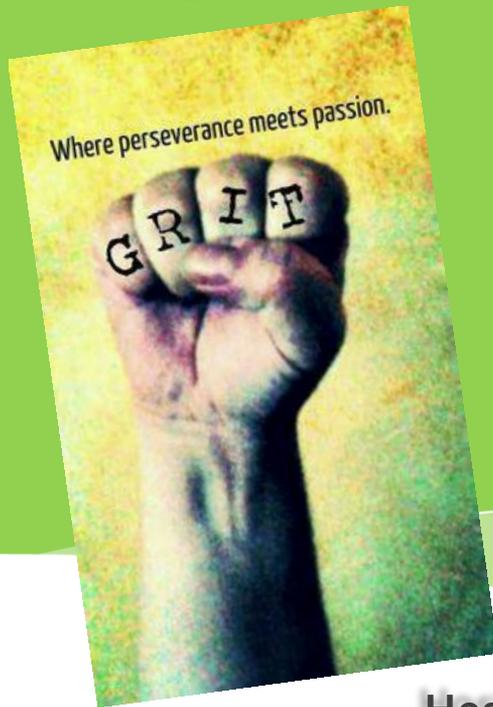


THE WRITE CHALLENGE

Anthology Spring 2015



www.lakotaleads.org

Hosted by



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

THE WRITE CHALLENGE ANTHOLOGY

GRIT

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

Add a pinch of courage, 2 cups of resilience, a handful of optimism and stir in some follow-through. That is one definition for GRIT.

But so is the “seed” that starts the pearl in an oyster or the texture of sandpaper as you smooth your pinewood derby car.

1. courage and resolve
2. strength of character, indomitable spirit
3. perseverance and passion for long-term goals
4. small, loose particles of stone or sand.

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

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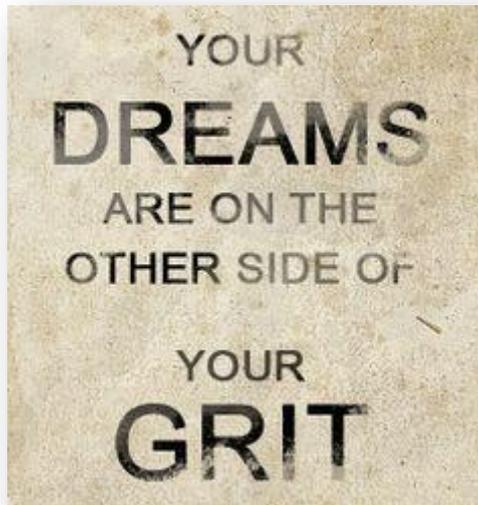
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POETRY K-2: 1st PLACE

Because I've Got Grit

By Haylie Yeazell

Sometimes school can be tough
And I feel like I've had enough
Where I feel like I'm in a pit
And I just want to quit
Then I hear a scream in my ear,
You've got to persevere!

So when I feel this way
I know there'll be another day
I will dry my tears
Let out BIG cheers
Not throw a fit
Because I've got grit

POETRY K-2: 2nd PLACE

Cheerleading

By Madeline Kirkmeyer

Cheerleading is fun.
It takes a lot of work.
You stretch and cheer for people.
Here is a cheer made for you.
Go go. Some more. We are #1. To the hoop. Whatever you
do, don't give up. Keep going. Listen.
You need a water bottle, pom-poms and a megaphone.
Don't be nervous, be happy.
I LOVE Cheerleading!

NARRATIVE K-2: 1st PLACE

Sim and the Race

By Bonny Kirkmeyer



One time in the Ocean, a fish was born. The mother named the fish Sim. Sim had 2 brothers--the brothers were named Fin and Sam. Fin and Sam could swim at 152 miles per hour. Sim could only swim at 5 miles per hour. Sim was OK with being the slowest. But in a couple years there was a Swimming Contest. Sim wanted to be the winner. But he could only swim at 5 miles per hour. He had to practice. He practiced for 5 hour per day! By the end of the week Sim could swim at 10 miles per hour. But that was not good enough. So he practiced harder and longer. By the end of another week he could swim at 30 miles per hour. The contest would start in 3 weeks! So Sim practiced for Longer and Longer. In 2 weeks Sim could swim at 93 miles per hour. But it still was not fast enough. So Sim trained for even longer. 1 more week left. By the end of 1 more week Sim could finally swim at 200 miles per hour. Sim went to the Swim Contest. In the race Sim was in 2nd place. Very soon, there was a race at 215 miles per hour. Sim swam as fast as he could. He flipped his fins. He was now at 210 miles per hour. Just at the last second he passed the racer. He won! The contest was over. Sim got a trophy. He was the new Champ. Sim felt proud and very happy.

The End

NARRATIVE K-2: 2nd PLACE

The Special Memory

By Maeve Ruble

Gracie was in school and it was her turn to think of a special memory. She thought and thought but couldn't remember a thing. When she got home she said "mom can you think of a special memory of me?" "Yes" her mom answered. "When you broke your leg." Gracie was so shocked, she couldn't remember a thing when the answer was right under her nose! Before Gracie could say anything else her mom said it was B-E-D time. (She goes to bed at 9:00.) She got in bed pulled up the covers and went to sleep.

The next day Gracie went to school. Mr. Calpin (Gracie's teacher) asked if she thought of a special memory. Gracie answered in a strong voice "Yes" and went to the front of the classroom.

She started off, "So, my special memory is about gymnastics" she told her 6th grade class. "When I was young I tried climbing the rope. I was scared. I climbed halfway up and then I jumped off. I kept trying because I really wanted to get it. I looked down and I could see I was almost there. I pulled myself up with all my strength and touched the roof. I did it! I jumped back down and landed right in front of my coach. Then my friend Maeve had a turn... she made it too! I gave her a big high five. That was the day I knew I wanted to be on the gymnastics team and learn lots of hard skills.

Last year when I was in level 5, my coach Mrs. Bost watched my back handspring back tuck. My coach said it was great and that I could try a double back (2 back tucks). I tried it and was so close but I landed sideways on my ankle and fell hard on my leg. I was so hurt but kept my tears in. I broke my leg and had to go to the hospital and get a cast.

I slept for two days but had to go weeks without gymnastics. That was hard, but I did go to a meet to watch my team compete. My friend Magaux did an awesome double back! Even though I didn't compete, my team got first place. I was so happy!! And, all my friends got to sign my blue cast!

Finally I got my cast off. Then I spent a lot of time at the gym getting my strength back and practicing really hard. One day my coach said I was ready to try a double back again. I was scared. I got all hot and my heart was beating fast. But I was determined to try it and I remembered how I felt when I was little and I climbed the rope to the top. I took a deep breath and ran fast and.....I DID IT!!!”

Gracie's class liked her story. Some of her friends clapped and some gave her a thumbs up. Now everyone knew exactly how she got her cast in 5th grade!



