

1st Year Pieces

2008-2009

Marks and Misses

by Savannah Summers

Red is as angry as soccer,
both exhausted from a long day.
Red thinks likes soccer player,
full of shock and disappointment
after missing a shot in a championship game.
Red swiftly moves like
A teacher's red correcting pen:
swiftly and without mistakes.

Epic Simile

by Betsy Sabala

Just as sunscreen protects, preventing sunburns from the
blazing, hot sun which shines like diamonds on a ring, over
white skin it disappears, giving the fun day that is planned;
just so do umbrellas protect from soft rain, which falls like
little tears from heaven, hovering over worried heads,
keeping everyone from getting wet.

Showers

by Hattie Geist

Blue is as sad as rain:
Thunder rumbles and shakes the world,
lightning strikes,
turning dark sky an eerie yellow.
Wet drops fall to hard, cold ground
creating shimmering puddles
of freshwater tears.
The sky cries blue.

Chocolate Snow

by Kathryn Egnew

Epic Simile

by Hattie Geist

A shooting star flashes, brightening dark night sky with
dazzling golden flame, leaving a dying tail of illumination
strung across the heavens; just so, a firework rises into
breezy evening air with a loud whistle, and a *BOOM*
begins explosions of color: neon sparks fade, leaving only
a slight trace of embers in the darkening sky.

Epic Simile

by Kathryn Egnew

Endless noise: comedies, soap operas, news, pointless
cartoons, all act as drugs, gluing people to couches and
chairs, never stopping, black boxes with no beating heart,
just thin strands of electricity shut off only by the
darkness of night sending everyone to bed, so that finally
millions of TV addicts get some sleep only to have the
cycle go on again tomorrow; just so, chains hold innocent
people in their metal grip, unbreakable metal circles
linked together, so small, but so strong when put together:
hurting and holding people, making them scream, cry, and
sigh in relief.

Epic Simile

by Mary Crowley

A river twists and turns through the red canyon, rippling
waves gently and smoothly; just so, a snake moves
through soft green grass, bending from side to side in
order to move.

Runaway Valves

Snow packed into tight balls flies through snowflakes
like iced m+ms
pouring from wintery sky.
Floating gently
like hot cocoa from a cup
on a cold winter day,
flakes come closer,
closer drifting
onto a child's waiting face,
becoming rich chocolate brown.
Landing gently
on soft blonde eyelashes
and into an open mouth,
the warm sensation of milk chocolate
thaws cold lips.

Epic Simile

by Savannah Summers

Without warning, ocean waves smash against jagged moss-covered rocks and crustaceans running for cover: swishing and crashing sounds echo for seconds then repeat in a synchronized fashion; so does thunder, over a hill its sound traveling through dark and cloudy skies, close small children inside safe homes for protection from the booming and snarling of vicious, stormy clouds.

Eruption

by Hattie Geist

Music jumps:
wind escapes through a tight embouchure,
into a maze of complex brass tubes.
Air rushes around inside heading to its destination;
exploding out of the bell like water from a broken dam.
Each note soars.

Autumn in the Air

by Savannah Summers

Golden crispy potato chip leaves
fly around, each different the rest.

by Savannah Summers

Brass keys
of a shiny new trumpet
pump like running legs,
up,
then down.
Pink lips send hot air
curving through
brass tubes, flowing
like newly-pumped blood
through every
twist and
turn of each golden vein.
Finally, bursts of music notes blast from the glistening
bell
of a relieved trumpet.

Torture

by Hattie Geist

The maddening sound of my alarm clock
forces me to pry open my eyes,
just long enough to hang my arm over the side of my bed
to silence the buzz.
I feel so relaxed in
the comfort of my soft bed.
I push the thought of how lazy I feel
into the back of my head.
Gathering up all of my strength
I drag my unwilling body up,
out of bed and into the bathroom.
I take a look in the mirror:
my hair looks too inept to be seen in public.
I slouch as I brush out the tangles.
Hastily I dress. As I sit in the cold car,
I try not to think of
the warmth
and comfort
of my bed.

