



(Hope they got the spelling right!)

Sing of ~~the~~ tiny aches and pains  
 Sinus trouble when ~~it~~ rains  
 Bench that makes the arse grow cold  
 Fingers getting stiff and old  
 Crackling parchment, slopping ink  
(Nuff ter drive a man ter drink!)

On their benches, did they wonder  
 Who would see their slightest blunder?  
 Doing it all on shortened rations  
 For the future generations  
 From the bottle cork let's jerk  
 To Alexandria's toiling clerk  
 Here, we toast thy boring work!

Candlelight that makes you squint  
Working on the Septuagint

[Note: Nittany Budgett is a friend of the distinguished author and humorist, John Bellairs.]

Sent w/ JB's letter of 12/2/81