Scholastic Art & Writing Awards

Presenting the nation's most creative teens

THE SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS
2013 NATIONAL CATALOG
Ninety years after Maurice R. Robinson started the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, our nation’s teens are still inspiring us every day with their creative, often visionary talent. As we celebrate the Awards’ 90th Anniversary this year, we applaud these students—some of whom are represented here in this year’s National Catalog. They astound us year after year.

Since 1923, millions of teens have participated in the Awards, earning their place as Scholastic Art & Writing Awards alumni. Richard Avedon, Ken Burns, John Baldessari, Frances Farmer, Kay WalkingStick, Joyce Carol Oates, Truman Capote, Lena Dunham, John Updike, Mel Bochner, Sylvia Plath, Zac Posen, Kay WalkingStick, Red Grooms, and Andy Warhol are just a few of the many well-known artists and writers who won their Awards while in middle or high school.

This year, nearly 60,000 regional and 1,900 national winners join the ranks of Awards alumni. We know that many of our students will go on to pursue degrees and careers that focus on their art and writing. We also know that many will use their creativity to succeed in a wide range of other fields.

Regardless of their intended paths, earning their Scholastic Art & Writing Awards will leave an indelible mark that our alumni carry with them throughout their lives.

We are enormously proud of what the Awards have accomplished over the past nine decades. Through our founder’s vision and the commitment of our affiliates, partners, staff, and supporters, the Awards have grown into the most prestigious recognition program of their kind, and the largest source of scholarships for creative teens.

Celebrate our 90th Anniversary with us. Read through the following pages, visit us online, and get inspired to participate.

Dwight Lee and Virginia McEnerney
Chairman of the Board  Executive Director

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Many writing selections have been excerpted.
Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
ABOUT THE SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS

The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards turn 90 this year, and for 90 years, they have changed young people’s lives. Started in 1923 by Scholastic founder Maurice R. Robinson, the Awards have grown to become the nation’s highest honor and largest source of scholarships for creative teenagers. All students in grades seven through twelve, whether public, private, or home schooled, are encouraged to apply.

Through a nationwide network of more than 100 partnering organizations, the 2013 Awards received more than 230,000 works across 28 categories of art and writing. Students are guided by educators, both in schools and through out-of-school programs, to submit their best work. This year’s national medalists, whose works are sampled in this catalog, join an impressive legacy of notable Scholastic Awards winners, including Andy Warhol, Richard Avedon, John Baldessari, Red Grooms, Ken Burns, Truman Capote, Lena Dunham, John Updike, Sylvia Plath, Zac Posen, Kay WalkingStick, and many more.

The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, a nonprofit organization, was created in 1994 to manage and grow the Awards and to raise funds to provide additional support for students. The Alliance is funded through the generosity of Scholastic Inc., as well as the contributions of numerous individuals, foundations, corporations, and program partners, all of whom come together to encourage and recognize our nation’s most creative and visionary young people.

As we celebrate the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards’ 90th Anniversary this year, we also celebrate the millions of students across the country whom the Awards have touched over the years, and the incredible original work of our 2013 award recipients.

RECOGNITION

Year after year, students and educators tell the Alliance that the most important aspect of its programs is the recognition. To be identified as uniquely creative, original, and talented changes lives, broadens their ideas about the future, bolsters confidence, and provides an incredible sense of accomplishment. Through the 2013 Awards, the Alliance and our regional partners (see page 137) provided recognition at the regional and national levels to more than 60,000 teens. In their local communities, students were recognized for their artistic and literary achievements with our emblematic Gold Key and Silver Key awards, and Honorable Mention certificates. Of these top regional winners, 15,000 went on to compete at the national level. More than 1,300 students received national medals and were celebrated on stage during the annual Awards Ceremony at Carnegie Hall in New York City, while at the same time the iconic Empire State Building was lit in gold, and in Times Square, jumbo billboards promoted the Awards.

And, in communities across the country, thousands of fellow students, families, friends, and affiliates celebrated along with those in New York City by tuning in to our 90th Anniversary National Awards Ceremony webcast.

EXHIBITION

The Alliance provides unique opportunities for Scholastic Art & Writing Awards winners to share their work with the public, giving national audiences a chance to enjoy their remarkable creativity and talent. More than 1,000 works by national medalists were shown in the Art.Write.Now National Exhibition at Parsons The New School for Design and Pratt Manhattan in New York City. Throughout the year, selections of work traveled with the Art.Write.Now Tour, visiting public venues across the country or spending a full year at the U.S. Department of Education and the President’s Committee on the Arts and Humanities.

Our 90th Anniversary Art.Write.Now Tour will showcase Award-winning 2013 work, with stops at the National Hispanic Cultural Center in Albuquerque, NM, Laramie, WY, Atlanta, GA, and Pittsburgh, PA, where it will be hosted by the Andy Warhol Museum.

PUBLICATION

The Alliance annually features National Award–winning works of both art and writing in this National Catalog. Additionally, we publish a collection of our students’ most exemplary written works in The Best Teen Writing. These publications are distributed free of charge to schools, students, teachers, museums, libraries, and arts and community organizations.

In honor of the Awards’ 90th Anniversary this year, the Alliance published a special retrospective of the Awards’ nine decades, The Great Encouragement, which traces the unique history of the Awards and its incredible alumni.

SCHOLARSHIPS

The Alliance distributes nearly a quarter of a million dollars in direct scholarships annually to National Award–winning students. Seniors also leverage their success in the Awards for funds from a network of sixty top partnering universities, colleges, and art schools, which collectively earmark $8.5 million in financial aid and additional scholarships for top regional and national award recipients.

NATIONAL STUDENT POETS PROGRAM

In late 2011, the President’s Committee on the Arts and the Humanities and the Institute for Museum and Library Services partnered with the Alliance to create the National Student Poets Program (NSPP), the country’s highest honor for youth poets presenting original work. Five outstanding high school poets whose work demonstrates exceptional creativity, dedication to craft, and promise are selected annually for a year of service as national poetry ambassadors.

National Student Poets are chosen from the national medalists in the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards by a jury of literary luminaries and leaders in education and the arts. Student Poets receive college scholarships and opportunities to present their work at writing and poetry events, and are featured at the National Book Festival in Washington, DC, in cooperation with the Library of Congress.
2013 NATIONAL JURORS

More than 100 professionals in the visual and literary arts selected nearly 2,000 National Award-winning works from a field of 15,000 regional Gold Key winners. Every work is blindly adjudicated, without any knowledge of the students’ names, backgrounds, or geographic locations. This year’s jurors included best-selling writer, Essayist, and activist Edward Dantzig, actor and comedian Horatio Sanz, and curator Matthew Higgs. Judging is guided by three core principles—originality, technical skill, and emergence of a personal vision or voice.

Jurors give their time, expertise, and enthusiasm, helping to ensure the long-held values and excellence of the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. We thank them for their extraordinary commitment.

JUDGING CATEGORIES

ART CATEGORIES

Architecture
Ceramics & Glass
Comic Art
Design
Digital Art
Drawing
Fashion
Film & Animation
Jewelry
Mixed Media
Painting
Photography
Printmaking
Sculpture
Sculpture
Video Games

WRITING CATEGORIES

Dramatic Script
Flash Fiction
Humor
Journalism
Novel Writing
Personal Essay / Memoir
Persuasive Writing
Poetry
Science Fiction / Fantasy
Short Story

JUDGES

Esther Allen
Naif Al-Mutawa
Kurt Andersen
Jessica Andrews
Kenneth Armstead
Reza Aftab
Moira Bailey
Tanya Baker
Jessica Baldenhofer
Kevin Bales
Peter Beagle
Melinda Beck
Jen Benka
Alison Benson
Nell Beram
Rebecca Bondor
Annabeth Bondor-Stone
Carolyn Boroski
Krista Brooks
Blair Brown
Sarwat Chadda
Veronica Chagnon-Burke
Winston Chenelinski
Jane Cohen
Huy Copeland
Valerie Crosswhite
Ismael Cruz Cordova
Shelley Coriell
Eireann Corrigan
Edward Dantzig
John Danielle
Brenda Davis
Sharon De La Cruz
Kip Deeds
Nate Dorm
Mary Eimer-Dewitt
Steve Diamond
Josh Dorman
Thom Duffy
Mohini Dutta
Jill Eisenstadt
Ricardo Miranda
Carson Moss
Michelle Murphy
Brenda Napolitano
Mark Nystrom
Justin Niccol
Mark O'Grady
Jennie Ottenger
Artthur Ou
Kay Parker Harris
Kaukana Paide
Linda Popp
Alice Quinn
John Roach
Margy Rothbart
Davy Rothbart
Leila Sales
John Howard Sandeen
Horatio Sanz
Keri Schefield
Eliot Scherfer
Helen Schuman
Lisa Schulman
Marica Scobie
Suzeanne Seggerman
Andres Serrano
Joanna Settle
Niko Skorits
David Sleek
Laura Bando Sillerman
Mara Sprafkin
Carole Sparen McCaulay
Leigh Stein
Rashida Subramanian
Andros Santi
Peter Theroux
Laural Saul
Ned Vizzini
Tara Welty
Aileen Wilson
Conor White
Elizabeth Lee Wurtzel

ZAC POSEN

2013 Alumni Achievement Award Recipient

Zac Posen’s name debuted on the fashion scene when he launched his ready-to-wear line in 2002 at New York Fashion Week, and The New York Times proclaimed “A Star Is Born.” As a teenager, he attended a pre-college program at Parsons The New School for Design, and he won his Scholastic Art & Writing Award during his senior year at Saint Ann’s School in Brooklyn, New York, in 1999. Soon after, he cemented his study of women’s fashion at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design in London, where he began to develop his discerning eye for craftsmanship and vision for design.

Upon returning to New York, he set up a studio in his parent’s living room. His talents and designs were an instant success in the industry. Today, at age 32, his collections are sold by luxury retailers all over the world, including Neiman Marcus, Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue, Harvey Nichols, and Holt Renfrew. Most recently, Zac has appeared as a judge on Lifetime Television’s Project Runway.

Zac has lectured at FIT, SCAD, Parsons, The San Francisco Art Academy, and The London College of Fashion. He has an Honorary Doctorate of Fashion Design from San Francisco Art Academy, and in 2004, he won the CFDA’s Swarovski’s Perry Ellis Award for Women’swear.

We are honored to present Zac Posen with the 2013 Alumni Achievement Award, celebrating his drive, determination, and devotion to his craft, as well as his incredible talent.

JUDGES

Courtney Eldridge
Alyssa Ettinger
Negin Farsad
Elizabeth Ferrer
Jim Finn
Cathy R. Fischer
Sharon Flake
Brett Fletcher Lauer
Ellen Forey
Anne Gaines
Borin gen Gallo
Carole Geithner
Araceli Girnay
Myla Goldberg
Nancy Green
Red Grooms
Jimine Ha
Nora Halpern
Atie Ha Harper
Jessica Halstead
Matthew Higgs
Katie Hollander
Stiphane Houy-Towner
Karie Jacob
Phil Jime
Hannah Jones
Fred Kaplan
Kristina Kauffman
Robin Kawakami
Christ Kelly
Linda Kieling
Karen Kitchen
Tom Kotik
David Krasnow
John Leland
Marlou Lope
Josh MacPhae
Louis Markova
Cat Mazza
Lissa McCuna
Sarah McNair
Kirby Meng
Ann Mescon
Nikita Mikus

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NOTABLE ALUMNI
This year’s winners join a family of notable Scholastic Art & Writing Awards alumni—all of whom received the Awards’ special recognition as teens. Many Award recipients will pursue degrees and careers that focus on their art and writing, but countless others will become inventors, innovators, scientists, business professionals, and entrepreneurs. Regardless of their intended paths, the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards leave an indelible mark.

Frances Farmer, 1931
Actress
Bernard Malamud, 1932
Author
Robert McCloskey, 1932
Author and Illustrator
Ezra Jack Keats, 1934
Writer and Illustrator
Jacob Landau, 1934 – 35
Printmaker and Painter
Harry Bertoia, 1934 – 36
Sculptor and Furniture Designer
Truman Capote, 1936
Author
Maureen Daly, 1937 – 38
Author
Richard Avedon, 1941
Fashion Photographer
Philip Pearlstein, 1941 – 42
Contemporary Realist Painter
Mozzelle Thompson, 1944
Artist
Andy Warhol, ca. 1945
Pop Artist
Robert Indiana, 1946
Pop Artist
Frances Farmer, 1931
Actress
Sylvia Plath, 1947
Poet and Novelist
Edward Sorel, 1947
Illustrator and Political Cartoonist
John Baldessari, 1948
Conceptual Artist
Cy Twombly, 1948
Artist
John Updike, 1948
Novelist, Poet, and Writer
Kay WalkingStick, 1948
Painter and Educator
Donald Barthelemy, 1949
Author
Alan Arkin, 1951
Actor, Director, and Musician
Stan Brakhage, 1951 – 52
Experimental Filmmaker
Red Grooms, 1952
MultiMedia Artist
Robert Redford, 1954
Actor, Activist, Producer, and Director
Peter S. Beagle, 1955
Fantasy Writer
Joyce Carol Oates, 1956
Author
Luis Jiménez, 1957 – 58
Sculptor
Mel Bochner, 1958
Conceptual Artist
John Lithgow, 1963
Actor, Musician, and Author
Donald Lipski, 1965
Sculptor
Joyce Maynard, 1966 – 67
Author
Carolyn Forché, 1967
Poet and Human Rights Advocate
Tom Lichtenheld, 1967
Author and Illustrator
Gary Panter, 1968
Illustrator, Painter, and Designer
Tom Otterness, 1970
Sculptor
David Salle, 1970
Painter
Ken Burns, 1971
Documentary Filmmaker and Producer
Michael Bierut, 1974
Graphic Designer
Thane Rosenbaum, 1976
Professor, Novelist, and Activist
Rodney Alan Greenblat, 1977
Graphic Artist
Richard Linklater, 1978
Screenwriter and Film Director
John Currin, 1979
Painter
Audrey Niffenegger, 1981
Author and Illustrator
Eric Horsted, 1983
Television Writer
Mya Goldberg, 1989
Novelist and Musician
Paul Chan, 1992
Artist and Political Activist
Ned Vizzini, 1996
Author
Lucianne Walkowitz, 1996
Astronomer
Zac Posen, 1999
Fashion Designer
Lena Dunham, 1999
Filmmaker and Actress
Erik Madigan Heck, 2001
Photographer
Jaida Jones, 2004
Fantasy Writer
Abdi Farah, 2005
Sculptor
Winston Chmielinski, 2006
Artist
Jonathan Kane
Carol High School
Carmel, IN
Luis Mendez
Solanco High School
Quarryville, PA
Mamie Morgan
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
Bryan Reese
Cypress Falls High School
Houston, TX
Tracy Regan
Design & Architecture Senior High School
Miami, FL
Carolyn Frazier
Jersey City Arts High School Program
Jersey City, NJ
Scott Gould
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
Paul Hernandez
John Glenn High School
Walkerton, IN
Jonathan Kane
Carol High School
Carmel, IN
Luis Mendez
Solanco High School
Quarryville, PA
Mamie Morgan
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
Bryan Reese
Cypress Falls High School
Houston, TX
Tracy Regan
Design & Architecture Senior High School
Miami, FL
2013 TEACHER AWARDS
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers would like to thank the teachers who provided support, guidance, and encouragement to the National Medalists in the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards of 2013.