Water Glee

by Mary Crowley

Water giggles, splashing down
pebbly banks by a stream or crashing
as a huge wave of indigo ocean into rocks.
Silly crabs by the ocean or an amusing
squirrel on the shore of a brook catch the

Giant feet loudly stomp, crunching
and cracking crisp leaves.
underfoot.
Soon all that is left are small
crumbs, broken and stomped upon
in a messy mulch.

Proud Laughter

by Mary Crowley

Green is as happy as a tree:
emerald glows like a ripe pear
or vegetation growing happily under
the peaceful sun. Green grows tall,
strong, above everything into
blue sky. All other life looks up to it.

The Jungle

by Kathryn Egnew

Shadows flicker:
tawny eyes hover
in soft green underbrush as
golden-striped paws
pad softly through drooping vines.
Waiting,
fur-tipped ears swivel and turn,
hearing all that moves.
No sound,
whether it be a chirping bird of paradise,
a slithering green snake,
or a croaking red tree frog,
can escape.
This lithe powerful mass of fur
teeth
and muscle
hears it all.
The tiger
will wait.

Isabelle

by Savannah Summers

The snow was falling softly against my window. It was

eye of water, when flows, and
splatters laughter.

The Wild Ride

by Hattie Geist

Taking a deep breath,
we prepare for the shock of chilly water.
Plugging our noses,
we jump.
Slim bodies slice through the surface of the lake:
icy cold takes my breath away.
Breathing hard, I calm frozen nerves;
Then numbness settles in.
Grabbing the scratchy, yellow rope to the tube
I swim it over to the boat.
Pulling ourselves up onto the tube we yell "hit it!"
The roar of the engine
breaks the peaceful silence of the morning.
The tube speeds through the water,
wind rushes through wet hair,
toes dangle
into choppy, uneven water.
Bouncing over the wake, the tube spins
into serene water,
untouched by the boat's motor.
Spinning back over the wake again,
we hit a bump.
My wet hands
slip
from the tube's sleek surface.
Sailing through the air,
I fly like a bird.
Then I drop:
the lake's black water swallows me.
My head pops up, teeth chattering.
A grin on my face
I swim back to the tube
for another ride.

Amanda's blanket

by Kathryn Egnew

"If anyone tried to take it from me I would kill them!"
says Amanda. She is talking about the soft off-white
blanket the wife of her dad's boss gave her. Amanda
received her blanket when she was about one year old. In
the many years that she has had her blanket, it has been
lost about twenty times. The longest time it was ever lost
was two days, but she finally found it in her sister's

January 22, 2006 and when I awoke I had a small feeling that today would be the best day. I looked outside my hotel window to see that it had snowed at least two feet over the cold ground outside. I ran to put on my warm, cotton, long-sleeved shirt, my thick snow pants and my fleece snow boots. With my Mom's permission I rushed outside my hotel and plopped right into the fluffiest snow. About five minutes later, my friend Maddie came walking by and challenged me to a snowball fight. Our fight was valiant and there were deadly snowballs and flying gloves.

In about an hour, our bodies filled with numbness, we rushed to my hotel room and started briskly rubbing our hands together near the fire. My Mom walked through the door and ordered us huge pieces of pepperoni pizza with a small Sprite. Finally our pizza arrived: you could just smell the grease from a mile away. We finished our pizza and headed back to the fireplace. My Mom came in to tell me that Maddie needed to go home. I sighed but said goodbye to her anyway.

My parents walked in to say that they had an auction to go to. They had just decided to leave me in my room and lock the door. I didn't care; I had the whole room to myself. I got in my pajamas sleepily and walked to the bed with a portable DVD player. My parents left as soon as I got in bed, kissing me goodnight and heading on their way. One hour passed. Two hours passed, and by that time I was asleep with the sound of my movie on, replaying the title menu over and over .

