

ID #24

Sloane Speer – Age 13

Sharon Pomales Tousey – “Little Girl With a Big Guitar”

1st Prize Winner – youth



It was a day in which dew sparkled on the vibrant green grass, and displays of flowers were seen popping up around the winding streets of the *Pueblo*. They were especially beautiful in front of one *casa* in particular. It was well known in The Little Town as the purple house, for every wall was painted purple. There was periwinkle and plum, lilac and lavender.

Abuela said that purple was a good color for a *casa* because it could be seen as bright and happy, or calm and serene, depending on what kind of day she was having. Lita agreed. Today was most definitely a bright and happy day for Lita; the dew and flowers day was also her birthday. And it was a special birthday indeed. She was entering the double digits, becoming a proud 10 year old.

Lita sat in the living room, excitement bubbling in her chest. She jiggled up and down on her seat and brushed her bangs out of her eyes. *Abuelo* had left his spot on the green couch and walked creakily into another room to find Lita’s birthday present.

“Now Lita, this is a very important gift.” Abuela said in her spicy Spanish accent. “You might have to grow into it a bit, but it will not only affect right now, it has the ability to change your future. Use it well, okay?”

Abuelo entered the living room again, holding in his hands an antique looking wooden object with smooth curves and shining strings. A guitar. When he set it down in Lita’s lap, the

strings vibrated, making a soft, hollow purring noise. She gasped and stroked its front, down the line of the strings and around the big circular hole in the center. It was beautiful.

She plucked the thickest string and the guitar sung a low powerful note that Lita could feel undulating through the guitar and into the air. She plucked the smallest string, and it let out a beautiful soprano note that caused shivers to run down Lita's back. She drew in a small breath, straightened her spine, and strummed all of the strings, causing a harmony of voices to ring out of the guitar and dance joyously in the air. The sound was strong and confident, yet pure and gentle.

It stayed in her ears for a long while, but in her heart forever.