



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

Sticky Fingers

by Sabrina Djemil, Grade 8, Brecksville-Broadview Heights Middle School

Elephants are one of the most vivid memories of my childhood. I had an alphabet book, and on the page for letter E there was a picture of a purple spotted elephant. Late into the night, my father and I would stay up practicing our elephant noises. I'm sure that by now, he has found someone else to giggle with. My time as his child is over. Another little girl has taken my place.

He took me to the zoo once. I was only five, and he was off work for the day – the first time in weeks. He had an appointment at the golf course that afternoon, I remember. Whenever my sticky fingers would press against the shiny metallic clubs, I could see him wince. But that morning, he was all mine and we spent a good twenty minutes visiting the elephants. I stared in awe at the enormous beasts, and my sticky fingers left little smears against the glass barrier when I attempted to clamber into the safari exhibit. I never got very far – his hands always held me back. When sticky fingers pressed against his cheek, my father couldn't bring himself to care about the residue they left.

My fingers have not been sticky in a long time, and the elephant alphabet book has long since been shoved into a forgotten drawer. He called me just last week, my dear father. He informed me that his new wife had just given birth to a baby girl, and they chose to name her Elizabeth. The revelation stung. Elizabeth was my father's first choice for my name, but my mother insisted upon Amelia. He then proceeded to ask me if I could possibly give her my old alphabet book for when she was old enough to read it.

"I think it would be nice," my father said. "Like a gift, from one sister to another." I made a strangled sound in my throat. She was NOT my sister. She was an imposter, an invader, nothing more.

"And I'm sure you don't really read it anymore," he continued with a snort, as if I hadn't even made a sound. "You're all grown up now."

I can't even remember how I responded to the phone call. All I know is that he hasn't attempted to contact me since then. He told me, though, just before he hung up, that he and his wife had decided to decorate the baby's room in an elephant theme. The bottom of my stomach dropped, my heart swooped low, and I've never hated anyone as much as I hated Elizabeth at that moment. It didn't matter that she was only a baby: how dare she invade my life. How dare she take my father away. If only my fingers stayed sticky forever, then perhaps he would have stayed. Then, perhaps, he wouldn't have left.

Every night this week, I've looked in the mirror, and every night, I have been horrified by my reflection. I haven't spent a single evening tear-free since I was first told about Elizabeth. I have become a child again, tear-stained, sticky-fingered, and all. My father's words echo in my head. "You're all grown up now." Not quite. I go looking for a book with a bright blue cover and a worn spine. As soon as I open it, the pages automatically flip to the correct page. The corners are dog-eared and creased – I cannot count how many times I have read this page in the past.

Sticky fingers press against a purple spotted elephant, just below the letter E, but this time, there is no one here to care. 🐘



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

Alone on a Red Planet

by Jake Van de Walle, Grade 8, Brady Middle School

It woke up, and the first thing It met was a red rock.

The next several thousand things It met subsequently were also red rocks.

After a while, It began to wonder if everything on the planet was a red rock. Past data certainly said so. But correlation did not imply causation, so It went in search of something that was Not A Red Rock.

It searched for a long time.

Back home, Houston reminded It of what It was searching for. It already knew. Two parts hydrogen, one part oxygen. Not a Red Rock.

And It searched for Not A Red Rock in the only way It knew how.

Scoop.

Examine.

Red Rock.

So. Drop it. Continue.

It picked up, examined, and later dropped a whole lot of Red Rocks over time. The stars were a brilliant display above It, but not once did It decide to look up. It rolled along.

Scoop.

Examine.

Red Rock. Red Rock. RED ROCK.

On and on and on.

Every so often Houston would say, "Three more months till you come home. Two months. Twenty days. Ten. You're coming home soon."

Home? Happy thought. It began to count the days.

"Five days," Houston would say, "till you can come home, buddy."

Five days!

"Three days left," said Houston.

Two!

One!

...

Nothing.

Houston was not speaking.

Home today? It tried.

Perhaps It had counted incorrectly.

Three days went past in silence.

Maybe, It thought, maybe I am not doing my job well enough to come home. Maybe I need to find Not A Red Rock before I can.

So. Scoop.

Examine.

