

## **Nonsense rhymes from Fenicomoti**

There was a college called BEC  
It used to have a chief like Roy AC  
And a VP like Baroda RC  
The latter used to tell the students something like this – you see  
“Study boys study - else you won’t get as your wife - a pretty lassie”

For some 64 BEC greens, Downing Hall was a hive  
No one to frown, one could buzz on one’s own  
They thought they would thrive  
But lentil was water – pure and clean,  
Fish was wafer thin,  
Because it was Hostel Super’s ruling –  
The food charge will not cross rupees thirty five

Among 1964 entrant BEC-69ians, there were four gals  
who used to sit on the first bench of the class.  
And there was Professor “Legou” lecturing on cement  
in whisper and half sentence.  
The boys could not hear him and used to lose patience.  
But the gals were happy as bee - and why they should not be?  
They could pick up everything he said,  
and closely see his handsome face!

Then there was a Sardarji – indulgent par excellence  
In his Survey class – “Those who”  
used to be the first words in his first sentence.  
He used to complete the sentence with a heavy heave.  
While fleeing the class, the students used to hear  
the remaining words “want to leave, may leave “

Then there was Shantanu Sur in hostel 9 - with a heart simple and pure.  
Intelligent and diligent as he was – believe me it was sure  
that he was the first to finish the Survey drawing.  
Others copied it, got more marks, their smile growing .  
Shantanu got less but was happy nonetheless.  
Long live Shantanu – you were a true friend – we keep you in our heart’s place.