GOLD PORTFOLIO TEACHERS
Maureen Cavotta
Orange High School
Pepper Pike, OH
Sarah Congable
Washington Lee High School
Arlington, VA
Monica Edwards
John D. O’Bryant School of Math & Science
Roxbury, MA
Justyne Fischer
South County High
Lorton, VA
Carolyn Frazier
Jersey City Arts High School Program
Jersey City, NJ
Scott Gould
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
Paul Hernandez
John Glenn High School
Walkerton, IN

SILVER PORTFOLIO TEACHERS
Ellen Abramson
Design & Architecture Senior High School
Miami, FL
Scott Armetta
Alexander W. Dreyfoos School
West Palm Beach, FL
Ruth Chapman
Saint Ann’s School
Brooklyn, NY
Lucinda Childers
Spain Park High School
Hoover, AL
Eun Jung Choun
WOW Art Studio
New York, NY
Candace Ryan Rakers
Solanco High School
Quarryville, PA
Louis Schalk
Albuquerque Academy
Albuquerque, NM
George Singleton
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
Rebecca Wallace-Segall
Wrisopol Lab
New York, NY
Marion Wray
St. Mary Academy-
Bay View
Riverside, RI
Carla Zumwalt
Capital High School
Boise, ID

Florencio Firmita
Pompano Beach Regional High School
Southbury, CT
Liz Faisog
Douglas Anderson School of the Arts
Jacksonville, FL
Tiffani Fox
Lake Norman High School
Mooresville, NC
Jenny Gifford
Alexander W. Dreyfoos School
West Palm Beach, FL
Sally Gilliam
Mount Vernon High School
Alexandria, VA
Adam Gooder
Concord Carlisle High School
Concord, MA
Erica Harris
Carnegie Vanguard High School
Houston, TX
Jade Henderson
Alexander W. Dreyfoos School
West Palm Beach, FL
Adrienne Keathley
Chamblee Charter High School
Chamblee, GA
Allison Kornet
Buckingham Browne & Nichols School
Cambridge, MA
Sharon Krauss
Buckingham Browne & Nichols School
Cambridge, MA

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SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS 7
Graduating seniors are invited to strive for top honors as Portfolio Gold and Silver medalists in art or writing categories. Thirty students receive a $1,000 Portfolio award as Silver with distinction. Fifteen students receive the highest honors the Scholastic Art & Writing awards bestow, Portfolio gold, which comes with a $10,000 scholarship. Partnering colleges, universities, and art schools earmark $8 million in scholarships and financial aid for our senior award winners nationwide.

Visit www.artandwriting.org/scholarships for a complete list of scholarship partners.

2013 GOLD PORTFOLIO AWARD WINNERS

Luisa Banchoff
Leah Bydalek
Christian Caraballo
Janay Alexandria Crane
Anthony DeSantis
Greg Dugdale
Isabella Giovannini
Katisuczka Gregoire
Patrick Hulse
Kathleen Radigan
Alex Reynolds
Samuel Root
Emilie Sommers
Samantha West
Anna Xie

GOLD PORTFOLIO AWARDS

Many writing selections have been excerpted. To read all the work as it was submitted, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries

Kelley Kwiatkowski
Design & Architecture Senior High School
Miami, FL

Royal Leith
Buckingham Browne & Nichols School
Cambridge, MA

Marty Loftus
Gables High School
St. Petersburg, FL

Keith March-Mistler
Burlington High School
Burlington, MA

Laura Milas
Hinsdale Central High School
Hinsdale, IL

Joann Nonembo
Bergen Academies
Hackensack, NJ

George Ratkevich
Burlington High School
Burlington, MA

Veldorah Rice
Write from the Heart
Indiana, PA

Thad Ricker
Hillard Davidson High School
Hilliard, OH

Christine Schutt
Nightingale-Bamford School
New York, NY

Marty Skoble
Saint Ann’s School
Brooklyn, NY

Amy Stoll
West Potomac High School
Alexandria, VA

Eileen Varnish
Walsh Jesuit High School
Cuyahoga Falls, OH

Tom Wyroba
New World School of the Arts
Miami, FL

Luis Zaldana
Lake Mead Christian Academy
Henderson, NV

BEST IN GRADE TEACHERS

Brandon Abdon
Highlands High School
Fort Thomas, KY

Nanci Atwell
Center for Teaching & Learning
Edgecomb, ME

Lisa Baker
Milton Academy
Milton, MA

Katia Belousova
Home School
Brooklyn, NY

Bernadette Calinon-Butte
Cherry Hill High School East
Cherry Hill, NJ

Kathy Crutcher
Writopia Lab
Washington, DC

Mary Ann deVogel
Detroit Country Day Upper School
Beverly Hills, MI

Paul Eberhardt
Issaquah High School
Issaquah, WA

Anthony Flanagan
Coronado High School
Henderson, NV

Francis Hammes
Charleston County School of the Arts
North Charleston, SC

Catherine Johnstone
Woodburn Arts and Communications Academy
Woodburn, OR

Kwan Lee
NaArt Studio
Duluth, GA

Koye Oyediji
Duke Ellington School of the Arts
Washington, DC

Alejandra Parra
South Miami K-8 Center
South Miami, FL

Kevin Payne
St. Xavier High School
Louisville, KY

Marina Reilly
Millburn Middle School
Millburn, NJ

Brad Richards
Lusher Charter School
New Orleans, LA

Ellen Sands
New Explorations Into Science, Technology, and Math School
New York, NY

Christina Santiago
Ridgefield Memorial High School
Ridgefield, NJ

Sean Scacciprete
Charleston County School of the Arts
North Charleston, SC

Cherith Stoner
Emerald High School
Greenwood, SC

Thomas Van Auken
Visual Arts Center of Richmond
Richmond, VA

Megan Weiskopf
Laural School High
Shaker Heights, OH

Melinda Zacher Ronayne
Interlochen Arts Academy
Interlochen, MI

Many writing selections have been excerpted. To read all the work as it was submitted, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries
GOLD PORTFOLIO

SAMUEL ROOT, Quarryville, PA
Grade 12, Age 18, Solanco High School, Quarryville, PA
Candace Ryan Rakers, Teacher; Lancaster Museum of Art, Affiliate;
Ovation Art Portfolio

{This page} Claymation Characters: Hermes and Crowd Member; Sculpture, A Flying Fable, Film & Animation, (facing page) The Window, Film & Animation, Laundry Line, Digital Art

To view Samuel’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
ISABELLA GIOVANNINI, New York, NY
Grade 12, Age 18, Writopia Lab, New York, NY
Rebecca Wallace-Segall, Teacher; Casita Maria Center for Arts & Education, Affiliate; Alliance for Young Artists & Writers
Board of Directors Writing Portfolio

Wanderlust
PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

SUNSET. IN MINARET’S SHADOW. Had to wear one of those one-size-fits-all, I’m-a-tourist outfits to enter the mosque—the robe and head coverings handed to women at the door. Now I’m all hands and face. And gawky wrists. I’m too tall. Abdulaziz laughs, snaps a photo—the kind that’d kill a presidential campaign if Rush Limbaugh got hold of it. A picture worse than a thousand Muslim middle names.

I’ve worn the hijab before. That time, in Damascus, no one stared. I became one of the community; with the veil came respect. At first, I think the hijab in this place will be like another. As Abdulaziz lays a plastic tablecloth on the stone ground, men arrive bearing big bottles of orange soda and Pepsi, lamb wrapped in tinfoil, dates stuffed with walnuts. A potluck Ramadan feast. They see me—smiles glow through beards, hands curl over hearts. I move to sit with them.

Abdulaziz, making the rounds with his perfume and small. I’ve read about injustice and studied it and discussed it, but it’s different on paper. This is a version of Islam and small. I’ve read about injustice and studied it and discussed it, but it’s different on paper. This is Tecnicolor, 3-D, high-def. This paper cut really stings. The pamphlet’s barbed letters got under my skin. This is an easy Benjamin per book. It’s simple Reaganomics, really. Tax breaks, additional benefits, and whatnot pump excess money into already-wealthier citizens (like Grandpa Ralph), and then the only thing they can do with all that cash is let some of it trickle down—so to speak—into the thirsty wallets of people in the lower classes (like me). So I accept his offer, knowing very well I won’t read a single word of those books.

Instead, I almost methodically open each book to page seventy-seven and place them face down on my desk. I then dog-ear at least three random pages to make them look like makeshift bookmarks, and try to feature at least one small accident. I’d like to think that Grandpa Ralph is quite the coffee connoisseur himself. This is something new, seemingly pissed-the-hell-off. . . . Anyway, why shouldn’t I counterfeit my reading? I bought him a coffee mug that featured a picture of a puffed-up bluebird that is used to supply Grandpa Ralph’s demands of five-sentence-long reports on books about how we should declare English the capital. Grandpa Ralph says to me, “Hey, kid—uh—if you’re looking to make some dough, I’ve got a deal for you.” I lean in, trying to decipher every well-mumbled word of his thick Brooklyn accent as he tells me about these four nice—really, really nice—books he’s recently ordered off of the Internet. If I read them and write a paragraph-long report on each one, he promises to give me $400. An easy Benjamin per book. It’s simple Reaganomics, really.

Grandpanomics
HUMOR

One day we’re eating eggplant parmesan over at his place and he’s under the sway of his usual seven glasses of Merlot. Grandpa Ralph says to me, “Hey, kid—if you’re looking to make some dough, I’ve got a deal for you.” I lean in, trying to decipher every well-mumbled word of his thick Brooklyn accent as he tells me about these four nice—really, really nice—books he’s recently ordered off of the Internet. If I read them and write a paragraph-long report on each one, he promises to give me $400. An easy Benjamin per book. It’s simple Reaganomics, really. Tax breaks, additional benefits, and whatnot pump excess money into already-wealthier citizens (like Grandpa Ralph), and then the only thing they can do with all that cash is let some of it trickle down—so to speak—into the thirsty wallets of people in the lower classes (like me). So I accept his offer, knowing very well I won’t read a single word of those books.

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Instead, I almost methodically open each book to page seventy-seven and place them face down on my desk. I then dog-ear at least three random pages to make them look like makeshift bookmarks, and try to feature at least one small accident. I’d like to think that Grandpa Ralph is quite the coffee connoisseur himself. This is something new, seemingly pissed-the-hell-off. . . . Anyway, why shouldn’t I counterfeit my reading? This is a system of supply and demand. If I can supply Grandpa Ralph’s demands for five-sentence-long reports on books about how we should declare English the capital. Grandpa Ralph should understand that better than anyone else. I don’t think I even need to mention that Grandpa Ralph is the kind of guy who calls Michele Bachmann his secret girlfriend. Not any concern of mine (it’s really between him and Grandma Della); however, it doesn’t mean I’m up for reading Sean Hannity’s Conservative Victory: Defeating Obama’s Radical Agenda. 

To read Isabella’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.

To read Anthony’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
KATIUSCIA GREGOIRE, Miami, FL
Grade 12, Age 17, Design & Architecture Senior High School, Miami, FL. Tracy Regan, Teacher; Miami-Dade County Public Schools, Affiliate; Maurice R. Robinson Fund Art Portfolio
(This page) Bust #1, (facing page, clockwise from top) Guard, The Sway of Art and Nature, Triple Self Portrait, Mixed Media

To view Katiuscia’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
Thirteen Keys to an Octave

POETRY

You had a collection of stolen piano keys—the mayor’s, the wrinkled widow’s, the embittered E flat, Steinway, and all his sons—hanging like chimes in your tool shed rib cage, vocal cords mute as a windless winter until one Sunday, hearing them stir, I played each note for you. We crowded into the confessional at the back of St. Anthony’s, tilting our heads behind the screen, eyes like prisms diffracting light a thousand ways between the notches only an eyelash can quiver through while outside organ notes and violin hymns buoyed up at the unhinged sky. How I wanted to hear that heaven on my tongue, to swallow those chords and grow a choir inside me. But you held me in the confessor’s seat instead, insisting on deafness so that some penance might materialize between us as we waited for a final alleluia. It wasn’t until years later that I could brush the horsehair away, unravel the strings from my strangled voice box to say I still hadn’t forgiven you. Transposed to the strings, everyone is a stranger.

Conversation Across the Smoke

POETRY

2

Have you ever seen smoke like this? These tendrils must stretch to Lake Erie. The threads of your coat unravel, the zipper scorching your chest vertical. Beneath, the accordion of scars lines your back where the spine begins to unbutton. Beneath, the rusted carburetor of your heart spits smoke through your mouth where you had once been satisfied by the simple act of breathing. Where I had once breathed.

To read Luisa’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.

Habibi

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

In 1948, my grandmother was chased out of Palestine when she was nine years old. She fled to Syria, where she eventually raised my mother. She was not religious, only loosely following Islam. However, when my mother came to America, she could not escape the actions of her people, and neither could I.

I was too young to understand at the time. I knew Mom was from Syria, and she painted it like a magical land full of ornate Aladdin-like buildings. It had to be beautiful. When my kindergarten teacher learned this, she asked if my mom would speak to the class. I was overjoyed when Mom agreed. My classmates would get the honor of hearing about her (and my) fascinating history. How cool would I be, once I was the Arabic girl?

My classmates found Mom . . . funny. They were stupid and cruel. “Hey, is your mom from Cereal?” they used to laugh, mocking her accent. I was hurt. I hated them. I complained, and Mom said, “Don’t worry, habibi. They will stop.”

Habibi was Mom’s nickname for me. She said it meant “my love.”

. . . Mom loved being involved. She started teaching Sunday school at our church—our Christian church. The young ones adored her. She treated them with care and love, like they were her own.

Then 9/11 happened. Suddenly there were rumors that a Muslim was being allowed to teach the children. I didn’t know what a Muslim was, only that the news said it was bad. It never occurred to me they meant my mom.

We stopped attending church. I was so upset, leaving friends whose parents were suddenly herding them away from me. I didn’t understand. It wasn’t like I was a Muslim or anything.

