

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE FINALS

Virginia Lavinder

'Twas the night before finals, and all through the halls,
Hung the echoes of groans, and the smoke of Pall Malls.
The students were nestled down snug in their chairs,
With shaking hands tearing at strands of gray hairs.
Many books, long deserted, were piled so high,
That the stacks, like a mountain, reached high in the sky.
With coffee cups drained for that last luscious drop,
And layers of pin curls piled high on my top;
The cat wound up tightly, and the clock out the door,
My roommate and I settled down for a snore.
When out of Jell Hall there arose such a roar,
That we leaped from our beds. (And fell flat on the floor.)
Clear over to Jordan, we flew with such zip,
We astonished ourselves by the speed of our trip.
The halls of Butler showed studious devotion,
With cigarette butts piled as deep as an ocean.
Then our bloodshot eyes sighted a strange apparition,
For quite such a sight, we had no preparation!
He rode in a hot rod pushed by eight steaming fellows,
And his eyes flashed out arrows of pinks, greens, and yellows.
He wore a black gown, with red satin adorned,
And a mortar board perched on his head, which was horned.
His teeth, how they sparkled, his eyebrows how hairy,
His cheeks like four roses, his nose like a cherry,
He foamed at the mouth, like a victim of rabies,
And he clearly resembled a professor from Hades!
His car carried grade books, and blue books, and textbooks;
Piled on top, were series of "Who Knows What Next" books.
Spotting me there, he gave a fierce scowl,
And promptly emitted a loud, fiendish howl.
My roommate had vanished, and I was alone,
My blood became ice, and my feet turned to stone.
I made an attempt to flee through the hall,
But the fiend had me trapped, with my back to a wall.
He hurled flaming books, and shouted with glee,
And everyone seemed quite amused, except me!
I dodged essays, poems, brief forms, and quotations;
Balance sheets, loans, cosigns, and equations.
I was gasping for breath, and I saw at a glance,
That the third story window was my last desperate chance.
With a terrified hurtle, I dropped to my doom,
And hit with a splat . . . on the floor of my room!
But such things are deserved by each scholarly drudge,
Who tries mixing knowledge, dill pickles, and fudge!