My parents walked in without a peep and said, "Savannah, we have a surprise for you." I stirred, and within a few minutes time I was up. When I opened my eyes I saw two big brown eyes staring me square in the face. The eyes belonged to a yellow pup no older than six weeks. My parents were staring at me, the dog was staring at me, and I was staring at both of them in astonishment. My heart was jumping up and down with excitement. I could barely hold myself to the ground. I thanked my parents with joy and headed to bed with my dog right beside me. Then, an awful stink came from the dog. "Oh well," I said, plugging my nose. "I think I'll call you Isabelle."

Me, Myself, and I

by Hattie Geist

Dark blonde hair flows softly to shoulders
as full lips blow air through a trumpet in the school band.
Five-feet-eight: tall for a thirteen-year-old,
but just right for playing center on the

dresser. Amanda has no idea how it got there but she was happy to find it. The most traumatizing time she lost her blanket was when she left it at a gas station and drove away. When she realized her blanket was missing they were already driving down the highway. Amanda loves her blanket but says she is getting too old to have something like that: "If anybody got rid of it, I would be mad, but it would be good in some ways because I'm not really attached to my blanket anymore and I'm too old to have a baby blanket."

The Last Straw

by Savannah Summers

Frightening scarecrows
stand outside
in hot sun
looking for their next victim.
A coal-colored crow flies across
pumpkin fields brighter than an oil pastel painting.
He calls a long caw as if to call
a long-lost friend.
He does not swoop toward the straw dummies:
the scarecrows'
beady
little
eyes
are brighter than ever.

Peanut Butter Snow

by Mary Crowley

Sticky peanut butter snow spreads
to cover soft ground. From the cloudy
skies it falls, creamy
and cold.

Savannah

by Hattie Geist

"I was very attached to things when I was little. I cried when I lost my blankie almost as much as when I didn't

basketball court, or spiking a volleyball over the net. Mother and daughter live in a plain gray house, accompanied by a dog, rabbit, and bird. Loving to curl up with a good book on a rainy day. This is me.

Lowthar the Giant

by Amanda Batchelor

A long time ago, before the earth was made, there was a giant named Lowthar. He was the friendliest of all giants up in Luga Land. Luga Land was a place where all creatures lived.

The Giants were friendly, joyful creatures and they loved to do crafts. Lowthar started on a project that no one had ever done before. He was going to create earth. To create earth he said to himself, "I would have to have all the magic in the world." He had all the magic in the world, he just didn't know it. The giants never told him that he had magic. They were afraid that if he knew about his magical power, he would turn their land into flowers and make it pretty, because Lowthar did not like the current land they lived on.

One odd day, like wearing a flower on top of your head odd, in Luga Land, Lowthar overheard a few giants talking. One giant, laughing hysterically, said, "I can't believe Lowthar did not find out that he has magical powers, and to power it, all he has to do is think of it." Lowthar was mad that they had not told him, but happy that he had found out. He immediately went home and studied about magic and how it worked.

After three months, Lowthar was ready to make the earth. Those three months were like training a wild stallion. It took him three days. The first day he made the circular rotation of the earth. He went down to the creek and modeled a miniature earth out of clay. Then he went to the edge of his planet and he then threw the model as far as he could in space. The model of the planet was in the middle of space and puffing and popping as if it were going to explode, but instead it became the shape of a round sphere like a softball. Next, he made trees and plants and whatever he could think of for his planet earth. The second day he made light by mixing the sun and water together and putting it above the earth. He made dark by putting a blanket over the earth, which he did every night. On the last day, he made air and humans, his greatest creations of them all. Humans! He made 3000 humans out of dust and water "That was hard," Lowthar said, "that's like trying to

