

Silence

By Derek Siegel



There is a sweet silence in the room I am sitting in.

Well, not exactly silence. There is the quiet scratching of pens and pencils. The muffled ruffling of papers. The slight tapping of sandals on the soft tan floor. But also the sounds of thoughts racing through young minds. You can't hear the thoughts, but you know they are there.

Derek is in the eighth grade at Sudbrook Magnet Middle School in Baltimore County. He attended the 2006 Student Writers' Workshop.

I Obey

By Ava Ebaugh, Baltimore, Md., 2006 Weekend Writers Series

I don't talk too loud, or run, or sneeze
Because she tells me not to,
And like her doll,
I obey
I move when she tells me to
I laugh when she says it's funny
I only smile in the dark
I only dance when she's asleep

And like a doll, I let the dust collect on my head
From high upon the shelf
And once she's cracked my porcelain face
I don't cry when she uses hot glue to fix me,
Because she tells me not to,
And like her doll,
I obey