

## CH302 Random Musings February 14, 2008— V-Day special

1. The exam 1 scores are back. The average was a 74% and I am pretty pleased with class performance. Of course this is a score for only 181 of you and so the full results await the more than 300 of you taking it Sunday. I will defer till next Tuesday a more detailed analysis (assuming QUEST is yielding statistics by then.)
2. In the mean time, it is my pleasure to recognize David Varghese who took time out of his busy schedule to e-mail and let me know that 180 students would take the Wednesday exam. I am suddenly required to find a gift to give him, and I think most anything I would give is probably illegal, so I am going to leave an autographed copy of UT's year book in the front of the room and will not take it with me as I leave.
3. This must mean that over 300 of you are taking the exam on Sunday night at 6 pm. Show up in Welch 2.224 and we will send the overflow next door to Welch 2.246. All the same rules apply that were in my administrative materials handed out on Tuesday.
4. A couple dozen of you have asked if the exam on Sunday will be harder. To this I will say that it saddens me that climates are created in which students and faculty believe they are adversaries. Actually I want all my students to do well and so it would follow that I would not attempt to be unfair to any of you. It will most certainly be true that either the Sunday exam or the Wednesday exam will result in one cohort doing better or worse than another—which one, I can't say.
5. My office hours will be in my office until further notice.
6. Now for the obligatory pleas not to let your learning in the class slide. Continue to use the help sessions and academic communities so you can start to really learn equilibria and electrochemistry.
7. Worksheet 6 on buffers, neutralization and titrations will be posted this weekend.
8. Extra credit will be coming—I am already being queried about extra credit. There will be three extra credits for this class, each worth 1% of your grade. Briefly they will include e-mailing me about teaching a science hater some chemistry over spring break, attending a scholarly lecture in a field that interests you, and attending an undergraduate research poster session. Much more to come.
9. Getting an A in this class. Each of you is certainly smart enough to know the material and I would desperately love to see everyone in the class learn the material well enough to earn an A. I also firmly believe that the only thing standing between each of you and an A in this class is your effort and correct study habits. I can't fix the effort, but I can offer suggestions on how to fix the study habits. If you want to talk about concerns with this class, or non-academic issues that are impacting your success in college, please come see me. Contact my assistant Judy at 471-6176 to make an appointment for us to meet, get to know each other, and discuss whatever is of interest or concern to you.
10. Poetry Corner. First three poems that have been written about this class at the interface between Valentine's Day and the exam on equilibrium. After that, the raw aching poetry of science and engineering students in love. Most of them make me squirm with their unabashed sentiment. But I promised so here they come.

### **The Chemistry to Hating Valentine's Day** Anonymous

I woke up Valentine's morning, and pushed open the door,  
To run to my computer, and check out my score.  
For last Wednesday, I took Dr.Laude's test,  
I was sure I aced it, I did my best.  
But then I saw it, on my computer screen,  
out of 180 points, I scored less than 115!  
I am not too happy, so get the hell out of my way,  
This stupid score, ruined my Valentine's Day!  
I mean, it was multiple choice, How hard could it be?  
I thought at the very most, I'd miss only three.  
But there were some questions a little too raw, like  
"which one is least true of the ideal gas law?"

You see the word least, could be open to debate,  
but the tests have been graded, so it's probably too late.  
So to end this poem my friends, I have to say,  
That because of chemistry, I truly hate VALENTINE'S DAY!

## A poem after failing the equilibrium exam

At the start of the semester  
about four weeks ago,  
we were all learning chemistry  
extremely, very slow.  
But now that pace has changed,  
and its no longer review,  
for on that last equilibrium test,  
I scored a 122!  
For that one evil, satanic test,  
is one with which I must cope,  
because as far as exempting the final,  
I can kiss goodbye to all my hope.  
And then I thought, "Hey maybe, with  
extra credit  
my grade is saved,"  
then Laude announced to everyone,  
"NO EXTRA CREDIT  
IN YOUR EXEMPTION GRADE!"  
As my smile turned into a frown,  
and my bubble began to burst,  
I thought to myself,  
"well, it can't get any worse."  
For nothing can be worse than  
taking the final as my only grade,  
and I can't blame Dr. Laude,  
since this grave is one I made.  
The final is around the corner,  
and there are many things to yet be read,  
I won't be able to sleep very much,  
I'll just pass out near my bed.  
So fellow classmates,  
What can you learn from this rhyme?  
Get off your lazy ---- and study,  
You're running out of time!

## Ode on CH302

Oh Dr. Laude  
how you hate the fall  
and those trips with your daughter  
to be a model at the mall

but still you love it  
and your family too  
and all of your students  
in chem 302...

you love travis, his ipod,  
and the UGTAs as well  
and especially judy  
boy isnt she just swell

but acids and bases  
really make me frown  
and asking if things shift left or right  
when the pressure goes way down

so valentines day is a day of love  
for you and your schooling  
but i think "can i get an A?"  
who am i fooling...

