

# THE WRITE CHALLENGE

## Anthology

### 2018

# Change



Lakota★LEADS

Lakota's Enrichment and Academic  
Development of Students

## THE 2018 WRITE CHALLENGE ANTHOLOGY

# Change

This year's Lakota LEADS Write Challenge theme is CHANGE:

The word CHANGE can be a noun or a verb. It is commonly used in many expressions like “a change of heart” or “a chunk of change.” What do you think of when you hear the word change?

/CHānj/

Verb

1. To give a different position, course, or direction to.
2. To replace with another.

Noun

1. The act or instance of making or becoming different.
2. The balance of money received when the amount you pay is greater than the amount due.

Thank you to all of this year's entrants. Here are the top three students in every category and their wonderful literary works...all interpreting this year's theme of CHANGE!

Hosted by:



Lakota★LEADS  
Lakota's Enrichment and Academic  
Development of Students



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# POETRY K-2: 1st PLACE

## Change

By Vincent Covell

Change comes in many ways.

- Change can be fun like joining a new pool.
- Change can be scary like going to a new school.
- Change can be easy like wearing new socks.
- Change can be hard like learning to walk.
- Change can be boring like I had to change my clothes.
- Change can be funny like striking a pose.
- Change can be sad like when I lost my pet.
- Change can be happy like putting the ball in the net.
- Change can be pretty like a butterfly from a cocoon.
- Change can be ugly like a werewolf under a full moon.
- Change can be satisfying like getting my test answers right.
- Change can be frustrating like when your jeans get too tight.
- Change can be big like moving into a new house.
- Change can be small like changing your blouse.
- Change can be cheap like new strings for my guitar.
- Change can be expensive like buying a new car.
- Change can be fast like change for a dollar.
- Change can be slow like me getting taller.
- Change can be wise like eating healthier food.
- Change can be silly like calling your Dad “dude”.

# POETRY K-2: 2nd PLACE

## My Pollution Solution

By Leo Sabatini

The world could be changed by not having pollution.

I think I have my pollution solution.

I could ride a bicycle and recycle.

I could ride a solar-powered car to see brighter stars.

Turning lights off is good.

Planting a garden, we should.

These are all things we could do.

Maybe you could do it too.

# POETRY K-2: 3rd PLACE

## Change

By Ellabelle Hawkins

A caterpillar hangs on a tree.  
It goes into a cocoon.  
It changes to a butterfly.

A kitten plays around.  
It eats and eats and eats.  
It changes into a big cat.

You play a video game.  
You can build houses and go somewhere and have fun.  
You push a button.  
It changes to a different game.

The egg comes from the penguin.  
The mommy and daddy put the egg in their pouch.  
The egg changes to a baby chick.

You put on pajamas. You go to sleep.  
You wake up. You get ready for school.  
You change your clothes.

The sun is out.  
The clouds come, and the rain comes out.  
The weather changes.

You work at school and write with a pencil.  
You check your watch.  
Time has changed to ten o'clock

# NARRATIVE K-2: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Changing Me

By Sophia Fink

I went downstairs, sneaking down the creaking hallway. It was scary but I took the risk. When I got to the kitchen, I got the magic spell book out and...BOOM! I heard a loud noise. I guess I can't make a changing me spell cause I pulled the lever. But I didn't know I pulled the lever. I was so sleepy. Anyways I got to run back to the living room. Before my mom catches me. I ran to th-What? Oh, that was just a dream. I mean there's no such thing as magic. If there was would that be great or not so great? I don't know. But I have to run downstairs and get my breakfast.

While I walked downstairs I thought about what I've done badly to other people, and I realized I haven't been doing very well. I might as well eat my breakfast though.

"Oh, Dad. What's for breakfast?"

"Cereal."

"Dad, I thought waffles and strawberries."

"Sorry, honey, I just found out that we ran out."

"Oh, well. That's fine, I guess."

When I got done with my meal, I ran to the bus stop so I wouldn't be late. As I approached to board the bus, I thought how I could change and where to start with how I can change myself. As I did all my classes, all I could think about was how I could change myself. I realized that changing is hard and you don't need magic to do it for you. All you need to do is work on it.

# **NARRATIVE K-2: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE**

## **Penny Makes a Change**

By Soni Chitnis

Penny the peacock lived with her mom in the woods. She was afraid of the dark even though she was 10 years old.

She was afraid of it because her BFF had got hurt because of going out in the dark alone. Her BFF wasn't scared of the dark and had got hurt and had to find new feathers because of going alone in the dark. Here is how her BFF got hurt: One night she was walking in the dark. She couldn't see where she was going. She went into the water and fell into a waterfall! She hit a rock. Some of her feathers from her wing, broke off and there was even some blood! The peacock doctor told her mom to get her new feathers to repair the broken wing.

Penny didn't want to get hurt. One day it was almost Penny's mom's birthday and it was summer break. Penny decided to go out to pick berries for her mom. It was a going to be her surprise present. Penny's mom went out to get dinner, so Penny decided to sneak out for the berries. But, Penny stopped at all of her BFF's homes. Because of this, it took her a long time to get to the berries. By the time she got to the berries path, it was DARK! To make it worse, she was lost! She was so scared. She thought she would never be able to get home and see her mom. She realized that she would have to survive in the dark, on her own! She was not sure if she was going to be able to do that. She thought, "If I face my fears, I will be able to get home. Otherwise I will have to be stuck here and only get to eat berries, and not my favorite cake!"

She decided that she had to make a change. Penny started by remembering her address – it was 11 East Peacock Drive. So, that meant she had to go away from where the sun had set! She was scared! Even more scared than before, because now there wasn't any light! She thought of her friends and her mom telling her how brave she was. She faced her fear and started walking.

Everything looked scary. She thought she saw a colossal monster, but it was only a tree. That made her realize that if you get close enough to things, you can tell what they are. And there were no monsters.

After a while, she saw a glow. She followed it. There, in front of her were a lot of fireflies. She told them that she needed help and they buzzed that they would help her. They lit her way home. She saw her mom running to hug her!

The next day she told her BFFs that in life there is nothing dark. You can always light your way when you make a change



# NARRATIVE K-2: 3rd PLACE

## Change of Heart

By Cameron Fancher

Once upon a time there was a pink monster named Teeny. She was smaller than all the other monsters, but she was the kindest, sweetest monster in Monstermania. She lived alone in her little house, where she loved to sing.



One day Teeny was walking around Monster Mall's Toys N' Things store. She ran into some big monsters names Oscar, Freddy and Tyler. They had huge claws and giant spikes on their

heads. Teeny was scared. They laughed at her because she was small. Teeny started to cry.



They kept picking on Teeny day after day, and Teeny got more scared of them every day. She knew she couldn't just let them keep doing it, but she didn't know how to stop them. So the monsters just kept being mean.



One day another small monster named Melissa saw Teeny get bullied. Melissa ran over to help Teeny. Melissa told the bullies to stop being mean to Teeny. She explained to them that being mean is never okay. The mean monsters just laughed. Teeny was about to cry again. Melissa told her not to cry. Melissa told Teeny that she had to stand up for herself. So Melissa and Teeny held hands and said to the mean monsters, "You are being mean, and we aren't scared of you!" The mean monsters

looked surprised at the girls. Freddy looked ashamed. His buddies looked sad too. Freddy told the girls that they were sorry and that they would never be unkind to them again.