Red Rock.

Drop.

Repeat repeat repeat.

It rolled very far. It picked up many red rocks. Once or twice, It nearly went to sleep. But It pushed on, always on, until It could find one and go home.

Houston? It would ask. Can I go home now? I think I picked up that last rock very well.

Houston?

I am tired. There are too many Red Rocks. That is all that's here, I think.

Can I go home?

Red Rocks.

Repeat repeat repeat. And the years passed thusly.

It grew tired, so tired. It felt unable to roll at all, not an inch more.

It stopped dead in the dust one day, treads jammed.

Scoop.

Examine...

Red Rock.

Drop.

Scoop...

Drop.

Houston? It wondered weakly. The sun is going out. I really want to go home now.

Houston? It's getting dark. The dust is red, it's making me tired. I did not find a Not A Red Rock. I can't look anymore.

Houston was silent. He pitied the small thing, alone on an alien world, Red Rocks forever. Always wanting to come home.

A channel clicked open, one that had been welded shut by time and Red Rock monotony.

Houston?

"I'm sorry."

It's getting dark.

"I know. It's time for you to go to sleep now."

Will I come home?

"You need to sleep. It's for the best."

Houston?

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry."

And he was.

Home?

It went to sleep. Like a bed and a blanket, red dust settled around it. Red Rocks. Red Dust. Red Wind. A Red World. It slept and did not wake up, not when the dust crawled into Its circuits and Its brain, not when Its treads fell off, not when Its arm fell limp.

"I'm sorry," said Houston again.

Click. Silence.

He was sorry wondering whether It could please come home. But it was for the best. Better to sleep than to roll around forever, wondering when It could come home. Alone on a Red Planet. 🌌



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

Only Ten

by *Brian Lange, Grade 8, Wyoming Middle School*

Prompt: 10. Create a story based on this number.

There I stood, looking up at the poster surrounded by flashing lights. It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

The poster read: Ninja Commando Vampires II: Now in theaters.

Ever since Ninja Commando Vampires I came out on video, I had awaited this day.

Then, my heart sank.

The bottom corner read: PG-13.

And I was only ten.

Ten, at first, seems like a nice, round, double-digit number. And thirteen is supposed to be unlucky. But right now, I thought whoever thought that up must have never seen Ninja Commando Vampires I.

I casually walked up to the ticket window, observing the schedule. NCVII was in thirty minutes.

Standing on my tippy-toes, I mumbled into the speaker.

“One ticket to Nina Commando Vampires II, please,” I said, trying to conceal both my high squeaky voice and my increasing excitement.

“OK, that’ll be... Hey, wait a minute.” My heart froze again. “Are you thirteen or over?”

“Uhh...yeah, I just turned 13 a few days ago.”

“Prove it, shrimp.”

“Uhh, I don’t have an ID or anything like that.”

“Well, until you prove to me you’re thirteen or older, or you have a parent or guardian with you, I’m under strict orders not to let you see that movie.”

“Umm, I’ll be right back.”

I had to think of something, and something fast. The movie started in... I checked my watch... 25 minutes! And the good seats would be gone in 10.

Ten. How I hated that number.

“OK,” I thought out loud in the bathroom stall, alone. “I gotta make myself look older. But how?”

“Hey, kid.” I was startled as the voice came from the stall beside me.

“Yy...Yes?”

“You wanna get into a PG-thirteener, right?” the gravelly voice said.

“Yy... Yes.”

“You got a picture?”

I checked my wallet, and lo and behold, I had a miniature school picture of myself. But why did he want it?

“Uhh... yeah.”

“Slide it under.” I obeyed the ominous faceless voice and slid the badly-framed, grinning color picture under the divider between the two of us. I noticed there were no feet touching ground on the other side.

Seconds later, an ID card with my picture on it slid back! Proof that I wasn’t ten. I slid a few one dollar bills in return.

“Thanks!” I flung open the stall door and ran from the shady bathroom, clutching the card all the way.

“Here,” I said, out of breath, showing the ID to the ticket man. I still had 20 minutes.

“This card says you’re a 17-year-old female named Kelly.”

“Uhh, oops, wrong card,” I said and retreated.