NARRATIVE K-2: 3^d PLACE

Melissa's Bad Day

By Carson Springmyer

One day at the beach a girl named Melissa was collecting rocks. She collected big and small rocks. She found a really big rock that was hard to carry. She tried to bring it to her collection but she dropped it on her foot! There was a big scratch that hurt so much. Melissa screamed for her mom. Her mom found a band aid and put it on her foot.

Melissa felt better so she decided to go swimming. She accidentally drank ocean water. It tasted terrible so she decided to get out of the water. She went on the shore. A kid ran by and kicked sand in her eye by accident. Her eyes felt weird and it hurt to open them.

Melissa's mom called her and said, "It is time for Girl Scouts." Melissa found a jet pack in the sand so she decided to take it to the Girl Scout meeting. WOOSH!!! Went the jet pack. While she was riding all the sand came out of her eyes. It felt great to have the sand out. Now she could think about her meeting.

At Girl Scouts, Melissa had to give a speech about grit. She said, "My speech about grit is this. This morning I dropped a rock on my foot and got a big scratch. Then I swallowed some salt water. Next, I got sand in my eyes. When I used the jet pack to get here...long story...finally it took courage and strength to come up here and say my speech." The audience clapped. It made her very happy. The meeting was over. She took the jet pack home.

Melissa didn't have anything to do at home, so she painted her nails. She painted her toe nails and some paint fell on the brand new carpet. She said sorry to her mom. "I can clean it up, no problem," said mom. Later for dessert she wanted a sucker but she got a mint. Her mom said, "The sucker is for tomorrow." After her mint she put her PJs on and brushed her teeth. Just when she got in bed she remembered her birthday was the next day. While she was in bed she thought if you have a bad day have courage and strength. Then good things will come your way. So Melissa slept well all night!

The End.



ESSAY K-2: 1st PLACE

Grit

By Suren Dhasarathan

My name is Suren. I want to become Paleontologist. I want to find bones of dinosaurs. I want to put the bones in museum. I will use my tools to find dinosaurs bones. I want to find the fossil by using my tool. I am like a small sand now, but I will be like a big rock (Paleontologist).

ESSAY K-2: 2nd PLACE

When I Started Swim Team

By Madeline McGirr

Swim team take a lot of courage and it takes a lot of resolve. When I started doing swim team I was nervous about being the slowest person at swim team. I didn't think I could do it, so I worked hard to not be the slowest person. Someone else was.

Soon I passed three people in swim team and was the third person. I also wanted to improve my diving because when I dove into the pool I landed "smack" on my stomach which didn't feel very good. So I kept on trying to improve my diving. But in three weeks or so my dive was way better. I also got a compliment from one of my coaches saying "you have really improved on your dives Madeline." That really made me feel proud of myself.

When I was nervous at swim team it was always when I walked in because I didn't know anyone. So I just wanted to get into the water and start swimming. But soon I got over it. I also met Kathleen. She is my best friend at swim team.

One day my mom said I was going to a swim meet on Friday. Soon the day came and I was worried that I would not win any of my races. But when I swam my first race I didn't win. So I just kept trying and trying to win a race. And soon the very last race I did on butterfly I won. My parents and my grandparents were so proud of me that they took me out to eat that night. They took me to Mitchells my favorite restaurant.

All my fears were over by that time and I loved to go to swim team. Some of my goals right now in swim team are to move up a lane and beat Kathleen in my races one day. I just love to swim. I'm really close to reaching one of my goals right now. That goal is moving up a lane. I really like swim team because it's really fun.

POETRY 3-4: 1st PLACE

Back Handspring

By Julianna Hartman

Being on my own
Attempting the unknown
Catching on fast
Kicking away the past

Holding on tight
About to take flight
No one can keep me down
Doing my best to earn the crown
Soaring through the air
Pushing harder if I dare
Reaching my goal
I'm on a big roll
Now I'm the star
Going to go far!

POETRY 3-4: 2nd PLACE

A Lifetime of Grit!

By Maddie Burghard

One year old
Trying to walk
Lots of falls and spills
Finally,
 Wobbling
 Shaking
 She takes a step!

Five years old
Trying to ride a bike
Keeps falling and scraping her knees
Next week,
Almost has it
Falls, scrapes her knees
One more week,
 Handle
 Balance
 Pedal
 She can do it!

Eight years old
Trying to wake board
Gets up and BOOM! She's down
Tries again
Falls down
Many summer days,
 Lean back
 Arms straight
 Steady
 Barely... but makes it!

Ten years old
Trying to ride a skateboard
So close
Falls on her face
Back on
Does the same thing
Next week,
 Smooth
 Control
 Balance
 She can skateboard!

Sixteen years old
Trying to drive
Keeps going in the wrong lane
Keeps trying
Practices starting, stopping, changing lanes
Weeks later,
 Concentration
 Control
 Patience
 She can drive!



POETRY 3-4: 2nd PLACE

Perseverance

By Julie McGowan

When I am driving down the road and everything goes up hill
I won't quit!
I won't quit!

When the world seems like it's turned upside down
I won't quit!
I won't quit!

If I keep falling on my head
In the middle of a handstand
I won't quit!
I won't quit!

If I just can't draw a really good rose
I won't quit!
I won't quit!

When I just can't fold the blanket just the same as my mom
I won't quit!
I won't quit!

When everybody is being really mean
And I keep trying to be really nice
But they're still being well just plain mean
I won't quit!
I won't quit!

What perseverance means to me might not be what it means to
you
But one thing is for sure

Don't quit
Don't quit

NARRATIVE 3-4: 1st PLACE

The Rainbow Dragon

By Matthew Squires

Once upon a time there was a dragon egg; it had rainbow stripes on it. Everyone thought it was going to hatch into a bad dragon. They thought the dragon would terrorize the world except for one kid, his name was Matthew. He lived a mile away from the dragon egg. But, every day he walked to visit the egg, even though it was just an egg he loved the egg. The egg was his only friend, because everyone knows he likes the dragon, and they think it's a bad dragon. He doesn't have a family because one night they went to buy groceries they said it would be quick. He was watching TV and saw... There was a burglary at the grocery store they were going to and a lot of people died. He had to live on his own he felt very alone because his only friend was the dragon egg.

One night when Matthew was going to visit the dragon egg, he heard a big CRACK: and he saw a little dragon laying on the floor of the cave. The baby was a Rainbow Dragon. Matthew picked it up and brought it home. Matthew said to himself, "what do Rainbow Dragons eat?" Then the dragon gave him a manual, it said that the food that Rainbow Dragons eat can only be found in the Wizard World. Then Matthew said "how do I get there?" The baby dragon made a portal to the Wizard World. Matthew went through the portal and went to the Wizard Pet Store, but he didn't have any special wizard money. The baby dragon gave Matthew one million wizard bucks! Each thing the dragon

needed was \$5.00 in wizard money. Matthew bought the dragon food, water, a litter box, a cage, and a little flying area. Matthew only used \$500 of his one million wizard dollars. Matthew took the dragon and his goodies home.

