Something Wrong

Margaret Himmel*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1938 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
YE GODS! Where was Dad? Why had he left me alone in such a place when he knew I couldn’t find my way out? What if I should be carried out to sea? What if—oh, a million things.

This time I started in the opposite direction. Fifty feet farther on I turned right, wondering what new trouble this would bring me and—there was Dad talking rapidly to the Chief, with the Second acting as interpreter. Resentment filled me right to the brim—here I’d wandered through the realm of the devil himself, frantically seeking a way out, while there stood Dad not a hundred feet from where I’d started, unconcernedly gabbing with the chief engineer.

Saying never a word, I moved closer, and until we reached deck where we could see the world again, I was practically riding in his pocket. Later, as I was giving an over-vivid account of my heroism in winning through all those frightful dangers, I learned that I hadn’t even been missed!

Something Wrong

Margaret Himmel
I. S. ’40

Faces clouded; figures shrouded
In clothes which sadly need a press.
Eyes are droopy; throats are croupy;
Hair unkempt in wild distress.

No one dances; no one prances;
Feet can barely shuffle along.
Roommate’s bossy; boy friend’s saucy;
Campanile strikes all wrong.

Grads are laggard; profs are haggard;
Dorms and frats alight till late.
Bells are knelling! all this spelling
Final exams at Iowa State.