

# 1st Year Pieces

2003-2004

## Gardening With Grandma

by Kelsey Mack

I go outside and start digging through a mound of dirt with my Grandma and Cody. The wonderful scent of soil fills my nose. Carefully looking for hidden potatoes, I spot a few. Finding potatoes is my favorite thing to do because it is like a treasure hunt and you never know what to expect. You might find a worm or a pretty rock.

On my way over to the green beans, I have to walk through a pumpkin patch. "Snap" goes a pumpkin leaf as my foot comes down on its stem. Luckily for me, there was nothing attached to it, like a pumpkin. Finally I arrive. The green beans are so incredible. Some of them are eight to ten inches long! The bean flowers are a gorgeous, vibrant red. After I get eight to eleven beans in all, I deliver them to Grandma.

Grandma asks me to pick cherry tomatoes and broccoli. The cherry tomatoes are my Papa's favorite vegetable. I try to pick the ripest ones; there are so many. Everyone gets to eat a few. The broccoli is so abnormal-looking compared to broccoli at the store. Broccoli at the store is bushy and full, compared to Grandma's scrawny, thin garden broccoli. I take it into my Grandma, and she gives me another task: picking the squash. The squash is brilliant yellow. Its shape looks like a bright flying saucer. I pick about five little ones, and take them in to Grandma so we can prepare a delicious fresh dinner for the family.

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## Football Adrenalin

by Cameron Charles

The Saturday noon crowd roared from the capacity-filled stadium.  
Each time Oregon State strived for a first down, or scored a touchdown,  
the crowd went wild.  
The game never grew mild or calm. The quarterback lobbed the ball sixty feet into warm sunny air.  
Bound for the receiver, the ball loomed nearer like a drifting snowflake  
sprawling his glove covered hands, the receiver laid his body parallel to the ground.  
Pigskin touched exited fingertips; pulling the ball into his chest like a mother would to protect her infant, he

## The Faces

by Bailey Hoover

Peeking out my parents' window,  
I gasp  
at all the faces.  
Bright yellow heads  
look as if they are smiling  
at my surprise.  
The way they watch me  
is unknown to my brain.  
I run to my Mom, who is cooking another meal.  
"Why do brown and yellow  
circles watch me?"  
The living things outside  
watch the sun,  
not you."  
I rush outside to gather them  
to bring them in.  
Separating their long bodies,  
I take them  
to every room.  
Some of them are  
left outside  
to watch the sun.  
One quick glance had made me think  
they were  
humans,  
but I know  
they aren't.  
They are just huge,  
bulky,  
chubby faces  
that have nothing to do but  
scare off bees.  
Their thick  
necks stand straight up, like  
extremely long carrots.  
The longer  
I look at them,  
the more I think  
how lucky they are  
to have such  
picturesque colors  
in the fresh air and  
sunshine.  
But then again,  
they are only

smashed his face into artificial turf. The crowd roared so loud you could not hear yourself yelling. The receiver jolted his body off the ground, covered in grass and paint. TOUCHDOWN!

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**Emily's Childhood Possession**  
by Katie McDaniel

Emily Mulnick received a blanket sewn by her grandma when she was one year old. There were five pictures of classic nursery rhymes shown on the blanket. "The blanket reminds me of a story way back when," says Emily. She was at her old blue house asleep in her room. She was having a nightmare with a horrifying purple monster, and her blanket saved her. This was truly a memorable night.

The old nursery rhyme pictures are kept in a box with all her other baby belongings. "They remind me about all the stories about Humpty Dumpty, little Bo Peep, and other little kid stories," she exclaims. Emily's blanket is extremely exceptional and important to her.

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**Two Pink Pigs!**  
by Bailey Hoover

Kelsey Mack is a huge pig fanatic; she has seven of the same small pigs and about seventy other pigs that she has collected over the years. They are special to her because she has had them since she was very young and since pigs are her favorite animals.

There has only been a one-month period in which Kelsey stopped liking pigs and that was for a very bizarre reason. Kelsey was so young when she received them as a present, that she stated, "Don't know when I got them and don't know where I got them." Two of her pigs have holes in the butt because her dog, Mocha, attacked them Kelsey added, "Their tails are missing because I chew on them because I didn't suck my finger much and I didn't have a binkie." Kelsey is quite attached to all of her pigs, but her very favorite are the two identical, small, pink pigs that she had chewed in many different places.

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sunflowers.

