

Junior Division, Prose

Lillian Carter, St. John's

Swinging (an excerpt)

Through the woods we went, until we came upon our destination, and no old grumpy ladies were in sight. Molly began to sway her feet back and forth as I pushed her on the swing. We heard a rumbling near us while she was sitting on the swing.

"I told you to stay away," called out the grumpy lady.

Molly stopped swinging immediately. "Why do you care if we use the swing?" questioned Molly with a snappy voice.

"You will not listen to me silly girls," stated the lady.

"Why do we have to?" I asked.

"Because, something very bad will happen to you!" she responded.

"Who even are you?" I demanded.

"Judith," she stated. "Now go or I will make you!" shouted Judith in a startling tone.

“We better go Molly, come on,” I commanded. This time we ran as we didn’t know what this lady could have done to us.