

2nd Year Pieces

2011-2012

Roller Coaster

by Jesse Rapp

Everything has its ups and downs,
twists and turns,
running past faster than howling wind,
throwing you side to side and up and down.
The ride throws you every which way possible.
Finally the end appears
before you even realize
the ride had started:
these are the days
that will mean the most.

Rock Climbing

by Misha Stapp

Climbing is my favorite sport because I enjoy climbing up high as well as on over hanging and vertical slabs of rock. I can do things that don't seem possible.

One of the best parts about climbing is trying to figure out the moves up a route on the rock face or indoor wall. I need to find foot and hand holds for that route. Indoor routes are marked by colored tape. The challenge is figuring out what moves to make and how to travel from hold to hold.

I became interested in climbing when I was eleven. I felt entranced by the sport, and wanted to get as good as I possibly could. Now I climb every chance I get and have a coach who helps me a lot.

I climb both outdoors and indoors. In the summer, I climb in New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado where I go to camp. When I'm home I climb at an indoor gym. I prefer climbing outside because I can climb higher and the routes are harder.

Lead climbing is when someone climbs about sixty - 125 feet and there are clips every five to twenty feet. As the athlete climbs he clips into carabineers. If the climber falls he only falls to the last clip he clipped into.

Regeneration

by Vivienne Wiegers

Loud wind blows through
droopy faded pink perennials; autumn storms spread small seeds. Feeling relieved, tired flowers pass on. In spring, small flower buds poke undersized heads out of rich soil, eager to grow into proud towering spring perennials. Ancient Earth revealing secrets: how to grow into large colorful blossoms reaching for high-risen blue sky.

Keep Trying

by Hallie Tucker

Sparky the dog spots a
chipmunk scurrying across the road.
Sparky bows into a pounce mode,
launches into clear air, lands like an airplane on a long runway and runs full speed towards his "trophy."
Hearing Sparky's paws pounding,
the chipmunk runs like an Olympian.
He jumps onto a giant oak tree.
Sparky tries to follow.
Barking in frustration,
the little dog then sees another chipmunk running towards the green backyard.
The little dog leaps after it: there are other chipmunks out in the forest.

Aspen

by Baylie Holsman

Forests of dark green trees blend: everything alike.
Olive moss, large brown trunks --
tall and sturdy, able to withstand major storms and windy days. One tree,
off to the side, dirty yellow-green leaves,
white trunk, black blemishes,

It is fun but terrifying. Once, when I was climbing outdoors, I went for a big move and fell forty feet. It wasn't fun but it was, sort of. I am a bit more cautious now when I go climbing.

Frosty Night

by Savannah Ormsby

In the silence of a frosty night,
wind howls like a wolf.
Bears' snores reach tops of the tallest evergreens.
Soft crunches of hunters' heavy feet echo
in crisp snow, alerting quiet forests:
twinkling stars silently dance overhead.

Online Schooling

by Baylie Holsman

I sit down at my counter on the same old wooden bar stool, and open my computer for the third time that day. Sighing after eating lunch, I wait for my computer to boot up again. I have stalled for as long as I could, but work is inevitable. What a long day of work ahead of me: staring blankly at the screen, I begin my work.

Two years ago, I began an online school by the name of Kaplan, but now I only take science online. It was very difficult for me at first because I had to become independent, make myself a schedule, stay on track with my courses and teach myself the information. All of these things were also good for me, because they gave me good everyday skills. Over the next few months, the schooling became easier as I became more focused and worked out a better schedule, but my social life was becoming an issue. Feeling caged in my house wasn't very exciting, entertaining, or interesting, and I missed being with my friends every day. I wanted to go back to public school. Being with my friends and having the experience of public school seemed like a great idea, but I decided my education was more important.

Although the public school has a good system, including experienced teachers, the basic class material, and social experiences, I feel as though online school is better for me because of the skills I acquire from it: being able to compose an email, saving files to certain folders, and being able to rely on myself to do my own work. These skills will help me in everyday life when I

shouts out like a ruby amid muddy pond rocks.
Seen easily from far away,
a sparkling diamond nestled in dusty coal,
unique and beautiful. It shines like sun
peeking through dark gray clouds.

Piano

by Noah Stapp

I like playing piano because the sound it makes is interesting and playing an instrument is something to do while you are doing nothing else. Practicing is fun to do because it's rewarding and enjoyable. The sound is lovely when the notes blend together to create music. I really like playing piano as I find it entertaining and new. Also it makes life less empty.

The array of notes is also really neat and fun to play because of how far the range of sound goes. Also, the sonority can be so varied. It makes the music interesting because of how the piano can sound quiet and peaceful, or loud and intense.

The challenge of learning a new skill can be very frustrating but often satisfying. Frustrating when it takes forever to learn a new song, but rewarding when you can play a piece well. It can be both at once, when you can kind of play a piece, but not fully. Piano is very challenging to learn, as it is very complex and tough to play.

