

1st Year Pieces

2006-2007

Epic Simile
by Alex Crogh

Just as a Meercat pokes out of his hole, staring with big eyes that seem so piercing and are impossible not to look at, so does Karis, my eighteen-month-old cousin, without even moving a muscle, watch everything with large blue eyes, staring people down from her crib, looking so cute.

Calm
by Gerrit Egnew

Steam rises
from a natural hot spring:
hot cocoa on a rainy day.
Warming the hands and heart
of a cold child; offering
a bowl of cheery contentment.

Pizza
by Garrett Summerfield

Seasonings freckle crimson
marinara lava as golden layers of cheese
blanket thick, soft ground. Pepper covers with
light black spots.
Cheese oozes hot magma over golden crust.

Spring Surprise
by Dina Williams

Samantha Greenfield walked through the front yard of her new home. She sighed as she pushed open the shiny green front door and stepped

Worms for Dinner
by Alex Crogh

Spaghetti noodles are worms:
long, skinny, slimy, and wiggly.
Kids play with their oozing dinner
lying helpless on the plate;
trying to escape by sliding
off each fork.

To the Buoy and Back
by Margaret Pope

One of my favorite things to do in the summer is to swim in Payette Lake, especially with my friend Ruth. I like swimming and being at the beach with Ruth because we can do whatever: scream, jump, run, and of course, swim.

Whenever we're at the beach together we never fail to make the exciting journey from the beach to the No-Wake Buoy. We gradually make our way into the icy, crystal clear water and swim quickly in hope of keeping our cold bodies from freezing. The buoy draws near, bouncing up and down on the wakes of passing boats. When we get there, we wrestle it until it lays flat, clinging on to take a much-needed break.

When the cold becomes overwhelming, we swim back to the beach, lie on the hot yellow sand, and smell fresh, sappy pine needles that have fallen around us. When the sand is not hot enough to warm us, we lie on boiling rocks as our wet bodies soak in the sun's warmth. Then we're even warmer than before, and we're off to the buoy again.

inside. Silently carrying her boxes down the empty hall and into the void of her room, she began to unpack. After an hour, she had put everything but her bed in its place. She dragged her feet to the newly-furnished kitchen and out the back door as she called to her parents that she was going to explore the backyard.

A stream ran through their yard and continued into their neighbor's. Their new yard was full of healthy, tall, green grass. Wild cherry trees grew everywhere in the five acres of land the Greenfield's owned, and daisies and daffodils colored the ground. Samantha walked up to a cherry tree to pick a cherry but as she reached for the stem, she noticed two small caterpillars munching on the leaf beside her hand. She picked up the leaf and held it, looking closely at the fascinating green creatures. Samantha carried the squirming insects into her house and put them in to an empty pickle jar. She called out to her mom and dad to come look at her caterpillars and they came quickly.

"Look, aren't they cute?" Samantha told her parents.

"Yes, they are," her father agreed. "I believe those are eastern tent caterpillars. Where did you find them?"

"On a cherry tree. Can I keep them? Please daddy? I will feed them and play with them, I promise!" Samantha begged her dad.

"All right, you can keep them. Make sure they have plenty of leaves to eat and enough oxygen to breathe though. Also, be ready to let them go when they get older," Samantha's father said.

Samantha was overjoyed. She and the caterpillars were going to have so much fun together. She ran out to the cherry tree and picked off the ten best-looking leaves. Hurrying back inside the house she grabbed some grass to cover the bottom of the jar. She took her friends out of the jar so she could arrange their new home. After she finished, she placed them back in and, making sure they had plenty of water, went up to her room to

Epic Simile by Dina Williams

Just as soft water flows gracefully in the sea, timid and mighty at the same time, delicate as a flower petal yet able to smooth the roughest, most jagged stones, so does the nimble dancer glide across polished floors like silk: level and without any unevenness, seeming to unwary observers that she is flying just above grassy grounds.

