



SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS

Harpeth Hall Winners

2021

WHAT ARE THE SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS?

- ❖ The nation's longest-running, most prestigious recognition program for creative teens
- ❖ Jurors select works with an authentic and unique point of view and style that break from convention, blur the boundaries between genres, and challenge notions of how a particular concept or emotion can be expressed
- ❖ Past winners include Sylvia Plath, Joyce Carol Oates, Yolanda Wisher, Truman Capote, Lena Dunham, and Amanda Gorman
- ❖ Students submit work within 11 categories: Critical Essay, Dramatic Script, Flash Fiction, Journalism, Humor, Novel Writing, Personal Essay & Memoir, Poetry, Science Fiction & Fantasy, Short Story, and Writing Portfolio

from artandwriting.org



*I write only because
There is a voice within me
That will not be still.*

SYLVIA PLATH

MUSIC: "Homesickness, Pt. 2" by Emahoy Tsegué-Maryam Gèbrou

“I have listened to adults tell me things will be okay,
and I’m sure that they will be,
for me at least,
but what about everybody else?”

AVA CASSIDY,
“Red Skies, Blue Tarps, Black Swan,” poem

“so we burn the flag,
fighting the fire of hatred
with real flames,
the ashes are
the history that we
witnessed and shared,
we preserve them in a jar
so we will never forget
the stripes and stars
but we will find a new meaning
for
Liberty.”

PRIYANKA CHIGULURI,
“Red, White,
Black, and Blue,”
poem

“Yes, this murky swamp is filled with lives.
Lives hunted, yet touched by innocence.
They cry out into the deep vast silence.
They cry out to the human race.
They cry and cry and cry and cry.
Tears of anguish falling and falling
into darkness.”

VERONICA PIERCE,
“Happy Days,” poem

“With my heart in your pocket
Alongside your twitching hands
And loose change
When the blood fills
Your waistcoat
Like little rivers”

RAMSEY BOTTORFF,
“Autopsy in Two Acts,” poem

Whatever the fight, don't be ladylike.

MOTHER JONES (MARY HARRIS JONES)

“A woman skates on a rink of thin ice,
held down by society to be a wife.
To care for her kids.
To have a career, but not a “man’s job”
that causes great fear.
To tuck her emotions inside her perfect hair,
To hide her ambition in what she wears.

Her dreams are deferred;
she sets them behind.
Because

It
Isn't
Her
World,
she'll soon come to find.”

CAILIN RORK,
“Ice-Skating Rink,” poem

“Oh, to be a citizen on stolen land!
where the right of expansion
is far greater than the remembrance of hundreds of years of heritage
where undocumented wars are fought
and genocide is an unquestionable act
where rights of man, are not rights of man
where all religions are accepted
except all religions are not accepted
where being white, is right
where...”

CORI MAGSBY,
“Oh, to be a citizen on stolen land,” poem

“24 people died in my sleep last night
And my friends aren’t at school this morning
24 people died my city last night
And I was just noticing the flood’s stains last morning
24 people died in my hometown last night
And I want to know why I was chosen to wake up this morning”

SARAH LILLARD,
“The Nashville Tornadoes,” poem

“And I struck the ground of Cuba and Guadeloupe
Sending tremors through their veins
Emerged with victory on my lips
and strength in my heart.”

TAYLOR NISBET,
“La Lupe,” poem

Writing is really a way of thinking — not just feeling but thinking about things that are disparate, unresolved, mysterious, problematic, or just sweet.

TONI MORRISON

“Without catching the usual disease,
The men stepped back
Took off their hats
Gestures of respectful attention.

They want freedom just as you.
Gestures of respectful attention?”

JORI WINFREY,
“Exceptions to the Rules,”
poem

“His skin was raw and lashed from the tentacles of the jellyfish, and his belly was empty except for a few drops of whiskey.”

PAULINE BAILEY, “Lost in a Sea of Subconscious,”
short story

“Before she leaves her shift, she holds my hand and tells me that life is worth living. For a second, I had forgotten that I’m a 15 year old in a hospital on suicide watch.”

JADYN TURBEVILLE, “A Hero’s
Journey to the Loony Bin,”
short story

“What Citrine didn’t know, however, was that Emerald was on a mission, and that she was looking for something important in her friend.”