All the monsters joined hands and skipped off to the park. Freddy, Oscar and Tyler knew their hearts had changed, and it made them feel happy inside. The monsters became the best of friends.

THE END



# ESSAY K-2: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Inventing is Like Change

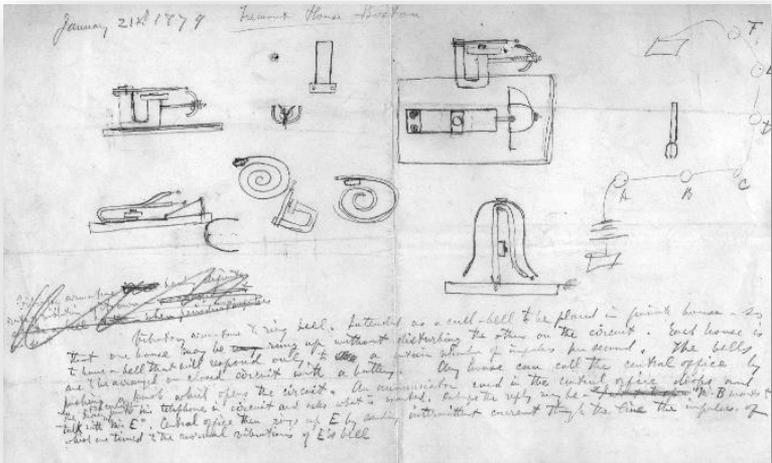
By Dominic Sabatini

To me, the word change means that somebody could change the world. This could be like inventing something like the telephone.

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone. He changed the world by making the human voice travel through wire. This is a fast way to communicate with people.

My invention would be a real hand. This invention would be used on people who don't have a hand(s). This could also be used for other body parts. I could change lives if I invented this.

See? Maybe one day you could invent something. What would it be? That's up to you.



# ESSAY K-2: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

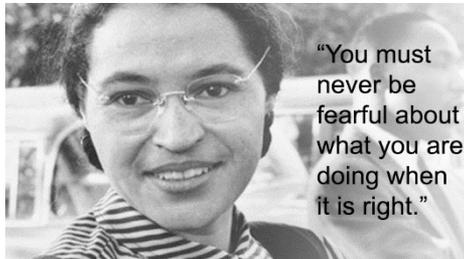
## Inventing is Like Change

By Yashwanth Reddy Mallu

What is change? Change is money. We can buy stuff with money like, food, water & a home. We all need change. Rupees are dollars in India. Paise are cents in India. Did you know, that there are different cool looking coins? Another type of change is change the way people lived. Rosa Parks changed the world just by refusing to give a bus seat to a white person. Rosa Parks got in jail for doing that. Now we can sit wherever we want on a bus because of her.

Another example, is Mahatma Gandhi. He is like Martin Luther King Jr. In Martin Luther King Jr.'s time he had segregation laws. Just like Martin Luther King Jr., Mahatma Gandhi brought freedom to India. (Not just a state, but a country!)

If I could make up a definition of change I would say "Change, Change the way people will live. For example, in the future I will expect there will be flying hoverboards, flying houses, & lots of pool parties.



# ESSAY K-2: 3rd PLACE

## Change

By Pehzad Banaji

Did you know that every day science and technology are changing? For example, technology has changed in cars. Nowadays, some cars can drive by themselves. Another example of technology changing is the cell phone. Cell phones have games, maps, and everything else on the phone. Technology has also changed by making robots. For example, robots can clean our houses. Thank you!



# POETRY 3-4: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## What is Change

by Maggie Lear

Change is the replacing of the moon with the sun in the morning  
light

Change is the growth of a seed to a beautiful red rose

Change is the ash and cinder in a fire pit to a royal red fiery  
flame

Change is a blank canvas to Mona Lisa

Change is from a sewing machine to a new quilt

Change is bricks and stone to a new house for a family

Change is the loss of a family member, knowing a door that has  
just been shut will lead to a door that has just been opened

Change is from an infant to another family that will lead to new  
generations

This is change



# POETRY 3-4: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## It Never Works

By Catherine Pachuk

Have you ever had,  
a brother or sister,  
go away, to college.  
You and your family  
travel hour after hour,  
just to see them for only 2 or 3 days  
and say goodbye again.  
You have felt change.

Have you ever had,  
A pet you love,  
die when you were away at school.  
Tears falling from your face like a waterfall  
your heart hollow like an  
ancient tree trunk.  
You have felt change.

Change hurts like a burning fire.  
It feels like being punched,  
over, and over,  
again, and again.  
until you are on the floor  
hopeless,  
lonely,  
overwhelmed.

Change is a war within  
fighting for peace.  
You try to control it,  
but you never win.

Then things seem to work out.  
And one day,  
YOU win,  
it's all over.

Change  
We all have felt change,  
we always will.  
Painful,  
unavoidable,  
yet passing.  
We will always feel change.

# POETRY 3-4: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## Seasons change with time passing

By Calista Owusu

**Spring:** the fields are rich with daffodils

A coat of clover cloaks the hills

And I must sing to see the beauty of the spring.

**Summer:** the earth is warm the sun's ablaze,

It is a time of carefree days,

Bees abuzz that chance to pass

May see me snoozing in the grass.

**Fall:** fall is a shivering touch of cold and cozy quilts

Fall is the colors of orange and red and yellow frill

It is a season of pumpkins and scarecrows fall is the time of  
harvesting and saying Thanks

Autumn is fall.

**Winter:** the birds are gone,

The world is white

The winds are wild,

They chill and bite

The ground is thick with slush and sleet  
And I can barely feel my feet.

As time passes  
Seasons  
Change.



# NARRATIVE 3-4: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Changing Butterflies and Frogs

By Carson Colins

A beautiful butterfly starts in an egg. Then a little caterpillar breaks out of the egg. "Oh, what's this?" says a furry, hungry caterpillar looking for some leaves. He finds a big, ripe, juicy leaf. He ate it up and thought, "Mmmmm that was mighty tasty." He climbed to the top of a tree, then something changed about him. He curled up in a little cocoon and waited and waited for a couple of days and this is what happened. He wiggled his way out and about until he was free from his cocoon and he said, "What is this? I have wings! This brings me joy! I have changed into a beautiful butterfly."

There once was an egg named Eggy. He lived in the water and he liked it that way. But all that changed for the first time. "So does everyone know what metamorphosis means?", said Ms, Tadpole. The whole class said, "Yes Ms. Tadpole."

"OK it's time to go home," said Ms.Tadpole.

When Eggy got home he told his parents, "I never want to go through a metamorphosis." Before Eggy went to bed his egg cracked.

"Oh, no!" said Eggy. "I'm hatching."

"What's the matter, Dear" said Mom.

"I'm a tadpole."

"Nice," said Dad.

"Everybody at school is going to laugh at me"

The next day Eggy went to school. "Oh my!" said Ms. Tadpole. "We have our first tadpole."

"Ha, Ha, Ha," laughed the school bullies. "He looks like a burnt pancake with tale," said Richard and Brennar at the same time.

"Richard Nematoad and Brennar Roosevelt—Detention! Now!" yelled Ms. Tadpole.

The bullies were in detention and Eggy kind of felt a little bad. So he raised his tale and said, "Ms Tadpole, may I please visit the detention office?"

