

'Twas the Night Before Finals...



'Twas the night before finals,
And all through the college,
The students were praying
For last-minute knowledge.

Most were quite sleepy,
But none touched their beds,
While visions of essays
Danced in their heads.

Out in the taverns,
A few were still drinking,
And hoping that liquor
Would loosen their thinking.

In my own room,
I had been pacing,
And dreading exams
I soon would be facing.

My roommate was speechless,
His nose in a book,
And my comments to him
Drew unfriendly looks.

I drained all the coffee,
And brewed a new pot,
No longer caring
That my nerves were shot.

I stared at my notes,
But my thoughts were all muddy;
My eyes went a blur,
And I just couldn't study.

"Some pizza might help,"
I said with a shiver,
But each place I called
Refused to deliver.

I'd nearly concluded
That life was too cruel,
With futures depending
On grades earned in school.

When all of a sudden
Our door opened wide
And Patron Saint Put-It-Off
Ambled inside.

His spirit was careless,
His manner was mellow,
But summoning effort
He started to bellow:

"What kind of student
Would make such a fuss
To toss back at teachers
What they toss at us?"

On Cliff Notes! On Crib Notes!
On Last Year's Exams!
On Wingit! And Slingit!
And Last-Minute Crams!"

His message delivered,
He vanished from sight,
But we heard him laughing
Outside in the night:

"Your teachers have pegged you,
So just do your best ...
Happy Finals to all,
And to all, a good test."