

3rd – 5th Grade

Short Story

1st Place

Adeline M.

Emily woke up and sniffed the air. She could smell blueberry waffles. Emily was happy because she loved blueberry waffles. Then Emily remembered that today was the last day of school. Now she was part happy and part worried because for the last day her school had a big spelling bee. Since Emily was in fourth grade she would be against all the other fourth graders and fifth graders and Emily was not good at spelling. Emily didn't want to get up but she thought that it was better to get up than to stay in bed all day. She jumped out bed like she loved to do a spelling bee, though she didn't feel it, then Emily heard her mom calling for her.

"Emily, hurry up!"

"Coming, Mom," Emily said she hurried downstairs and plopped into her usual chair.

"Sorry I took so long, Mom," she apologized. "I can't stop thinking about the Spelling Bee."

"Don't worry, you'll do fine," her mother answered with confidence that Emily didn't feel. She felt like she was going to faint on stage. After breakfast Emily ran upstairs to grab her backpack and lunchbox. She went back downstairs and went outside to catch the bus. Emily sat next to her friend Martha.

"I'm scared for the spelling bee," Martha announced, touching Emily's arm. Her fingers were freezing.

"Don't worry, you'll do fine," Emily said, repeating her mom's words. She hoped she would too. The bus stopped in front of St. James Elementary School and everyone got out of the bus. The school bell was chiming and everyone went to the gym to say the Pledge of Allegiance.

After the Pledge of Allegiance Martha whispered, "Let's go, Emily; I just want today to be over with."

"So do I," Emily answered as they went down the hall to Room 109 and into fourth grade. They sat down in their usual seats. First was Math. It was very boring because they were reviewing things that they had done last week. After math was art.

"Welcome, class, to the last day of school. Today we will paint what we want to do during summer. I will give you five minutes to decide on what to paint," Mrs Hills said, excited.

"What should I paint?" Emily asked Martha.

"I don't know, but I know what I'm going to paint," Martha answered happily.

"What?" Emily asked.

"I am going to paint a picture of me and my Grandpa fishing because my Grandpa takes me fishing every year," Martha answered with excitement.

"Well, I don't know what I'm going to paint," Emily said, worried the five minutes were almost done and she still couldn't think of anything thing to paint. Emily panicked, she needed to think of something fast, then something hit her - she thought of when she and her family would go on vacation to Lake Coney. She could paint a picture of that. Just then Mrs Hills told everyone to start painting what they thought of.

"Well I guess you'll have to think of something to paint while we start painting," Martha said, looking sympathetic.

"Nope, I just thought of something to paint," Emily answered with a happy tone in her voice.

"You did? What is it? " Martha said, surprised.

"You'll see," Emily answered mysteriously. Martha was thrilled that Emily had found something to paint but she was still curious. At the end of class she loved what Emily had painted.

"Thanks, I really like it too," Emily said at the end of class.

"Yeah, it's really great but now let's get to history," Martha said.

"Yeah, let's." Emily then started worrying again. After history was lunch and after lunch was the Spelling Bee. History was even more boring than Math. All the teacher did was read about Christopher Columbus which everybody had already learned.

"Man, I thought that would never end," Martha said.

"Yeah, me too," Emily said.

"Wonder what my mom packed me for lunch," Martha said. What Emily had for lunch was a BLT and Martha had a BP and J. After lunch the principal told everyone on the speaker to go to the gym for the Spelling Bee. The whole school went into groups. The fourth and fifth Graders went into one group and all the other grades went into different groups. Emily was the first one up. The word was "because." Emily spelled because "b e c a u s e. Because." She spelled every word that came to her. Then she had to spell Christopher.

Emily spelled Christopher.

"C h r i s t o f h e r. Christopher," Emily spelled.

The buzzer sounded and she sat down, but she was happy. Emily had spelled lots of words and now she could go spend three months of summer vacation at home and it had been the best spelling bee ever.

3rd – 5th Grade

Short Story

2nd Place

Shreshth G.

1-5-8

Title – **The OREO Eater**

It was lunch time when mom was making my favorite food ‘quesadillas’ in the hot, noisy, steamy kitchen. I went to my mom and asked, ‘Mom, can I have an Oreo?’

‘Yes, you can have an Oreo’, she said.

When she said that I can have an Oreo, I felt this surge of excitement running through my body!!!

I quietly took the entire box of Oreos and ran to the bedroom.

I felt like that the excitement was going to pop out of my body!! I sat on my comfortable bed and opened the big green transparent box. My parents had bought this box for me to easily access the biscuits. I looked at the Oreos and imagined the taste. The cream was as white as snow!! I took the Oreos and opened them one by one to eat the cream. I put the licked biscuits back together and collected them on the edge of the bed.

When lunch was ready, mom came to call me. While she was coming towards the bedroom, I tried to lick the cream from biscuits as fast as I could. But it was too late!! She saw the mess I made. But surprisingly instead of scolding me, she laughed!!!

