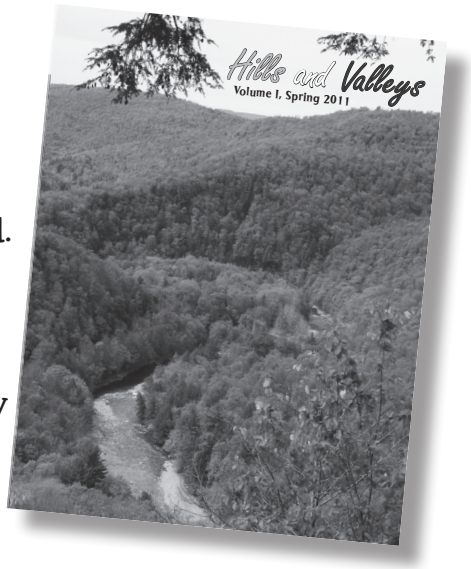
PRIZES OFFERED FOR STUDENT WRITING

"Hills and Valleys" is an annual magazine established by the Sullivan County Council on the Arts to highlight student writing. All students at Sullivan County High School, and all Sullivan County home schoolers and Red Rock Job Corps students in grades 7-12 or equivalent can submit works of fiction, poetry and non-fiction.

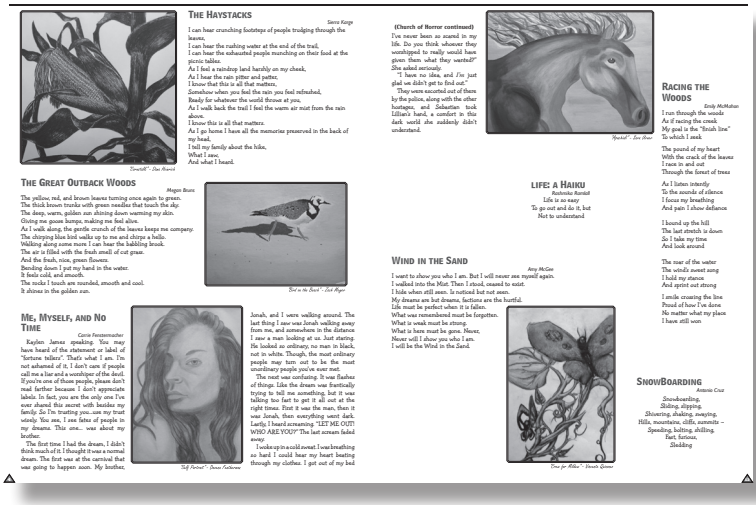
The second issue of the magazine will be published in the spring of 2012. Cash prizes will be awarded based on a student's body of work submitted.

Be creative! Express yourself! Write what you would like to read, not "what's expected."



RULES AND GUIDELINES:

- Subject matter: unrestricted; however, please observe "community standards" (avoid obscenity or profanity).
- Up to four prose or poetry pieces per student may be submitted.
- LENGTH: prose pieces should not exceed 1500 words
  poetry should not exceed 25 lines
- DEADLINE: **March 15, 2012**; however, the earlier the better.
- SUBMISSIONS: through your teacher or electronically directly to the Arts Council, **info@sullivanarts.org**.
- Articles submitted to and printed in the school newspaper are eligible for these awards. In fact, we strongly encourage entering pieces both for the newspaper and for the magazine.
- PRIZES: awarded by a panel of judges chosen by the Arts Council.
- AMOUNTS OF PRIZES: First prize, $100; 2nd prize, $75;
  3rd prize $50, 4th prize, $25.



The Haystacks
Sierra Kreps
I can hear crunching footsteps of people trudging through the leaves,
I can hear the rushing water at the end of the trail,
I can hear the exhausted people munching on their food at the picnic tables.
As I feel a raindrop land harshly on my cheek,
As I hear the rain pitter and patter,
I know that this is all that matters,
Somehow when you feel the rain you feel refreshed,
Ready for whatever the world throws at you.
As I walk back the trail I feel the warm air mist from the rain above.
I know this is all that matters.
As I go home I have all the memories preserved in the back of my head,
I tell my family about the hike,
What I saw,
And what I heard.

