

Writing Lab Winter Writing Contest

2023-2024

23-24 LHS Writing Lab Winter Writing Contest Winners:

Word of the Year: “Swiftie” - Mischa Wijesekera

Swiftie - A person who supports or is a fan of Taylor Swift

Flash Fiction: “New Year’s Resolutions” - Sophia Graves

New Year's resolutions, what can i say. They are something that everyone tries to do but eventually fails. For example, last year my mom made the resolution to stop eating so much junk food, you want to know what we had for dinner last night, McDonalds AGAIN. I know it sounds crazy but it's true. even 1 try and fail. I think that this year my resolution should be to see how many people break theirs. No wait, that's not a real resolution. Oh well I might as well do one this year again. Ooh how about STOPPING RESOLUTIONS.

Twist on a Classic: “’Twas the Night Before Winter Break” - Ethan Nguyen

'Twas the night before winter break, and all through the town,
Not a creature was stirring, no homework to drown.

The backpacks were hung by the lockers with care,
In hopes that no textbooks soon would be there.
The students were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of freedom danced in their heads.
And teachers in sweaters, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

Personal Narrative/Creative Nonfiction: “May I ask Your Name” -
Jessica Ponce

The big day had finally arrived, the air smelt like smoke from the fireworks lighting up the night sky brighter than any star. My family was on the hill, enjoying the midnight celebrations, while I was sent away for our tradition. In my family when you reach the age of 16, on New Year's Day, they are sent to wander until they come across someone. I'm to ask this stranger for their name, and the initial of their name will be the same as my fated lover.

I was wandering around the field, my path illuminated by fireworks, a kitten crossed my path. I thought myself unlucky, 'There are far too many C names'. I knelt down and scratched the kitten's chin, rewarded with it purring and nuzzling against me. I heard the sound of someone coming near, walking through the grass and wildflowers, I looked up and was met with the sight of a young man approaching with a kind smile.

He knelt down and reached out to which the kitten left my side, for the man who was no doubt its owner, he spoke in a soft tone more to the kitten than me, "Run off because of the noise did you?"

I remembered the tradition, that this man's initials was the one my lover would share, so I had to ask or curiosity may kill me, "May I ask your name?"

He looked up with a sweet smile whilst petting his kitten and said, "My name is..."

Poetry: "Winter Twist" - Layla Quinn Perez

Winter Twist

*As every child gets tucked into bed
It all comes a very big sleigh just overhead
That familiar tip-tapping on the top of the roof
With parents recording to show them "proof"*

*However this tale has a cruel yet special twist
One that you'll never forget or ever miss
The tippy-tappy sounds up on the rooftop
Also came along with a big fat FLOP!*

*The tale of saint nick coming into the home
Was a massive lie, that included a crazed man to roam
The children scream and the parents try to call
Just like ringing around the rosie, they all fall*

*Down, down into the ground
On christmas eve never to be found
For that man happened only to be
A twisted saint nick, not the one that puts presents under a tree*

*An innocent family gone deeper down
As the twisted saint nick runs from town to town
Wreaking havoc directly on christmas night
Not needing a sleigh but rather some christmas eve fright
Merry Christmas and happy new year!*

Open Creative: “A Winter’s Ode to Stardust” - Cash Reese

In the quiet dance of snowflakes, a celestial ballad unfolds. Winter, the maestro, conducts a symphony of stardust, orchestrating a silent ballet in the cosmos.

As the night sky dons its midnight-blue cloak, the stars emerge, sprinkling their luminescence across the canvas of frosty air. Each snowflake becomes a celestial dancer, pirouetting to the cosmic melody, a choreography unseen by earthly eyes.

The moon, a guardian luminary, presides over this ethereal spectacle. Its glow, a soft spotlight, illuminates the dance floor where constellations waltz and comets twirl. The galaxy becomes a grand theater, and winter, the master storyteller, narrates tales in the language of shimmering lights.

Amidst the astral ballet, planets join the cosmic ensemble, casting a spell of otherworldly enchantment. It's a winter's ode to stardust, where the celestial realm and the earthly domain converge in a harmonious embrace.

And as we gaze upon this celestial ballad from our wintry abode, let us be reminded that we are not mere spectators but integral parts of this cosmic dance. In the chill of winter's breath, we are stardust beings, intertwined with the vastness of the universe, participants in a celestial narrative written in the frosty ink of the cosmos.