"Why" said Ms Tadpole.

"Well because um... because I think I left my coat in there."

"Well make it quick we need to talk more about metamorphosis and you will be our example for today."

So Eggy swam quickly to the detention office and the bullies said, "What's up pancake, you get detention too?"

"No, I just felt sorry for you guys. So I brought you some flies to eat."

"Thanks" said the bullies.

"I am going to hurry back to class, I get to be the teacher's test subject" said Eggy

When he got back to class he felt a little twitch and asked to go to the nurse. On his way there he noticed he was changing again. "Oh my not again!" So he hurried to the nurse's office and when he got there Mrs. Calliope was surprised.

"Eggy, Oh, my you are turning into a froglet" said Mrs. Calliope, the nurse. "You will now grow your arms and legs. Nothing to fear my dear you are going through another change. You can swim on home and tell your parents you are now a froglet."

So he swims on home and his mom opens the door and says, "You're changing into a froglet ! I am so proud of you. You are growing up fast. Before long you will lose your tail and develop your lungs. You will be a full grown frog!"

"What's a frog?" asks Eggy.

"It's a thing you turn into when you are an adult," says his mom.

"So I will have to live on land?" said Eggy in despair.

"Yes, you will have to be on land and you will also be known as an amphibian."

The next morning Eggy went back to school but he would only be there for a short time anyway because he was turning into an adult. When Eggy came in his eyes widened and he said, "You're all tadpoles?" and they all replied "You're a froglet?"

"Why Eggy you are growing up fast as a spring flower," said Ms. Tadpole. "We will reward you with chocolate flies," said Ms. Tadpole. "Mmm. I hear those are tasty," said Eggy. So the rest of the day you could hear the other tadpoles whispering about him.

"Ok everyone it is time to pack up" said Ms. Tadpole. Then Eggy suddenly couldn't swim and breathe with his gills anymore.

"Ms. Tadpole I think I'm turning into a frog!" said Eggy.

"Oh, my we need to get you to the surface so you can breathe in the air," said Ms. Tadpole.

"I am going as quick as I can I cannot breathe under water anymore!" said Eggy.

"While I call Eggy's parents, tadpoles you help him get to the surface," said Ms. Tadpole.

While the tadpoles were caring the helpless frog up to the surface his mother and father came and helped hop onto a lily pad. "Well looks like our son has grown fully into an adult frog" said Eggy's parents.

"Now it is time for me to live out in the wild" said Eggy.

"Goodbye Eggy said his mother and father.

And he lived happily ever after.



# NARRATIVE 3-4: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## From Caterpillar to Butterfly

By Luke Nomina

It was a damp, foggy summer morning. Looking down at the uninviting pool I saw my reflection. My eyes filled with tears, I almost cried. Time to swim, I lamented. *I hate swimming because I'm horrible at it*, I thought to myself. *I'm forced to swim for five hours every week just because I'm on a stupid swim team! This is so unfair!* I screamed in my head as I clenched my fists.

Soon, all of the coaches came and communicated to us that there were two lanes each for freestyle and breaststroke and one lane each for backstroke and butterfly. After that, they told us to go into the lane for the stroke that we need the most practice on. Of course I was in the lane for butterfly. I had never been able to swim butterfly, even though I wished I could. I didn't believe in myself because I could barely get my arms out of the water and my dolphin kick was like a snail, barely moving at all.

Suddenly, while standing on the edge of the pool I told myself, *why not?* Then, it hit me, I knew why not, it was because I wasn't trying! At that moment I actually started trying to concentrate on my form. I dove into the pool with confidence and swam as fast as I could. My arms flew up into the air from the water and my legs kicked perfectly, one two, one two. I finally felt like a butterfly flying through the air, instead of a snail that wasn't able to move. Quickly I passed Carson, I was so proud that I almost choked on a mouthful of water! Soon, I went flying past Alek and FINALLY touched the wall!

You should have seen the surprised look on Coach Jake's face! "I did it!" I shouted as I excitedly pumped my fist in the air.

"Nice!" Coach Jake yelled. I looked up at him and a giant smile stretched across my face. I couldn't believe what I had just done!

That day in the pool when I went from caterpillar to butterfly, I went through a metamorphosis like no other. I jumped into a swimming pool and made myself swim faster than ever before.

That was then, this is now. Now that sluggish snail is an elegant swan in the water.



# NARRATIVE 3-4: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## The Unexpected Change

By Bonny Kirkmeyer

In art class, I sat talking with my best friend Kris. Then the phone rang. Mrs. Lichtenstein went to pick it up.

“Sam, you’re dismissed.” she said.

“Ok.” I replied.

This was very sudden, and I didn’t know why I was dismissed. Maybe I forgot about something. Whatever it was, I was going.

When I got to the office I saw Mom, who drove us home. As soon as we got home Dad said, “Let’s go.” We got in the van, and drove.

I loved seeing the beautiful Indiana countryside as we drove. After a long time, we reached a small house that looked old.

“Here we are! Home sweet home!” Dad said to me, “Pittsburgh is beautiful isn’t it?”

“This is home? But Lafayette’s home.” I said.

“Not anymore.” Mom told me.

We went inside the empty house. I laid on a cot, too tired to say anything, and went to sleep. At 9:00 AM I woke up. Mom was gone and Dad was on a couch, snoring. I went to the kitchen and found a note from Mom. It said, ‘Dear Samantha, I

went to buy stuff for the house. I left \$50 for food. See you tonight! Mom’.

I tried to wake Dad up and see why we were in Pittsburgh. He just groaned, so I went to get donuts and coffee for breakfast. That got Dad up. We ate and talked. Dad got a new job and we had to move. I was starting at St. John’s School on Monday.

I was mad I wasn’t told earlier about moving, and I made sure Dad knew. I cried, no more friends and no more Lafayette.

On Monday, we went to St. John’s. I was led to Ms. Martin’s room and sat down. I was not ready for this. I was so sad I didn’t even listen. Who cares about the French and Indian War? When I got home, Dad greeted me and asked about my day. I didn’t care to answer.

The next day at recess I sat on the swings all mad and sad. Then a boy came over to me, chuckled, and said, “Look at the little baby who can’t swing!”

“Hey! Stop!” I replied.

“You wanna be a super hero?” he said as he threw something at me. I started yelling at him. I ended up in the Principal’s office. My week was going horribly.

The next two days were the same. Then on Friday I was about to yell and a girl hit him.

“Hey!” He yelled.

Then we started yelling. Both she and I went to the principal’s.

“Hey, thanks for saving me.” I said to her.

“No problem, Sam is it?” she said.

“Yeah, you?”

“Jolivette. It’s French for jubilant.”

The next day Joli came over to my house and asked to play. We made a lemonade stand.

As we sat on my driveway, I realized I had finally made a friend in Pittsburgh, and her name makes me happy.



# ESSAY 3-4: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Death

By Trevor Breslin

When I was three years old, my Grandpa got really sick. He had trouble with his kidneys and a stroke that made him have to stay in bed for a long time. It seemed like he was in the hospital or going to a doctor all of the time. I went to a lot of his appointments because my mom took him all the time. I was able to help him by opening his door to the car, helping him get his seatbelt on, and pushing his wheelchair.

