

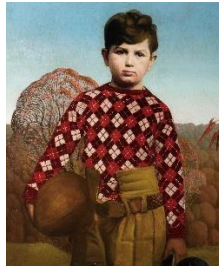
Write Now 100-Word Microstory Contest (2022)

Honorable Mention Entries

Prompt A: Oditia, Odili Donald. *Surrounding*. 2022. University of Iowa Stanley Museum of Art.



Prompt B: Wood, Grant. *Plaid Sweater*. 1931. University of Iowa Stanley Museum of Art.



Leiton R., Iowa, Grades 3 & 4, Prompt A

Tricky Triangles

Long ago a family of triangles didn't point together. They were all very different. They all had different points of view. They were made up of different colors and sizes.

"Hey Porgie, don't be so obtuse, scoot it!" said Kevin.

"Look at it from my angle, Kevin." Said Porgie.

So they looked for a place they could all fit in. They spotted the perfect home, where they could be separate, yet together. The art gallery was the perfect place, where people would see that there is no point in fighting.

Henry G., Missouri, Grades 3 & 4, Prompt A

Different People

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple are the colors of the rainbow. They are all different and beautiful, just like people. That's important because if everyone was like you, you wouldn't be special.

It doesn't matter what people think of us. What matters is that we are all special in different ways. We can come together to be a team. We can come together to work together. When all of the colors work together, they can make a rainbow.

Charis P., Iowa, Grades 5 & 6, Prompt B

"What?" Timmy exclaimed. "He played football, too?" Timmy's parents had just shown him a picture of his grandfather. Timmy looked exactly like him. Plus, they both wore plaid sweaters. His grandfather seemed to play football. "Cool!" Before Timmy could mention it, he had to go to church. So Timmy put on his plaid sweater and pants. Thinking about the photo, Timmy grabbed a football. Later, Timmy looked up his grandfather's name in a football book. "Woah! Grandpa was a pro football player!" Timmy yelled. "But wait... He died in battle? I want to be just like him!" Timmy said.

Natalie M., Iowa, Grades 5 & 6, Prompt A

My Eternity

The empty canvas mocked Dave. He never painted an abstract painting. Anger. Desperation. Dave let out a wail as he got sucked into a white space. Blank. Disappointing. He was in the canvas! The broke artist took out his paintbrush and started to paint colorful shapes. Triangles. Diamonds. Parallelograms. Years passed and finally, he was done. Happiness. Satisfaction. Pride. Now he realized that he didn't know how to get out of the canvas. Fear. Loneliness. Dave tried and tried to get out, but he found that it was impossible. He was in his artwork for eternity. His eternity.

Riley M., Iowa, Grades 5 & 6, Prompt A

Iris's Adventure

"Five more minutes Iris's dad called." The adventure of a lifetime was about to begin for Iris's family. She had a family of six so they didn't camp a lot but today they were climbing a mountain and camping on top. Suddenly Iris's dad called, "Everyone out." They were there.

....

It was a tough climb, but they had made it to the top. The sun had started to set so Iris walked out of the tent and looked around at the gorgeous scenery with the mountains reflecting to be every color you could think of.

Joey L., Illinois, Grades 7 & 8, Prompt B

Back in the Day

A group of kids hurl a brown, rough pigskin at each other. I'm mesmerized by the flow of the ball. I wander over.

"Woah, who are you?" a bewildered boy asks.

"I'm Patrick, I just moved here," I state.

My new neighborhood friends take me in like a newborn baby. Nonchalantly, we hike the brown, leather ball numerous times and breathe in the cold, autumn Iowa air. Every day after school, we huddle up in the nearby fields. Dirt and grass stains cover me as I mosey home. Now, I look back and cry. What a time to be alive!

Shannon F., Iowa, Grades 7 & 8, Prompt A

Inspired

Bentley sniffed brightly colored flowers as she pulled on her leash, trying to make Harold let her go deeper into the garden. Harold chuckled but didn't let the little dog out of his sight. Harold cherished his daily strolls with Bentley behind his apartment. The elderly man enjoyed gazing at all the flowers, intrigued at how vivid they could be. With bright colors swirling around in his head, he tramped back into his apartment. While he trudged upstairs, gently tugging Bentley along, he began to devise a new painting. That night, Harold lowered his paintbrush into vibrant colors and began.

