

DYSLEXIC ADVANTAGE

KARINA EIDE

**YOUNG WRITERS
AWARDS**

2018



KARINA EIDE

YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

Congratulations to the extraordinary young people who shared their writing for the 2017 Karina Eide Young Writers Awards!

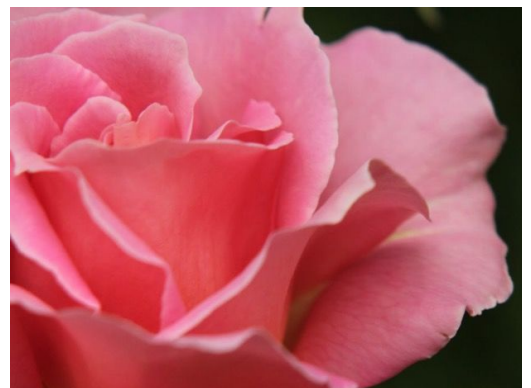
We were blown away by the amazing stories, ideas, perceptions, and writing talent.

The judges had an impossible task this year because of the high quality of the written work submitted.

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To share your students' work with friends and families, you can link the specific pages using the URL address as well as print and download the issue in pdf format using buttons on the left sidebar. A limited number of printed programs will be available for purchase.

The Karina Eide Young Writers Awards were created in honor of Karina Eide, an amazing young woman who had a passion for writing and loved to encourage and mentor fellow writers.



The Karina Eide Young Writers Awards are grateful to the Eide Family, Dyslexic Advantage donors, and Writers Studio for making this awards program possible!



THE
WRITERS
STUDIO
fiction & poetry workshops, est. 1987





AUGGIE, 10
Naperville, IL

Dyslexia Buddy
Network
Kelly Donlan
Graham
Elementary

I would like to
give special
thanks to Jamie
O'Brien.

THE SAD DONUT

One Saturday morning there was a jelly donut named Sticky sitting in a Dunkin Donuts that was very busy. Everybody wanted to buy donuts. They kept needing to bring out more donuts and more and more, but he hadn't been bought yet. Most donuts end up escaping from the shops and walking around with other donuts. Some donuts think that they are better than others. For example, the NDA, National Donutball Association only allows Long Johns to play donutball. That made Sticky very mad, because he was pretty good at donutball. It was one of the only things that he thought he was good at. He got teased by the other donuts all of the time because most of the other donuts said he wasn't a proper donut. All of them were shaped like circles. Since he was a jelly donut, he was shaped like a square, he didn't even get any special frosting, just plain old vanilla. He was a very sad donut.

The vanilla Sprinkle donut sitting next to him yelled to him. You're not a real donut! You're just an idiot! I don't even know why humans would bother making you. The chocolate long john above him joined in. I agree. You're so stupid. Why would anyone want to buy you! No one likes you! You don't even have any friends! One of the workers took the long john off the shelf. He was lucky he got bouth. Stitcky was very sad. He was bullied by everyone but the Boston cream pie donuts, no one messed with them. If you make them mad, they will knock you all the way to Boston. He hated being a jelly donut.

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Sticky hatched a plan. He was going to escape from the Dunkin Donuts before someone decided to buy him. He doubted that anyone would want to buy him, but he still wanted to escape. He hated being bullied by the other donuts. He went to the Boston Cream Pies and asked them if they could blast him through the window. They said yes, but told him that it was going to hurt. He tried that, but the Boston Cream pies couldn't aim him out the window and he hit the wall. He didn't feel good after. He thanked the Boston Cream Pie donuts and said that he would rather escape a different way. He went to the donut factory in the store. All of the ingredients were right there. He decided to put honey on his hands and feet and walk up the wall like a spider. It worked, except he couldn't get all the wall. He thought of something to do before the workers threw him out. Then he had an idea. He was going to let the workers throw him in the garbage and be taken out and then let him escape. One of the workers grabbed him and threw him in the trash. He plugged his nose, but knew he was going to be free.





KATE, 10
Denver, CO

Stanley British
Primary
Julie Dani, Teacher

THE JOURNEY OF A LEAF

I wake up to the bright shining sun blasting in my eyes and the smell of the fall breeze brushing across my face. I squint open my eyes to see the same beautiful scene that I wake up to every morning. The chitter chatter of the birds chirping off in the narrow leaf cottonwood trees wakes me up fully. I have been watching other leafs fall. I know my turn is coming soon. I get terrified at the sight of the leafs that have fallen before but it makes me excited at the same time. As soon as one of the birds lands on my branch my friends and I get so startled we almost fall of our stem. When I was green it was so easy to cling onto our perfect brown branch but now that it is fall and I am brown and crumbly it is harder to grab on. So, when that robin clumsily landed on our branch I finally got what I had been waiting for. I slowly drifted down to the ground away from my perfect brown branch. I felt free of it but I thought about what was ahead of me.

I had watched some of the other oak leafs glide to the ground before, it looked so short and easy. The ride down was much longer than expected. But it was nice and peaceful to glide through the breeze. I had never been away from my safe tree before but I liked the sound of a new adventure. My adventure started sooner than I had imagined.

Before I even touched the damp grass I got blown away. "Ouch" My tree was much more cuforble then this. I looked around confused and unsure what just happened. Then I noticed that I am in a pine tree. I look around to see the little pine needles gibber gabbering about their new guest. They look sharp and pointy. "Hello" I say in a shy voice. "Get out

of our tree, Your brown and ugly and do not belong with us." said the pine nettles rudely. But before I could even say a word the wind picks me up again gliding me back to the ground.

The damp wet grass soothes me but I start to feel all moist and wet. This was an unusual place it had kids running around and playing games.

Stomping like giants not aware that I was even there. I had seen a couple of kids run past my tree before but never this many. Thinking my day couldn't get any crazier one of the girls walks toward me. I guess someone had noticed me. I try to move so the wind would pick me up again but no I stay in the same useless spot unable to budge. The girl gets closer and closer. She finally scoops me up and grasps me tight. "come on Kate." says one of the other kids. Kate starts to bolt towards the girl who told her to hurry up. Then I hear her whisper to me "you will be perfect for my leaf homework."



RILEY, 10
Cadott, WI

Cadott Elementary
Mrs. Nowak, Teacher

FRIENDS

Once there was a poor family. They could barely afford a Christmas tree and one little Christmas ornament. It was a snowman and the two children called him Pistachio. Because one of his buttons fell off and all they could find to replace it was a pistachio.

Then everyone in the house went to sleep and at 12:25am Santa came and as he was putting the two little gifts under the tree he looked at the lonely snowman and Santa brought him to life. Then Santa said to Pistachio, "go, have fun but remember to be back before sunrise". Then Santa went up the chimney.

After Santa left, Pistachio was wandering around up and down the streets, down alleys and he thought to himself "this is no fun, I have no one to talk to, no one to play with". He looked up in the sky and made a wish. He wished that he could have someone to play with or talk to. Then something fell from the sky right in front of him. Pistachio leaned over, took the garbage off of it and it looked right at Pistachio and it was a turtle. He said "Hi! My name is Burst. I was sent by Santa, he told me that I would be your friend until sunrise."