When he was still alive, he and I played games, cards, and with my toys. He told me all of the time that he loved playing with me. He really liked to play with my guitar. He liked pushing the buttons to make different music and strumming over the hole. I laughed every time he did that. He and I played with blocks too. I got to spend a lot of time with him.

When my Grandpa died, it was hard for me because he was a great friend. The biggest change was that I spent time with him almost every day. When he passed away, I couldn't see him anymore. Even though he's been gone a long time, I still get sad when I see a picture of my Grandpa and me together. Then I remember all of the fun we had and I smile and feel better. I miss him, but I know he is watching over me.

# ESSAY 3-4: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## Hip Hop Changes

By Bonny Kirkmeyer

### First Dance Class

As I walked in to West Chester Academy, nervousness crept in to my body. I had never really been to a dance class like this. The closest I have been is ballet at the YMCA. I wondered if I was going to be making a fool of myself. I found the class I was in, Hip Hop 1, and walked in. Many kids were in that room. They were my class. I saw some kids who looked like they had been in a Hip Hop class before.

A teacher, named Ms. Kaitlyn, then told everyone to quiet down and sit. Everyone did as told. She did roll call, and we warmed up. After that, we learned our practice dance, split in to two groups, and did the dance.

At 8:00 PM, class ended, and everyone left West Chester Academy. I knew, after that, I belonged.

### Holiday Recital

I hopped out of the car and looked at the place where my Hip Hop recital was. We walked in to the building and saw many kids and parents there. It took 10 minutes to get through the check-in line. I looked back to a place where a lot of dancers were. There were tutus and nutcrackers and lots of other costumes. Ours seemed boring. Black pants and Christmas colored shirt.

We stayed back there for a while and then, it was our turn to go. I was nervous when we were announced to the stage and started our dance. As we went through our dance I became less nervous. At the end, when the music stopped, I took a bow. There were many claps and cheers. After all those nights, learning and practicing our dance, we were finally on that stage. I was so happy.

### Talent Show

I squatted in front of the PTO and asked Mom to start the music to begin my dance. I muttered the moves to myself as I did them until, finally, the music stopped.

“Thank you, Bonny.” Someone said.

I sat in the lobby, thinking of how very much I wanted to be in the Talent Show. I was positive I was going to make it.

...

Later, I got news. I was in the Talent Show!! I was happy I had made it.

...

I walked out on to the stage and got into my position, then the music started. I looked out to the crowd, and confidently performed my dance. At the end, I took a bow and ran offstage. All of the PTO members said ‘Good job’! I went back to my family. They said I did AMAZING, and we watched the rest of the show together.

This story is about how I went from a nervous beginner to making and performing my own dance in the talent show. Changes like this are things you can do every day. Changes can make a difference in your self-confidence, family, or world. These are my changes.

# ESSAY 3-4: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## The Glory of Change

By Liam Moore

Change can mean many things. It can be a verb and used to express a different position, course or direction. It can also be a noun as an action or instance of becoming different. In my essay, I chose to explore a few reasons that cause people to change.

One reason people change is their feelings change as they grow up because life is constantly changing. Another reason people change is when they grow up they get taller and taller and smarter and smarter. This lets me know that many living things change when they grow up to adapt to the changes that have occurred around them.

People can change due to their emotions. They change when people are mean, nice, or even annoying. I'm noticing that many things have emotions . The path that change can take depends upon how people deal with their emotions. A negative way of dealing with how people are feeling can lead to a negative change and vice versa. This is why I choose to stay positive.

I believe change is good because when you change, things could get better for you . Another reason change is good is you experience new things and can learn from them. Sometimes change can be scary, but if you face your fear of change you realize it isn't so bad after all. An example of this is moving into a new house. This is a major change but once you move into a

new neighborhood , you realize how many new friends you have.

In conclusion, I love how things change because without change, the world would be a very boring place. We wouldn't learn from changes that happen around us, whether it be positive or negative changes, and therefore unable to experience growth.



# POETRY 5-6: 1st PLACE

## People Change

By Chloe Sanders

A baby opens her eyes for the first time  
The warmth of the nurses and her parents welcome her into the world  
Her parent's life is changed forever.

The smell of smoke fills the air  
As she blows out 1,2,3,4,5, little candles  
The next day she waddles in to meet her first teacher  
Her wisdom is going to change.

Groans of the girl echo throughout the house, as she yells "I'll do it later!"  
After her parents tell her to work on her Science Project  
Her attitude is beginning to change.

The shrieks of laughter fill the empty, dimly lit streets as the girl drives away with her friends and boyfriend  
Off to a high school party  
Her love for her family is beginning to change.

The sound of leather slapping, and the roar of a car engine fills the air, as she sets off to college, not even giving her parents  
A sideways glance  
Her protection is changing, fizzing away from existence.

Church bells ring out, as the wedding march starts on a piano  
The bride twists her hands nervously, pacing about  
Where are her parents? She calls them up then realizes...

Change can't be stopped, but it can be paused for a moment  
Love will keep people alive in your heart, after change takes  
them away to never be seen again  
Through your eyes.

A baby opens his eyes for the first time  
The warmth of the nurses and his parents welcome him into the  
world  
His parent's life is changed forever.

# POETRY 5-6: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## Who Am I?

By: Calleigh Ethier

Like fear, I am everywhere  
You can see it in their eyes

Like Joy, I spread from one to another  
Acting at all the right moments

Like worry, I push them down  
Into their most difficult times

Who Am I

Like hope, I give them strength  
Only to await their new beginning

Like love, I help them bloom to their fullest potential  
Making unforgettable memories  
Like courage, I make new paths  
Constructing every soul

## Who Am I

I am fear

I am joy

I am worry

I am hope

I am love

I am courage

I am Change

# POETRY 5-6: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## Forever Changed

By Riley Dexter

After my long travel to your home  
I was greeted with gravel and garden gnomes

Inside I spot you  
Sitting in your special chair  
With your cup that gave you pride

Our adventure begins  
But for you it is a challenge  
Stumbling down to the garage

The door opens releasing that familiar smell  
A smell that reminds me of the times before  
The good old times

Tractors green as grass  
And pictures of deer and bass  
Pass as we exit the garage and begin our ride

It started with tractor rides and no cries  
Before I knew it the ride stopped  
And our adventures came to an end

Suddenly your health has declined  
I search for you in a new environment  
I have found you, but you will never be the same

A fraction of the family had left  
But I chose to stay  
Only for you

The last time I saw you before you vanished forever  
You were at peace  
You were yourself



# **NARRATIVE 5-6: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE**

## **The Day My Life Changed Forever**

**By Addison Dailey**

As I opened my sleepy eyes from a night of tossing and turning, I felt a nervous pit in my stomach. I can hardly believe that today is the day I will be getting married. This is the day I have dreamed about since I was a little girl playing with my dolls. The past months had gone so fast, planning every detail for this very day. Picking out my gown, flowers, the menu, the guests, having bridal showers and planning the next chapter of my life.

The crisp, spring wind blew my veil in to a frenzy around me. Even birds seemed to celebrate along with me, and dared me to venture down the long aisle that stretched before me, deciding my future. My heart skipped a beat as I moved towards my new life, inch by inch, foot by foot. It seemed as though a million eyes were staring at me. My fear was bubbling and I didn't know what to do. When I arrived to my soon to be husband with a tear in his eye I realized my life would never be the same.

