

## Sample First Draft

### The Watch glass

School is like a watch glass  
that I am forced to enter  
with people watching my every move.  
They laugh until I frown,  
then they lay off  
and wait for my next move.  
I do something good to impress them,  
but they throw it back in my face  
with words I shouldn't hear.  
I try to run away  
but they don't seem to disappear.  
I run to shadowy corners  
but pointing fingers appear.  
I run to the bathroom  
but laughter breaks my ears.  
I run away from class to class,  
but they don't seem to stop.  
I scream at the glass,  
but it's too strong for me.  
So, I wait and wait  
for that faithful bell.  
Then, it goes off  
and breaks that evil glass.  
So, I run home  
away from that evil prison,  
where sure enough  
I can find safety  
in my family's hands.