

## 2nd Year Pieces – Semester I 2020-2021

### Surfing

by Andy Scott

I wake up and remember what my family had planned. My dad drives my sister and me from our hotel to a large park right on the ocean. Our guide is waiting for us in the parking lot. It is ten in the morning and already eighty degrees. We walk over to a large lawn where three surfboards await.

Our instructor tells us how to stand up on the board and paddle correctly because it is easier to learn on land, not on water. He tells us we must stand up quickly as we keep our balance on the surfboard. The instructor also tells us we should lie on our chest to paddle, moving our arms like we are swimming. Where the waves start to crash is about fifty yards out from the shore. My sister goes first.

The guide lines up behind me and before I know it, he pushes my board. I start to move and try to stand up. Unfortunately, I lose my balance and fall after about ten yards of riding the wave. After two more tries, I am able to stand without the guide's help. The first wave starts to come. I know I have to start paddling. The wave goes right under me because I had not paddled fast enough, but I try again and stand up. I ride the wave for about thirty seconds. It is too small and I sink into the water. This is the best I have felt all day. I can surf a few more times before our turn with the instructor is over.

### Virtuous

by Sascha Stoll

Screeching gray wind  
rips trees free from soiled, soaked earth.  
Stinging gales tear apart homes,  
tossing them in the air,  
like an angry child throws blocks.  
Though great,  
nature's tantrum eventually recedes.  
Desecrated landscapes:  
bodies strewn like ragdolls,  
half-moving half-still.  
Full of love,

### Hunting

by Andy Scott

Dogs roam out front: relaxed, waiting for a bird.  
Four shooters stand in line,  
guns held in an awkward way.  
Birds fly as three sets of pellets launch;  
pheasants keep soaring.  
Hunters walk farther as another flies,  
hovering for a second.  
A blast comes out the end of a gun.  
Pellets collide with the bird  
and it falls to the ground.

### Surreptitious Assault

by Charlie Keeffe

Amber sun slowly melts  
thin layers of frost  
off wide open  
meadows.  
Vibrant reds and yellows  
clash in imaginary battles.  
One willow fights another  
for supremacy underground.  
Yet, it's so  
peaceful.

### Homerun Hitter

by Sascha Stoll

I take a deep breath and my vision  
clears. I watch the ball fly from the pitcher's  
hand. I can feel my hands shake as they always  
do. Almost in slow motion, the ball flies towards  
me. My body rocks backward. *Crack!*

It is the beginning of the game and  
members of my baseball team, the Meridian All-  
Stars, are bubbling with chatter in the dugout.  
The head coach, Rick, saunters over to his  
bucket seat and sits down. "Getch'ur gloves and  
hats and hustle out to your positions. We're the  
home team." I snatch up my glove, slap on my

concerned neighbors search  
for faint glimmers of hope  
among the motionless.  
Weary,  
they push on,  
eager to save one more life.

### **Horror** by Andy Scott

Fur pushes against the small body,  
as paws thump on solid dirt.  
Not knowing what's behind him,  
he just runs away.  
Noises follow: owls chasing prey.  
Bolting up a tree for security,  
he finally feels safe.

A man races out of a dark forest,  
now a warzone. A bullet soars by his ear:  
bees buzz around his head;  
all he thinks about is escape.

### **Mountaintop Sunsets** by Charlie Keeffe

Sunsets are among the most magical things  
humans have the pleasure of experiencing: a vibrant mix  
of colors and streaks that we find appealing. Personally, I  
have only seen a majestic few, and I have always wanted  
to watch a full miracle unfold by myself.

So, one evening, I crammed my backpack full of  
some water, snacks, and a walkie-talkie. I swung my leg  
over my Honda XR 100, started it up, and headed off to  
the Brundage lookout. The hardest part of this thirteen-  
mile journey was a nasty, rocky, hill. It ended up taking  
me almost ten minutes to make it up this treacherous  
passage. But luckily, my tank of a bike got me through  
the journey.

I can truly say that I saw the world go to sleep  
that night. It was just so silent and so, so vibrant. The  
world ends and is reborn every single night when the sun  
goes down and comes back up.

hat, and join the flow of pure-white Meridian  
uniforms streaming out to the field.

Even though we're the home team, our  
gear is in first base dugout so I'm the last to  
reach my position in left field. After a quick  
warm-up of catch, I throw the warm-up ball to  
the third baseman, who relays it to our assistant  
coach by the dugout. "Play ball!" the umpire  
says as he settles himself behind the catcher.

The first inning of defense passes  
quickly as our pitcher strikes out all three of the  
other team's batters. When the last batter strikes  
out, my team and I jog into the dugout and put  
on our batting gear. Each of us has a gray helmet  
with a black and yellow M on the front. Our  
batting gloves are either black or white. I am the  
lead-off hitter, so approach the plate while the  
second and third hitters go off to the side, onto  
the grass. We all take our practice swings in  
sync as we get our swings timings down. I take a  
deep breath and watch the defenders throwing  
the balls in. The other team's pitcher steps onto  
the mound and I step up to the plate.

Unlike my stomach, the bat settles,  
relaxed on my shoulder as the pitcher starts his  
windup. He flings the first ball low and it  
whizzes by my feet. The catcher tosses the ball  
back and the second pitch goes low too. Again I  
breathe in, clearing my head to focus only on the  
baseball. Now, on the third pitch, the pitcher  
throws the ball. The red criss-crossed seams spin  
over each other, a bit high but right in my sweet  
spot. My body rocks back as I get ready to  
swing. *Wham!* The bat hits the ball. I start  
running as soon as the bat makes contact. I look  
up and see the ball flying past the outfield fence.  
Running back to home plate, a big grin spreads  
across my face.

### **Rust** by Hudson Hawkins

Bullets wiz by my head,  
burying themselves into the wood  
of a nearby tree. I try to place  
a wall; heavily-gear'd people circle my  
position. *BANG!* my left ear  
goes numb. I escape to the nearby bushes.  
Gear'd enemies load a clip into the naked.  
*Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!*

**Sascha**  
by Sacha Stoll

Short chestnut hair  
matches curious eyes.  
Feet twitch excitedly as  
dirt-covered hands  
flip pages;  
trace lines through fantastical novels.  
Inspiration strikes as a song plays.  
Heart bursting with excitement, I play  
without thought:  
keys on a piano rise and fall  
rhythmically to an original beat.

a shotgun trap rapidly fires into  
my nearby base...

“Dinner is ready.” *My mom*  
*ruins everything.*

**Nightmare**  
by Hudson Hawkins

Ssss, Sssss: charcoaled wood  
burns into crisps next to my ear.  
Adrenaline rushes into survival mode --  
I jump out of bed.  
My mind goes blank; smoke rises  
(the scent of burning wood shrivels my nose).  
Fire alarms attack my eardrums.  
Immediately soft, heated carpet burns my feet.  
I run.  
Reaching my parent’s bedroom... *DING-DING.*  
My alarm clock wakes me. It’s all a dream.

**Cliff Jumping**  
by Hudson Hawkins

Strong breezes ruffle the lake  
fifty feet below. I take  
a huge breath. Muscles  
twitch uncontrollably, nerves  
sending alarms to my brain.  
*“Screw them.”*  
I jump.  
In a second, water rushes  
towards me. *BAM...*  
Piercing the rough water, I feel shocked  
as coldness attacks my skin. Immediately  
neurons shout, “Swim up!”  
*SWISH.* I arise out of wavy water  
to gasp for air.