So around 6:30am Burst looked up and he could start to see the sun and yelled "hurry, we must get you back home before sunrise". Then they made it back before sunrise with time to spare and Burst said to Pistachio, "I will miss you" and Pistachio said "I will miss you too", then Burst told Pistachio to go stand by the tree. Then Burst grabbed a gem and placed it in between himself and Pistachio. Pistachio closed his eyes and Pistachio and Burst were both on the Christmas tree together.



AMELIA, 13
Denver, CO

Stanley British
Primary
Erin Rupe,
Teacher

THE FLOWER'S SONG

The field was long. Seeming to reach across the whole world and up into the magnificent blue sky. There were acres of flowers, from bright orange poppies to deep purple primrose. There were tiny blue flowers that looked like bells. It looked as if I reached out and touched one, it would make a dainty ringing noise. There were trees with deep green leaves that spiraled off of their branches as if reaching for something invisible to my eyes. There was a sense of calm spread over the field like a blanket. A calm that could not be disturbed or disrupted, a calm that meant something monumental was about to happen.

I weaved through the field, moving in slow rhythmic strides. Just as I had been taught. "Shoulders back, back straight, eyes ahead!" The Sargent's words screamed through my head, and yet in this strangely familiar field I felt I could drop the act. I was no more a soldier then I was the son of poor farmer. I started to run. Running through the field just like I was a little boy again. Running like I hadn't since I'd joined the war.

"All right men!" The Sargent's commanding voice rang in my ears." We are about to ... " the Sargent's monotone words faded into the background as our target approached. The sound of guns being loaded and then fired, filled the air. Someone screamed and tumbled to the ground. I ran for cover, hiding behind a rock. My thoughts raced, they weren't supposed be here yet. We were supposed to sneak up on them, not the other way around. Someone must have leaked our plans. Still behind the rock I start talking. "Ok you can do this. This is for your family." I said pleading with myself." To make them proud, to put some meaning into your life!" I loaded my gun and crouched behind the rock for a few more seconds, then ran out into the chaos and smoke.

The smoke was thick and blinding and I started coughing uncontrollably. I saw a flash of blue and shot at it. The bullet flew through the air and was lost to the smoke. I turned in circles my panic rising with every rotation. I was trying to catch

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

a glimpse of something, anything. Then came the pain, the white hot pain.

I found myself laying on the ground. My side hurting with the memory of wear the metal bullet had pierced my skin. But if I had truly been shot how could I be here. The shot to the side would have killed me and yet here I am. And then it clicked. The field, the field where I am, the field where my family spent long summers when we were still happy, that is where I am. I am half way across the world. How could I be here when I was just in Germany? I looked down at my side and saw it. The torn uniform and the blood. I really had been shot, I really am dead.

I picked myself up off the ground. The sound of faint music surrounded me. It seemed to be coming from the ground. I turned slowly trying to find the source of the music. As it grew louder I could pick out the sound of a trumpet. It seemed like it was coming from a tiny, brass looking flower. There was violin being played from a rose and the sound of bells were coming from little blue flowers. The wind picked up with every step I took. The music got louder and louder, until an entire symphony was being played by flowers. I closed my eyes and let the music and wild wind surround me. Rising above the rest of the noise came my mother's voice, calm and reassuring, she recited how much she loved me and how proud she was of me. I started to cry. The tears pouring out of my eyes. The wind whipped around me and engulfed me and the music became defending. Then I was gone. Just gone.

The field was long. Seeming to reach across the whole world and up into the startlingly blue sky.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ELLIOTT, 13
Seattle, WA

Athena's Advanced
Academy
Teacher: Suki
Wessling

I would like to give
thanks to Suki
Wessling.

CHANGE

I can see your gentle form
melting
Sand glowing from the heat,
gradient glass.
Just like the way you changed,
the way you are now gone,
a sea breeze that once ruffled my hair.
You were the wandering wolf
asleep atop my boulder of friendship.
But now my wolf is lost,
gone to the depths of the emerald woods.
The woods
we would have never dared to enter
without each other.

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



AUSTEN, 14
Austin, TX

Rawson
Saunders
Teacher: Kat
Deweese

GIVING AND TAKING

I walk directly beneath
a spilled can of paint
that spews blue in all directions
filling the whole domed portrait

I look up
clouds are drawing outside the lines
leaking in front of the sun
blocking out her light

When the scribbles dissipate
trees open their umbrellas
and shade me from the bright light
but her jealous rays punish the living

Trees battle for water
by slashing their roots at each other
when one loses a fight
the other suffers the drought

and from her lofty throne in the sky
The sun radiates cold beauty
like the Mona Lisa
mysteriously giving and taking

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



JADEN, 14
Carmichael, CA

Sacramento Waldorf
School
Teacher: Jody Arthur

FROM THE HEART

Sitting here struggling to find
the correct words to define my prophecy, not a story.
Weaving, sculpting
My thoughts, feelings, and fears
Put into words that other people can hear. So I feel
sad, upset, not understood .
For all the times I'm told, "You should have done this,
or you could have done that" I wish I could.
But, I couldn't and that's a fact.
Teacher, I know you just answered the question
asked I don't get it so I have another ask.
And you, classmate, what's it to you?
Your comments are hurtful and only push me down.
Why care if I ask again?
I didn't get it, so can't you just be a friend? Don't
judge me for being who I am.
If you think down on me for anything I do
its not about me, but a mere reflection of you

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



HOPEFULLY IN TIME

If I walked 1 year 3 days and 6 hours
It wouldn't be enough to clear my mind
I thought

It gets better

If I said everything on my mind It would be chaos
I think

Talking to people about my problems is good

KIKI, 14
Quincy, MA

Landmark School
Teacher: Kiley
Murphy

If 400 people trusted me
I would only trust 10 of them
I hope

I especially wanted
to thank my best
friend.

Things will change

If I saw what i want to see
Life would be boring
I know

Everything happens for a reason

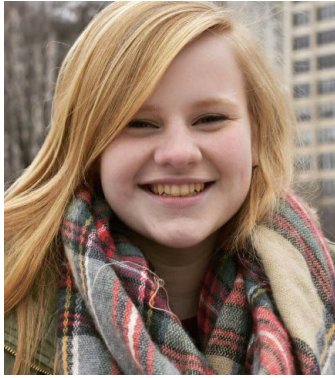
If everyone was 100% happy
It would be sad
I wish

Life isn't all bad

If I wasn't me
What my friends and family think
I feel

People should choose to be happy

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT



FAITH, 16
Elgin, IL

Homeschool

THE FLAWED MIRROR

I would like to introduce you to a girl named Lucy. Although to you she may look normal, once you hear her story you may think otherwise. She lived an almost normal life full of family, food, and school. However there is one peculiar thing in her life, a mirror. You may be thinking to yourself, "That's not weird most people have mirrors." Well this was no ordinary mirror. It did not show a reflection of her true self, but instead how she thought she looked.

As a young girl she would look in the mirror and see a princess, then the next day a cowgirl. The mirror's only limit was her imagination. During the transition from child to teen the reflection changed immensely. The same girl who used to see a princess now could only see a person she did not want to be. Her flaws took over the reflection. She thought she was fat, ugly, and unworthy. Since that is how she perceived herself, that is what appeared in the mirror.

She lost all confidence, leading her to not only shut the mirror away in her closet, but also shut herself out from the world, which lead to her not having any friends at high school. Freshman year is hard enough without everything she was going through.

