

## Friday night table

By Skyla Harvey

*Dummerston Elementary School, Grade 7*

“Ugh...is dinner ready yet?” I complained.

“No, Ivy, set the table,” my mother said for the third time.

My brother Tyson played his drums at the table and smiled at me. His twelve-year-old rhythm was kinda cool. Ta tat ta ta ta tat bu du dum ba dshhhh! He played with his forks and then smiled wider.

I looked curiously at my little annoying brother. “Who are you?” I asked.

He shrugged and played his tune.

“Ivy, the table!” Mother called.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah! I’m on it!” I yelled and set the table quickly. Dad sat down the same time I sat his plate on the table.

“Mom, dinner ready now?” I whined.

She brought out the salad and spaghetti and put it on the table. “Yes, Ivy.”

“Whoooo! Yes! Favorite time of day has come!” I quickly sat in my chair and slammed some spaghetti on my plate, dashed some sauce on it and sprinkled cheese on top.

“Ivy, you’re a pig,” Tyson yelled at me when my mouth was full of food, some hanging out.

“Blah.” I mumbled through my food.

“Ivy,” my mother and father said simultaneously.

I chewed and swallowed. “Sorry,” I mumbled.

But we all laughed. And after we watched “The Princess Bride.” My dear Cary Elwes played Westly. And then we played cards (Tyson won, that brat).

Then to top it all off, my two older sisters came home late and got grounded (for a month!) and the door was taken off the hinges.

I love my parents. The best of Fridays start at the table.

## Tired joke

By Kiestin Dawley

*Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5*

One night my brother got up from the kitchen table and said, “Bill, Bill, Bill, Bill, Bill Nye, The Science Guy. Nnss. Nnss. Nnss.” It was really weird. We all laughed for 5 or 6 seconds.

Now he does it everywhere. He does it in the truck, in the house, at my Gramma’s, the store and even at school. We all learned not to laugh at him when he does something weird, but sometimes my mom and my other brother laugh, but my dad and I don’t laugh. It’s just not funny anymore.

## Listen to me

By Theresa Glabach | *Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 9*

I reached the door  
And knocked loudly  
I had to talk to you  
Had to scream and yell  
And fight my way  
Into your head.

You just didn’t see  
What you were doing to me  
Trying to sweet talk your way  
Out of what I had to say  
You were saying  
All the things  
I wanted to hear.

But it’s too late  
Now you have to hear  
What I have to say  
And I know it isn’t  
What you want to hear  
But it’s my turn to talk

And you better listen up  
Because when I walk  
Back out that door  
I’ll be gone for good  
This time.

Now it’s about time  
You said goodbye  
Don’t worry  
I know the way  
Back to the door  
I’ll find my way home just fine.

By the way  
If you come to my door  
Don’t expect an apology  
For what I said  
And I won’t accept yours  
So don’t show up  
And knock loudly  
On my door.

## The kitchen table

By Oonagh Cavanagh

*Browns River Middle School, Grade 7*

Littered with papers and mugs,  
candles and tape dispensers,  
old napkins.  
Everything  
that doesn’t really have a home.  
Papers with important dates  
and phone numbers  
hardly ever make it to the hands  
of their recipient.  
Lost in the rush of yesterday,  
Cell phone chargers and checkbooks  
hide under piles of mail.  
Dozens of notes telling us to  
“Clean up your rooms!”  
are scattered about.

Wallets, toothbrushes, and grocery lists  
are set down without much care.  
Notebooks with half-finished stories  
or notes are arranged in untidy piles.  
Books that were supposed to be returned  
a few weeks back  
lie in heaps of disorder.  
Salt and pepper shakers  
stand in the middle of this chaos.  
They’re the closest thing to a centerpiece.  
I guess you could say it’s sort of a mess.

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## The storm

By Samantha Somple

*Manchester Elementary Middle School, Grade 7*

“Thanks,” I say to the bus driver as I walk down the steps of the school bus. I wave to my friends as the doors squeak shut behind me, and head up my long driveway. It’s late fall, and it’s freezing. I wrap my scarf tighter around my neck and dig my frozen fingers into my warm pockets. It’s silent, except for the sound of my boots crunching on the dirt road. I hear the trees leaves rustle in the wind as it becomes very windy, and even colder than it was before. My hair blows across my face, so I pull on my hat to keep it in place. My ears feel frozen. I sigh and I can see my breath, a little puff of air that soon floats away.

I feel raindrops plopping on my head. “Great,” I think to myself. “This is just perfect.” The rain picks up, and I pick up my pace to a slow jog. Now I’m close enough to see the house, but it’s still a ways away. My backpack feels heavy on my back and I wish I hadn’t bring home so much stuff.

It starts pouring and the wind picks up even more. I’m not yet close to the house, so I start to run. I curve around past the garage and head toward the front. I reach the door and knock loudly.

“Hello? Anyone home?” I yell.

No answer. I turn the knob. Locked. Suddenly I hear a roar of thunder. I grunt and sprint back in the direction of the garage. I stumble but manage to stay on my



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feet and keep running. I finally reach the garage and punch in the code.

The garage door slowly creaks open and I throw my backpack through the opening and dash inside once it’s wide enough for me to duck in. I’m literally soaked and dripping all over the garage floor. Panting, I sit down on the garage steps, too tired and wet to walk inside the house. I flick the switch and close the garage door. I lean my head back onto the wall, I’m just glad to finally be home.

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Get published in the *Reformer!*

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