My Dog's Life by Alex Crogh

The laziest dog I know is my dog Ruger. The three things most important to him are food, attention, and sleep. He is a four-year-old chocolate lab who has big, sad eyes. One of his tricks is to make you think he is starving for food. He stares at his food bowl with those eyes, trying to convince us that he has not been fed.

When our family wakes up, Ruger is still asleep, but when we move around he opens his eyes. Ruger finally gets up when he thinks food is ready. He takes a few steps, has a good long stretch and then walks slowly down the stairs. The big, brown lump goes to my mom, gets a pat and checks under the table to see if we have dropped food on the floor. My mom takes him outside to his food bowl filled with food. Two seconds later, he is desperately barking to get in so he can go back to bed.

While we are gone, Ruger's exciting life continues. When he is not napping he is begging for food at our neighbors', or he goes for a dip in the pond and comes back smelling like a swamp. Some days Ruger has a dog friend over, and they play tug-of-war with our stuffed animals. One day, we came home and saw his friend run away with a one-eared

sleep.

The next morning, Samantha came to the table. To her surprise, the caterpillars had built small silk tents on the bottom of the jar. She gave her friends new leaves to eat because they had eaten every bit of the last ones. She decided she would name them Claude and Star because one of them had a spot on its back that slightly resembled a star and the other just looked like a Claude. Samantha ate breakfast with the caterpillars, talking to them, telling them about her life. Then, making sure they were set for the day, she went to school.

When Samantha got home, she did her homework and took Claude and Star out of their jar. She walked outside and let them crawl in the grass. After about half an hour she picked them up and placed them back in their jar.

"Good night, sleep tight," she whispered to her friends and she went to bed.

This schedule went on for about four weeks. Then Claude and Star began to try to break out of the jar. Samantha asked her father about this and he told her that after four to six weeks, caterpillars begin to wander away from the nest in search of protected areas to spin a cocoon. He told her she had to set them free so they could roam and spin their cocoons.

Samantha sadly took the caterpillars on her hand and slowly walked outside, savoring every last moment she had with her friends. In the past month, the three of them had grown extremely close; she had shared everything with them. As she approached the wild cherry tree on which she had originally found Claude and Star, she stopped to say her final goodbye. She knew it was time to send them back. The caterpillars softly wiggled in her hand, spelling out "goodbye." She set them in the tree and walked back inside her house.

Three weeks later Samantha was sitting outside doing homework when two moths flew over and landed on her paper. They moved around, as if

Mickey Mouse.

When my family eats, Ruger lies under me, thinking I will give him food. Once in a while, Ruger wakes my mom at night by putting his wet nose to her face and breathing on her. She lets him out to use the tree. After five minutes of calling without any response, Mom gets in her car and drives around our neighborhood looking for him. She sees a door open, and out runs Ruger. This is how he gets his midnight snacks. Ruger is a funny and lovable dog.

Delight

by Dina Williams

Yellow is as excited as a daisy
in the morning as joyful petals spread out,
excited to meet each new day.
Yellow reaches up to
a powder blue sky,
absorbing toasty rays.
Yellow prepares
to relax in a day of fresh air,
sunshine, and rain.

The Early Morning Walk

by Rachael Miller

Very late at night,
my sweet, blonde dog licks my face.
Ineptly, she wakes me up at such a time.
Upset, I have to crawl out of my cozy bed
like a slow hermit crab shedding
its warm shell for a new one.
What a pain to find a leash.
I walk into my parents' bedroom,
trying not to wake them up.
Brushing through sticky cobwebs
and digging through dozens of boxes,
after searching a long fifteen minutes,
I finally find one down in the chilly basement.
Back in my lonely room I get some clothes
on,
then find some warm, sweet hot chocolate to

they were looking at her and then flew away together. Samantha smiled because she knew exactly who those moths were.

Competitor
by Searne Briem

An eleven-year-old
brown-haired athletic boy,
sailing on beautiful Lake Payette
in hot summer months.
Hard-hitting football in early fall;
alpine ski racing and intense hockey
during frigid winter.
Looking forward to playing championship
baseball in early spring.

