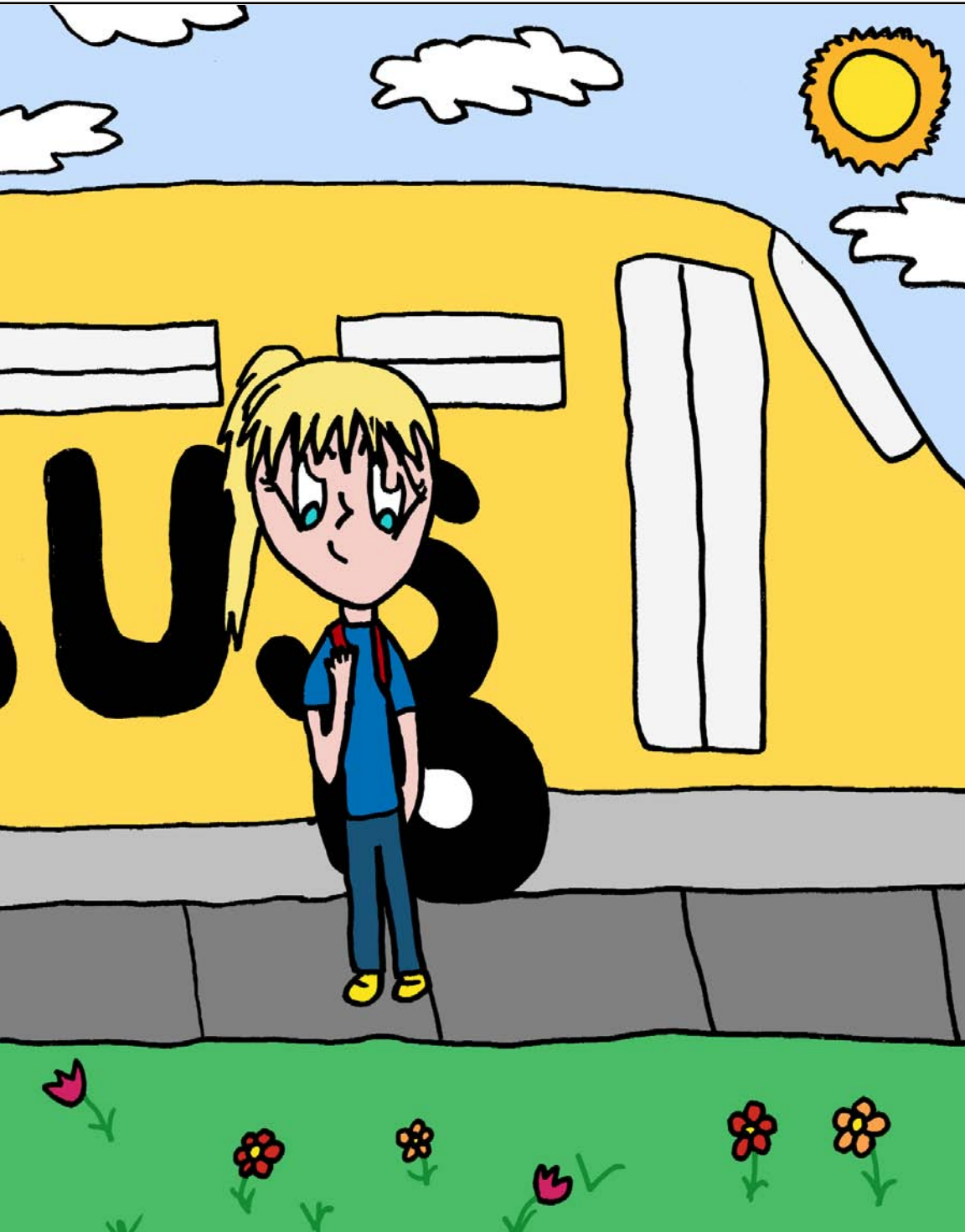


Fandangle

Magazine

September 2007



**CREATED AND
PUBLISHED BY**

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Fandangle Magazine is an award-winning free online magazine promoting educational fun for kids ages 6-10.

Editorial Guidelines

We are always looking for new writers and illustrators. Find the full editorial guidelines at www.fandanglemagazine.com/guidelines.html.

Suggestions

Please send comments and suggestions to editor@fandanglemagazine.com with 'Suggestions' in the subject line.

On the Cover

Created by seventh grader Caitlin Cavanaugh, the cover is drawn in the anime style, which is one of Caitlin's favorite forms of art and loves manga.

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From the Editor

School is back in session for many of you, including us here in Keene. My daughter, however, had the grand pleasure of missing the first two days of school because she came down with a case of pink eye. What joy! Thankfully she is no longer considered contagious and was able to go to school today. I can't wait to get all of my homework!

This month my daughter turns 12. I can't believe she's just a year away from being a teenager. Man! That makes me feel old, though she insists that nearly 36 isn't old. I'm not sure I agree!

A few weeks ago I was hired as the editor of Parent Express, a free parenting paper here in the Keene area. It is an excellent opportunity for me to get back into

more traditional publishing and become more involved in the community. The paper reaches families in Cheshire County, NH and Windham County, VT. It is only a part-time job so it will allow me to be available to my daughter and continue with projects like Fandangle and Mom's Lil' Helper.

This month we're celebrating being back at school, Rosh Hashanah, and pirates. There's loads of poetry and puzzles too.

Have a great September!

Nancy A. Cavanaugh
Editor-in-Chief



Let's Celebrate!

September Holidays

- 3 Bathtub Race Day
- 3 Labor Day
- 7 Grandma Moses Day
- 9 National Grandparent's Day
- 11 Patriot Day
- 12 Rosh Hashanah
- 12 Video Games Day
- 15 International Eat an Apple Day
- 17 Citizenship Day
- 19 Talk Like a Pirate Day
- 21 International Day of Peace
- 21 Yom Kippur
- 22 Hobbit Day
- 22 Elephant Appreciation Day
- 24 Family Day
- 24 Punctuation Day

Also

- ADHD Month
- Backpack Safety America Month
- Fall Hat Month
- Library Card Sign-Up Month

- National Chicken Month
- National Honey Month
- National Mushroom Month
- National Piano Month
- National Potato Month
- National Hispanic Heritage Month



Breyson in School

By Gabrielle Linnell

"Class, eyes up here."

Mr. Tasman, the tall man with the blue t-shirt, stood in front of a big board. "Class, welcome to second grade. There's a new student I'd like you all to meet. Breyson, please stand up."

Breyson stood. Everyone else stared.

"Breyson was home-schooled last year. His mother taught him to read and do numbers, like you did here at Compoti Elementary. Everything is new for him, so let's give him a hand, all right?"

The other kids started to whisper.

Breyson didn't need a hand. He needed to go home. He missed his mother, missed the crayon marks on his kitchen table, missed the slobber of his dog Shakespeare on his socks. There was a window in this classroom, but there was no backyard behind it. Instead, there was only grass and a big wire fence.