Luckily one day a girl named Isabella sat next to her at lunch. Lucy felt ashamed of her appearance and did not know why anyone would sit by her. But Isabella didn't see the person Lucy saw in the mirror. She saw a gorgeous, kindhearted girl who needed a friend, and she decided to be that friend. Every day that week she sat next to her at lunch. Lucy slowly opened up to her and they became really close friends. Over the school year Lucy starting making more friends

THE FLAWED MIRROR (continued)

which caused her to slowly regain her confidence. The transformation just a few friends caused in her life was unimaginable.

After graduation she was packing for college. While going through her closet she came across the mirror. Until this point she had completely forgotten about it. Honestly when she saw it she felt fearful. What if when she looked at it the reflection was still the same self-conscious freshman that she saw last time she used the mirror? Although she knew she was a different person on the inside she still was not sure what she was going to see. Slowly she turned the mirror around and she could not believe what she saw. No longer was there a timid girl in the mirror, but a joyful, beautiful, and loved girl.

Since she no longer allowed the image in the mirror to define her, she got rid of it. Since then she has not looked back. Because of one simple act of kindness Lucy's whole life was changed redefining her self-worth and loving herself flaws and all.

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GRAYSON, 17

LaCenter, WA

LaCenter High School
Teacher: Mrs. Eiseland

ADHD PILL

It calls for me
It promises clarity, stillness from everything
One swallow is all it takes
One small yellow 5mg pill can't hurt can it?
One swallow and all of life's problems drain away
Homework is easy, school is simple and easy

But the price, oh the price
At first you don't notice but then you feel your energy
drain away
Your personality drains away, your creativity drains
away,
love and happiness drains away from your life.
And then cold, cold as stone but with that cold clarity
A crystal lake high in the mountains cold and beautiful
but dangerous
It begs for me to keep taking it
A clarity and coldness like death it is almost addicting.

This is my demon to fight, this is my obstacle
It is a dangerous game, but I play it nonetheless
I play it with confidence because I have a life line
Friends true friends are the only defense against this
demon.

And to any who wish to play this game one thing is vital a
life line.
Something to pull you out of your death like coldness
For if you think you can control in by yourself it will
surely consume you.
And then if you ever escape you will realize the true
price
that everything that mattered is gone.
Friends, lovers, family everything will be gone and all
you will have for it is a 4.0

So do you play this game? the choice is yours

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

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FEAR

Fear spreads around like a
wildfire, affecting the whole mind in seconds
Giving signals of flight or fight
all throughout the body
Like a bomb was set in the soul

WHITNEY, 11
Houston, TX

St. Laurence Catholic
School

Teacher: Mrs. Garcia

I'd like to thank my
parents and teachers. My
parents and teachers
have always encouraged
me to be who I am.

HIGH HONORS

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

CLOAKED SHADOWS

Prologue: Frozen Talons

The last few moments I remember was the fall, flames engulfing my body, working their fiery tendrils through the seams in my armor. Then I saw the hooded man, that damnable cultist, pulling the end of my broken blade from his chest. And the laughter, yes, that accursed laughter, mocking me for my failure. The flames burnt my skin and the agony threatened to pull me into unconsciousness as I plummeted from the mountain peak. In my final glimpse before horrible blackness swallowed me, I saw that godforsaken artifact activate, as it sent its ice blue rays into the heavens, summoning the cold; that unnatural cold, as if it were the manifestation of death itself. As I collided into the snowbank, I knew no more but darkness and the cold.

* * *

Five hundred years pass and the magic of the artifact still flows thickly in the eternally blackened sky. No one had dared to venture through this frozen and godforsaken abyss until the day a small excavation team makes their way through the lifeless and frigid mountain range. This team was mandated by neither king nor eccentric noble, for the men were not the humble miners that are so commonly hired by the wealthy and regal. No, this lot is comprised of eight men, all swarthy and callous in nature. All of the bunch are hideous in complexion, with their matted



LOGAN, 15
Durham, NC

Homeschool

HIGH HONORS

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CLOAKED SHADOWS (continued)

and greasy hair, wild and untrimmed beards, and filth-caked frames. One might presume them to be trolls or some other unnatural beasts, but in truth these men are the stock of the harshest regions of land and they are perfect for the task at hand. The ninth member of this team, however, is of a different build, he is as skinny as a rail, with a spotless visage, smooth brown hair, and neon blue eyes.

This young man is the leader of the team and the man who has privately funded the entire ordeal. Within a few short hours, he leads his team to a large glacier at the foot of the mountain.

With determination and precision, rusty picks bite deeply into the ice, shattering the ancient and untouched glacier. The wild workmen spend hours chopping and chipping at the ice. Piles of crumbled ice lay strewn across the base of the mountain. As the hours pass, tunnels are made through the ice, winding ever deeper into that icy mound. All of a sudden, a shout rings out,

"Hey, down here in the tunnels. The one I'm standing in. By the gods are any of you listening to me?" shouted the voice from the tunnel.

The workmen weave their way through the tunnels, trying to find where the voice emanates from. Finally, the workmen thunder through the final tunnel to heed the call. In a worked-out chamber deep within the glacier the young man,

Markus by name, stands torch in hand in the center of the room. In the torchlight a darker shape is seen deeper within the ice. With a proficiency that could only be obtained after years of hard labor the workmen chip their way to the shadowy shape. As they raise their picks to excavate further, a panicked cry is heard.

"Hold, you must be careful, we cannot afford any damage to come to it. Just chip it out and carry it to the crate and we'll be on our way and you'll get your gold," implored Marcus in a panic.

Now the workmen trade their heavy picks for chisels and begin to delicately chip away the ice. The men ask no questions about what they just unearthed as they silently bring the ice to the large and reinforced crate. As the object is lowered into position and the lid is ready to close, Marcus grins and speaks these words:

"Aw Jace, my old friend, it's been a long time. I told you I would come back for you. I told you I'd come and save you. You know I always keep my promises. Now it might've been five hundred years or so, but that's a technicality. Come on my friend, let's get you home."

HIGH HONORS



LEIOLA, 9
Campbell, CA

Homeschool

THE ADVENTURES OF THE MONKEY LEAGUE

Once upon a time there were six monkeys. Their names were Luck-A, Luck-E, Luck-I, Luck-O and Luck-U. They were all brothers except for Luck-Y, their favorite cousin. Together they were called, The Monkey League. They were a group of monkeys with super powers. When the Grand Monkey calls their pod, they know it's time to be heroes.

They each have super hero names. Luck-A's name is Super Luck-A, and has the power to fly and be invisible. Luck-E is called Indiana Luck-E, and has super cool chopsticks and a whip. Luck-I becomes Ninja Luck-I. He uses ninja stars and nun chucks. Luck-O's name is Luck-O Camo. He can camouflage himself and whatever he touches. Luck-U can turn into a Dragon and breathes fire. His super hero name is Drag-U. Cousin Luck-Y who sometimes helps seems like an average monkey, but can turn himself into any animal he touches.

Luck-A and Luck-E were surfing when their pods started ringing. It was Grand Monkey calling for them to go to Pompeii to stop Vesuvius from erupting.

