

## Bible Studies

William sat silently in the classroom.

Master Jakes, his teacher, looked at the beautiful writing the boy had produced, a perfect essay. If only William would speak, Jakes knew the boy could hear perfectly. He was a fast learner, good at history, Latin and English. His mother told the teacher that after William's sisters died, he was 'lost for words'. He'd not spoken since he was three years old, now classed as a mute. William's father was an important tradesman in the town and there had been no hesitation in admitting the boy to the school.

The young student leant over his desk as the afternoon sun sent a shaft of light through the leaded window and onto his fair hair. He wrote quickly, whilst specks of dust danced in the sunlight. He's my most intelligent student thought Jakes, I wonder what could be done to reverse the speech problem? Sadly the other pupils ignored him, they didn't include him nor even speak to him.

As the July days warmed the classroom and the boys started to lose interest in their studies, Jakes decided to take them for a walk through the town, to the riverside. He packed his bible, the cooler air by the river might improve their concentration. As they came to the crossroads in the centre of town, voices could be heard and a crowd gathered. Jakes was worried there might be a fight breaking out and tried to steer the boys away.

'It's alright Sir' shouted one of the boys 'It's the strolling actors!' Jakes let the boys watch the performance, He recognised the piece as an excerpt from Virgil's 'Aeneid', telling the story of the Trojan horse. Looking across at William, he saw he was completely memorised by the play. A smile appeared and his eyes were wide open in awe. The actors stopped for a break, ale was bought out by the local innkeeper. Jakes decided this was time to urge the boys to resume their journey.

Jakes chose to sit in the cool shade of a Weeping Willow, some boys threw sticks at the water's edge, others lazed on the grass. Taking out his bible, Jakes placed it beside him on the grass, not certain that bible studies were needed on this hot day. William walked over and pointed to the bible.

'Why yes young William, trust you to want to continue your studies outside of the classroom!'

Jakes relaxed, watching the boys through dappled sunlight, feeling his eyes becoming heavy. He must have drifted into a sleep. On waking, he panicked, where were the boys? Turning quickly, he saw they were all stood in a group. There in the middle was William, the bible held aloft and arms waving. What on earth is happening he thought?

Seeing Jakes stumbling towards them the boys started shouting, "Sir, Sir," "He's speaking", "No he's acting", "He's pretending he's God!"

William Shakespeare stood amongst the boys, no longer lost for words.

*This story is completely fictional!*