I blamed the Muslims. It was their fault we’d had to leave. I told Mom I hated the Muslims. She asked if I had ever met one.

I hesitated. No, I had not.

I remember Mom sighing. She took off her glasses and kissed me on the head. “Time for bed, ya habibi.”

To read Samantha’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
**ALEX REYNOLDS**, Solon, OH
Grade 12, Age 18, Orange High School, Pepper Pike, OH.
Maureen Cavotta, Teacher; The Cleveland Institute of Art, Affiliate; Blick Art Materials Art Portfolio

To view Alex’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
### Bad Candy

**PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR**

If I could talk to my eight-year-old self, I would say, “Things will get easier. I promise.” It took sixteen years, but I’m finally at peace with myself.

Eight was a rough year for me. I’m not sure which was harder: going through eleven months of watching my brother die or the ten minutes it took for me to find out when he did.

Both my parents were loving people, kind and considerate. Drugs simply made them otherwise. That is what I would like to believe, and I maintain that belief every time I see my little brother smile or paint me a picture on one of his many canvases.

By the time I was four, my mom had become a broken-down, washed-up housewife, and all ninety-four pounds of her always reeked of sin and meth. Her Notre Dame diploma sat in a glass frame cracked and covered with powder my older brother Jeremiah called “bad candy.” The bad candy was always around. I could find it on little hand-held mirrors in the kitchen. Often it occupied our glass coffee table, line after line of bad candy, looking more to me like the plowed rows of wheat on *Little House on the Prairie* than candy. But I was young, and I thought my mother was a beautiful, hateful demon who loved that candy.

My father was a rather respected stockbroker. His good luck and savvy investments paid the bills in our Manhattan townhouse, and also, as he would never let me forget, for all of my health expenses as a newborn. Due to my mother’s extensive drug use while pregnant, I was riddled with health problems. The doctors said I was a miracle, that the amount of cocaine, alcohol, and barbiturates in her system could have killed three horses.

To read Janay’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.

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### Baptism (You’ve Got to Be Kind)

**POETRY**

For Kurt Vonnegut

McCartney had a heart leak, seeking surgery on the sly
while Lennon died by Chapman for *The Catcher in the Rye*
A fever claimed the leader of the Confederate South
while Lincoln left the theater with no breath inside his mouth.
Who knew that Kurt Cobain would take one gunshot to the head
while Pot who ran the Khmer Rouge died safely in his bed,
and MLK by James Earl Ray, for having peaceful dreams
collapsed with all he’d yet to say, just like the Kennedys.

Sometimes there are butterfly moths.
Sometimes you only get one sentence.
Sometimes you only get one day.
Who said anything about it?

Have you noticed
the moon
in the river? Have you noticed the women in coats sailing through silver streets?
Life can be strands of grand green magic—
Clouds clatter
Pots and pans
Words matter ifs and ands
Marilyn Monroe was found face down and grey and idle.
The doctors didn’t know but figured “probably suicidal.”
They tell us love each other every day at any cost
but Gandhi died at Birla House and Jesus on a cross.
And sometimes there are butterfly moths.
And sometimes you only get to say yes once.
And sometimes you get to say yes yes yes—
still we’re dangling our feet on the tallest tree branches
tasting our last first breaths.

To read Kathleen’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
PATRICK HULSE, Fairfax Station, VA
Grade 12, Age 18, South County High School, Lorton, VA.
Justyna Fischer, Teacher; Fairfax County Public Schools, Affiliate, Scholastic Art Magazine Art Portfolio

(This page) Perfection (facing page, clockwise from top right)
Tardy for the Party, Pudd’nhead Wilson, Detention, The Clock Is Ticking, Drawing

To view Patrick’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
EMILIE SOMMERS, Albuquerque, NM

Grade 12, Age 17, Albuquerque Academy, Albuquerque, NM. Louis Schalk, Teacher.
Southwest Region at Large, Affiliate, Lucy Evankow Art Portfolio


To view Emilie’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
GREG DUGDALE, Carmel, IN

Grade 12, Age 18, Carmel High School, Carmel, IN.
Jonathan Kane, Teacher; Clowes Memorial Hall, Butler University, Affiliate; 3D Systems Art Portfolio

(This page) The Knit (facing page, clockwise from top right)
Off the Box; Floating Colors; Drink It, Wear It, Love It;
Off the Awning; Fashion

To view Greg’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
LEAH BYDALEK, Houston, TX
Grade 12, Age 17, Cypress Falls High School, Houston, TX. Bryan Reese, Teacher; Harris County Department of Education, Affiliate, Alliance for Young Artists & Writers Board of Directors Art Portfolio

(This page, clockwise from top right) Tough Love, Laughing With, Yarn Play, Limbo (facing page) Just Us Fish

To view Leah’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
CHRISTIAN CARABALLO, Jersey City, NJ
Grade 12, Age 18, Jersey City Arts High School Program, Jersey City, NJ. Carolyn Frazier, Teacher; Montclair Art Museum, Affiliate; Scholastic Inc. Art Portfolio

Stop Simplicity, Painting; Vroom Street, Mixed Media; Old News, Painting; Fed X, Painting; (facing page) Obsolete Communication, Painting

To view Christian’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
**Crochet**

**POETRY**

Weaver of stars,
Memory-stained exhalations linger
Behind your eyelids like a
Baby’s first laugh spewing fairies
Into gardens on a peach chiffon
Night, careful embroideries mimicking
The dainty wiring of those fine spun
Lungs I cannot touch with my heavy
Heart—You are sharp edges and
Clavicles, find meaning in me and not
The scissors underneath your bed
When you dream of evenings along the
Edges of secluded countrysides, hair
Twined with Autumn’s lullabies—
Connect me to your constellation
Heartstrings while I chart the stars
That pin themselves in your terracotta
Iris—let me fold the map when
We crest September horizons, cedar and
Pine on our August skin.

**Apricate**

**POETRY**

The morning dew rolls off the tips
Of your eyelashes like honey,
I write you stories in brown moleskin journals,
My lovely numismatist.

I hide in telephone wires
Patiently waiting for a sign,
And when you finally call,
I let the phone ring.

She told him to stop drinking so much
So he could remember who she was
After the summer but
He did not want to remember.

We are just machines made of stars
I say, taking your trembling body into
My hollow arms,
Faulty indiscretions.

During her birthday party I
Hid in a closet that smelled of summer
My braid came undone as the
People downstairs chorused my name.

He studied nidology in the treetops
On some nights he dreamt of flying away.
She studied the lines etched in his palms
Finding faults in their stars.

We were lost in the rye,
Your auburn hair setting fire to the fields.
Catch me if you can, you yell, half laughing,
The art of running in the rain.

To read Anna’s entire portfolio, go to
www.artandwriting.org/galleries.

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**2013 SPONSORED AWARDS**

Sponsored Awards provide additional recognition and scholarship opportunities for students who create works with a specific theme or within a particular category.

**2013 BEST IN GRADE AWARDS**

In addition to competing for awards within their respective categories, two writers and two artists per grade in grades 7 through 12 are chosen each year as the Best in Grade. Grouping students’ work by grade provides extra incentive for students to compete among their peers. Each Best in Grade winner receives a $500 prize.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to
www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all of the work as it was submitted.

**Grade 7**

Leo Lion
Cora Schipa
Ryan Sunada-Wong
Stina Trollbäck

**Grade 8**

Madeleine Fratarcangelo
Sabrina Linares
Emily Shorter
Helena Solarzano

**Grade 9**

Susan Lee
Olivia Petrysyn
Eva Shapiro
Josie Teachout

**Grade 10**

Hannah Balducci
Lucy He
Haley Kellner
Alex Mediate

**Grade 11**

Olivia Hagerty
Barrett Smith
Victoria White
Sarah Yao

**Grade 12**

Ana Camarena
Emma Paquin
Ian Timothy
Ian Urrea
Avoiding the Spaces

I had tiptoed stealthily into the dimmed room of our cozy cottage, hoping that Mother wouldn’t hear. My chubby limbs reached for the railing of baby Elizabeth’s prized wooden crib. I just wanted to see her. There she was, my first baby sister. Elizabeth was the most beautiful of all my sisters, though I’d never tell them. She had rounded, drifting cobalt eyes and long slender eyelashes. Her nose was like a little rosy mushroom, stout and thick in contrast to her slender pink lips.

With heaps of effort from my weak muscles, I hoisted Elizabeth into my arms, quivering slightly from the weight. Padding over to the sun-soaked window that framed dehydrated shrubs and layers of sodden, jagged rocks, I directed Elizabeth’s averting gaze to a wide pasture freckled with Father’s grazing, downy sheep upon a mattress of well-kept, jade grass. Tufts of wool heavily nested upon wide, hand-made stone gates, and other sheep huddled together in a brick-red shed colored identical to our roof. Edgy coats of blade-like mountains glinted off of the vibrant sun like the reflection of light on a knight’s sword. The mountains towered over bushy, shouldering hills like castles over a moat hued by golden-yellow and violet flowers, and the orange-drizzled mountains were jostled by the powdered, snow-capped mountains to the east. The corners of Elizabeth’s lips turned up, and I smiled broadly, giggling.

As I moved away from the window, she began to whimper in little twitters, like a baby bird wailing for a buggy dribble of food. My eyes grew wide, my tensing fingers tightening around the bundle of warmth. In panic, I began rocking Elizabeth gently back and forth as I had seen Mother do so many times. I whispered, “Baby, baby, my rosy-cheeked baby. Baby, baby, my cobalt-eyed baby. Baby, baby, my sweet-smelling baby. Baby, baby, my sleeping—”

Unexpectedly, Mother screeched from the kitchen, something about burning the porridge. Her voice was smoky from my fear as I jumped, a gasp exploding from my trembling lips. My heart plunged to my feet as Elizabeth fell with it, hitting the floor with a thump.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
Letter From Orfeo to His Lover, Guisa, Cuba. 1959

POETRY

They say the snake has eyes of glass, that trees of royal ebony shudder to life and hum morbid tales, but I know better. I know the serpent’s fangs. I know that black bark breaks under bullets when compañeros (borrachos, sin vergüenza) stoop under boredom. I know the sap-stained edge of the machete’s blade. I know the stench of mud, bubbling beneath boots, when we sink and steep in it after the crazed chirping of máquina guns and the tremulous roars of bombas break the air. The revolution rattles on and drags my scarred limbs with it. These days, the chirps and roars are sporadic, the bushes no longer rustle to the movements of Batista’s men. The thick air of the Sierra Maestras sticks to my palm as I write this to the rasping of cicadas. I remember La Habana. I remember the beat of las baterías, the mayombé-bombe-mayombé of your wrist, your swarthy skin, as we swung across terracotta tiles, melting into each other’s sweat. Your eyes, translucent. The blaring of “El Negro Bembón” as mugs of cerveza splintered against the floor. The scuffling of your feet murmured against my ears. Your crooked teeth glistened like the pesos in your fist. You’ve probably known many more men. Men with stenciled goatees, cigarettes sagging from between coarse, scowling lips. Men who pay better. Men with yank tanks and tickets to the picture. Men who are not as old as I. Keep in mind el año nuevo, the dense tufts of pink and yellow that quivered between our tapping toes en el barrio chino. The clattering of cymbals. The smirk smeared on your face as you lured me across the street, across glimmering garbage strewn over cement. The dripping of dew from leaves to moist dirt is not the glint of your face under dangling lights.

Things That Start With the Letter L

SHORT STORY

They came back late; pink candy-floss clouds already littered the sky like a forgotten fairground. They pulled up, inching forward like a worm on the pavement, trying to get away from the hot sun. My mother got out of the car first, opening the door and then pausing, her knees buckling as she walked up the garden path. She leaned against the tree for support. Lily followed, her pace measured, her face unreadable. I walked toward the side door and opened it, guiding my mother to the couch. They looked at me, and I felt a shiver run up my arm as I looked into their grey eyes. I had never seen my mother look so upset before, her eyes bloodshot and her hands trembling. We sat together on the couch, side by side. Lily in the middle. She leaned against us, her eyes piercing and searching, and she said one word, one word that would change all of our lives. “Leukemia.”

Monday, I stayed home from school, Tuesday as well. Wednesday, Lily went back but I sat in my room. Mother said I would have to come out, eat something, that it wasn’t just me who was hurt. She yelled through the door, and sometimes I would hear her walk up, about to say something. But she would just slump down into a crumpled mess, like a piece of paper cast aside. I would hear her sometimes at night, throwing things around her room, yelling at whoever had had this happen to Lily; and I knew Lily was awake, too. Late at night, I would hear her soft voice, off-key and shaky with sleep and exhaustion, singing quietly. Sometimes she sang in French, songs she had learned from school. “Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.” She would go out to the gardens every day now, talking to the flowers and watering them with extra care. Sometimes she would go out early in the morning, when dew dripped like tears off the petals, falling lightly on the soft ground.
The trouble all began at that workshop. All of the bird girls arrived early, their tiny faces arched up in feverish anticipation like hatchlings waiting to be fed. Our introduction routine ensued. All the girls stood, chirped out their names, and sank back into submission. I was hardly paying attention to any of this. It was all the same to me, hearing their frail vocal cords rattle with those familiar syllables. They all had woefully generic names, a head start at infancy for their slow decline into invisibility.

After a numbing parade of Madisons and Katies, the class was set to begin. I had sunk into the usual paralytic boredom. My spine stiffened, the notches filling with the empty silence of the room, hardening my frame into a slumping position. I was ready to endure, not to enjoy. The class should have begun by now, but the room continued to pulsate with uncomfortable silence. The void crept into our mouths and silenced all small talk. Someone coughed. A phone chimed. The bird girls shifted in their seats, their meatless legs growing numb. I briefly considered leaving when, piercing through the absence of sound, the classroom door creaked open.

I was so unprepared for you. I didn’t have the slightest concept of what lay ahead of me in those next few seconds, of the future that was about to be locked into place. I didn’t see it immediately. There was no epiphany, no instantaneous shot of lust rattling through my bloodstream. I was simply observational. I saw you, you with your black hair and cellophane-tight jeans. You entered the classroom with bizarre confidence that contradicted everything, the crumbling snacks and crumbling girls paling in comparison. The bird girls were so breakable. They moved weakly, every limb and word extended only a paper-thin imitation of truth.
On the Other Hand, Lonely Is an Overused Word

SHORT STORY

More than anything, Geneva hated to be wrong. Luckily, people didn’t call you out all that much when you said things as charmingly as Geneva Michaels did.

* * *

“Give your full attention to Geneva.” Geneva felt the eyes of twenty-four people turn to her, as she stood awkwardly in the front of the classroom, fiddling with the corner of her poster.

“No, really,” she mumbled. “It was fine. Go back to talking.”

People laughed. It took her a moment to understand why.