Once the people heard that the dragon had hatched, they all were terrified. Matthew decided he had to go somewhere else. He put the dragon in his backpack and rode on the plane. They were going to a place called Dragon Mountain. The mountain was a forbidden place, but at the bottom of the mountain there was a town. Matthew heard a story that every person who went up the mountain never came back down. This story made Matthew decide he wanted to go up the mountain. He got a lot of gear, and exercised to get himself ready. Two months later he was ready and the baby dragon had learned to fly, because he was now a kid dragon. The dragon flew beside Matthew. They were ready to go up the mountain.

Matthew got passed the guards and through the gate. They started to climb the mountain it was a long and dangerous journey. The journey took months to get to the top of the mountain. One day he found a cave at the top. They went in it and saw pictures of dragons. The kid dragon was saying something as they went through the cave, but Matthew didn't know what he was saying. They saw a big throne, then some dragons walked through the door and the kid dragon said "MOM and DAD" and flew toward them.

"How did you get here?" asked the dragons. Matthew helped me get here. "Thank you for finding our son" the dragons said. "I found him as an egg" Matthew said. The dragons told Matthew that they had to abandon him because there was an earthquake, and they had to fly away.

After they told the story about the baby dragon, the whole group went out of the cave and flew back to Matthew's house. They were able to convince everyone that they were good dragons and everyone lived happily ever after.

THE END



NARRATIVE 3-4: 2nd PLACE

Greivous and the Grit By Brendan Grimm



Once there was a robot named Greivous, and he wanted to go to school. He wanted to go to school so bad because he wanted to learn. He didn't even know $1+1=2!$ So he went on a search to find a school. Greivous ran and ran until he came across a small school in China. It had really big windows and a door about 5 feet tall. The playground was really, really, really small and only had one set of monkey bars. But Greivous knew that the school had really nice teachers so he wanted to go there.

Greivous went up the small steps of the school. The principal was there to greet him. So Greivous asked the principal if he could go to the school. The principal asked, "Are you smart?" and Greivous said, "No."

"Then bug off! You're not coming to my school," said the principal. Greivous didn't give up. Even though he felt down, he knew he had to find a school. So Greivous continued his search.

Then Greivous came across a really big school in Mexico. There was a huge playground with a big castle that had gold swords on it. There were also giant teachers that were 100 feet tall and desks the size of the moon.

Greivous went up the enormous steps of the school. The principal was very grumpy when she greeted him. She

said, "Come to my office." So Grevious did. The principal asked, "Are you smart?" and Grevious answered, "No."

"Go away! We don't want you here," said the principal. This made Grevious sad but he knew he had to find a school. So Grevious continued his search.

Suddenly, Grevious saw a humongous school in Canada. It had a weird-shaped roof with stars on it. It also had an enormous sign that said "SCHOOL CLOSED FOR REPAIRS."

Grevious went up the big steps of the school and tried to open the door. But it was no use. It was locked. Grevious felt really down and he almost felt like giving up. He was thinking about what all the principals had said. He was thinking "NO-NO-NO-NO-NO." But he knew he had to find a school. So Grevious continued his search.

Grevious was still thinking "NO-NO-NO-NO-NO." SLIP! Grevious tripped on a rock. He looked up and saw a medium-sized school in the United States. There was a sign on the school that said "OPEN HOUSE." The principal came outside to greet Grevious. The principal helped him up and said, "Would you like to come to my school?" And Grevious said, "YES!" The school had perfect windows, a perfect playground and a perfect principal.

Grevious was so glad he didn't give up and guess what he learned on his first day of school? $1+1=2!$

THE END!

NARRATIVE 3-4:3^d PLACE

Bella's Big Cake Problem

By Maria Hudepohl

Once there was a horse named Bella, whose owner took good care of her. One day she wanted to make a cake for her owner to say thank you, but she did not have the ingredients. So she looked up the ingredients in a cookbook. They were 2 cups of all-purpose flour, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons of baking soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, 2 eggs, 4 ounces of unsweetened chocolate, and 1 cup of milk.

Bella trotted down to the grocery store. She had to get all of the ingredients on the list. Bella got all the ingredients but one. It was the milk. There was no milk on the shelf! Bella wondered what to do. Then an employee came with milk. Bella grabbed the milk quickly.

Bella went to check out and the lines were very long. So she went into a different line that was shorter. It was shorter than the others but still a little long. Bella got nervous because she wanted to surprise her owner and it was going to take time to make the cake! Would she run out of time?

When she was done at the grocery, Bella trotted home really fast, but there was lots of traffic. There was a big accident slowing things down. Bella had to go slow. She was lucky because the cars let her through since she was carrying a ton of groceries. By her face, they knew she was in a very big hurry.

When she got home, she noticed she had grabbed the wrong milk! That was a problem. If she could not get the cake done, her owner would not get the special treat. Bella felt very nervous and sad! She thought, “I can’t do this. I am going to give up.” But then she thought of her owner and decided that she had to find a way to make it work.

So she trotted to her friend’s house and asked if they had milk. But that friend did not have the milk! Bella thought of another friend across town. She went to her house and luckily she had the milk. Her friend said she could borrow if, if she brought the rest back.

Bella trotted home again and started making the cake. As it cooked, it smelled great.

When her owner came home, he smelled something delicious. He went inside and he said, “Wow, who’s that cake for?” Bella said, “It’s for you!” All the other animals and horses joined them for some yummy cake. The owner loved the cake so much he gave Bella a big hug. All of Bella’s sad thoughts were gone. She felt very happy and proud. Bella learned that sometimes even if you are nervous, you still need to be sure of yourself and have grit.



ESSAY 3-4: 1st PLACE

Tae Kwon Do Grit

By Alexander Betts

Grit is perseverance. In Korean it's *In Nae*. Perseverance means you don't give up, even when things don't go your way. Let me tell you a story about when I needed to use the grit inside.

When I was 5 years old I was a white belt Tae Kwon Do. A white belt means that you're only a beginner. So you don't know anything. You're in class with the higher belts. Now talk about scary! And they also know a lot more than you do. When I first started I had very little confidence. You have to know terminology, forms, 1 step sparring, and self-defense. And as you earn higher and higher belts it gets harder. But you get closer to your Black belt. Starting at White belt there are 11 more belts they are yellow belt, yellow tip, orange belt, green belt, green tip, blue belt, purple belt, red belt, Black tip, double black strip and then Black belt!

When I was a green tip I kept building up confidence. But before green tip I talked about getting my Black belt. But I wasn't so sure I could get it. One of the things I had to overcome was not wanting to practice. And by the end I was practicing 6 hours a week. Another thing I had to overcome is focusing. Focusing is a lot harder than it looks. By the end I have very good technique because I listened and learned from the instructors and Masters.