I hadn't bothered to check the ID.

“Stupid black market,” I muttered. Then, I had a great idea. I patiently waited right next to the ticket window. Then, the time came.

“One senior ticket for the 4:30 showing of Ninja Commando Vampires II, please,” an old man said. He got his ticket and I quickly walked up to the window.

“I'm with him, he's my grandpa.”

“And he makes you pay?” the cashier said, puzzled.

“He says my generation needs a work ethic.”

“Good enough for me,” he replied.

My heart jumped. My hands shook and sweated as I gave him the money. He handed me the ticket.

I grabbed it and sprinted to theater 12 for the 4:30 showing. I sat down in a horrible top row seat, just as the previews started. Oh well. IF it truly was a “four star action spectacular,” my seat wouldn't matter.

It had guns. It had women. It had cool gadgets. It had kung fu. It had blood sucking. And it was the best action I ever saw. But for the next few years, it gave me horrible nightmares.

After all, I was only ten. 🐼



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

Evolution and Disillusion

by Edward Li, Grade 7, Mason Middle School

Prompt: It all started with _____. Fill in the blank and use the phrase to develop the theme of your story.

It all started with fire.

Some say it was a natural invention from our species' big brains. Others argue it was a forbidden gift from the gods. Still others think it was discovered by accident. In any case, the hot, non-solid entity that was fire preceded the dawn of rapid progress for humanity.

A random hunter-gatherer could've stumbled across it in a lightning storm or smashed two rocks together and ignited an arbitrary stick. Either way, a very fast chain of events – from a planetary time scale – occurred. We began to hang raw meat over the blaze to create a juicier, more nutritious variant that increased our intelligence further. Our ancestors forged metal tools, allowing for more efficient hunting, creating of societies, and resource gathering.

Then, this little thing called agriculture came along and we domesticated multiple crops, or more precisely, they domesticated us. We settled down into permanent farms and villages, bringing a whole load of benefits as well as troubles with it. Larger groups formed, but child mortality skyrocketed. Technological advancement grew, but many people succumbed to diseases. Even today, we can still look back and ask: Was that the right thing to do?

Greater and greater structures rose from the land, from churches and markets to watchtowers and city walls. Fire still existed in many places, namely used for cooking, warmth and lighting. Even as sharp sticks became cannonballs and arrows became musket balls, disease still plagued the community, social rifts became more pronounced, and the highly religious society was convinced that it knew everything there was to know.

Wars commenced. Nations were built. Globalization rose dramatically as our technology became more sophisticated. As agriculture transitioned to industrialization, machines drove factory workers off the par with cheaper and faster labor. A journey from Spain to Mexico went from weeks to days to hours. Production of various goods went from a luxury to something routine.

And yet, fire followed us everywhere. It existed, whether real or electric, at the heart of every locomotive and aircraft and ship. It came in the form of radio and microwaves as we sent messages around the world and instantly heated our breakfasts. It powered our homes from miles away at power plants. All these still happen today. Medicine lets us still talk about this topic.

But with these developments came a lust for power and control. Fire was a terror-inflicting tool used by criminals and terrorists. Fire was a damaging blow, accompanying mighty explosions of nuclear warheads. Fire caused human and animal deaths alike, whether from massive blazes in the forest or silently-killing cigarettes. And all these still happen today.

Computers are going to take over. We will expand to other heavenly bodies. More documents of triumphs and failures will be created. This is the story of us. This is the story of fire. This is the story that still hasn't ended today.

Whether endowed upon us by ourselves or the gods above, fire is a versatile, dangerous tool. It's up to us how we use it. 🐼



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

The Ice Moose

by Amanda Fosnight, Grade 8, Crestwood Middle School

Jimmy Bo Walker built it. He was always a sort of weird kid with his shoulder-length black hair and his light blue eyes and his habit of reading books with really weird names like *The Night of the Living Carrot* or *The Chronicles of the Noodle Man*. He was that strange kid. You know, the one who always sits alone at lunch. That kid who's always picked last in gym even if he's a good athlete. Yeah, that was Jimmy Bo Walker.