* * *

There is an infinity pool on top of the world. Which is to say, there is an infinity pool on top of a skyscraper. It is in Singapore, which is not a place Geneva has ever been, on top of a hotel that is too expensive for Geneva to ever stay in.

The water is endless. It laps against the side of the pool, yet the pool stays full. It seems to go on and on until—suddenly—nothing. Open sky.

It was the beginning of the school year, and the “getting to know you” sheet on Geneva’s desk read:

1. What is your name?
2. How old are you?
3. What is your favorite movie?

On and on until:

16. Write three adjectives that describe you.

Geneva’s pencil hovered over number 14—What would you do with a million dollars?

Go to the top of the world, she wrote, and swim where the water never ends.

A few moments later she erased it, and replaced it with go to college. There was, after all, no point in not giving the teacher what she wanted.

It had become a tedious game, after so many years, but at least it was one that Geneva knew the rules to.
Hardening

POETRY

My uncle was nineteen when he shot his first, dark-haired and dark-eyed, dark stain unfolding between shoulders where the bullet punctuated the lungs, full stop. Then the second. Screams flecked the land, the damp breath of the jungle slicking his back. Still he flinches at the bang of cans on the grocery’s checkout counter. My uncle knows the arteries of the Mekong delta, how to tie a tourniquet and reassemble a Madsen M-50. Two weeks back, he gets lost on the subway. His voice on the phone cracks: I don’t know where I am. This is coming home, qualified for taking lives and orders, little else. He is too old now, too slow and too tired to work the register: In the parking lot, he collects carts one by one. Mornings he stacks fruit in bins, lifts plums gingerly, testing the weight—his hands still damp with monsoon season. These are heavy, sweet. When he goes to clean up tonight, the only ones left will be yellowed and hard, plucked too soon.

VICTORIA WHITE, Grade 11, Age 16, Milton Academy, Milton, MA. Lisa Baker, Teacher; New England Art Education Conference, Affiliate; Gold Medal and Best in Grade

Alex Mediate, The Party Is Over. Photography. Grade 10, Age 15, Coronado High School, Henderson, NV. Anthony Flanagan, Teacher; Springs Preserve, Affiliate; Gold Medal, American Visions Medal, and Best in Grade

Victoria White, Grade 11, Age 16, Milton Academy, Milton, MA. Lisa Baker, Teacher; New England Art Education Conference, Affiliate; Gold Medal and Best in Grade

Ovation Film & Animation Awards

Following in our shared interests in arts education, Ovation invited students to share their creativity and passion for the arts with others through our Film & Animation Awards. Five top winners in the Awards Film & Animation category each won a $500 prize for their work, which will be making its way to film festivals around the country, and perhaps even on the Ovation television channel.

Ovation Award: Ian Levesque, Leo Lion, Honor Miles, Samuel Root, Ian Timothy, Marisa Waddle

Ian Timothy, Day Shift, Film & Animation. Grade 12, Age 18, St. Xavier High School, Lausiville, KY. Kevin Payne, Susan Jaffe, Jennifer Martin, Teachers; Jefferson County Public Schools, Affiliate; Gold Medal, American Visions Medal, Best in Grade, and Ovation Award

Honor Miles, Sunny, Film & Animation. Grade 8, Age 13, Denver School of the Arts, Denver, CO. Amy McGrath, Teacher; Colorado Art Education Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal, Ovation Award

Marisa Waddle, Untitled 1, Film & Animation. Grade 12, Age 17, Alexander W. Dreyfoos School, West Palm Beach, FL. Scott Armetta and Jade Henderson, Teachers; Educational Gallery Group (Eg2), Affiliate; Gold Medal, Ovation Award

Victoria White, Grade 11, Age 16, Milton Academy, Milton, MA. Lisa Baker, Teacher; New England Art Education Conference, Affiliate; Gold Medal and Best in Grade
NEW YORK LIFE AWARDS

Nearly one in seven students experiences the death of a loved one by age 20, and finding the right outlet for expressing themselves freely can be enormously helpful to students. This special creative challenge, sponsored by the New York Life Foundation, encourages students to create original works of art or writing that express their personal experience with grief and loss. Six students, whose work is chosen by New York Life from a pool of Scholastic Art & Writing Awards finalists, receive $1,000 awards and national recognition for their creative talents.

2013 New York Life Award Winners: Grace Collins, Brenna Gallagher, Alana Keith, Juliana Lillehei, Jake Oleson, Julian Stodola

The Hole in the Wall

PERSONAL ESSAY/MEMOIR

Overall, the Hole seemed innocuous. I suppose it was unattractive, if I were to be really honest with myself. But isn’t the whole point of modern and abstract art to deceive your mind and cunningly convince yourself that a pile of rocks or a jumble of wires constitutes cutting-edge beauty? If I were assembling the Hole at the Walker Art Institute up in the City, I’d probably title it “Thermostatic Suicide” on the little white plaque beside the masterpiece. My name would be embossed underneath in grey capital letters, and to the side a tiny note in neat italics: The commonplace will always grow weary of a humdrum existence. And of course as they strode by, viewers, with their Prada frames and vintage pearls, would stop behind the velvet ropes and exclaim, “Such use of color!” and “The blue wire is so evocative.”

They’d have absolutely no idea that what they were praising was just a reconstruction of a single scene from a squat red brick home, a still life from my existence in which my father, the hemoglobin in his blood replaced with fermented grape, brought a sledge hammer crashing down into our living-room wall. In his psychosis, he began to feed most of our sitting-room furniture to a hungry orange fire under the mantle. To some, the representation of one of the most erratic times of my life could just be another ridiculous display of upstart artistic ability from some virtually talentless lush. I take great refuge in this idea. It’s a stretch, but whenever I can label anything as black humor, I will cling to it like gum to a shoe, fur to a cat, my father to his wine.

JULIANA LILLEHEI, Grade 11, Age 16, Perpich Center for Arts Education, Golden Valley, MN.

Shannon Hannigan, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; New York Life Scholarship

JAKE OLosen, Jeff, Film & Animation. Grade 12, Age 18, Millburn Senior High School, Millburn, NJ. Kathleen Harte Gilsenan, Teacher; Montclair Art Museum, Affiliate; New York Life Scholarship

ALANA KEITH, Burned House, Photography. Grade 11, Age 16, Eastern High School, Middletown, KY. Abbey Smith and Trish Hamilton-Cooper, Teachers; Jefferson County Public Schools, Affiliate; New York Life Scholarship

SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS
Silence

SHORT STORY

Something was different on Saturday when I arrived. There was no singing and no merriness. No jeers at the government, or shouts of “Where’s my vote?” Instead, an ominous tension penetrated the air.

I caught up with Karim at our usual spot and handed him a sign. “What’s going on?”

He pointed to a large assembly of men, armed and dressed in police gear, marching toward the other protesters. An officer with a megaphone shouted, “Go home! Go home, or face the consequences!”

Suddenly, a shot rang out.

Screams pierced the air as the crowd panicked. People dashed in every direction, trying to flee the scene. Women were crying and men were shouting as police surged toward a crowd that gathered at the end of the block.

Karim ran toward the commotion, and I followed. We found several men surrounding a young woman lying on the ground, and my mouth fell open in shock. Blood spilled out of her chest and ran between her fingers as she clutched her shirt. Her eyes remained wide open, and blood soon poured from her eyes, nose, and mouth, soaking her skin.

Blood red.

“Neda!” one man screamed, collapsing next to her. “Oh, please!”

“Let’s move,” Karim suggested, his voice wavering. We ran down the block only to be greeted by billowing smoke. Alarms wailed. Cars baked in flames. But the worst were the anguished pleas of those rounded up and subdued by hundreds of police. “I’ll do anything! Please! Don’t hurt them!”

“We have to get out of here!” I yelled. “They—AH—HHHH!” I shrieked as a pair of strong hands trapped me, fingers grappling at my neck.

“Let her go!” Karim lunged at us.

I screamed.

Two officers snuck up behind Karim and twisted him between them.

Struggling futilely against the man who held me, I watched in horror as they shoved Karim onto his back and drove punches into his stomach and groin. Karim gasped in pain, tears streaming down his face.

Our eyes met for a single moment. I’m sorry, he mouthed.

One of our assailants saw this and crushed Karim’s skull beneath his boot. Then they dragged him away.

I never saw Karim again.

---

Silence

SHORT STORY

Something was different on Saturday when I arrived. There was no singing and no merriness. No jeers at the government, or shouts of “Where’s my vote?” Instead, an ominous tension penetrated the air.

I caught up with Karim at our usual spot and handed him a sign. “What’s going on?”

He pointed to a large assembly of men, armed and dressed in police gear, marching toward the other protesters. An officer with a megaphone shouted, “Go home! Go home, or face the consequences!”

Suddenly, a shot rang out.

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DUCK TAPE® BRAND AND MIXED MEDIA AWARDS

Duck Tape® joined the Alliance as a partner during our 90th anniversary year, providing students with the opportunity to express their artistic skills through two new awards. Five top students in the Awards' Mixed Media category each earned a $500 prize for their exceptional submissions, and one student earned a special Duck Tape® Brand Award for her creation using the popular craft and utility medium.

2013 Duck Tape® Brand Award Winner: Laurel Taylor
2013 Duck Tape® Mixed Media Award Winners: Emily Adamo, Stephanie Carlisle, Whitney Ransdell, Roxana Santana, Zachary Valletta

LAUREL TAYLOR, Flora Mae, Mixed Media. Grade 10, Age 15, Sycamore High School, Cincinnati, OH. Kat Rakel-Ferguson, Teacher; Art Machine, Inc., Affiliate; Silver Medal and Duck Tape® Brand Award

EMILY ADAMO, Exposure, Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 18, Valley Central High School, Montgomery, NY. Kimberly Langlitz and Todd Poteet, Teachers; Hudson Valley Art Awards, Affiliate; Gold Medal and Duck Tape® Mixed Media Award

ROXANA SANTANA, Loss of Innocence, Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 17, Art and Design High School, New York, NY. James Harrington, Teacher; Casita Maria Center for Arts and Education, Affiliate; Gold Medal and Duck Tape® Mixed Media Award

ZACHARY VALLETTA, Pick-Up Stix, Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 17, St. Ignatius High School, Cleveland, OH. Julianna Burrows, Teacher; The Cleveland Institute of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal and Duck Tape® Mixed Media Award

WHITNEY RANSDELL, Hoarder, Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 17, Schain Studios, Cincinnati, OH. Marlene Schain, Teacher; Art Machine, Inc., Affiliate; Gold Medal and Duck Tape® Mixed Media Award

MERLENE SCHAIN, Teacher; Art Machine, Inc., Affiliate; Gold Medal and Duck Tape® Mixed Media Award
AMD GAME CHANGER AWARDS

The Alliance added video games to the Awards’ categories in 2009 and soon afterward partnered with the AMD Foundation to help foster the category’s growth. Through AMD’s generous support, we promote this category to teachers and students across the country, encouraging video-game design as a creative method to teach art and writing. This year we received more than 1,000 submissions made on a variety of game design platforms. The top five winners each received a $1,000 prize from AMD and an AMD-powered laptop.

2013 AMD Game Changer Award Winners: Andrei Blebea, Donald Booze, Ashwin Datta, Francis Genares, Kyle Hiebel, Vincent Lau, Justin Mellott, Evan Mustard

Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to view videos of this year’s winning games.

DONALD BOOSE, VELIA, Video Game, Grade 12, Age 17, Falls Church High School, Falls Church, VA. Andrew Watson, Teacher; Fairfax County Public Schools, Affiliate; Gold Medal and AMD Game Changer Award

ASHWIN DATTA, Grade 8, Age 14; ANDREI BLEBEA, Grade 9, Age 14; KYLE HIEBEL, Grade 9, Age 14; and JUSTIN MELLOTT, Grade 8, Age 14, Building Spree, Video Game. Glitchbusters, Hillsboro, OR. Chitra Datta, Teacher; The Oregon Art Education Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal and AMD Game Changer Award

EVAN MUSTARD, S.A.M., Video Game. Grade 11, Age 17, Columbus North High School, Columbus, IN. Robin Cain, Teacher; Clowes Memorial Hall, Butler University, Affiliate; Gold Medal and AMD Game Changer Award

FRANCIS GENARES, Beta, Video Game. Grade 11, Age 17, High School of Art & Design, New York, NY. Michael Klein, Teacher; Casita Maria Center for Arts & Education, Affiliate; Gold Medal and AMD Game Changer Award
For our 90th anniversary year, the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards introduced a new Creative Challenge award—The Future New. We asked students to submit boundary-breaking creations that were conceptually or socially driven and incorporated cutting-edge technologies and techniques. Submissions poured in, in unprecedented formats and ranged in content from Social Practice and Performance Art to 3D Printing & Robotics. Innovation and originality have been at the heart of the Awards for the past 90 years, and as we have grown, the definition of creativity has evolved along with us. 3D Systems, an innovator in creative technology, sponsors this special award.

2013 Future New Award Winners: Amy Chen, Brianna Leatherbury, Ana Montesdeoca, Martin Schneider

2013 3D Design Award: Andrew Van Buren, Charlotte Hitz, Elbert Han

Exemplary students receive Gold, Silver, and American Visions and Voices medals in 28 categories of art and writing.

Art Categories: Architecture, Ceramics & Glass, Comic Art, Design, Digital Art, Drawing, Fashion, Film & Animation, Jewelry, Mixed Media, Painting, Photography, Printmaking, Sculpture, Video Games

Writing Categories: Dramatic Script, Flash Fiction, Humor, Journalism, Novel Writing, Personal Essay / Memoir, Persuasive Writing, Poetry, Science Fiction / Fantasy, Short Story

Portfolio Gold winners are featured on pages 9–32. Portfolio Silver with Distinction are listed to the right. For a full listing of National Award winners, see pages 131–135 or visit www.artandwriting.org.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.

2013 SILVER MEDAL WITH DISTINCTION ART PORTFOLIO WINNERS

Tyler Anthony
Stanley Vasaris
Balzekas IV
Christopher Coe
Wake Coulter
Annabelle DeCamillis
Katelyn Fay
Ricardo Hernandez
Dana Herrault
Katrina Kauffman
Jordan Klager
Natalia Riedel
Jin Hee Ma
Quinton Merada
Kwon Minji
Shannon Levin
Samantha Rosner
Hannah Ryde
Marie Sommers

2013 SILVER MEDAL WITH DISTINCTION WRITING PORTFOLIO WINNERS

Wenli Bao
Mika Kligler
Grace McLeod
Laura Mills
India Nabarro
Diamond Patrick
Camille Petersen
Courtney Swafford
Margery Tong
Kylie Warner
Leah Wright

AMY CHEN, The Derivative of Family Future New Grade 11, Age 16, Lake Oswego High School, Lake Oswego, OR Kristy Aalberg, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate, Gold Medal

BRIANNA LEATHERBURY, FLOW (INWARD), Future New Grade 12, Age 17, Design & Architecture Senior High School, Miami, FL Tracy Regan, Teacher, Miami-Dade County Public Schools, Affiliate, Gold Medal
Stars in Your Throat

POETRY

My poems are never good, and I’m not lying because I’m modest, I’m telling the truth because I’m arrogant.