get to say goodbye to my camp leader," Savannah says. Her mom, dad, and older sister went with her on a vacation to Mexico about seven years ago. She went to camp and visited several beaches with her family. In her day camp for kids she played games, but on the last day she couldn't get a picture with her camp leader and she cried. While swimming at the beach after camp was over, she saw an eel and got scared. "When I saw the eel I cried once again." Savannah says. But when she went to go show her parents, it had already swum away. As they were leaving, she forgot to pack her blankie and didn't realize that she had lost it until they were in the cab. At home, her grandparents had a surprise for her: A new blankie! "I'm so glad my grandparents got me a new blanket," Savannah says. She still has this blankie today.

Food for the Gods

by Hattie Geist

Bright strawberry sun sets behind majestic mountains, darkening leafy forests. Deep red covers the wide sky: smeared strawberry jam across doughy heavens. Clouds float like scattered seeds across a fruit patch. Nightfall approaches.

Swimming at Waimea Bay

by Amanda Batchelor

Hawaii is the most fun and exotic place I have ever been. My family and I went to Waimea Bay on the North Shore of Oahu. When we went swimming, my sister and I walked a little bit into the water. The ground dropped off ten feet, which scared us. After we swam for a little while my sister pointed at this huge rock that was forty feet off the ocean surface that swimmers were jumping off. She sprinted out of the water, toward the rock.

I started following her down the beach to the rock. When I arrived at the rock, she was already at the top. I climbed up to the top of the rock, and there was a sign blocking my view of my sister. The sign said, "Warning, this rock may cause injuries or deaths." After I saw that sign, I was out of there.

When I got down from the rock, I saw my sister in the water. I dropped my mouth then thought in my head, *she could not have jumped*. But she had. It surprised me that

make 3,000 angry robots." Then, he made air for them to breathe.

When he was finished later that day, he told all of the giants about his project. He said to the giants, "I made this place called earth and we can all live on it with the humans, plants and animals I created." But all of the giants did not want to leave their homes on Luga Land. Lowthar was so mad none of the giants wanted to live on his planet earth that his face turned as red as a beet. None of the giants had seen Lowthar that mad or furious before. That night Lowthar went home and thought about what the giants had said. He decided that he would just let the humans live on earth and watch over them as their creator.

Release the Hounds!

by Kellen Crawford

One hot summer day, my friends from Kauai came to visit my family and me in McCall. They have a son, Nicholas, who brought his friend, Alex. As soon as we drove to the house they were staying at, they wanted to show me a "totally wicked" BMX trail they had found. Nick was 10, and Alex was 9, so their idea of totally wicked turned out to be some bumpy downhill dirt road. I played along, and borrowed Nicholas's mom's bike.

We slowly pedaled to the road and I couldn't help but notice that there was an eerie, old house at the end. I didn't pay much attention to that because I thought my new friends had their parental consent to our outing. But they didn't.

Nicholas and Alex and I had races to see who the fastest biker among the three was. Not wanting to make them feel exasperated being able to beat me, I decided to let them win. After the 5th or 6th time of that, I saw the man who apparently owned the creepy house come out and watch us ride up and down the hill.

When we raced down the hill and screeched to a halt for the last time, his two German Shepherds came dashing out. Their ears were pinned back, showing their jagged teeth, and they were barking and snarling at us. I could see the evil menace in their eyes. Nicholas ditched his bike and dove into the bushes, curling up into a ball. Alex and I tried to pedal uphill, but that didn't work, so we dropped our bikes and ran. I ran with a cold fear gripping my spine. I thought of all the murders by dogs I had seen on TV, and the grip tightened.

she had leaped off a forty-foot cliff because she does not seem like a daredevil.

My sister came out of the water and talked me into jumping off the rock. When I looked over the edge of the cliff, it seemed a long way down. At that moment, I figured out that I was deathly afraid of heights. After my sister jumped, I had no way to get back up to the top of the rock. So, I decided to push myself off and get over my fear. As I jumped into the air, it felt like weights were under my feet pulling me down toward the water. My toes touched the water and my hand slipped from my side and slammed on the ocean surface, scaring me half to death. I knew that I was not going to do that again, even though it was a little fun.

