Finally, after months of work, our first workshop was grinding to a close. I had been watching the clock for the last half hour and I knew that I was not the only one.

The strawberry blond girl in the seat in front of me was loud in her complaints to her seatmate, "Man, this is so-o-o boring! Why have they got us in this meeting when we're going on to college? What we need is to know how to do well on the SATs and write the best essay on the admission form. Not this junk!"

Her friend returned, "Oh, it wasn't that bad. Got us out of the witch's class anyway. But I guess you're right. I need to get a job this summer. I hear Mrs. Pruitt's students at least do job applications and all that stuff.

"Looking around the room, I could see that students were doodling, passing notes, or looking out the windows. Several had their heads on their desks.

Mercifully, the final bell rang signaling the conclusion of the school day. The students didn't wait to be dismissed. They took off in a stampede for the doors. The facilitator, Don McKay, caught my eye and shrugged. Well, I knew he wasn't to blame.

The difference between this and the formative workshop run in Len's class was like night and day. Why had so many things gone wrong?