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**Squirrels**  
by Cameron Charles

I stand in my backyard  
listening to animals raving and ranting.  
Loudest is the squirrel --  
loud chirps summon my eyes.  
Three or four squirrels fly from tree to tree.  
They zip around like Spiderman.  
Amazed by their performance,  
I can't take my eyes off them.  
Ten minutes later, I walk away  
in laughter.

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**Body**  
by Kirsten Wiking

I drift among the other red blood cells wondering,  
When is something exciting going to happen? I'm  
delivering oxygen to the brain, although I hate him.  
He doesn't do a very good job; the body we work in  
is always tripping or stubbing toes. In my opinion,  
the brain should be replaced.

Then, there are the white blood cells. I think of them  
as Arnold Schwarzenegger, *NYPD Blue* kind of  
guys. They don't associate with us much, but we  
don't care because all they talk about are how many  
villains they've caught or how almighty they are.  
Dumb stuff like that. It only takes a few white blood  
cells, or WBC's, to catch a cold. It takes quite a few  
more to swallow a flu virus.

The other organs, like liver, or the kidney twins, are  
usually quiet and keep to themselves. The stomach  
here is outdated. He tries to crack old jokes that only  
gallbladder understands. Then there's the heart. She's  
bossy and a total narcissist. She throws commands  
at us like we're not even vital parts of the body, but  
we know her secret. She's been having an affair with  
large intestine, even though she's been married to  
the brain since the body started. We know all their  
secrets because she can only send notes to him. She  
always asks us to deliver them. Although we're not  
to read them, we do anyways.

Then there's us, the red blood cells. We look alike,

**Code of North Fork School**  
by Kathryn Pope

*I Shall Bring Peace and Justice to the Entire Population of the North Fork School*

1

Should a single individual misbehave by executing wrongful conduct towards others, he or she shall be sentenced to a hot-chocolate-free afternoon, continuing until the perpetrator reforms, and desists of unlawful activity.

2

On the occasion that a member of society chooses to engage in prohibited activity, such as conversing during designated work hours, s/he shall be regarded as a violator, and condemned to toiling alone in a secluded area.

3

Supposing that a certain person commences with unauthorized use of another's property, the victim obtains the right to employ the perpetrator's supplies for the duration of class.

4

Should an individual not maintain upkeep of the school premises through acts such as neglecting to rinse and deposit of hot chocolate mugs in the sink, the violator shall be sentenced to a week of scouring the entire collection of mugs, unaccompanied.

5

Should a pupil attempt to deceive or undermine the instructor in any way, the teacher in question reserves the right to seclude and punish the offender in any way necessary.

6

Supposing a member of the student body neglects to complete an assignment on the scheduled date, the perpetrator shall immediately commence to run at full speed, the perimeter of the school, approximately 12 times.

7

On the occasion that an instructor neglects to inform his or her students about important goings on, and then commences to

talk alike, and do the same things. I want to be different, not just another red blood cell. I want to be the brain.

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**Fruit**  
by Kathryn Pope

As I bite into the sweet, luscious peach, my tongue savors the fabulous taste. Taking bite after bite, I reach the pit of the peach. Oh! How I am enjoying myself! Suddenly, I feel a curious sensation. There seems to be a certain wriggling inside my mouth! Tasting a sour and rather sickly flavor, I spit the glob of slimy remnants into my palm. Amongst the many bits of chewed up fruit, food particles from other meals, and pieces of the gum I had been chewing, I spot a white worm with part of its tail bitten off, wriggling frantically in my hand. Disgusted, I fling the handful of grossness into the garbage can, followed closely by the rest of the peach. Perhaps I will stick to apples from now on!

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**Creation Myth**  
by Katie McDaniel

First there was nothing, just miles and miles of pink open space. Then, after being still for millions of years, a burst of light came, and Honshu the creation god was made. He was a huge mouse with green pants the color of pine trees and the head of a human. Noticing that there was nothing around, Honshu pulled out an apple from his pocket and placed it in front of him. His claws, sharp as knives, slowly cut through the apple, creating the continents. After five months, Honshu had formed the earth. Rivers flowed from drops of water that missed his mouth as he drank his bottle of Exther mineral drink. The crumbs from his cheese crackers made islands.