Super Luck-A loved sleeping on the long plane ride. The famous Indiana Luck-E had fun on the long and winding car ride. It was hot and rainy when they arrived in Pompeii. They thought Mount Vesuvius looked smaller than what Grand Monkey described to them. It was half the size it was before it erupted in AD 79. The walls of the baths were colors of blue, red, yellow and purple. There were arches. The rich people's house had mosaic tiles on the floor and pools to catch rainwater from a hole in the ceiling. The fountains were bigger, and cooler than the fountains today. They were rectangles, and had pictures of different faces on each one. .

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The roads were made out of stone with small pieces of marble. When the moonlight hits them they shine and make light. They were so very nice.

Super Luck-A felt something strange under his feet. The ground was rumbling. Out of nowhere he heard a soft whooshing sound coming from the volcano. A small rock the size of his hand almost hit Super Luck-A. Indiana Luck-E caught the rock with his chopsticks. They were a gift from the owner of the popular Sumo Sushi restaurant. The owner recognized he was the celebrity super hero and gave him the chopsticks. No one else noticed him. They thought he was just another average monkey.

Indiana Luck-E helped everyone get away, knowing that the volcano would erupt soon. He yelled, "follow me everybody", and swung his lasso in the sky so everyone could see it from far away, and follow it to safety.

While Indiana Luck-E gathered everyone, Super Luck-A bravely walked towards the lava flow. Mount Vesuvius was erupting. Super Luck-A did something unbelievable. He flew to the top of the volcano and blew up a magical, super blue balloon. He stuck the balloon in the hole in the volcano. The lava got sucked up into the balloon, and he flew it into the sky with super strength. Super Luck-A let the balloon go over the sea.

Super Luck-A and Indiana Luck-E saved Pompeii!

HONORS

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



EMILIA, 10
Thomasville, NC

The Piedmont School
Teachers: Mrs. Palmer
and Mrs. Barbee

MAGGIE MAE SAVES THE DAY

One day two little girls went out to play. They had a big yard and field to play in. These girls loved animals. Emilia loved her rabbits. Sophie loved her dogs, and Dad adored the miniature horse. The girls trained the dogs to play with the rabbits. Dad would hook up the buggy to ride all the pets. You see, the little horse, Rusty, loved to pull them in the buggy. Sophie and Emilia would yell, "Go faster Rusty." The dogs would bark and the rabbits would just cuddle up in Emilia's arms. But there was a huge problem. Coyotes had been seen in the neighborhood. Coyotes can kill little animals.

"We have a major problem," said Dad as they rode along one day. "I saw a Coyote through our back window last night."

"Oh, Dad, let's put all of our animals in the house from now on," cried Emilia.

"No," Dad replied. "I have a plan. We will get a little donkey to protect your rabbits and dogs." "How can a donkey help?" asked Sophie.

"Donkeys do not like coyotes. They will kick and stomp on them," answered Dad. "Coyotes fear donkeys."

"Well, we need to get a donkey quick," said Emilia.

That very day Dad put the animals in the barn to be safe. He took the girls and went looking for a donkey. An old man that he knew had mentioned selling his donkeys because he could no longer take care of them. It happened that he had sold all but one little donkey named Maggie Mae. This donkey had learned to sit on the man's lap when it was a baby. She was gentle and kind.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

The man liked little girls and knew that Sophie, Emilia, and Dad would take good care of Maggie Mae. So he gave Maggie to them.

Dad loaded Maggie Mae in a trailer. Away they drove back home to the barn.

At first, Maggie was afraid, but she learned that all the animals were her friends. They played together. The dogs would bark. The rabbits would squeak. Maggie Mae would go eeeee-aaaah and Rusty would neigh. What a happy time!

However, something happened to upset everyone. Dad looked out the window one late evening and saw a coyote sneaking around the barnyard. Before he could go toward the barn, Maggie Mae started going eeeee-aaaah, stomping, kicking, and running toward the coyote. The other animals were frightened. The dogs barked and growled, Rusty whinnied and cried. The poor little rabbits tried to hide.

The donkey attacked the coyote. She kicked it so hard that it fell over. Next, the coyote dodged another kick. It jumped up and ran for its life. Maggie Mae scared that coyote so badly that he never ever came back.

Thanks to the little donkey, the rabbits, dogs, horse, and girls now have a safe place to play.

Maggie Mae gets kisses, hugs, and treats every day from Emilia and Sophie for saving the day!

HONORS

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FADING

"Mom dad, I'm home" I announced as I walked through the creaky wooden door

"Hey Bella, me and your dad were just about to go out and get your favorite ice

cream wanna come?" she said as she walked into the room. "Of course I do, race you to the car" I say

"Oh no your not getting away that easy" she said holding me back so my dad could race ahead of me

"No fair" I say with a wide smile on my face. "Come on let's go dad i'm ready for some ice cream" Mimi my older sister shouts. "I know I know I'm working on it" My dad says as he pulls out of the driveway I watch the house fading, going, going, gone. Lights, big bright glowing lights coming straight at us.

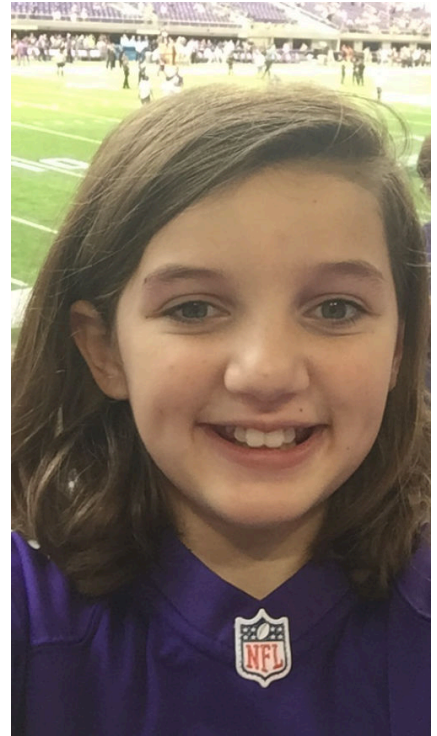
"STOP" I scream as the truck zooms nearer. But I was too late the truck cut through us like butter and then all I remember is hearing the sirens taking me away.

"Wake up Bella, Wake up"

"Wha-what" I said "I had the worst dream that mom and dad died in a car crash and we were there! What a dream right"

"That wasn't a dream" she said to me in a depressed tone "mom and dad did die" Mimi said looking down at her socks.

"Lay down you broke your arm in the crash the doctor said to let it rest."



LINDSEY, 11
Wayzata, MN

Blake School
Teacher: Amy Waters

HONORS

FADING (continued)

"No it won't mom and dad aren't here" I heard her feet creep away into her room and then I burst out crying. I cried until I cried myself to sleep.

"Beep, beep beep" said my alarm. I slowly got out of bed and felt the weight of my parents death push down on me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Mimi walk into the room.

"Mom and Dad's funeral got moved... it's today."

I pictured mom and dad sitting in their coffins not able to move speak or make a breath. Then I blurted it out "I'm not going I can't"

"What this is our parents funeral you have to go!" said Mimi in a worried tone.

"I... I can't."

"Bu--"

"No i'm not going" I said in a firm voice.

"Fine if that's what you want just think about it at least Bella."

"Now can you please leave I would like to go back to sleep" I mumble wandering back under the cozy covers and then i fall into a long deep sleep.

"Mom dad I'm home" I shouted out to her

"Hey Bella me and your dad are just about to go out and get your favorite ice cream wanna come" she said as she walked into the room.

