

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.

"Okay, 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 to as 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 making these strange noises that were supposed to be sounding like a chicken.

"Step two: 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 with me, singing but struggling on how to sing 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 were 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.

Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series;



maintains youngwriters-project.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: ywpblog.ywpvt.net

DEADLINE HERE!

Applications are due APRIL 1 to attend Champlain College's Young Vermont Writers' Conference, May 29-31. Great program. For more go to: Champlain.edu/Young-Writers-Conference.html

NOTE: YWP is publishing slightly out of order to get the April Fools' pieces in before the day of honor, er, ignominy.

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
In hope 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.

A student

BY ZINFIRA KOCHALIYEVA

Spaulding High School, Grade 12

This is a story about how one girl is trying to be strong in the face of life.

She was once a very pretty girl, and her family decided to marry her to a man that they chose. She knew that she was not ever going to love him, but her family didn't listen to her, and she was married to the man. She had no choice, and now she is married and very angry with herself. She hates that she did not speak up and tell her parents she did not want to be married to a man she did not love.

In school she studies what her husband's family wants her to study. In life, she does what her husband's family says to do. She just watches their mouths for what they are going to say.

Sometimes she is happy, but other times she just wants her life to be over. Later she thinks that everything will be OK and everything will change, and somehow she will see light at the end of the tunnel.

She is always thinking about her parents and worrying about them. She knows that if she leaves her husband's home her parents will be upset; she will destroy everything that her parents have. This is why she does not want to leave her husband's home and keeps saying that everything will be OK.

This is what that girl thinks about when she goes to bed.

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?

Youngins of today

BY POULIMA JUSTON

Rutland High School, Grade 10

What would I be
If there's anything I could be
I would be a number 23 RB
Shootin' spins and jukes up on the NE
Havin' people say, "Damn, that kid crazy!"
Because I am
And not because they're standin' next to me
And hopefully, that be the reality.
If that don't work out
Don't know what I'm gonna be
So I'm trippin' about if it's the end of me.
Most people decide to lay back, take it easy
But that just ain't how life be
Life is hard, especially
If you just got 80s and don't know what you
wanna be
What you're good at, or what you're good for
Wantin' to do the one thing you truly adore
But unsure what it is, so you end up moppin'
the floor
Or making some doors
Or doing some chores
But that's not what I stand here for
I stand for shooting the stars, having much more
And when I get it
Will be when I sit
'Til then I'll remain, my legs stiff as I spit
And maybe these rhymes will influence
young minds
To focus them on what they wanna be
instead of wasting their time in high school.
I know the goal is to be cool
But if that's all you'll do
That ain't gonna be how people look at you
All they'll see is a dude
With no sense of reality, only few
So what they gonna do?
When you taking all their food
Ain't no doubt they gonna ostracize you.
Blast off this track, no need to be furtive
Quit the bacchanalian lifestyle, stay assertive
So at 3,2,1 don't you forget
Keep your mind dead set
And eventually, you'll reach the stars like a jet.

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.