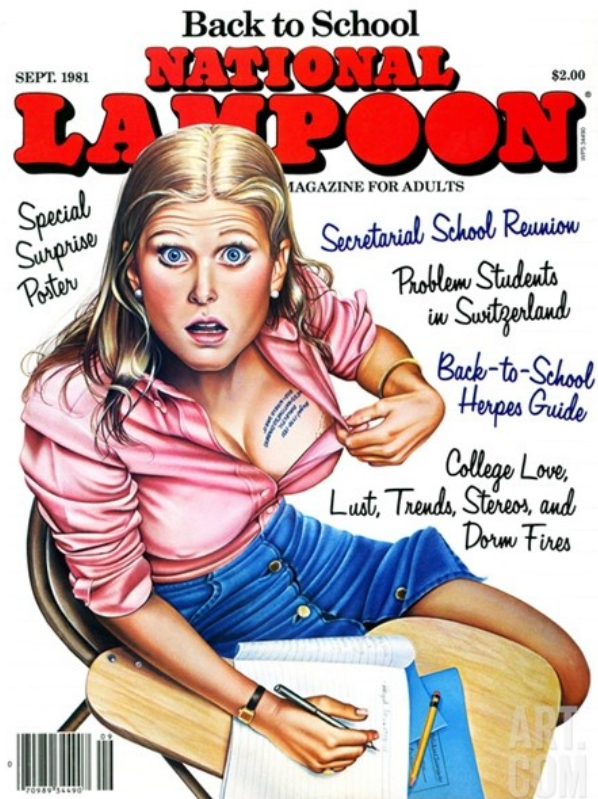


The test's, they say,  
For us to learn;  
So all night long  
The pages churn.  
But come the sun,  
I could not think:  
No thoughts, no bath –  
My gods, I stink!

So mind applied to  
How to con:  
“Test cops” and profs,  
I’m really on  
To stuff so hard,  
To learn and know –  
Lost with the dawn,  
Just where’d it go?  
Heard in my mind:  
“Don’t Fail The Test!!”  
So notes ensconced,  
On wrist and breast.

Cheat? Who me?  
How dare you say!  
I really learned  
Stuff for today.  
It’s just so hard  
For me to think:  
I crammed all night,  
Slept not a wink.  
Besides, I’ll get  
Killed if I fail –  
And now I’m caught,  
So what’s the bail?



### Test Time in Verse

by

Herbert Jack Rotfeld

Partly inspired by a 1980s *National Lampoon* back-to-school issue's cover (above), written after stopping several different high-effort low-yield cheating attempts, & realizing that dealing with the cretins from the bottom of the academic motivational pool endangered an ability to enjoy those at the top end, the youths whose company created a desire to enter the career of thinking for a living, the real students on the campus with a positive spirit, thinking ability & a desire to use their brains for something more than an item to chemically fry on weekends.