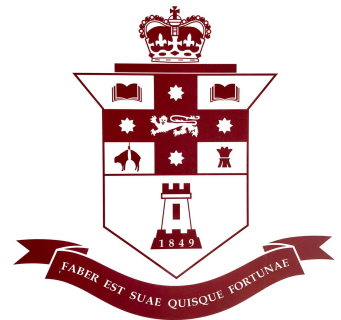


All the World's An IKEA store

by Eleanor Alonso Love (yr 8)

All the world's an IKEA store,
And all the men and women merely shoppers;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time buys many cabinets,
His acts being seven departments. At first the food court, spending money on cheap jelly and meatballs. And then the living room section, with its sofa beds and its armchairs, reluctantly trying out the ugly (but affordable) couch. And then the kitchen department, sighing like an oven, with a woeful ballad made to his favourite splash back tiles. Then the garden, full of fake plants, and decorated like a kids playground. Jealous of the neighbour, peeking over their fence, seeking the ultimate hedge design, even at a ridiculous price. And then the bedroom area, in king-size bed with good sheep's wool lined, with lighting severe and curtains of formal cut. Full of funky photography and modern decor; and so he buys what he actually came here for. The sixth age shifts into the large and confusing warehouse. With boxes on shelves and signs never logical; his trusty trolley, already full, a world too wobbly for his new cabinet; and his toddler children pulling on his hand, whining constantly, like out-of-tune violins and recorders in their sound. Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is packing the car and speeding far, far away. Without food, without said cabinet, without children, without everything.



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