Looking over his magnificent masterpiece, Honshu realized that there were no life forms. He started to cry like a baby, thinking that all of his work was for nothing. Honshu cried for months and months; his tears toppled onto the earth. After realizing he needed to move on, Honshu glanced down at the earth, stunned to see little figures moving. Taking a closer look, he noticed that these mysterious figures

scold them for ignorance, he or she is then eligible for supplying the entire class with candy.

8

Should an individual fall asleep during the duration of a class period, her or she is thereby considered a perpetrator and condemned to sitting on the floor for the continuation of class.

9

On the occasion that a student supplies the rest of the class with a treat of surprise, excluding one person from the festivities, the violator must then supply the victim with twice the customary amount of the substance in question.

10

Should any individual break any of the before-stated laws, s/he shall be subject to mocking and tormenting of a week's duration alongside the stated punishment.

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**Good Bye Winter**  
by Katie McDaniel

Clear, refreshing rain falls on pink forget-me-nots,  
turning smoky air pure and clean after hot summer fires.  
Children fall asleep. Rain splashes lullabies on windowpanes,  
making young close their eyes in sweet slumber.  
Aspen trees absorb water, bringing life to green thirsty branches  
after a long winter covered in snow and ice;  
spring has at last  
arrived.

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**The Beginning**  
by Kathryn Pope

First there was nothing. All was black, chunks of brown and gray rock floating aimlessly around, drifting here and there. Miles upon miles of dull emptiness filled the great expanse of time. Millions of years passed, but nothing changed. All was the same as it had always been.

Then, out of one of the greatest chunks of rock, arose Enrea, the first goddess, and mother of all creation. Rising like a flower reaching towards the sun, she broke free of the boulder that had imprisoned her. Immediately she began her work, filling the vast emptiness with creations who would live, walk talk but above

were Humans!

So excited with his success he decided to make plants and animals for his wonderful creations. With the boulder seeds left over from the apple like a mountain, Honshu constructed animals, making each different from the other. He fashioned all water and sea animals first. Then Honshu assembled all the birds. Lastly he completed all land animals. The apple stem like a tree was cut into millions of pieces and placed equally around the earth to form trees. The Creation God gazed out, observing his wonderful earth, but there was something missing: a friend for Honshu.

Taking a little bit out of the world (which became the Dead Sea) and adding this to the pink sky, Honshu produced Konshu, a female mouse with pink clothing. Honshu used all of the pink in the sky to create Konshu, but he thought it necessary to build his wife. They loved each other dearly and spent all their time together. The world was in such perfect shape, Honshu made no changes to it. However one terrible mistake that Honshu made was that he had forgotten to make an immune system for Konshu.

One morning, Honshu awoke to find his lovely wife dead. Feeling miserable and depressed, he decided that everyone must feel as awful as he did, so Honshu added death to the world. Still feeling blue, he curled up into a sphere, never to be seen except at night, crying forever. His tears create the diamond stars, and Honshu himself makes the moon that lights up the night sky.

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**Seashells**  
by Kelsey Mack

In the sand  
I see a glimmer  
Closer I realize  
what the mysterious figure is:  
a seashell!  
Purple and pink shimmer  
as the sun hits it  
like the reflection  
on water.  
While it blinds  
my human eye,  
with beauty...

all, who would worship her, as hypnotized fools bow before a mighty ruler.

First, she had to create a place for her creatures to live, for no living thing could survive in a world of nothingness. She created the earth. Molding together all of the chunks of rock like somebody simply modeling clay, she formed a great sphere for her creatures to live upon. Next, she covered it with water and soil, formed of her own saliva, and many pieces of rock, ground to a fine powder. The living things she molded of clay, water mixed with dirt, to form sturdy and well built animals and humans. Next, she constructed plants and other living, but non-moving things, to cover the emptiness of the barren earth.

She taught the humans how to farm, and fend for themselves, and they prospered. Their population growing constantly, they used up land and resources more quickly than imaginable, consuming space and food like a virus destroys the innards of a person before moving on to another. They were destroying yet another part of her beautiful earth every day, piece by piece. *This must stop*, thought Enrea.

She then created disease, famine, drought, flood, and various terrible catastrophes that led to the demise of mortal life. Although people now die more frequently, they are born just as quickly, and the population problem persists to this very day. Out of sheer kindness, Enrea doesn't wipe out the entire race in one swipe, like the flooding of an anthill, but every day she is thinking about this very option, and any terrible sin may lead to the end of the world.