But on the last day of school the counselor called me into her office and told me never to speak poetry again.

I thought, good idea, Mrs. Lionetti, let’s tell the troubled kid to shut up.

But what she didn’t understand is that words are how I breathe.

Sometimes I try to stitch my lips together so that the world can’t laugh at my mistakes, but then I feel like I’m drowning, so when I open my mouth, I find myself screaming.

So here I am.

Wide open.

My last happy poem was about a boy whom I used to love.

I promised him a kiss, a kiss and nothing more.

But people are greedy and a kiss wouldn’t suffice and sometimes, I think I should’ve promised him nothing, because love isn’t greedy, and love is simple.

But I know more than anyone that loving a greedy person will never be simple and I do believe I realized this a year and a half too late.

Monica Sun, Grade 11, Age 16, Shanghai American School Pudong Campus, San Jia Gang, Shanghai. Robyn Kemsley, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Silver Medal

Ululation

POETRY

I woke up not knowing who I was, or perhaps I hadn’t learned yet.

Knowing is noticing an eyelash on a sister’s cheek, that grazed skin as tough as her Arab pride,

that demons hide in the light that beats down upon beaches, on belly-baring tops above navels, and deep bleached synthetic hair that brims tables.

that in another direction rainbows drape bodies and are caught in scarves, the kind that wrap around heads in the name of the modest revival.

that the rhythm of ululation can bounce off my tongue even as lumps rise within my throat.

That my heart is a cloud caught on the horizon.

Dalia Ahmed, Grade 10, Age 15, Miami Arts Charter School, Miami, FL. Jen Karetnick, Teacher; Miami Writes, Affiliate; Silver Medal

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
Evaporations

They vanish so gracefully,
Even as their last ghostly cinders grow cold.
How can the stars leap away,
Knowing the instantaneous darkness
That comes at the touch of the earth?
The fire is knocked out so:
A shock of cold and a tinge of blue.
So it seems stars, too, die swift and bloodless deaths.
I stare into the darkness that you left behind
And your absence burns like a spark,
Singeing the bare skin of my fingertips.
What was I to wish for?
All I could do was watch your comet-trail
As you flashed and were gone,
Another soul wordlessly slipping from earth.
The Pink Sari

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

I wrap my chubby little hand around a corner of my grandmother’s sari, twirling the pink cloth around my fingers and swinging it back and forth. I always ask her to wear the pink ones. I stare hard at the designs embroidered on the cloth, and my innocent inchoate mind cannot make any sense out of the complex figurines and intricate motifs. I resort to my imagination so the elephants morph into large fire-breathing dragons with glassy scales and reeking mouths. The delicate dancing women transform into nymphs with silken tresses that fall below their waists.

I watch my grandmother painstakingly select each of the different spices that need to be put into the pot simmering on the stove. Aji is cooking pongal, a spicy Indian dish. The powders are so colorful: different shades of crimson, saffron, black, amber, and sometimes even green, just like some of my grandmother’s saris. Each spice is unique, with a subtle difference in taste and aroma. Each of the different ingredients has its own flavor and its own kick. Maybe that’s why Indian stews bubble and cackle so much. Indian cooking is just like the country itself: brimming with disparate colors and culture.

I don’t notice it, but my mouth is wide open as I watch Aji cook. “Careful,” she cautions, “a bug might fly into your mouth.” I laugh, throwing my arms around her waist. She’ll pick me up sometimes and sit me on her lap. I’ll fall asleep to the rhythmic ebb and flow of the stories she tells me. Woven amid the rich fabric of the stories are feelings of love, the rage of hatred, and the silent creeping hurt of betrayal. Lots of her stories have significant meaning and symbolism attached to them. The stories come alive in my eyes, their characters dancing, loving, and killing in front of me.
I like to look for rats. I draw a limit at the dead ones spilling guts on the train tracks, ‘cause I’m a vulture for drama but not gore. I like them sniffing at empty Starbucks cups before disappearing with a tail flourish into cracks and holes or nibbling on the dirt tracked from Brooklyn to the Bronx by old Chucks, loafers, and now boat shoes, ‘cause they’re all the rage. It’s OK to look for the rats in crowded subway stops, but it can be dangerous alone—they’re one of the rare animals that’ll attack. Nasty bastards.

I’ve got ten minutes till the next train, and nothing to do but wait and watch the same sunken, sullen faces trudging on their way home. They’ve all got some kind of a facial deformity. Never an attractive person—fat nose, fat cheeks, moles all over their faces. Underground people, they’re all much uglier than in the daylight. Maybe it’s the rats.

There’s an old man over there checking his watch. It’s hard to tell whether he smells like piss or whether it’s just the wall. Either way, he looks like shit. His skin basically hangs like curtains off his cheekbones and his eyes sit so deeply inside their sockets it almost looks as though they’ve melted into themselves. Grotty . . .

But then he looks up. And it’s hard to be as much of a judgmental ass when you can see into someone’s eyes. I don’t know. It’s not like his eyes are anything special—they’re dull and watery and melted into themselves. But those tears that didn’t run, they were like pearls caught in his eyelashes, their path marked in the lines of his face.
Stock of the Season

HUMOR

Right off the bat, I’d like to throw out a tip to anyone who cares to pay attention: DO NOT move to Rhode Island. Just don’t do it. I could list several reasons why, but I don’t feel like writing an essay. I’ve written enough essays to get into Brown University, so I think I’m done. Not that it was rewarding. I got my master’s in business, which apparently wasn’t good enough to get a spot at General Electric. They wouldn’t even let me in as a light bulb painter. For full effect, I’ll repeat that sentence for you: They wouldn’t even let me in as a light bulb painter. What is a light bulb painter, you ask? That is precisely my point. Sure, I have a criminal record. I can understand how that would bring me down, but really? Not even a light bulb painter.

Now, don’t think I’m some scumbag who tries to steal cars but always forgets that breaking the window will set off an alarm. I’m not a burglar, robber, vandal, or criminal in any way, shape, or form. I got into Brown from a public school in Windham, Connecticut, and Windham is a lot less awesome than Providence. On a scale from one to ten, Windham would get a three. You get my point. Anyway, it’s obvious I’m no dope. So what did I do? I ran someone over. To be more specific, I ran over the mayor of Windham.
under God

I watch the blood seep into the asphalt. The pungent smell of sheep intestine surrounds the beheaded animal lying next to the curb. I am in Pakistan and it is Eid al-Adha, when Muslims sacrifice a sheep in honor of Abraham’s original sacrifice. Approximately 4,000 years ago, in the lifeless, arid desert of Mecca, God commanded the prophet Abraham to sacrifice his beloved son, Ishmael, as a test of faith. The prophet asked his son first, and Ishmael agreed without a moment’s hesitation. Abraham covered his eyes with a blindfold so he wouldn’t have to witness his son’s pain, but when he opened his eyes, a lifeless sheep lay on the ground and his child was unharmed.

Everyone is celebrating and I think of home, where we would be called barbarians and get sent to jail. Here, we are just one of many observing a holiday. I wonder what went through Abraham’s head before the sacrifice, if he spent hours sharpening the knife to lessen his son’s suffering, if something inside him told him to value his child over religion, if he worried what others would think of his faith. The story says the prophet had no fear, but I think everyone, holy or not, is tempted to forego religion at difficult times. We aren’t human if we’re fearless.

indivisible

My breath drifts away into the cold air. I’m sitting on the picnic table at the football stadium with my friends, and we are laughing and teasing one another. Harris Murphy, whose fumble just cost our school the game, walks by and I call out, “Good job tonight, Harris.”

He thinks I’m being sarcastic. “What the hell are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be in mourning or something for your friend bin Laden’s death?”

Harris will forget about his statement by the next day, after he drinks his way to sobriety, but it will take much longer for those words to be erased from my mind.
The Pareidoliad

POETRY

VIII.
When the labyrinth came alive, it hungered:
It swallowed the garden, the bending paths, the plantation fields where I stood as a giant among a carnage wreck,
It encircled the house, the bone yard, the place we let the animal blood run deep and sour,
and when the labyrinth grew teeth Henry would go into it and look at the small patch of ground, where we had buried our Canaan child in sin and dirt, where Henry fell to his knees and prayed, and our son, half beast and half man screaming in a tunnel of sound and pain and white-hot light—
An abomination unto an abomination.
The South will rise again, my father said, but it never did.
He had your face, I told Henry once out of spite.
Henry smiled a thin sad smile, and smashed all the mirrors in the house.
My father, armchair philosopher that he is, often tells me that there is a fine line between destiny and free will. There are certain momentous events that are carved in the annals of fate, but one always has choices. Choosing one option brings a separate plane of existence, where a different spectrum of opportunities would then be available. And thus one can change one’s destiny, increment by increment, choice by choice, plane by plane.

I had always envisioned two different ideals of existence. One is that of complete stoicism. I could strive to become the kind of effortlessly still, impossibly dignified person that would react imperceptibly but always appropriately to any event. The traits of this type of existence are humility, grace, resilience, and emotional peace. By strength of character, by maturity, by wisdom acquired through patience and reflection, I would be able to exude a calm, healing glow over the world.

The second, then, is the complete opposite. It represents the bursts of true brilliance, the flash of wit that accompanies triumphant grins, the blaze of vibrant glory that burns words into history books. Success would be rooted in communication, in sociability, and in human connections. The implementation of my vision would not be buried under the dark cloak of éminence grise but flower in the power of prominence. If the first existence emits light, then this one emits warmth.
I Am the Cassandra

SHORT STORY

She unwraps her wooly scarf and hangs her blue pea coat on the back of her chair, stomping her UGGs on the floor to shake off the dirt, taking off her knit gloves to cram them into her purse, patting her hat to melt off the flakes of snow, putting her iPhone on the table to press the home button every five minutes, and sits down. It is actually dirty blonde, she says, smiling, waiting for ten seconds to hear a compliment on the dark-blue color of her hair. Her double-chocolate brownie and caramel-brûlée latte are no less than 900 calories, she estimates. But, well, whatever—she hasn't eaten anything since dinner last night.

How do you feel about this white powder in the air? she asks, laughing longer than was required. Snow?

Had you seen any before? I mean, do you get any winter there at all back there, the terrain should be . . . very . . . I don’t know . . . very flat and desert-ish and all.

And there it all begins, again—nose-wrinkling, ear-touching, chin-scratching, gaze-averting—the full expression of the body language of disbelief as I, anecdote by anecdote, pose paradoxes and divulge discrepancies by unraveling my enigmatic self and my past, and my present. Here we go, Cassandra, here we go.

It’s just flurrying, I say. Isn’t it? It’s still November. The feathery flakes are light but steady, swirling in every direction, hovering over a ground that’s still too warm to keep them. I look outside the window and frown academically to give myself a more dramatic air.

Actually, I say, I hadn’t seen a desert in my life until grade nine, when I went on a field trip to Dasht-e Kavir with my geography class. It was amazing, I say, rolling and jumping and slumping in that desert. My backpack and pockets were soon sand-filled and my legs blistered. But, to be honest, I didn’t care. Would you care about such consequences if you have a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to explore a desert?

No, she says. Probably not.

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MATTHEW SMITH. *The Bat Room*, Mixed Media. Grade 8, Age 13, Bak Middle School of the Arts, West Palm Beach, FL. *Emily Jahn*, Teacher; Educational Gallery Group, Affiliate, Gold Medal

KHANH TRAN. *3 of 2*, Drawing. Grade 12, Age 17, Norcross High School, Norcross, GA. *Angela Cronon* and *Kimberly Landers*, Teachers; Savannah College of Art and Design, Affiliate, Gold Medal
Stay Gold, Ponygirl

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

“Gold . . . I’ve never met a gold person before.” That was the first thing Rachael Spatz ever said to me. We were sitting next to each other in the back row of our summer drama seminar, and when I didn’t reply, she took a box of red crayons from her messenger bag and began drawing a picture of me on the back of her notebook. When I asked her what she was doing, she said she was saving my face for a rainy day.

Rachael has a condition called synesthesia, which means that she identifies every person, place, or object she encounters with a specific color. French windows are sea-foam green to her while AP Chemistry is grey, and the homeless man who sleeps outside our favorite deli on West 3rd St. is neon yellow. Blueberries, mysteriously, are crimson. Sometimes, when she gets to know people on a more intimate level, she can sense nuances of other colors, which represent the different components of their personality. Her little sister Laeia, for example, is pink and brown: the ratio changes depending on how angelic or devious she happens to be that day. When she kisses someone, however, the physical connection clues her into a more in-depth portrait and she is able to describe the person as a whole painting. The moment I met Rachael, I knew that she wanted to discover what my golden painting looked like. And I knew that I wanted to let her paint it.
MARY CLANTON, Study of Texture and Chair, Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 18, Deep Run High School, Glen Allen, VA. Michael Guyer and Erin Murtagh, Teachers; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Affiliate; Gold Medal

ANNA SHATS, Cluttered Spaces, Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 17, Carver Center for Arts & Technology, Towson, MD. Joe Giordano, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal

AD LI, Mad Jealousy, Sculpture. Grade 12, Age 18, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, MI. Patty Smith, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal

CORTNEY WOODIS, Mexican Madness, Drawing. Grade 12, Age 17, St. Michael-Albertville High School, St. Michael, MN. Reid Thorpe, Teacher; College of Visual Arts, Affiliate; Gold Medal
Tonight the Streets Are Ours

SHORT STORY

On my first day I walked into the wrong classroom and there you were, alone in that high-ceilinged studio, surrounded by paints and newspaper clippings. Your eyes were obscured by thick, shaggy hair that was badly in need of a trim. Your fingers were slender and attached to broad, strong palms. I was transfixed by their movement, the way a simple gesture could be turned into something magnificent. I knew that if I could only move like you did, I would be an artist. You didn’t take your eyes off your work until I managed to speak.

“Sorry to bother you, but is this the art one classroom?” You looked up, startled at being interrupted.

“No. Tell me what you think this needs.” You gestured to the piece you were working on. It was a fusion of color and black and white, newsprint smearing and mingling with blues and greens.

“More purple?” I suggested. I thought I saw something like amusement flash across your face.

“You’re guessing.”

I could have shrugged my shoulders, apologized, and left. But then I saw it. The painting needed red. It was too cold, like floating in an ocean for days, surrounded by sea and sky.

