

Fandangle

Magazine

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Fandangle Magazine

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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Fandangle Magazine is a 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:

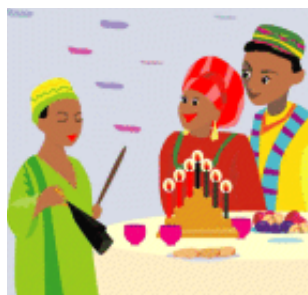
Please send comments and suggestions to editor@fandanglemagazine.com with 'Suggestions' in the subject line.

On the Cover:

Illustration by Rajeev Athale.

Table of Contents

| | |
|---|------------|
| From the Editor | 3 |
| Let's Celebrate | 3 |
| My Winter Wonderland | 4 |
| Colorful Hello | 5 |
| Grandmas and Snowmen | 6 |
| The Pied Mux Note | 8 |
| Friends in the Spotlight | 8 |
| Finish the Story: It Happened at the Cafe | 9 |
| Who Am I? | 10 |
| Facts About Zambia | 11 |
| Together They Could | 12 |
| German Puzzle Words | 13 |
| Ice Thunder | 14 |
| Holiday Hustle | 15 |
| Puzzled by Reindeer | 16 |
| How to Draw a Snow Friend | 17 |
| Zach Misses Dylan | 18 |
| Beautiful Barrettes | 19 |
| Oscar the Bragging Sheep | 20 |
| Book Reviews: Three for the Holidays | 22 |
| Connect the Hearts Maze | 23 |
| A Letter to Santa | 23 |
| All About Hand-knitting | 24 |
| Jokes to Keep You in Stitches | 25 |
| Meet the Writers | 26 |
| Amazing Skiing | Back Cover |



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From the Editor

December is here again. Time to get ready for the holidays, the cold weather and snow. Soon we will all be living in a winter wonderland again.

Speaking of winter wonderlands. I want to thank all the children who submitted short essays about what makes winter a wonderland for them. We got so many wonderful entries that it was really hard to choose. Our grand prize winner is Sebastian from North Olmstead, OH. He will be getting a \$25 gift certificate to Amazon.com and his story will be appearing in this month's issue. Sarah from Cleveland, OH is our runner-up and she will be getting a \$10 gift certificate to Amazon.com. Everyone who entered will be getting a Winter Wonderland activity eBook.

The book fair was an interesting experiment. We sold a few books and

were able to introduce people to new authors with our Spotlight chats. Many visitors also listened to the stories that were featured on the storytellers page. Congratulations to all the door prize winners. Your stuff will be sent out soon!

Fandangle will be holding their second **Virtual Open House** on **Wednesday, December 13** from 7-10pm EST. The open house gives you a chance to chat with me about the magazine, writing in general and anything else that seems pertinent. You can find out more about it on the web site in the special section for writers.

Have a great month!

Nancy Cavanaugh

Editor-in-Chief

Let's Celebrate!

December Holidays:

- 1 World Aids Day
- 6 St. Nicholas Day
- 7 Pearl Harbor Day
- 2 All Soul's Day
- 10 Nobel Prize Day
- 12 Poinsettia Day
- 16 Chanukkah begins
- 21 Winter Solstice
- 24 Christmas Eve

- 25 Christmas Day
- 26 Boxing Day
- 26 Kwanzaa
- 31 New Year's Eve

Also:

- Safe Toys and Gifts Month
- Universal Human Rights Month
- Learn a Foreign Language Month
- International Language Week
- National Tie Month

My Winter Wonderland

By Sebastian, 9, of North Olmstead, OH

I like getting off of school for Winter Break. I like Christmas. Sometimes we go up to New York to go tubing. My dad likes to ski in New York. I haven't learned to ski yet, but I do know how to tube.

Tubing is riding up a hill in a huge tire inner tube. Once I get to the top of the hill, I go down the hill in the inner tube. The wind blows hard at my face. Sometimes I go fast, and sometimes I go slowly. When I get to the bottom of the hill, I stop, get out of the inner tube, and pull my tube up to the beginning of the hill. The attendants then attach the hook on the tube to a pulley on a hook that pulls me and my tube up the hill.

We go up to Peak n' Peak to tube and ski. We have a condo up there. I like having hot chocolate afterwards.

One time when we were going up the hill to our condo, it was so snowy and slippery that the van slipped and turned around halfway up the hill. We had to drive down the hill and park in the parking lot at the bottom of the hill. My dad asked the Peek n' Peak manager to drive our food and our bags up to our condo in an all wheel drive truck.

The next day the snow stopped. The sun came out and melted the snow on the road. My brother and my dad walked down the hill to the parking lot and drove the van up to our condo.



Colorful Hello

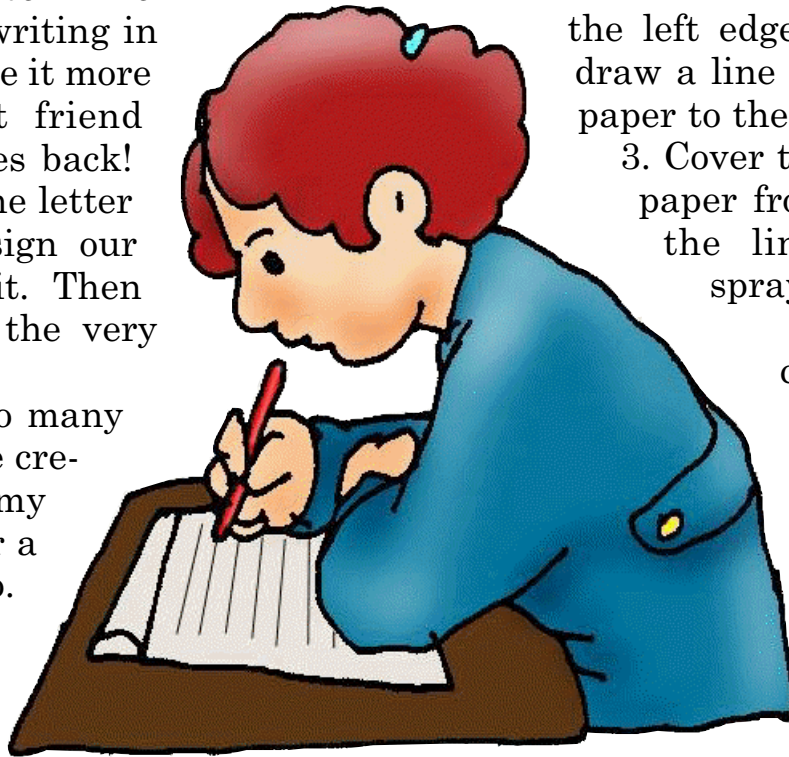
By Paula McClean

My best friend and I write to each other everyday! And we do it the old fashioned way, by putting pen to paper and sending it through the United States Post Office.

