

Junior Division Prose (15 years & under)

Madilyn Miller, St. John's

Eclipse (an excerpt)

“You’re...different than what I expected,” I said at last, shuffling my feet nervously as I bunched the starry quilt in my hands.

In our room, there were twin beds and two windows, one large cabinet and a large desk with two rolling chairs. The carpet, which was designed to look like the Milky Way, was soft underfoot when I had padded around the room, studying its design carefully.

Luana looked interested. “What do you mean?”

“Well,” I paused carefully. “Night Children are usually so reckless, they always face the wind and stuff.”

“Sun Children are always haughty and full of themselves, so I guess being daring isn’t all bad.” Luana said simply, leaving me in fits of laughter which I tried to mask with coughing.

She smiled to herself.

“Well then,” I said, finally able to speak. “*There’s* that fearless Night Child.”

“And there’s that always unsuspecting Sun Child.”