Winter Appetite
by Dina Williams

Mashed potato snow
piles along worn-out roads,
forming mountainous heaps.
Each layer, another helping
as thick mud forms gravy
along the icy bowl.
Mounds of white
mashed potatoes
fall onto smooth
roofs and tall trees,
adding to
the fluffy dinner.

Wounded
by Margaret Pope

Red is as sad as pine needles
falling off branches of huge Ponderosa pines
as the moon rises and blackness appears.
The hoot of the owl
surrounds every tree in the luscious forest.
Needles stab cold earth with spear-like tips;
blood red covers supple ground.

wake me up.
Outside my dog and I walk
through the deserted waterfront,
and down to the salty ocean.
The sound of rushing water pounds onto the
shoreline,
relaxing me once more.
We walk among coral rocks,
then my dog dives into cool ocean water
for a quick swim.
Back at the welcoming house
I slump into
my comfortable bed
and fall to a deep sleep.
I am a cat snoozing,
dreaming of my fun-filled night.

Goody's Mountain
by Searne Briem

This mountain of ice cream,
a colossal bowl of joy,
stacked so high next to foothill cones:
vanilla crest, chocolate middle, and cookie
dough ridge.
A wintry masterpiece, tall and grand;
a frozen tribute to a job well done
waiting for me to savor each delicious bite.

Obedient Overtune
by Margaret Pope

Radiant B and F notes exit
the glistening silver flute,
gliding like spring sparrows across
the big pink room. Silver twittering
drowns out the clamor of clumsy
trumpets, trombones, and clarinets. Sailing
through the ears of every listener, standing
at attention
near their shining flute.

Rachael Miller
by Searne Briem

If it is true that people can be described by their favorite possessions, Rachael Miller is probably skating her way to success. Her favorite possession is a pair of ice skates. They were signed by her favorite Olympic figure skate, John Weir, while she was participating in a figure skating competition in Sun Valley last year. Rachael became a competitive figure skater only three years ago. Since then, figure skating has become a part of her. She says, "taking tests and moving up levels has helped build up my confidence." Figure skating has made her more competitive and she demonstrates that in all parts of her life. Rachael is not content to rest on her past accomplishments. Rachael "loves to figure skate and hopes to continue to improve." With her positive attitude, it is likely that she will.

A River's Pride
by Searne Briem

The fearsome roaring river fights
its way aggressively by rugged mountains,
punching through hidden valleys, and flat, far-
reaching plains,
seeking its way to the mighty blue ocean
where it can pause in the soothing waves
waiting for the water cycle to fulfill its mission:
returning with honor to the river's mighty source.

Crash
by Gerrit Egnew

Bashed around, never resting,
the hockey puck takes a harsh beating
from vicious hockey sticks.
Huge battering rams,
tearing down a castle gate: sticks force

Epic Simile
by Margaret Pope

Just as an arrow flashes through the air toward its target in a straight line with no little bumps or curves, speeding as fast as a bullet out of the bow to the Bull's Eye forty feet ahead, so does the pencil hit each period with a swift elegant movement, producing perfectly-formed lines and curves while moving across white blankness with a graceful motion.

Epic Simile
by Rachael Miller

Just as a peaceful baby falls into a deep sleep, his blue eyes growing heavier and heavier until soft, little eyelids sink down and finally shut, the boy's gentle eyelashes hitting his rosy cheeks, so does a glowing sun lazily and slowly fade behind dark purple majestic islands, lighting a once-blue sky, turning the heavens into warm colors; pearly white clouds closing quietly over the faded sunlit heavens.

Epic Simile
by Stearne Briem

Just as a cat, driven by curiosity, creeps and crawls across the living room carpet, seeking out forbidden places, suddenly pouncing and tangling in a ball of yarn, so does Pandora, overcome by inquisitiveness about all that is concealed, carelessly open up the Jar of Miseries and entangle the world in all the evil that's been hidden: Envy, Vanity, Greed, and Slander.

