

## **A Student's Journey**

The first time I entered these ancient halls was late, lost and in a hurry,  
a bag full of anxiety with lacking map awareness to cope.

Or was my face the map of honour, truth, and loyalty?

Which does not explain why I wanted to quit

before even entering Language 1, my first course – this was it

"Studying English isn't all it's cracked up to be."

Is almost Bridget's mother's take. Regardless, I was feeling summer's glee  
leaving my first term paper as a gossipy milkshake of kind.

Bittersweet - like my failing spree, which I had yet to leave behind.

Like a Lannister, Intro to linguistics once more sends its regards.

Trying to cut my university journey short right where it starts.

Though surely magic is real – thus third time's the charm

allowing me to somehow scrape by,

leaving me in the literary wonderland's hive.

After the linguistic rabbit waved me bye-bye,

enabling me finally and forever only for literary studies to apply.

'Tis the second year of summer with no hidden serpent in sight,

though a postcolonial conference might prove elementary -

That is, for my networking Parseltongue skills to thrive.

Thus, one sunny weekend is met with notebooks, sweat and kangaroos.

No ice-cream though, my one regret, I would have loved to be on the "aside" instead.

But my curtain was called, and oh shame, I had joined too soon!  
To be pierced by wisdom's mighty sword, like Polonius, oh, what could I do?  
My crown is not bald, though one might say I've got only little wit,  
thus, I assume 'tis our time to hurry onwards, some stories in between to skip.

The tempest roars as I prosper O! How lovely indeed!

My Bachelor about to be finished; though the Prüfungsamt had me deceived...

One extra semester – one additional couplet, thanks bureaucratic fate!

My revenge tragedy proves a literary one – to be performed on the Elizabethan stage.

Shortly after, as a Master apprentice I rose, with my great expectations yet to be met.

Believed myself to be young Master Pip, so soon to embark on my Irish field trip.

But history repeats once more – and thus the black plague sank its fangs-

years isolated like Miss Havisham. Have no broken heart, but broken wings,

can I be reborn or is it the ferryman that sings?

Am I decaying already or is my webcam merely green?

Like a beheaded knight, I ride revitalized onto the medieval scene.

If one *zooms* right in, they may see me smile,

though the virtual room had my passions crippled for a while.

As I sit in front this beautiful palace with three steps yet to climb,

my thesis being already finished but my ambitions barely ripe.

All's well that ends well! Is it my exit already? I cannot tell.

Perhaps my true farewell is that I will not ducking leave(!)

Got dreams aplenty – some stories to be written – thus onwards to my Ph.D.