

2017 Human Rights Creative Expression Contest

Official Entry Form

DEADLINE FOR THE 2017 CONTEST IS 5PM ON TUESDAY 28, FEB. 28, 2017
at the Beaverton City Hall (Bytn Bldg at The Round) Human Resources Department.

Student Name: NOELLE MANNEN

(Please note that each participant must fill out a form. Please attach all forms to the entry being submitted.)

Parent/Guardian Name: Melinda Mannen

Address: 15000 NW Shadybrook Rd, North Plains, OR 97133

Phone: (503) 647-2959

Email: nmannen@vcstudent.org

School: VALLEY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

Teacher name and email: MARTY KARLIN, mkarlin@valleycatholic.org

Grade Level: 11

Name or Title of Entry: The Boy

Where did you hear about this Contest? TEACHER

Did you use the QR (smart) code on a flyer to reach the CEC webpage? NO

My signature indicates that I understand that all entries will be displayed publicly for up to one year. I also agree that if I am a winner/runner-up, my name, school's name, winning entry and photo may be published in local newspapers and other media, and on the City of Beaverton website.

Entries can be picked up from the Human Resources Dept. at City Hall in June 2017.

<u>Noelle Mannen</u>	<u>3/1/17</u>	<u>Marty Karlin for Melinda Mannen</u>	<u>3/1/17</u>
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Student signature Date Parent/Guardian signature Date

Please attach this completed form *securely* to your Human Rights Essay Contest entry. Thanks!

The Boy

The boy went about the same routine everyday: he awoke, reluctantly left home, endured the grueling experience that was high school, and returned home with just as much reluctance as when he left. The boy dreaded school. He loathed it. This was not because of the subject matter or the rigor of his classes, in fact, the boy was quite intelligent. It was because there was something missing. To the outside observer, his situation appeared extremely puzzling. The boy was tall, smart, handsome, athletic, funny, just to name a few; what more could he possibly desire? The boy himself did not even know the answer to this question. He continued on this wheel of life, seemingly helpless and destined to grow more and more miserable with each passing day. It was going to take something extraordinary to break his rhythm of unhappiness; something he had never thought of before.

The boy often thought about his discontentment with life. He thought, "Perhaps, I need new friends." He would talk to new and different people and yet nothing changed. So then he thought, "Perhaps, I need to try new things." Then, he would put himself out there and try new and exciting things and once again, nothing changed. The boy felt he had tried everything in his quest for happiness, and he became resentful. He chose to blame others for his gloom, and in turn, he made their lives worse as well. He scrutinized everything in his life until he found something wrong with it that he could add to his list of cruel injustices that he was forced to deal with. Others tried to help him. They wanted to be a part of his life because they recognized his value; they would have accepted him wholeheartedly and without reservation, but he did not want that. He made the independent decision to continue being discontent with life.

Then one day, the boy was asked to join the junior class's basketball team for a schoolwide competition between the grades. He agreed, reluctantly at first, but slowly began to enjoy what he was doing. When the day of the tournament finally arrived, the boy was excited to have finally reached the moment that he had been working so tirelessly for. It turned out that his hard work paid off. In the final moments of the championship game, the boy hit the game winning shot. The crowd erupted into chants of his name. His teammates lifted him into the air. Even the faculty applauded his amazing play. It was in this moment that the boy finally recognized his own worth. This was what he had been lacking: acceptance of himself. He realized that regardless of what others did, he could not be happy until he learned to accept himself. From that day forward, the boy was a completely different person. Each day, he woke up and made the conscious decision that he would love himself that day and he would be happy.