromium levels, T2DM and prediabetes.

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