

## AN INSPIRED SOLUTION

By Danny Fekete

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*Good morning, boys and girls. I'm glad to see  
That everyone's arrived on time today;  
Indeed, such diligence reveals to me  
A marked improvement. Thus, without delay  
I think it best I now return the work  
To which, alas, your industry has not  
Extended. Students, now's the time to shirk  
Your dangerous proclivity to blot  
The virtues of a sane and structured life,  
And make these negligent assignments but  
The ultimate and terminating strife  
Within careers elsewhere pristine of smut.*

Our lesson for today recalls a man  
With whom I doubt my students are unversed,  
A man who, much like them, his life began  
Immersed in books. With academic thirst  
He swiftly drank his way to wisdom through  
A sea of youthful ignorance, and earned  
Scholastic accolades and retinue,  
For little in his time he had not learned.

*Yes, Mr. Perkins, I have surely seen  
Your pale complexion, you and Miss Sylvest  
(Whose listlessness demands I intervene)  
May hurry home and take an evening's rest.*

Now, where was I? Ah, yes, our hero, then,  
With massive feats of effort came to know  
The bulk of human knowledge. This was when  
Much like your teacher, *he* designed to show  
The students of his time their wond'rous world,  
And toiled a sum of years toward that aim.  
Indeed, he trained so long that, freshly hurled  
Into his new vocation, it became  
Unpleasantly apparent that, with all  
His time devoted to that noble trade,  
He had neglected *his* scholastic thrall  
And was eclipsed—his knowledge progress frayed.  
The brilliant scholar swam, defamed and lost,  
Again in unenlightened seas submersed,  
For progress cruelly claims its quiet cost  
From him whose *altruism* slakes his thirst.

*I'm sorry? Yes, this will be on the test,  
And while we're interrupted, I think I'll  
Avail myself, at hygiene's mute behest*

*To comment on your cleanliness and style.  
I am aware such things are often far  
Removed from an instructor's place to say,  
But truly, such a stink as this will mar  
Your quality of learning. Do not stray,  
My class, when you are home tonight,  
Far from your baths and brushes, soaps and combs,  
That on the morrow, you, O acolytes,  
Might freshly learn from freshly dusted tomes.*

Our time, I fear, is quickly drawing short,  
And brevity, unhappy though it be,  
Will prove a far superior resort  
To rude truncation: onwards, history!

Abandoned to his misery and loss,  
The fallen man reflected on his fate:  
His exploits obsolete, and rendered dross;  
So, struck upon a plan to inundate  
The academic nation once again  
With torrents of his genius. He devised  
(For *backward* though he was, his mighty brain  
Could still exceed most folk's) and realized  
A fine contraption, fashioned as to rain  
A storm of tiny creatures he'd construct  
Upon the Mother Earth and all her spawn.  
A microbe, ably rendered, wrought, and drawn  
Despite his *antiquated* skill, a pawn  
With which to deftly stalemate Pallas' brawn!

You see, my pupils, knowledge runs apace  
With all the work and studies that pursue  
It. Hence our Teacher: doomed to fail his race  
'Gainst obsolescence while another's new  
Research protracts his purpose. To recite  
Your lesson's moral: we must strictly note  
Our model's perfect answer to his plight.  
Addressing "progress" as his foe, he smote  
Its manifold foundations.

*Now, requisite  
My labours here today and kindly bloat  
Your heads with these essential, gleaming pearls  
(Despite your pallor, pose, and awful smell).  
I see our time's expired; boys and girls,  
Go free, and hark the tolling of the bell—  
Stay not on my account, for I insist  
We'll reconvene tomorrow. Class dismissed.*