Along the way, I could hear a voice inside. I knew in an instant it was the devil inside saying, "You can't do it." And as

I kept going up on my belts the voice was shrinking because I kept saying, "I can do it." And guess what I did, I got my Black belt because I persevered. My Master Han kept saying a Black belt is a White belt who did not give up.

And that is my story about Tae Kwon Do Grit.



ESSAY 3-4: 2nd PLACE

Grit

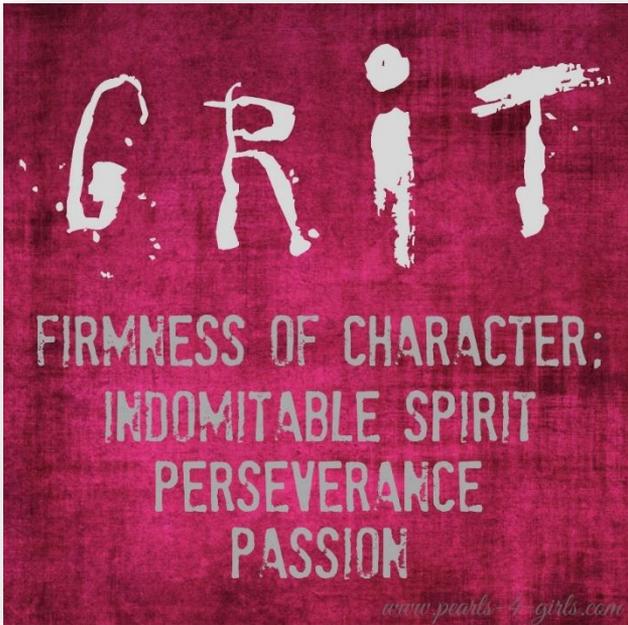
By Gus Hankinson

A lot of people in my family had grit. My dad had grit when he was in the army. My great-grandmother had grit because she worked hard until she died at the age ninety-seven. We have grit in our family every day. Even when I play a game of Clue with my mom I have grit. My dad had grit when he was in the army. He had to train a lot for the army. He had to get his head shaved and sleep in the woods, desert, and rain. He always was brave and never gave up; he has grit. When he was in Iraq, he did a lot for our country. He also did a lot for our country when he went to Afghanistan. Whenever there was trouble, he would always come to the rescue. My dad has a lot of grit.

My great-grandmother had grit because she worked hard every day. Every day when she went into her office she would work until the end of the day. Once I went into her office in the summer, and she said "Please hurry! I have to get back to work!" When she had a stroke, she said "I don't have time for this! I need to get back to work!" Two days later she died. She worked until she was ninety-seven years old. She had a lot of grit.

My mom also has a lot of grit. She runs about ten miles a day, maybe even more. She has run a lot of races and marathons also. I watched her go by in The Flying Pig Marathon, and she was so focused that she did not notice that we were waving to her! On her second marathon she ran so well she qualified for the Boston Marathon, which is very hard to do. I don't think I could do that ever in my life.

My brother has grit too. He plays soccer for Cincinnati United. I watched one of his soccer games, and he was great. He never gave up, and he always hustled to get the ball when it was coming to him. If someone comes near him, he does soccer tricks that I could never do. He teaches me how to become a good soccer player and to never stop. Those are some people in my family who have true grit. They always try their best, and they never give up. Sometimes I do not even notice that I have grit because I am focused on trying and working hard, just like my dad.



ESSAY 3-4: 3^d PLACE

Grandpa has Grit

By Kelsey Floyd

My grit essay is going to be about my Grandpa Crawford because he was in the Air Force. So I know he had a lot of grit in him, so here are some reasons why he has grit.

The first reason I know he had grit is that he had to work hard in college. Then he went to flight training to learn to fly airplanes. Then he still had to go to more school after that. He must have really wanted to fly to have that much school.

The next reason is that he had to be in charge of many things. He had to be in charge of two airplanes and the people on the planes. He flew a big airplane that refueled fighter jets.

The final reason that I know he had grit is that he had to be away from home and his family. He was away from home for months at a time. He did not see his wife and kids much during his time in the war.

That is some of the reasons why my grandpa has grit but I think he had a lot more grit in him in the Air Force.

POETRY 5-6: 1st PLACE

Beautiful Death Trap

By Tanner Pencek

The wind propels sand into your legs until they buckle

The head of an umbrella spears the sand like a javelin into the
chest of a boar

Waves relentlessly ram the shoreline until the shore is ghastly
disfigured

The barbed shoal perforates the undersides of ships causing them
to descend to a watery grave

The unrelenting scorching waves of heat from the sun sear our skin
until it withers

But we always come back because our ravenous appetites coax us
to endure pain



POETRY 5-6: 2nd PLACE

My Brother with Grit

By Audra McCullough

All the years of illness
All the days of pain
Strong through all hardships
Laying there
Eyes filled with hurt

As a sister of this
Sparkling pearl
Glimmering gem
Golden heart
I hope he will shine the person I envision
Him being

When his world
Falls down
Perseverance beyond compare
The pain on his face
So hard to see
But harder to have
When I see him suffering
I wonder why it could not
Be me
I see him laying still in bed
Eyes smiling as I come in
After hopeless days of dread
Hurt, illness
Letting pain lose grasp
And family and love take over

POETRY 5-6: 3^d PLACE

Walk on the Beach

By Stephanie Coffey

I walk on the beach
not knowing where I'm going.
Looking forth to my journey,
I'm ready for the start
of a new day.

Looking back I see my past.
I can see the footprints,
that mark my path,
or is it my past?
It marks my shame,
my criminal record,
a stormy past.

It also marks the shatter glass,
yet it is just a piece of my past.

Looking forward I see a future,
I see unmarked sand to make my journey in life,
I see a rainbow of world,
I also see a world of adventure.

But last,
I just see what I wish for.
A wonderful new start to what will be a wonderful life.

Looking at both sides
I see the markings of my past,
and the infinite possibilities of where I can travel in the future.
Someday I will accomplish everything I dream of.
But not today.

All that is here is me,
the waves, and some sand, and most important,
a heart looking to find a future.

I will stay here
find my path.
And I will try not to look back.

NARRATIVE 5-6: 1st PLACE

Trapping Season

By Anna Dailey

The sun welcomed another day, saying goodbye to the moon. I was walking with pride looking for today's prey, in the never ending maze of snow covered trees, my beautiful, black stallion following behind me. I could almost hear him call out to me, "please don't leave me!" As I turned one corner of this winter puzzle, I felt the urge to turn another and another until I stumbled upon a clearing. On the other side was a frozen lake, there were brown, furry beavers gathered on the other side. I slowed down my pace as I began to realize there was only one way across and I knew this could be a matter of life or death. If I took the risk, I might die I thought, as my gaze went back to the frozen lake shimmering in the sunlight. Then I knew I had to cross! I took my first, cautious steps onto the ice and looked forward only to find the ice daring me to keep going. Suddenly, I could hear the ear-piercing sound of breaking ice and I fell down, down, down, closer to death than life. The cold clutched my body like a thousand needles poking me all at once. No escape!! As I looked through my blurry vision I saw the surface of the water. I imagined it whispering to me, "You can make it! You can make it!" My arms moved faster and faster until they were so painful it was hard to think straight. As I reached for a strong grip on the ice, I tried to hoist myself up, 1...2...3...the cold air hit my face, then my body, but I just kept fighting until I could no longer feel the water on my legs. My entire body burned from the lack of energy, but I sprinted across the smooth, glistening surface of the frozen lake. My tools, still shiny and wet from the water, banging against my legs as I ran. I could feel the success that would come from all my pain this day.