School
by Rachael Miller

the puck to fly every-which-way.
It feels no pain,
no sorrow,
no fear,
as massive hockey sticks,
those terrifying trebuchets,
catapult it towards the net.

Conversation
by Dina Williams

A sharp, brassy sound emerges:
trumpets communicating
with an attentive audience.
Loud notes shout,
quiet notes whisper.
High happy notes sing of good moments;
low, weary notes mourn.
The trumpet emits a fast,
bubbly, excited march;
tiring, it slows to a serene and peaceful tune.
A sigh,
a lullaby
of old times, melts from the trumpet's bell.
The last note fades into still air,
signaling the end of each story.

Alex Daniel Crogh
by Alex Crogh

I live in a nice warm
log house that soars
two stories high.
Light brown hair
and hazel eyes search for
things to do. I am 13 years old;
seventh grade is more
difficult than sixth grade.
My parents are very nice, hard-
working people. Three
other brothers and a sister are fun
to be around.
My dog is lazy as a sloth.
Skating, hockey,
and sometimes baseball are a big

The kids outside my classroom door
are singing, laughing,
even screaming.
My confused, joyful, happy brain
is even a little silly,
because of all the excitement
going on around me.
My head starts to hurt as,
everything spins. I'm so dizzy.
It seems as though
I am blind.
The sounds of my friends
proceed past my ears into my scrambled
mind. I laugh
until an aching
rises in my stomach.
The bell rings: an alarming sound.
As though we're all
part of a flock of birds,
everyone scatters,
in every direction.
Kids disappear, leaving me
as though I don't belong.
The tardy bell rings an empty song,
waking me up from a fantasy. Coming back
to reality,
I dash off to class.

Exhilaration
by Gerrit Egnew

Lava!!! The word echoes in my head. Our raft
had just pulled into shore on river-right
directly above Lava Falls Rapid. After sixteen
days on the Grand Canyon of the Colorado
River, everything boiled down to this seventy-
yard stretch of river. When, or if, we make it
through this rapid, there are almost no more
side canyons to hike and no rapids worth
mentioning.

Walking up the path to the point above Lava,
I have no idea what I am going to see. Once
on the top of the basalt outcrop where we
scout, I am astonished. Although the river is
muddy, the whole rapid is white: crashing,
foaming white. On the river left run, which is

part of my life.
Playing with my friends,
playing my saxophone, playing on
the computer in my spare time:
my life is as busy as a bee.

DEFEAT
by Stearne Briem

At the top of a cold, foggy, icy mountain,
the ski racer braces for a wild run,
trying to keep calm.
Adrenaline rushes through his body like wild
wind.

Nervous,
he concentrates on only the next minute,
listens: 5, 4,3,2,1

Attacking the hill,
challenging his body and his mind,
fearlessly taking on each gate,
the skier finds his rhythm,
then ice.

He doesn't hear his own gasp
as he tumbles down the jagged hill;
the crowd holds its collective breath.

Down, not moving
lifeless lump on mangled skies.

The ski patrol descends the snowy mountain like
soldiers,
swerving through the worried crowd
to the solitary figure in the snow,
Transferring the injured skier to their tank-like
toboggan,
DEFEAT.

Thrill
by Gerrit Egnew

The pounding rapid.

not possible, there is a huge pour-off, a hole,
then a series of rocks and a big wave toward
the end of the rapid. Even if it were possible
to make it through that mess, there still
remains a huge, angled, pitted hunk of
limestone known infamously as the
"Cheesegrater," which our leftward
momentum would be forcing us towards.

In the middle definitely not a run of the rapid
there is a BIG pour-off/hole (boat flipper)
with a succession of smaller, but not-to-be-
scuffed at, holes following it. Of course there
is the large wave at the bottom, but there is
not much threat of the Cheesegrater in that
direction.

The only possible run is the right one, which
we, of course, are going to take. There is the
wave that comes off the hole in the center of
the rapid, which flows into a continuously-
breaking V-wave which we will hit directly in
the middle. There is still the threat of the
Cheesegrater, which we will have to pull
away from.

