

## Second Place Prose – Elementary School

### **Gwen's Story**

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**Grade: 5**

**School: St. Francis Xavier**

The day was just like any other day, you know, the regular. You get up, get ready for school, get on the bus, and spend most of the day in your classroom. Well, let's just get this story started.

It happened one early, bright spring morning. As Gwen slowly stumbled out of bed, she stubbed her toe on the corner of her nightstand. She sighed. Sometimes not being able to see a thing could really be a pain. Gwen, still rubbing her smooched toe, heard her mother gently calling to her.

"Sweetie, it's time to get up, your pancakes are getting cold!" Gwen sighed again. She inched out of her room like an inchworm inching out in the cold from under a frozen leaf. Gwen carefully walked down the hardwood staircase. When she had reached the bottom, she shivered. The floor felt as if it had frozen overnight and was just beginning to thaw.

Gwen's family didn't have any rugs, for they might trip Gwen while she is walking the rooms of the house.

Gwen hugged herself to keep warm. As she walked to the kitchen, her mother called again. "Sweetie, we need to go soon if we want to get to your new school on time."

Gwen stopped, frozen, not from the cold, but from fear. She hadn't realized she would be going to the school for the blind so soon, but because her parents wanted to send her there, she said to herself, "Well, what's the use, I can't make them change their minds."

So, Gwen continued walking, feeling her way against the walls to guide herself to the kitchen.

Soon, Gwen walked into the kitchen.

"Gwen!" her mother cried, "you scared me! You forgot to put on your sunglasses again!" (for Gwen's eyes were rolled backward and have been ever since she was born) "Oops!" Gwen exclaimed, startled. She felt her eyes, she had forgotten her sunglasses! "Well, I had better put those on now!" "Hurry please!" her mother replied. "I will!" Gwen agreed.

Gwen raced down the hallway, well, she didn't really run, but she did her best, still it was more of a slow walk than a fast run. Gwen thought it was a run so and that's good enough for her.

Anyway, as soon as she got into her room, she walked to her dresser and opened the top shelf.

There lay millions of sunglasses, all wrapped carefully in a thin layer of lace. Gwen, slowly brushed her fingers along the rows of sunglasses, for mother thought that Gwen ought to have a matching pair of sunglasses for every pair of clothes she had, and mother really wanted Gwen to always look her best, even if she couldn't look at herself.

Still slowly brushing her fingers across the sunglasses, Gwen, feeling what type of sunglasses there were, (there were rhinestones on some and others had individual markings on them so Gwen could tell the different between them) had picked out a beautiful pair of sunglasses with rare stones on it and strange words engraved onto it.

"These will have to do, I guess," Gwen thought. Slowly, very slowly, Gwen ate her breakfast and pulled on her boots, then she leaned against the wall and waited until her mother came and grabbed Gwen's walking stick from the closet.

All too soon Gwen was on her way to the blind school. "But what if the people there don't like me?" Gwen wailed. "They will," Gwen's mother replied gently. "Just you wait and see."

The whole day at the blind school was one of the worst day of her life. Gwen kept bumping into things, thinking her teacher as someone else, and eating someone else's lunch by sitting in the wrong seat in the cafeteria in the blind school. It was so embarrassing especially when Gwen talked to the principal of the blind school about where she would find napkins in the cafeteria. As soon as he started talking, Gwen apologized to him, for Gwen had been told not to bother the principal as he was very busy. Later that same day, Gwen's mother picked up Gwen at the office. She said,

"Gwen, darling, I have a surprise you at home. It is something you have always wanted!"

"What is it! What is it!" Gwen cried. "You will just have to wait and find out!" her mother told Gwen. When Gwen got home she was greeted by a beautiful dog.

"Oh! Oh! Is he for me?" Gwen exclaimed. She was a little out of breath because the dog had run into her and knocked her over.

"Yes, my sweet child, he is for you. His name is Royal," her mother replied. Gwen hugged Royal and wept tears of joy, for now everything would be alright.