



THE DOGWOOD

an art & literature zine

Parker Memorial Library, Dracut MA

Issue 2 | September 2023

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Teen Summer Reading Photo Contest Winner
Chloe Cadieux



Middle School Bookmark Contest Winner
Kelsey Bergeron



Emma Spence
High School Bookmark Contest Winner

Teen Summer Reading Writing Contest Winner

Bhavya

The Song of the Sunflower

A sunflower is growing amongst a field of Roses
the sunflower feels like a weed
everyday she watches as the roses play and laugh together
she feels like an outsider
not pretty like the red roses
not smart like the tulips
not charming like hibiscus
when the sunflower speaks, no one listens
when she laughs no one cares
when she smiles no one is there to admire it
all they see is an outsider-
they judge her with their stares
and decide that she's not enough
they force her to lose herself- to become one of the many
she is now a manufactured flower
the sunflower thinks that if she changes herself maybe she will be
accepted
they take the sunflower and force her into a mold that's too tight
she struggles gasping for help but no one listens
they spray her with rose scented perfume
and color her petals red
but even then she is not enough
she will never be enough

she will never be like them
and some say "it's good to be unique"
but they will never understand the desire of a sunflower
all the sunflower wants is some friends
some friends that she can laugh and smile and play around
some friends to help her and support her through the obstacles of
life
she dreams of a life where she's accepted and loved
but there is no one out there brave enough to align themselves with
a sunflower
not the roses
not the tulips
not the hibiscus
and one day the roses will realize how wrong they were
one day the tulips will yearn to play for the sunflower
one day the hibiscus will look through the grassy fields for the
sunflower
and they will continue looking forever
and find only the wilted petals scattered throughout the field.

Kendall Gagnon



Lee Atwood



Alexis Femia

Kevin Palma



Kinslee Masterson



Chloe Cadieux
[untitled short story]

Free baby crib. New, never used.

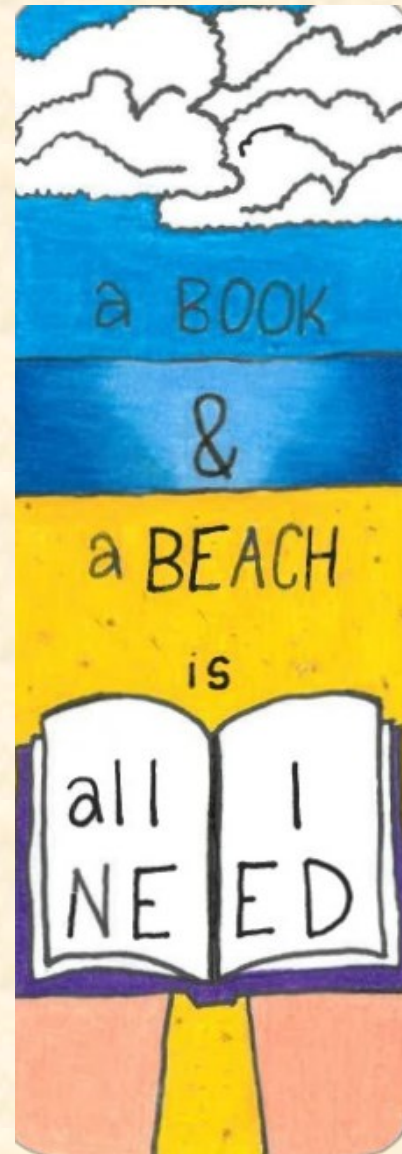
Abigail Dellolio
Mia!



Kevin Palma



Mia Fenochetti



Claire Gagnon



Lynne Gumbris



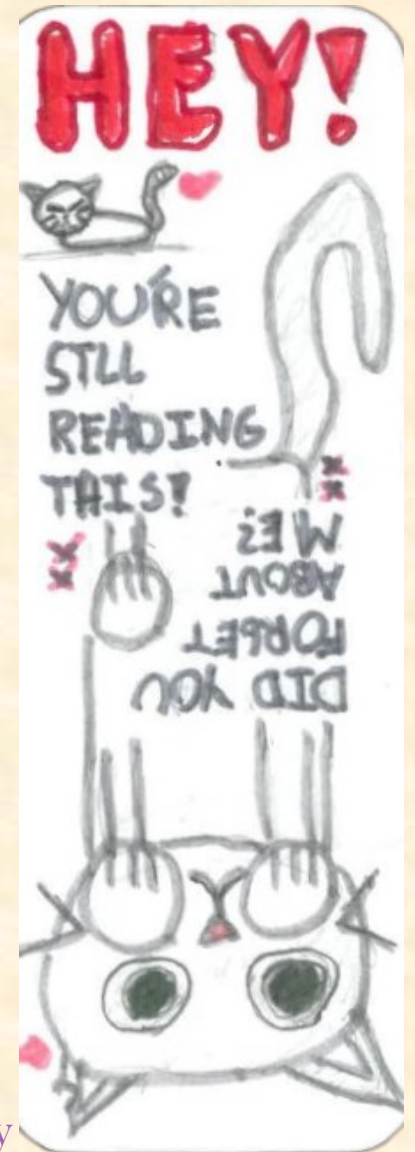
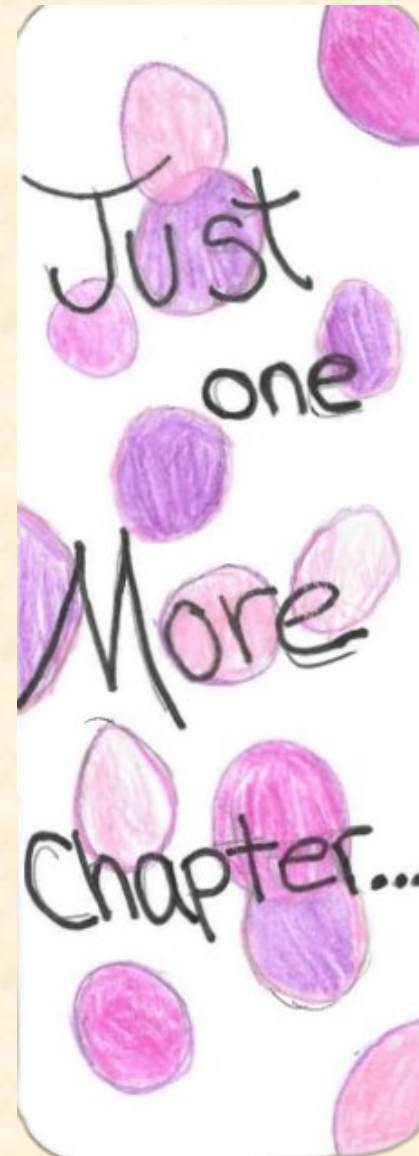
Kelsey Bergeron



