



## **BCSS Young Georgia Authors Writing Competition**

The Young Georgia Authors (YGA) Writing Competition is sponsored by the Georgia Language Arts Supervisors (GLAS) and the Georgia RESA Network with support from the Georgia Department of Education. *“The purpose of the Young Georgia Authors (YGA) writing competition is to encourage students to develop enthusiasm for and expertise in their writing, to provide a context to celebrate their writing successes, and to recognize student achievement in arts and academics.”* There are four possible levels of competition: school, system, RESA and state. Students must win at each level in order to advance to the state level competition.

**Barrow County School System-System Level Winner 2021-2022  
&  
Northeast Georgia RESA Level Winner for 2021-2022**

**CONGRATULATIONS FIONNA SUGG!**

***12<sup>th</sup> Grader at WINDER-BARROW HIGH SCHOOL***

**For her writing titled.....**

***A Brief Inquiry into the Wonders of Train Floors***

*\*Scroll down to see Fionna's writing.*

### A Brief Inquiry into the Wonders of Train Floors

I've found that pushing through the subway during rush hour is similar to swimming against the tide: if you're not careful enough, it'll sweep you right off your feet and drag you downstream. And don't even think about kicking and screaming because everyone else's silence is loud enough to muffle your pleas. See, I couldn't understand how, despite the crowds that accumulated underground, silence prevailed. Even the Coltrane, ever playing through my headphones, seemed to shy away from the thick sound of - well - *nothing*. Admittedly, I have no claim on the matter, because even I hold my breath on the subway. Though, the incident that struck me into submission was on my first train back in New York. I crammed into a bus filled to capacity, failed to grab onto the railing, and went toppling back onto the people behind me. A packed train had never been so quiet. The blush of embarrassment on my cheeks undoubtedly spoke loud enough for me.

On the mornings I *would* find a seat, I'd let Miles Davis narrate the lives of the strangers who sat next to me. His warm trumpet solos would fill in the blanks to my questions since not a word was uttered on those fifteen minute rides uptown. Very rarely would the occasional conversation lull me out of my jazz induced daydreams, but they would never last for more than a few minutes. I realized that everyone was just in their own world, including me.

I couldn't judge them for wanting any semblance of peace and quiet from their likely hectic lives. That is, until I was sitting on the 4 Train with my mom one afternoon. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched as a wheel-chair bound man opened the door to the connecting bus and jumped across. My heart stopped. I looked around at the other passengers, wondering if they were just as in shock as I was. Except, no one shared my panicked expression. Their eyes were

perpetually stuck to the floor of the bus. I wondered what was so enthralling about the dirty surface that no one but me had just witnessed a possibly unintentional death. I was *totally* judging everyone at that moment. Was this New York culture? A case of extreme egocentrism? Just plain disregard? Suffice to say, that was the day I realized how insignificant I really was.

In retrospect, I suppose it wasn't the silence that ever bothered me, but rather the lack of perception. I couldn't stand the idea of fading into oblivion. I didn't want to jump off a train only to have been a blur of motion in the corner of someone's eye. The thought petrified me. I mean, I had so much to say, so many ideas I wanted to express and *my God*, I needed someone to listen to them. My revelation threatened to push me straight off the platform so I did what I knew best: I wrote. Pencils and paper were louder and clearer than my voice could ever be, and seeing as no one knew how to look up, my writing would accommodate their neck tension. My words danced and sang with a passion that rivaled Fitzgerald's smooth chorales. I wrote with a fervor I didn't know I had, restless to make sure I was heard. Or rather, read.

I shuffle off those trains just like everyone else, careful not to speak above the established 30 decibel limit. For now, I'm content with writing. Though I know that soon, I'll tire of swallowing my voice. When that day comes, and I let out an earth shattering, ear piercing, head aching scream, I'll make sure everyone turns their head to look at me.