The Sky-Scraper

by Hattie Geist

As my dad and I walk along the swarming New York sidewalk, I think about The Empire State Building. I wonder what it will be like and how far above the ground it will be. As I glance up I see it!

We thrust our way through double doors into a mass of hundreds of people. Then we find our way to the back of a very long line; I hope it won't be too long a wait. But it is. Two long hours later, a guide shows our group into the elevator. As we ride up the eighty stories, my ears pop. That makes me worry' how high are we really going? We walk off the elevator and navigate our way outside. Eager to see the view we hurry to the edge of the cement balcony. I can't believe my eyes: the ocean glitters like a thousand diamonds; the lush green of Central Park lights up lifeless grey buildings surrounding it. Looking down, I see that all the taxis make the streets look yellow. Gazing up, I see that there are still more stories reaching to the sky. At the very top is a pole with a blinking light, like one last attempt to touch the clouds. It is really there so planes won't crash into the building.

We walk to every side of the deck and see more spectacular sights. Squinting my eyes, I try to make out the specks of people on the ground. Then we take the elevator back to floor one.

As we exit, I glance over my shoulder and say goodbye to The Empire State Building. My dad tugs on my hand and we start along the sidewalk. I hope I can return and enjoy the Empire State Building and all its wonders again.

We sprinted as fast as we could to the top of the hill, where I managed to glance back, and I saw that the dogs were trotting back to their master, who could not be seen. Nicholas joined us at the top, and we sped back to the house at such a pace, it nearly made our lungs pop. We finally arrived, and in a hurried voice, I explained the entire scenario to my parents, and they were stunned. A random thought came into my mind about suing the man and his dogs, but I dismissed it with a sigh. Who would believe a twelve-year-old and two fourth graders?

Later on, the man called, saying the dogs were 'accidentally' outside and might have scared your boys a little. I'm just calling to see if they are ok. Yeah right. That guy was obviously a crazed old man with a shotgun always ready in his car. We eventually forgot the whole thing after an hour or so, but it was still an incredibly frightening experience. Hm...now where did I put my bike?

The Wake of the World

by Hattie Geist

Dawn dew
drips off spring flowers,
revealing neon petals:
roses, cherry-red;
sky-blue lupines;
yellow daffodils like
the setting sun.
Chirp-chirp. Robins wake a sleepy world.
Sun rises,
dew disappears.
Good morning, everyone.

The Grand Palace

by Mary Crowley

Last year I went to the Grand Palace in Bangkok, Thailand. The Grand Palace is the official home of the king of Thailand. When we entered the Grand Palace, we were asked questions about where we were from and who we were. We were also examined by the guards for any kind of weapons. If anyone was wearing anything above the ankle, they had to put a sari on top of their clothes. When we were past the guards there were so many things to see and do. We went into Buddhist temples, saw the King's Guards march, and saw special temples covered in gold, silver, jade, and other valuable stones. Some of the very old temple walls show stories described by pictures, which

Winter by Mary Crowley

I look outside the
window.
Slowly a smile starts
to curl on
my face.
Running down the stairs and
slipping on
coat and galoshes
I dash outside,
open my mouth,
and feel cold wet disks
land on my tongue.

My mom opens the door
and says something
to me. We hop
into her white car.
Snow falls, creating
this winter wonderland. As we enter
the main part of town people walk or nordic ski
on cement sidewalks
covered by snow; restaurants fill
with people. Smoke
from inside houses
and small stores rises in wispy plumes. Arriving
at the post office to get our mail, I step outside;
cold air makes me shiver.