“Red,” I said. I heard your sharp intake of breath.

“Of course,” you breathed, “That’s exactly it.”

“Glad I could help.”

“Don’t look so pleased with yourself. Art is art. If you wait long enough it will tell you what it wants.”

A Pretty Face

FLASH FICTION

My face is pretty. I have brown eyes with relatively kempt eyebrows above them and a pointy nose and pink lips. My hair is occasionally pretty and my hands are pretty and sometimes I wear clothes that make my body look pretty. My mother is pretty and her mother is pretty and my cousins are pretty and my cat bears an eerie resemblance to Queen Latifah, who is also very pretty.

I don’t want to be pretty.

I want my face to be painted with the colors of my soul and stained with the horrors and halcyon hours of my childhood. I want my hair to reflect the passion and panic that plagues me. I want my hands to be scarred from my battles between Nature v. Nurture and moisturized solely with the oils of my lovers. I want for my eyes to bleed (blood) when I am angry and for my face to go completely white (bloodless) when I am scared. Most of all, I want to glow when I tell someone that I Love Them so that they know, truly know, what I look like on the inside.

I want my face to reveal me.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
A Treatise on the Courtship Patterns of the “Teenage” Infestation, Compiled by a Concerned Observer

HUMOR

Although my peers will protest me to be too forgiving, I do believe teenagers are intelligent creatures of some worth in the practical matters of schoolwork, scheming, general backstabbing and betrayal, and on rare occasions, in wit. However, they are horribly daft in matters of the heart, often making situations more complicated than they ought to be. Teenagers do not seem to realize that love is one of the simplest things in the world to create: all it requires is for two people to have interest in one another at the same time. It is a simple task that occurs often enough in adult society, but is seemingly too difficult for their younger counterparts to fulfill. Therein lies the problem for these unfortunate souls: They are not mature enough to handle the advances of another of his or her species, much less the advances of many such members of the species at once. Their sheer amount of “liking” (which I observe to be the short name for the medical condition lying somewhere between love and lust, although decidedly more towards the lust end) leads to “liking webs,” which in turn dot the landscape with all sorts of love polygons that overlap to a disgusting degree. Overlap is the teenager’s enemy, for before one can pursue another, he must make sure it is acceptable to the ex-partner, the best friend, the friends, the acquaintances, the dynamics of his social group, even the person who sits next to him in half his classes due to alphabetical order.

Latin and Fairy Tales

SHORT STORY

Alex sat in his sage-green bedroom, kicking his feet and staring at the laptop screen. His parents had chosen the color. His parents chose most things, really. They had decided on sage-green before he was even born. It was gender neutral, they said, and they didn’t want to force societal norms on him. Alex’s parents were very progressive.

Dr. and Dr. Hashcomb-Shappley were very intelligent, as well. He was an archaeologist, and she was a medieval-history professor. They were good parents, in their own way. Their own way usually consisted of being mildly puzzled by children in general. But still, Alex liked them. They read him The Canterbury Tales and Beowulf at bedtime and even left in the gory bits. . . .

But if the Hashcomb-Shappleys had one flaw, it was that they didn’t believe in lying to children. To Alex, Santa Claus was a reconstruction and modernization of a pagan winter deity. He knew the Easter Bunny as a fertility god. Childish stories were told as fragments of history, mythology, and old books. Alex loved his parents, he really did.

But he also loved fairy tales.

Oh, he was aware that they were simply cautionary tales told to frighten children into obedience, but he still liked them. He once asked his mother for a book of them, and she had smiled at him bemusedly and gone back to grading papers. The next day she proudly presented him with The Complete History of Primitive Mythologies and Word-of-Mouth Stories. Alex didn’t have the heart to correct her.
NFATIONAL AWARDS

EMILY HODPER, Self Portrait, Drawing. Grade 9, Age 15, Dover High School, Dover, OH.
Keri Stratton, Teacher; Kent State University, Stark Campus, Affiliate; Gold Medal

Keri Stratton, Teacher; Kent State University, Stark Campus, Affiliate; Gold Medal

JANE VOS, Grade 12, Age 16, Gaston Day School, Gastonia, NC.
Erin Sharpa, Teacher; Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools, Affiliate; Silver Medal

How to Be a Good Catholic Schoolgirl

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

Learn that you will attend kindergarten at a Catholic school because it is the only affordable private school near your house, and your parents assert that you must receive the best education they can provide. Picture the Catholic televangelists you have seen when flipping channels, and insist that you don’t want to learn to be a Catholic because they are scary and boring. Change your mind when you learn that you will get a uniform. You have always admired the Pope’s hat and wand. Become very disappointed to find out you will wear nothing of the sort.

When shopping for your plaid jumper, complain to your mom that they’re all too long. On your first day of kindergarten, roll the bottom of your jumper up above your knees where your regular dresses fall. Your teacher will approach you and explain that you are now living by the monkey system. Your name is written on a paper monkey that was attached to a green vine long before you got to school. If you misbehave at all, you will be asked to move your monkey to the yellow vine. If you step out of line again, you will have to move your monkey to the red vine. Roll down your jumper and vow that your monkey will never leave the green vine.

Around lunchtime, take off your saddle oxfords and then your bobby socks because your feet are hot. You aren’t even allowed to wear shoes inside at home, so why should you keep them on at school? When your teacher tells you to put your shoes back on, curse your circulatory disease and move your monkey to the yellow vine.

Notice that about eighty percent of your classmates are Asian. Decide this is good because Asians are generally even nerdier than you are. This will backfire in a few weeks, when your pedantic mannerisms earn you the nickname “Walking Dictionary,” and you eat lunch alone in the pavilion because you are the only one who knows what a pavilion is.
Improbability Giant Lemons and Their Uses

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

Once, when my mom was in middle school and money was tight, her parents bought her brand-new, lacy, pink-flowed sheets. It was a big deal. Then she switched rooms with one of her sisters, got a different bed, and the sheets didn’t fit anymore. So when Grandpa’s work moved him to another city for a month, and he had to buy new sheets, he bought the kind my mom liked in the right size, so he could give them to her when he came back. He slept on lacy pink flowers for a month.

Gentle. That is the word for my grandfather.

Grandpa takes Grandma’s hand and squeezes. Sometimes he just holds it, his thumb rubbing softly against the wrinkles on the back of her hand. I don’t think he realizes he does it anymore. But Grandma is already only her barest, most stripped-down self. You can’t flake off her illness like that, even gently. When I was younger, I imagined she lived inside a castle inside her head, a proper castle with a moat and a drawbridge and everything. Sometimes she talks to our reflections in glass doors.

“Why don’t you invite them in, Jim?” she asks Grandpa. “Invite them in.”

Grandma hasn’t recognized Mom or me for years, but she’s much too polite to admit it. She talks only in careful phrases, like a tourist with a phrasebook. Sometimes she just sings, and Grandpa falls asleep holding her hand, his mouth falling open.

It’s nine, so Grandpa takes Grandma to bed like he does every night. Grandma can’t walk on her own anymore. Mom wants him to put her in a nursing home, but Grandpa can’t look past letting go of her hand.
A Bubble Called Other

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

A significant part of who I am is my religion, being a Muslim. When you hear this, maybe you think my family is very restrictive. Maybe you think the women in my family are not allowed to drive or work outside of the home. Maybe you feel we defend terrorism. Growing up Muslim, I knew I was different from the beginning. Whether it was the lack of a Christmas tree or having different holidays, I was basically out of sync with the rest of the crowd. As I became older, I had my own Sunday school where I learned about why I was proud to be Muslim. I understood the values and traditions that were already part of my identity: why my grandmother covered her hair, why we couldn’t eat certain foods, and why we didn’t drink alcohol. Being an overt Muslim today, in the post-9/11 era, is a challenge. Let’s face it: Images of Islam are coupled with violence, tyrannical leaders, and subjugation of the weak. The media are plagued by numerous accounts of Islamic intolerances. Demonstrations against Quran burnings made headlines in 2010. *Time* magazine coined the term “Islamophobia,” now part of the American vernacular. But I know Islam very differently. Like any teenager in America, I promise you, the same fundamental things make me happy: family, friends, and fun. A favorite time for me is during our holy month of Ramadan, when every Muslim fasts from dawn until dusk. At that time of spiritual renewal and social awareness, I really bond with my Cleveland Islamic community. Although my religion may appear quite different than others’, I still find it to be a foundation for family values and for being a good person in general. So I must make sure my religion does not slip away, because being a Muslim is an essential component of who I am.
The old street vendor began to cackle as she gazed upon my distress. This accomplished nothing besides making me a bit nauseous. The cracked yellow enamel of her teeth reminded me of the texture of the pepper-specked, oil-soaked potato I had just bitten into.

She spoke to me in Chinese, “Your face is very red, xiaohuozi! Are you enjoying the food? More peppers?”

I made an attempt to smile politely. At least she called me, a fifteen-year-old, xiaohuozi, which means young man in Chinese. “Yes, it’s very good. Very hot. Please, no more pepper.”

Her laughter increased in volume. “Ha ha ha! I bet you hate it here, eh, city boy? Do you miss your home? Well, haigui, yes? How do you like it here?”

I was in front of the entrance to Hutiaoxia (literally Leaping Tiger Canyon; the Chinese are fond of such flashy names) in Yunan. I was about a day’s travel away from the village where I would begin my volunteer clinical work. On this trip, I had been fairly successful at keeping my Made in the USA label from showing too much. Unfortunately, the Chinese are specialists in foreign merchandise, and I had been identified. I suppose it didn’t help that when I reached into my pocket to find money to pay for the snack, my hand came out displaying George Washington’s serene expression.

Thankfully, Hutiaoxia is a fairly popular tourist attraction (yellow hair will not cause a flurry of excitement), and no one paid much attention to a senile old street vendor and her red-faced customer. Nevertheless, I failed to endure her jibes without feeling a familiar sense of alienation.

“No. Thanks.” I promptly hurried away.

“Come back soon, haigui! Ha!”

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On Getting Drunk and Believing in Reincarnation

I’m thinking I want the remains of the eggshells you walked on while trying not to crush them. I’m thinking I want your body, sleepy and full of moonlight, the way in which a dead man still craves his cigarettes. Childhood was a boat I sailed on for years and years without ever getting off. And there were always sharks at the bottom of the ocean; my father wouldn’t pull the anchor up and let us free. Last night I pulled every bottle of wine down from the cupboard and poured the tequila into one glass, the Zinfandel into a marmalade jar, the absinthe into a bowl.
FORREST MILLS, Smoldering of Evening, Drawing, Grade 12, Age 17, Atkins Academic and Technology High School, Winston-Salem, NC. Janet Blakely, Teacher; Barton College, Affiliate; Gold Medal

BEN CALDWELL, Grade 12, Age 18, Vancouver School of Arts and Academics, Vancouver, WA. Jennifer Hockhalter, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal

SEUNG YOUNG KANG, Wonderstruck, Printmaking, Grade 10, Age 17, Victory Christian School, Tulsa, OK. Judy McIntosh, Teacher; Tulsa Community College Liberal Arts Department, Affiliate; Silver Medal

Longing

POETRY

We will never reach Andromeda.
The entirety of human evolution could take place again
in the time it would take to get there
if we could travel at the speed of light.
And we can’t travel at the speed of light.
Not without rending hair from follicle,
atom from atom,
tendon from sinew.
And who could risk that abyss?
Exposing the brick and mortar of their being
to the possibility of desertion, of escape.
The human body is too wayward,
too eager for wandering.
Beyond windows,
beyond windows I can see the blind blue sky.
A scrap of pure free-floating protons and neutrons,
dandelion seeds.
Framed on each side by the wallpaper,
hemmed in, trapped.
How can any view hold
the absolute windless panorama of the atmosphere?
There is no holding the ring of a bell.
The bell itself is just brass.
An aquarium is just an echo of the ocean.

Some jigsaw puzzles can’t be put back together again.
I know I could never reconstruct your trillion cells
into anything resembling the ecliptic curve of your jaw line.
The spider web of your eyelashes.
Because the human mind can’t comprehend scale
beyond shoe sizes and waistlines.
Enormity has two meanings,
and we can’t accept infinity—
we run into awe like a wall
and sit back like toddlers, stunned.
We are not equipped to deal with the cosmos.
I couldn’t even render you in acrylic,
let alone celestial dust and flesh.
Andromeda, my dear, is so far away
and flying further,
farther than we could ever hope to follow.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
I Found Him in the Ballot Box

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

1. Tripoli, Libya, August 2000

We jumped up and down on the bed we shared every summer for four years, frail bodies colliding with the walls and the jetlag that kept us awake, our laughs reverberating through the empty hallways and the flourishing courtyard beyond. It was a summer of innocence, of horses named Azeea and dusty roads and seaweed allergies, of cigarette smoke and tuna sandwiches and well water driven in by my uncle every week. It was late, too late for the two little girls bouncing up, down, up, down, and my grandfather came over to tuck us in, playfully stern as he always was when we were children. We were mock-insulting each other by then, tossing around the words we thought would simultaneously be the most ridiculous and the most disgusting, our tiny voices making the scene all the more comical.

You're kaka! I slung, receiving a laughing Well, you're gidaaf! in return. You're Gaddafi! I burst out, our giggles filling the room. Gaddafi's gidaaf. Gaddafi's gidaaf. Gaddafi's gidaaf. we chanted, our voices bouncing higher and higher, product of a first-amendment childhood, the springs in the bed creaking with our leaps. My grandfather's face changed when he entered and heard us, contorted, molded with emotions I would not know until later, until after my world dissolved its sugar coat and strange men shattered two towers, countless lives, and the identities of Muslim Americans the world over, until fear became commonplace and anger abundant. Quiet! The police will come for you! Quick, under the covers, quick, go to bed, that's right, don't say it again. We didn't understand, but how could we? We were not born to fear other human beings, to quake at the very mention of their names. Besides, he was jaddu. He did not fear anything, and he knew best. So we lay down and we waited for the mu’athin to give the call to prayer as we dozed, because in a country where it seemed as though He was nowhere, we found God in those words.
The American Dream

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

We arrived at this tiny little house made of wood, not brick. The roof was made out of wood also, and not slate tiles. Surrounding the little house sat other little houses that were quite similar. Where were the woods, the forests, nature? We entered this tiny little house and inside was a feast. A table, as long as a bed and as wide as me, full of chicken, beef, pork, French fries, soup, salad, rice, corn, yams, and assorted fruits my mouth had never experienced. The only memorable thing about that whole night was the conversation. My parents thought I was too young to understand, but they were wrong.

“You’re never going to find a job!” the woman who prepared the feast told me.

“I’ll clean toilets if I have to!” my dad yelled.