NARRATIVE 5-6: 2nd PLACE

Snowy and the Heat Wave

By Ian Brown

My most memorable adventure as a snowman was when I, Snowy, outlasted the heat wave. One lazy winter afternoon I gazed through the window into Jimmy, my maker's, home. I saw the humans watching the weather and heard the newsman say something about a heat wave. When I heard that, I felt that my demise would be soon. Jimmy must have felt the same way because he looked sadly at me. I tried to smile, but it was hard to smile with an M&M mouth. Later that day I started to feel hot. As the day trudged on I felt my form slowly melting away and an M&M fell from my mouth. "What do I need?" I thought, "Maybe an umbrella to shade me from the burning sun..." Just thinking about heat scared me! "Imagine the torture of melting away to nothing!" Then I thought, "If I melt, at least I lived a fun, eventful life and brought happiness to Jimmy. But, if I don't melt then I will bring even more happiness to Jimmy. I won't melt! I am going to get through the day and keep on living! I will persevere!" At that moment I made a commitment to see another day. "Think positive. Think cold thoughts...*ice cubes, popsicles, ice cream, snow!* Be brave and strong!" Soon after that I thought of when Jimmy got bullied by big Hal. Hal had called Jimmy names, hurt him after recess and insulted his shoes. Through it all, Jimmy had not acted scared or afraid. He had perseverance. He had courage and a positive attitude. I knew what to do! In order to outlive this heat wave and avoid becoming a pile of mush I'd need

perseverance! That evening I used every ounce of courage I had. In the last hours of the day I resisted the deadly heat. In the morning I had only melted a little! When Jimmy woke up and saw me, only slightly melted, I could tell he was excited. He got an M&M and replaced the one that had fallen off. After that the humans turned on the TV. The weather was on and I heard the weatherman say, "Bad news folks - that heat wave was short-lived and a big blizzard is moving in from the east." Jimmy smiled broadly at me through the window.



NARRATIVE 5-6: 3rd PLACE

Still Fighting On

By Alex Merk

By now, I've mastered facial expressions. I have one to pull out at any time, though it has taken me the better part of three years to perfect this skill. I have one for my visitors for when I'm in the hospital. One for when I'm not in the hospital. I have one for when I receive bad news, one for when I receive good news. I have one just for my husband, one for when I'm alone, and – most importantly – a constant brave and happy face for my kids. I mostly stay optimistic, although I falter sometimes when I'm alone. So when the accident happened, I masked the tragedy as much as I could.

My name is Lauren Ottlinger. For the past three years, I have been fighting leukemia. I have three boys, ages eight, nine, and twelve. Even with two full-time jobs between James and me, the hospital bills have been adding up. We are far in debt. Both of my youngest children are highly involved in sports, music, and just about any after school programs you can name. That doesn't help with the money situation or the schedule packed with doctors' appointments, but I want their lives to be as normal as possible. All they know is that, "Mommy's got some health problems." Their eyes well up with tears when they hear this, so I quickly add, "But it's nothing to worry about!"

Our oldest, Paul, is very bright. Our strategy with the younger kids is no longer fooling him. No matter what James and I told him, he wouldn't get involved in anything. He refused to add any more to our already crazy lives. So when James died in the wreck, nothing I did seemed to help Paul.

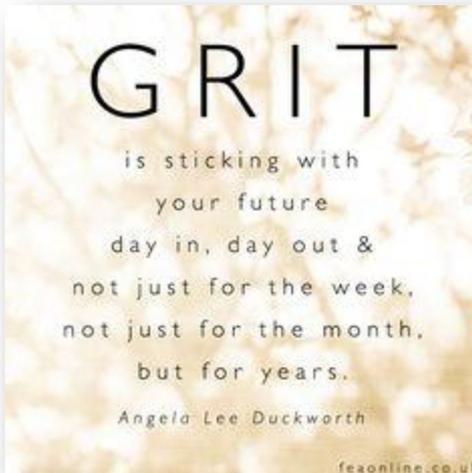
His death affected us greatly. James was the reason I kept going, pushing through all of the pain and bad news and treatments every month. Because of him, cancer wasn't constantly on our minds. Now, I am a single mother, working as a middle school band director with three children to feed and make happy. My health news isn't getting any better. But I still fight on, making sure the children know nothing more than they need to know.

One night, I had a breakdown when I thought I was completely alone. I was crying to myself about how much I missed James, hated cancer, and wanted Paul to be happy. Paul heard me, and he decided to make some changes in his life for me.

James has been gone for five months now, and I'm lying in my hospital bed, waiting for the results of my latest x-ray. Paul is at my doorway. He's past his phase of constant sadness and social awkwardness now that he sees how much I need him. Now, he's always happy and starting to remind me of James every day.

"Hi honey!"

He gives me a giant smile. "Hi Mom! Still fighting on?"
I smile back. "Still fighting on."



ESSAY 5-6: 1st PLACE

A Lifetime of Grit

By Mojiz Zaidi

My name is Mojiz and I am from Pakistan. I am 12 years old, and my younger brother who is 9 years old and I both have muscular dystrophy.

My suffering story starts when I was 7 years old. My parents felt my walking, standing and sitting positions were not normal. We went to the doctor and after a blood test he said I had a life threatening disease which has no cure. He said, “now you just rest at home and be happy.”

It is very upsetting for my parents when they have two sons both with a serious disease like muscular dystrophy but they don't lose their patience and hope. I cannot go to school or any outside activity. I have no friends, just my brother. Often I've thought, I will never go to school, and I will never prove to people I am a good boy, never prove that I am independent and can do anything. I always need help from other people. My parents help me but they cannot help at my school. My father and mama encourage me all the time.

I am a confident and intelligent because of my parents. When I sleep, I cannot turn so they help me. They understand all my problems. They always said to me, “If you cannot walk, so what? Many people in the world have no legs and cannot run. Many people have no arms, no eyes or many disabilities they are facing. You are not alone in the world. You may be disabled but it doesn't mean that ‘the world will

end.’ Actually the world starts now; you can prove you are very special; you are actually a man can face all problems and realities in the world.”