How do we do it? We each start a new letter and add a little bit to it everyday. We write about what happened that day or share thoughts about movies we watched. Sometimes we tell jokes.

Writing a letter like that is a lot like writing in a journal, but I like it more because my best friend reads it and writes back! After writing in the letter for a week, we sign our name and mail it. Then start a new one the very next day.

Since I write so many letters, I like to be creative and make my own stationary for a more colorful hello. Here's my favorite formula for original stationary.



upcoming holiday. You can really personalize it with your favorite color, your best friend's favorite color and a third color that goes well with both.)

What to Do:

1. Cut the strips of colored construction paper into small irregular shapes. Mix them all together. It should look like confetti.

2. Measure 1 ½ inches from the left edge of the paper and draw a line from the top of the paper to the bottom.

3. Cover the entire section of paper from the left edge to the line with paste or spray adhesive.

4. Sprinkle the cut up construction paper onto the glue until the entire space is covered.

5. Press down on the construction paper to make sure it sticks.

6. Let it dry for one hour.

7. After it is dry, brush the pieces that did not stick into the wastebasket. The left side of your paper should be colorfully decorated.

8. Now write a letter to your best friend on your personalized stationary. Be sure to tell them you did it just for them!

What You Need:

Paper 8 ½ x 11 (any solid color)

Ruler

Pencil

Paste or spray adhesive

Scissors

3 strips of construction paper 1" x 11".

Note: Use three coordinated colors. I suggest you use the color scheme of an

Grandmas and Snowmen

By Marion Tickner

“Over the river and through the woods,” Hannah sang as she brushed her steamy breath off the car window.

Shut up, Hannah, I wanted to say. But if I did, Dad would have something to say to me.

“The horse knows the way,” she continued.

“Are you calling me a horse?” Dad asked. Hannah giggled. Ever since we left home Hannah had been singing her cheery little Christmas songs. I wasn’t in the mood for Christmas—not this year. Not when we were spending it at Grandma and Grandpa Watkins’ house.

“Look, Mommy!” Hannah shrieked. “Mitford snowmen.”

“Must be a contest,” Mom suggested. “There’s one in every yard and each snowman is different.”

“This isn’t Mitford,” I growled, giving Hannah a poke in the ribs. I stopped pouting long enough to glance at the snowmen.

Mom turned around as far as she could without unbuckling her seatbelt.

“Emily, what’s wrong with you? You’ve been a real grump since we left home.”

“I’ll tell you what’s wrong,” I shouted. “We’re going to the wrong Grandma’s. All Grandma Watkins gives us for Christmas is her homemade sweaters

and mittens and stuff. And there’s totally nothing to do at her house.”

“That’s enough,” Dad said. I knew he meant it.

I slumped back down in my seat. There was nothing more to say.

Soon we reached the farm and Grandma met us at the back door. My grump began to melt away when she gave me a big soft hug. Also, I’d forgotten how good her house smelled, especially at Christmas time. She’d been cooking and baking. I wondered if she’d made my favorite cookies again this year. They weren’t exactly Christmas cookies, but some kind of brownie with a secret ingredient that made them special.

While Dad brought our things in from the car, Hannah and I ran to the living room to check out the Christmas tree. Grandpa threw another log into the fireplace. He came over to give us each a hug. Another hunk of my grump hopped right off my shoulder and into the fire.

“Grandma Kelly lives in ’partment so she has a little tree,” Hannah told Grandpa. “Does she, now? We have a big house and I cut this big tree yesterday—just for you, Punkin.”

Hannah giggled. “Grandpa! I’m not Punkin, I’m



Hannah.”

“So you are.” Grandpa gave her another hug. “What do you think, Emily? Like the tree?”

I nodded, suddenly feeling ashamed about the way I’d acted in the car. If only it weren’t for the presents. Grandma Kelly lives in the city and gives us lots of good stuff.

After lunch Mom went upstairs to unpack. Hannah tagged along after her. Dad and Grandpa settled down in front of the fireplace. Soon they began to snore. I hung around the kitchen with Grandma, glancing over all her Christmas goodies.

Grandma said, “I haven’t made your cookies yet, Emily. I thought you might like to help me and learn to do it yourself.”

Grandma put everything we’d need on the table and told me what to do. While we worked, she said, “This year we have plenty of snow. Tomorrow afternoon Grandpa will get out the sleigh and we’ll all take a ride in the fields. Would you like that?”

I knew I would. I thought about Hannah’s Christmas songs and the snowmen in front of the houses. Each snowman was different, just like Mom said.

Grandmas are different too. Grandma Kelly is a shopping Grandma. But Grandma Watkins is a cooking and knitting Grandma. At last I figured it out. Grandma Watkins’ secret ingredient is love. She put love into the cookies she baked. She put love into the sweaters she knit for me. My grump completely, totally disappeared.

Emily’s Favorite Cookies

What You Need:

- 1 package Brownie Mix
- Eggs, water, oil—as listed on the package
- ½ cup chocolate chips
- ½ cup peanut butter chips
- ½ cup shredded coconut
- ½ cup broken walnuts or pecans

What to Do:

1. Preheat oven and prepare Brownie Mix according to directions on the package.
 2. In a separate bowl, combine chocolate chips, peanut butter chips, coconut, and nuts.
 3. Add one-half of the chips-coconut-nuts mixture to the Brownie batter.
 4. Pour into greased baking pan and spoon the remainder of the chips-coconut-nuts mixture over the top of the batter.
 5. Bake per directions on the package.
 6. Cool. Cut into squares.
- Enjoy!

Hey kids!