He raised his hand, but Mr. T didn't see him.

"What?" asked a girl with bouncy hair.

"I want to go outside."

"We can't go outside until recess, silly. Didn't you know that?"

Breyson shrunk into his chair.

At home, he would run outside and play soccer while Mom shouted out number facts, like: "Two plus eight!"

He would shout, "Ten!" and then score a goal.

Mr. T came around. "Breyson, here's our math workbooks. Have you learned how to add numbers?"

Breyson nodded.

"Okay, so you can just start working on this page. Amber will show you how to do

it if you need help."

The rest of Breyson's day was strange. He couldn't go to the bathroom without asking Mr. T. He couldn't make his own lunch, his mother had packed it for him. Even during recess, there were all these other kids who didn't want to play soccer.

His mother picked him up at the bus stop, and made him oatmeal chocolate-chip cookies that he ate in the living room.

"How was your first day in school?"

Breyson stared at his cookie. "I want to stay home tomorrow."

Mom shook her head. "I'm sorry, Brey, but you're going to have to stay there. Sometimes it takes a while to get used to new things. What don't you like about it?"

Breyson thought, and thought, and thought until he accidentally spilled cookie crumbs on the couch.

"I don't have any friends there. No Mr. Splunky, or Shakespeare... or you."

"Breyson." Mom hugged him. "I'm right here, and so is Shakespeare. And Mr. Splunky's a big bear—it would be hard to carry him around at school all day. But if you have a problem, what do you need to do?"

"Solve it," said Breyson. And he had an idea.

The next day at school, Breyson marched up to tall Mr. T, and handed him a box and a note. Mr. T read the note, and asked, "Did you write this yourself?"

He nodded.

"You have great handwriting! I'll remember that. And thanks for the sur-



prise."

Breyson sat back in his seat, and waited until 10:30, when it was snack time.

"Class," said Mr. T, "Our new friend Breyson has brought in a surprise. He baked some very special cookies for all of us. Breyson, can you help me hand these out? They smell fantastic."

Breyson took the box and carefully gave two cookies to each kid. When he was done, he went back to Mr. T's desk and handed him the last two cookies.

"For me?" asked Mr. T. "How did you know there would be enough for everyone?"

"There are fifteen kids, and one teacher. They all need two cookies," Breyson answered. "So..."

"Hold on a minute!" Mr. T put his cookies down and ran for the blackboard. "Here's a word problem. Everyone, take out your pencils..."

Breyson smiled, and walked back to his seat. He pulled out a picture from his pocket, a picture of Mom, Shakespeare and Mr. Splunky. They had big smiles on their faces, like smiles they would have when, after a good day at school, he would go home.

Library Reading Race?

By Carol L. MacKay

"What page you on?" I ask my friend Kyle "493" he says with a smirky smile. "But you've only been reading a minute and a half." There's no way you're past the first paragraph."

"Oh yes I am," Kyle says adamantly.

"I am so on page four ninety-three.

Who says you have to read things straight in a row? When you open a cookbook, where do you go?

You go to the place you want to be.

Same for an almanac or dictionary.

So who says I can't start on the page that I want And then go back and read the things in front?"

I stare at Kyle, and he stares at me.

I shrug and decide to let Kyle be.

I read a few paragraphs, then nudge my friend, Dawn, "Pssst," I whisper, "what page are you on?"



Free Writing Contest for Kids

Sam, our mascot, is going on an adventure. Where's he going? That's what we want you to tell us! Visit Sam's page on the web site to find out more then check out all the details on the Contest page.

CASH PRIZES - PUBLICATION - E-BOOK



Starting From Scratch

By Jeanne Moran

Sam wasn't my best friend. My real best friend was Amanda, but she was an hour's drive away in my old apartment building in the city. Sam was the only kid my age in the whole development. Two hundred new families, two hundred new houses, and we were the only ones in sixth grade.

"So, do you want to rollerblade or play video games?" I asked Sam one afternoon.

"I want to get out of taking the history test tomorrow," he answered.

"How are you going to do that?"

Sam grinned at me. "If I'm sick, I can't go to school."

"Right," I said slowly. "So you're planning to catch the flu?"

He clicked his tongue. "Come on!" he called, stomping through the yard.

I followed slowly. When Sam crashed into the woods, I stopped. I wanted to go in the woods like I wanted to meet the Terminator in a dark alley. "You're going in there?" I asked, pointing at the shadows.

Sam scowled at me like I was an ant in his picnic basket. Then he turned and kept walking, breaking sticks and small plants under crunching feet.

I gulped and tiptoed behind.

Sam stopped and bent down. "Here's some," he said. Picking up a green leafy thing, he rubbed it on his arm.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Poison ivy," Sam said, rubbing away. "What did you think it was?"

The only plant I knew was the geranium on my mother's windowsill. "Doesn't

that give you a rash or something?" I asked.

"Well, duh! That's the idea! If I have a rash in the morning, I won't have to go to school. No school, no history test," Sam said. He bent down, broke off another piece, and handed it to me. "Here, you try," he said.

I took the shiny leaf and thought a moment. Taking a history test might be bad. But being chicken in a new neighborhood would be worse.

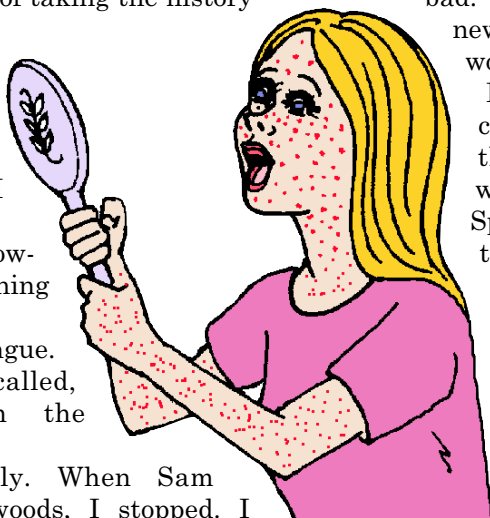
Like the time back in the city. Amanda fell and there was blood everywhere. I threw up. Ben Spadini had to take us both to the nurse. He told the whole class what a chicken I was. Every time someone scraped a knee after that, Ben would say "Don't let Katie see! She'll throw up!" Everyone would laugh.

I couldn't let that happen again. Sam peered at me, waiting for action.

I had to think fast. I never had poison ivy in all my eleven years. Which would mean that I wasn't allergic to it. Which would mean that I could rub myself with the leaf and not get the rash. Which would show Sam I wasn't a chicken.

"Oh, what the heck," I said. I rubbed the leaf across my arms. It felt warm and smooth, so I rubbed it on my hands too. I picked a fresh oily leaf and rubbed it on my legs, my neck and my face. Ben Spadini should see me now, I thought. I'm no chicken. And I won't get poison ivy, either.'