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### Will Summer Ever Come?

by Katie McDaniel

Nippy air bites at your face  
as you venture out of the houseÉ  
a brave adventurer headed for distant lands.  
Puffs of white smoke escape from  
frosty lips that are like cold blue rocks.  
Freezing wind slips through your jacket  
and seeps under your door at night  
slow and wispy:  
"wwoooooooooooooooooooo."  
Trees sway  
like singing kindergartners in a play.  
Fingers and toes are little pink Popsicles in  
gloves and shoes. Another  
December morning begins.

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my brother  
comes along the beach  
as innocent as a crab.  
He snags  
the sea shell.  
What a disappointment.  
As I go on  
I see  
green glistens ahead of me.  
Running to grab it first  
I lunge into  
Seaweed?  
Sick. I wanted  
a magnificent shell.

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### Can't I Get Some Sleep?

by Bailey Hoover

Every night, I wish that in the morning I could sleep without squirrels making their little chippering sounds outside my window. I lie in bed each morning from 5:30 to 7:00 AM with my eyes staring at the ceiling. Sometimes the squirrels sound like squealing pigs. Squirrels are the loveliest creatures to watch during the daylight hours. If they were not to wake me up daily, I would look at them with more love in my eyes, instead of with devilish eyes and thoughts. In the morning when they are disturbing me, I wish they were dead; or, I dream that they were alive, but made their sounds any time other than morning.

One morning on the weekend, I heard banging noises, which sounded like bombs going off. I later found out it was the squirrels throwing pinecones off the tree, which grows directly above our metal roof. The collection of food was scattered in front of our garage, so I spent my precious Saturday morning hours sweeping the pinecones into two lovely piles.

The next day, the squirrels seemed to be making less noise than usual. I finally asked myself where all the squirrels had gone. A whole day had gone by without my hearing the squirrels make strange sounds. I was stunned. At the exact moment that I thought about their silence, the squirrels began their chattering again. I looked around and at that very moment they started creating more racket. Even though squirrels are annoying, I had missed them very much when they were not showing any life. I have at last become used to noisy squirrels, and to

### **How it All Came About!**

by Bailey Hoover

Before the Earth, nothing was around except for one tiny grain of sand, named Wickiewickiewickiewoo. The grain of sand floated in the sky like a leaf in a windstorm.

Wickiewickiewickiewoo was the founding father of Albert Einstein's brain, and had always thought the empty space around him was like one snowflake dropping from the heavens.

The black sky was a swirl of dark coffee as the grain of sand thought of creating something great. Wickiewickiewickiewoo pondered and pondered but nothing came to mind except an idea of making an object just like him. It would be called Earth. Now ideas started popping in his head, which sounded like a kid squishing bubble rap.

Earth was first made out of glossy, dark, brown pudding. After a while Wickiewickiewickiewoo didn't like the pudding Earth, so he hardened the dark pudding of brown and added some blotches of water. Soon Wickiewickiewickiewoo was creating little stick figures that could make sound. More and more figures were born and he had a remarkable amount of happiness running through his body like a rafting boat going down rapids. His heart was an over bubbling pot of water that was ready to explode like an atomic bomb.

He covered humans in this squishy, soft, thick material. The material was the land and water mixed and then changed into different shades of brown and peach. After the people were made, Wickiewickiewickiewoo made friendly, soft, furry wildlife. The new species made sounds, but different from the humans. Some made sounds like *rrrrrarrrr* and *tweet tweet*.

Wickiewickiewickiewoo looked at the Earth a while and decided that the world was to be dark twelve hours and light another twelve hours, so he created night and day. He also noticed the people were too cramped to live because everyone was having kids. They were multiplying by the hundreds like bunnies. He decided to throw a ball of fire out as far as he could and that would be called the sun. The sun brightened the world for a day and at night the sun was covered with a blanket.

Wickiewickiewickiewoo then fixed the problem of too many people. The god gave diseases and death to the people who had lived for many decades so that they would die and the world would not be as crowded. The people who were ghastly and created hazards and who didn't take care of the Earth were made to suffer with horrible diseases.

There needed to be beauty so Wickiewickiewickiewoo made lines of colors and added rain to make the flowers grow tall. He named the colors red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple;

waking up so early. Squirrels are so adorable that I can't help but love them, even though they make such annoying sounds!

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### **Zippity-do-da-tree**

by Emily Mulnick

Looking up, I see thousands of handholds stretching into the sky. As I take my first step, the ground melts away. Each step higher, exhilaration and fear mount.

