

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 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.

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.

A poem

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'!

And another

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 hopes 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 not a bedtime story, but instead 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 that 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 feels like 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?

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.

Wake me

By Emmalee Osborne

NORTHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Fiction. Excerpt

"The Ledges, 11:30 p.m."

... When I saw what he had in mind I knew I had made a big mistake. I had traded my friend for popularity. I knew it was wrong to just stand there, but I just couldn't get up enough sense to help my friend.

Every time I would hear my love's velvety forget-me-not voice and gaze into his hypnotic emerald-green eyes I would just forget about my values and focus on him.

"Love Muffin, I need you to do something for me. Please?"

Oh, jeez. Don't look into those eyes, don't. I turned my head to face away from him, but instead I ended up facing him. Dang it. I looked. "Anything Dear."

"Good. Will you partake in a little prank on your friend?"

"Yes."

We were on the ledge where I was to push my friend off its edge. Jeremy assured me that she would not be harmed. It was kind of like an initiation into their clique. So I just went along with the plan. "I'm so sorry, Akira," I cried out in my head." ...

Break out

By Braeden Hughes

WESTFORD SCHOOL, GRADE 8

So caught up in society,
acting the girl that 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?