HELENA HARRIS, “The Power of Tears,”
short story

I do believe writing is thinking. Sometimes we can't untangle what's happening in our brains, but we get our pen moving and all of a sudden, as we write, we figure it out.

Elizabeth Acevedo

“Walking through the door, I could hear the fear from other students and see the panic throughout the room. The bell of the first class boomed through the classroom, and everyone slowly settled into their seats for the next two hours, quickly glancing around to see if they could sneak a peek of the test. The papers were all passed out and the sound of the teacher’s over-emphasized, peppy voice chirped, ‘You may start and Good Luck!’ ”

SOPHIE O’KEEFE, “The Worst Day Ever,” short story

“A light blue, like the color of the sky, but only the color one would use when painting the sky, not the color of the sky itself. A fake sky blue for a fake blue sky.”

ANGIE BAIRD, “Sky Blue,” flash fiction

“Maybe she’ll live up to her name and be a bringer of life instead of being like you, a mourner of the life you could have had.”

EVA CHRISTOPHER, “Martha,” flash fiction

“The depiction of this theme in two vastly different works of literature displays that the complexities of love for those with unhealthy tendencies transcends all cultural boundaries, relating to the unity that comes alongside the human experience despite different contexts.”

CAROLINE SEEHORN,
“Love Despite Pain in *Purple Hibiscus*,”
critical essay

“When African-Americans moved to more urban Northern cities such as Chicago or New York City from the years of 1910 to 1970, they moved to achieve the well-known “American Dream.” The “American Dream” for them was the ability to live a life full of opportunities, without having to deal with the hostility of racism they experienced daily.”

ELISE IKEJIANI,

“The Transformation of Northern Cities during the Great Migration (1910-1970): A Focus on the 1910’s-1920’s,” critical essay

MIDDLE SCHOOL WINNERS



GOLD KEY

Cailin Rork – poem –
“Ice-Skating Rink”



SILVER KEY

Helena Harris – short story – “The Power of Tears”
Sophie O’Keefe – short story – “The Worst Day Ever”
Cailin Rork – poem – “City in Shadow”
Jori Winfrey – poem – “Exceptions to the Rules”



GOLD KEY WINNERS



UPPER SCHOOL

Pauline Bailey

Bella Guillamondegui

Angie Baird

Rachel Hinchey

Priyanka Chiguluri

Taylor Nisbet

Miller Clark

Sabrina Russell

Sarah Cook

Caroline Seehorn

Shaffer Dale

Alexis Turner

Hallie Graham

Gretchen Walsh



SILVER KEY WINNERS



UPPER SCHOOL

Julia Allos

Isabelle Arnold

Pauline Bailey

Ramsey Bottorff

Janet Briggs

Ava Cassidy

Sarah Jean Caver

Priyanka Chiguluri

Eva Christopher

Miller Clark

Sarah Cook

Piper Dahir

Scout Dahir

Rosemary Frederikson

Hallie G

Katalina Guma

Julia Hermann

Riley Kate Higgins

Katherine Hu

Camille Hu

Sarah Lillard

Cori Magsby

Sydney Mattoon

Kate Miller

Christiane Morton

Taylor Nisbet

Brenna Paisley

Veronica Pierce

Sabrina Russell

Ava Sjursen

Larissa Smith

Libby Tarantin

Jadyn Turbeville

Gigi Williams

Lynleigh Young

Mary Young



HONORABLE MENTION WINNERS



UPPER SCHOOL

Julia Allos

Evie Daniel

Elise Ikejiani

Isabelle Arnold

Mallory Egly

Belle Mason

Ramsey Bottorff

Sofia Folk

Elisabeth Nelson

Elizabeth Brown

Rosemary Frederikson

Taylor Nisbet

Priyanka Chiguluri

Brantley Holladay

Ava Sjursen

Miller Clark

Katherine Hu

For women, then, poetry is not a luxury. It is a vital necessity of our existence. It forms the quality of the light within which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change, first made into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action.

Poetry is the way we help give name to the nameless so it can be thought. The farthest external horizons of our hopes and fears are cobbled by our poems, carved from the rock experiences of our daily lives.

AUDRE LORDE

CONGRATULATIONS

to all Scholastic Writing Awards Participants!

Keep putting your voices out there!