Allison Beauchamp



Payton Joyce



Rhema Nissay

Lynne Gumbris



Eugenia Zorbas

Friends Forever

One day after my mom left for work, I ran upstairs to her bedroom. Just as I lay down and closed my eyes, I heard a voice. "Hey, Snowball, do you want to play?" it said.

I looked down and saw the stuffed dog staring at me. I jumped back in fear.

The stuffed dog came close and said, "Don't be afraid. My name is George. Do you want to play?"

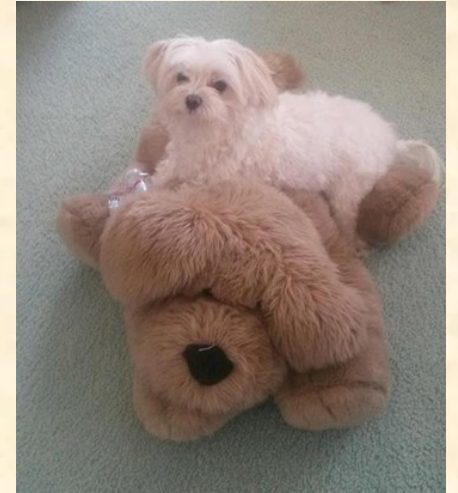
I moved closer, sniffing because he didn't smell like a dog. "Why haven't you ever moved before?" I asked.

"I'm shy," George answered.

I was so excited to have a friend that lived with me. All day we ran up and down the stairs, played ball and chewed toys. We got so tired we fell asleep by the door.

I didn't realize but it was time for my mom to come home. Just then I heard the key in the lock and my mom walked through the door. I started barking, telling her about George. But George just lay there like a stuffed animal.

"What have you been up to, little guy?" she asked. "And how did the stuffed dog get down here?"



I kept barking and barking, telling my mom about George.

She just laughed and said “What are you so excited about today?”

We had dinner and went for our walk and got ready for bed. I fell asleep thinking about George and wondering if it was all just a dream.

The next day when my mom left, I heard George calling me. I asked him why he didn’t speak to my mom.

“I told you,” he said, “I’m afraid of people.”

“My mom is awesome,” I said. “She would love you.”

George told me about two cats my mom used to have, and how they hated him. He told me how happy he was that I lived here now.

Just then we heard a noise outside. George and I ran to the window in my mom’s room. I jumped on the bench to look out the window. I told George to come look at those awful squirrels in the trees.

I felt something poke me. I turned and saw the teddy bear standing up and smiling at me. I got so startled I jumped back, forgetting I was on the bench. I fell off and bumped my head.

As George ran to help me up, we both looked at the bear and said,

“Who are you?”

“My name is Toby,” it answered in a squeaky voice. “Who are you and where do you live?” the bear asked George.

“I live in the other room,” George answered. “I thought about talking to you, Snowball, but I was afraid,” Toby said. “I didn’t know if you would hiss at me and tell me to go away like those cats did.”

Toby got off the bench and walked around. George and I got so excited. We had a new friend. Toby was so silly. He jumped up and down on the bed, singing “I have friends. I have friends.”

All day my new friends and I ran up and down laughing and playing. I never thought being home alone would be so much fun. By the end of the day, we were so exhausted we lay on top of each other on the floor.

Just then my mom walked in. “Snowball, what have you been doing all day?” she asked. “The house is a mess and you look so tired. If I didn’t know any better, I would think you’d had a party!”

I just looked at my mom and wagged my tail. From across the room George and Toby smiled and whispered, “Friends Forever!”

And the three friends lived happily ever after.





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Thank you to all who submitted pieces to this issue of The Dogwood. If you would like to see your art, be it photography, poetry, short story, digital painting, short essay, collage—anything that you'd call art—in our next issue, head to dracutlibrary.org/the-dogwood to learn more and submit your pieces.