Sam smiled at me the whole time, nod-



ding his head.

That night a strange feeling woke me, like spiders dancing on my legs. The sheets prickled against my skin. My pajamas rubbed my shoulders. My face itched from my forehead to my chin and back again. My neck itched. My ears itched. I think my teeth itched.

I got out of bed and fumbled for the light switch. I tried to open my eyes. Swollen shut. Prying them with my fingers, I stared at myself in the mirror. I looked like an eruption on Mount Oatmeal.

There was a bumpy ball splattered with oozing lumps where my face should have been. Blobs and blisters melted across my arms. Wads of goo splashed across my legs. Angry red streaks rose where I had scratched in my sleep. I scratched some more and yelled, "Mom!"

My mom stumbled to the door. Her jaw dropped open. "Katie!" she said. "Your face! It's as red as a geranium!"

I tried to smile. Mom was from the city, like me. She didn't know plants.

I wished a geranium was the only plant I knew.

10 Great Ways to Make and Keep a Friend

By Nancy Craddock

10. When your friend is having a bad hair day, make your hair look messy, too.

9. Set off together to find the end of the rainbow. Once there, be sure to split the gold, fifty-fifty. Only fair.

8. Wear identical clothes and tell everyone the two of you are twins-by-heart.

7. Leave a trail of candy from your friend's house all the way to your front door.

6. Throw a party for your friend, even if her birthday is still days or months away.

5. Give your friend the Box turtle. You keep the one that snaps.

4. Write a story about the two of you. Draw a picture to go with it... Ring your friend's doorbell, leave both and quickly tiptoe away.

3. Hum loudly whenever your friend sings off-key. Hitting the right

note is not as important as keeping each other company.

2. Draw pictures of each other, in case one of you should move away.

1. And now the best, very best way to make and keep a friend is to be honest, kind and considerate, no matter what others may do or say.



Gabby Alaboutme & All About Her

By Elizabeth Casey

Gabby Alaboutme was a nine-year-old girl who was small for her age but with an unusually grand opinion of herself.

Gabby Alaboutme was also a particularly beautiful child with a mother that had an extraordinary talent of matching hair bows to socks and such. Gabby was feeling especially magnificent this August morning.

It was the first day of the third grade and she was dressed to the nines. Everything she wore matched, crisp and new with the aroma of West Place Mall still lingering about. "Oh yes, this is going to be a good year!" Gabby exclaimed.

Now Gabby was appropriately the first in lunch line this fine day as she always was with her last name beginning with the first letter of the alphabet. When Ms. Pinkerton signaled, she began the procession directly to the cafeteria.

After being served, Gabby took her seat at the center table and as expected, her classmates began to join her one by one.

After everyone was seated, Mindy, excitedly announced that her family would be taking fall break in Vermont at her Grandmother's lake house. "Well", before Mindy finished her thought, Gabby added "my Grandmother has two vacation homes on the West and East Coast."

Mindy returned solemnly to her macaroni and cheese. Reed perked up and said "we spent the whole summer at the lake and I caught seven trout and four blue gill!!".

Gabby quickly informed Reed that her Uncle Adam was the President of the Organization for the Preservation of Wildlife. Reed wasn't quite sure what that meant but it definitely sounded more

important.

Gabby wrapped up the remainder of their 30 minutes with a run down of all the additions to her DVD collection that summer, her trip to the largest waterslide park in the country and of course how she would soon be tested for the accelerated class.

She regretfully informed her following that she might not be continuing her educational journey with their wonderful but sadly ordinary class.

The next day was much the same. Gabby watched as Alison demonstrated some sign language that she had learned at 4-H camp; but it was short lived as Gabby remembered how to say "hello" in Chinese. She added that her cousin had become fluent in four languages in college and of course she now works for the President of the United States of America.

Ben said that he once visited the White House. Of course, Gabby described her personal tour as her father was invited to the last Presidential Inauguration. Everyone was getting a mild case of indigestion.

On the third day of third grade, everyone sat in a bored trance as Gabby Alaboutme talked all about her.

The second week of school, there was a new girl in Ms. Pinkerton's class. There was no room for her at Gabby's lunch table. So, she sat alone. One day, Emmie decided that she would sit with the girl. Gabby didn't mind but she began to take notice as one by one she lost her audience to this mysterious new person. The group now seemed livelier than usual even being called down by Ms. Pinkerton twice.



Everyone seemed to have forgotten Gabby.

Gabby thought what can be so extraordinary about this girl. She's probably related to the Kennedy's. I know, her Dad owns the new Icearium in town; or maybe, she is from Switzerland and brings fine chocolate for dessert. Possibly, Gabby thought, she is a genius and has all of the answers to this years math quizzes.

Gabby found herself all alone in her matching outfit and headband. She had just gotten her ears pierced and her 14-karat gold and diamond studs didn't even bring her comfort this lonely day.

Then one morning as Gabby studied the imposter, she noticed that the girl often wrote notes to the traders. Gabby's

curiosity was building. She felt as if she would burst. Finally, she sat down face to face. She was struck by how extraordinarily ordinary the girl appeared.

The girl smiled the best that she could at Gabby, picked up a pencil and wrote...

Hi, Dr. Hamilton did some work on my overbite this summer. Six more weeks with my teeth wired shut – can't talk – soup and milkshakes every meal!!!

Gabby wrote back...

What is your name?

Gabby waited impatiently expecting some exotic title like "Princess of North America", "Heir to the Vanderbilt estate" or "Nobel Peace Prize Winner".

The girl picked up her pencil again and simply wrote...

Lucy I. Listen

Falling Leaves Art

By SariAnne Miller

When the leaves outside begin to turn colors and fall, you can turn them into art to hang on your wall. When your family sees how wonderful your Falling Leaves Art looks, they'll want to run outside and jump in a pile of leaves with you!

What You Need:

One sheet of light yellow construction paper

A larger sheet of construction paper in orange, brown, or black

One piece of cardstock paper

Oil pastels or crayons

A pencil

Green leaves from two or three different trees

What to Do:

1. First, gather leaves from two or three different trees. Trace these leaves on a piece of cardstock paper and cut them out. These will be your leaf stencils.

2. Next, using your pencil, trace the leaf stencils onto your yellow construction paper. Make a design that looks like they are falling. Over-lap some of the leaves as you trace.

3. After that, color the leaves in fall colors using your oil pastels or your crayons. You can color lightly, or you can color hard. Use your own style!



4. Last, trace the leaves with black oil pastel or crayon, and draw black veins on the leaves.

5. Glue the picture onto the larger sheet of construction paper so it looks like a frame.

Hang your picture up where everyone can enjoy it. Then go have fun outside in the autumn leaves!

Ruby's Tomato Red Head

By Shelly Nicholson

When Ruby was born, her parents agreed no other name would be more fitting since her hair was as brilliantly red as a ruby.

