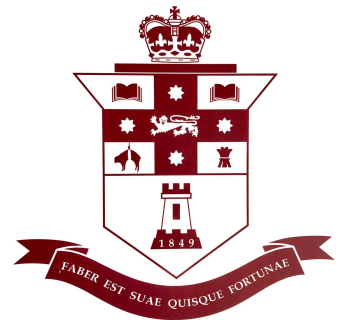


# *All the World's A School*

by Lam Le (yr 7)

All the world's a school,  
And all the men and women merely students;  
They all have their breaks and class times;  
And one student in his school time produces many ideas,  
His classes being seven periods. At first, the numbers and words,  
The basics he can not learn anything without;  
And then the outside world, with the interactions  
And the small conversations, connecting all the students  
With one another. And then the little crushes and romances,  
Happening before the teachers' eyes. The broken hearts  
That doesn't have a chance of healing. Then the responsible leader,  
Full of strange wisdom and decorated with awards and medals,  
Jealous in knowledge, sudden and quick in arguments,  
Seeking the despicable fame  
Even in the most stressful tests. And then the lunchtime,  
In fair full stomachs with good food inside,  
The time to rest and to play,  
With tiny talks and games all around;  
And so the break time ends. The sixth age shifts  
Into the farthest time, the last year of facts and learning,  
With the brain full of stories and equations;  
His youthful determination, well sav'd, the school buildings too high  
For his tired legs, and his powerful voice,  
Turning again toward infantile trouble, games  
And actions in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this peculiar story,  
Is final graduation and tearful goodbyes;  
Sans books; sans words; sans numbers; sans everything.



Fortian Writers Club  
Round One Winner