My father and mama will do anything for me and my brother. Father always searches better possibilities for me on the internet then he see a hopeful way. They sent my reports to the US to one of the best: Cincinnati Children’s Hospital where I am under observation. Dr. Brenda Wong (sweetest doctor) says there are many treatments that can help me and my brother stay active and independent for as long as possible-- many exercises that will keep my muscles as healthy as possible. My parents leave all of the important things of life like a beautiful home, job, everything—so they can provide me with better facilities in the US.

My parents know very well that I have many abilities and I am a smart boy—I just need guidance. I think now my father is right. When I came here I felt like a king--everyone caring for me, smiling at me. I am now here among my beautiful friends, teachers all of you. Hope gives me strength and strength come from God and my great parents and my friends.

My message to all of my friends especially those with disabilities-- don’t lose your “Grit.” Everything is possible if you think you can. God blesses me just to stay confident.

NARRATIVE 5-6: 2nd PLACE

grit

By Natalie Niemann

Grit is resilience. Being useful, helpful, determined. A lot of people have grit. From firemen to policemen; to cliff jumpers and students themselves. Every single student shows perseverance, not by option though. They all **must** study for that social studies test. Or take the national assessments. It's not their choice. Yet they still stick it out and do it.

Firefighters and policemen, we all know they are brave and determined. They save and help others in dangerous situations. Grit, is having long-term goals and taking the challenging steps to achieve that goal.

For me personally, it does take perseverance and bravery to just get through the day. That's because I'm a Type One Diabetic. Diabetics need to get a painful shot every time they put **any** food in their mouth. It's even harder at school, too. I check my blood sugar in the morning before class, for snack, for lunch, and before we leave school. That **does** take away my class time, but that won't stop me getting good grades, and accomplishing my dreams.



My goal is to become a Diabetes educator. I want to teach kids about Type 1 Diabetes and how it can't stop you from having a great life and reaching your goals; and to be brave with the stabbing pain of the shots or insulin pump until the JDRF (Junior Diabetes Research Foundation) finds a cure. I know they will. They are determined and won't give up until it happens. I believe in them.

Grit will give you the courage and strength to fulfill all of your goals and accomplishments, one step at a time. But here is the catch: you have to be strong and **believe in yourself, too!**

NARRATIVE 5-6: 3^d PLACE

Perseverance Counts!

By Haley Allman

When I was a little girl, I used to sing REALLY loudly. Sera and Michael, my siblings, said “PLLEEEAASE be quieter, I am watching TV!” I felt that they were being mean to me. I admired musicals, because I love hearing people sing. Because of that, I decided that singing in musicals is what I want to do when I grow up. My first opportunity to try out for a musical happened when I was about ten years old. It was really scary, I was nervous, and my voice was very shaky because I was worried. Other girls were trying out who were really good at singing and acting. And I knew that they trained a lot because they were not nervous at the audition. The producers didn't choose me for a part, and I knew it was because I wasn't prepared.

Not getting picked for that musical taught me how important it is to prepare. Perseverance counts. I started taking dance lessons, voice lessons, and went to acting classes. My mom and I found another play that was auditioning, and this time I wasn't so worried. We got to the auditions on time, and I sang loudly and confidently. I got a part in the play. And boy, then I learned even more about having perseverance! Listening to the director, learning my lines, learning my dance, learning my songs, and showing up for every practice was very hard work.

Finally, Opening Night arrived after we practiced for so long. Being on stage was lots of fun and I felt so excited. I was nervous, but I felt like I rocked the stage. ALL of my family told me I was great. At the end of the show, we did our curtain call, and I couldn't wait to hear the audience clapping and to see them smile.

I have learned that practice helps me be the best that I can be. I have learned about the importance of perseverance from my love of singing and dancing. My long-term goal is to be in a Broadway musical. To reach my goal, I have to work hard at school, and at singing and dancing. If people tell me I can't, I know that I can because of my experience.

POETRY 7-8: 1st PLACE

Grunts, Grit, and Glitter

By: Reeya Dighe

Dancing till your feet ache,
Bending till your knees shake.
Jumping till your ankles crack,
Stretching till you sprain your back.

Rib cage in, feet turned out,
Smile big, and don't you pout!
Straighten that leg, fix your hair,
Why are you just standing there?!

Hours upon hours in the studio,
I don't have to do this you know?
You are told what you do wrong,
You have to take it and be strong.

It takes grit, that's for sure,
But I don't know how I lived without it before.

Harsh criticism and tears,
But you must deal with it for a few years.

It takes a foundation to build a building,
Just like the basics of dancing.
But when you do something that you love,
It is something that you never get tired of.

So power through and don't you worry,
Do not let your goals get blurry.
If you love something, then fight for it,
After all, that shows grit.

POETRY 7-8: 2nd PLACE

The Spirit of a Storm

By McKinley Addington

When I cry my tears sting with pain and suffering.

"Mercy" is tattooed on my back though none is ever given to me,
I can taste dirt in my mouth and feel the burning fires of the Deep
South.

I spit upon this wretched ground, never looking back.

They call me "Master," and I preach the words of discipline with a
silver-tongue.

I am hardly hopeless, far from helpless,

Though resurrected by life's regrets.

The burden upon my shoulder, is still a big and heavy load.

I am not the Reaper's envoy.

Seldom I've felt forlorn.

My pen is sharp,

Yet my harp has frayed.

Upon these poetic lines I bleed.

Grit isn't just ingrained

It has been sickly sewn in my DNA



POETRY 7-8: 3^d PLACE

An Ode to Grit

By Tanya Kukreja

You have an idea
And it's an amazing idea
Or, at least you think so
But when you ask people
They scoff and turn you down

Every single time
You fail
And every time
You grow more weary
But you keep your optimism

Until

One day
You want to give up
To say
"I'm done with this"
And you desperately want to
Give in

But you can't
Because this was your amazing idea
And you won't let yourself down
So you muster your courage
And you gather resolve

You trudge onward
And for the longest time
You're rejected
Except this time
You stay strong and brave

And all the people who doubted you
Who told you
"That's ridiculous"
Are wrong
And you can't be convinced otherwise

And finally
Finally
Someone says yes
And you want to jump for joy
Because your work paid off

And you know
It was worth the struggle
Because your amazing idea
Worked
And you're happy
And that's what matters

NARRATIVE 7-8: 1st PLACE

“What is Grit?”

By Michelle Ballman

“What is Grit?” I sat staring blankly at the paper in front of me, empty save for those three words. I was supposed to be drafting a thorough response to the question for my language arts assignment, and yet despite my best efforts, I couldn’t come up with a single answer worth writing down.

Part of my problem might have been the yelling, screaming, fighting that had been my life’s sound track for the past few weeks. My parents were having “slight differences” as they like to put it, but I knew what was really going on. I guess they were trying to make it work for Peyton and my sake, but it sounded like *making it work* wasn’t working.

Knowing I wouldn’t be able to conjure up answers for my essay any time soon, I pushed myself out of my desk chair, and headed for my sister’s room.

“Peyton?” I questioned, my voice feeble as I poked my head into the doorway.