Then, I heard the exciting but scary words of the minister, "Do you take this man to be your husband?" "For better for worse, in sickness and in health?". I had always just thought about myself, and now we were destined to be united as one. I didn't know if I was ready for this new beginning. But I had to say something so I said, "yes". After the minister said, "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" to my fiancé, he said "yes". At that moment my nerves and fear completely vanished, and I realized we were meant to be together forever.

# NARRATIVE 5-6: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## Rumble

By Calleigh Ethier

I walk quietly as the officers direct us to safety. My palms are sweating, my heart is racing; still, my steps are calm as if I'm walking on a cloud. I'm muddy and scratched, certain that my life will be cut to pieces. I speed up, running, as a building in the distance collapses. The ground shakes and I do too; because of the earth's rumble and my worry. You can see it in the faces too. Hurt! So much of it around me. Not just physically, but mentally.

My once peaceful, lonely life has now turned into a life-threatening situation. Memories of the cozy cottage that had been my home and the tight cubical of my torn-up office are soon interrupted by another shake. I fall to the ground and everything goes dark!

I wake up surprised that I'm still alive. There is rubble everywhere on and around me. I climb out of my newly structured cave to look for help. No one. I'm alone... again. I need food, water, and hope!

I go to stand and drop as if gravity has pulled me back down like a magnet. It seems that it's only a matter of time before I give up on my apparently injured leg. I spot something, a stick. Two sticks. I crawl to them with every bit of energy I have left. I use these sticks as crutches and am proud of myself for thinking of this.

I walk and walk. I'm about to stop when I remember a quote: "Sometimes when things are falling apart, they may

actually be falling into place.” I repeat this, convincing myself that everything will be okay.

I manage to get to a small, evacuated town that has yet to crumble. The earth shivers slightly once more. I feel the horror dialing down as I feel my racing heart start to calm. A few steps later, I find a gladiolus flower with its beautiful colored petals. I see another one, and another. Looking at the field of gladiolus gave me my first inspiration of strength and hope!

I slowly climb up the hill, a tear shedding with each step – for the children, the families, the businesses, the homes, the lives, and the dreams. I make it to the top of the hill to see a small village! I remember... “Sometimes when things are falling apart, they may actually be falling into place.” I smile, then laugh, then run toward the little cottage and villagers ahead of me!

I realize the lesson:

*Whether you’re expecting it or not, change can be very difficult. It might seem as though there is no way out, that you’re trapped. Life may not ever be the same way again, but maybe that’s a good thing! Don’t ever think of change as something horrible. Think of it as a new beginning, a second chance! Things may change for the better. Things may actually be falling into place!*

# NARRATIVE 5-6: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## A Hope for Change

By Annabelle Orlando

The hot sun beat down on my face as I went to the fields to start picking cotton and tobacco. I heard gunshots and my eyes stung. I couldn't cry here. It was a year ago, though it felt like yesterday when I got the telegram that told me he was shot..., My husband, gone, dead. It was a punch in the stomach. He was on duty for the Army when it happened.

"Martella", someone was calling my name, it was my master! My heart dropped, I wanted to turn around and run far, far off. I didn't, I kept walking towards him. When I got there all he said was "go start cooking, I already told you", then he whipped me once in the back. It burned so bad I thought I was on fire, but I was used to it.

I started making stewed duck when my ears perked up like a cat. I heard my master talking to his friend Amir. "Have you heard about what congress is thinking about?" Amir asked. "Yes, they want it to be the 13th amendment". I paused, my heart started beating faster, I was eager to know what they could possibly be talking about!

That night, my mind was churning with thoughts about what I heard. "What could possibly be the 13th Amendment" is what kept echoing in my head. I decided to make it a goal to find out.

I woke up and looked to the right, I noticed it was 7am. I start to shiver at the thought of my master finding out I wasn't working at this late of an hour. I rushed out of bed and grabbed my cloth; my palms were sweating. I was worried about my punishment!

Phew, I had made it to the main house before I was caught. I started cleaning the windows right away. Dunk in the water, wipe the window, dry the window, I followed the same pattern until... pssst! Johnathon jumps up and I see him through the window. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up straight, "you scared me" I whispered through the glass. Who knows if he heard me, but he motioned for me to come outside. Once I got out there, he said "I am sorry I scared you, but anyways have you heard of the 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment?" My mind flashed back to the moment in the kitchen, I had heard of the 13<sup>th</sup> amendment but I said no anyways. "Well, congress is discussing it. It's about freeing slaves!" All the sudden I felt a hand pull me back, "where have you been?", my master had caught me.

As my master punished me, I thought about what Jonathan had said. For some reason my punishment didn't hurt as much, maybe it was because I knew that the law would eventually be passed, people would care, they would vote. My life would change; I could be free someday!

# ESSAY 5-6: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Change

By Leah Schleibaum

Change is something no one can avoid, and it can have a positive or negative impact on one's life. Change happens to everyone. It even effects a sixth-grader getting ready to transition to seventh-grade in a new building. From my perspective, a sixth-grader who has been in the same building for five years seventh-grade will be a big change. Yes, next year I will experience small changes like lockers and trying out for sport teams, but there are two changes that are a lot bigger than those.

The first big change that I will experience next year is that I will be attending classes that I have signed up for online. In previous years my grades have determined whether I was in regular or advanced classes. This year I am present in four academic classes that include art, technology, music and gym. We visit these classes once a week for half the year. Next year to be in advanced classes my teachers must recommend me for them, and instead of attending the four academic classes I get to choose four electives. We will visit these classes every day for half the year. Choosing my classes could get stressful but it will wet my feet for the experiences I will encounter later in life.

The second big change I will encounter is the social environment. If I look around my classroom I will see faces I have known since second grade. there are three other schools that

feed into my junior high school. Next year when I walk into school there will be lots of people I don't recognize. This year I have a group of friends I usually hang out with but next year since junior high is so big there is a small chance of us attending the same classes. It will be a big change to meet new classmates. Change can be a good thing and a new social environment could expose me to things I have not yet encountered.

This year I have had the privilege to meet a new student and over the course of the year I have learned a lot about him. He has ADHD and most people don't get the time to know him they just judge him right away. He has told me lots of stories about how people treat him. He has changed how I see the world. Since he has told me all his stories I now see that everyone is not treated equally. My teachers have told me I changed his life but really, he changed mine.

Junior high will be a really big change for me. There is nothing I can do to avoid these changes but, I'm not afraid of them. Junior High will introduce me to a whole new environment of learning. It will introduce me to new technology that could change what I was planning on doing with my life. I am very excited to experience these changes.

# ESSAY 5-6: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## Change

By Jadah Bowling

Did you know that the word change can be used as a noun or a verb? In this essay you will learn about change in different ways. You will learn the definition of change, how Michael Jackson's song Man in the Mirror talks about change, how we could evolve, and some facts about it.

First, the word change can be used in three different ways. The definition that I'm talking about is, "to transform or convert". I found this definition from <http://www.dictionary.com/browse/change?s=t>. This definition would be used when you want to replace something or change your ways of doing things.