"Of course I do" I say "Let's go" Mimi ashouts.

"I'm working on it" My dad says. Then I saw blinding lights coming towards us.

"STOP!!!!"

"Bella, Bella wake up you were just having a bad dream, it's all ok now"

"Only it's not a dream it did happen Mimi that's just it everything is happening and I don't like any of it"

"I'm about to go are you sure you don't want to come?" Mimi asks.

"Yes" I say hiding my face so she won't see the tears. As I saw my sister got in the car to go I thought about how my parents were always there for me no matter what. Then I realized my parents won't want their funeral to be sad they would want it to be happy, and most importantly the would want me to be happy. "WAIT" I shout running out the door panting "What is it?" Mimi says.

"I want to come"

"Are you sure because if you get in this car there's no turning back" Mimi says.

"Yes I think" I say as I follow Mimi into the car.

As we lumber down the old gravel road I watch the house fading, going, going, gone.



ZACH, 12
Tierra Verde, FL

Shorecrest
Preparatory
School
Teacher: Mr.
Cruise

I would like to
thank my twin
brother Tim
who
encouraged me.

THE FEELING OF NOT KNOWING

The feeling of not knowing Is always flowing.
The feeling of not knowing
Is sometimes good and sometimes bad Don't worry a tad.
The feeling of not knowing Is exciting but scary.
It can be an ocean tide or a fun ride. Not knowing can be hard.
It's not a crime,
So I bring you this rhyme.
The feeling is like a scorpion about to bite, You may think it's
just not right.
But the feeling's edges can be ledges to a bigger goal But don't
forget the toll.
You may wonder what I am talking about
But not knowing is a route that you will find out. The feeling of
not knowing
Is always going.
The feeling of not knowing Is always growing.
The feeling of not knowing Is flowing.
Faster faster and faster It's a disaster!
Slow down,
It can probably take over a town. Watch out it's coming,
It's humming in your brain, Louder and louder until
You realized it surprised you. Boom it's doom.
But as you grow smarter,
it's harder for the feeling to invade
Because it's only made to work and lurk in your mind.
But if you give it a chance, It will enhance.
So work hard, Study
Learn
And turn the chance of not knowing To zero
and you will be a hero.
But if you don't know the answer, Try
But don't lie.
Be sly,
Try, Try, Try.

THE FEELING OF NOT KNOWING (continued)

And when someone asks you, do you know? Tell them yes!
But don't guess.
Make a hypothesis,
And don't show that you don't know. Be confident
Be happy Be proud
And always be loud.
To show what you know
Or let the feeling of not knowing creep up on you, Your mind will be a zoo.
But that's my opinion,
Because I was once not knowing's minion. But if you fail,
You won't go to jail.
So relax,
Beat not knowing to the max. And don't worry,
Don't hurry.
But that's my opinion and it's winnin'! And you might too.
The feeling of not knowing is sad.
The feeling of not knowing might make you mad.

But if you are calm,
And if you don't let it take over, Bet your four leaf clover
You will find the answer. Will you know the answer? That's your choice,
Find your voice!

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

CYPHER TRAVEL

The Mount Vernon gift store was crowded but awesome. Because Kate knew so much about the American Revolution, she was thrilled to be there for the first time. To think that George Washington actually lived and died here at Mt. Vernon and that his good friend, the Marquis De Lafayette, had visited this very place was exhilarating. Where she was standing was hard for her to get her mind around.

As Kate wandered through the rows of tables, the sound of kids crying and the ching of the cash register caused her to drift into her thoughts. She loved imagining what it would be like to live during the Revolutionary War. Her favorite person during this time was the Marquis de Lafayette. To her, he was a hero in both the American and French Revolutions. She liked his ideas about freedom, justice and democracy.

While looking for something unique to take home she noticed there was something unusual about one of the cypher wheels on display. It was different from the others because it looked worn and there was a faint image of the French flag on one side of the wheel. It wasn't in a box like the others, but she knew that sometimes they would let people buy the display.

While Kate was buying the cypher wheel, she downloaded the Mount Vernon app on her phone. This would be helpful because the app would work without Wi-Fi. In addition, the app included Revolutionary War maps. Walking out of the shop she turned the cypher wheel. There were so many combinations she wanted to try.

With twelve spaces, she first spun: W-A-S-H-I-N-G-T-O-N-D-C. Then Y-O-R-K-T-O- W-N-1-7-8-3. Suddenly there was a spark. She dropped the wheel and smoke began to swirl around her. Kate wondered what was happening as the smoke began to clear.

"Hello!" said someone.

"Who are you?!" exclaimed Kate. Kate did not realize that she had traveled back to 1783.

She was wearing the same clothes and everything looked somewhat the same but also eerily different.



MADISON KATE, 12
Whitesboro, TX

Denton Calvary Academy
Teacher: Cheryl Crouch

I would like to thank Mrs.
Crouch.

HONORS

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

CYPHER TRAVEL (continued)

"My name is Martha Washington. And you are?" "Kate, Kate Jacinto," said Kate.

"Nice to meet you Kate. Hmmmm, Jacinto. I have a letter for you." Martha handed Kate a piece of folded, brittle parchment. On the outside of the parchment was faded writing that said, "Look to the flower for a miracle."

"You must be mistaken?!" said Kate, "I am not sure I belong here."

"No, you are Jacinto; the Hyacinth Saint we have been waiting and praying for. Your virtue will bring us a miracle."

Confused, Kate read the letter. "I get to ride to Yorktown to help the Marquis de Lafayette?!" she exclaimed.

"Let's go to the stables for a horse," said Martha, "I have the perfect one for you."

At the stables Martha could not put the saddle on and then decided she did not want Kate to go because it was too dangerous. While Martha was heading back to the house, Kate stood looking at the letter and the horse. She remembered how to saddle a horse from Girl Scouts and from horse riding lessons. When Martha returned to the stables, Kate had already left. Using the maps on her Mount Vernon app, Kate made it to Lafayette's camp on the edge of Yorktown in two days. Arriving just before the battle, Kate found Lafayette's tent. Introducing herself as the Jacinto, the Hyacinth Saint, she handed him the letter. She showed him her phone and the maps

which he thought had to be some sort of cypher. Kate helped him figure out his battle plan using the maps.

"Thank you, Kate, for helping me with my strategy in trying to capture Cornwallis." Said Lafayette, "May I give you my cypher in return for the strategy and useful maps from your cypher?"

"This looks just like the one I bought, but not as worn," Kate thought. "Sure!" said Kate excitedly.

Kate twisted M-T-V-E-R-N-O-N-2-0-1-7 and was transported back to where she started. Walking back to the gift shop she realized that not only was Lafayette a hero, but she too was a hero of the American Revolution. What a trip back in time the day had been!

