

April Fools' Disaster

By **Madison Hope Doucette**

Dummerston School, Grade 7

When my brother and I first heard about April Fools' we didn't exactly understand what a prank was. So we woke up during the night before April Fools' Day and decided to pull a 'prank' on our parents.

We thought for 30 minutes about what we should do, and finally decided on a plan. I tiptoed down the stairs with my brother slowly following me. I walked over to the cupboard, grabbed the cinnamon and headed for the bathroom, where my brother was standing ready with our parents' toothpaste container. He tried to unscrew the cap, but since he was four he had a hard time getting it off.

I took the tube of toothpaste and unscrewed the cap. Then I popped the lid off the cinnamon and started to pour it into our parents' toothpaste. When the cinnamon was all gone it was either in the toothpaste tube or in the bathroom sink. My brother said he was tired and headed off to bed, while I washed out the sink. When I was done, I tiptoed back up the stairs and into my bedroom to fall back asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I completely forgot about what we had done. But when my Dad squirted the toothpaste onto his toothbrush and put it in his mouth, I remembered. He spat it right out and my brother and I got yelled at.

We decided that if we were going to do April Fools' jokes in the future, we shouldn't pull the prank on our parents.

April 1

By **Mark Cheng**

Spaulding High School, Grade 12

April 1 is a really funny and interesting day. When I was at school in China, students would usually make jokes with their friends and teachers.

One of my friends told me that my math teacher wanted to see me after school. The school meetings usually take one hour; I waited at his office but no one came! On the next day, I knew that it had not been true — no teacher had held meetings the day before.

Another time, one of our teachers told us that that a leader would be coming later that day to check our classroom. Everyone worked hard to clean the classroom and get it ready for the check, but nobody came. We laughed together and enjoyed working.

I think April Fools' Day is a funny day for everyone.

April fools!

By **Sophie Hale**

Spaulding High School, Grade 9

One morning in third grade, we walked into school.

"OK, class. Clear your desks; we are going to take a test," Mrs. Pierce said. She handed it out, and I glanced over at my friends, confused as to what we were supposed to do.

On Step One, the test told me to stand on my desk and squawk like a chicken. I thought what the heck? and decided I would do it anyway.

Everybody was laughing and the few kids who were smart enough to actually read the directions sat there snickering. At the time, I thought they were such losers they refused to do it, so we all called them party poopers and continued doing what we were doing. So there I was climbing up on top of my desk, flapping my wings and making these strange noises that were supposed to sound like a chicken.

"StepTwo: sing your abc's backwards as loud as you can."

"Z,y,x,w,v,u,t,s,r,q,p....." I sang. Most kids followed along



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NOTE: YWP is publishing slightly out of order to get the April Fools' Day stories in this week.

with me, singing but struggling with singing them backwards.

Mrs. Pierce sat at her desk correcting papers while the majority of us stared at her, thinking she was out of her mind. She tried to hide her laughter, but she finally had outsmarted us. We were young, and innocent, and of course we didn't read the directions at the top of the paper that told us to only write our names on the top and sit quietly until every paper was collected.

Fool

By **Savannah Lynch**

Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7

April Fools',
is,
very simply,
not
today.
But,
then again,
it's April Fools'!
Oh,
what a fool
you
are in
April.

More fools

By **Arthur Kreis**

Spaulding High School, Grade 10

A day people commonly fear
What a wonderful time of year
A day that rains buckets of water
And earth worms crawl in your fodder
A day people pull pranks
Hoping their joke will rank
A day you'd best stay inside
Or find a good place to hide
A day for hilarious payback
By those with a prankish knack
A day you'd best use your head
Watching for pranks from dawn until bed
A day to prank people you hold dear
What a wonderful time of year.

Taoism, Hinduism, journalism

By **Melissa Soule**

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 10

There was once a time I could look into your eyes
Sink in them

And watch the shifting waves of thought fade to text
Pirouetting in giddy scriptures as I read your private newspaper until my eyes were sore.

You let me walk right in; we felt so content.

Like a quaint cafe

Yellow, of course, with the autumn theme the leaf-peepers expect
They're in and out, charging through life on caffeine and blind ambition

While we sit and talk

The cinnamon waves of laughter ringing like bells on the door.
Sometimes it was scintillating conversation
Sometimes not.

The silence mattered in its own invisible way
Teaching us to learn and love awkwardness.

I always will.

As the years spun by in their cartwheeling way

Longer hair, tanning skin, taller faster leaner curvier straighter physique

That cafe stayed open

Oddly, it never seemed boring.

I guess it was for you.

Beating your head against the sunlit walls

Clawing and tearing our careful decorations

The paintings of memories, the poetry of phone calls

Limp and meaningless on the floor.

You left with purpose, I suppose.

Out of vanity, I went blind.

Forced the icy film over my eyes as I went over our lives with Scotch tape

Re-hanging the pieces amidst broken glass and haphazard chairs
Perfect.

The semblance was almost the same. But it wasn't.

I see you sometimes now.

Yes, see, with my eyes.

The blindness was my choice, I wished it away.

You walk oh-so-confidently down the lane outside

Taking up too much room so everyone has to acknowledge your existence.

Do they love you?

Those new friends?

I'm sure they're great fun

And maybe, just maybe, they're fans of soft yellow paint

Maybe not though. They look more like loud, blood red to me.

Since you left, I've redecorated the cafe

I didn't think you'd mind

It's a little more me now, if you know what I mean

But my friends, they can come and sit too

Here, everyone's invited, and they were always there.

Some days when it rains

The sunny color of the paint isn't enough, and I remember shattered tears on the wooden table

But most of the time I like being on my own

I was like that before it happened, really

I just sit quietly at the counter by the window, reading the newspaper.

Not the one you wrote. I've come to think you weren't the best editor for me.

Someday, I might hire someone new.

But right now the only person who has a say

is me.