Jimmy built it at recess. The rest of us were doing normal things like building snowmen or ice forts. Malcolm had thrown a snowball at my head, so of course, I had to throw one back, which resulted in a snow war which was quickly ended by Mrs. Biggs who lumbered over to tell us off. Then Johnny licked the flagpole (on a triple dog-dare, of course) and suddenly Mrs. Biggs had a lot bigger problem than Malcolm tossing snow. Basically recess was pretty normal, but today it wasn't. Because all that time, Jimmy was building it.

I didn't see it until the end of recess when Mrs. Biggs blew her whistle. I was trudging toward the school building when I noticed a crowd had formed. Faced with the decision of going inside or investigating the mob, I chose the obvious one.

As it turns out, the kids were all gathered around Jimmy—or more, what Jimmy had built. They were all laughing and saying stuff like, “That’s not a snowman, stupid” or “Why would you build that?” or “LOSER!” And Jimmy, poor Jimmy, was looking more pathetic than he ever had in his whole pathetic kid career. I almost felt bad for him.

Almost. What I mean is, if you don't want people to laugh at you, you can't go around building snow moose. Yes. That is what he built. An ice moose. It actually looked kind of cool. But I wasn't going to say that if nobody else did. It had antlers and everything.

Then Mrs. Biggs came over and yelled at us and made us all come in, and I forgot all about Jimmy and his moose. I remembered it again after school. Most kids take the bus, but I walk home. My house is right down the street.

It was hard not to notice it. It looked all pathetic and sad because someone had knocked off one of its antlers and someone else made a twig mustache under its nose. Glancing around to make sure no one was watching, I walked over to it and patted its icy head. The sun had melted the snow slightly, and it had refrozen into ice. I pulled out the mustache and dropped the sticks beside my boots. The moose stared at me with black pebble eyes.

Poor moose with no antlers.

Poor Jimmy with no friends.

Slowly I took off my red, knitted scarf my grandmamma had made me and wrapped it around the moose's sturdy snow neck.

“What're you doing?”

I spun around to see Jimmy, panting as he ran across the flattened snow.

I looked him right in his lonely, blue eyes and shrugged nonchalantly. “He looked a little cold.”

With that said, I turned to walk home. ❧



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

When I Am Ten

by Rebecca Muntean, Grade 8, Boardman Center Middle School

Prompt: 10. Create a story based on this number.

I am nine years old. Tomorrow is my tenth birthday, and let me tell you, everything will change.

When I am ten, boys will no longer be crawling with cooties and infect you with germs when they tag you on the playground. I will be far too sophisticated to be seen playing tag.

My wardrobe will consist of the latest adult fashions. High heels and business jackets will be a necessity for my daily routines. My hair will be curled, clipped, and hair-sprayed at all times for complete beauty. The boys will drop their jaws when they see my makeup-touched face. I plan on swiftly applying the same eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner and blush that my mother so elegantly wears to work and dinner parties. Of course that is what all ten year olds wear.

Tomorrow, when I am ten, I will grow forty feet in the air to the size of my mom. No longer will I have to drag a chair over or ask a grown-up to get the cereal down from the cabinet.

I will be able to go to restaurants and order the finest foods from the grown-ups' menu. My ten-year-old adult stomach will be far too large for the servings they permit mere children to eat. I also plan to wear an evening gown whenever I go out to dine. My neck will be frosted with expensive jewels and diamonds that no nine year-old deserves to wear. I will laugh only at the pleasantries that my adult friends make, not the silly movements of children.

When I am ten, I will be so superior to my fourth grade classmates that I must be placed in a sixth grade class with the other adults. There, I will abandon finger painting and strive to learn the fine art of cut-and-paste pictures.

When I am ten, I will be smart, rich, and responsible enough to purchase my own home. This is where I can have dozens, no hundreds of parties and get-togethers. I guess my nine year-old friends can come, but only if they promise to be mature when we swim in the lime Jell-O pool I'll order. When swimming, I will no longer wear water muscles and plug my nose when going into the depths of the pool. I will sunbathe in my Speedo bikini as I become more beautiful by the second.

Then, after a long day of parties, I will tuck myself into my king-size bed which is only suitable for a ten year-old goddess such as myself.

