Monk-y Business

By: Kevin Howard

Long ago there lived a AP student named Devin, so stoic,

Except he had troubles being quite heroic.

With a thirst for knowledge and a really good book,

Our hero set off to Tibet with a sturdy, sturdy look.

“I need some knowledge and a Four on the AP test,

I hope I can master literature on this noble quest.”

He took a plane, a boat and a weird looking donkey;

He even took a cart but that was a bit wonky.

At the foot hills of Mount Gondya, Devin started his walk.

He walked and he walked until his feet were chaffed and chalk.

A mile up the road a shadowy figure appeared.

“I’m going to get robbed,” Devin did feared.

“Stop” said he.

“Please sir, just let me be.”

“You must prove your worth to enter the Literature Palace.”

“What must I do to prove worth? I mean no callous.”

“You must be creative to pass my test”

“I will produce only the best”

Our hero looked back and got his trusty pad,

He hoped his creativity wouldn’t be bad.

He worked through the day and all through the night,

Stories and cards he sat down to write.

He returned to monk and set out his stuff

Without shaving, he grew some wild scruff

The monk perused Devin’s creative noble work

And looked at him with his grand old smirk

“You have passed the test” said the wise old monk

“I’m surprised, I thought you would flunk.”

Devin said “thank you” and set off down the path

He thanked the lord that this wasn’t a test of math.

He traveled for two whole days and two whole nights,

Until he stumbled into the second monk surrounded by lights.

“Dear good sir, why the many lights so bright?”

The monk held the excitement in with all his might.

“Why each light has a special word” the monk began to explain,

“They’re literature devices and they mean no vain.”

Devin explored and looked at many words,

But the monk came back and said to leave the herds.

“To pass, you must master the lit devices so clear,”

“Diction, syntax and big words oh dear.”

Devin pondered and thought of a test,

“I’ll speak my knowledge and I’ll prove I’m the best.”

So Devin defined the various lit devices,

And he ate some very good oatmeal bread slices.

“One last question,” said the monk with no fear;

“Why are lit devices important and be very clear.”

Devin pondered and he thought for a bit,

He learned these hard truths in his class of AP Lit.

“I have learned from my great AP lit class,”

“That literature devices make the story and the time pass.

The diction and syntax help the characters grow,

While the rhyme scheme and tone help the story flow.”

“You have passed my test and done extremely well,

Go forth and meet the third monk so swell.”

So Devin walked and walked and he walked some more.

And he met the third monk levitating on the floor.

“How do you see” said the monk so wise.

“I see what I see with my very special eyes.”

“You must look beyond what you see and read between the lines,

And find out all the book’s tall tale signs.”

“You must find a symbol and a reason or two,

There is a reason for everything the author did do.”

Devin knew this truth for he learned it many times

His AP lit class explored the significant of chimes.

“I know the symbols and the foster theories” said Devin so bold,

“I have learned the secrets and they are treasured gold.”

The monk stared at him with his sturdy and serious look,

“Before I let you pass you must take a test of book.”

“Bring on your test, I want to climb this mighty mountain.”

“If you do not pass you won’t climb a fountain.”

“Your test goes as follows: how do you make a symbol?”

Devin thought hard and his thinking was nimble.

‘I’ve got it!” said he with a boisterous shout

“A symbol can be anything and there is no doubt.

The rain can symbolize life or sadness

Or a bright color can symbolize a character’s madness.”

“You are wise beyond your years and you have passed my test,

Go forth to the temple and unlock the knowledge chest.”

Devin thanked the monk and ran up to the temple.

He ran past the old farmer Mr. Zempel.

He hit the stairs and ran up them with all his might.

He could have sworn at one point he took flight.

He walked in the doors and saw the knowledge chest,

But all of a sudden he heard a voice from the big crest.

The voice bellowed “before you open the chest,

You must first pass a very simple test.”

“Bring it on” said Devin with determination in his voice

“I know I’ll probably make the right choice.”

“Why do you want the knowledge inside this treasure trove?”

The chest said with the smell of clove

“I crave the information in the chest of knowledge,

Mostly to use in the future of college.”

“I plan to major in business or maybe PoliSci,

Because in the future the limit is really the sky.

I will use English in all my classes

And probably read without my glasses.”

“English will help me with my majors and in life,

I hope to write well and resolve all my strifes.”

The chest creaked and crackled and opened very wide

Except it was empty, there was nothing inside.

The voice spoke again with its hardy deep roar

“Devin you’ve known all of this before.

You had the knowledge it was in you all along

And just then was the sound of a mighty gong.”

Devin was shocked and he was stunned to boot.

He just had to return and tell his friend Newt.

He left the temple and returned to his home,

Confident that now English he could roam.

AP LIT