"Your hair is as stunning as a sunset by the seashore," Ruby's father praised.

"Your hair is as delightful as a field of strawberries," Ruby's mother crooned.

On the first day of Kindergarten, Ruby wore her favorite red dress to match her magnificent red curls.

"Good Morning, Ruby," greeted a plump silver-haired lady at the classroom door.

"I'm your new teacher. My name is Mrs. Tutor. Your gorgeous red hair looks outstanding with that beautiful red dress."

Ruby beamed. She thought her new teacher was splendid. Ruby thought school was going to be marvelous.

Ruby ate animal crackers for snack. She learned a catchy new song. She drew a colorful picture of her favorite thing (her curly red hair). And when Mrs. Tutor asked the students how high they could count, Ruby was the only one who could count to 100.

"You might be the only one who can count to 100," sneered Isabella, "but you're also the only one with ugly red hair that looks like a rotten tomato."

Ruby was crushed. She looked around the classroom. None of the other girls had red hair. None of the boys had red hair. Isabella had blonde hair. Mrs. Tutor had silver hair. Isabella was right. Ruby was the only one in the whole class with ugly red hair.

Ruby blinked back tears. She crumpled the picture of her favorite thing. She hid

it in her desk. When the other children went out for recess, Ruby asked to stay inside. Ruby drew a new picture. This time she drew a picture of her family at the beach. Instead of long red curls, Ruby drew a big floppy sun hat on her head.

The next morning, Ruby asked her mother if she could wear a big floppy sun hat to school.

"Whatever for?" asked Ruby's bewildered mother.

"Just because," grumbled Ruby.

When Ruby arrived at school, Mrs.

Tutor said, "Please put your hat on the shelf, Ruby. We're not allowed to wear hats inside."

Ruby scowled. She didn't think Mrs. Tutor was particularly splendid anymore. And she didn't think school was exactly marvelous either.

When Ruby sat down, Isabella snickered, "Good morning, Tomato Red Head!"

Ruby withered.

When Ruby's class came back from lunch, all the pictures they drew the day before were taped to the wall.

Mrs. Tutor stood next to a drawing of a little girl with long red braids.

"This is the picture I drew of my favorite thing," said Mrs. Tutor. "It is a picture of my granddaughter. Her name is Scarlet."

Ruby was surprised. She raised her hand.

"Yes, Ruby?" asked Mrs. Tutor.

"Does Scarlet have red hair?" asked Ruby.

"Yes, Ruby. She has gorgeous red hair just like yours," Mrs. Tutor smiled.



“When I was a little girl, I had beautiful red hair too.”

Ruby’s eyes twinkled.

“My hair changed color as I got older,” Mrs. Tutor giggled. “Now it’s just plain old silver.”

“I think your silver hair is beautiful,” chimed Ruby. “It’s as shiny as a twinkling star in the night sky.”

A huge smile spread across Mrs. Tutor’s face.

“Thank you, Ruby,” beamed Mrs. Tutor.

“Would you like to come up front and tell us about your drawing?” Mrs. Tutor pointed to Ruby’s beach picture.

“I have a different picture I’d like to show the class instead,” said Ruby.

Ruby reached in her desk. She smoothed out the crumpled up picture of her red hair with the palm of her hand.

“My favorite thing is my curly red hair,” Ruby glanced Isabella’s way and giggled. “It’s as red as a garden full of juicy tomatoes.”

Colorful Mistakes

By Kari Winters

Summer is a great time to grab your crayons and sketch your ideas, or create your own inventions. As I was drawing last week, I looked down at the paper-covered wax stick that I was holding and started wondering, who invented crayons? Have you ever wondered the same thing? Here is the story of how crayons were invented.

In the early 1900’s Edward Binney and Harold Smith were experts at making colored pigments. These pigments were

added to paint so that barns could be red and tires could be black.

On one summer afternoon, they tried to mix pigments with oil in such a way that they would create a non-toxic slate pencil. They ended up with a product they called “crayola,” meaning “oily chalk.”

By 1903 they had packaged their mistake in eight colors: black, brown, blue, red, purple, orange, yellow, and green. Their invention spread like wildfire. Over the next few years the oil that was used in the original invention was replaced with paraffin wax.

Crayola crayons now come in a wide variety of colors. Since 1903, over 120 billion crayons have been sold. So many, that if they were placed end to end, they would circle the world 4 times! Now, that’s a lot of coloring!



Sam the Chameleon

Have you met Sam yet? He’s our new mascot. He has a whole section all to himself with fun facts, puzzles and coloring pages. Check it out today!



Check It Out at the Library

You push through the heavy doors to the smell of must and the sounds of hushed voices. The library is a great adventure in books, a cool place to do homework or

play on the computer and you will find lots of other stuff as well. Take a moment to browse through the library below and see if you can find them.

By Tisha R. Harris

A
K C M
G I O D P
N O C M E H S
F M P J A
Q S U L B
C N T S L
U R I O A E Y I S V P
B A E I T X R W H C Y Z O
D E N T N E W S P A P E R C E
G R C C J H M K S T K L A T M F T
O H E I N D R I B C O O G V R R E W R
P Q U F A U I M N S O F O R H I G D F X Y
Y K E L V C O W B T G B I Y J A O E J
Z Q R P Y T W E I H O E K L T Z C I M
R U E T A I N S N A I R A R B I L C B
E C N A M O R T U Y O Q N M S N
B S C D H N X E T P Q U E B E R
C E E P T A Z R C O M I C S S X
Y A G H M R U N I V B E D I C E
Z F O B I Y F C P W A T H T A H

Atlas
Biography
Comics
Computers
Dictionary
Fiction
History
Librarian
Magazine
Music

Newspaper
Phone book
Picture book
Poetry
Quiet
Reference
Romance
Science
Story time
Western

How to Draw a Rascally Rat

Scamper over to your drawing board and prepare to draw a rascally rat. It's easy when you follow the three steps.

1. Draw its head and remember to

make a long nose.

2. Draw the body, legs with big feet and tiny arms.

3. Don't forget the tail!



Written and Illustrated By
Kevin Scott Collier

A Sweet New Year

By Hilary Daninhirsch

Sometimes an apple is more than just an apple.

Food plays an important part in most holiday celebrations. We eat turkey on Thanksgiving Day, we have barbecues on the Fourth of July, and we eat candy on Halloween.

Sometimes, though, the food that we eat during certain religious holidays has special meaning. Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, is a Jewish holiday in which the foods eaten are filled with symbolism. This holiday occurs in the fall, when fruits such as apples and pomegranates taste the sweetest.

It is a custom to eat sweet foods to symbolize the hope for a sweet new year. Apples dipped in honey is the most popular food tradition on Rosh Hashanah. Apple and honey cake is a popular dessert after a festive meal.

