

Dreams

A cold January wind tugs on my curtain like the ocean does to a piece of driftwood. The sound of my breath alters the silence. I look out the window from my warm, cozy bed to see the birds sleeping peacefully on the phone wire, all tucked into their feathers. The sun is not up yet, and I'm still all nestled away under comforters. Georgia the dog, on vacation in dreamland, lies at the foot of my bed breathing, heavily.

I slowly sit up and see the dark gray sky with tints of white and blue adding more and more colors, as if a painter was painting it.

It's a time just before the sun begins to appear in the sky, a time when the house is asleep, a time when I still feel the warmth of the covers on my soft, fluffy pajamas, a time that is just mine.

I sit and try to hold onto my dreams from the night before, I try to hold on to my dreams of rooms full of candy, flying over New York City like the girl in the book Tar Beach I read the night before, cruises in the Bahamas enjoying the warm sun and ocean spray.

-Then BOOM! A new day of school, work, and pressure. No more candy, no more Bahamas, no more soft covers. I smell pancakes frying on the stove, and I hear sleepy voices coming from my parents' room. I no longer feel the pattern from the end of my bed-in, out, in, out. So I swing around and tentatively let my feet hit the floor thinking, I wish that early morning "me" time could just stay still, then I wouldn't have to go out into that big, cold world and face reality, the reality of the hustle and bustle of a school day, horns honking and loud voices. The sweet chirps of morning birds will soon turn into the screams and the chaos of the lunchroom.

In my bed, I control my life and what is happening. In the real world

adults control, -Dads control, Moms control, Teachers control and your soft covers aren't there to protect you anymore.

On my way to the enchanting smell of the kitchen, I glance out the window to see that the painter has added buttery yellows and deep reds to his masterpiece and I know a new day has begun.

*Hadley's writing, p. 2.*