

**A parody written by Professor
Larry Stewart for the Sir Walter
Scot's holiday party for English
majors – December 2011**

Prof. Stewart notes that unexpectedly
stressed syllables have been bolded.

A Scott's Christmas

T'was weeks before Christmas
But the **Sir** Walter Scotts
Were longing for stories
With Christmasy plots.

We **should** have a reading,
Said the head Walter Scott,
Though **we're** far too busy
The profs, they are not.

The idea sounds great,
Yes, **we** should pursue it;
And it's really no work
Since Kathie'll do it

Call Mazen, call Travis,
Call Nancy and Terry;
Ask them to read stories
Of the **kind** that are merry.

Call Larry, call Leslie,
Call Dan and call Kate,
Call Matthew and Mary,
Tell **them** we can't wait

For we need such stories
At this time of year:
Stories of Santa
And of his reindeer,

Stories from Dickens
And his poor little boy,
Or verse 'bout the Grinch
Who stole everyone's joy.

But one Walter Scott,
With timorous voice,
Asked, "What if they read
Not from Seuss but from Joyce.

And what if such stories
Of tots, in their beds tucked,
Are stories that they
Will **then** deconstruct?

And what if instead
Of images gentle,
Mazen finds Santa's
Sleigh oriental?

Or what will we do
If Santa's great pipe
Is found by the profs
To be phallic in type?

Or the chimneys as well—
I'm doing it too—
Once you've read Freud
Your innocence's through.

We'll most likely find
Through **a** Marxist reading
That in Santa's workshop
Revolution is breeding.

The elves have no union,
They're worked far too hard;
They'll **prob**'ly hoist Santa
By **his** own petard."

The Scotts, they all shivered
In dread and in fear
That **the** Christmas theorists
Soon would appear.

But what could be done?
The date had been set;
There was nothing to do
But to wait and to sweat.

Then Tuesday arrived
And **in** the profs flew,
While the Scotts settled back
To be read to.

Apprehensive and fearful,
They averted the gaze
That might **signal** the start
Of Lacanian lays,

But the reading proceeded
Without gaps or blank spaces,
No lacunae appeared,
No Derridian traces.

Except for one reader
Whose texts were pure drivel,
The reading was pleasant
The profs almost civil.

The stories were good
Most often canonical
A touch sentimental
And sometimes ironical.

Although some of the Scotts,
Eyes closed and inert,
Were obviously there
Just for the dessert.

Most **sat** up alert
And joined in applauding,
Knowing their graders
Were those they were lauding.

But fin'ly it ended
To no one's displeasure
Still most all agreed
They had mem'ries to treasure

And the head Walter Scotts
Were pleased and were beaming
They'd managed the reading
Through begging and scheming.

“Let's do it again
Yes, we'll do it next year
Cause we'll graduate soon
And no **longer** be here.”