Another Rosh Hashanah food with symbolic meaning is the pomegranate. Pomegranates are said to contain 613 seeds. In Judaism, that corresponds exactly to the number of mitzvot (“mitts vote”), or good deeds, that the Jewish people are commanded to follow.

Other popular fall fruits that may make their way to the Rosh Hashanah table are dates, figs, pears and persimmons, all of which carry the same meaning: a sweet year.

Challah (pronounced with a hard “ch” rather than the “ch” as in “chocolate”) is the bread made with eggs that is traditionally eaten on the Jewish Sabbath. The challah that is eaten most of the year is usually braided. On Rosh Hashanah, though, challahs are round, signifying the cycle of a year that is complete. Raisins are often added to these round loaves of bread for extra sweetness. To make it even sweeter, you can dip the challah in honey.

Tzimmes is a sweet side dish made of carrots, raisins and honey. In addition to symbolizing a sweet year, the carrots are cut into coin shapes, symbolizing the hope for a prosperous year. Eating the head of a fish is also considered to be a good omen for the year to come.

Just as sweet foods are traditionally eaten during the Jewish New Year, sour or bitter foods such as pickles and vinegar are usually avoided as we do not want to wish ourselves a bitter year.

Here is an easy recipe that combines two traditional Rosh Hashanah ingredients, apples and honey, which can be enjoyed at Rosh Hashanah or all year long.

Apple Crisp with Honey

Ingredients:

- 4-5 peeled, cored and sliced apples, like Granny Smiths
- 2 tsp lemon juice
- 2 tbsp water
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup rolled oats
- 4 tbsp butter



Directions:

1. Preheat oven to 350.
2. Grease a round pie plate or casserole dish and spread the apple slices on the bottom.
3. Mix the lemon juice and water and pour over the apples.
4. Drizzle the apples with honey and sprinkle with cinnamon.
5. In a bowl, mix the remaining ingredients until the mixture looks like coarse crumbs, and sprinkle over the apples.
6. Bake for 25-30 minutes. Enjoy!

Prince Duke and "His Kids"

By Jeanne Yates

Duke was our 120 pound Rottweiler. He was very gentle with other animals and he adored our grandchildren. They could climb around on his back and pull his ears and when Duke had enough of their loving attention, he would simply get up and walk away from them, usually finding another place to relax. He was about as fierce as a garbage dump rat. The whole family thought the world of Duke.

One time in the wee hours of the morning, our son, Matthew, was on his way home from work. He saw something in the road and stopped to get a better look. It was a possum that had been hit and killed by a passing vehicle. A movement caught his eye. On the back and stomach of this critter were thirteen baby possums crawling around looking for a bite to eat. Not wanting to leave them to die, Matt put them inside his lunch pail and went on home.

Duke met him at the door as always. He must have smelled the possums because he sniffed around the lunch pail and couldn't wait for Matt to put it down and open it.

"Take it easy Duke," Matt whispered. "I couldn't leave them out there alone. I don't know if we can save them, but we will give it our best try."

Matt took some newspapers and laid them on top of the hassock, then put a couple of bath towels on top of them. He opened the pail and took out the possums, one at a time, making sure Duke got to sniff each of them. I am sure Duke didn't know what to think. He had never seen or smelled anything like them before. He was a house pet and didn't get out very often exploring nature on his own.

Duke spent a few minutes sniffing and licking each one, and then he cocked his head and looked up at Matt. "What do we do now?" he seemed to be asking.

"We will make them a warm bed by the fireplace and in the morning I will have Mom call the vet to find out how to care for these critters. Come on Duke, it's time for me to get some sleep," Matt said to Duke after the possums were bedded down for the night.

Early the next morning, I called our vet and got instructions on how to tend to the babies. It was a long, tiring ordeal and the family members took turns getting up in the night to feed them. They had to have around the clock care if they were going to live. We did lose a few of them, but were able to find homes for the rest.

Duke enjoyed the attention he got along with the possums. He was usually the babysitter. He would allow them to crawl around on his back when they got older and he even took naps with them once in a while. I wonder how he felt and what he thought when they grew up and we gave them away. While they lived at our house, Duke took care of them too.

Duke was a wonderful pet. We all loved him very much. He is no longer with us. He passed away at the age of 11. He will forever live on in the hearts of those who knew him, both family and friends.



The Conga Lion

By Rolli

The lion starts to dance, dance.
Some monkeys take a BIG CHANCE,
Swing down on a vine
Whooh! Whooh!
And join the conga lion.

Yes! The lion does his
dance, dance.
The funky monkeys prance,
prance.
We tiptoe from behind
(Hush! Hush!)
And join that conga lion.

Now all of us, we dance,
dance,
'N wriggle in our pants, pants.

And critters of every kind
(Yes! Yes!)
All join the conga lion.



We hear a snicker sound,
sound.
The lion turns around, 'round,
And says, "You're awfully
kind
(Ho-ho!)
To join me at LUNCH TIME!"

Now all of us, we run, run!
Too bad—cuz it was fun, fun.
I don't think, next time

(No! No!)
We'll trust a conga lion.

Recess

By Barbara Bockman

When sun and sky shine through the trees,
And teacher wipes the chalkboard clean;
When happy shouts ring on the breeze,
And backpacks are flung on the green;
When joy fills hearts up to the brim,
Then off to swings and jungle gym.
Hip, Hip Hooray! I hear the chime.
Let's all go out for recess time.



Lost Tooth

By Carol J. Douglas

I lost my tooth at school today while I was eating lunch.
I felt a wiggle in my mouth and heard a tiny crunch.
My tooth fell on the table with a tinkling little clatter.
My friends all gasped and while they stared I said, "So what's the matter?"
I simply picked up my lost tooth that wasn't lost, not really.
Because I found it right away beside my bowl of chili!

Fiona Faint

By Jill McDougall

Fiona Faint likes to
finger-paint
with yellow, pink
and grey,
She slips and slops
fat drips and drops
in a splishy-splishy
way.



Fiona Faint likes to
finger-paint
with orange, lime and rose,
She makes a mess
on her fairy dress,
on her knickers, knees and nose.

Fiona Faint likes to finger-paint
with lavender and blue,
She paints the floor
and the cupboard door

and she paints her sister too.

Fiona Faint likes to finger-paint
in the playground and the park,
She paints the tail
on the humpback whale
and the teeth on the great white shark.

Fiona Faint likes to finger-paint
up and down the town,
She paints the mayor
In his underwear
and the bride in her wedding gown.

Fiona Faint likes to finger-paint
everything it seems,
Late at night
when the stars are bright
she's painting all her dreams.

My Hanbok

By Marcia Maynard

My hanbok is an traditional dress
I wear on Korean holidays.

It has a long skirt and a
jacket that wraps around
me.

I love the bright col-
ors, red, yellow, green
and pink.

There are no pockets, so I
carry a colorful purse where I
put my small toys and coins.

