

Elevator

By MADDIE DOUCETTE
Dummerston School, Grade 8

I was riding in an elevator when an annoying type of person walked in; all of a sudden the elevator stopped between floors. I decided that this was a good chance to actually look at the other person in the elevator. She was of medium height with red hair and unnaturally pale skin. She was on her cell phone, a blue LG Bantam.

I couldn't help but notice that she was aggravated. Her face tightened and, as she looked at her phone, she yelled like she was a purple dinosaur that had lost its chocolate chip cookie, then slammed her phone shut. I looked away feeling horrible for staring at her as if she was some crazy lunatic from my worst nightmare. I looked over for a quick second and she was glaring at me, like she was trying to find my inner soul. I looked away because she was clenching her fist, and I could see this one little vein popping out of her forehead, it was purple and was outlined in yellow.

I looked at my Epic Ninja watch to see what time it was. The clock said 12:01 p.m., even though it felt like we had been there for hours. The truth was that we had only been stuck in that teeny-tiny elevator since 11:59 a.m. Thirty-five minutes reluctantly ticked by, and all I could hear was the other lady — who I recently learned was named Asasia Dublinsty — walking back and forth, singing because apparently that helps her calm down when she freaks out in a mechanical object that could possibly end up crashing to the ground at any time.

Asasia started walking around the elevator, humming songs. Every five minutes she would look at me with this little twinkle in her eyes that made it seem like she was still a little kid discovering new things about the world every day. I looked at my watch which now said 2:58 p.m., and prayed that we would get out of there soon.

Five minutes later the elevator door opened and Asasia screamed and started pushing buttons. At first nothing happened, but after she pushed the fourteenth button the elevator started to move then immediately jolted to a stop. My feet lifted off the ground and my head hit one of the lights on the elevator ceiling — well, at least that's what I remember.

When I opened my eyes I was back on the ground, but I wasn't in the elevator. I was in the hotel lobby with Asasia hovering over me with her big, huge eyes. I sat up quickly, pushing her out of my way, and jumped onto my feet as she tried to give me a hug. But she was uber fast and I had no way of getting out of her reach. She gave me the biggest hug I have ever gotten. I literally thought my eyes would pop out of my head; they were just bulging like they were going to explode! Then she said good-bye and walked away.

One thing crossed my mind as Asasia turned the corner, 'I hope she never comes back. I hope she just keeps on walking in those high heels with the cheetah prints.' That was the first time I had met Asasia Dublinsty, but I continue to hope that will be the very last.



THIS WEEK: “Elevator” & “Peeves”

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to youngwritersproject.org by students and teachers from Vermont and New Hampshire. A team of students help select work. For more student writing go to youngwritersproject.org. Students are welcome to join and share additional work on the site.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools.

For more go to ywpschools.net.

YWP NEWS

The **Vermont Humanities Council** is sponsoring a series of workshops with Vermont authors at YWP. More at: youngwritersproject.org.

ALSO, **Win cash!** YWP is partnering with Bookstock, the Green Mountain Festival of Words, to offer five \$100 awards to young writers. **Deadline: May 1.** Writing prompt and guidelines at: youngwritersproject.org.

Stuck with Bob in the elevator

By SASKIA BAILEY-DE-BRUJIN | Brattleboro Area Middle School, Grade 7

(Excerpt: Full story on youngwritersproject.org)

It's been a long hard day here on the 55th floor of Office Marks, reading these articles and signing these papers. The clock seems to be stuck on slow motion for my time slot of eight hours. I'm so exasperated that I could just die. I feel as if my body has become robotic, doing the same things for so long it just gets stuck. As my watch beeps for 5 o'clock I happily pack up my things, glad to be getting away from the commotion. I'm so relieved that I won't have anything else ordered at me for the rest of the day. No papers flung down on my desk for me to read. Ah, the relief of 5 o'clock!

I pick up my briefcase and mug of coffee and head for the elevator. People say goodbye to me but I don't notice. I have a smile that can't be wiped off my face. I have finished my work for today, I get my paycheck in five days, and I have a warm house with plenty of love waiting for me. And maybe some hot chocolate... That would be nice!

