

SPRING WRITING CONTEST**COMPETITION RULES**

The deadline for submissions is **APRIL 10**.

Choose one of the prompts below and develop a narrative story, an opinion essay, a poem or a dramatic text within the space given on the lined sheet attached.

Please write a note with your full name and grade and put it in a closed envelope with your pen name on it. Give both the story and the closed envelope to your English teacher.

The **Judging Categories** are:

- 1) 1° ESO/2° ESO
- 2) 3° ESO/4° ESO
- 3) BACHILLERATO/CICLOS

All works will be judged by the English Department teachers and assistants.

PROMPTS

"The kitchen was full of smells of baking. Benny put down her school bag and went on a tour inspection.

"The cake hasn't been iced yet", Patsy explained. "The mistress will do that herself"

"What are you going to put on it? Benny was eager.

"I suppose Happy Birthday, Benny", Patsy was surprised".

Maeve Binchy, *Circle of Friends*

"There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you. Hoping for the best, prepared for the worst, and unsurprised by anything in between".

Maya Angelou, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*

"Now my belief is that this poet who never wrote a word and was buried at the cross-roads still lives. She lives in you and in me, and in many other women who are not here to-night, for they are washing up the dishes and putting the children to bed. But she lives; for great poets do not die; they are continuing presences; they need only the opportunity to walk among us in the flesh".

Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

"I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills. The Equator runs across these highlands, a hundred miles to the North, and the farm lay at an altitude of over six thousand feet. In the daytime you felt that you had got high up, near to the sun, but the early mornings and evenings were limpid and restful, and the nights were cold.

The geographical position, and the height of the land combined to create a landscape that had not its like in all the world. There was no fat on it and no luxuriance anywhere; it was Africa distilled up through six thousand feet, like the strong and refined essence of a continent"

Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen), *Out of Africa*

"At a time when many of the political leaders in this country and the majority of the Supreme Court justices, argue that precisely because racial justice has been achieved, affirmative action is no longer necessary to achieve racial or gender equality, it might be important to think about the meaning of justice, the meaning of racial justice, the meaning of gender justice, and to talk more deeply about race."

Angela Davies, *The Meaning of Freedom*

"Well, this time Daddy wants me to go to Scotland with him," said Mother. "All by ourselves! And as you are really getting big enough to look after yourselves now, we thought it would be rather fun for you to have a holiday on your own too. But now that you can't go to Polseath, I don't really quite know where to send you." "What about Quentin's?" suddenly said Daddy. Quentin was his brother, the children's uncle. They had only seen him once, and had been rather frightened of him. He was a very tall, frowning man, a clever scientist who spent all his time studying. He lived by the sea- but that was about all that the children knew of him!

Enyd Blyton, *Five On A Treasure Island*

"The Whistle Stop Cafe opened up last week, right next door to me at the post office, and owners Idgie Threadgoode and Ruth Jamison said business has been good ever since"

Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café*

"Jo, dear, what is it? Are you crying about father?"

"No, not now."

"What then?"

"My... My hair!" burst out poor Jo, trying vainly to smother her emotion in the pillow.

It did not seem at all comical to Meg, who kissed and caressed the afflicted heroine in the tenderest manner.

"I'm not sorry," protested Jo, with a choke. "I'd do it again tomorrow, if I could. It's only the vain part of me that goes and cries in this silly way. Don't tell anyone, it's all over now. I thought you were asleep, so I just made a little private moan for my one beauty. How came you to be awake?"

"I can't sleep, I'm so anxious," said Meg.

Louise May Alcott, *Little Women*