"Downhill" - Dan Howard

The Great Outback Woods
Megan Bunz
The yellow, red, and brown leaves turning once again to green.
The thick brown trunks with green needles that touch the sky.
The deep, warm, golden sun shining down warming my skin.
Giving me goose bumps, making me feel alive.
As I walk along, the gentle crunch of the leaves keeps me company.
The chirping blue bird walks up to me and chirps a hello.
Walking along some more I can hear the babbling brook.
The air is filled with the fresh smell of cut grass.
And the fresh, nice, green flowers.
Bending down I put my hand in the water.
It feels cold, and smooth.
The rocks I touch are rounded, smooth and cool.
It shines in the golden sun.

"Bird on the Beach" - Zach Rogers

Me, Myself, and No Time
Carrie Fenstermacher
Kaylen James speaking. You may have heard of the statement or label of "fortune tellers". That's what I am. I'm not ashamed of it, I don't care if people call me a liar and a worshiper of the devil. If you're one of those people, please don't read farther because I don't appreciate labels. In fact, you are the only one I've ever shared this secret with besides my family. So I'm trusting you...use my trust wisely. You see, I see fates of people in my dreams. This one... was about my brother.
The first time I had the dream, I didn't think much of it. I thought it was a normal dream. The first was at the carnival that was going to happen soon. My brother, Jonah, and I were walking around. The last thing I saw was Jonah walking away from me, and somewhere in the distance I saw a man looking at us. Just staring. He looked so ordinary, no man in black, not in white. Though, the most ordinary people may turn out to be the most unordinary people you've ever met.
The next was confusing. It was flashes of things. Like the dream was frantically trying to tell me something, but it was talking too fast to get it all out at the right times. First it was the man, then it was Jonah, then everything went dark. Lastly, I heard screaming. "LET ME OUT! WHO ARE YOU?" The last scream faded away.
I woke up in a cold sweat. I was breathing so hard I could hear my heart beating through my clothes. I got out of my bed

"Self Portrait" - Jessie Fetherston

(Church of Horror continued)
I've never been so scared in my life. Do you think whoever they worshipped to really would have given them what they wanted?"
She asked seriously.
"I have no idea, and I'm just glad we didn't get to find out."
They were escorted out of there by the police, along with the other hostages, and Sebastian took Lillian's hand, a comfort in this dark world she suddenly didn't understand.

"Spooked" - Jose Bravo

Life: a Haiku
Rashonda Randall
Life is so easy
To go out and do it, but
Not to understand

Wind in the Sand
Amy McGee
I want to show you who I am. But I will never see myself again.
I walked into the Mist. Then I stood, ceased to exist.
I hide when still seen. Is noticed but not seen.
My dreams are but dreams, factions are the hurtful.
Life must be perfect when it is fallen.
What was remembered must be forgotten,
What is weak must be strong.
What is here must be gone. Never,
Never will I show you who I am.
I will be the Wind in the Sand.

"Time for Milkin" - Hannah Gaines

Racing the Woods
Emily McMahon
I run through the woods
As if racing the creek.
My goal is the "finish line"
To which I seek.

The pound of my heart
With the crack of the leaves
I race in and out
Through the forest of trees

As I listen intently
To the sounds of silence
I focus my breathing
And pain I show defiance

I bound up the hill
The last stretch is down
So I take my time
And look around

The roar of the water
The wind's sweet song
I hold my stance
And sprint out strong

I smile crossing the line
Proud of how I've done
No matter what my place
I have still won

Snowboarding
Antonio Cruz
Snowboarding,
Sliding, slipping,
Shivering, shaking, swaying,
Hills, mountains, cliffs, summits –
Speeding, bolting, shifting,
Fast, furious,
Sledding