



## 13th ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF YOUNG WRITERS

*Saturday, June 2, 2018*

The After School Arts Program (ASAP!) is presenting its 13th Annual Celebration of Young Writers, a special event that showcases the work of young writers from across the state of Connecticut. All public, private, and home-schooled children in grades K-12 are encouraged to participate in this inspiring literary project. A panel of judges will select exceptional pieces of writing through a blind process where all names and schools are removed.

This year's 13th Annual Celebration will be held at The Gunnery in Washington. Students will take center stage and read their selected pieces. In years past, our guest celebrity hosts have included Jonathan Del Arco, Denis Leary, Susan Saint James, Frank Delaney, and Jack Gilpin. A catered reception and silent auction will be part of the festivities. The evening will conclude with one outstanding teacher being awarded The Frank McCourt Prize for Excellence in Teaching. We hope you will join us in celebrating our next generation of great writers.

### SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Parents and teachers, please inform your students that **this is not a competition**. Pieces are selected for creative content. The panel of judges may take an excerpt or edit pieces due to time limitations. Teachers, please submit pieces that highlight your students' strengths and talent. **Students whose pieces are selected are required to attend the event on Saturday June 2, 2018.**

- **Deadline for submissions is Friday, March 30, 2018.**
- Teachers or parents may enter their students' submissions. High school students may submit on their own.
- Only one entry is allowed per student.
- All writings must be submitted via email in a Microsoft Word document to [YoungWriters@asapct.org](mailto:YoungWriters@asapct.org) with the subject line "Young Writers Submission."
- Font must be in Times New Roman, size 12, single-spaced, with 1" margins.
- The following information must be included at the top of each piece (*pieces will not be accepted if any information is missing*):
  - Student name
  - School name
  - Age
  - Student phone number
- Title must be underlined.
- Writings must be 400 words or less and may include: poetry, short story, short play, or an act from a play.
- **Pieces WILL NOT be accepted if they do not follow these guidelines.** See website for sample formats.

If you have any questions, or if you do not receive a confirmation email within 48 hours of entering your submission, please call Jennifer Pote at ASAP! at 860-868-0740 ext. 304.

P.O. Box 15, Washington Depot, CT 06794  
860-868-0740 ~ [asap@asapct.org](mailto:asap@asapct.org)  
[www.asapct.org](http://www.asapct.org)

*The After School Arts Program, Inc. (ASAP) is a 501(c)3 nonprofit organization*

# SAMPLE

Student Name  
School Name  
Age \_\_\_\_  
Phone Number

## Let Your Light Shine

Everybody has a different colored light  
For we are all unique.  
The better you feel, the brighter it gets.  
But when you feel bad, it gets dimmer.  
So let it be vivid tonight.  
Be bright and let it sparkle more than anything, anywhere!  
Be kind to others  
So they can shimmer like you.  
Together, the world will shine.  
We'll inspire other beings in the dark  
Who are without light or hope  
To be bright.

# SAMPLE

Student Name  
School Name  
Age \_\_\_\_  
Phone Number

## Fly Away Another Day

I cupped the baby robin in my hands, trying to calm the quivering bird. The poor thing had fallen from the low nest that sat on a rafter underneath my porch. It hopped on the grass near where I lay reading, its newly sprouted feathers looking more like tufted fur than fabric for wings.

He was not yet a fledgling and therefore unequipped to fly. A feeble flap or two, and then, *flop* – he fell over!

The parent robins had flown away from the nest – in search of food, I presumed. I gingerly lifted the frightened bird. Its body felt warm in my palms. “Don’t worry,” I whispered. I could hear the tiny cries of his siblings back in the nest, as though they were echoing my reassurances.

I placed the little bird back in his home, squarely between his two sisters, who nestled in their cozy chamber of thatched mud and grass. Then I backed away and sat on the cool lawn, next to the open book I had temporarily abandoned. In the book, a boy named Dickon could talk to robins and other creatures – they understood him and were not afraid. I, however, was afraid that this little bird’s mother and father would *not* understand. I had heard that parent birds will reject their young if they detect a human’s scent on them.

But were birds known for their highly developed sense of smell? No, I did not think so. I simply could not believe that parents would reject their young because of a flimsy superstition. If I walked under a ladder or broke a mirror, would my mother shun me? No, but she’d have a job on her hands picking up all the glass. Just as the baby bird’s parents would have a job protecting their son from predators if he had remained grounded.

But that is exactly what they did – protect him – for the very next day the baby bird tumbled out again. His parents swooped toward me whenever I ventured too close, as if to shoo me away. My parents would have done the same. But I was in no hurry to leave my own nest. Time spent lolling on the grass, reading about – and then observing – the natural world would dwindle once I left childhood. No, I’ll stay for a while, I thought to myself. I like it here.