Edith D., Iowa, Grades 7 & 8, Prompt B

Catch

Pete gasped in the cold air as he tagged the 100-yard-tree. He victoriously raised the ball and turned towards his mother. Her face was covered with tears. Pete's face turned somber as he jogged over to hug her.

"What's wrong?"

The tears stopped.

"Nothing," she promised, but Pete knew better. On Saturdays years ago his father would put on his prized plaid sweater and play football with Pete- no matter the weather. Pete's mother had tried to pack the sweater away with the rest of her husband's possessions, but Pete had dissented. What use were memories locked in a box?

Holly H., Iowa, Grades 9-12, Prompt B

New Uniform

I was in my room, bored, staring at the ceiling, when dad called me downstairs. As I walked into the kitchen, a big box was waiting on the table. Dad pushed it towards me and waited. I slowly opened the box, unsure of its contents. I peered into the box, noticing lots of green fabric, folded neatly, resting at the bottom. I pulled out the pieces one by one, recognizing that it was a football uniform for me! "Put it on!" said Dad, excitedly, as he pulled out a football from behind his back. "Let's go play!"

Rachel K., Iowa, Grades 9-12, Prompt B

Plaid Sweater

I toss my rake, enervated, and collapse into my leaf pile. I look at the sky, and see the last tree leaf surrender itself to gravity and leave the safety of the tree. Winter's approaching. Tears prick at my eyes, but I keep them contained. I remember what Nana said before she passed, "Tough boys don't cry." I will not let her down. My lungs rise as I deeply inhale the faded, saccharine aroma of my nana's biscuits that still clings to this plaid sweater, as a constant reminder of the only woman who would ever truly know me.

Rhianna K, Iowa, Grades 9-12, Prompt A

Stained Memories

The sun filtered through the large stained-glass windows of the church. Rainbow streaks danced across the old carpet. She kept her head down, focused on the colored light. Her heart hurt with harsh, bittersweet nostalgia. She had gotten married in this church. The reflection of the stained-glass windows covered her as she walked down the aisle towards the love of her life, soon to be her husband. But now, she could hardly bring herself to look up at the altar. Why him? Why now? He was so young.

"We are gathered here today to mourn the passing of..."

Lisa Munoz, Iowa, Adult Category, Prompt A

Goodbye Monochrome

What she left behind—both in memory and tangible items—was a chalky, bland experience. It was the sharpness of color that enticed her to walk through the door, past the glass wall that guarded what would soon become her reason for being. She had never seen blues like this, nor felt the yellows, nor tasted the reds. But she was now enveloped in the colors, surrounded by the magic of all human senses

that reacted as if they were newly awakened. And it was only then that she realized what it meant to be alive.

Michelle Huntress, Iowa, Adult Category, Prompt A

Garden Kaleidoscope

Surrounding me are mixed hues of floral bliss. My eyes first linger on the emerald sea of hostas—they captivate and calm my tired mind. My gaze shifts to vibrant pink roses, then to deep purple sage, and then to ruby red raspberries.

I am, indeed, surrounded by a brilliant chroma created by nature. It comforts me and grounds me and I savor it in every glorious moment. For I know that soon this kaleidoscope of colors will soon depart and be replaced by the next season's splendor.

Nicole O'Brien, Iowa, Adult Category, Prompt A

Shards of Enlightenment

"Apropos," Beth thought, staring hypnotically at the shards of broken glass at her feet. The colorful plate was her most cherished wedding gift. Once an heirloom—now a poignant metaphor of her shattered marriage. The pile eerily mirrored the damage done to her once hopeful dreams.

Yet as Beth stood unblinking, hovering over the melodious pattern that silently mocked her from the floor of her unfamiliar new apartment, a powerful epiphany exploded back up at her. The broken shards, like her life, could be repurposed to symbolize her enlightenment. Beth, and the plate, would reemerge victorious with new purpose.