Waiting for dinner

By Bridget Dow
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

We sit in silence waiting for our parents to finish cooking the big steak dinner and serve it to us. We sit across from each other at the long table with only applesauce on our plates.

Usually we fight at the table... yelling across, "Your brain is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

"You're mean!"

My brother and I are usually are just trying to get each other in trouble. Now we sit in silence....which is odd. He is acting very mischievous for a seven-year-old boy.

We glare at each other — our eyes both like the deep blue sea. He makes a face like he is a cat about to pounce on a mouse. He's hunched over his plate with his arms crossed in front of him. He looks angry. I'm hunched over my plate completely oblivious of everything around me. It's like we are all alone in our own little worlds with nothing but applesauce. I watch him pick up his spoon and I think to myself, "He doesn't even like applesauce. Why is he putting in on his spoon? He won't eat it."

When I am finally out of bottomless thought, I realize something wet and soggy is dripping down on my head. I touch my head, smell my hand, and my hand smells like... applesauce. I look up to the ceiling. The only thing there is a glob of his applesauce, sliding off the ceiling and onto my little, delicate ten-year-old head.

Disgusting.

Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them get better at it and finds audience for their best work. YWP provides writing prompts; maintains a supportive online community, **youngwritersproject.org;** trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools and afterschool programs. For more go to: **ywpschools.net.**

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THE WINDHAM FOUNDATION

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The new girl

By Tyra Izor
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... My friends kept telling me I didn't have a chance, but I thought they were just saying that so I wouldn't feel bad later. This girl was different. All through that day I kept trying to talk to her. The longest conversation we got to was, "Where are you going next?"

"Math. Oh well, I hate school!" and then she just walked away. Maybe my friends were right, I probably would never go out with her. But I couldn't get my mind off her. No matter how many times she walked away from me, I kept trying.

One day after school, as I was walking home, I thought to myself, "What if I just ask her out? Why am I waiting? Then I will be able to find out if she really likes me. If she doesn't, I will leave her alone." I started running to her house as fast as I could. I don't know why but I just did. I ran up the driveway, which led up to four big brick steps and then to a red door. First step, "What if she doesn't like me? Just keep going." Second step, "What will I say if she says no? Just keep going." Third step, "Will I look like I fool after what my friends had said? Just keep going." Fourth step, "Just do it!" I reached for the door and knocked loudly!

That door ...

By Nikki Duquette
STOWE HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

I sit watching the door.
I. hate. that. door,
The door that is painted a hideous pea-green.
The door on which the paint is peeling.
The door I always stub my toe on.
The door I always hit my head on.
The door I sit watching.
The door...
I sit watching the door.
I. hate. that. door.
Never opens when I want it.
Never closes when I want it.
Never the right people.
Never the right time.
Yet I sit here watching that door.
The door...
The one I hate so much.
Waiting for that one moment.
That one person.
That one right time.
And it hits me.
The door...
I. love. that. door.

Outside your door

By Sam Merrill
RANDOLPH UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

You're a sculpture in motion.
A still-life beauty eyes can't follow.
Is this why I'm outside your door?
I reach toward the door; stop an inch before.
This is the part when I should walk away.
But my feet won't move.
I reach for the door and knock loudly.
No answer.
It's December with March air.
A gust of wind makes my skin rise.
Won't you let me in?
My toes are numb now, you see.
This is the part when I should walk away.
I tell my feet.
Safety pins keep me standing.
I hear a floor whisper.
Spinning; is my world.
Holding; on to faith.
Waiting; for simplicity
Looking; for your heart.
Before me — there is silence.
I'm counting to three.
Does he know it's me?
I look at my shoes.
The door knob moves.
I look at the insides of my eye lids.
I feel a warm sensation.
I look up — the corners of his lips turn north.

The visit

By Claire Brundage
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

I went to the door and knocked loudly
Despite my fear, I stood there proudly.
But when the old woman opened the door,
I felt my heart sink to the floor.
Because I was carrying a heavy load,
I almost stumbled back into the road.
She reached out and caught me with her hand,
which was quite rough, almost like sand.
Reluctantly, I stepped into the room,
trying not to dwell on thoughts of doom.
I set down my load,
taking one last glance at the road.
I guess I will serve out my time if I must,
In this old creaky house covered in cobwebs and dust.
While my parents enjoy their stay in Peru,
I'll remain 'til my time here is through.
How could my parents do this to me?
Send me to spend the summer with Great-Aunt Bea.

Dinner table conversations

By Jamie Hack
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

My dad, mom, sister and I sat down for a delicious dinner. As we sat down, conversations started to flutter around the table like millions of butterflies trying to escape a bug-catcher. Here are some of them.
"Can you pass the salt?"
"Eat with your mouth closed."
"You are such a loud eater."
"Can I have more?"
"I am stuffed."
"That was so good."
"When's dessert?"
"What's dessert?"
"Can I have more corn?"
"Buuuuurrrrrrpppppppp... Excuse me."
"Can we watch TV?"
"Why do I have to clean up?"
"I don't feel so good."
"Can I go to bed now?"
"Can I use the computer after dinner?"
"Yum. This steak is so juicy."
"Hey Dad? Can you buy some Italian ice?"
"Can you get me some more milk?"
"CAN WE STOP TALKING AND JUST EAT?"
These are only a select few of all the conversations that go on at dinner.

Buckets!

By Jacob Roberts
UNITY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Once upon a time me, my dad, my brother and my mom were all sitting around the dinner table when my brother said, "I'm so hungry I could eat this whole entire house."

So then I said, "Oh yeah, then let me see you eat this bucket." My parents started laughing so hard that my dad fell off of his chair. After that my dad wrote that down in my baby book and that's the only reason I know this, because I was only two when it happened.

Next Prompts

Winter Tales. Tell a story about winter — the season or the holidays, the weather, or the emotions. Top selections will be given dramatic presentation by Vermont Stage Company in early Dec. **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org