As I walk back down the trail, my fear is
growing. The thing that scares me most is the
thought of the boat flipping and pinning me
against the Cheesegrater. As we step into the
raft, I make sure my lifejacket is secure and
that my helmet strap is cinched tightly. I
check my handholds, a six gallon water jug at
my feet and a strap holding the cooler down
right behind me.

We shove off. About twenty feet down, I see
the whitewater. My fear peaks; I am
committed now, no way of backing off and
walking. On the bubble line, my mom is
standing up, holding on to the chicken line
encircling the boat. She's yelling at my dad,
"Pull right, no, pull left, left!"

We hit the wave coming off the hole. *Crash!!!*
The water rushes over us, but we are still
doing fine, despite the feeling that my heart
has nearly stopped. We have a few seconds to
recover and set up. We go right through the

Crashing, foaming river.
Freezing water chills me to the bone.
Thundering towards me
tumbling water almost ripping me off my seat.
Suddenly calm
once again smooth, the eddy beckons
I shiver as whispering wind dries me off;
look forward to
the next rapid.

219 Idylwild Circle
by Margaret Pope

Strolling up wooden steps
with purple, pink, and yellow columbine
drooping over French gray pots,
I turn the handle of the plum door
and wander into the immaculate house,
of my grandma and grandpa.
I immediately become lazy
surrounded by impressive clean couches
and exquisite maple furniture.
Proceeding into the house,
I slump into a pearl-white chair.

Rejoice
by Alex Crogh

The saxophone talks in rhythm,
blowing air, his
whole body shaking with excitement.
His gold color looks
expensive: he feels important.
Getting cleaned from the spit that turns into
mold is refreshing. In his case
the saxophone mourns: sad as songbird
in a cage, he might be forgotten.
But he loves best of all
winning the music award.

breaking V-wave, the water rushing at us
from both sides keeping us steady. Somehow,
I've migrated up front with my mom,
highsiding. "Pull left! Pull left!" yells my
mom.

The wave at the bottom is right in front of us.
We're going up it, over the top, barely missing
the break point. As we head right for the
Cheesegrater, my adrenaline spikes. I see the
rock get closer, but the force of the water
coming off of it saves us from a head-on
collision. As we ride down the tailwaves, I let
out a jubilant whoop, gleeful that we made it
through the hardest rapid on the river.

Blue Rays
by Margaret Pope

Blueberry sun,
juicy round sphere
filling up bodies with warmth:
hanging from the sky, waiting to be plucked.
Soft blue light pours onto soft earth: milk into
a cereal bowl.
Radiant glow charms wondrous eyes.

**Creation of the Constellations and the
Stars**
by Rachael Miller

Before earth, there were two blobs. One was
made up of yellow goo, called "Fatso" and the
other made up of red goo, called "Blobby".
Blobby was tired of not being able to see
where Fatso was in the dark sky, so Blobby
decided to poke little, tiny holes in the sky. He
had been having dreams about animals and
many other things, so he decided to poke the
holes in the sky shaped like the figures in the
dreams. After he was done designing the
animals, he decided to make the actual
figures, animals, and humans. This led to the
creation of animals then to the creation of

Summer
by Dina Williams

Idolent summer days,
relaxing in the warm summer sun.
Swimming in refreshing lakes,
under a toasty sun.
My friends and I laugh and joke
as we talk.
Time hovers over us,
like a hummingbird over a flower.
Sitting on rocks like chairs we
look out on a placid lake.

Clumsiness
by Rachael Miller

I always seem to trip and fall. I have bumps and bruises, cuts and burns. I earned my self some nicknames such as "klutz", "clumsy", "booboo", and "sir-trip-a-lot". Sometimes I run into walls, posts, people and lots of other items.

Once, I was just standing at my school playground and I collapsed onto the hard, rough cement. I looked down at my red, bleeding hands in astonishment. I felt pain through my entire body! Sometimes I trip over my own small toes by just walking awkwardly. Ê

Sometimes I trip over uneven sidewalks, living room stairs and furniture, big rocks, small pebbles, tree stumps, and every once in a while I trip over nothing.