“That’s exactly what is going to happen. You’re going to clean toilets,” the woman barked. At this comment, my dad forced my mother, sister, and me out of their home, and we roamed the city for hours. My dad didn’t know what to do, where to take us, or what was best. We stopped at a park that night and my sister and I played for hours. I could overhear my father and mother arguing. I pretended not to know what was going on and acted as if my parents knew what they were doing. After what seemed like six hours, my mother picked me up and held me in her arms. That day we just roamed the city yelling in Albanian, hoping someone would help us.
Some say that if all narcotic painkillers were outlawed—including hydrocodone, methadone, oxycodone, and oxymorphone—the people who would suffer would be those who have a legitimate need for these drugs and use them as directed. I say that statement is false because there are many far more effective and safer alternatives available. One of these alternatives is known as medical cannabis. Cannabis is a naturally grown plant that has been used by humans for more than 2,000 years. Although street cannabis has been outlawed by many nations, medical research has proven that this ancient plant can be a very effective method of easing pain.

Dr. Mark Ware is an advocate for the use of medical cannabis. “We’ve shown again that cannabis is analgesic,” he says. “Clearly, it has medical value.” Ware’s research team has found that a scientifically engineered version of the plant (with a THC concentration of 9.4%) has been extremely effective in pain reduction. After a single puff of cannabis, taken three times a day, patients at the McGill University Medical Center in Montreal have reported that their pain has been reduced by about 50%. In another study conducted by Dr. Ware, patients who had chronic back pain rated 10 out of 10 on a pain scale reported that their use of the drug lowered their pain to an average of a 4.5 out of 10.

Although the ability of cannabis to reduce pain is very similar to that of commonly used narcotics, what is really different about the two drugs are their mental and physical side effects. Common side effects for cannabis use include dry eyes, light cough, light burning sensation in area of pain, and headache. On the other hand, symptoms for narcotic painkiller use include both physical and psychological dependence, coma, and death. So why haven’t we, as a nation, replaced narcotic painkillers with medical cannabis? Sixteen states already allow the use of medical cannabis and have set up dispensaries. But the other half of the problem still needs to be solved: We still need to get rid of narcotic painkillers.
The Cotton Gin Curse

PERSONAL ESSAY/MEMOIR

It was a little devilish thing, and under the ruddy pink sun it had an almost aubergine hue to its fur. Blood dripped from its little jaws, and when it saw me, it bared them, flashing a row of thimble-sized teeth matted in chunks of crimson. The sight startled me, and so out of immediate retaliatory reflex, I responded by jabbing my spade down at the fox like a bayonet. The thing scuttled off into the rice, and I stood there a moment above the terrified chickens, my shoulders heaving from the run I’d taken to get here. Once I got my breath back, I bent down over the coop to assess the damage done. In his quest for sustenance, the fox had managed to tear one of the poor chickens completely asunder while trying to pull it through the corrugated tin netting of the coop, and the coop wire was now the same shade of incarnadine scarlet as the culprit’s teeth. The victimized chicken was no more, reduced to a quivering mass of pink flesh and violet organs, trapped halfway between the interior of the coop and the outside world, but I was taken by something in its appearance.

It was the thing’s feathers. So many had come through the wire while the chicken itself had been left behind. The fox had no hands or dexterous limbs to speak of, and yet it had done a rather impressive job of plucking the poor chicken. Such a procedure, it was so simple, and yet I instantly thought of a dozen ways it could be employed. Fishing, ore panning, cotton... such a process would be excellent for cotton. Perhaps a machine could be made to replicate the process. My mind began to spin, and I turned and set off back toward the plantation, spade resting on my shoulder triumphantly. For the first time in many days, I knew what I was going to do with myself, and I couldn’t have been more pleased.

Ha-Way Etta-Ni

PERSONAL ESSAY/MEMOIR

In the Oh-Gah-Pah language, paternal and maternal grandmothers have different names. It’s thought that both sides of the family are unique and intrinsically significant to the grandchild’s identity, so there is an In-ko and In-dah, paternal and maternal grandmother respectively. My mom doesn’t like to talk about her mother, so I’ve never had a chance to know anything about my In-dah or her relatives.

The only physical thing connecting me to the Quapaw tribe is a black-and-white photograph of my mom riding a buffalo on the reservation. The dented frame sits on a shelf in the living room, separated from the family portraits on the walls. A clay totem pole and a tiny threaded doll rest beside it, a little shrine for our lost connections. We don’t know the stories behind the totem pole and doll anymore, and I’ve never met anyone from my tribe who could tell me about them. All I know is that the doll is a Quapaw worry doll. When I was a little girl, I’d take it from its shelf and whisper my fears to it. Later, if I slept with it under my pillow, it would go to Heaven and tell God about my worries.

I still worry, but I’ve stopped visiting the doll in the middle of the night. My dad teased me for believing in its magic. He also scoffed at the dream catcher I had hanging on my window. “Dreams are just chemicals in your head. String can’t make nightmares go away.”

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To Save a Rose

Scene 2
GENEVIEVE stands alone onstage in deep contemplation. She is dressed in her fur coat, ready to leave the theater, but was momentarily distracted by a surge of childhood memories. Everyone else has gone home. Enter WILL stage right, headed toward the stage door to exit. He sees her frozen onstage and pauses.

WILL: Oh, I thought I was the only one still here. Is . . . is everything all right?

GENEVIEVE: What? Oh, yes! I mean, fine. It’s fine. I was just . . . thinking.

WILL: (jokingly) A dangerous pastime . . . (seeing that she didn’t get it) I was kidding.

GENEVIEVE: Oh.

WILL: (concerned) Hey, do you have a way to get home all right? I can call a cab for you if . . .

GENEVIEVE: Oh, no thank you. That’s very kind, but I will walk.

WILL: You live close by?

GENEVIEVE: Well, close enough. In Chelsea, but I’m very fond of walking.

WILL: That’s gotta be fifteen blocks! Let me at least walk you home.

GENEVIEVE: No, I . . . (realizing the rudeness of her impulsive response) All right.

WILL: (smiling kindly) All right.

They exit the stage door together; WILL turns off the lights on the theater set as they leave. They walk out the door as the theater set moves off right, revealing a city street scene where they walk together. It is night and only a few people pass them as they walk.

WILL: You’re doing a wonderful job as Juliet, by the way. I’ve wanted to tell you for the past couple of days. Everyone was right, with all they say about you.

GENEVIEVE: (almost nervously or paranoid) What do they say?

WILL: Well, close enough. In Chelsea, but I’m very fond of walking.

WILL: That’s gotta be fifteen blocks! Let me at least walk you home.

GENEVIEVE: No, I . . . (realizing the rudeness of her impulsive response) All right.

WILL: (smiling kindly) All right.

They exit the stage door together; WILL turns off the lights on the theater set as they leave. They walk out the door as the theater set moves off right, revealing a city street scene where they walk together. It is night and only a few people pass them as they walk.

WILL: Eh, well enough. We get to do what we love, don’t we? To me, that beats anything.

GENEVIEVE: Exactly. Sometimes it gets . . . tough. But it’s all worth it, you know? (quieter, to herself, reassuringly) It was all worth it. . . .
HALI RICH-REID, Lenore, Fashion, Grade 12, Age 17, Port Huron Northern High School, Port Huron, MI. Victoria Hussey, Teacher; College for Creative Studies, Affiliate; Gold Medal and American Visions Medal

APICHET SUTASOM, Fish Bones, Jewelry, Grade 12, Age 19, Monterey High School, Lubbock, TX. Velma Reyna, Teacher; Wayland Baptist University, Department of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal

SEANNA HARRIS, Gloomy Aquarius, Ceramics & Glass, Grade 8, Age 13, Bak Middle School of the Arts, West Palm Beach, FL. Stephanie Chesler, Teacher; Educational Gallery Group (Eg2), Affiliate; Silver Medal

KARLI WITTENBERG, Latvia, Ceramics & Glass, Grade 12, Age 18, Homestead High School, Mequon, WI. Kat Hustadde and Katherine Nowak, Teachers; The Milwaukee Art Museum, Affiliate; Silver Medal and American Visions Medal

CASSANDRA WANG, Coral, Ceramics & Glass, Grade 8, Age 12, Pembroke Hill School Ward Parkway, Kansas City, MO. Carolyn Leoh, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Silver Medal
A Summary of Findings Regarding the Species Known as Humans

HUMOR

Humans often spend enormous amounts of time staring at surfaces that glow in various colors and patterns. These surfaces are universally rectangular but vary widely in size, from smaller than a human’s hand to rectangles taller than a human. The largest of the rectangles cannot be stored in a private human residence but must be housed in a public building, to which humans go to drink sucrose-infused beverages, consume light food, and stare intently at the enormous, glowing rectangles for hours at a time. Other glowing rectangles appear to be linked to each other in an enormous global telecommunications network. Some glowing rectangles require human users to interact with them using one or several buttons, whereas others seem to require only passive staring. . . .

We have only begun to scratch the surface of the content conveyed through these glowing rectangles, but some of it has been deciphered. Some glowing rectangles display a series of still images in rapid succession to simulate a physical scene, typically featuring other humans. Sometimes the glowing rectangles depict humans who are forced to engage in bizarre competitions for the amusement of others. Humans are made to sing songs, prepare food, run and jump, choose mates and starve themselves, often while being insulted and belittled by one or more presiding humans. Other times, humans are depicted in seemingly everyday situations while an invisible crowd laughs uproariously at predetermined times. Besides depicting other humans, glowing rectangles are also utilized for personal communication and social interaction. Humans use glowing rectangles to view and share images of themselves and others, as well as stories, events, etc. The most prolific sharers often feel a need to provide acquaintances with updates on their lives dozens of times a day, to the chagrin of those who know them. We are unsure why glowing rectangle usage is so alluring. But whatever the cause, glowing rectangle usage continues to become more widespread and has become an integral part of human life. ■
Holy Cow!  A Profile of Dairy Farmer and Cow Caretaker Edgar Pless

Angels they may be, but Edgar and Georgette Pless are convinced that the true divine being rests with the animals. In the back of this barn alone, both have experienced extraordinary connections between themselves, the cows, and what Edgar calls “the other side.” Georgette recalls nurturing to health Mason, a calf born with a heart defect. He was more than thirty feet away in the barn when she murmured, “Mason, I love you,” and he looked up, trotted over to her and pushed his head against her. “It’s like the animals know what I’m thinking,” she says, fingering a small braid above her ear. “It amazed me at first, but now it’s just part of the fabric of our everyday life.” This spirituality does not stem from dogma or church—it is the essence of their being and farm. Last year, Edgar forgot to deliver Peaches her midday silage. When he heard her bellowing, he realized his mistake and said to her, “Peaches, I’m so sorry!” She stopped mooing immediately but glared at him and turned her head away—she “snubbed” him. “I have a belief that there are all kinds of life things that we can’t see, but we interact with,” he says, widening his eyes. “Call ‘em spirits, or cow angels, I’m convinced of it.”

In its hay-lined hutch, the unnamed calf lows when she sees Edgar and Georgette coming. She wobbles to them on unsteady legs. Georgette kneels beside her and Edgar rubs her cheek, letting her nibble his fingers. He straddles the fledgling calf and semi-locks her head between his knees to keep her focused on finding the bottle. Nudging his free hand with her rosy nose, she licks his skin, jacket, pants. “Hey, girl,” he coos. She locates the bottle and almost yanks it from his hand, inhaling her milk. “She’s not shy; she takes what she wants,” Edgar chuckles, stroking her velvet fur. “I can tell she has attitude.” The calf hiccup and moos. He offers her a second bottle and she takes it, her ears wiggling with pleasure. Edgar feeds his calf and hums a low tune, filling the farm with the sound of his spirit.
**Two Years Later**

**PERSONAL ESSAY/MEMOIR**

Eventually, we reached the park, the oasis in the middle of a concrete desert. We walked through the antique-looking stone archway together. Inside, it was a lush forest of willows among other trees. Grass covered the interior of the park, with the occasional cold stone bench to sit on or a pavilion for shade. The curving black tile rooftops and red pillars seemed too picturesque for a modern Chinese park.

“Remember when we used to come here when you were younger? We would always buy you a balloon, and you would run along with it, touching it to everything you saw. One time the blades of grass popped it. You were so shocked that you just sat down, right in the middle of the path.”

“Wow, I don’t remember that at all,” I replied with a quiet chuckle. “Tell me something else about me when I was young.”

“Well, we also took you to Tiananmen Square. You decided you were going to be prepared for the trip, so you drank an entire liter of water. The first thing you had to do when we got there was use the restrooms. You ran around for ten minutes, just trying to find one.”

We sat on the cold stone bench for hours, until it was warm from our body heat.

“We also took you to the Great Wall once. Do you remember how much you wanted to light the signal fire on one of the watchtowers? We didn’t tell you that you weren’t allowed to.”

Soft yellow sunlight trickled through the willow branches and lit the park as if a chandelier were suspended above our heads. When it was finally time to leave, we would stroll back, my grandma slightly hunched and with feet imperceptibly splayed. Her hair was thinning, and she was starting to walk more slowly, but there was still a youthful spirit.
Liv and Let Di

HUMOR

[Lights up on OLIVIA LEBEN—a short girl in her early twenties—arranging flowers in a vase on a podium. In contrast to her vibrant hair, she is sporting a black dress, which is fitting given the surroundings, a funeral parlor. The owner, DMITRI DECESSO, a tall, thin man in his fifties dressed in a black suit, approaches her.]

DECESSO: Olivia? I need to talk to you.

OLIVIA: Yeah, sure. I’m just adding a few extra accents to this arrangement.

DECESSO: I thought we agreed against the Venus flytraps.

OLIVIA: Yeah, well . . . I was looking for a way to liven up this place a bit.

DECESSO: Liv, that’s actually what I need to talk to you about. As you may recall, on Friday I asked you to fill in for Di.

[OLIVIA nods.]

OLIVIA: Uh-huh.

DECESSO: And how do you think it went?

[OLIVIA stops arranging and faces DECESSO.]

OLIVIA: Well?

DECESSO: I beg to differ.

OLIVIA: What do you mean?

DECESSO: Miss Leben, your behavior was unprofessional at best.

OLIVIA: I, uh, well, I mean, I know I’m not the best at the ceremonies; I’m still just a backup, but I—

DECESSO: You answered a phone call in the middle of the eulogy.

OLIVIA: It wasn’t even mine! It was Val’s cell phone!

DECESSO: And why did you have Val’s cell phone?

OLIVIA: She must have accidentally left it in the casket after she did hair and makeup. What did you want me to do? Just let it ring? Her ringtone is “Only the Good Die Young,” so if you’d rather I let it ring . . .