And now the raw aching poetry of science and  
engineering students in love

For Mary Martha, St. Valentine's Day 2008

## Intermingled Souls

*Who is worthy for to sing your praise?  
My feeble tongue knows not sufficient words,  
Nor any creature save seraphim may raise  
A song to tell the world of our love.*

*A warm mahog'ny crown my fingers brush,  
And sparkling blue-green stars do mine eyes meet.  
As the softness of your skin receives my touch  
Just so your tender heart does greet my soul.*

*In full embrace I hold it now to me  
That, though we are apart, you feel my warmth;  
And 'til your blissful countenance I see,  
So you hold fast to me my void to bear.*

*Thus it is: our souls intermingled be,  
And so shall stay unto eternity.*

Sometimes I wish you were mine  
Under your bedroom window I pray  
Someday you'll love me  
And we'll share a home one day.  
Never a day goes by

Love with you doesn't cross my mind  
I stare at you every day  
No not that creepy kind  
Now my love has been professed..

By: Clausius Clapeyron

## Marshmallow Pillow Talk

I heard the secret language of the marshmallow  
yesterday;  
I listened to him cry,  
I heard his mating  
Call  
for graham cracker planks and chocolate bar sidekick as  
his  
consistency transformed,  
from a non-tacky rubbery state  
to fused orgasmic sticky bliss.  
Yes, this Rare  
Event, too, caught me by surprise,  
as I did not know who made that  
sound or why?  
But then everything made sense; the marshmallow was  
lonely no  
more.  
His transmutation takes place not just  
by himself, but with his very subtle call,  
he  
Beckons the shield of cracker  
to help compress  
a Metamorphosis with his chocolate counterpart to that  
of the  
blessed - Smore.  
This sound, this noise  
will catch you off guard  
one day when you ask yourself  
What it may be... But,  
it could be you see,  
the sweet pillow talk of a marshmallow  
not lonely anymore.

-Dave Johnson  
12/19/06

(To: "Silly" Love, your baby)

### Untitled

You can't go from hairy ice cream to idiotic circles  
without the kiwi in the middle  
The crazily happy and happily crazy to see you  
-love  
is a simple thing  
A dangerous thing  
Pleasure full and painful  
like repetitively poking at a purpled bruise  
and hearing me laugh.

Chance! Fate! but who could love a beast?  
The final petal falls in the grace

of ultimate peace  
A fairytale ending lives  
in the roots of our dreaming tree  
Where drops of rain shimmer  
beneath the starry sky

What is love? The vestigial of questions echoes down  
the corridors of time,  
leaving naught but ambiguities

love is putting on pajamas fresh from the dryer,  
running through the grass and feeling green between my  
bare toes

(and you following suit thereafter)  
the first hug after a week's vacation  
the white feathered wings of our imagination  
It is the color of light  
and holds no shape  
The warmth that fills the caverns of my being  
Love

is smelling your scent while you breathe my breath  
Waking up with you as my first thought  
and every night hearing "dream sweet my love"

Embedded in our memories and our spirits  
It is the beat of our hearts that will out-tick all clocks.

Here's a sonnet by Dante Gabriel Rossetti that came  
inside some chocolate I bought:

I sat with Love upon a woodside well,  
Leaning across the water, I and he;  
Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me,  
But touched his lute wherein was audible  
The certain secret thing he had to tell:  
Only our mirrored eyes met silently  
In the low wave; and that sound came to be  
The passionate voice I knew; and my tears fell.  
And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;  
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers  
He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth;  
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,  
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there  
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.

Good thing someone writes love poetry, because I  
certainly can't.

P.S. The test was very hard, and I'm feeling pretty low  
right now. I could use  
more chocolate.

## Melting Love

Those days following in which we spent.  
I hate to say, but those are when I missed you.  
I missed you a lot.  
But days keep passing.  
And with them my feelings.  
But still is left,  
Is remembering that I was happy.  
Those amber eyes  
Reflected things in which you saw in me.  
Even if I, myself, couldn't see.  
That which you thought of me.  
But why can't you see,  
Your life is full, it is full of fantasy.  
Full of Romance and Ecstasy.  
So you cannot foresee.  
But that happiness is found in the black and bleak.  
And chasing this tricky nancy.  
Will end your flight of fancy.

By: Romanticism with a capital R

### Self-reflection on a Winter's Night

She was like night and day.  
A beauty that knew no right or wrong.  
What was her downfall was to be her crown.  
Armed with words that cut through air, and a heavy  
angry mind,  
She never served her proper time.  
Queen of life itself.  
She was my queen.  
My muse that knew only stealth.  
She stole my heart and ate it while I slept.  
So when I woke all I knew was the pit of her gut.  
And in that gut my heart ate away her soul.  
And in her dreams she drank water from a bowl.  
For not one day did my love for her I doubt,  
and for everyday there on,  
I swear I loved that xxxxx always, or at least until the  
day she xxxx me out.

Here's a good one from a movie called "Ten Things I Hate About You." It makes all us Heath Ledger fangirls cry.

I hate the way you talk to me,  
And the way you cut your hair.  
I hate the way you drive my car,  
I hate it when you stare.  
I hate your big dumb combat boots  
And the way you read my mind.  
I hate you so much it makes me sick,  
It even makes me rhyme.  
I hate the way you're always right,  
I hate it when you lie.  
I hate it when you make me laugh,  
Even worse when you make me cry  
I hate it when you're not around,  
And the fact that you didn't call  
But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you,  
Not even close...  
Not even a little bit...  
Not even at all.