I don't mind when my friends always laugh at me. I just laugh along with them. I'm a figure skater, so in ice-skating I fall too. I reach out my freezing hands and feel the cold, hard, bumpy ice. I just simply laugh and get up. I'm so clumsy!

man, like the instant a thought comes to mind.

Fatso could no longer go to sleep because of these bright lights Blobby had poked in the sky, so Fatso interrupted Blobby from his creation to tell him his feelings towards these bright lights. Blobby was upset. Since Fatso interrupted Blobby from his train of thought, Blobby poked many more holes in the sky just to annoy Fatso. Since Fatso already had a hard time sleeping he would just make it worst. He deserved it any way. Blobby thought so. When Blobby had realized what he had done to his beautiful drawings, he began to cry like a newborn baby. These many lights took away from his drawings.

Fatso was so upset that he couldn't sleep so he decided to rip two big holes in the sky where two of Blobby's favorite creations had been., in the already unwholesome sky. Blobby had noticed the two big holes in the sky, like two very large watermelons. He said to Fatso "Now what have you done?"

The two brothers forgave each for their each of their child-like actions.

Now, during the day, they cover one of the rips we call the moon and the wholes we call the stars, like a blanket covering a small child. At night they cover the other, much brighter hole called the sun, but during the night they leave the moon and stars out so they will not be afraid and so they remember how much they loved each other.

Tonight look up at the sky and you may see Fatso and Blobby dancing in the moonlight.

Blue
by Searne Briem

Blue is as lonely as
an aged violin's low vibrating strings
sounding a sorrowful song

We're All the Same
by Rachael Miller

While walking down the street,
I went into a store.
A boy walked out very sadly,
I could tell he was so poor.

My heart turned upside down,
I knew money was to blame,
how some people become poor.
I know it is a shame.

As I was walking home,
a house I saw was white.
I stopped right in my tracks
to see such a great sight.

The kids outside were playing,
in all their fancy clothes.
Both the mother and the father
with bright, happy smiles froze.

As I walked past them,
I saw a house real small.
Through the window was the sad boy,
not looking too happy at all.

I realized he was crying,
while his parents were in a fight
yelling about getting fired,
all this trouble in one night.

Rich people aren't always happy;
poor people aren't always sad.
It just seems really unfair,
and that's what makes me mad.

Now that I am home,
it's hard to realize what is fair:
how some people live great lives,
and what others have to bear.

Although some people get paid less,
we should treat everyone the same.
No matter their color, race, or size
their money, or their fame.

of blue skies, lost love,
blue ridge mountains,
and a stranger's eyes.

Portal
by Dina Williams

Books are a portal into another world to me. It is wonderful to escape into a fantasy when I have nothing to do or when I am upset I forget about my life and become absorbed in the character's world, problems, and adventures.

My favorite places to read are outside on a warm summer day, or spread out on my bed because there, I can relax and read in peace. As I breath in the fresh outside air and feel the warmth of the sun on my skin, or feel the soft, bouncy bed under me, I feel myself get drawn into my book. My favorite genre is fantasy. It isn't true and it is fun to read about stories that can never happen.

Some of my favorite books are ones with a good plot like The Warrior Series, by Erin Hunter, or books that are exciting and reel me in like The DaVinci Code, by Dan Brown. Some of my favorite authors are Tamora Pierce, Hilari Bell, Erin Hunter, and Garth Nix because their books paint a picture in my head of the scene and characters and let me see and feel what the character feels and sees. The world of books makes my world a better place.

Bliss
by Margaret Pope

Soft slippers and robe
keep my cold body warm
as I approach the clear, mossy, green
Burgdorf pool.
Steam rises
from the simmering body of water below.

When I jump in,
icy fingers and toes tingle
like little ants crawling
on my skin.
Ants disappear as I start to swim:
I am warmer than ever.