I finally reach the top of the pole and steady myself on the platform; my stomach falls to my toes as I look down seventy feet. The wind whistles though sweet-scented pines, causing me to teeter back and forth on the platform.

The instructor finally tells me that I am hooked up to the zip-line and I start to be pulled toward the edge. Hearing cheers from below only makes me more nervous. I look down and the ground starts to focus. I turn and jump. *WHOOSH!!!!* I fall, while my stomach is left behind.

Gathering speed all the way to the bottom, I see the tree getting closer each second. It greets me, scratching my face with its rough needles. It's all over before I can blink. Oh well. LET'S DO IT AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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### **The Mourning Dive**

by Kirsten Wiking

in morning sunlight --  
a pure sheet of tinted  
glass, waiting to be broken.  
Preparing for the dive  
I inhale  
damp wood and  
feel confident,  
ready for the great leap.  
One, two, three...  
freezing water swallows  
my tiny body, which shudders  
like a cricket jumping into  
iced tea.  
I start swimming

the assortment was called a Rainbow. The rain and snow were said to be Wickiewickiewickiewoo watering his beloved world. Wind was the god blowing the world around space. The stars in the sky were made to light up the night so people could see better. Wickiewickiewickiewoo's children made the stars and each one represents each of his children. Wickiewickiewickiewoo's heart had grown so much, and is said to be making things every moment of our lives.

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**360**

by Cameron Charles

I jet down the hill, back and forth, getting closer and closer to the jump. I stop fifty feet before the jump, trying to remember what I was going to do. Should I try a 360? Should I not risk getting hurt? Watching the other skiers do 360's off the jump in front of me, I think to myself, *it can't be that hard.*

Pointing my skies downhill, the jump looms bigger and bigger, like a ball coming straight at me. My body lifts into the air as I spin. My skis whip around, and I think, *I'd better not crash.* The landing is clear. My skis touch down like an airplane making a smooth runway landing. After I know I'm safe, the butterflies in my stomach go away, slowly. I feel good about accomplishing a 360 degree turn!

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**Summer Goodies**

by Katie McDaniel

Ice crystals melt in my mouth like dripping banana and coconut smoothie on a hot summer day. Yellow colors swirl in the paper cone: watery paint on canvas. After five minutes of holding my cup, fingers numb from the freezing outer layer, I quickly blow on my hands to make them warm again. I pay the operator one dollar, and I hear a polite "Thank you." She helps the next shopper in line. Feeling like a satisfied customer, I leave the shop outside of the ice skating rink. Thinking of flavors for next time as my snow cone disappears.

to the surface, but something grabs my hair, yanking me backwards. I struggle frantically, a rainbow fish caught by a saltwater fisherman. In the struggle, I escape from the thing that has caught me, swimming as quickly as possible to the top. I hit my head on the water's suddenly-hard surface, and pound my fists in the frantic attempt to escape. Suddenly, the thing grabs my hair, this time with more force, as if Clint Eastwood has just lassoed me and is riding off into the desert sun, I have no hope. The surface of the water disappears. I descend into the dark black lake.

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**The Black Stretch Limo**

by Katie McDaniel

Stepping into black leather seats with my mom and grandma, I view neon lights flash along dark walls. A scent of new leather and air conditioning floods my nose. Feeling overwhelmed with excitement, I think how lucky movie stars are, being able to have this experience daily. I imagine how many humans could fit on the longest seat of the limo: six, maybe even seven.

After making myself comfortable, I look more closely at the crystal glasses displayed with perfect white napkins tucked inside. Under the glasses, Coke, Sprite, and Orange sodas are chilling in coolers. With the o.k. from my mom, I pour my drink. Knowing that enjoying a soda inside a limo is a special occasion, I must have had at least three cans. My grandma snaps pictures as I pose in different positions.

I spot the T.V. and flip through channels; oh well, nothing good is on. Looking out the window, I see people in dog spike necklaces, men in business suits, and multiple hotdog stands. My curious eyes then lead me back into the car to several buttons on the ceiling.

Pressing one button: *Whoopie!* I have discovered the moon roof. Hot smoggy air rushes past my face sticking out through the roof; honks and brakes go off all around me. I stretch my neck back to see glossy windows that touch the sky. The limo comes to a stop and the chauffeur opens the door and gives us our luggage. It is sad to think that the ride is over, but many adventures await me, for I am in New York City.