Next, Michael Jackson wrote the song Man in the Mirror. It's about how Michael Jackson says that he was going to make a change with his life to help others. If you think about the lines in the song, you will see that there are children on the streets that are starving. Michael Jackson then realizes that he should do something about this. A line from his song is, "I'm gonna make a change for once in my life." Another line says, "I'm starting with the man in the mirror I'm asking him to change his ways"

Then, there are different ways we could evolve. You could do charity work, you could work in a soup kitchen and do other charitable things that are helpful. Helping people not only makes other people feel good, but also makes you feel good. If you're making someone's day or helping someone, you're doing a great thing!

Finally, there are some facts about change. Some people that make bad decisions might decide to change their ways when they find out what the consequences could be. Some people might try to avoid change, but that doesn't work. There is a quote by George Bernard Shaw that says, " Those who cannot change their minds cannot change anything." Believe me when I say that change can bring you fantastic things.

In summation, you have learned the definition of change, about how Michael Jackson's song Man in the Mirror talks about change, how we could evolve, and some facts about it. The world needs more people to change their ways to kindness. You never know, you may be the person who convinces people to do so.



# ESSAY 5-6: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## Change

By Anna Axelson

Change. It's inevitable. One must change themselves to fit a persona or category laid out by expecting clichés. We –those of social importance and status- say that constants and people of basic personality are dull and, utmost, dismissive. Yet we pull and pluck originality from the innocent's mind and soul.

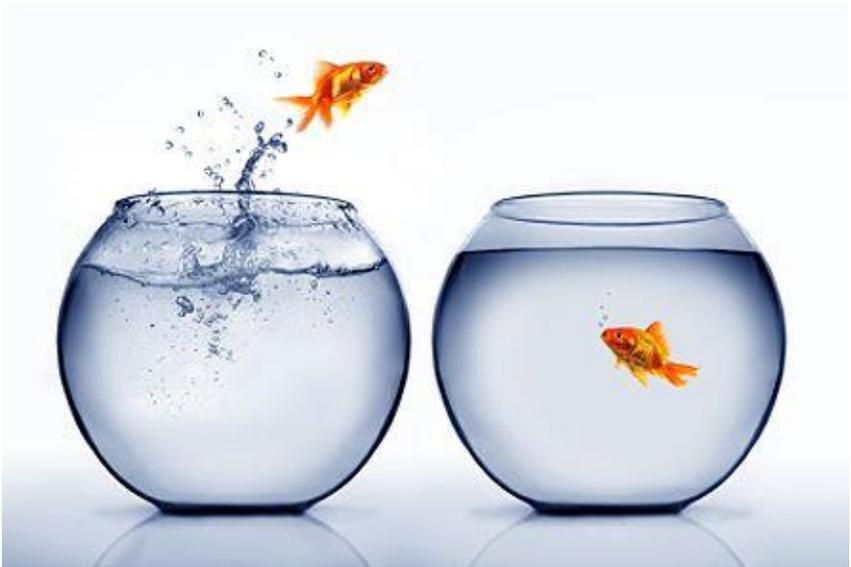
Goading and shoving our own beliefs and rules onto them. One must always please others, whether it be beauty, humor, or knowledge. Perfection is said to be unachievable, but we expect it from everyone, constantly.

We press into young people, the message that one must always look to appease someone. Change your look, don't talk, talk more, don't be awkward, hit the books, party, and everything else. There is constantly someone telling you who you are, and who you aren't. There is always someone telling you who you are, what your place is in this world. That to achieve the goal of leaving a noticeable burn mark on the world, one must be something else. That who you are, isn't enough. We are told to become something that is 'better'. "But why?" Asks the naive child. "It is a part of life." Replies the teacher. We tell the young preach to them, that you must change your personalities, your ways, routine, and begin reconstruction.

Society's encouragement is that we have to know who we are and minimize ourselves to a status that is suitable for others. People crave to know who they are, so instead of being happy with who they are; they trust other unqualified individuals to

explain to them who they need to be. What they usually aren't. How they fit into the 'big picture' is, apparently, the key. Eventually we alter ourselves to be part of that perfect image.

In retrospect, it seems that change is a what is forced upon the youthful mind of today's day and age. There is always going to be someone to push us to be what is imagined as perfect. We create that ideal person and shove it down everyone's throats. So, my point is, that society is of course, always striving to modify those who don't see it as wrong to be bossed around. It is the prime message that slides in as undertones of all positive things in the media of this millennia.



# POETRY 7-8: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Change is Permanent

By Dana Shi

“There is nothing permanent except change.”—Heraclitus  
“You must be the change you wish to see in the world.”—Gandhi

Change is always there.

Permanent.

As permanent as Sharpie markers.

But . . .

Would it be pleasant?

Or unpleasant?

Progressing?

Or deteriorating?

I can decide.

You can decide.

We can decide.

Today may be an unpleasant day,  
but let us change it into a pleasant one.

# NARRATIVE 7-8: 1st PLACE

## Change

By Abigail Rutherford

*We're*

*Running.*

So quickly we forget why; so obsessed with perfection  
that we lose ourselves.

*We're*

*Too*

*Afraid*

*Of*

*Change.*

You reach it, but for what? Now there's nothing,  
nowhere left to run;

*You*

*Were*

*Too*

*Focused*

*On*

*The*

*Result*

*To*

*Consider*

*The*

*Journey.*

You stare at the nothing, only to you realize how stupid you were; you didn't look around, see what the world truly was. Now that's all behind you. Despite how much you wish, you can't turn back time, but you can redirect your course. Unlike the past, you can alter the future. It only takes one revelation, one choice, to make it count. What's "perfect" to you? No—it was never up to you. It was never you deciding, choosing between ugly and beautiful, stupid and genius. Who was really pulling the strings? You or the world? Who decided what "perfect" *is*? You didn't. From a young age, we're told we're all different, unique, special. But what if that weren't the case? What if, from the moment we're born, we're faced with a choice? What if one child picked cry and the other picked laugh? What if it all just branched off from there? What if the exact same thoughts can go through our head when given a choice, but every person just gets a different choice? All because of that one small choice right where it all began. Every so often I stop and stare, and everything I'm thinking's drained from my head and shoved into a box I can't reach. I'm not the spider web of choices determining my life, I'm the blank slate we all were at the beginning. It feels good to be blank, but I'm still here, and I'm not allowed to change. My body continues to move, as if of its own volition. Because it's all set into motion, the moment the choice was made, and I'm powerless against it. Everything I'm doing seems like it's been done before. Maybe it has, or

perhaps it's my own choice reflected in everything I do and have yet to. Through this realization, I feel like one of my choices has been taken from me and replaced with someone else's; I'm more than just *one* person. How I change: I'm given my first choice all over again and

*I'm*

*Born*

*Anew.*

It's rare for one to see what change truly is: opportunity. Far too often it's considered the unknown instead of the fear *of* it. We fear the unknown, but the only way to escape the endless loop is to embrace the imperfect, the road with twists and turns; that's what makes life so great. Your past can't be changed, but you can. You get to decide. By choosing the bumpy, uncertain path, you are assured hardships, but you're also guaranteed life and fulfillment. The other path promises answers, easy results. Little do you know of the place it leads to. For Good or Evil, for Better or Worse;

*You'll*

*Choose.*

*You'll*

*Change....*

# POETRY 9-12: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Change

By Anitvir Taunque

When we are first born, we are mere infants  
We possess no knowledge as to where we are  
Everyday through our persistence  
We learn something new about our existence

