

# 1st Year Pieces

2013-2014

## Tess's Feather

by Paige Robnett

Tess found a very special feather in the summer of 2013, when she was out four-wheeling with her father. When she holds it in her hand the feather reminds Tess of that wonderful time they had together. When she found it, she showed her dad, and her dad said, "Oh cool, a feather." The grey and black feather reminds her of running over tiny little frogs. She says, "It was kinda weird, we were driving our four-wheeler and we saw these greenish-blackish things. We thought they were obese bugs. But then we looked closer and they were frogs." Tess does not know what bird her feather is from, and does not want to know what part of the bird it is from. She dipped it into the lake where she found it, and got a wild hair to rip part of it off. She said, "Well when I dipped it into the lake I wanted to see what would happen. When I pulled it out there were water droplets on it. It was like water-resistant, and I was like, oh cool that's really cool!" Thinking whether she likes birds or not, she says, "Kinda sorta, maybe, no not really, actually yes!" She hopes to never lose her feather, and always keep it on her nightstand next to her SpongeBob harmonica.

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## Let Fly

by John Stapp

The notch of my arrow rests on taut string;  
pulling it back, I bring my bow up:  
through the sight, I focus on the center of the target.  
Deep breaths steady my fingers  
as they loosen, releasing  
arrows that bend slightly from the power.  
The arrow flies through crisp air, and it strikes  
like a hummingbird. *Whap!* I see only feathers  
shaking at me from the eye  
of the target.

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## Epic Simile

by John Stapp

Just as a writer creates a sunny beach in Florida, seagulls flying overhead, waves crashing down to lap hot feet on white sand with the coolness of gel, just so do filmmakers use lens and actors, drawing pictures of excitement and fear as bride and groom approach each other; children at play.

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## Paige's Rock

by John Stapp

Paige Robnett's grandpa enjoys collecting rocks. Paige says, "It's a tradition that wherever we go, we collect rocks, and give them to relatives." Paige received her favorite rock, which has the shape of a heart, in 2008. She says, "I like it because it's special to me, and it reminds me of him." One thing Paige does with her grandpa is stacking rocks in random places, such as on the beach. She keeps other rocks he has given her in a pot with a plant.

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## Finals

by John Stapp

Shaun White drops into the halfpipe,  
body relaxed,  
graceful and smooth  
as we watch from our  
couch. His first run puts him in first;  
now, in the finals, the pressure  
is on. He drops  
into his final run, and hovers  
in cold air. All looks good  
at the end but  
he lands awkwardly. Our heads  
droop, his Olympic career  
over, it ends with no medal: only  
fourth place.

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## **The Camping Trip**

by Tess Billmire

When I was nine, I went camping with my dad. I was very excited to go since it was going to be my first time camping.

We packed everything we needed into three baskets, by putting my clothes, blankets and sleeping bag into one basket and my dad's clothes, sleeping bag and tent into another basket. The third basket had food, trash bags, a mini grill, and a cooler which held milk, water, and some pancake mix.

After about thirty minutes of driving, during which we saw a lot of pine trees and sagebrush, we set up our tent and set our stuff up. It was only five o'clock, so we had some spare time to go explore the place. While we were walking we found a trail that was part of another campsite. Since no one was there we decided to go through it. I noticed that the ground had smashed leaves which didn't make much noise. At one point I started to hear the sound of a stream. The sound started getting louder and five minutes later we saw a big waterfall which fell into a small pond which flowed to a stream which led to a fishing pond. After admiring the wonderful waterfall, we started heading to the end of the trail.

When we reached the end (which felt like it took forever) it was about six o'clock pm. We ate dinner and it was only seven o'clock so we went into our sleeping bags and read our books for a while. About an hour later a girl decided to hike up a hill with her friends. While she was up there, she was stung by a bee and I had to wait for her to climb to the bottom where her parents were. It took her about ten minutes for her to climb down from the hill, crying the whole way down. When her parents calmed her down, I finally fell asleep. I woke up at one o'clock because of crickets chirping.

When I woke up, I could smell the sagebrush and I noticed it was cold outside for summer. In the morning my dad was already awake and he made me pancakes and we packed our stuff and headed home. I had a really fun time going camping in the summer of 2011, and hope we can go again sometime.

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## **Don't Stop**

by John Stapp

My first foot hits the wall and I push myself up. I land squarely on top of the stone wall. I jump down and a sudden impact rushes through my body; I roll out of it and continue running. I reach a concrete barrier. I launch myself, hands in front: they hit hard at the top. I finish the vault and land on the other side without slowing down. This is parkour.

Parkour is the art of moving from one point to another as fast as possible, jumping, vaulting, and climbing every obstacle in your way. No, I cannot run through walls, but I can run up them. I can also vault smaller walls, or jump off buildings. That's just parkour.

I see a ledge up ahead with a small drop. At the very edge, I push off with my toes, and tuck my body into a tight ball. Everything in front of me is a blur. I land the flip and continue running. There's a tree up ahead with a V in it. I launch myself at the space, my hands grasping both sides of the trunk. I pull my feet through and push off away from the tree. The only obstacle left in front of my destination is a fence. At the chain link barrier, I throw my hands on top of the sharp wires, being careful not to impale my hands. Pushing off the ground, I do a front handspring over the five-foot-tall fence, and I'm at my destination. A parkourer's dream ground -- an area where I can flip, vault, run, jump, do anything I desire -- a playground.

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## **Reveille**

by John Stapp

I wake up on Saturday, as slow as a slug,  
thirty minutes later I swing out of bed,  
only one, one reason would get me up early:  
breakfast and the barn.

I eat breakfast slowly, still trying to process the time  
It's not nine, not even eight; it's seven o'clock on a  
weekend.

Something's not right.

Every third weekend this happens,  
once inside the barn, I start to wake.

Everything kicks in,

I move less like a slug and more like a cat,  
energetic and ready to go, waiting, waiting for the next  
thing to do.

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## Surfing

by Paige Robnett

Surfing is a fun way to say "aloha" in Idaho. Sun on my shoulders and cool water splashing my feet make me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Surfing with my friends is the best. We watch each other wipe out and try things that we haven't tried before.

I jump into the icy cold lake, and grab hold of my surfboard. I float in the water on my back with my board under my heels, and the rope in my hands. I can't be *bangbrock*, which means wiggled out over surf conditions. Off we go. At first I have to use every muscle in my body to try and get up. For a couple of seconds when I stand up I am behind the wave so I put more weight on my front foot to go catch the wave. I have to be careful not to flail and lose control. When I catch the wave I feel unstoppable, like I am walking on water.

For at least five minutes I have to feel the water and see if I need to bend my knees more. I bend my knees if the water is choppy. Ankle busters and chubbies are small fat waves. They are easier to ride and you don't have to bend your knees. Once I have my balance, I throw the rope back to the boat. I feel so free when I throw the rope. If it gets too choppy I have two options: wait until I wipeout, or bail.

Surfing is just one of those things I want to do all the time but I just can't seem to do it. To totally lax out while surfing is the best thing: I love not having to worry about what to do next. If something not good happens while surfing like drifting too far out or too far in, let it be, don't fight it, be its friend. I'm a "Betty," a girl surfer. I do not surf all that often, for I do not own a boat. My friends have boats, and that's pretty awesome. A wise man once said, "Hang Loose."