

## Sample Final Draft

### The Watch glass

School is like a watch glass  
That I am forced to enter  
With people watching my every move.  
When I trip  
They laugh until I frown,  
Then they lay off  
And wait for my next move.  
I do something good  
To impress them in class,  
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 I can find safety  
At home  
In my family's hands.