Putting on a hanbok is
not easy, so my mom
always helps me.

"Thanks, mom," I tell
her.

Koreans wear hanboks
on days they need to be

dressed up.

Today is Korean Harvest
Day, called Chusok.

This is when we thank
our ancestors for all the
good things that hap-
pened during the year.

I will wear my
hanbok today and so will all
my cousins. We will be a color-
ful family, like a flower gar-
den!

I always feel special in my
hanbok. It makes me proud
to be Korean.



Grand Cayman: Pirate's Paradise

By By Cap'n Nelson

Ye come seekin' treasure, aye? The crown jewel of the Caribbean Sea? 'Tis Grand Cayman!

Ahoy Matey! Me vessel and crew are so glad to see you! 'Tis been a long and dangerous journey on the high seas as we navigated our way through the Caribbean Sea. We just set anchor 'ere in the harbor of Grand Cayman, which is called George Town. Grand Cayman is the largest of the Cayman Islands which sit between Cuba and Jamaica. Ye askin' yerself how the island got its name? A curious little scallywag, ain't ye?

In the late 1500's, the first pirates discovered the island and were astonished by the alligator infested waters. They nicknamed it Las Caymanas, which was the Spanish word for alligator.

For the next two hundred years, Grand Cayman continued to be a hideout for pirates who pillaged and plundered the Spanish galleons on their way back to Spain. The pirates robbed the ships which were laden with gold and silver, jewels and gemstones and then buried their trove among the island.

Let's head to shore to see if we can find some of those hidden treasures! But don't forget yer cutlass! This 'ere island is inhabited by creatures the likes of which ye have never seen!

As well as alligators, the turquoise waters surrounding Grand Cayman were teeming with green sea turtles or "tortugas". These graceful creatures crowded together and were easy prey for the pirates. Once captured, they were killed for their meat which could feed an entire crew. Today, these gentle creatures are a protected species.

Let's step out into the water and feel the powdery sand beneath our feet. Blimey! Somethin' slimey just brushed up against me leg...



A stingray! In these warm tropical waters, swarms of southern stingrays swim together in circles on shallow sandbars. The stingray has a flat body which is shaped like a diamond. It has a darkly colored, rough upper-body, but a velvety soft white underside. Stingrays love to eat squid and can grow to be as big as ye. Just watch yer way around their barbed tails!

As we head up the beach, keep yer eyes peeled for the rarest creature of all... the blue dragon. The blue dragon is an iguana which is native to Grand Cayman. It has survived for millions of years, but now it is critically endangered. A mere twenty-five remain on the island today. Covered in bluish-green scales, it has long, sharp claws and spikes running down its back. Oft it is found sunning itself on the hot rocks, if yer lucky to catch sight of one.

**Illustrators and
Writers Needed!**

**Check our guidelines for more
information!**

Hidden Treasures

Use yer dead-lights, matey and see if ye can find our hidden words!



caribbean
paradise
pirate
grand cayman
stingray
blue dragon
turtle
island
treasure
scallywag
cutlass
alligator

P A F X V E Y P S C A L L Y W A G N C O
D C E S A K B D Z D R R X C Q A T B V A
U L Z P M P G T E O G I F E I O A I X S
D W B Q F I S L A N D Y A C D X S M H D
T J S C T R R D L C O B G M C Y H C L B
R M A G K A N R F Q E T R L R A K S O P
E T H Y N T K I C S A D Y T H T I T Y A
A G Q V U E H A S K L W N F D Z X I F J
S J L O M N G S Y F I Z D P M G H N A Z
U V F G V J A O H M R G C H B K E G T E
R L R P A L F P G R B K A O J N A R V Q
E Q S Z T V B A J W Y A Y C G T Z A H R
A X I U H D U R V S X J M O V R B Y S O
G Q C T K T X A C U N E A P S C I W Y T
F S N B L U E D R A G O N Y X B F G L A
N D J Y P R B I E H S X L B U T L I Z G
C Y R B H T D S W J C T T U A N V C M I
W S G I M L C E Y O U R D I R U T B D L
O L M D V E G K T V M U K F C S A Q L L
X J T W R T F V C A R I B B E A N W N A

Pirate Surprise





By Gayle C. Krause

A  spied a  on the . “ ahoy,” he

shouted. “Raise the .” The    sailed toward

the .

“Who be ye?” shouted the . “Prepare to be boarded!” The

   jumped to the other  expecting to find

 and . What they found was a  full

of  and .




“Would you like to share our  and ?” asked


the .



“**R**,” said the . “   don’t drink .

They jumped back to their  and yelled, “Why don’t ye sail


to Boston?”

The  replied, "Perhaps we'll find some  who like ?"

",

. "You can have a ."

Key:

Pirate 	Gold 	Arr R
Ship 	Jewels 	Indians 
Ocean 	Tea 	Aye 
Jolly Roger 	Cookies 	Tea Party 
Pirates 	Captain 	

Free Writing Contest for Kids

Sam, our mascot, is going on an adventure. Where's he going? That's what we want you to tell us! Visit Sam's page on the web site to find out more then check out all the details on the Contest page.

CASH PRIZES - PUBLICATION - E-BOOK



I Bet You Didn't Know... About the Flying Dutchman and Davy Jones

By Maribeth Uralrith

Most likely, you know *Pirates of the Caribbean 3: At World's End* was released this year. With the premier of the newest feature in the *Pirates* trilogy, is a newfound interest in the myths, legends, and mysteries that much of the story's plot is based on.

The Flying Dutchman has been the most famous ghost ship sailing in the open waters for years. Recently the famous ship has had a resurgence of interest in its history and the story behind it with children and adults alike.

Okay, so you say you want to know the real story about the Flying Dutchman and the mysterious man Davy Jones. Let me take you on a quick trip to the time of pirates, curses, and adventure and to the year of 1680.

Although the story is a legend, it is based on fact. The term "Flying Dutchman" actually refers to the captain and not the ship.

The ship's captain was Hendrik Van Der Decken, a Dutchman who set sail in 1680 from Amsterdam with a final destination of Batavia in the Dutch East Indies (Davy Jones wasn't the captain at all, he comes in later).

According to the legend, Van Der Decken and his crew were making their way around the tip of Africa near the Cape of Good Hope when a sudden tropical gale came down upon them. Van Der Decken ignored the dangers of the oncom-

ing storm and the warnings from his crew and continued to sail directly into the massive tempest.

Monstrous waves pummeled the vessel. The winds and waves began to rip the sails to shreds and damaging the rudder. The gale was threatening to sink the ship and dooming all those aboard to eternity in Davy Jones' locker.

However, Captain Van Der Decken held a steady course. The struggle between Van Der Decken and the storm



went on for hours. The longer the captain struggled the more furious he became. He used every bit of navigational skill he knew to pilot the ship around the cape but was unable to make any headway against the southeasterly

gale.

