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## WHERE THE HELL IS CHRISTMAS?

'Twas the week before finals, when all through the campus  
Not a creature was sleeping, Not a soul on their mattress.  
The library filled full with students of business  
With PowerPoint-projects and cell phones and quizzes.

Art history students sat frantic at tables,  
With flashcards, with artwork, with markers and labels.  
And bio and chem. majors panicked and guessed  
Which chemical formulas would be on their tests?

And the artistic types were all studio-bound,  
Drawing, or painting, or breaking new ground.  
While next-door in Filene, the musicians were busy,  
Practicing Beethoven, Brahms, or Stravinsky.

The writers were writing, mathematicians equating,  
Historians reading, Gov majors debating  
Dancers danced steady, actors slept in the theater,  
Campus-wide, students wished that they'd read all their readers.

And all about campus, and all throughout students,  
A great cry called for freedom of time and amusements.  
So much work left the students unshowered and cranky,  
Sick with full noses and cough drops and hankys.

"To vacation," they yelled, "end this torture right now."  
"End this workload, these classes. End them! End them, and  
how!"  
When up from the Tang, there arose such a sound,  
That the snow from the rooftops all fell to the ground.

And atop of that gallery, perched between stairs and roof,  
Stood a man dressed in red, with white trim and white cuffs.  
Hair spilled out in tangles from under his hat,  
And his coat bulged in places, pushed by sweaters and fat.

All the students who'd rushed from the Library and Case,  
From the dorms and from classrooms, stood squarely in place.  
The man, when he spoke, spoke both slow and deliberate,  
"You need rest," the man said. "And I think I can give it."

"The trouble with schools is the schoolwork, it's simple,  
That's what's been giving you nightsweats and pimples.  
It's the work to be done, it's the projects to finish  
The near constant stream of assignments, admit it."

"You're all sick and tired for just one simple reason:  
Too much time spent in books, not enough in the season.  
For now is a time for good will and great joy,  
This season is not just for small girls and for boys."

And among the great crowd, the great students grew restless,  
Surely this man dressed in red had no senses.  
Sure, schoolwork had kept them from loved ones and rest,  
But could a school be a school without papers and tests?

"Listen now," the man said. "we will change things, I swear.  
We will mix it and fix it so no one will dare  
Lay a finger on Christmas, or its season, or Quanza  
Chanukah's sacred, and so's Ramadanza."

And a flick of his wrists and a clap of his hands,  
Summoned thousands of creatures that jumped up and ran,  
To a student apiece, each one stopping to stand,  
At the side of the student they'd decided to man.

"These short ones," the man said, "they belong to me.  
They're excellent workers, and I've brought them to see  
That you all get your rest, and that none of you flops,  
I have brought you all elves, from the best of my shops."

"They will write all your papers, they will finish your projects,  
They will take all your finals, and leave your rooms spotless.  
So from this moment on, I give all of you leave,  
Go relax and enjoy this fair season on me!"

The students looked down at their personal helpers,  
And then back at the roof, and then all shrugged their shoulders,  
They left all their work to the hands of the elves,  
They left all their textbooks to sit on the shelves.

And for five solid days, they all partied like crazy,  
The elves went to work, and the students sat lazy  
Enjoying their time free with all of its perks  
Until the sixth day, when they checked on their work,

The elves had been working, hard and fast without pause,  
But when students checked in to see where their work was,  
Their mouths dropped, and some fainted, others blanched full  
and stared,  
For President Glotzbach was standing right there.

He surveyed the crowd, then he looked at the workers  
The room where they stood almost looked like a circus  
There were little elf tools stacked in piles and bins,  
And little elf laptops that stretched to their chins.

Paper lay crumpled all over the floor,  
Art projects and theses were stacked by the door.  
At last, Glotzbach brought up his head, and, after blinking  
He said, "I am angry, what the hell were you thinking?"

"How on earth in good faith can I govern a campus,  
Where honor code breakage is running so rampant?  
Work can be done by no one but yourselves,  
Not by internet sources or legions of elves."

"Under technical terms, you have all plagiarized,  
And, strictly speaking, there's no compromise.  
You must all be expelled now, and never come back,  
By the book, if you look, then, you've all got to pack."

But at this point, the man in the red bustled in,  
And sheepish and shuffling, and wearing a grin,  
He spoke up, "It's my fault, I'm the one here to blame,  
I led all of these kids, I caused all of this shame."

The students all studied the tops of their shoes.  
None had realized before they'd have so much to lose.  
Glotzbach glanced over once at the man in the red,  
It was then that an idea popped into his head.

"Since this man standing here has made all of you naughty,  
and I can't rightly dismiss the whole student body,  
I've come up with a plan to set everything right,  
But this work by the elves has to go, and tonight."

"We'll get rid of it all, and you'll all have extensions.  
You'll finish your work, and you'll come to your senses.  
So I hope you've all learned here a valuable lesson:  
In life and in college, there are no elves to rest on."

The students all brightened, and set about breaking,  
All of the things that the elves had been making.  
When it all was destroyed, they went to their tasks,  
And started completing their workloads at last.

And as for the red man, after calling his slaves,  
He went back to the tang, and hopped into his sleigh.  
He yelled "I'm so sorry," as he rose up in flight.  
"But good luck with your finals, good luck and good night!"