Do you like to draw? Paint? Make art on your computer? Do you like to write poetry? Then listen up! Fandangle Magazine is looking for artwork and poetry from kids ages 6-10 years old.

Every month you could win a special prize to make being creative easier.

Check out the web site under Kids Art for more information!

The Pied Mux Note

By Judie Anderson

An anagram is a word or phrase made when you change the order of the letters in a word around. For example, the word **its** is an anagram of the word **sit**.

In Patricia's note to Jaime, each word, or set of words, in bold is an anagram for the real word Patricia wanted. What should each word be?

Jaime,

Owens is finally falling! And on the first day of **twiner**, too. Grab your

gloves and **taco** and meet me in the park. We can catch **snake fowls** on our tongues and fall on the ground and make snow **gleans**. Then, we can go **lend digs** down the hill! Mom said she'd have a mug of hot **cache loot** ready for us when we're **node**. Yay!

Meet me by the **sidle**,
Patricia

P.S. Don't forget your **botos**! You don't want your feet to get cold.

Answer on Page 21.

Friends in the Spotlight

By Annette Gulati

Have you run out of room on your desk for photos of your friends? Try making this picture frame to put all of your pals in one place. The larger your picture frame, the more friends you can add to the spotlight.

What You Need:

Old picture frame
Cardstock, any color
Circle cutter or a soup can
Scissors
Pencil
Acrylic paint
Paintbrush
Photos of friends
Tape

What to Do:

1. Paint an old picture frame using the acrylic paint. You can choose your

favorite color or one to match your room. Let it dry.

2. Cut a piece of cardstock to fit the inside of the frame. You can choose a neutral color like black or white, or a color to match your frame.

3. Use a circle cutter to cut holes in the cardstock. If you don't have a circle cutter, a soup can also works. Simply trace the bottom of the can several times and cut out the circles with your scissors.

4. Find photos of your friends to fit behind the holes in the cardstock. Gently tape the edges of the photos to the back of the cardstock.

5. Fit the cardstock into the frame and close up the back.

6. Put your spotlighted friends on display!

Finish the Story...

It Happened at the Cafe

Rene' woke early that morning before her sisters and was fully dressed and ready when her Grandpa came into the living room. He looked over and said, "Well I see your dressed, would you like to come?" Rene' nodded her head and together they headed to the local cafe for early morning coffee and chocolate milk. You never know what you will see at the cafe. One time...

By Shannon Bennett

Who Am I?

By Vukani G. Nyirenda

Sitting opposite me at our breakfast table, my mom squints at me as if I came from another planet, 'cause I've asked that question. Again. "Who am I?"

"Honey, you're American, period," she says. She's American.

"Nah. She's African," says my dad, squeezing my shoulders. He's African.

I'm confused.

My name, Fumbani, means "ask" in my dad's language. So, it's okay to ask. But who cares about my question?

"Come on kids, let's go," says my dad. "Grandpa's waiting."

My Grandpa recently moved to Los Angeles from his village in Zambia, Africa. I've an idea. I'll ask Grandpa. We get along fine. He has taught me his tribal greeting reserved for granddaughters and their grandpas. No words, just hand claps and finger clicks.

"Did you have a nice time with Grandpa?" asks my dad as we drive back home.

"Yeah. But it's hard talking to Grandpa, He's hard of hearing."

"Try harder."

Last time I visited Grandpa I spoke softly and flipped my hands like a baby duck in made-up sign language. He didn't seem to understand but said:

"You don't have to shout, there's nothing really wrong with my hearing."

I don't mean to shout at grandpa. If only he could read...

Then I remembered, Grandpa can read! English! I'd seen him read from his pocket bible.

Soon as we arrived at his apartment

on our next visit, I handed Grandpa an envelope.

"Tipokelele – I'll receive with both hands, a surprise?"

"A poem," I said.

And he began to read, slowly:

"Dear Grandpa,

Who are we?

Are we the red vines in the jungle?

Are we the lions down in the jungle?

Are we supposed to listen to our elders like you?

Who are you?

Are you my friend?

Are you my toy?

No! You're my grandfather;

No, all of us are who we want to be; and that's why I wrote this poem, "Who are we?"

"Wonderful," said Grandpa, laughing himself to tears. "But... I thought children your age didn't care who they were?"

"I really, really don't know who I am," I began. "My mom and dad say they know who I am. But I don't. My friends make fun of my name. They call me 'Fool Bunny'. I mean, who am I?"

"You're my grandchild," said Grandpa still laughing. "Like me, you're African. You're a member of a large Senga family. Your name says it all. You are American, too, since your mom is American. But to me, you are African."

"Okay, I'm part of that huge Zambian family. Where do the others live, in the jungle?"

“In villages. And cities too.”

“In apartments?”

“In houses.”

“Is there a girls’ room in your house?”

“Yes. That’s in the city. Back in our village we live in huts. There are separate huts for boys and girls, their own worlds.”

“Can I live in your house, too?”

“Ah-ah, E-e!” Said Grandpa, looking puzzled. “My house is your house. That’s

what being a senga means.

Everyone shares all that the family owns.”

“Wow! That’s cool, Grandpa. You made my day.”

Now I know who I am: an African and an American packed in one. Child of two worlds!

I gave Grandpa the special handshake, pha-a-a!

Facts About Zambia

President: Levy Mwanawasa

Land area: 285,994 sq mi (740,724 sq km); total area: 290,586 sq mi (sq km)

Population (2006 est.): 11,502,010

Capital and largest city: Lusaka, 1,773,300.

Other large cities: Ndola, 349,300; Kitwe, 306,200; Kabwe, 219,600, Chingola, 151,100.

Monetary unit: Kwacha

Languages: English (official); major vernaculars: Bemba, Kaonda, Lozi, Lunda, Luvale, Nyanja, Tonga; about 70 other indigenous languages

Religions: Christian, Islam and Hindu, and indigenous beliefs.

Geography: Zambia, a landlocked country in south-central Africa, is about one-tenth larger than Texas. It is surrounded by Angola, Zaire, Tanzania, Malawi, Mozambique, Zimbabwe,



Map of Zambia and the Zambian flag.

Botswana, and Namibia. The country is mostly a plateau that rises to 8,000 ft (2,434 m) in the east.

