

Hello Dr. Osborne,

You may find that I cannot rhyme,
But I did spend some time.
So please reward me
With bonus points many. =)

Here is my best attempt at being a poet:

There once was a little boy,
His parents named him Roy.
He did very well in school,
But neglected to take Physiology 422.

Then one day, he went on a radio show,
And won a trip to Australia, Geelong.
Upon his arrival, he signed up for a diving tour,
But little does he know, it is tourists they lure.

The instructor gave them their gear,
And told them not to fear.
Not understanding the Aussie accent,
Roy still followed the group on descent.

Why oh why are my ears hurting?
The pressure in middle ear is building.
Pinch your nose and do the Valsalva,
No no no, not the Tarent'Ilia!

Why oh why are my teeth hurting?
The cavity in your teeth is expanding.
Exhale, my dear friend, exhale,
No no no, not from your tail!

Alas they return to land,
And since then, Roy stayed on sand.

Anonymous