

Junior Division, Prose (15 years & under)

Sara Humes, St. John's

Searching (an excerpt)

She felt as if she was walking in someone else's body, but she looked down, and—sure enough—it was her own. She then took her toast out of the toaster, spread on some peanut butter, and began to chew. But that wasn't ordinary either. It didn't feel like eating. It felt like *chewing* a tasteless substance. It simply felt like goop in her mouth, and if she chewed it a little less, swallowing food suddenly became the most difficult task she'd ever had to complete. Needless to say, it wasn't very appetizing. She only ate half of her toast, then went upstairs to complete the rest of her morning endeavours. Usually, she finished her routine quickly, as she hated waiting, even for herself. Yet, that day, she felt no need to work to get up to her standard speed of routine-ing. She felt no need to do anything.