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



BRADEN, 12
Gregory School

Teacher: Nina Hernandez

HAWK'S LIGHT

A NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN CREATION STORY

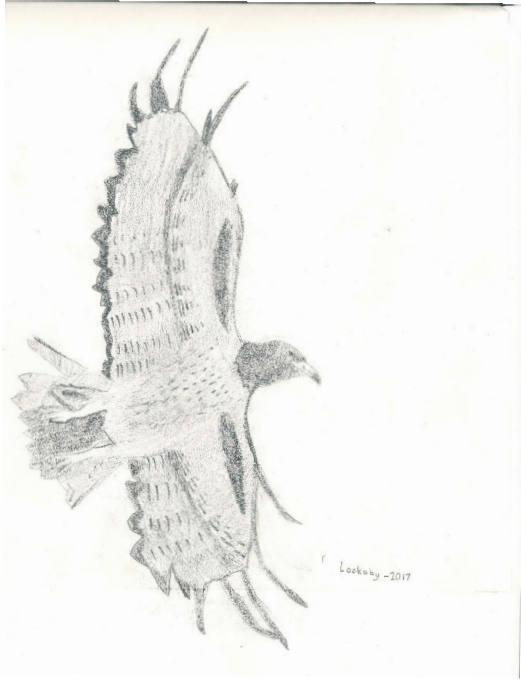
There was a world that only consisted of darkness. With his mighty powers, Hawk created three beings. Wolf was created alone but Bear and Elk were created together. Wolf was in charge of the weather elements. Bear was in charge of water and life. Elk was the creator of land.

After many months, Bear grew jealous of Elk's antlers. Wolf was still looking for somewhere to live. As Wolf grew tired of walking through the darkness, looking for somewhere to live, he heard a thud. It was Bear and Elk. Bear was jealous of Elk's antlers. Bear took several swings at Elk, but Elk blocked him with his antlers. Bear eventually grew tired. But Elk didn't want to hurt Bear, so Elk walked into the darkness.

As Elk walked away, he felt something wet. It was wet because of Bear's tears. Bear was laying on the ground crying and chanting, "Antlers, antlers, antlers." "I want antlers of my own." Elk worried because the water from Bear's tears was now up to his chest. Elk cried, "I am still stronger than you!"

Suddenly, there was land! Elk had created the land so the beings on earth would not drown. Bear was so surprised, he ran away.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



Hawk was mad Bear and Elk because they didn't get along, so he gave Wolf the power of the snow. Hawk thought Wolf would use his powers against Elk and Bear, because they didn't get along. Hawk judged Wolf based on Bear and Elk's poor decisions.

But Wolf just wanted to be alone. Wolf used his powers to make earth cold. He created the arctic, so he could be alone.

Hawk grew angrier each day because he could no longer fly. The snow was too hard to see through and it was too cold. The snow would continuously fall from the white cloud of the north. Hawk found that if he flew closer to the yellow cloud of the east, he would feel warmer.

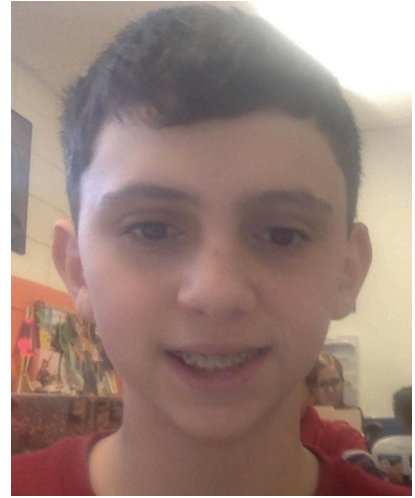
After many months, he decided to fly into the yellow cloud and gather light and warmth. He thought the world would be better if there was warmth and light. He flew out of the cloud with a ball of light in his wings to share it with the world. He let the light out of his wings and called it the sun. As the sun took over the dark, the first man and woman were created.

To Be Continued....

CHERRY BLOSSOM

The tree, dancing in the wind reminds us of days
of old dreaming of sun, the fragmented shadows
cast upon the ground
always listening and all knowing
without saying a single word
it shares its story

Overlooking the serene lake,
It harnesses
the cool breeze
And hides us from the sun
While reaching for the sky
Exquisitely blooming
fearless



RAFI, 13
Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders
Teacher: Kat DeWees

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ASH, 14

Austin, TX

Rawson

Saunders

Teacher: Kat

Dewees

ODE TO A CIRCLE

He was once a sphere, but was deflated by a heavy load
All round and smooth like a freshly cleaned whiteboard
He occupies a variety of foods: pizzas, pies, and wheels of cheese
He was invented in 1706 by a mathematician
(How do you invent a circle?)
Sports love him: frisbees, dart boards, and archery targets
with their concentric shapes embedded upon themselves
He is never ending, the symbol of infinity, the circle of life
Manholes, math, and most modern art
Oh, circle you complete me!
What a line...

HONORS

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

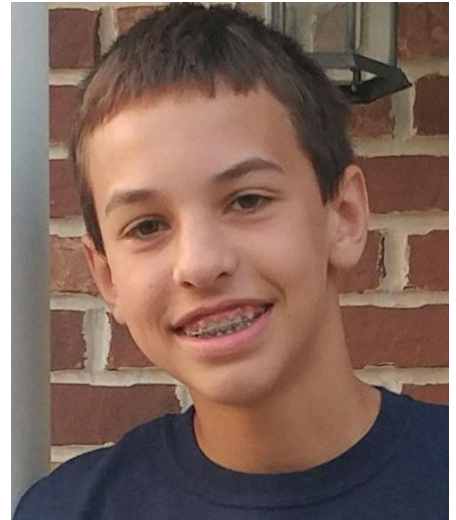
SCOUT'S STORY

It was a lovely Saturday afternoon, the sun was falling over the horizon, and on the other side the moon peeked out. We were getting ready for a long day to come tomorrow, well for them. For me, I was planning on sleeping the whole day. However, my back had been hurting all day, so I laid down near Jake to sleep. When Jake told me to get up, my back was killing me. I was stumbling all over like I was drunk. My family seemed worried.

Next thing I knew, they rushed me into the car, which I love riding in. They wanted me to lie down, but I love to look out the window. Unexpectedly, I was in a new building which smelled like a vet. I hate the vet. They rushed me to the back and brought me to a towering machine that had a big arm that moved over me. I wanted to flee but I couldn't, they were holding me down. I tried to get out of the steel, tight grasp, but I could not break it. I cried.

Finally, they were done and put me in a room with my family. I was relieved when Jake started petting me. I waited by the door to get out.

Mom said, "No you can't go out, not yet."



TYLER, 15
Oswego, IL

Dyslexia Buddy
Network

Teacher: Kristin Paxton

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

I wanted to ask, "Why not?" and to tell them, "I want to get out of here." But it came out as a cry.

We finally got home; we were all tired from the excitement of the night and went to bed. When I woke up I didn't know if I had my back legs. I looked back and there they were. When I tried to stand, I couldn't get up. Mom lifted up my hind end, and my legs just dangled like a rope swing. My family rushed me to a different vet. There was the stinging smell of a cleaner. They finally took us to a room and began messing with my back legs. I could not feel anything. I desperately wanted to be home. Next thing I knew, Dad scooped me up and carried me to the car

again. We arrived at what smells like another hospital where I get taken away from my family. I was rushed to a cold metal table.

Later, the vet tech grabbed my front leg, and I see a vibrating metal object. As it hits my skin, I try to jump, but I am being held down. I notice chunks of hair fall to the ground beneath me.

I feel a rush of relief once they stop the instrument, but then I see a sharp metal needle, and I was instantly petrified. I try to scream, "No! I hate needles." but it came out as a half cry and half bark. They poked me right where I was missing the hair, and attached a tube that led up to a bag that was hanging. I was fatigued, but I was not comfortable there. Later, a lovely lady brought me to a crate that had a bed so I could finally nap.

