

# WHAT HAPPENED TO SNOOKS

by  
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## VERSES

The tale of what happened to Snooks of the Third,  
Is one of the queerest you ever have heard,  
    And it shows how a man  
    May fall down on a plan,  
With results unexpected and rather absurd.

Alfred Snooks, of the Third Form, was feeling a pain  
After six of the best from his form-master's cane,  
    And he set out to seek  
    A revenge on his beak,  
And his plan was well laid, though he laid it in vain.

Quite regardless of Snooks, after class Mr. Todd  
Ambled happily out in the sunshiny quad,  
    With a deckchair and book,  
    To sit down in some nook,  
There to read in the shade, or more likely to nod.

Alfred Snooks of the Third, without stopping to think,  
Lost no time in collecting a jugful of ink,  
    With some eggs old and stale,  
    Which he mixed in a pail,  
Surreptitiously snaffled from under a sink.

All around him he cast the most watchful of looks,  
With a wariness equal to old Chingachgook's,  
    But the coast was quite clear,  
    Not a beak or pre. near,  
And so everything seemed quite auspicious to Snooks.

To his form-master's study he cautiously trod,  
Vacant now, with his beak sitting out in the quad,  
    Tiptoed cautiously in,  
    And at once, with a grin,  
Set to work on a booby-trap ready for Todd.

Standing up on a chair—he was not very tall—  
Lodged the pail on the door-top, just touching the wall,  
    So that when Mr. Todd  
    Ambled in from the quad,  
And pushed open the door, it was certain to fall.

Now of course when the hare-brained and venturesome chap,  
Had arranged for his beak that astute booby-trap,  
    He could not hope to flee  
    By the doorway, for he  
Couldn't possibly squeeze through so narrow a gap.

But he didn't, of course, think of staying inside,  
And his plans for escaping were all cut and dried,  
    His work done, he had but  
    By the window to cut,  
And that window his beak had left open and wide.

So across to the window he scudded, to beat  
From his form-master's study a hurried retreat,  
    He glanced left, he glanced right,  
    There was no one in sight,  
But appearances often are merely deceit.

For it happened that under the window-sill there,  
Was the spot where old Todd had located his chair,  
    And if Snooks had leaned out,  
    And glanced downward, no doubt  
He'd have seen the bald spot in his form-master's hair.

But he didn't! He looked to the left and the right,  
Ascertained that no prefect or beak was in sight,  
Placed his hands on the sill,  
Vaulted out with a will,  
Little dreaming, poor fellow, on what he'd alight!

Then a sudden wild yell from amazed Mr. Todd,  
Woke the echoes all over the House and the quad,  
As upon his bald head,  
Like a cargo of lead,  
Crashed the boots with which Snooks of the Third Form was shod.

And the deck-chair collapsed, with a creak and a squeak,  
Mr. Todd sprawling on it with shriek after shriek,  
While young Snooks, all amazed,  
Dizzy, dithering, and dazed.  
Spread out breathlessly spluttering over his beak.

Poor old Snooks tumbled off him and rolled on the ground,  
With the earth and the sky wildly spinning around,  
He sat up in a daze,  
With a horrified gaze,  
As he saw what had happened, and whom he had downed.

Mr. Todd scrambled up, without saying a word,  
But he pounced like a hawk upon Snooks of the Third,  
Rushed him off to the Head,  
Fairly quaking with dread,  
And the Head flogged him soundly for what had occurred.

So the booby-trap never came off after all,  
Which young Snooks had so carefully planted to fall  
On his form-master's nut,  
The whole scheme had gone phut,  
And that flogging left Snooks hardly able to crawl.

It was awful rough luck on young Snooks of the Third,  
Though it made all the other chaps laugh when they heard,  
And it shows how a man  
May fall down on a plan,  
With results unexpected and rather absurd.