Finally, out of anger and a frenzied mind, Van Der Decken began to shout out curses and making an oath that he would defy heaven and hell until judgment day unless he brings his ship to her final destination.

The story doesn't stop here. Van Der Decken and his ship were doomed to roam the ocean waters near the cape for eternity or at least until judgment day.

What makes this ship so interesting is that there are many accounts of the ship being sighted in the waters around the cape. Countless of people have made official statements about observing the ship. Many have recorded they saw the phantom ship with an eerie glow.

One very reliable account was that of King George V in 1881 who was a mid-shipman on the H.M.S. Bacchante and a prince at the time. In his diary he wrote, "At four a.m., the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows." The lookout and the officer on watch also saw the ghost ship all aglow in the night. Thirteen crewmen in all stated that they saw the ship that night.

As recent as 1996 and 1999, the ship has been spotted by the Australian Navy and a South African excursion boat filled with passengers. All describe a ship with the details of a vessel that sailed hundreds of years ago with features that the average person could not have knowledge of unless they saw the real thing.

The Davy Jones factor in all of this is that hundreds of years ago, sailors liked

to romance their stories of the sea by saying "they went to Davy Jones' Locker". Davy Jones' Locker is another term for the ocean floor or the deep. Davy Jones himself is said by sailors to be a fiend that presides over the evil spirits of the sea.

The name Davy Jones is supposed to have originated with a tavern owner named Davy Jones who used to detain hapless drinkers in his ale locker and send them off aboard ships for a price. In the day of pirates, many men were kidnapped to become part of the crew on a ship.

Just remember if you are sailing on the ocean anytime soon and see a ship all aglow, close your eyes. The legend says that seeing the ship is a warning that danger and doom lie ahead.

An Alphabet Riddle

By Patty Kyrlach

Match the letters by their shapes or their sounds.

rhymes with "key" ____;
a bookend ____, a beverage ____,
you ____ and me ____!

B V X Y T D J C S A O L I P U

Answer Page 29.

Fifteen letters
all in a row--
match the answers above
with the clues below!

A tent A, a snake ____,
an open book ____,
an archer's bow ____,
a shepherd's crook ____.

The treasure spot ____,
a ring for your finger ____,
a sideways rainbow ____,
a slingshot ____, a stinger ____!

A vegetable that

Sven's Pen

By Janis Butler Holm



Lucille has a tomcat
named Sven
who snoozes on top of
her pen.
When Lucille wants
to write,
Sven puts up a fight--
Lucille's writing with
pencil again!

That's Bunk

By Mark Seline

"Something stinks around here," complained Witty Coyote.

Each year, he invited all his forest friends to a big picnic to celebrate the beginning of summer. This time, however, Witty told them they could each bring a special guest.

As they began to arrive, Witty saw his friend, Herdle the Turtle.

"Hello, Herdle. Where's your guest?" he asked.

Before she could answer, her black and white guest waddled up beside her.

"That's Bunk the Skunk!" shouted Witty. "We don't want skunks here!"

"Bunk is my friend," replied Herdle.

"And skunks stink! Everybody knows that!" exclaimed Coyote.

"May I say something?" asked Bunk. "I know that I stink. It's no secret. But what's wrong with stinking anyway?"

"It's disgusting! That's what's wrong with it!" replied Witty.

"You stink too," said Bunk.

"Oh no I don't! And I will prove it!"

"Sniff me!" commanded Coyote to Calhoun Racoon.

Calhoun took a sniff. "Well?" asked Witty. "Cat got your tongue?"

"Okay," said Calhoun meekly. "Yes. You do stink."

Suddenly, all the Forest Friends started sniffing each other. Over and over again, Witty, Bunk, and Calhoun heard the same words: "You stink!" "And you stink too!"

A loud roar hushed them all.

It must be the Musty Mushroom Monster, thought Bunk.

Nobody had ever seen him before and were shocked to see him now. He looked like a giant mushroom with legs. He had a huge red head, a skinny blue body, and yucky yellow feet. And the earth shook with each step he took.

"Talk about stinking!" exclaimed Bunk.

The Monster tore a tall tree out of the ground, ate it, and belched. Then he stared at the scared guests and licked his chops. Next, the Monster stomped toward the group, making a shrill hissing sound.

"He stomps and then he chomps!" shouted Witty.

Out of the Monster's mouth spewed green slime that sprayed over everybody.

"I think he just put the dressing on his salad!" yelled Bunk. "Now he's ready to eat us! Run! Everyone run!"

No one ran. The Forest Friends froze with fear and could not move a muscle.

Witty strained his brain for ideas. Bunk stepped forward.

"Leave this place now!" warned Bunk. "Or you will be so sorry!"

The Monster moved toward Bunk. Bunk turned around and began running. That's when the Mushroom Monster made his big mistake. The Monster ran after Bunk. Suddenly, Bunk stopped and shouted, "Ready! Aim! Fire!"

The Musty Mushroom Monster



screamed in pain, rolled around on the ground, and limped away, never to be seen in those parts again.

“Stinkety stankety stunk!” exclaimed Calhoun. “Who else has a buddy like Bunk?”

“Bunk is the best!” cheered the Forest Friends.

Witty stood on a stump and proclaimed,

“We are more than brothers and sisters.”

“Yes,” replied Bunk. “We are all stinkers, too!”

Everybody laughed.

“Who’s our hero?” asked Herdle the Turtle.

They shouted, “That’s Bunk!”

Book Reviews:

Stepping into the Past

By Nancy A. Cavanaugh

Title: Grandfather’s Wrinkles

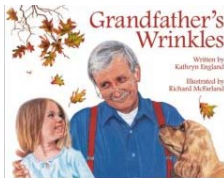
Author: Kathryn England

Illustrator: Richard McFarland

Publisher: Flashlight Press

ISBN: 9780972922593

In *Grandfather’s Wrinkles* Lucy asks her grandfather why his face doesn’t fit. The grandfather explains to her where each of them had come from and a bit of his life story.



Kathryn England does a wonderful job explaining a question many children have about their grandparents. Richard McFarland’s illustrations bring to life grandfather’s story.

Title: Junk Man’s Daughter

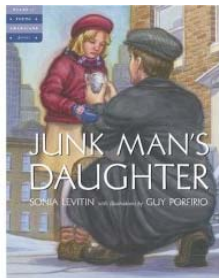
Author: Sonia Levitin

Illustrator: Guy Forfirio

Publisher: Sleeping Bear Press

ISBN: 9781585363155

In *Junk Man’s Daughter* Hanna and her family leave their home country to find the gold paved streets



of America. The story tells how they get used to their new home and find their success.

Part of the Tales of Young Americans Series, Sonia Levitin tells this touching immigrant story with tenderness and compassion. Guy Porfirio’s illustrations are soft and .