Ding! the elevator has finally made the long hard trip up to this floor.

I've made it down three floors in peace and quiet; no rustling of papers, no printers buzzing, no calls being made, no fans blowing. Let's just hope that not many people get on today...

On Floor 49, Suzan, who works for the insurance company, gets on. We use the unspoken rule that when someone looks like they've had a long day, you don't bother them. Gary gets in on Floor 45. Luckily, he isn't the really talkative type and he just says, "Hi Carlene! Suzan, you getting off at the printing station again?"

It's one of those questions that doesn't need an answer. She always does at this time of the day, and so does he. That's that.

A few floors down another lady gets on who I've never seen before. It turns out she needs to go to the printing station too, because on Floor 38 she gets off with Suzan and Gary.

Thirteen floors of solitude. Floor 25, always a busy stop at 5 o'clock. Today 14 people get on, almost beating the record of 15. I think some of them may be trying to converse with me but I don't even pay attention. I don't even care. Most of them get off seven floors down, where I'm pretty sure there are free brownies and coffee. Four people left on the elevator, three of whom I know, get off at the 12th floor.

One left. One I hadn't noticed before. A newcomer. One who had been trying to talk to me earlier but who I had ignored. One who seemed very eager to become a friend of mine. Good luck Buster!

"Hello...um...Sharleela!" he said, reading my name tag wrong, "My name is Bob! Where do you work?" Wow. A guy who can't even read my name tag. A guy named Bob.

But I don't want to be rude so I say, "Hello Bob. It's actually Carlene, but I work on the 55th floor as a lawyer. What about you? Where do you work?"

"Well, I'm a newcomer here but I work with Mr. Klassersoni. I'm an apprentice so he mentors me! I'm a paralegal and I need some help!" He seemed to be hiding a smile, as if he had a secret he was keeping from me....

NEXT PROMPTS

Bullying. Have you been the recipient? What did it do to you? Have you ever bullied anyone? Why? *Alternate: Cell phones.* Make the case that cell phones should be allowed or should not be allowed in school. **Due Friday.**

General. Send your best work in any genre. **Deadline: April 9.**

Farming. Do you farm? Have you ever worked on a farm? Visited one? Write about it. Do you know a farmer? Talk to her or him and tell their story. Try not to romanticize. Tell a story that describes the reality of farming today. **Deadline: April 16 (south) or 23 (north).**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org

The elevator ride

By KATIE WESTPHALEN
Champlain Union Valley High School, Grade 9

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

It's 11:38 a.m. The breakfast buffet at the Holiday Inn closes at 11:45 a.m.; 7 minutes. Our room is on the 20th floor, breakfast is on the first. This feels like the longest elevator ride ever, and we're only on the 16th floor. We keep stopping, and people keep pressing the buttons to stop on other floors, ones that pick up even more people. There's no doubt that I'm the hungriest person here. I'm sure that everyone else has eaten, and one man even has a hot breakfast sandwich and a steaming cup of coffee grasped tightly in his hands.

My stomach grumbles with each press of a button, each swish of the opening door. This is almost torture. I place my impatient hand on my belly, trying to obstruct the noise coming from deep within my core. I can't stand to look at my watch, for fear that my window of opportunity has already passed, but I sneak a look at the floor number. We're on the 10th floor, halfway there. No one but me is on the elevator. We haven't picked up anyone since the 12th floor, and I'm hoping this pattern continues. Unfortunately, I'm out of luck. On the 8th floor, we stop to let on a little boy, probably about five or so. He looks sleepy.

"Hi, Hi, Hi!" he screams.

Boy was I wrong. I look down at his sticky fingers; they're covered in peanut butter. *Great, I think as I roll my eyes, more food to tempt my hungry stomach.*

"I'm Billy!" he shouts.

This is gonna be fun, I think sarcastically. He takes his filthy hands and presses every button on the wall of the elevator. ...

"No, wait..." I whimper. But it's too late; all of the buttons are pressed. ...