“What.” She groaned the response, her amber hair fanned out around her as she lie sprawled out on her bed, staring at the ceiling. When I stepped into the room, however, she sat up, her features twisting in concern when she saw me. “The noise getting to you too?”

I nodded; scared my voice would crack if I spoke.

“Harper, we can’t let it get to us. If Mom and Dad are going crazy someone needs to stay sane in this place!”

"But what will we do if it actually happens. If they, they..."

"Get divorced?"

"Yeah." The weeks of keeping a brave face, *what if* questions piling up in my mind, it all finally got to me. I cracked. Hoping to hide my watery eyes, I hurried to sit beside Peyton, concealing my face behind my hair.

"Then we deal with it. One way or another we have to get through this." She said, squeezing my shoulder for emphasis. "Hey aren't you writing a report on grit?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"This is the perfect thing to write about!"

"You want me to write about my life falling apart." Somehow that didn't seem like the greatest idea.

"Harper, grit is how you stay strong in the midst of your woes."

I laughed, wiping my eyes with the back of my sleeve. "Stop trying to be Shakespeare."

"Okay, but I'm serious. You know firsthand how tough it is to keep going and be mature, when even the adults aren't acting grown up."

"So."

"So, write about that stupid!" She teased, pushing me up from the bed. And although thirty seconds ago it seemed like the worst idea, I was starting to get it. Peyton was right.

I rushed back to my room, a newfound confidence building inside of me. I will push through writing this essay, and whatever happens with Mom and Dad, I'll push through that too. So, I thought, grabbing my pencil, ideas spinning in my mind. What is grit?

NARRATIVE 7-8 2nd PLACE

A-C-T-E-R-E-S-S Spells Actress?!

By Vaishali Gupta

“A-c-t-e-r-e-s-s.” That was my friend, Angela’s, response to the spelling of “actress.” Her hand went straight to her mouth out of shock.

The judge kindly said, “I’m sorry, but that’s incorrect.”

It hurt me, Neveah, to see my best friend, cry. I stood there, helpless by the library door, as the teachers ushered my genius friend to me. As she approached, I reached my hand out to her to be a comfort somehow. “I’m sorry, Angela.” I said.

Angela wailed. “I can’t believe that I made such a silly mistake, Neveah!”

“It’s okay!” I tried to tell her, but she ignored me.

“I’m ruined! I’ll never go to school again!” she cried.

“Come on! That’s an overstatement, Angela,” I said, then added nervously, “Right?”

The next few days, I watched Angela closely. I hoped she didn’t remember to never go to school again. After a while, I decided it was time to confront Angela and see what she thought. “Um, Angela, do you still want to drop out of school?” I asked anxiously, during lunchtime.

“Yes,” was her dull reply.

“You can’t!” I cried. “You’re the best! You’ll be valedictorian!”

“At the rate I’m going, I’ll be lucky to be a waitress,” she said glumly.

“Oh, please, Angela!” My frustration from the past days had just leaked out of me. I needed her to stop being so negative.

“Just spelling actress wrong is not the end of the world! Please understand that! You’re the best, and just because you failed, doesn’t mean that your career and life failed!”

“I’m a loser.” she moaned.

“Angela, please! Have some grit! You remember that, right?”

“How can I stand back up after such a mistake?” she said.

“Everyone can. Anybody can. If Einstein can do it, why can’t you? He’s your role model, right? So follow his footsteps.”

Angela nodded, and wiped her nose on her sleeve. “I-I-I guess I’ll think about it.”

I was relieved. “Promise me you’ll think about it? School won’t be the same without you, Angela.”

Just then, the school bell rang, and Angela left for her classes, and I to mine. Later that day, though, Angela came up to me.

“Neveah, I’ve been thinking about what you said. I’d like you to know that you’ve been a great friend, and I’ll always appreciate what you have done for me.”

I gasped. It sounded like Angela had decided to drop out of school.

“I’m telling you this because I have decided to stay in school. You’re right; a silly mistake means nothing. I can’t ruin my whole life because of an extra e.” Angela smiled.

I sighed. “Thank God, Angela! You had me worried there for a second! And I’m glad that you have made the right choice. But what I’m mostly glad about is that you picked yourself up. With some persuading, you found some inner grit.”

“Yeah. Hey, want to come over for a sleepover?” she offered, laughing, as we walked to the buses outside.



**Fall Seven Times,
Stand Up Eight.**

-Japanese Proverb

ESSAY 7-8 1st PLACE

Grit

By Gil Hankinson

Grit is defined as firmness of character. There have been many times during my life that I have shown grit. I have moved multiple times, been to many different schools, and experienced many different things. Every one of those things took grit to get through. The times that I have shown the most grit were in soccer.

I started playing soccer when I was around five in North Carolina. I played on my neighbor's team, the Wolfpack, and I played on that team until I was 13. We won many championships and had many undefeated seasons. Every player on the team had played together for six or seven years, so we were a strong team. But then I found out I had to move. During the last season I played with the Wolfpack, we were undefeated during the season. Everyone expected us to win the championship. Unfortunately, we lost. A few weeks later, I left North Carolina to move to Ohio.

When I first moved to Ohio, I lived in West Chester. I went to Hopewell Junior, and I expected there to be a school soccer team. In North Carolina, there was a school team starting in seventh grade. When I found out that Lakota schools did not have soccer teams for seventh and eighth grade, I was very disappointed. My parents and I did not know anything about soccer in Ohio, so I signed up for LSO soccer.

The first season that I did LSO was disappointing. The competition was not what I expected it to be. We won a few games, and I was ready to move on to a different league. But my parents did not want to travel far, so I remained on LSO another season. My second season was better than the first.

We were one of the best teams in the league, and we won almost every game that season. Even though I was doing well, I still wanted more of a challenge like I had in North Carolina.

In search of more challenge, I found out about Cincinnati United. When I first asked my parents about CU, they did not want me to do join. After a while, however, they allowed me to try out. During the summer of 2014, I tried out for CU. During the tryout, I did many different drills like 1v1, 5v5, running, juggling, crossing, skills, and more. After the first day of tryouts, I was feeling confident that I would make the A team. Then, after the second day of tryouts, I got a call from the coach asking if I wanted to be on the A team. I accepted and was excited to be playing on a club soccer team.

I have played one season with CU so far, and I had six goals in the season. We got second in our league and moved up to the next league. A week ago we lost our first tournament. We will have to work hard to do well in this new league. After this summer, I hope to make the freshman soccer team for East. It will be harder than anything I have done before. but if I show grit like I have in the past. I hope I can





POETRY 9-12: 1st PLACE

Proportional Violence

By Gabriela Gorgas

The earth trembles, shivers,
the air, choked with hot sand
washes across starved ground
pockmarked by bare, stunted feet.

Meanwhile, widows with craggy hands,
grit biting beneath their sallow nails,
huddle against the bleary sun.

The air shakes, stumbles.
On the horizon, the drones emerge
like baby birds escaping their shells.