As time begins to fly  
Our innocence says bye  
We start to learn more and more  
As knowledge starts to wash up on our shore

Then that time comes when we jump out of the shade  
And straight into second grade  
School seems like the place to be  
It fills us up with intensive glee

Then comes junior high  
Where in our brain, we start to rectify  
We learn the values of this life  
And our mind starts to sharpen like a knife

In high school we develop certain passions  
We become careful of our actions  
We make many mistakes each and everyday  
Each one shapes us into who we are today

We see a future, filled with opportunities  
We see ourselves in various communities  
Is this all prearranged?  
No, because we will change

Each and every second  
We learn a new lesson  
No matter how vague or how strange,  
In some way or another, we change



# POETRY 9-12: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## An Ideology

By Emily Sanden

Stone and stick,  
They bruise and prick  
When used with hate.  
Otherwise sticks and stones  
Can build the homes  
And in them we can celebrate;  
The lives we live together,  
Safe and sound forever.  
We will live in peace  
When we give up war,  
And then for sure,  
The hatred will cease.  
But first *change* we must  
When we relinquish our lust  
And we go home to mother.  
When we forget our greed,  
Disallow others to bleed,  
And we can call upon each other.  
When we would rather love,  
Trap the crow and free the dove.  
When we look past the colors of our skin,  
The circumstance of our birth,  
Our earthly-determined worth,  
And we stop saying "*if when*"

# POETRY 9-12: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## Change

By Raissa Ndaya

Change

*We see changes all around us*

*The world is changing*

*Life is changing*

*Just then, we were babies what happened to us.*

*We grew up*

*We get mature*

*We change the way we used to think*

*We start to understand life changes*

*We understand things we did not when we were kids*

*Is changing a good thing?*

*We travel from one place to another*

*As we are maturing, we start to take responsibility*

*We start to understand other people point of view*

*However, we do not put our self in their shoes*

*Is changing necessary?*

*School is changing*

*We used to come to school with happiness*

*But now with fearing of our safety*

*Social media is getting less and less safety*

*We used to think being a grown up is fun but now*

*We do not know*

*We are wondering question*

# NARRATIVE 9-12: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Forever Alive

By Sarah Long

It was late December in 1922, and she was walking in the frozen woods, coming home from the village. It was dark out, since she had left a little later than she planned. She was getting to the point where she did not know where she was going. After about an hour of walking, she knew she should have been at her cottage by now. This woman is different from many other women in the world, this woman, has a slightly different story than everyone else.

It all started that very night she was walking home. Nobody knows her real name, but it was heard that she was mainly called Anastasia. As she quietly walked through the freezing forest, she heard the silent cries of wolves. She gradually accelerated her pace until she came across a frozen lake. As the approaching sounds of pattering increased and drew closer. Without thinking, Anastasia started crossing the thin layer of ice beneath her.

Awoken by the morning glare, Anastasia laid in a paralyzed state, unaware of her surroundings. She felt as if she had entered a second dimension of the same world. She could not remember who she was, where she was, or what she was doing. The only thing she knew was, everything was about to change. Her life, who she was, who she was destined to be, put on rewind to start all over for a reason she could not understand.

Lifting her head just a bit off the ground sent aching pains down her body. She was alerted by all the injuries that became visible on her body. As she tried to stand, she began to walk. Fumbling and limping with every step she took, she began to advance forward in an infinite manor. Through the woods, she continued a narrow trail. Anastasia finally came across a foreign but familiar city.

Entering the city, she looked around in awe; the buildings seemed taller than anything possible. She questioned if she was living in reality. Anastasia eventually stopped to question someone where she was. All that was given to her was that they were in Proxy, Rhode Island in the year 1953. Anastasia stood there looking like she was going to be sick. The woman turned and left Anastasia in shock. She knew something changed, that she was not from this time period. Her body had seemed to be dormant all these years. For no specific reason, she couldn't remember.

She quickly developed the life style around her. Being the fast learner, she was, she adapted quickly and blended in to the society around her. Time passed, and she soon fell in love. She had a small little family and she was happy. Although she had often wondered about the life she once had and what it would've ended up like. As more time passed, her kids aged, and so did her husband, but yet she remained the same. Years have gone by her like the wind in her hair. Her husband was gone, and her kids were living their old lives. Yet she remained the same.

Anastasia quickly wondered what was wrong with her. She always felt she was different in some way, no matter how hard she tried to blend into society. The town was different in many ways. There we're different forms of transportation, and

now there were skyscrapers becoming taller every day. Every year seemed to influence the world, and every year Anastasia remained the same. Surviving in the world, but not living.

Driving away from the place she created a life in, Anastasia tried looking for the very place that she woke up from. Wanting to know how she became that way and why, she went towards the woods. The woods had changed a lot, just not enough to make her forget where she needed to go. Many trees have been cut down, and some people had built houses along the trail. Anastasia had a certain feeling in her gut that told her where to go. After many hours, she came across that very same lake. She stopped, taking in steady breaths, she slowly took off her shoes and socks. She began to walk inward letting the water engulf her body, taking in the chilliness of the water.

Anastasia closed her eyes and floated up on the surface of the water. Memories of the past rushed through her like watching a movie being played right in front of her. She didn't dare open her eyes, frightened that she wouldn't find the truth of what happened that very night. She stayed there for what felt like seconds but was really hours. She remembered about how the world used to be, to what it is now. The world had changed in various ways, and it was scary to think that she was still there, watching it happen in front of her. After that incident, nobody has seen or heard from Anastasia again. The only thing that is said about her is that she finally had the life she was meant to have, with the change of the world.

# NARRATIVE 9-12: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## The Change for Survival

By Anitvir Taunque

The plane plummeted once again and I struggled to keep control. The emergency red light above me was blinking really bright. My plane was out of fuel and the primary engine... BOOMMMMM!!!!

The flame started spewing out of the wing as it disintegrated. It was going down. Will I survive? I better change that mindset though if I am to survive. I closed my eyes and my body tensed as I braced for impact. The next thing I knew... I blacked out.

When I came to, I saw smoke everywhere. My hands were covered in cuts and soot.

As I looked out above me, I saw trees towering over. I didn't know how I'm supposed to survive out here. I didn't even know for how long.

"What am I supposed to eat? Where am I supposed to sleep?"

All these questions were pouring out of my head and the fear was growing more intense. They were cut short by the growling of my stomach. I looked around me for anything as a source of food. I spotted some red berries nearby. Was I allowed to eat them? The hunger in my stomach overwhelmed my fears and I snatched the berries and stuffed them into my mouth. They tasted so bitter but at least it was food.

At that moment, I felt my mouth start to swell. My tongue started to burn. I screamed out in pain as the berries inside me burned my intestines.

"Water...I need water..."

Where was I supposed to find water? Despite the burning, I tried to change my strategy. If I was to survive, I

needed to concentrate. I closed my eyes and opened my ears. After a few minutes, I heard the sound of rushing water. I quickly opened my eyes and ran towards it as fast as I could. The burning faded as I gulped the water down. When I could finally think again, I sat on a rock and dazed off. What I realized was that if I hadn't changed my thinking and done something weird, I may have not survived. As I thought this, a quote kept ringing in my head...

“Survival of the fittest.”