Learning an instrument can also be a useful thing to do, as you learn to read sheet music and to hear notes in songs. When you can read the notes it becomes very easy to understand music much better. Hearing notes is a lot easier when you have learned how to do it well. It's a useful skill to be able to read music and hear notes as it can help you in life by possibly opening opportunities for jobs and schools.

Transformation

by Baylie Holsman

Cocoons
hang heavily on damp, thin, pale green stems.
Bugs hover quietly all around,
some landing awkwardly on crowded branches, which
droop even more. Cracking
breaks peaceful silence: *creeeeek*
A bright blue butterfly ineptly creeps out,
only to take immediately to fresh air.

get older. My social life is still full: I play many sports and make more time for friends after school.

After working out the kinks in my schedule, I had a smooth system running for a while, until my priorities began to get mixed up. I was becoming too comfortable with the system and found it easy to be lazy quickly because I wasn't being told what to do; I was more worried about what I was going to do with my friends when they got out of school every day. Getting behind in my courses because I wasn't focused enough, I was indolent with all my schoolwork. My parents grounded me from my social life so my school could be my one and only priority.

A year went by, and Kaplan was something I had come to enjoy, when I was on track. Kaplan was getting better, offering more descriptive classes and hiring better teachers and creating better course material, which made me more eager to learn.

Although Kaplan has such a good program, my parents felt like I needed more one-on-one education, especially with math. I needed to be physically shown how to do something or else I didn't understand the material completely. I'm now taking algebra, history, English, and French in a private school called North Fork. I'm allowed to go to both North Fork and Kaplan, because North Fork is private, and Kaplan is a public school. North Fork doesn't cover all curriculums, but it does cover three out of four of my main courses, and they do a fantastic job helping me.

My experience with online school was and still is great, but I'm not sure I am going to continue with it. It isn't as pedantic or lonely as people would think, but I like North Fork better because of the teachers and courses. Also, I want to try the school district here in McCall where I live, so I get the full experience of my high school years. In my opinion, having the experience of dual schooling is good, because it allows me to try out new things.

Ballad of the Gravel Pit

by Ben Crogh

My friend and I we once did ride,
to the gravel pit.
On our way we did not hide,
from jumps we would soon hit.

Snowboarding

by Baylie Holsman

Cold air rushes over my excited face:
I wait for this all summer.
My heart pounds like a drum
boom-da-boom-da-boom.
I cannot wait
to reach the top
when my board faces down
the steep, bumpy hill...
adrenaline pumps through
my shivering body.
I am ready to shred
white, chilly snow:
down I depart.

The Cliffs

by Ben Crogh

I hike up the side of the mountain thinking to myself, "I have got to commit and do it." My body starts to go numb. At the top, when I look down the overhang, I feel sick. A party boat goes by and the people yell at me to jump. So as I heave myself off the cliff, I have so many second thoughts.

The first time I ever went to the cliffs on the banks of Payette Lake, I wanted to jump the thirty-foot cliff. I could not get myself to do it: my heart was racing just standing up there, so I knew for sure I was not going to jump off of it. Instead of wasting my time just thinking about jumping the thirty-foot, I went to the eighteen-foot cliff. When I jumped off that, it was scary enough.

Now I stand at the top of the thirty-foot cliff. Looking over the edge feels like I am going to commit suicide. I finally jump *one, two, three, splash*. Three seconds in the air feels like ten minutes.

I did it a couple more times until I started having fun. Kaden jumped the same cliffs and he was even more scared than I was. He told me about another cliff farther down the bank; the boat was started up and we headed over to the other cliffs. On our way, Kaden's sister wanted to surf, so we let her surf there.

When we first arrived, we both estimated that the cliff was about forty feet and we were pretty sure of it. We climbed up

When we arrived we stopped to talk
and plan the ride up there.
I saw an object: it was a rock,
the track had to be clear.

I revved my engine ready to go,
sitting there as I wait.
Steep and high the hill did grow,
raised was my heart rate.

My friend, he finally took his turn
up the steep incline.
He rode to the top only to learn
that everything was fine.

Then we were on our journey home,
after a very long day.
When we were done with our three hour roam,
we went to hit the hay.