Yes, things will be different when I turn ten. I only hope my mom and dad will be ok when I tell them I am moving out. 🐼



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

Left Nowhere

by Calley Nelson, Grade 7, Granville Middle School

Prompt: Left _____ . Fill in the blank for the central idea of your story.

Grandpa sped down the cracked road in our old, rusty van. Grandma always scolded him, saying, “One day when you are failing to drive this blasted van on the speed limit, the dang thing will begin falling to pieces.”

I liked to rest my head on the sun-warmed glass of the backseat window and imagine pieces of the van marking our trail as we traveled across the country.

“Stop,” Grandma snapped, “I need to empty.” This was Grandma’s way of telling us she had to use the restroom when there wasn’t one around.

Grandpa parked the car where Grandma pointed, and we piled out of the car alongside the dusty road.

There was nothing but sand and cacti as far as I could see. The place almost looked like it wasn’t wanted, like no one thought it was a good place to live in or admire. It was simply left nowhere. Why would anyone want to live in nowhere? I thought it was full of nothing but beauty, the sun high, not a cloud in its path, the hot dirt beneath my feet. It was perfect.

“Grandpa,” I asked after Grandma emptied behind a cactus, “Why isn’t anyone here?”

“Because,” he began, adjusting his glasses to see me clearly. “Because we are nowhere.”

“Can we stay here in nowhere?”

Grandpa looked at me like I lost my hair. “Sweetie, there is nothing here, there is nowhere to stay.”

“We have our van, could we stay here in nowhere tonight?”

That night, Grandpa and I sat together with our toes in the dirt, looking up at the stars left in nowhere. ✨



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

Where's Grandpa?

by Greta Kremer, Grade 7, McKinney Middle School

I felt the sun's warm arms wrap about me. They soaked into the worn wooden benches, stroked the wide, paved sidewalk, and kissed my cheeks. We sat on one of the benches, Grandpa and I, quietly tossing crumbs to the birds on the sidewalk in front of us. Benches just like ours lined the sidewalk, offering a creaking but welcoming place to sit.

I studied Grandpa, who was watching the little brown sparrows peck at the crumbs and flutter about, hopping and twittering into each other. Grandpa reached into the chicken feed bag we had brought along and tossed a few more breadcrumbs to them. His hands shook. He was thin and frail, his skin draped loosely over his bones. His glasses were so thick I couldn't see his eyes clearly. His hair was wispy white and couldn't quite cover all of his head. Even though it was warm he wore a flannel shirt and heavy pants.

He slowly turned to me, a vacant expression painted across his face.

"Where are we?"

I swallowed and glanced about. Spongy, healthy grass sprung from the ground, green and dewy. Neat trimmed trees and more benches were scattered throughout. The pathway, clean and swept, trailed through, winding its way aimlessly. Near the center was a playground, brilliantly colored in reds, yellows and blues with children shrieking, laughing and climbing.

"This is Oakwood Park, Grandpa."

His face was still blank.

"You used to walk with Grandma here. And when I was born, you used to take me to the playground over there."

I pointed, but he stared at the birds.

"That's your house."

I pointed to a neat row of houses a ways off, but he didn't look up. Instead he turned to me.

"Where are we?"

The sadness sank into my heart and weighted it down. My Grandpa was lost and couldn't be found. He was broken and couldn't be repaired. ❦



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

Don't Mess with the Tooth Fairy

by Angie Peng, Grade 8, Hudson Middle School

Prompt: Unfinished business. Take care of some in your narrative.

Oh, great. I'm going to lose my job. That's just wonderful. I've devoted my life to this career, and now I'm going to lose it all. What's terrible is that this whole fiasco was caused by a tooth.

That's right, a tooth. Being the real Tooth Fairy isn't as easy as everyone thinks.

Sure, you may think you know who the Tooth Fairy is, and you might even think you know what she looks like. But all you foolish humans are seeing is the poster girl for our little tooth collecting organization. You have seen the prettiest bimbo with wings and a perfect complexion who probably hasn't ever collected a front incisor blanketed with the grime of plaque. All she has to do is pose for children's book illustrations all day. I bet she doesn't get fired if she fails to collect a putrid piece of someone's mouth otherwise known as a tooth.

But I will. Get fired, that is.