Back at my houses Sean asks me
to play a game. We build snow forts
and launch snowballs in the driveway.
Tired and cold, we trudge inside
to sit by the fire. Sipping our hot cocoa,
we talk about
this snowy, cold, and beautiful
place.

The Dawn of Creation by Kellen Crawford

Before there was anything, there was nothing. Somehow, out of the blackness that was like a dark blanket enveloping you, emerged a glowing figure in golden robes and a beard like snow: God. How he was created, no one knows. He thought to himself: "This is very boring, like a dead dream. I shall make things more

are a lot like pictographs. Some of the stories are of how Thailand became a country, of how Buddha created the world, and other stories.

We also saw the famous reclining Buddha and were astonished over how magnificent it was. One of the interesting facts about the reclining Buddha is that the bottom of Buddha's feet are made from pearl.

At the Grand Palace the culture was different yet fun, witnessing the Buddhist monks in their bright orange robes made my eyes hurt but was still wonderful to see, and sightseeing the unusual statues that were part animal, mythical creature, and human was a lifetime experience.

Hattie's Blanket

by Savannah Summers

Hattie has a special blanket given to her by her grandma. Her grandma made it for Hattie when she was about two. Her blankie is pink and white with stripes. When Hattie's grandma died, it became very special to her. Hattie would say to other people, "My blanket is named Blankie and she is a girl." When Hattie was little she said that she loved to play with her blankie: "I used to dress my blankie up in dresses." Even though Hattie has misplaced her blanket, it is still special to her.

Creator Moon

by Hattie Geist

Long ago, no earth or people existed. All of reality consisted of fluffy white clouds like early morning snow, the animals, the stars and the moon.

Moon would collect water from the clouds and food from the stars and feed it to the animals. Every night the animals would find a cloud and that would be their bed. The animals loved their life but Moon knew she had to stop babying them. So one day she told the animals that they needed to learn how to live on their own. Moon grabbed hundreds of asteroids and smashed them all together with hands strong like iron to form a planet that she called Earth. It looked brown and lumpy like mud. So she collected some nutrients from the stars and sprinkled them onto Earth. Grass started to sprout from the ground as

interesting." And with a flick of his wrist, nine planets were created instantly. The planets represented his emotions. Mars for anger, Pluto for hate, Venus for passion, Mercury for hope, Saturn for curiosity, Jupiter for boredom, Uranus for sadness, Neptune for happiness, and Earth for cleverness.

"Hmmm..." God thought. "This needs a little more zest." And with a snap of his fingers, he created human life on the first planet he thought of: Mercury. These people were created on the hope planet, and that's what they did: they hoped. They hoped for food, water, shelter, and every other basic need. They hoped and did nothing, so they all eventually died.

The next planet He tried was Mars, the anger planet. This bright red orb sat in space like a giant tomato. As soon as the inhabitants were created, they were angered by everything. They started a great war, and perished with angry screams and yells.

With another snap of His fingers, life was created on Saturn, the curiosity planet. The humans were curious about everything that moved on Saturn. They were so curious that they fell off the face of the planet! God was as disgusted as a picky eater would be if a waiter set down a plate of haggis in front of them. "Will these creatures ever stop killing themselves?" He thought angrily.

He tried again many times until He reached Earth. With a sigh and a snap, life was created on the cleverness planet. Unlike all the other worlds, where the humans kept killing themselves, Earth was different. The people built huts, farmed the land, and domesticated animals. God knew that this would be the surviving planet, so he poured all of his emotions into Earth, just to balance it all out. The Earthlings ate and drank from their planet, and they consumed the emotions that were poured in. And with great relief, God closed his eyes. His work was done.

bright green as spring leaves. She then set animals on the newly-formed world. It took the animals awhile to adjust to caring for themselves. But eventually they got used to it. Every so often Moon would gather water and sprinkle it down for her animal friends.

Moon missed her companions but she knew it was good for them to live on their own. She still watches over them like a single bright eye in the sky and rains water down over the land.