Points of Interest: The Victoria Falls (locally known as Mosi-o-tunya - the smoke that thunders), and the biggest man-made water mass, the Lake Kariba dam.

Together They Could

By E. E. Kane

“Hurry up, Slim! We don’t want to be ‘gator food.”

“I’m going as fast as I can! I can’t help that I was born with shorter legs,” Slim’s quivering voice replied. Morris watched as Slim’s hard belly dragged across the dirt.

“I’m not going to leave you, Slim. I’m just trying to find the others.” Morris stretched his long neck up and saw the grass moving far ahead as the other turtles pushed it aside.

“Hey, wait for us!” he shouted. “Aw, they can’t hear us anyway,” he moped.

Morris looked back at Slim, who was inching toward him. He shook his head. Slim would never make it, and the alligator would eat them both for dinner.

Just as Slim caught up to Morris they heard a twig snap behind them, and Slim jerked his head, tail, and feet into his shell.

“Morris, what’s that noise? Maybe it’s that nasty ‘gator. You know what Tonk said,” Slim’s voice echoed from inside his shell.

“Tonk said nasty ‘gators like to eat young turtles. And he’ll gobble you up if you don’t come out of there and keep walking. We have to get to our new pond by dark.”

Slim came out reluctantly, and they plodded on through the tall grass. Morris tried

to follow the trail of the others, but he was confused.

As they struggled around a patch of giant, stinking toadstools, the two turtles were surprised to see a fallen tree limb right in their way.

Morris stopped. He could barely see over the top.

“How did the other turtles climb over this?” he wondered out loud.

He was searching for a way over the limb when Slim, startled by another noise behind them, disappeared into his shell again. Morris looked at Slim’s shaking shell, and then he looked at the limb. Suddenly he knew how they could get over it.

“Hey, I have an idea, if you’ll come out of that shell.”

Slim poked out the tip of his nose.

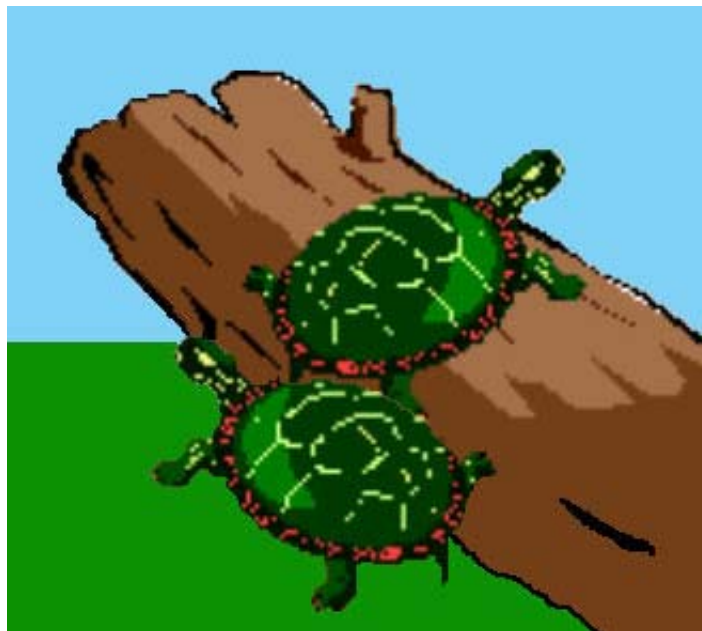
“Come up close to the limb, Slim. Now stop right - there.”

Morris climbed up on Slim’s back, reached up with his mouth, grabbed a small twig on the limb, then pulled himself up on top of it.

Slim began to cry. “You’re leaving me, aren’t you, Morris,” he whimpered.

Morris didn’t answer. Instead, he hooked one of his legs behind the twig, and reached down as far as he could with his mouth.

“Grab hold, Slim.” Slim grabbed hap-



pily, and Morris pulled him up on the limb. Slim looked down the other side with bulging eyes.

“How do we get down?” he asked.

Again, Morris didn’t answer. He just reached over and shoved Slim off the limb.

“Ah-e-e-e-e!” Slim shouted as he fell, tucking himself into his shell, hitting the ground with a plop, and landing right side up.

Morris followed Slim down the same way and plopped next to Slim. Laughing

together, they looked up to find the path again and saw their leader, Tonk, in front of them, smiling at them proudly.

“Well done, Morris!” he praised. “I was worried about Slim, but I can see he has a great friend to look out for him. And you found a better way over that limb than I did. I think we’ll move you and Slim to the front of the line.”

Morris and Slim looked at each other and grinned, and led the others safely to their new pond.

German Puzzle Words

By Maria Gianferrari

Many German words are like little puzzles. You already know one German word: Kindergarten. “Kinder” means children and “Garten” is garden. When two or more words are combined together, they are known as compound words. The German language has many such interesting puzzle words. Let’s analyze a few:

If “Tier” (teer) means animal, and “Arzt” means doctor, what is a “Tierarzt” or “animal doctor?” A veterinarian. “Freund” (froynd) means friend, what is a “Tierfreund?” An animal lover. A beutel (boytel) is a pocket; what is a “Beuteltier?” Which animals have pockets for their young? Marsupials: kangaroos, koalas, and opossum to name a few.

The following “Tier” words have similar English-sounding suffixes or prefixes: What animal might a “Stinktief” (shtinkteer) be? What is a “Tiergarten?”

If “Haus” (howse) means “house,” and “See” (zay) means sea, what types of animals are “Haustier” and “Seetier?” What is a “Stofftier?” What word in English sounds very similar to “Stoff?”



The German word for rain, “Regen,” (raygun), also produces some interesting compound creations: “Tag” means day. What is a “Regentag?” If a “Tropfen” is a drop, what is a “Regentropfen?” A “Wald” (vald) is a forest. What kind of forest is a “Regenwald?” “Bogen” means bow; what is a “Regenbogen?”

These words are similar-sounding in English: “Regenwasser;” “Regenfall;” “Regensturm.” But a “Regenwurm” is not a _____, but an earthworm.

So the next time you smell a skunk, your nose will help you remember the German word: Stinktief!

Answers on page 21.

Ice Thunder

By Kristine Carlson Asselin

“Grab your skates!” Kimmy shouted to Gaga as she got off the school bus at her stop. Gaga was Kimmy’s best friend. She had known him forever and never did anything without him. As the bus pulled away, he was leaning out the window shouting, “Last one to the pond is a wet noodle!”

