

The Sad Halls

By luotakulu

Submitted: October 18, 2014

Updated: October 18, 2014

A vignette written last year, 2013, during English class.

Please do not misuse my poem for any other outside purpose. I do not tolerate plagiarism.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/luotakulu/60236/The-Sad-Halls>

Chapter 0 - The Sad, Sad Halls

2

0 - The Sad, Sad Halls

The bell would ring, signaling the passing period hour. All of us would file in. Different shapes and sizes. Getting to and fro. Meeting a friend. Hugging, laughing. Passing on gossip.

But do they notice the colors? The colors and words. And pictures? Do we notice that as we walk through? The different shapes and colors. Do they mean to send out a message to us all? Look at me. I'm colorful now. But who is sending out the message? The pictures and colors themselves?

Or could the colors be hiding something? What could they hide?

How can we be sure? We all walk through. Different shapes and sizes. Getting to and fro.

How can we notice the sad, sad halls?