While laughing hysterically, she called out my name, ‘Shreshth !!!’ She had a smile on her face the whole time while she was cleaning me and the bed. She took photos of me along with the mess to keep as a memory when I got older. Finally, she told me to go to the dining table for lunch.

After some time, dad came home. He put his big, black heavy office bag on the table. He was a little hungry and went to the kitchen to get some snacks after a long day of work. He opened the biscuits box and ate the Oreo. After eating a biscuit, he realized that it tasted different. Soon he realized that there was no cream between the Oreos. He checked at least 15 Oreos and shockingly

1-5-8

asked my mom 'why there is no cream in the Oreos? Did we get a bad packet of biscuits from the store?'

Mom told him what I did. At first, he was shocked, then surprised, finally started laughing out loud. Mom showed him the pictures that she took. Dad laughed even more and so did I!!

3rd – 5th Grade

Short Story

3rd Place

Merielle A.

Copacabana

It was a bright, sunny day. Lola was happily skipping along the sidewalk. Her mother had insisted that they go on a family walk, but Lola could tell she was secretly using her phone. Her younger siblings, Suzie and Silas, were playfully shoving each other into puddles, giggling. Her dad walked behind them while fidgeting with a rock he had found. Lola was behind all of them by a good 10 feet, singing softly. It was a song her father had sung to her when she was a baby. "Copacabana," it was called. She still remembered most of the song.

"Her name was Lola. She was a showgirl, with yellow feathers in her hair and a dress cut down to there. She would merengue and do the cha-cha. And while she tried to be a star, Tony always tended bar." By then, Lola had caught up to her dad, still singing the song, hoping he would remember it. "Across the crowded floor, they worked from 8 'til 4," she sang, leaning against her dad while they walked. "Hmm, I don't think I know that song!" her dad teased. Of course, he knew it. That had been his favorite song for as long as they could both remember. He had even named his own daughter after the song.

Still laughing, her dad continued, "They were young, and they had each other; who could ask for more? At the Copa, Copacabana! The hottest spot north of Havana! Music and passion were always the fashion. At the Copa, they fell in love."

Years later, Lola ended up working at a restaurant called Copacabana. She and her dad both thought it was funny, and she even found someone there.

"This wonderful man named Anthony!" she gushed to her parents. It was love at first sight. Soon, Anthony married her. Lola still hummed to the tune of Copacabana, and it soon became Anthony's favorite song as well.

The only thing Lola was worried about was how the rest of the song went. She thought of the lyrics, praying and hoping that it wouldn't happen to them. As she rubbed her swollen belly that held her unborn child, she sang the part she dreaded,

"His name was Rico; he wore a diamond. He was escorted to his chair; he saw Lola dancing there. And when she finished, he called her over. But Rico went a bit too far, Tony sailed across the bar, and then the punches flew, and chairs were smashed in two! There was blood and a single gunshot, but just who shot who?"

"Meet your new son, Tony. I named him after you," Lola smiled at her husband from the hospital bed. Anthony held his child in his hands and softly sang to him.

"At the Copa, Copacabana! The hottest spot north of Havana! At the Copa, Copacabana! Music and passion were always the fashion at the Copa, where they fell in love." Tony grew quickly, and soon he was working at the same place where Lola and Anthony had met. He also found someone to love there, too. His parents laughed at how similar their love story, Tony's love story, and the couple from Copacabana's love story were.

"She's this amazing girl named Dolores!" Tony told Lola. A few years later, they were married. But their neighbor named Rick always watched Dolores, and it made both of them uncomfortable. One day, Tony had just dropped off Dolores from the car so she could go to the mall with her friends. As she walked into the building, Tony saw Rick run by and grab her, covering her mouth so no one could hear her scream.

DAILY NEWS ARTICLE

"Yesterday, on March 21st, a woman was kidnapped by her stalker. The woman's husband quickly called his father, and soon they were both chasing after the stalker. The woman was able

to pull herself free from the stalker and run away, but unfortunately, the three men who were left fought, and it ended in a terrible accident with all of them dead. Police are continuing to investigate the incident and making sure that the woman has a bodyguard near her at all times until further notice."

Dolores and Lola hugged each other, sobbing. They were sprawled on Lola's couch, watching the news report of their husband's deaths. Lola was still shocked from the news, but she remembered the song. The song matched what had happened to them her whole life. She stared into the distance, silent tears running down her face.

She started whisper-singing, "Her name is Lola, she was a showgirl. But that was thirty years ago, when they used to have a show. Now it's a disco, but not for Lola. Still in the dress she used to wear, with faded feathers in her hair. She sits there so refined and drinks herself half-blind. She lost her youth, and she lost her Tony; now she's lost her mind." Dolores looked up at Lola. Her smudged mascara stained her eyes and cheeks, and she half cried, half sang, "At the Copa, Copacabana, the hottest--"she wheezed, trying to choke back a sob, then continued. "Spot north of Havana. At the Copa, Copacabana. Music and passion were always in fashion, at the Copa, don't fall in love." They sang the last part together, not finding peace quite yet but maybe starting their healing process. "Don't fall in love..."