Title: Pappy’s Handkerchief

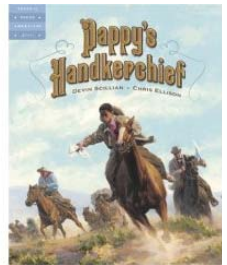
Author: Devin Scillian

Illustrator: Chris Ellison

Publisher: Sleeping Bear Press

ISBN: 9781585363162

Pappy’s Handkerchief takes place in 1889 and tells the story of Moses and his family as they travel west from Baltimore to Oklahoma. They sell all they own and face many obstacles along the way to hopefully finding a piece of land they can call their own.



Part of the Tales of Young Americans Series, Devin Scillian realistic tale of the dangers and hardships many Americans faced as they travelled west to find new homes is wonderfully complimented by Chris Ellison’s dusky illustrations.

MEET THE WRITERS

Caitlin Cavanaugh is a seventh grader who loves to write, especially Yu-Gi-Oh fanfic and poetry, and draw. She enjoys swimming, singing, hanging out with animals and playing basketball. Visit her web site at home.ne.rr.com/yugifanfic or www.myotaku.com/ragingflamesprite.

Gabrielle Linnell writes from Virginia, where she's finishing high school. She's been published multiple times, including in *Faces*, *New Moon* and *Stories for Children*. She blogs at www.storytelleromag.com.

Carol L. MacKay is a school librarian, book reviewer and children's writer. Her poems, stories and articles have appeared in *Boys' Quest*, *Ladybug*, *Fun For Kidz*, and *Primary Treasure*. She lives in Alberta, Canada with her husband and daughter.

Jeanne Moran is a pediatric physical therapist by day and a writer by night. She has been published in *Highlights High Five*, *Advance for Physical Therapists* and *Advance for Speech-Language Pathologists*. She enjoys tap dancing and spending time with her husband, her grown children, her church family and friends.

This past June, **Nancy Craddock** retired after many wonderful years of teaching gifted students in an elementary school on the outskirts of Atlanta. She is a member of SCBWI. Her writing has appeared in *The Children's Magazine* and *O'Georgia, A Collection of Georgia's Newest and Most Promising Writers*. Two of her manuscripts placed in the 2005 WIN contest. Recently, she has appeared in *Highlights for Children*, and articles accepted for publication by *Hopscotch for Girls* and *Stories for Children*.

Elizabeth Casey is a mother of two girls, former medical social worker and freelance writer. She writes mostly about

health and aging issues but likes to write fun stories about growing issues too! Her work can be seen in *Well Being Journal* and *Mature Years Magazine*.

SariAnne Miller is a writer, mother, and teacher. She holds a Master's Degree in Teaching and loves the brightness children bring to her life. In addition to writing, she loves to swim, knit, crochet, and cook. She has three children, one husband, and two pets.

Shelly Nicholson is a stay at home mom and children's writer. She has previously been published in *Fandangle*. She also has upcoming stories and articles being published in *Fun For Kidz*, *Kid Zone*, *Stories For Children*, and *Whittle Tykes* magazines. Currently she is working on her first children's book, *Time Out, Jake The Snake!*

Kari-Lynn Winters is a published academic and children's author. She is also a teacher who has taught a range of students in Canada and the USA. Kari is currently completing her Ph.D. at the University of British Columbia. Her research interests are children's literature, print literacy, and multimodal forms of learning.

Tisha R. Harris began writing poetry at age twelve and in 1997 received an award from the National Library of Poetry. Since then she has been published in the *Cup of Comfort* book series, *Highlights for Children* and *Boys' Quest*. She continues to write articles, short stories, and books, primarily for children.

Kevin Scott Collier is a children's book author and illustrator. He is under contract as author for Baker Trittin Press (Tween Press Division) and Guardian Angel Publishing, and is illustrator for over two dozen book publishers including Xlibris, Lifevest, and Outskirts Press. For more information visit his website at

www.kevinscottcollier.com. You can purchase Kevin's books at clearblogs.com/kevin-scottcollier.

Hilary Daninhirsch is a former lawyer, current stay-at-home mother, and a freelance writer. When she is not writing or reading, she can be found playing endless games of Crazy Eights. Hilary lives in Pittsburgh with her husband and two young daughters.

Jeanne Yates is a current student of ICL. She is published in a Canadian online magazine. A film company, Feature Films for Families, is awaiting her WIP which she will be submitting to them by Christmas.

Rolli (like his two sisters) is a painter and writer hailing from Regina, Canada. You can write to him at charlesmanderson@hotmail.com.

Besides writing stories and rhymes for children, **Barbara Bockman** raises butterflies and spend a lot of time with the family animals. They include two dogs, a cat, and a turtle named Mudd.

Carol J. Douglas has had children's poetry published in *Say Goodnight to Illiteracy*, editions, 9, 10, and 12, *Wee Ones*, and *Pack-O-Fun*. She teaches creative writing to children and is a member of SCBWI. She lives in Ohio, with her husband, Jeff, and children, Justin & Emelia and two cats.

Jill McDougall is the author of over 100 books for children. You can read more poems on her website as well short stories and a fun quiz at www.jill-mcdougall.com.au.

Marcia Maynard is a freelance writer, SCBWI member and a reading specialist who writes for and about children. She lived in South Korea for three years, which is where she learned about the hanbok. She is also the host of a site for parents, startingtoread.net.

Through writing, **Brandy Nelson** hopes to instill in children a love of reading and to foster an interest in learning

about the world around them. She is a member of the SCBWI and is currently enrolled in the Writers' Program at UCLA.

Gayle C. Krause is a children's writer and award winning educator. She holds a Masters Degree in Elementary Education/Early Childhood Education. For thirty years she directed prospective teachers in a laboratory Pre-K school, in conjunction with her technical program, Education and Management. She writes for both young adults and children.

Maribeth Uralrith lives in a small town in the Midwest. She is a teacher and recently has obtained a Masters in Education. She is the co-founder and co-writer of the "Cookies and Milk" newspaper column; a newspaper for children and is currently writing her first novel for adolescents.

Janis Butler Holm lives in Athens, Ohio, where she has served as Associate Editor for *Wide Angle*, the film journal. Her essays, stories, poems, and performance pieces have appeared in small-press, national, and international magazines. *Jonesing for Samantha*, a one-act play, will be produced at Manhattan Theatre Source this September.

Mark Seline is a 53 years old Corrections Agent for the State of MN. He began writing children's stories in 2005. Presently, Mark has four stories accepted for publishing by *Stories for Children* and two more under consideration by the Cartoon Network. He is a member of SWBWI.

From Page 23:

A tent (A); a snake (S) ; an open book (V); an archer's bow (D); a shepherd's crook (J); the treasure spot (X); a ring (O); a sideways rainbow (C); a slingshot (Y); a stinger (B "bee"); a bookend (L); a beverage (T "tea"); a vegetable (P); you (U) and me (I).

Heading Back to School

Help the bus driver find his way to the school!

