

Senior Division Non-Fictional Prose

Riding with the Red Barron (an excerpt)

Laura Barron, St. John's

I'll never forget my rides with the Red Barron. The places he showed me and the lessons he shared. I'll never forget how his left arm, stretched atop the driver's side door, was far more tanned than the right. I'll never forget what a strong, honest, wonderful father and man he was. I hope I'll never forget his voice. And I'll never forget my sister's strength on that day, driving the van home from the hospital. I'm the big sister, but she had the courage to sit in Dad's seat and drive. There is a lot of Dad in Abby, some of which I hadn't noticed before. Her laugh, her good-natured way with people, her knack for finding the best parking spots, her sweet little smile when she's complimented on a job well done, and her humble confidence. Her meaning is changing for me, and I love her all the more for it.