I suddenly remembered what my dad used to tell me. He had said that, “Only the strongest were going to survive.” He said that these people weren't born but that they were made. I realized that my situation was pretty bad and that it wasn't going to change. The only variable, the only thing that could change though... was me!

I opened my eyes and the sun shone brightly from the horizon and I once again gazed around. This time though, it was different. I wasn't scared. I wasn't nervous. Instead, there dwelled a feeling of excitement. I felt a true awakening inside me. It was at that moment, that instant, that I knew I was going to survive.

When this thought finally hit me, I knew I had changed.





hears her carpool pull into the drive way and grabs two granola bars for her breakfast.

Most of the kids in the minivan are half asleep but Emma knows they're all as concerned about their classes at their new school as she is. She mentally goes through her locker combination. 00-21-10. Locker C179. When the car pulls up to the building all four kids in the van jump out and walk in to find a crush of kids piling out of the cafeteria. She spots a friend in the crowd and pushes through to get to her. They compare schedules and head separate ways.

Emma finds her locker is surrounded by jocks, much to her despair. She quickly empties her bag and grabs only what she needs. She finds her way to A hallway and manages to avoid being bumped into or bumping into anyone. She slows down and walks down the hall to find her class and walks in to find that she doesn't know a single person in there but spots a friend's name on the seating chart. *Thank god Emma thinks, I don't know what I'd do without her.*

As Emma goes through her day, she relaxes more and more, adjusting to the change from Junior High to High School, she realizes that it's not that bad.



# ESSAY 9-12: 1<sup>st</sup> PLACE

## Change

By Anitvir Taunque

Throughout life, things change. They change in ways that are unfathomable, and as a result, we change. Each and every event, every experience, inspires a change within us that we may not even know. When we grow up, we change physically but more of, we mature. Every mistake we make, every compliment we get, pushes us to strive for more. We want to improve, we want to get better. But then, how do we do that?

We change.

When we are little toddlers who have just begun to walk, every time we are about to fall off the stairs or about to touch the burning hot stove, our parents tell us to stop. At that point, we turn around and look at them with those big eyes and that cute innocent face, unable to fully comprehend what is going on. All we know, is that something we may have done, may have triggered that type of a response. The next time we go close to the stairs, we automatically stop. We instantly know that what we are doing is wrong and that we shouldn't do it. We, without knowing it, have changed. Just that one event, that one reaction changed us. We developed a conscious which nags at the back of our head everytime we are about to do something wrong. Everytime we make a mistake, our conscious grows and increases its capacity which causes us to mature. We begin to distinguish right from wrong. As we grow older we learn more and more and then that saying starts to make sense: "With age comes wisdom."



# ESSAY 9-12: 2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE

## Change Can Be Deceiving

By Allison Reed

We often associate the word *change* with a negative connotation. Often when hearing the word change we feel fear of the unknown, that “change is bad”. Change disturbs the order that keeps us rooted in our routines. Change has all of those characteristics, but it can be so much more; it can bring good and bad, but the truth is we never know which one change will bring.

Change is not always physical. Sometimes it’s a change from within. We learn something new and it changes our outlook on life and other people. Sometimes this shift within us changes the people around us. As adolescents grow up, they are full of change. Their bodies grow physically, mentally they mature, and even spiritually teens begin to come to their own conclusions about life. This change in the minds of people often begins to strain relationships. The friends that adolescents had in their younger years often seem to go away. This often isn’t because of some huge fight, it can be the case of growing out of that relationships, like growing out of a pair of pants. The young minds that the teens had in their younger childhood have grown and expanded and with this change becomes new morals and decisions that strain young relationships. The puzzle pieces no longer fit together the way they used to. This is where people often think that change is bad. We see the lost friends or that we outgrew our favorite pair of pants, but in reality this is often making room for new people to complete a new puzzle and room in our closets for a better pair of pants. While change can be something that happens within us, it can also be something that happens around us.

In our world today, we see so much change. Even though I am young and accept the fact that I have so much more to see in the world, even I can recognize the growth that our world is having. I look on the TV and see women standing up for equality and facing up to sexual abuse. I see black lives matter protests trying to help racism. I see LGBTQ movements all over the United States. All of these people are standing up for the change that they believe the world needs to see, and they are seeing progress. Women have had their voices heard in court hearings about sexual abuse, African Americans are working to help the community stop discrimination, and gays and lesbians now have the legal right to marry. When facing change we need to remember that change can be painful in the beginning, messy in the middle, and gorgeous in the end. Thinking of change can also lead to regret.

With change often comes regret. We miss opportunities to create change, or maybe you regret the change you created and are stuck reminiscing in the past. Some things cannot be changed. What has happened in the past is set in stone; so let it go. Instead, focus on what you can change in the present. Change often results in opportunity so grasp the opportunity before you miss it. You can let regret change you, you can let change change you, or you can let yourself create change around you.

In the end, change is inevitable. However, instead of facing change with an attitude of disdain we need to look upon the unknown with a sense of opportunity. We need to have open minds to change and stop looking at change with a negative connotation. We all will experience change in our lifetime whether it be, in us, around us or with us.

# ESSAY 9-12: 3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE

## Change to our Generation

By Hope White

“What are you wearing?” “Why do you act so weird?” Questions like these are being asked every day. In today’s society we have set a bar of expectations for each other to reach. In order to meet these expectations, we feel like we have to change and mold ourselves and assimilate to the popular culture. One simple comment can change a person’s self-worth and how they view themselves. In the last few years bullying has increased all because we cannot learn how to simply love each other for who they are. Change needs to happen, but not to the outward appearance. Change needs to happen within each and every one of us. We as a generation need to learn how to become one and accept each other for who we are. We need to accept people’s opinions and views. We are all different and that is what makes America great. If everyone was the same we would live in a very boring society. Somehow teenagers my age cannot understand that in every aspect. Now bullying is leading to school shootings and suicide. Kids my age, older and younger than me are losing their lives just because they are struggling under a weight of hurt and pressure trying to change and mold themselves to the expectations that shouldn’t even be there. Some people say sticks and stones break your bones, but words never will. In today’s time that is not true. Words hurt people deeply and they are carrying that with them like a weight weighing them down. We need to stop spreading words of hurt and dislike but instead be compassionate to each other. It’s time for us all to embrace our differences and accept each other for them. We all have our talents and we all have our struggles. We are unique. Yet, we are all deserving of the same respect.

We as a generation need to rise up and make a statement of change. To show that we are the future, we should embrace every unique quality in each other and begin to change our mindsets. To change our mindsets from “What are you wearing?” to “You look cute today!” When we begin to do this we will begin to see a shift and change in our generation. It will be one of the most positive changes we have seen in a while.

**Be the change you wish  
to see in the world.**

- Mahatma Gandhi



# Thank you...

This 2018 Write Challenge would not have been possible without the support of:

- **Lakota's Gifted Services Department**
- LEADS Board
- Lakota Students and Parents
- Lakota Classroom Teachers
- **Lakota's Board and Administrators**
- And an extra big thanks to LEADS Write Challenge Organizing Team and all of our Judges

## About LEADS

Lakota's Enrichment and Academic Development of Students (LEADS) is primarily aimed at the parents of children identified as gifted, but welcome ALL families in the Lakota School District.

LEADS mission is to identify, provide and/or sponsor enriching academic and social opportunities for students of the District.

[www.lakotaleads.org](http://www.lakotaleads.org)



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