It had been cold all week. Kimmy had convinced Gaga that it was finally time to test the ice on the pond. She ran into the house and called to her mother, “Gaga and I are going ice skating! I’ll be home for dinner!” She changed into her warmest coat and snow pants, grabbed her skates, and ran back out into the cold afternoon. As Kimmy neared the pond, she could see Gaga waiting for her. His cheeks were already red.

“You look cold,” she laughed. He was wearing his silly winter hat. It had purple stripes and hung halfway down his back. “That hat is so goofy. Why do you wear it?” She asked.

“Because it keeps my ears warm, and it makes you laugh,” Gaga smiled as he wiped his nose on his sleeve.

They looked out across the pond. The ice was very thick and shimmered in the afternoon sun.

“It looks like the ice goes on forever,” whispered Gaga. “I know. Doesn’t it look like a beautiful, giant

mirror?” asked Kimmy, as she laced up her skates.

Kimmy was a good skater. Gaga sort of wobbled around on his skates. “Watch this!” Kimmy shouted as she skated a figure eight around Gaga.

“Spell my name,” Gaga suggested.

“That’s easy!” she called.

As she finished the “a” in his name, a branch got caught in Kimmy’s skate and she fell hard on her stomach.

“Ouch,” she cried and laid her head against the ice. Gaga wobbled to her side. “Are you okay?”

Kimmy lifted her head. “I just had the wind knocked out of me. Stay here for a minute until I can stand up.”

When they first heard the rumble, it



sounded like a thunderstorm far away in the distance rolling across the sky.

"What was that noise? It doesn't look like rain." Kimmy said as she sat up and looked at the clear blue sky.

"I think it was the ice..." Gaga replied nervously. "Are you sure it's thick enough for us to be out here?" He looked around and noticed for the first time that there were no other skaters on the pond.

Suddenly, the thunder came from beneath them. It was loud and deep and made the whole world tremble. Gaga spotted the crack in the ice first.

"Kim, get up." He whispered, as he grabbed for her hand. "We've got to get off the ice."

The tone of Gaga's voice terrified Kimmy. She grabbed his hand and they half slid and half skated to the shore.

When they looked back at the pond, Kimmy stared at Gaga. "What scared you so much?"

"Didn't you see the crack?" He asked,

his voice still shaky.

"Gaga, the ice is covered with small cracks. It doesn't mean it's going to break. The ice constantly shifts and groans and makes that noise that sounds like thunder."

"I'm ready to go home, Kimmy." Gaga started to take off his skates. Kimmy was more shaken by Gaga's fear than she was about the ice. She didn't like seeing him so frightened. "It's starting to get dark, anyway," She answered as she pulled her boots back on.

As Gaga walked on ahead, Kimmy paused. "Gaga!" she called. He turned around. His nose was running, his cheeks were red, and his goofy hat was tilted on his head.

"Thank you."

"For what?" He asked.

"For being a good friend." She replied.

"Last one to your house is a wet noodle!" He smiled and started running. She ran after him laughing all the way home.

Holiday Hustle

By C.S. Davidson

Smokey clouds conceal the sun,
The air is crisp and breezy.
All bundled up in wool and fur,
I feel cold and sneezy.

Trudging briskly through the snow
The cold air took my breath.
I pulled my hood over my head,
Afraid I'd freeze to death!

Hustling in and out of shops,
In Christmas-time distress,

I hope I'll make it home by six,
This snowstorm is a mess.

Crunching snow beneath my boots.
The walks are slick with ice.
I grab some gifts, and hurry home,
Some coco might be nice.

Safe beside my blazing fire,
I feel all snug and lazy.
I'm tired of sleet and ice and snow,
'This winter weather's crazy!"

Puzzled by Reindeer

By Cody Augusta

Hey Kids! Ever wonder just what to do with old jigsaw puzzle pieces? How about using them to make holiday gifts for all your classmates? Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer pins will bring a smile to all your friends' faces and make you one of the most creative kids in class.

What You Need:

- 1 large jigsaw puzzle piece (2" high by 1" wide)
- 2 small jigsaw puzzle pieces (3/4" high by 1/2" wide)
- 2 small, plastic craft eyes (1/8" in diameter)
- 1 small, red, pom pom ball (1/4" in diameter)
- 1 small safety pin (1/2" long)
- Craft Glue
- 1 small jar of gold model paint
- 1 small jar of brown model paint
- 1 small paintbrush
- 1 small bowl of water
- Paper Towels

Note: *Puzzle piece sizes may vary, as long as one is large and two are small.*

What to Do:

1. Place three paper towels on a kitchen counter or table to set up your work area. Paint one side of the one large puzzle piece BROWN. Rinse the paintbrush in the bowl of water. Paint one side of the two small puzzle pieces gold. Let puzzle pieces dry.

2. When the pieces are dry, place one drop of craft glue to the back of one of the gold puzzle pieces. Press this piece



on the top of the brown puzzle piece, making Rudolph's first antler. Place one drop of craft glue on the back of the other gold puzzle piece. Press on top of the brown puzzle piece, making Rudolph's second antler.

3. Place two drops of craft glue in the center of the brown puzzle piece. Press the plastic eyes on the glue drops. Place one drop of glue below the eyes. Press on the red, pom pom, making Rudolph's nose. Let dry.

4. When Rudolph's face is dry, turn him over. Place one line of glue across the center of the large puzzle piece. Press on the safety pin and let dry.

5. Once Rudolph is completely dry, he is ready give to a friend.

Invite a few friends over to sip on hot cocoa and help you make Rudolph pins for your entire class.

Don't stop there... Is your school mascot a woodland creature? If so, you could paint the puzzle pieces in your school colors and really show your school spirit. Have fun and be creative! You never know what animals you might find in a box of puzzle pieces.

How to Draw a Snow Friend

Chill out and get a pencil and paper, it's easy as 1-2-3 to draw a snowman.

