

Excerpt from ‘Dog House’ by Grace Hammond
Winner
2023 Young Writers Award

I was the first one Dingo told. He’d pulled me aside at lunch, asked what I thought of breaking into Glenlyon. I told him I’d look into it.

“You’re the best, Smidgy,” he’d told me. “We’ll be legends.”

And we would. Marist boys would be talking about this night long after we’d graduated.

We waded through the inky street. I was right behind Dingo, so I heard his breathing change when the house came into view.

A wrought iron gate towering over the ground. Moon-silver gardens of grass and rosebushes. Gazeboes, guest houses, tennis courts. The house. It slumbered with its balconies like closed teeth. Pillars and shingles rose into chimneys. A river of driveway pooled up to the front door.

I’d spent a lot of time thinking about that front door.
