

The Next Chapter
By Riley Mann
6th grade

My boots click with every step
Across the smoke-colored sidewalk.
A bag,
Hung across my shoulder,
Swings with the wind.
The sidewalks are jam-packed with
people,
Talking in all different languages and
dialects,
But I'm used to it.
Cars honk at one another,
Driving down the crowded streets,
But that's my lullaby,
And it always will be.
The commotion on the Upper West
Side,
In NYC.
I dwell
In an apartment near here,
With an English degree.
A masters in Creative Writing,
Yes, that's me.
Now I head
Through the busy streets,
A mind full of ideas;
Composing stories in my head.
A pen in my pocket,
A notebook by my side,
Already in a place
Where my imagination runs wild.
I was born here,
In the city that never sleeps.
Moved when I was eleven
To Greenville, SC.
Sworn to return,

I saved my money,
I planned my moves.
And I made it happen,
Through and through.
This time,
though,
I come back as
a full-time writer,
My dream since fourth grade.
Novels for children,
Novels for adults.
Poetry books
That get a round of
Applause.
I may not be as famous as
J.K. Rowling,
Austen or Tolstoy,
Bradbury or Lee,
But that's all right with me.
As long as I make people happy,
I've achieved
My dream.
That's who I want to be,
Who I will be.
Breaking barriers,
And making history.
Words as my weapon,
My shield and my sword,
I lead my people
To win a war.