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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. 🐼