When I woke up the next day, I was stuck with another needle. Instantly, I was weary; I did not know why since I just got up. I decided to close my eyes for a little while.

All of a sudden, I was back at my house, and mom said: "Do you want to go for a walk?" "Bark bark," yes, obviously.

"Ok, grab your toy," Mom insisted.

Out of nowhere, I was on Rie's bed, my favorite place to sleep.

Eventually, I wake up at the vet on the cold metal table. My back had no hair, but there was no pain anymore. A few days later I finally see my family.

When my family arrived, I was so excited to see them, but I was not able to stand, my legs were so weak. We headed home. When we got there things were different, I saw a crate and many gates, and I no longer could roam the house. I was happy to be home with my people.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

DRAGONIA STORY OF CREATION

I be the dragon from the depths of the darkness who would go about creating things from world to world. But for what do these things bring me? Not joy nor sorrow but something that I cannot comprehend. I feel everything and everyone. I see what will become and what will fall. And yet I still cannot stop myself from creating. Now I feel nothing but a longing, no a wanting, for a place to call my own to see it flourish and stop my endless traveling in this great large darkness.

Through the depths of my desires gifts were given to me as though someone had heard my wish. Veins of metal thrustured themselves into the shape of beautiful long horns that reached outwards. Delicate blue orbs floated towards me and started to dance as though joy spread through them and landed on my horns. Endless circles of water and heat connect the orbs to my head. I looked upwards and two leaves grew from under my chin. Through them the wind blew, and it fanned me with its strength and kindness.

My head ached with pain as two red spikes sprouted from my spine. The fire released was so intense that it shot into the darkness. Sparkling and glowing creating the stars of the universe. I opened my eyes and felt the power within. I could now create.



HANNAH, 16
Highlands Ranch, CO

Rock Canyon High
School
Teacher: Mr. McClurg

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

DRAGONIA, STORY OF CREATION (continued)

I exhaled into the breathless air and commanded the metal in my bones to put forth the veins of a planet. They climbed out of my horns and slowly slithered into different patterns and colors. My fiery tempered horns blasted forward a striking blue flame that grasped ahold of the veins and slowly turned their brilliant colors into a golden orange that created landmasses.

My blue orbs shook with excitement and within them spilled out a blue liquid that swirled and sparkled as if it was playing. It fell onto the land masses that my flames created and as the liquid fell a new color of green that spoke of healthiness and tranquility covered the land.

By the leaves command I shook my head upwards scattering seeds blown by the mysterious wind. The seeds dug into the wet green glowing floor and were swallowed by the newly formed soil. Within seconds plants of all kinds grew into large and plentiful beings.

I gazed upon this new world; a world which I had created but something still felt like it was missing. There should be something else there. I closed my eyes and pictured it. A world where there are more like me. A place where dragons can live in peace.

Floating down onto the land, I focused on creating a species of many diverse and intelligent dragons.

The first must be someone who will take care of the dragons for all time. I crawled up to a nearby tree with red bark and emerald green leaves, pulled one of the leaves, and placed it in the center of the tree. I gathered the energy from the giant orb at the tip of my tail. The orb sparkled and followed the path of the spell of creation. A bright light emanated and out fell a dragon.

He had large horns coming from his head with drooping ears beneath. When he rose and opened his red eyes they revealed flashes of green and blue. He bowed to me.

"I name you Norris - the Caretaker Dragon," I said. "You are the first to be created, but you shall not be the last. You will take care of the small dragons yet to be born. With you I entrust the greatest duty of all. You will look after the dragons until they can stand on their own."

"Yes, Lady Dragonia," said Norris. "Thank you for this honor."

With the Caretaker created I began the never-ending process of creating all dragons. Soon the entire planet was full, and they no longer needed me. I crawled into the cave at the soul of the planet. My beating heart is the energy which sustains my new world.

HONORS

LOVEISH SONGS



Bethany, 17
Mililani, HI

Island Pacific
Academy
Teacher: Jordan
Hanson

As I drive my friend, let's call him Peter, down H-1 from Kapolei, the freeway is quiet. It stretches out in front of us for miles, empty. We are not part of rush hour traffic at 10 pm on a Sunday night in the middle of September. I am sitting and staring ahead at the bare, concrete road in front of us, nervous and hopeful. We start talking about what songs we love in the dead silence exuberating from the freeway. We seem to have a lot in common, song wise, that prompts conversation. The radio suddenly plays a loveish song: I want something just like this.

Do you know what the lyrics are saying?" he asks.

"No. What does it mean?" I question as I glance over at him. I want something just like this.

Just then the song changes and the moment is lost. We keep driving down silent H-1 changing the radio. Every station we turn to has loveish type songs playing. Where'd you wanna go? Every station seems to be a broken record because the same song consistently comes back on. We jam out passionately.

Peter's face looks like an emoji: blushing cheeks, squinting eyes, and a smile stretching from either end of his face. Every word he speaks to me is an enlightening compliment or description. Some make me feel like I am flying. I am weightless. I don't know what is real. Some fairytale bliss.

I am talking Peter's ear off. I explain that I am nervous because my parents are very strict about me driving other people in the car. The pressure of having to make sure he arrives home alive gets the best of me. It doesn't seem to phase him, but I am a butterfly.

LOVEISH SONGS (continued)

The whole car ride long, I couldn't stop thinking about him. I'm not looking for somebody with some superhuman gifts. Every time he talks, with brown eyes sparkling, I feel as though I can see more. As if there could be more out there for both of us, beyond these car doors.

We blast the radio, turning it up; singing and dancing in the little space I have. He doesn't feel like dancing since his legs are pressed up against the dashboard and his arms are squashed between the armrest and door -- he is 8 inches taller than my 5 feet 7 inches. He appears content with watching me dance. My heart is pumping from the beat of the music pulsing inside me. I am alive with rhythm. The car feels like a concert. I don't care what others think of me as they drive past, except Peter.

I sing at the top of my lungs when he compliments me.

"You are a really good singer," he says during the instrumental part. My cheeks become red. Under the night sky, you can't see a thing, right?

As we get closer and closer to his house, I start to imagine those movie scenes where the guy brings back the girl to her house after a date and before letting her go, he leans over and kisses her. And clearly I don't see my name upon that list. My heart senses that nothing would come. When we get to his house, he leaves me with a good night.

We're nothing and I dream of being something.
Oh, I want something just like this.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



EMILY, 17
New York, NY

The Taft School
Teacher: Alex Merrill

THE SONG OF MYSELF

The fog creeps into my mind
Across the golden gate bridge and into the city,
Clouding what made me giddy.
The tall building surrounded with grey, My mind no
longer feels gay,
Past the murkiness there is a sun, Getting there, oh will
it be done?

Zoom zoom-the cars rush by,
The thoughts in my mind cause so much ruckus, I can
not focus-

Am I smart enough? Do I fit in here? The city lights
match the concealed stars
While we are socializing and hiding our scars The
anxiety of work, appearance, and intelligence,
These thoughts hold too much relevance.

The light brown grass sways in the wind, Dancing and
playing with the song of the breeze,
I let my hair down to swing and play with the bees, The
song of the wind never dwindles,
sometimes I block it out, but the song always rekindles,
I never feel bad about messing with my curls,
While we dance to the song like little girls.

