



# Literary Page

THE DAY BEFORE DUE DATE

T'was the day before due-date, and the students were soused,  
 Not a printer was working, not even a mouse  
 The system was down, the students were scared  
 And hopes that the help desk soon would be there.  
 The helpers were nestled all snug in their beds,  
 While visions of shut-downs danced in their heads.  
 With Harv fast asleep, and we in the tab,  
 Our hopes were fast-falling, our spirits quite drab.  
 When from the hard drive there rose such a clatter,  
 We rose from our seats to see what's the matter.  
 Away to controller, we flew like a flash,  
 To look in dismay at a full system crash;  
 Our eyes were glazed, our spirits were low.  
 Now progress is *nothing*, where progress was slow.  
 When what to our red-rimmed eyes should appear,  
 But a rather large Harv (he ate tiny reindeer!)  
 With one of those helpers, so tired, not quick  
 I knew in a moment I'd be rather sick.  
 And after a moment, my knuckles I gnawed,  
 For looking around I'd realized we'd flawed:  
 The slanderous notes on the board that were written  
 Would soon be looked o'er, and Harv would be ah...  
 angry.  
 The writings were true, their meaning was clear,  
 the description of systems that weren't held dear.  
 Disks pinned on the wall marked the students vexation,  
 Would only *they* work, *we'd* work in elation!  
 Harv spoke not a word, but went straight to work,  
 By turning his back on the problem that lurks.  
 The system went up, the 'Hit rate' went down,  
 The help desk had left and still was no sound.  
 "Methodical logons will begin from the right -  
 First 'eight', then 'nine', then you in the white."  
 And so it proceeded from 'one' to 'eighteen'  
 (Omitted were six that could not run clean.)  
 An hour had passed, the 'wait-list' grew longer,  
 First sixteen, then eighteen, and then even stronger.  
 T'was the morn of the due-date, the students undone  
 The assignments unfinished, so Harvey had won.  
 JANET was dead, the hard drive laid waste;  
 The students' frustration the system did taste  
 So let's not despair, we fall with a fight!  
 Now go home and sleep. To all a good night.



Christmas Spirit

The kids today are smart  
 They don't believe without the facts  
 A duck that barks is not a duck  
 Unless it also quacks

The one belief that's baffled me  
 (Aside from menopause)  
 Is how a kid with all the facts  
 Could fall for Santa Claus

To start with, how could Santa  
 With his belly and his sack  
 Squeeze into every chimney top  
 While never turning black

And those who own a woodstove  
 Full of logs and set to burn  
 Is Santa Claus so stupid  
 That he never seems to learn?

For those who have no fireplace  
 It makes a fellow gripe  
 To think poor Santa makes his way  
 Through all those water pipes

And how about those reindeer;  
 In a night they tour the world  
 While stopping at the homes  
 Of every single boy and girl

And reindeer soaring through the sky  
 Is really for the birds  
 It makes a fellow wonder  
 Why you never see their turds

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a grinch  
 I love Christmas parades  
 But when will we discover  
 Santa's elves have all got AIDS?

And when will hunters, by mistake  
 Shoot Rudolph, Vixon, Prancer?  
 And when will Santa Claus himself  
 Come down with stomach cancer?

I do enjoy vacation, though  
 The gifts are very nice  
 But more important than the thought  
 Must surely be the price.

By PAT HAMILTON

HIPPIITY'S CHRISTMAS

Hippity happily hopped out of bed  
 Tripped on his slippers and fell on his head  
 Tried to recover but started to sway  
 Not a good omen to start Christmas day

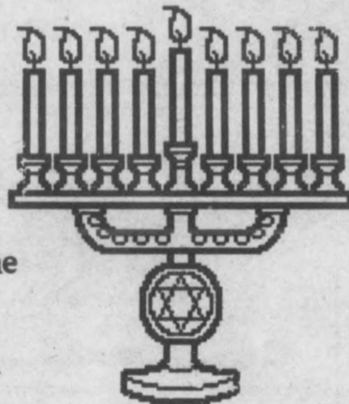
Hippity hopefully headed downstairs  
 Thinking of candy and big teddy-bears  
 Stepped on his kitten who let out a yell  
 Lo! and Behold! once more Hippity fell

Hippity haggardly hobbled in pain  
 Vowing this Christmas he wouldn't complain  
 "Look on the bright side" he thought without care  
 "At least I was quick about getting downstairs"

Hippity hazardly headlonged some more  
 Found his way right to the livingroom door  
 Pulled it to open it as it was closed  
 Pulled with a jerk and it crushed up his nose

Hippity helplessly hollered and crowed  
 All of his pain was unjustly bestowed  
 How could St. Nick or the great Lord above  
 Allow such distress on a day meant for love

Hippity heedlessly hoped for the best  
 Oh once again to his stocking he pressed  
 Just as he spotted his presents, with glee,  
 His foot caught the cord for the lights of the tree



T. FRIESON



Hippity heavily had a great fall  
 Then down came the tree, decorations and all  
 How could he possibly try to explain  
 The truth to his parents while still looking sane

Hippity horrified, held to the floor  
 Scared he would fall even though on all fours  
 Moving his arms and his legs one by one  
 Hoping the gift he saw was a cap gun

Hippity handily unhooked his sock  
 The loop for the nail somehow caught on  
 the clock  
 The clock on the mantle where Hippity sat  
 Wobbled, then fell on his head with a splat

Hippity heartily harranged and cried  
 Groping for hope in his stocking he pried  
 Dumping it out on the living room floor  
 Hippity started to cry even more

Hippity's havoc just had to end soon  
 All of his presents were broken and ruined  
 Just then Mrs. Hippity gave him a shake  
 "Stop screaming, your dreaming,

It's Christmas, awake!"



PAT HAMILTON

On behalf of JAMMIN-AID, we would like to thank the following people and organizations for their support:

Moosehead Breweries  
 UNB Administration  
 UNB Alumni Association  
 UNB Bar Services  
 UNB Campus Police  
 UNB SUB Staff  
 UNB Students  
 The Caribbean Circle  
 Irls Creations  
 Scott Archibald  
 The Brunswickan  
 The Fredericton Inn  
 Beaver Foods  
 Nakash Goshine Equipement (Jamaica) Ltd.



With our Sincere Thanks,

*Tim Judah*  
 Tim Judah

*Chris Nakash*  
 Chris Nakash

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