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## The Student's Quest

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## The Student's Quest

Anne-Catherine Schaaf, '22

Of homework and or the tired student I sing, trying to swim in a sea of books and notes.

O caffeinated beverage, permit me to speak, of the gloom of the Dinand basement, of the wails and moans of the restless students, the heavy-eyed procrastinators, resisting the gleaming temptations of Behemoth Facebook, Siren SnapChat, Labyrinthine Instagram, in the hallowed quest to find the sacred wisdom of Wikipedia and SparkNotes.

Let me speak of the ghostly mist, hanging over the high-hilled campus, the uncertain stairs, the weighted backpack, the student who must brave it all to study.

And so the tired student left her dorm, loaded with heavy books and the determination to have all of her homework done before the weekend. But alas! What intrepid young learner can brave their way through declensions, through participles, through readings long and short, without sustenance? The shining halls of Cool Beans beckon, rays of light and sumptuous scents of sweet pastries and milkshakes stand against the gloom of a grey afternoon.

It was the Golden Croissant the tired student sought, the blessed creation of carbohydrates for quick energy that students rely on. And so up through the heights the student trudges on. The wise sophomore behind the counter could

hand over the long-sought croissant, but could offer no Sibylline wisdom in the hungry one's studies—such knowledge comes at a higher price than Massachusetts' minimum wage.

Onward then, by the driving hands of fate, those far off figures who expect academic competence in exchange for tuition money. Renewed by calories more empty than a student's head after finals, the student prepared to cross the Hoval far-stretching, like a coracle against the wide waters of the fathomless seas. Through the gaping doors, then past work-study student's piercing eye! The student hurries down the stairs! No time to waste! The world turns, the homework must be done! A moment's abeyance turns ardent desire into flickering velleity! The cavernous chambers await!

Yet, every soul who descends into the stacks of Dark Dinand shall rise into the empyreal light, as long as they silence their devices before the ears of the prowling librarians prick. A Fury would be a friendlier fate to those who wrong the bastion of bibliophiles. Let us continue on, wandering through the rows of books like plowed fields, where the wasp like whispers of the tomes provide an ominous promise—midterms, projects, papers, yet to come! Hence, the tired student must wander through, find the rare, unsullied desk, sink slow into the depleted chair, let white leaves multiply until ancient coffee stains and impressed pencil marks of labor's level space are but distant memory. Silent are the

stacks of Dinand, save the mild footfall of a wandering soul. Hark! A young Sisyphus passes by, a tragic figure, the poor math major who shall practice their theorem one hundred times, but whose memory shall grow murky when the final sits before them.

Not the young student though, who toils like prolific bee, as flashcards tower and highlighters stain dreary text with brilliance. Arduous the work may be, but the mind is clever, and the will is great. When the effort most reasonable has been made, let the student rejoice. To the winding halls of knowledge, where old sages sit, on Monday, she will take her lingering pestiferous queries. For tonight, they shall find sleep before the moon shines bright in the vast sky. The spirit rises, and so too the body, out of the gloom and into triumph!

Onward, exalting student, down the uncertain stairs, the uneven steps, a hazard mild but fear inducing. To Kimball, victorious, for the feast of champions! Or, should the line for champion's feast stretch like the necks of fearsome Scylla, perhaps stir fry.