The searing cries of flash-bang grenades
send whole cities spitting up plumes
of heat and limbs. They roar across the sky,
blotting out the sun, like swarms of locusts.

Piles of greasy smoke writhe in
the morning glare. Haphazard flames lick
at the crumbling bricks, the rotting beams.
The city is dying anyway; let it be quick.

Air, shot with heat,
clenches its jaw in
anticipation,
while the men and women
lift their weary heads toward
the menacing birds as they circle
like vultures, and let the grit of war
stain their skin, their tired eyes.

Let the earth make a meal of them,
let their organs be seeds, in the rusty soil
their grit-shaken bones, fertilizer.
Let something come of this.

POETRY 9-12: 2nd PLACE

Souls with Grit

By Nick Lorenz

I've seen grit.
I've seen it in a soldier
who fights
and bleeds
and marches to the beat of a drum.

I've seen grit.
I've seen it in a worker
who sweats
and lifts
and toils 'til the dawn of tomorrow.

I've seen grit.
I've seen it in an old man
who cries
then sleeps
then grasps for old happiness in his dreams.

I've seen grit.
I've seen it in a leader
who speaks
and rails
and helps others think in a new way.

I've seen grit.
I've seen it in a mother
who begs
and pleads
that God take her instead of her child.

POETRY 9-12: 3rd PLACE

The Puddle in My Head

By Olivia Vandivier

Crashing, thrashing, sea
Why do you keep pounding me?
Salty tears a'swirling
All of them are mine.

Sorrows are your waves
Resentment rumbles through blood red skies
Doubt flashes brightly, cruel electrifying stabs
Hopelessness humidifies air
Does anybody care?

Hark! Look, up above!
Through the tumultuous storm soars a gleaming white dove
Heavenly omen of peace.

Oh, Dove, little dove
How do you muster the strength?!
Never surrendering to the sadistic sea
Never losing faith
For you know life's struggles are temporary
And that good will always win out.

Ocean, wretched, Ocean!
Oppression may blacken your waters
But your depressive depths cannot engulf me
Orange sparks have ignited my soul
Effervescent flames, growing confidently
Courage courses through my veins
Extinguishing evil blue.

A puddle in sand is all that remains
Laughable, little dent
Power evaporated, insignificant
For I am mighty sun!
Radiating optimism, parting grief's grey clouds.

NARRATIVE 9-12: 1st PLACE

From Despair to Inspiration

By Sarah Wilson

My childhood was not an easy one. My father was a drunk; my mother was buried in the local cemetery. My brother, Michael, and I had to begin working as early as the law allowed just to survive. Lee County, Virginia was a vacant little town in 1974. There weren't many sources of entertainment so Michael and I would wander around town and ride our friend's bikes because we couldn't afford our own. Our father, Joseph Ross, worked at a steel factory and spent his spare time at the saloon. Our house was small and crowded with few luxuries to enjoy. My father lectured us about how lucky we were to own a shower but gave us a five minute limit to use it. Michael and I shared a cramped room, and on the nights that my father failed to return home, Michael would take the rifle out of Father's closet and lay it under his bed. I'm not sure why he did this; we were too poor for anyone to bother robbing us. My father would stumble home in the morning and spend the rest of the day on the couch summoning my brother or me to fetch him a beer.

I, Savannah Ross, vowed to make a better life for myself, to move to a city and make my mother proud. It was my third grade teacher, Miss Morgan, who inspired me to begin writing. She introduced me to books and explained how they could transport me to another dimension. They became my safe haven. I began saving every extra nickel that I could conjure and made a plan of escape from Lee County. My plan would be enacted the day I turned eighteen. I would use the money I had

been saving since I was a child to buy a plane ticket to New York and rent a cheap, low key apartment.

Michael got married at nineteen and moved to Tennessee with his new wife, leaving some money for Father and me. It was at his wedding that I met my love, Jacob Miller. It wasn't long after Michael left that my father drank himself into a coffin. It was 1984; I was eighteen, but also in love. I couldn't give up my dream, but I didn't want to lose Jacob either. We had only known each other for eight months, but I took a chance. I remember that day like it was yesterday.

"Jacob, do you believe in me?" I asked him as we walked down the sidewalk on the warm September afternoon.

"With everything in me," he responded, looking down at me from his towering figure.

I handed him pages of a book I had been working on at the time and revealed to him my plan.

"I want you to come with me," I said after a few minutes had passed. "I really think I can do it, Jacob. There are so many job opportunities for young men, and I could get a job as a waitress until I sell my first book." He stared at me, a smile reaching the corners of his mouth.

It was only a month before we got married and departed for New York City. I sold my first book in 1989, and Jacob took college classes in his spare time to become an attorney. My children look at me as a source of inspiration, taking my life into my own hands and making a success out of myself. I tell them that it doesn't matter how successful one becomes, but it is the amount of effort one exerts to earn that success which makes that person an inspiration.

ESSAY 9-12: 1st PLACE

Courage

By Erinn Aulfinger

When the world speaks of courage, they speak of daring events like a firefighter braving a raging inferno to save a child. It is a soldier laying down his life for his country. It is a regular person, stepping into the line of fire of a gunman, to save his family from certain death. Those are indeed admirable and courageous acts. But courage is also found in more subtle things.

Getting up every day despite suffering the pain of a long-term illness, and facing the day with a smile on your face. Not giving up your walk to the park, despite the horror stories on the news, telling of predators and rapists. Suffering defeat, but then getting up, brushing yourself off and trying again.

It is these simple acts of grit that define even the everyday person, who may never see the opportunity to face a fire, a battlefield, or a gunman. And yet, perhaps, it is these simple acts of courage that are the hardest to do, because no one will applaud you for a hero if you succeed.

Courage isn't easy under the best of times, but picking yourself up from defeat, fear, or a bad experience is really the tough part. Don't let the world make you hard. Doing what you love shouldn't be impacted by the world, as courage isn't a test of the world, but a test of yourself.

Keep going, do what you want or need, and the courage to keep living and fighting will come. The initial burst of courage

is the easy part, but keeping that courage day after day, after bad experience or defeat, is difficult but worth it.

A sailor isn't defined in calm seas.

Isn't admired for taking the seaways often traveled.

Isn't rewarded for building with the boards of another's boat.

His defeat forms oceans:

Deep riptides that leave him gasping for breath and drowning

In the way their salt clings to his pores.

He welcomes their grasp,

Welcomes their intensity pummeling his hull.

Dreams of their arms caging him in defeat,

And wrestles to escape their grasp.

Admired is the sailor who welcomes the storm,

And lives awaiting the moment he can catch his breath.

For every time he drowns is another chance to survive.

Thank you...

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- LEADS Building Coordinators and Board
- Lakota Students and Parents
- Lakota Classroom Teachers
- Lakota's Board and Administrators
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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



Lakota★LEADS

Lakota's Enrichment and Academic
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