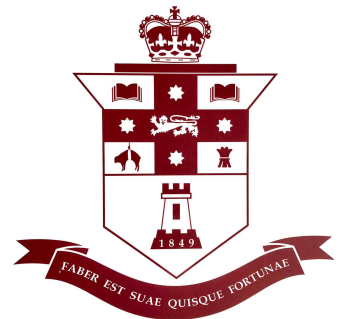


All the World's a Game

by Busra Kumsuz (yr 9)

All the world's a game,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their wins and their loses;
And one player in his time gains many prizes ,
His win being seven stages. At first the novice,
Young and oblivious, searching for understanding;
And then the learner , beginning to find his feet,
Observing, learning, getting better, beginning to play proper:
Like a boy learning to catch a ball. And then the entrepreneur,
With their risky, charming bribes, and willful deceits,
Searching for a victim, one to fool easily. Then the loser,
Finally learning a lesson, struggling like the hare to beat the turtle,
Too proud to admit defeat, yet too hungry to refuse help,
Seeking to repair his reputation,
At all costs. And then the law abider,
Seeking a sense of rightness and despairing those who do not follow,
Justice is in his mind only.
That's how he stays for a long while lawful, righteous, honourable,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the wiser, fulfilling era,
Watching others respect, feeling there's no more to have;
His playfulness has gone,
Replaced by a strictness echoing into his life,
Slowly getting older, weaker, until he has the strength of a novice again,
Losing his knowledge, that was once his pride. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is the end of the players life, mere oblivion;
Sans knowledge, sans dreams, sans feeling, sans everything.



Fortian Writers Club
Round One Winner