DECESSO: Well, between that or the speech you were giving, I would actually have to sit and tally up which was worse.
Beautiful

POETRY

Retreating to the playroom,
she began to fabricate the daily errands and events
of her toys
scattered across the floor.

She made ringing noises—
laughing at Mr. Potato Head’s mouth
turning from smile to frown
in seconds.

Giggling at the stubby, porcelain hooves
that kept the piggy bank from rolling away—
its empty innards protected from harm.

The piggy bank was calling Mr. Potato Head
for the fifth time that day.
There was a loan to be paid—
A looming foreclosure—
A last warning—
The pull phone rang off the hook.

Turning her attention to the dollhouse—
Ken’s noisy shouts echoing through the walls
of the pastel-pink suburban home
Where Barbie hid.

The girl moved Ken from room to room—
A game of hide-and-seek.
Upon finding Barbie
curled up in the bathtub.

She extended Ken’s arms to lift the doll up—
but dropped it,
crashing down to the floor—
paint chipping off a perfect face,
its arm bent at an awkward angle.

Patches on its head—
memories of frayed fair hair
pulled out.

Indents on its arms—
memories of its glossy plastic figure
thrown against a wall.

A gasp.

She picked the doll back up,
brought its arm back in place.

Ken began to beg for forgiveness—
It will never happen again.

Apologies were quickly made.
She brushed Barbie’s hair and sat it in the kitchen,
Where Ken had
lemonade in the fridge.

Where Ken made
Another broken promise.

The house grew silent again.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to
www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work
as it was submitted.
Propose to Me Silence

WRITING CATEGORY

Propose to me silence
and promise me quiet.
I want no hand of yours
to know my tracings
and I do not ask you
to sit the years by my shoulder.
Only let me regard you
still in the morning
and ask you why you stare
at the patterns of my wooden table so.
I do not want your words, friend.
Instead kiss me with your absence
and do not utter vows.
Give me your ring
and let me hold it in my hands—
then let me tie your tongue behind your teeth
with the weight of all
I do not promise.
Propose to me
your silence.
I want your kind thought
and mine
to be wasteful
in that way we’ll indulge
the shyness on our tongues.

Divine Dancer

POETRY

I wish I knew Kathak.
Or Bharatanatyam, or Orissa, or
any other mysterious dance from that far-off
balmy tiger country my mother once dwelt in.
I would shed this awkward unsure teenage body
and become music, or a goddess.
These limbs of mine would be elemental,
fire and ice, melody,
my long fingers forming running deer and
sleeping lions—feet keeping primitive rhythm
body twisting and coiling, leaping and
crashing—I become thunderous beauty.
Eyes like cool water, heart moving to
drums, flute, sitar.
Lone dancer on the stage, taut clean lines,
bendsome grace, fluidity,
forming and collapsing, like
the timeless love story I am enacting;
(a second dancer has entered)
me, the bashful young girl with water skins,
he, the bold deity, carrying bow and arrows.
Dancing around each other and into each other
overcome by drums, flute, sitar,
this frenzied beat,
ceaseless,
two beautiful and divine forms
moving to the rhythm of creation.
I wish I knew Kathak.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to
www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work
as it was submitted.
Maggi Cubes
With My Stepfather

POETRY

Igbo words bouncing off tongues
and over walls and down stairs.
music dancing through hallways and fried
plantain sizzling on plates, in kitchens, next to beef
and goat and fish eyes plucked from the head.
my mother dreams of Africa,
my mother dreams of her in-laws with their
bodies screaming of culture and home,
and my mother dances in long dresses wrapped
around her body and each year she says she is going.
but years pass and my mother dances with empty rhythm
years pass and her in-laws die one by one
and my stepfather cries and tries to hide his tears
because real men don’t cry.
and they pound fufu with wooden spoons
and cook egusi soup and garri and
pepper soup that is much too spicy for me to eat
and they break kola nut in our living room
and cook jollof rice on our stove
and I learn to make eggs with Maggi cubes
and curry
and we eat indomie instead of ramen
noodles because it’s better . . . somehow
and my cousin, she tries to teach me
how to cook and I hide in my attic
and read and I don’t want to learn
and we serve chin chin in silver pans,
let the fried sugar run over our tongues.
and it’s too late to return now,
because it’s rainy season
in Nigeria
and the living must bury the dead
before caskets float.
Every Night


POETRY

there’s a sunset every night and you should watch it
every day and hold your breath until the sun goes down, and
while you hold your breath,
you should pray. pray like you’re kneeling before mass begins,
except pretend that you’re actually on time to mass and you’ve
got the kind of time
that’s counted in sun movements. pray while the clouds peel
like feathers
from birds in a menagerie, and while the sky turns from white to
gray to dying blue
to wild bird to dust to darkness. pray like you can see the birds
in the clouds, pray like they’re lost in dusky purgatory,
only visible for a slim stretch of sky while
god and night tug at their wings.
pray for the bones under headstones, when that’s all they are.
hold your breath and pretend like you know all the
forgotten souls,
not like you run past their beds on Halloween and hold
your breath. pretend like you can see them in the chimney smoke.
pretend like you know the wild birds.
pretend like there’s a sunset every night and while it sets,
you tally score and think of all the letters you haven’t sent.
pray for chitter-chatter bones
and girls who pass out Halloween candy on porches.
fall in love with old friends or with ghosts.
send letters in the mornings when light comes too early
and night is a series of forgotten things and cold wind.
lick the stamps with a numb tongue and hold your breath,
pray for the postman on the winding road. there’s a morning
every night,
even after the latest latest latest middles,
and there are birds peeling from the clouds. write to them.
The river was swelling outside the house again one evening. The rain was faster, harder this time. All was pitch black, except for the brief flashes of light that stung in the sky, reflecting off the violent waters outside the door. I felt my house had become a boat, and I was being tossed around in the Siren’s song.

I paced back and forth around the sitting room for an hour or more. I kept hearing my deceased husband’s words: “A mere unconsciousness . . . an informality.” My heart beat over the sound of the drumming rain on my roof.

Then suddenly, as if God Himself had performed the same miracle He had for Noah, the rain stopped. Steady plinks echoed, and the trees were calmed. I opened the door. Everything in nature waited anxiously for me. It watched, attentively, encouragingly. I placed one bare foot on the first ledge of the doorstep, then the other. I took in a deep breath of the icy night mist. The water wrapped like seaweed around my ankles. Before I knew it, a screaming chill surged through my body. The watching moon grew darker until it was gone from sight.

And it was as if it was a property of easiness.
The Story

PERSONAL ESSAY/MEMOIR

The story of my father, my story of my father, begins with paper Dixie cups full of pennies and bowls of Cheerios fed to stuffed animals. It begins with the acoustic canvases of Cat Stevens and the weight of a harmonica in a preschooler’s hands. Sometimes, I look at the story from where I am now, looking back as if scanning a landscape that has been pushed entirely behind me. Mostly, I forget that it is a story at all; the plot is so disjointed and the characters so incomplete that it seems impossible for it to go anywhere. But I’ve always been skeptical of the parameters of a story, the classification of what can happen and what cannot. Words like exposition and climax and resolution all seem more like aspects of a small business improvement plan than the design of a story. I think that when they teach us the organs of a story, they are just forgetting to tell us that life has a bloodstream. That bloodstream breathes before it becomes anything. And while it’s breathing, a story learns to tolerate apnea. For a while, I suffocated my story of my father, but one day I looked back and realized what was behind me was also ahead of me. In this world, we must go every direction to survive. I went back and found that the story of my father had both apnea and insomnia and had made a vow to never sleep.

CAROLINE HARWOOD, Omnia Mutantur, Nihil Interit, Fashion
Grade 12, Age 17, Harpeth Hall School, Nashville, TN
Rosemary Paschall, Teacher; Cheekwood Botanical Garden & Museum of Art, Affiliate, Gold Medal

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
Speaking With Legs

POETRY

Weights of cut palm fronds
dragged into fire piles; burn.
After all, suburban neighborhoods
grow restless without trimmed trees.
I am, we are, generic brands.
Our neighborhood doesn’t have sidewalks;
riding our bikes in roads; hazardous.
Outgrown knee pads;
Too much time on training wheels;
those wobbling companions rust off,
I two wheel it home:
forced freedom.

Legs reveal the scars from world wars with asphalt vs.
knees at age five;
legs reveal the scars from a dog bite at age eight;
legs just reveal at age sixteen.
Sure, America’s made fat; and I’m the American brand,
and the Youth’s made strong; but McDonald’s got beef.

In a land of renewal, like a rewrapped
Saran-wrapped globe,
neighborhood asphalt gets paved over.
Replacing black, life stained
pavement for white, mark free.

SOPHIE KIDD-MYERS, Miscarriage, Sculpture. Grade 12,
Age 17, Grant High School, Portland, OR. Jamin London Tinsel,
Teacher; The Oregon Art Education Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal and American Visions Medal

LEAH WRIGHT, Grade 12, Age 17, Douglas Anderson School of the Arts, Jacksonville, FL. Liz Flaisig, Teacher; The English Teacher’s Friend, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction
Writing Portfolio

KAYLA WOLFE, Fierce, Photography. Grade 10, Age 15,
Lincoln-Way North High School, Frankfort, IL. Phil Labriola,
Teacher; The English Teacher’s Friend, Affiliate; Gold Medal

SKYE ST. JAMES, Debased Grace, Photography. Grade 10, Age 16, Souhegan Coop High School, Amherst, NH. Liz Gosselin, Teacher; The New Hampshire Art Educators’ Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal

LIZ GOSSELIN, Teacher; The New Hampshire Art Educators’ Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal
To the Badlands

Was your land laid like a quilt over sea-bleached bone? Or dripped like wet sand from hands above? Was it grown like a mold from sodden bread? Or is your land just you—howl of your stomach, jut of your pelvis, goosebumps down your fingered thighs?

Badlands, how long did you shuffle the shoulders of interstates, pack on back, thumb up? When did you give up, sprawl across these states, crook your elbow, lie back, say: screw it I’m going nowhere but here?

Now your hair’s grown long. You keep the heat turned up. I imagine your color dripped from dusk—fat drops of burnt blue and bruised orange that dehydrate to dust as they fall.

Badlands, where is your mother? She is waiting by the phone, I’m sure, chewing the inside of her cheek. Call home.
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers congratulates the nearly 1,700 National Award winners of 2013. These 7th to 12th grade students represent 47 U.S. states, the district of Columbia and 12 countries. These young artists have been selected based on the quality of their original works in the categories of Painting, Drawing, Sculpture, Photography, Architecture and Creative Writing.

2013 NATIONAL WINNERS

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The Alliance’s nationwide reach stems from our partnerships with 116 affiliates around the country. These schools and school districts, museums, colleges and universities, and community organizations bring the Awards to local communities and students. In addition to facilitating Awards offered at the national level, affiliates work closely with local funders and universities to provide regional scholarship opportunities for top winners. Our affiliates collectively celebrate more than 60,000 students this year—with the Awards’ Gold Keys, Silver Keys, andHonorable Mentions—advancing top winners for national judging.

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The Philadelphia Writing Project leverages our affiliation with the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards to expand opportunities for young writers in Philadelphia. We link our youth writing camp and the Awards by giving scholarships to middle and high school students who have earned regional Gold and Silver Key recognition. The Awards program increases the visibility of our project's commitment to nurturing the creativity and voice of Philadelphia's young writers."

Diane Waff, Philadelphia Writing Project
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**Mabel Morales, District Supervisor, Visual Arts, Division of Academic Support, Visual & Performing Arts Office, and Office of Academics and Transformation, Miami–Dade County Public Schools**

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National Council of Teachers of English
National Writing Project
Parsons The New School for Design
Pentagram
Pratt Institute
President's Committee on the Arts
& Humanities
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U S Department of Education
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INDIVIDUALS
Margo Baender
Mora Bailey
Laura Barnett
Jennifer Benka
Michael Bierut
Rebecca Bondor
Katie Brickner
Mimi Brown
Clariza Chavez
Jane Cohan
Lindsey Cotter
Steve Diamond
Billy DMichella
Bryan Doerries
Thom Duffy
Lena Durham
Anne Gaines
Kyle Good
Terrance Hayes
Nora Halpern
Kimone Johnson
Leigh King
Hamah Swader Kurnit
Cathy Lasiewicz
Jessica Moon
Bridget Morris
Deborah O'llah
Mark O'Grady
Sarah Jessica Parker
Nazi Parviz
Cassandra Pierre
Colin Powell
Zac Posen
Deborah Reeve
Colleen Salazar
Joanna Settle
Tom Schutte
Danna Sciarra
Annie Sparkman
Radhika Subramaniam
Tara Welty
Sharon Washington
Arielle Wilson

Affiliate Advisory Council
Cassandra Pixey
Amy Armand
Jacque Dawson
Andrea Haas
Cheryl Maney
Brad Richard
Diana Wolf

Contributing Alumni Artists
Jake Adams
Lennart Anderson
John Baldessari
Winston Chuwenski
Valerie Crosseleva
Kyle James Dunn
Rodney Alan Greenblat
Rodney Jones
Meredith Lewis
Carlos Molina
Justin Nicolas
Joyce Carol Oates
Iviva Olenick
Tom Otterness
Gary Painter
Edward Sorel
Mara Sprafkin

2013 ART WRITE NOW TOUR Hosts
College for Creative Studies, Detroit, MI
Fort Worth Library, Fort Worth, TX
Leedy-Voulkos Art Center, Kansas City, KS
Virginia Museum of Contemporary Art
(MOCA), Virginia Beach, VA

2014 ART WRITE NOW TOUR Hosts
Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, PA
Laramie Public Library, Laramie, WY
National Hispanic Cultural Center,
Albuquerque, NM
Savannah College of Art and Design,
Atlanta, GA

CATALOG CREDITS
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Monica Johnson
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On May 31, 2013, as a special recognition
of this year's gold and silver medalists, the
Empire State Building, an emblem of our
nation's achievement, was lit in gold in honor
of the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards.

Congratulations to all of our National winners.
The 2013 National Exhibition and accompany-
ing public programs are co-sponsored by the
Sheila C. Johnson Design Center at Parsons
The New School for Design.

And special thanks to Pratt Institute for
hosting the American Visions exhibition.
Barefoot

You quickly regret knowing anyone who remembers:
winter’s breath from the lungs of February,
how it bit your face to redness. Times
when we were unable to break the icy
surface were my favorite. So, we would
skate over everything with only fleshy soles
and let the frigidness slice into our skin.
Something else fixed us beside a gas-powered fireplace:
Sitting in the kitchen with my sister all night,
because of sugar-highs from expired candy.
We wore her vibrant socks for no reason,
and I still have the pictures to prove it. When
kneaded snow hardened outside, and the Sun
rose on frostbitten feet I started to wonder:
what will fix us when the memories start melting away?