

## Rules for Patients (inspired by Rules for Patients in the Eye Hospital)

*'Any patient receiving Spirituous or Fermented liquor, or entering the Institution Intoxicated  
RENDERS HIMSELF (or HERSELF) LIABLE TO INSTANT DISMISSAL THEREFROM.'*

Perfect silence is to be observed in the Wards when the Surgeons are making their Visits.

Whisper it; the Surgeons are coming.  
*Hide your liquor Fred, I saw her bring it in,  
what was it, a nice drop of rum?  
You could be liable to  
INSTANT DISMISSAL.*

Stand by your beds, or sit if you can't,  
Matron is coming, her starched cap precedes her,  
not one tendril escapes her iron demeanour.  
Mr Jacobs advances. The retinue of students  
cowers behind, white coats bulging  
with stethoscopes and formulae.

*Don't slouch boy, who is presenting this case?*

A perfect silence is observed in the ward,  
then a high quavering voice, as if unbroken  
trembles out upon the antiseptic air.

*Me sir, Perkins, this is Alfred Staley  
admitted with blunt trauma to his left eye.  
He got in a fight with a bunch of ruffians,  
came off somewhat the worse for wear.*

*Age, occupation, marital status?*  
barks the Surgeon at the hapless Perkins.

*Married, two children, worked at Bilston Furnace,  
scars on his face from an earlier accident,  
Sixty shillings was the compensation paid.*

Matron removes the blood-soaked bandage,  
the Surgeon bends to examine the wound.  
*How many fingers?* -this to the patient.  
*Two, sir, no three, I don't know, I'm not sure.*

*Prepare for theatre, we'll have to explore!*