1. Draw three circles, each larger descending.

2. Add a carrot nose, eyes, mouth, scarf and some branches for arms.

3. Don't forget to add some snow! We wouldn't want your drawing to melt!

Written and Illustrated By
Kevin Scott Collier



Zach Misses Dylan

By Laxmi Velankar

Dylan and Zach go to All About Kids School. Zach rides the big yellow bus and Dylan walks to school with his mom. They are best friends.

They are neighbors during circle time. They are neighbors during snack time. And they are always partners when they go to the gym.

At the end of the day, Dylan shouts, "Bye! See you all tomorrow." And as usual, Zach does not speak but he waves his hands and fingers.

On Tuesday, Dylan came to school late. So Zach waited at the door for him. Zach waited at the door for ten whole minutes till he saw Dylan in the hallway. On Wednesday, when Dylan was late again, Zach played at the table.

But he looked at the door every now and then. No Dylan! Some time later, Zach looked at the door again. No Dylan yet! After some time, Zach looked out again. Still no Dylan! So Zach went to the door and peeked into the hallway.

Teacher Sarah called out to Zach, "Come back to the class, Zach."

But Zach did not go back to his class.

"We need you at the play table, Zach," she said again.

But Zach did not return to the play table. Then Teacher Sarah asked Zach, "Are you waiting for Dylan, Zach?"

Zach turned around to look at her and

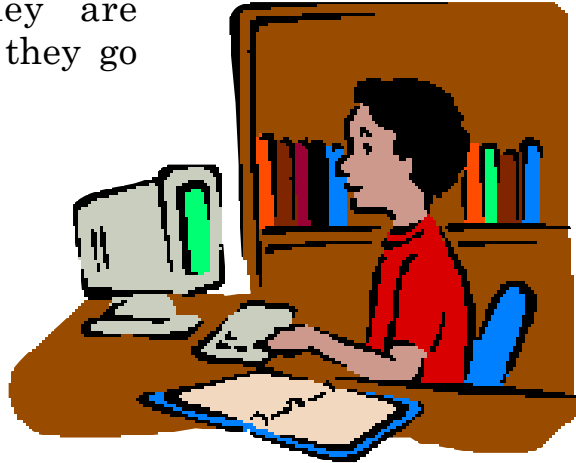
then he looked down.

Teacher Sarah walked over to Zach.

"Dylan is sick today. He will not be in today," she said. As soon as she said that, she saw his lips pout and eyes fill with tears. He was sad.

She sat down in a small chair next to him. "You miss him, don't you? But I think he might be in tomorrow!" she said.

"I have an idea. If you help me make clay-cookies, we can trick the kids at snack time!" she suggested as she saw tears rolling down



Zach's cheeks.

"How about finger painting?" she asked. He shook his head and started sobbing.

"How about writing? You like writing!" she said as she hugged him. "We could write about your beach vacation this summer," she suggested. "Or you can point or look at what you want to write about," she suggested.

Zach was still crying but he looked up at her and the class. "Is that what you want to write about? Your school and friends?" she asked.

This time Zach stopped crying and he even blinked and nodded. She went to the writing area and then, "Okay, Zach. The computer is on and your picture keyboard is already connected," she said.

So Zach went over to the writing

area.

Every time Zach chose a picture, the computer read it out aloud. If Zach clicked on the picture, words appeared with the clicked picture on the computer screen. Just like magic! Soon Zach started choosing and clicking pictures.

When his letter was ready, Teacher Sarah printed it out. "Zach, you wrote a letter to Dylan! I think that is such a great idea!" she said.

Zach's eyes opened really wide, he looked excited. Zach folded and put the letter in Dylan's cubby.

The next day was Thursday. Dylan was already in class. When Zach

arrived, Dylan ran over to Zach and gave him a big hug and cried, "Thank you for the letter. I loved it. I missed you too." Zach smiled.

Then Dylan read the letter to the rest of the class and this is what it said:

"Dear friend Dylan,

You are not in school today. I am sad. I like to play with you. Please come tomorrow. I love you.

Your friend Zach"

Zach and Dylan hugged again and Zach smiled all day Thursday. His best friend was back!

Beautiful Barrettes

By Jori Reijonen

Make beautiful barrettes to wear or give to a friend.

What You Need:

Barrettes, 2 in a neutral color, about 1 1/2" long and 1/2" wide

Ribbon, 1/8" in width, in gold, red, blue, and purple

Scissors

What to Do:

1. Cut three pieces of gold ribbon to a two-foot length.

2. Cut two pieces each of the red, blue, and purple ribbons in a two-foot length.

3. Loop the gold ribbon over the front of the barrette, with one end longer than the other by about 6 inches. Tie the ribbon in a knot at the bottom edge of the barrette.

4. Repeat step 3 with the red ribbon.

Next, tie the other ribbons on the barrette in the following pattern: blue, purple, gold, purple, blue, red, and gold.

5. Repeat steps 1 through 4 with the second barrette.

Fun Fashion Tip: Try different length, color and pattern combinations to match all of your favorite outfits.



Oscar the Bragging Sheep

From Derek Silvers

“Hey everyone: look at my wool. Isn’t it the greatest?” said Oscar as he strutted through the middle of the flock. The other sheep baaed and gave him dirty looks when he bumped into them.

“Knock it off, Oscar,” said Shep the Sheepdog. “You’re distracting everyone from their meal. Let them finish so we can go back to the farm. I don’t like grazing so near to Brachloch Forest.”

“Bah, forest shmorest,” said Oscar.

“I admit, your wool does look very bright and soft,” said Shep, “but you must let everyone eat.”

In the bushes of Brachloch forest, two wolves saw a white ball on the meadow. It looked like a shining snowball, but the smell of the wind told them it was sheep. The wolves licked their lips, not having eaten in days.

“You’re just jealous, Shep,” said Oscar. “Everyone is, but don’t worry: you can all look as long as you want. Now watch this!”

