

Dave's April 1 – A long day

By Haley Harder | Renaissance School, Grade 5

Dave woke up to the beeping of his alarm clock. He pressed the snooze button and looked at the time. 4:30 a.m. There were only two holidays that he set the alarm for this time: Christmas and April Fools' Day. He knew it wasn't Christmas, so it must be April Fools' Day!

Time to wake up Greg, he thought. Greg was Dave's 14-year-old brother. Greg said April Fools' was for 11-year-old boys like Dave, but Dave knew that Greg really did like pulling pranks on his mom and dad — and Dave.

Dave crept quietly into Greg's room with whipped cream and a feather. He put whipped cream on Greg's right hand and then he tickled his face with the feather. Greg lifted his hand to scratch his face and grimaced.

"DAVE!"

"April Fools'!" said Dave. Greg wiped his face on his pillow and then looked at the time.

"4:30?!?!!" he cried.

"Shhh!" said Dave.

"Why don't you go wake up Charlotte?" asked Greg.

Dave sighed. Why did he always have to wake Charlotte? Charlotte was their seven-year-old sister, and she was also very enthusiastic about April Fools'. Dave would have preferred it to just be the boys. "Okay, but first I want to put on my slippers so I don't wake Mom and Dad when we go down to her room."

SQUELCH! It was Dave's turn to grimace. He smiled at Greg. The grapes in the slippers meant Greg hadn't forgotten April Fools' Day either.

Dave crept into Charlotte's room and checked her slippers for grapes. He didn't feel anything. Good, he thought. He still remembered three years ago when Greg had put grapes in Charlotte's slippers and she screamed when she put them on. Both their mother and father had woken up, and it foiled their plans. Charlotte was older now but Dave wanted to be safe. He touched Charlotte lightly on her shoulder. When her eyes opened, he said, "April Fools'!"

She said "April Fools'" back to him and immediately got out of bed.

"What do I do?" she asked.

"Come down to the kitchen and I'll tell you," said Dave.

Greg was already downstairs. When Dave and Charlotte came down, Greg pointed at Dave's slippers and smiled sheepishly. Dave gave him a thumbs up and said, "Good one."

"Tell us what to do! Tell us what to do!" cried Charlotte.

"Shh," said Dave. "Here's what we are going to do. I'll be on kitchen duty. Greg will work on bathrooms." He tossed Greg some plastic wrap, two cans of shaving cream, and

another of whipped cream. "You know what to do, Greg." Then, he turned to Charlotte and handed her a package of grapes.

"You are going to put grapes in every pair of Mom and Dad's shoes," he said, looking over at Greg, who was examining the whipped cream with a devious look on his face.

"Don't even think about it!" Dave cried. Then he turned to Charlotte and said, "On second thought, put some grapes in Greg's shoes, too!"

Charlotte giggled and said, "Aye, aye, Captain!"

"Now report to your battle stations," said Dave.

Dave looked around the kitchen. He took the African Roast coffee out of the coffee machine that his parents always set up each night, and put in the Italian Extra Bold. Then he had an idea. He took out a third of the Italian coffee and put in pepper. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a pencil and some paper. A card! he thought. He drew a beautiful picture of flowers for his mother and a football for his father. On the top of one card he wrote, "You are a great mother," and on the other, "You are a great father." Then, on the inside of each he wrote, "but you sure do fall for April Fools' tricks!"

At about the same time, Charlotte and Greg came back from their duties. "Let's put whoopee cushions on the chairs," said Charlotte.

"Great idea," said Dave. After they had gathered all the whoopee cushions they could find and deposited them on chairs around the house, Charlotte yawned.

"I'm tired," she complained.

Greg said, "How about you go to bed Charlotte, and we'll finish up?"

"Okay," said Charlotte, and she tip-toed up the stairs.

"It's 5:30," said Dave. "We only have about an hour before Mom and Dad wake up."

"So what do you think we should do?" asked Greg.

Dave held up a roll of tape and some string. "We give Mom and Dad's room a makeover!" Then he told Greg, "Your job is to have the tape ready for me, and I'll hang the string."

They crept up into their mother and father's room and silently hung up the string. When they were done, they heard a beeping noise.

"Oh, man, it's 6:30!" whispered Greg.

The two boys tip-toed quietly out of their parents' room. They had just reached the hallway when they heard a loud gasp from their mother.

"Perfect!" said Dave, and he sat back to watch the fun begin.



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains youngwritersproject.org, a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds *online classrooms* for schools and after-school programs. For more: ywpvt.net. To read about the project: ywpvt.net

DEADLINE HERE!

Applications are due **APRIL 1** to attend Champlain College's Young Vermont Writers' Conference, May 29-31. This is a great program run by Champlain College's Poet-in-Residence Jim Ellefson. For more go to: Champlain.edu/Young-Writers-Conference.html

NOTE: YWAP is publishing slightly out of order to get the April Fools' stories in ahead of the day of honor, er, ignominy.

April Fools' backfires

By Zachary Falls

Albert D Lawton School, Grade 7

Last April Fools' I thought for sure I had the best trick in the books. Our sink has a hose attached to it; if you turn on the faucet, you can hold down a trigger to use the hose. I wrapped a rubber band around the trigger. If anyone used the faucet, they would get a rinse in the chest instead. I thought I was as clever as a detective.

April 1 was a Saturday that year, and we had to go to 4:00 Mass. When we got back, I had completely forgotten about the trap I had set. I went to turn on the faucet to get a glass of water and, instead, I got a jet stream of water to my stomach. It was bittersweet. I was happy my plan had worked, but unhappy that I was its victim.

I guess what I'm saying is, when you set an April Fools' joke this year, make sure you're not the victim!

April Fools' Day

By Chester Barber

Renaissance School, Grade 5

On April Fools'

There are no rules.

Kids put chairs in the pools,

And when they go to school,

They put tacks on each other's stools.

All day long, they'll be pushin'

On that whoopee cushion

So who knows who'll

Be the Fool.

April Fools'!

Accepting the future

By Basundhara Mukherjee

Frederick H. Tuttle Middle School, Grade 7

Where do I go?

Who will I be?

Questions arise...

Just waiting for me.

My future waits,

Longing to come.

What will happen?

And when is it done?

Am I prepared?

Am I concerned?

When will it start?

What will be learned?

Out there is a world,

Unknown to me.

Am I scared?

Will I flee?

I don't know my feelings,

I depend on my past.

I really am scared,

Will my future last?

Break out

By Braeden Hughes

Westford School, Grade 8

So caught up in society, acting the girl you want to be you hide your true personality with a flimsy shield of conformity. Dress, talk and think like other girls your shallowness makes me want to hurl Why not just live your life without others' opinions pressing like a knife?

Be quirky, go nuts —

being yourself takes guts.

Show me what you can do

Without your clique

who are you?

Half-open eyes

By Spencer George Morrissey

Peoples Academy, Grade 10

All the words that people have said,

Running around inside my head.

Fag. Stupid. Retard. STOP!

Accept me even if I don't fit your world.

Please be quiet or speak kind words.

When you call me Loser,

See yourself through my half-open eyes.

And when you step on my broken hands,

Feel my knuckles crunch under your tongue.

I will fight no more except with silence,

Until you realize that life is just a disguise,

And nothing matters, but love and acceptance.