

The Mother

(A parody of "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe)

By Amy Bonaparte

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I studied, weak and weary,
 Over many an enormous textbook that did nothing but bore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a loud voice nagging,
 Someone was loudly nagging, nagging at my bedroom door.
 "Oh God, it is my mother," I shuddered, "nagging at my bedroom door—
 I wish she would go away, so I could hear her no more."
 Ah, distinctly I remember it was on the last day of Christmas break in
 December;
 And each of my stress candles was melted down to the core.
 Afraid I waited the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
 Time to ease my sorrow—sorrow for homework I should have done
 before—
 For just thinking of the homework I neglected over break makes my head
 ever so sore—
 I wish I could just take my textbooks and throw them out the door.
 And the perpetual, whiny, unrelenting sound of my mother in the room
 next door
 Irritated me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before,
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 "She will contain her nagging to my sister in the room next door.
 She has to contain her nagging to the room next door.
 Maybe she won't come in if I pretend to snore."
 Presently I developed a headache that grew steadily stronger, hesitating
 then no longer,
 "Mother," said I, "must you talk so loud outside my door?
 But the fact is I was trying to work and quite frankly, your incessant
 grating is driving me berserk!
 And so loudly you came nagging, nagging at my bedroom door.
 Please go away and bother me no more."
 I really wish there were a lock on my door.
 Deep into my door I stared, wondering if she yet remained there; I sat
 there still a little scared.
 The door remained silent, without any sounds—back I returned to studying
 atoms and compounds.
 The silence remained unbroken and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only thing in my room spoken was a whispered, "Too much
 work, I can't take this anymore!"
 This I whispered and a voice answered back, "You should have done it
 before."
 I said, "Did that come from outside *my* door?"
 Back to my studies I soon returned, all the while my stomach churned,
 Soon again I heard a nagging, if possible, even louder than before.
 "Great," said I, "she's here to nag me again.
 I can easily recognize that familiar roar—
 She has come to bother me once more—
 As if this homework isn't enough of a bore."
 Then flung open was my door with a shove and a bang,
 In walked my mother, probably intent on assigning me a stupid chore.
 I knew I was in real trouble when she didn't even utter a word.
 She just came in and stood in the middle of my floor—
 Right inside my door—
 There she stood and did nothing more.
 Her piercing blue eyes reminded me of a wolf in disguise.
 Unfortunately, I was her prey, not Little Red; it was me she was trying to
 lure—
 "Well," I said, "I can see you're mad, what have I done that is so bad?
 Did I forget to do some stupid chore?
 Tell me why you are standing at this late hour in my bedroom door!"
 Quoth my mother, "Should have done it before."
 Much was I annoyed at the answer my mother gave, and did not know
 what it employed.

Her answer carried little meaning—little relevance it bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was so cursed by seeing their mother inside their bedroom door—
 An angry unyielding mother inside their bedroom door—
 Who says nothing but "Should have done it before."
 My mother was standing all tall and erect; and I was wondering how my
 life, she was going to infect.
 All she would say, was that one phrase, and I just wanted to push her out
 my door—
 Nothing she further uttered—not even a stutter
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "She has made my life miserable
 before;
 She has come to do it to me once more."
 Then she nagged again, "Should have done it before."
 I was startled again at her reply, she thought herself to be so sly.
 "Doubtless," I said to myself, "what she utters she means for me to abhor,
 For in her eyes she is the Master and she means to make my life a disaster.
 So start your tirade mother, out let it pour—
 Just please step outside and say it to the door.
 I just can't figure out what I should have done before."
 She still stood her place, with a smug look upon her face.
 "What did I forget?" I said, "What did I ignore?
 Mother, what did I do to put you in such a mood?
 I am just trying to get this work done, and as to whether I can, I still am not
 sure.
 I swear I will do all you want tomorrow, all that and more!"
 But all she replied was, "Should have done it before."
 This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To my mother, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This I sat thinking, with her eyes on me unblinking
 I wish this whole confrontation were o'er,
 I needed to get back to my history book about the old days of yore.
 "What should I have done before?"
 Then, methought, the air grew even more tense, and all because of this
 stupid nonsense.
 Why won't she just leave from inside my door?
 "Why," I cried, "why are you bothering me? Please go and let me be!
 I'm sorry for whatever it is I did, and I promise it won't happen anymore!
 You're creeping me out; reminding me of that annoying bird that would
 only quote, "Nevermore."
 Still she stood, smiled, and said, "Should have done it before."
 "Mother," said I, "please tell me what I did and stop torturing this poor
 kid!
 I still have calculus, chemistry, and Spanish to do yet señor!
 Tomorrow all this work is due and if I don't do well on it I'll never get into
 PSU!
 Stop stressing me out, I implore!

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The author of this parody is **Amy Bonaparte**. Amy is eighteen and a senior at Bentworth High School. She lives in Scenery Hill with both of her parents, her younger sister, Heather, and many feline friends. Her hobbies in school include band, the National Honor Society, Leo Club, FBLA, and Peer Jury. Outside of school she likes to read, watch movies, hang out with friends, and decorate everything and anything, ranging from her room, to her clothes. The three things she enjoys most in the world include her cat, Midnight, her grandmother's spaghetti, and "The Lord of the Rings" books. Her main goals in life are to attend college majoring in chemistry, and later on to work in a successful in a career that she enjoys. Her main claims to fame include being related to Napoleon Bonaparte and getting the class AP Chemistry added to the school's curriculum.