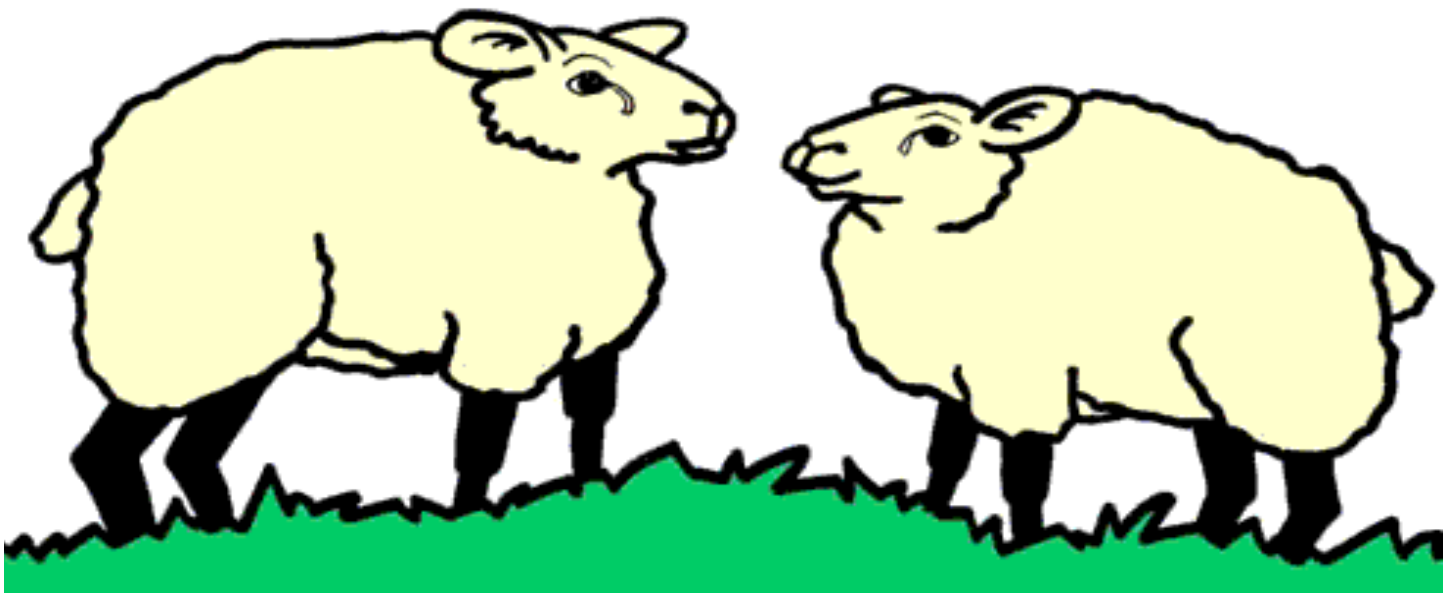
Oscar leapt into the air. He danced on his tippy toes so that everyone could see his wool. When he landed, the wolves had closed in.

“Everybody get in a circle, and nobody try any funny business,” said one of the wolves. A piece of his ear was missing. “My associate will lead you into the forest while I follow to make sure no one straggles. Is that perfectly clear? Good. By the way, you can thank your friend with the nice wool for our arrival.”

Shep sprung at the wolf, who swatted him across the nose. Shep fell down whimpering.

The sheep trembled and bits of grass fell out of their mouths. They began to march.

The trees of Brachloch Forest blacked out the sun. The sheep felt like they were walking at midnight with no stars or moon. Oscar was just able to make out a clearing up ahead. A black, hippo-



sized cauldron bubbled in the center.

The wolves tied the sheep to a dead tree. "You'll wait here while we prepare the broth," said Half-Ear. He and his quiet partner began putting spices in the cauldron.

"You have to do something," Oscar whispered to Shep.

"Can't," replied Shep. "This rope is making my paws fall asleep, and it's too big for me to bite through."

The wolves tasted the broth. "Almost ready," said Half-Ear. The quiet one nodded.

As Oscar trembled, he noticed that the rope was shaving off specks of his wool. At first he wanted to cry for his no-longer-perfect coat, but the rope slackened for each piece of lost wool. The other sheep weren't losing their wool, though they trembled as much as Oscar.

"A tad more ginger...no, no, that's too much," said Half-Ear to his partner, who was putting the finishing touches on the broth.

There was still time. Oscar closed his

eyes and shook as hard as he could. His wool flew off in big clumps. The rope dropped. When Oscar opened his eyes, he was pink and wool-less, but free. He untied Shep and the rest of the flock and they all tiptoed out Brachloch Forest, throwing Oscar's wool here and there to keep the wolves off their scent.

When they reached the meadow, the sheep cheered and hoisted Oscar onto their shoulders.

"Hey, don't pick me up. I'm ugly now," said Oscar.

"You're not ugly," said Shep. "You're a hero."

"But I caused the trouble in the first place," said Oscar.

"The wolves caused the trouble," said Shep.

"Hurray for Oscar!" cheered the sheep.

"Hmm," said Oscar. "Maybe I could get used to this."

The sheep carried him all the way back to the farm.

From Page 8:

Jaime,

Snow is finally falling! And on the first day of **winter**, too. Grab your gloves and **coat** and meet me in the park. We can catch **snowflakes** on our tongues and make snow **angels**. Then, we can go **sledding** down the hill! Mom said she'd have a mug of hot **chocolate** ready for us when we're **done**. Yay!

Meet me by the **slide**,
Patricia

P.S. Don't forget your **boots!** You don't want your feet to get cold.

Answers from page 13:

Stinktief = skunk; Tiergarten = zoo; Haustier = domestic animal; Seetier = marine animal; Stofftier = stuffed animal; Regentropfen = raindrop; Regentag = rainy day; Regenwald = rainforest; Regenbogen = rainbow; Regenwasser = rainwater; Regenfall = rainfall; Regenturm = rainstorm; Regenwurm = earthworm

Book Reviews:

Three for the Holidays

By Nancy A. Cavanaugh

Title: The Legend of Papa Noel
Author: Terri Hoover Dunham
Illustrator: Laura Knorr
Publisher: Sleeping Bear Press
ISBN: 1585362565

The Legend of Papa Noel takes its readers deep into the Louisiana swamps to tell the tale of the Cajun Santa Claus.

Author Terri Hoover Dunham uses French and Cajun words to make this story authentic and fun. I can just hear a man with a thick Cajun accent reading the story. Laura Knorr's illustrations truly capture the Louisiana feel.

If you're looking for a fun holiday book for the kids on your shopping list then you'll want to check out this book.

