

## Second Place

### *Petrified*

By Morghan Holmes

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Petrified is **dark**

It's the **loudest** sound but no sound at all. It feels almost like someone **snatching** your soul out from your body, like it belonged to them, like they needed it more than you did. You see blackness with **NO** light, **NO** hope, nothing to bring happiness or peacefulness.

You have no control of your body anymore.

As the wind glides across your finger tips and **sweat** slowly floods your hands with fear.

You can feel your tears rising and rising up, up, up until it falls down your face. The taste of salt fills you mouth as if someone was **shoving** it down your throat. One...just one last breathe of being **free** is exiting your lungs you try to hold it in but it's pushing to escape.

Fear has so much control over you you don't even care anymore. Now you hear a big beaming voice repeating "guilty, guilty" over and over it's stuck in your head like your favorite song. Everything turns to **dust**. You have nothing, but the constant reminder that you made a mistake. Going off like a **bell** that loud sound that won't get out. Your scream "Stop stop get out of my head, I'm sorry..."

**JEFFERSON IS PETRIFIED**

