

## Waiting rooms

BY ALYSSA LUBOW

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

Waiting rooms are boring. All you do is wait, wait, wait and wait some more. I just want to fall asleep. Then I hear the door open and a bell rings and people are talking really loud. I just want to leave.

## Wait...wait...wait...

BY HALEY HULL

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

Waiting rooms are atrocious. All you can think about is what's going on through the doors, which you're not allowed to pass. The worst thing about waiting rooms is that all you do is wait... and wait... and wait some more. It's so boring. Also, it drives me nuts when my mom and dad say, "You have to behave. We're in public." I, of course, always obey. I really hate when they finally come out and I can see it coming when they are about to say, "You were so good waiting for us to get done here." Even though I want to say, "I hate this place, why did we have to come?" I can't because we're still in public.

## Strange place

BY MARCO TUMMINIA

Benson Village School, Grade 8

I look around  
At the strange characters  
Who surround me  
The creepy old guy  
Straight out of  
A horror film  
A small boy  
With his finger  
At an impossible angle  
A stretcher flies by me  
Carrying a pale child  
His frightened mother  
Tagging along  
I move my feet  
As a splash of blood  
Lands heavily beside me  
Disgusting...  
A man walks out  
Clinging to an oxygen tank  
Another odd spectacle  
Finally  
My name is called  
I leave this room  
And all its characters  
Finally free  
Of this  
Emergency room waiting room

Young Writers Project is an independ-



ent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds *online classrooms* for schools and after-school programs. For more: [ywpvt.net](http://ywpvt.net). To read about the project: [ywpblog.ywpvt.net](http://ywpblog.ywpvt.net)

## DEADLINE NEAR!

Applications are due APRIL 1 to attend Champlain College's Young Writers' Conference, May 29-31. Great program. For more go to: [Champlain.edu/Young-Writers-Conference.html](http://Champlain.edu/Young-Writers-Conference.html)

## Time slows down

BY DANA LEE WIKTORSKI

Benson Village School, Grade 7

Tick-tock, tick-tock  
I wait  
For the time to come,  
For the dentist to come.  
I flip  
Through old magazines,  
Waiting...  
Thump-thump-thump-thump  
My heart beats faster.  
I can hardly bear  
The wait.  
I hear the door creak open.  
The receptionist appears.  
"Dana?" she asks.  
Wait's over.

## My story

BY BRANDEN TAYLOR

Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 10

As I lie in bed at night I look up  
Wondering what it's like to have a mom or a dad  
Wanting a family or a friend  
But my life has been spent in this home  
This home for foster children  
Though it doesn't always get to me  
For some strange reason you cannot see  
My parents had one memory  
One memory of me  
Not just any memory but their last  
But you see it all happened so fast  
And this was no ordinary memory, you see  
It was one with you and me  
It was the memory of my parents  
My parents and my favorite bedtime story.

## Bedtime stories

BY REBECCA WILLIAMS

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

Story time is my favorite time of night  
Time for bed my mom says, as I fall asleep  
Over the midnight sky as I sleep and dream  
Running in my sleep, I dream of a marathon  
and having fun  
Inventing gadgets in my dreams and saving  
lives with them  
Earning a medal in Girls on The Run  
Silently sleeping and dreaming of cats and  
dogs

## Why the sea is blue

BY NOEL HURKA

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

One day the sun was shining bright yellow and the sky was sparkling blue, but the sea had no color at all. It couldn't make its own color; it had to mimic one. So it sat there, colorless and glum.

One day the sky noticed that the sea had no color. The sky said, "You can have some of my color if you give me some of yours." The sea agreed, and the sky gave it some color. Then the sea gave the sky white puffs to hide behind so it could get some sleep.

## One wish

BY CODY MONTROSS

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

Once upon a time there was a big chunk of land. It was not an island, because it was too big, but a man lived there. His family had left him and he was all alone.

One day he was making dinner when he heard two knocks on the door. When he opened the door he found a boy there with a guitar on his back. The boy said to the man, "I can grant you one wish." The man wished that his family would come home.

So the boy started to play his guitar really loudly and there was a flash of light. Not just his family came back, but a city was created at his feet. Years later, people would call it New York City.

## Emergency room

BY EVELYN SCHAEDEL

Edmunds Middle School, Grade 8

The pain-washed faces  
Waiting, praying, hoping  
Staring blankly into emptiness.  
A cancer-surviving Mom,  
Sitting with her kids, bald,  
Waiting to be hydrated.  
Row upon row of wood, framed chairs

Lining each expressionless hallway  
White floors mirror everyone  
Who passes over them.  
A burly man's red wounds  
Stories hide inside  
his bandages.  
Sea of blue scrubs  
Fake smiles and sentences  
Tension in the pit of your stomach.  
The air is filled with the aroma  
Of anti-bacterial hand sanitizer  
While the fluorescent lighting  
Blinds the sadness that fills the room.  
A frightened mother cries salty tears  
Clinging to her son's small weak body.  
Holding him when he shakes  
Every time he draws a breath.  
A noise bites the silence  
And nods are exchanged as you're called in.

*On March 17, Young Writers Project had its second Vermont Writes Day, a day in which we encourage schools across the state to write, just write, for seven minutes. Dozens of schools and thousands of kids participated, and many invited local authors to join them. To see a small sampling of their work, go to:*

[vermontwrites.ywpvt.net](http://vermontwrites.ywpvt.net)

*Among our several suggested prompts was, "Lately, I've been struggling with..." This piece was posted on the site. the writer did not leave a name. So we get only to appreciate the words...*

## Human nature

Lately  
I've been struggling  
With  
Everything

I've always struggled  
With things

I've never been an  
Easy going  
person  
I  
Struggle.  
I am  
Human.  
Humans  
Struggle.

It's our nature  
It's the way we deal with things  
We deal with struggle  
And  
When there's no struggle  
We create it.

We create things to struggle through  
And have a hard time with  
Because  
Life  
Should be  
Interesting.  
When it's not  
We're bored.

It's human nature.

MORE ...

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)