

### **To Score or Not to Score**

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To score, or not to score: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis better to be great  
Or do what's best for the team.  
To run: to score;  
To hit; we come out on top to say we concurred  
'tis a desire we all wish to have.  
To hit: to score the touchdown;  
To win: hit and to miss. Ay, there's the exception.  
For in that moment of stillness what events may occur,  
When we finally decide to take the chance.  
There's the expectation of winning, that makes scoring all the better.  
For who would bear the anguish,  
Humiliation, distrust, disbelief,  
Hatred, bitterness, and malfunction,  
When one misses their big break  
With the movement of my feet? Who 'tis would bother,  
To stumble and collapse under stress,  
But the dreadfulness of failing,  
The countless consequences that come  
Manage the force and desire to do what you know must be done,  
Rather than do what we are tentative of.  
Thus the fear can make cowards of us all  
And thus, the true meaning of scoring  
Overcoming our faith in thy self to win to say we concurred  
And giving up our chance. -Soft you now!  
The team, friends, in your mind,  
Let us never forget this play"

### **To Skip or Not to Skip**

To skip, or not to skip: that is the question:  
Is it better to just go and bear  
The tiredness of an average class  
Or to skip out early with friends,  
And not worry about homework? To go, to stay-  
No more- By going to class, knowing it's better  
Than getting a phone call home  
And having to deal with punishments  
To be wished for very earnestly. To go, to stay,  
To stay! Perhaps have fun. Yes, there's the catch,  
For staying in class could be more enjoyable,  
When I make the best of my time,  
Must make me stop. And stay; there's the respect  
That makes class not so bad.

**Hamlet Parody** – to sleep or not to sleep

To sleep or not to sleep- that is the question.  
Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of school work  
Or to take arms against the need for sleep  
And by opposing, get straight A's. To die, to sleep-  
No more-and by a sleep to say we end  
The heartache and the indigestion  
That school work causes- 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep-  
To sleep perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub,  
For in that sleep what dreams may come  
When we have fallen asleep over our notebooks,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life.  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of school,  
The quizzes, homework,  
The timed writings, the document based questions  
The homework, and the all night studying,  
That comes before a test.  
Who would parents bear  
To grunt and sweat under a weary teacher's toil,  
But that the dread of something after high school;  
The well known institution, to whose bourn  
No traveler may return, boggles the mind,  
And makes us work too hard  
To get into the college of our choice.  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.  
And thus the tanned skin of summer  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And people of great promise  
Lose their mind  
And go crazy.