

Essay On "All Work and No Play Makes Jack A Dull Boy." Write About Someone Who Fits This Description

There is a boy in my class who studies all the time. His name is Bob, not Jack though. Names do not matter. The point is that he fits the description of someone who is "all work and no play". I do not mean this derisively. I am not envious of him. It is just that he does not know anything else other than his school work.

I will just mention a few instances of his life in school and you will get what I mean.

In class, no one can come near him as far as studies are concerned. He is simply too good. I have to admit he is an intelligent fellow. The thing is when an intelligent fellow is also hardworking, you get a combination that is almost unbeatable. This is reflected every time we have a test or examination.

There was never a time when Bob failed to get the highest mark. Others try to emulate him, but they fall far short. How can one match him when he almost always gets more than ninety in every test? I am not exaggerating, but that is a fact. Next to him, we can only compete to be the second-best.

Bob is an unabashed bookworm. Every free time is spent reading one book or another. No wonder his spectacles get thicker and thicker. He has no time for small talk with us about things like music, dancing, girls, playing games, riding the bicycle, going camping as most boys do. He does not care about such things. All he cares about are his books. So we pretty much leave him alone most of the time.

I suspect that his diligence has got something to do with the fact

that our headmaster is his father. Bob has got a reputation to maintain. His father makes the teachers give him extra tuition in every subject. The best facilities are provided for him. Given this sort of guidance, how can anyone not become good in his studies?

However, when it comes to anything physical, Bob is totally inept. His underused body is so scrawny that a boy half his age have more strength and agility.

During “standard taking” for the school sports, which every student had to take part in, Bob had no choice but to come to the field. In the 100 meters, he managed only 50 meters when the rest of the field had finished. In the Long Jump, he gave a pathetic half-meter hop and ran across the pit. It was not that he did not try. He just could not perform. I remember seeing the pain in his face when everyone booed him. On another occasion, his father ordered him not to join in a hockey game just as we managed to coax him to hold a hockey stick. The disappointment on his face was evident, but we did not dare argue with his father.

So Bob continues to work hard and excel in his studies. I suppose that he will go on to become a doctor or a lawyer. Meantime I cannot imagine how he spends his free time. Perhaps he has none. All his time is probably taken up by studies. How dull it all seems to me. Books, books and more books – they will bore me to death. I need to do other things too. Does Bob tire of books? I really do not know. Perhaps he does not even know how dull his life is.