BMX Racing

by Jesse Rapp

My heartbeat starting to pick up its pace, I thoroughly examine my bike and make sure my chain is tightened and greased. I move to the brakes: holding up my back tire, I test them three or four times. The sound of the chain cranking away releases moisture in my hands and my excitement begins to build. Now I have to make sure my tires have enough air and that no leaks are evident. I cannot think of anything worse than getting to the starting gates and looking down to see my tire completely deflated, leaving me unable to race. This thought leads me to my next inspection; is the axel tight? If my axel is not tightened properly, I could come down for the landing from an amazing jump and feel the axel pop right out from under me. Inspection complete! Now it's time to make sure I have all of the required riding gear and to head for the track. Helmet: check. Shin pads: check. Chest guard: check. Neck brace: check. Proper clothing: check

Once I am at the track, my heart races so fast I can hardly fill out the form in order to register for the event. My hands are shaking and sweaty, making it difficult to place my number on my jersey. It is finally time to head to the gate and wait for the announcer to call for my qualifying heat. There are five events in BMX racing: the first two events are qualifying rounds in which only the top two finishers in the age group move on to the semi-final. The next two events are the semi-final

to the top, and just looking over the edge took the breath right out of me. Kaden was too chicken, so I had to go first. I jumped and soared through the air: I felt as if I had jumped off of a ten-story building. It was much bigger than the thirty-foot cliff and it was way scarier. That jump was one of the scariest and most fun things I have done in my lifetime. I do not think that I will ever go higher than a forty-five foot cliff just so I can stay alive, because that would be nice.

Camp Perkins

by Savannah Ormsby

Last summer, I went to Camp Perkins for an art camp with my friend Sarah. Camp Perkins is a church camp between Stanley and Ketchum, ID. When we woke up the morning of July 9th, we prepared ourselves for a long, fun week and a long, boring four-and-a-half-hour drive.

When we finally arrived, we went to meet our counselors and cabinmates. The first day was mostly just learning rules and playing games, but on the second day we started art classes. First, we tie-dyed white T-shirts. Then, our counselors brought us to our cabin and had us put on our swimsuits. We set out thinking that we were going swimming in the lake. However, Cabin Two's counselor, Strumz, did not lead us to the lake.

We were hiking in a beautiful grass field when I heard the first "SQUISH!" The field was absolutely full of mud puddles. The trek was fun, yet disgusting, and when we finally reached our destination, we discovered that we were going swimming...sort of. The art teacher gave us grocery sacks and had us climb into the freezing cold river to collect clay to use for the pottery that we were going to make the next day. The clay was squishy and very fun to play with. Sarah and I covered ourselves in the gooey mud, laughing the whole time.

After we had collected enough clay, we slowly walked back to camp. Luckily, a camp instructor offered to let us leave our clay to dry, and he would pick it up the next morning for our pottery. Strumz decided to have us walk back on the road because it was shorter. Sarah had broken her flip-flops on the hike to the river, so Strumz carried Sarah on her back. Everybody was so tired that the walk back to the camp seemed extraordinarily long.

When we finally arrived at camp we went to dinner and had a great rest of the week. The next day we made AWESOME pottery out of the clay that we had gathered ourselves. Hard

rounds; the top two finishers from each race move on to the championship round. Finally, the championship race determines the winner of that age group.

I scan the race track for my qualifying round, studying the five hundred feet of gnarly, twisting, turning track made of the most unstable topsoil around. There are four turns with a mix of jumps and rhythm sections between each turn. I close my eyes and visualize the race, memorizing each and every corner and deciding which path I will take. It is my turn to race.

With a deep breath, I push my bike into the starting gate. The announcer shouts, "Riders ready... Watch the gate!" Then a series of three beeps echoes in my head, the gates drop, and the race is underway. I explode out of the gate, pedaling as hard as I can until I hit the first jump and go soaring through the air. With my heart ready to burst, I feel my bike thrust into my chest on the landing and without hesitation I round the first corner. I feel my legs search to muster another surge of energy. The next series of jumps lies just ahead, and with white knuckles and my teeth clenched tightly, I find myself neck-to-neck with the rider next to me.

As I round the second turn, I demand more from my legs than they want to give. I force them to pedal as fast as if I am being chased by a hungry cheetah. With a rider now on my tail, I head into the rhythm section, my body and bike a sidewinder in the desert. I catch myself holding my breath as I round turn three and with every pump I know I have to dig deep. As I make the descent off of the last jump, I find myself soaring what seems like eight feet in the air. I land with ease and know I am in position to qualify for the next round. A smile creeps up to replace the lines of concentration on my face; a few more revolutions of the pedals and I have done it. I cross the finish line with my hands in the air and a mighty, "Yes!"

work truly does pay off.

Sid

by Hallie Tucker

My dog likes to wag his tail
everywhere he runs.
He likes to drool everywhere
and sunbathe in the sun

Sid's favorite food is a pear,
and hamburger buns.
Sid loves his family and cares
for them and everyone.

He scares away the frightening bears
and likes to have some fun.
Sid has an award from the mayor
as the dog who's full of fun.

With fur that has a lot of layers
he weighs almost a ton;
Sid is like a team with many players
because Sid is number one.

Pancakes

by Jesse Rapp

I awaken to the sweet
smell of pancakes and
jump out of bed so fast, it's as if
I have springs attached to my
legs.

I rocket down the stairs in my PJ's,
snag a plate and catch a flying pancake soft and fluffy
as a cloud!
Popping the fluffy cotton-like figure into my mouth; brown
sweetness
dissolves me into
Heaven.