The CEF (Chief Executive Fairy) has never really liked me, anyway. He only hired me because there was a shortage of male Tooth Fairies (all the other male tooth fairies are really bad with directions). Now he's going to fire me because one determined seven-year-old brat has decided to hold his left back molar hostage until he can catch a Tooth Fairy.

He wants to bring his catch in for Show and Tell.

If I fail to retrieve the tooth (aka, the package), then it is bye-bye to the tooth-condo in Florida, and hello to the Tooth Motel. I can't let that happen, I have to save my job! After all, I have some unfinished business with this kid. Ben. His name is Ben. He's a pudgy body of energy, spoiled to the bone. One golden spike of his evenly raked hair usually managed to stick up in defiance. The other night when my Tooth-tracking GPS System flashed a blinding red light, I quickly flew to the second-story bedroom of a flamboyant brick mansion only to discover a note in place of a tooth.

Dear Miss Tooth Fairy,

I have the tooth. I will give it to you for free. I just want you to come in for Show and Tell with me.

Benjamin Tyler Buchanan III

Miss Tooth Fairy? Why am I always referred to as Miss? Just because I have wings and tights doesn't make me any less masculine. And I can't go to Show and Tell with this kid. Then everyone would know about the Tooth Fairy Hoax – how could one Tooth Fairy collect all those teeth? So, now I'll just have to take care of my unfinished business and steal the tooth.

The night is cloaked with an abyss of darkness as I am guided by the pinholes in the sky that allow heaven to shine through. I flutter through the kid's slightly open window and begin to dart around the room in search of the tooth. If I were a seven-year old kid determined to catch the Tooth Fairy, where would I hide a tooth? I ponder for a while, then I know.

The candy jar. It glows brightly from the bottom of the glassy container. Salvation! I snatch the tooth with a fervent urgency and fly away into the hazy August night. I smile as I think of how I just took care of my unfinished business.

Never mess with a Tooth Fairy. ☺



POWER
OF THE
PEN®

Ohio's Original Interscholastic Creative
Writing Program for Middle Schools

STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

The Quiet Girl

by Isabella Marie Z. Rodgers, Grade 8, Granville Middle School

Prompt: Finding out. Use this as the central theme of your story.

She's a Quiet Girl. She slips silently through the crowded hallways of your school, a shadow in the brightness of your everyday life. You wouldn't notice her in a crowd, this Quiet Girl, who, once upon a time, had a name to you, and a story. It doesn't matter.

To be fair, nobody else knows her either, nobody cares that she, too, has a story. You don't remember that her mother died, nor do you care to find out. You don't see her enter the restroom, nor care. The Quiet Girl closes the heavy wooden door carefully, knocking once, twice, thrice. You don't know that she has done this since the funeral, repeatedly, obsessively. Maybe the Quiet Girl thinks if she knocks hard enough, often enough, the demons that torment her in her sleep will be chased away. You don't care.

However, this is not the only thing the Quiet Girl does obsessively. The Quiet Girl turns on the tap; another sound you'll never hear. She carefully washes her arms, thin fingertips trailing lightly across the pale, deliberate scars at the crease of her elbow, all the way down to the newer scabs at her wrist. The Quiet Girl does this every day at the same time, not that it is important to you. The Quiet Girl pumps the paper towel dispenser, once, twice, thrice, and silently wipes away any remaining droplets from the alabaster crease of her elbow, the gritty brown paper a sharp contrast to her pale skin and red cuts. The Quiet Girl stares vacantly into the mirror, the sunken, clouded eyes of a lost girl waiting to be found staring back. Nobody knows what color her eyes were, maybe if you paid attention, you would know. It is not important.

The Quiet Girl's lips part as she breathes a single sentence to the empty bathroom. "Please, someone, find me." Her plea echoes quietly as she waits for a miraculous response, though you were far from listening. Resigned, she exits the bathroom, knocking once, twice, thrice on the bathroom door before disappearing into a crowd of people, all blind to her. You don't notice. In fact, you don't think about the Quiet Girl again until the next day when her body is found hanging from her bedroom ceiling, still lost and forever silent.

It hardly matters. You didn't know her, anyways. 🍷