Boom, clap a streak of light strikes!
The anger inside makes me want to cry, Another light
flashes over the Great Lake
As I feel the sickness of a heartbreak Anger, sadness
and pain,
All my feelings will somehow drain At first, ferocious
like the lightning
Now there's no more fighting.

HONORS



ZACHARY, 17
Beachwood, OH

Lawrence Upper
School
Teacher: Rama
Janamanchi

I'd like to thank Rama
Janamanchi

ON BEING ME, IN TWO PARTS

The Ambiguity of the Space Diagnosis - cold, hard
and calculated

'Yesterday was harder than today' goes through
one's head

Social interaction - uncomfortable, hard

Lonely - not being able to feel like people can

relate Exhausted - a struggle to finish a sentence

and start the next Xenial - having to have almost

two people speak for you Independence - to have

to declare you're alright and it's fine Alright, it's me

and I'm okay with it

Do I Need to Read It for You?

I AM imperfect

Distracting to those who read it

Yearning to improve upon it

Scribe - writing almost everything for you Gritting

your teeth at the outcome Regretting at the fact

you need to redo it 'Apparently you need to try

harder' Purposely messing up

Honestly I don't mind it. So why do you?

Independence - I can rely on myself without

outside help Accommodations - I have my tools to

help me and that's all I need I AM dysgraphic



Congratulations to all of the incredible writers this year. The following students were also received special recognition.

Unique Voice Awards

Coralie, 7 Growing Up Green
Cole, 9 Infection
Laney, 9 The Night
William, 9 Lost in the Mist
Allie, 10 The Math Pre-Test
Ashlyn, 10 The Secrets of Abby and Ty
Luke, 10 A War for Carsindis
Sophia, 10 Dr. DeSoto
Dominic, 11 The Cat's Sad Adventure
Grace, 11 The Unlikely Heroes
Nora, 11 Odd in America.
Simon, 11 Black Needle
Amelia, 12 What We Wanted
Catherine, 12 Gun
Coleman, My Life
Grayson 12, Lehman Torture Center
Laura, 12, My Dyslexic World
Linnea, 12 Invisible String
Alex, 13, Te Enchanted Dragon
Charlotte, 13, Lost
Davis, 13 War
Ellen, 13 The Eye of Someone Long Lost
Hudson, 13 The Whitechapel Murders
James, 13 Huron's Tale
Joe, 13 Rebirth of Earth
Bennett, 13 Herme Lance
Patrick, 13 Solar Eclips: A Haiku in Phases
Rebecca, 13 Sincerely, Daisy
Estevan, 14 The Race Track
Jackson, 14 Last Resort
Joshua, 14 Eulogy of a Dream
Jonas, 14 The Last Day of School
Katherine, 14 The Boy Who Gave the Necklace
Lilian, 14 It is All Water
Madeleine, 14 To Rule as One
Maren, 14 Ten Bucks
Nevaeh, Little Girl
lexcia 15 Through the Eyes of Dyslexia
Karina, 15 Ring...ring...
Alexia, 16, Poem
Ava, 16 The Fastened Frenemy
Caroline, 16 Blind Trust in Love
Connor, 16 Dead Love
Katerina, 16 Alive
Jenna, 17 Soul-Dwellers
Madilyn, 17 Broken Hopes
Salyn, 17 Holding Dirt

Special Recognition Awards

Kaydence, 8 The dancers
Abigail, 9 Friends
Kate, 9 The Super Animals
Mason, 9 Lucky
Owen, 10 Wilson
Samantha, 10 Moms are...
Brighton, 10 Kidnapped
Keegan, 10 Soccer
Jordan, 10 Alien Life
Daelan, 11 Fox Wings and the hidden Chamber
Erich, 11 The Great Scout
Ethan, 11 A Crazy Day
James, 11 The Last of His Kind
Mack, 11 Glove
Marcia, 11 A Long Time Ago Lived the Red Burgundy
Sean, 11 The Haunted Circus
Anica, 12 The Letter
Chase, 12 The Life of Tyler Dauth
Clara, 12 Four Days on the Water
Evan, 12 Welcome to the TDA
Javon, 12 Baleen's Otterry Trip to South America
Lillian, 12 My Side of the Story by Comet the Reindeer
Max, 12 The Mystery of the 5th Boat
Stacie 12, Nightmare
Tessa, 12 The Thing About Luck
Trinity, 12 A+ Student
Jacob, 13 Mysterious Encounter
Katie, 13 Fiery Mane
Nicholas, 13 Family is the Glue of Life
Peter, 13 Great Big Green
Ross, 13 Saloon Days
Theophilos, 13 Lester the Hero
Aidan, 14 Linage: The Demon
Robby, 14 The Ups and Downs of Being a Forest
Jonas, 14 Last Day
Pearl, 14 Phoenix- A New Hero
Timmy, 14 A Dangerous Game
Anna, 14 The New Girl
Rowan, 14 Better with Friend
Lathan, 14 Jeffrey Downed
Margaret, 14 This is Just the Beginning
Nicole, 14 Sophia's Story
Anand, 15 Galileo's Scientific Discovery
Makenna, 15 Saying Hello and a Mistake
Daniel, 15 Bad Luck Goes Around
Panchall, 15 Home
Melanie, 15 The Boulevard
Jolie, 16 Darkest Hour
Auburn, 17 Poem
Angela, 17 Falling
Maria, 17 Gravity
William, 17 How About



Thank You SCHOOLS and TUTORS!

Arrowhead Elementary, Athena's Advanced Academy, Blach Middle School, Blake School, Brentwood Middle School, Broomfield Heights Middle School, Cadott Elementary School, Carroll School, Casady School, Casey Middle School, Churchill Center & School, Concord Elementary School, Denton Calvary Academy, DMHS, Dobyns Bennett High School, Dyslexia Buddy Network, Lincoln Prairie School, Eastside Preparatory School, Edison RGC, Essential Church School, Eton Academy, Firelight Academy, GALs, Germantown Central School, Gilles-Sweet Fairview Park, Graystone Middle, Great Hearts, Grow Up Green, Haddon Heights Junior High School, Hamilton, Hamlin Robinson, Homeschool, Horace Mann Elementary, Howell High School, Island Pacific Academy, Jill Parker, Educational Consultant, Kenmore Middle, Kent Denver, La Center high, Lago Vista Intermediate, Landmark High School, Landmark School, LaSalle Springs Middle, Laurel School, Lawrence Upper, Livonia Frankline High, Marburn Academy, Martha's Vineyard Regional high, Mary Ellen Henderson MS, Moon Area Middle, Homeschool, Open Window School, Pacific Crest Middle School, Paradise Adventist Academy, Pingree School, Rawson Saunders, Raytown South Middle, Robinson Secondary, Rock Canyon High, Sacramento Waldorf, Savanna High, Shepaug Valley High, Shorecrest Preparatory School, St. Angela Merici, St. Francis Day School, St. Laurence Catholic School, Stanley British, Primary School, Sutton Middle, Tampa Day School, The Athenian School, The Bay School, The Field School, The Gregory School, The Lab School of Washington DC, The Piedmont School, The Taft School, Thomas Jefferson High, Thompson Junior High, Tredyffrin Easttown Middle, Trinity Christian Academy, Upper Arlington High, Valley Regional High, Westchester Academy of International Studies, Wolfe City Elementary, Zionsville Community High School.