

Jacqueline Michaud

STUDENT REPORT FOR BIOLOGY

A squirrel scampered up the **shad**¹
tree outside my bedroom window.
It jerked like a little **strobe**².
To the sash I flew in a flash

and threw it up, but too late,
he was gone. Then I heard these
tiny feet dashing along the ridge
of our roof. People always think

the squirrel's so adorable, but I say
if it didn't have that fluffy tail
I bet they'd go, *Hey, there's a rat
on my roof!* That made me think

about roofs in general, then Xmas:
Santa has no tail but he gets a pass,
right? Maybe it's not just because
he brings us cool stuff – like last year

I finally got *Grand Theft Auto*,
which was totally awesome! --but
because he has eight miniature
reindeer, and you've gotta admit

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1. **shad**: A herring-like fish that enters rivers to spawn.
 2. **strobe**: A stroboscope.

they are cute. Ergo my **hypothesis**³:
Without his bushy tail the squirrel
would look like a rat, and without
his reindeer with their fluffy tails

Santa would be considered a **perv**⁴,
sort of like **Eddie Low**⁵, and maybe
people would call 911 to get him
arrested, and then Xmas would suck!

The End

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3. **hypothesis**: A proposition made without any assumption of its truth.
 4. **perv**: A pervert.
 5. **Eddie Low**: A perv in *Grand Theft Auto*

Welcome! To continue in English press 1.

“1”

Para continuar en Español oprima el numero dos.

“1”

Please listen to the following options
before making your selection
as our menu has recently changed.

For a list of local hospitals press 3.

“3”

For the Police press 4.

For a list of local fire departments press 5.

For a list of local faith-based...

“3”

churches press 6.

“3”

To return to the main menu, press the * key.

“3”

For more menu options press the # key

“3”

We're sorry, but that mailbox is full.

If this is a emergency, hang up and dial 911.

“911”

We're sorry, that is not a valid extension.

Your call is very important to us. To speak
with an agent, say “agent”.

“agent”

Welcome! To continue in English press1,

“Agent”

Para continuar in Español...

“AGENT”

oprime el numero dos.

“3”

We're sorry, all our agents are busy assisting
other customers. Your call will be answered
in the order it was received. Your wait time
currently is...38 minutes.

“4”

Good-byeeee!

*MY LIFE: AN ATTEMPT
AT AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

It was Volume I of the two-volume set
by Leon Trotsky left behind
by the owners of a house
my parents could not afford
to buy but only rent.
I don't recall all the titles
they brought with them in the move,
paperbacks chiefly, but recollect Dad
had all of Ian Fleming's novels.
He'd send me to Rexalls to buy them,
"But please, dear, don't say who it's for."
We lived in a small town back then.

I see him now, sipping a *Black & White*,
puffing his *Muriel*, imbibing the sexploits
of 007, as Mom, on the sofa beside him,
lights another Kent and dog-ears pages
of *Larousse Gastronomique*, planning her feast
for the Bishop-soon-to-be-Cardinal.
"But don't tell the nuns at school, dear,"
she'd whisper, euphoric to be the chef
for the Most Reverend Excellency, who once,
with his chauffeur, delivered a dozen Barbies
to the Home for Unwed Mothers.
("Merry Christmas, girls!")

The appetite for fairy-tales thrives still,
while Leon's old autobiography,
reissued in paperback, can't compete
with all the Thrillers, Mysteries, and other
subgenres at Amazon.com. Anyway,
I think I read it.