

Third Place, Prose, Grades 7-9, Lena Spirn

So someone hands you a rose. Your thoughts? You've got none at the moment... Maybe a little bit of you almost screaming aloud in happiness... But that's fine. It means nothing... Except maybe something 'cause you've got some baaad butterflies. I mean, where did *that* feeling come from? Well now you've been dancing for the past thirty minutes and.. really enjoying the view you've got of that special someone. Maybe you're enjoying it a little bit too much. Oh no! They're looking at you! Turn around, turn around! Then the slow music hits and you hear the words of that same person "Wanna dance?" Now *this* is something. Something that gets bigger and bigger every day. But you won't admit it. Not until next time when you take that same person's hand and your's is dropped. You even twirl. Can you admit now that you were obsessed? Embarrassment clouds your mind, you almost cry. Oh well, they were a little too old for you anyways.