Title: Getting to Know Ruben Plotnick
Author: Roz Rosenbluth
Illustrator: Maurie J. Manning
Publisher: Flash Light Press
ISBN: 0972922555

Getting to Know Ruben Plotnick is a really fun read and a great way to show kids that there's more to people than their appearances.

Roz Rosenbluth introduces Ruben Plotnick to David's zany grandmother with much anxiety. Will they get along? Will Ruben like her, in spite of her zani-

ness? You'll have to read the book to find out! Illustrator Maurie J. Manning fills the pages with bright colorful images.

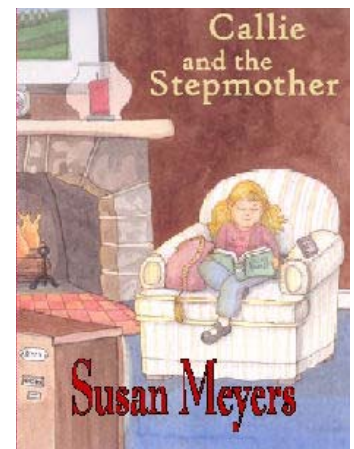
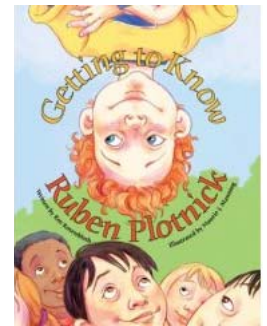
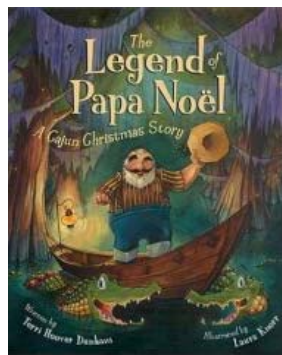
Written for kids ages 4-8, I think you'll all enjoy getting to know Ruben Plotnick.

Title: Callie and the Stepmother
Author: Susan A. Meyers
Illustrator: Rose Gauss
Publisher: Blooming Tree Press
ISBN: 0971834806

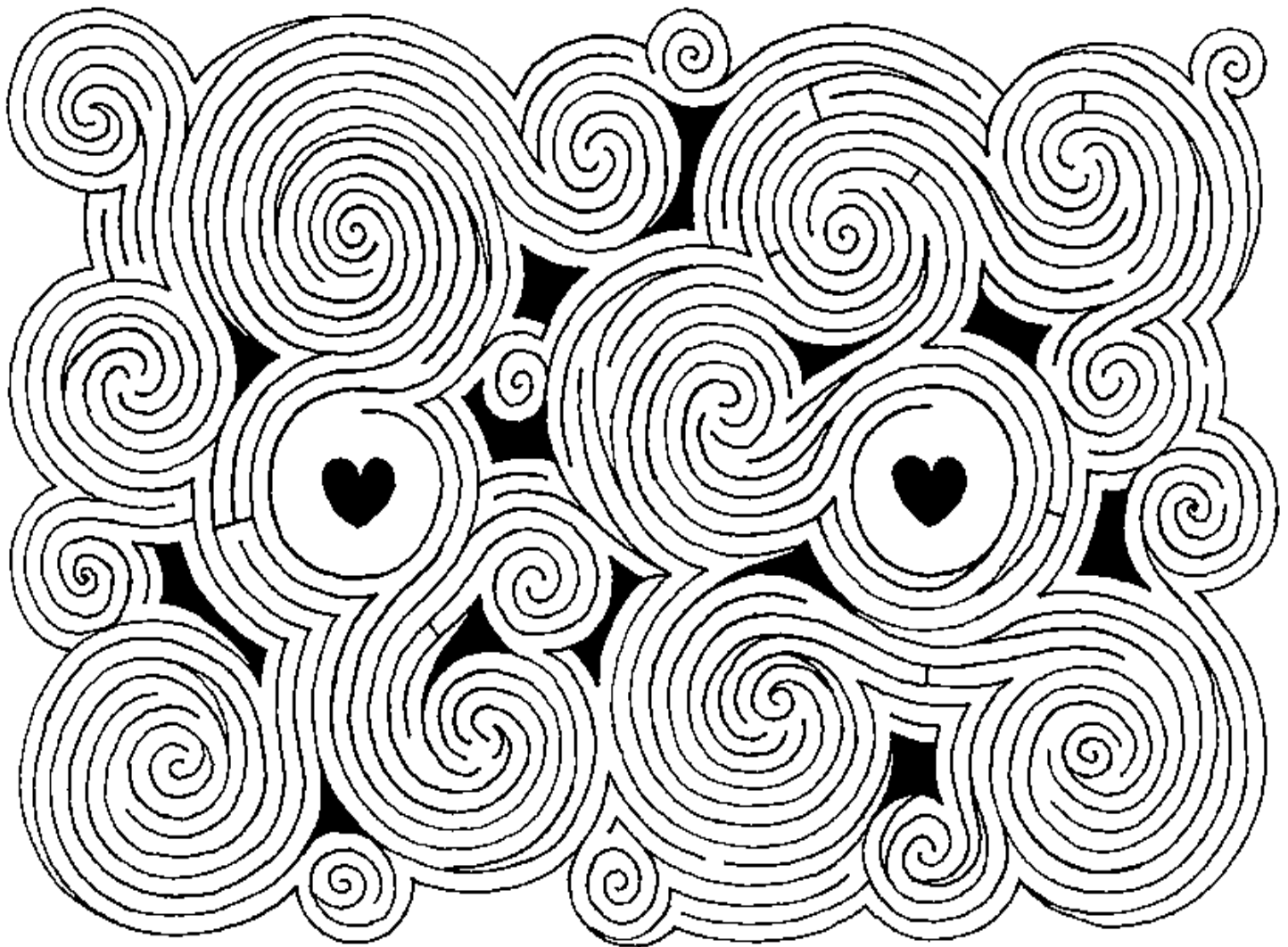
Callie and the Stepmother is about breaking misconceptions and giving people a chance especially in newly blended families.

Author Susan A. Meyers' Callie is sure her new stepmother is going to be just like the wicked stepmothers in all the fairy tales that she has read. Or is she? Follow Callie as she gets to know her new stepmother and learns that there are happy endings in the real world too. Rose Gauss perfectly captures Callie's world.

This book, written for ages 4-8, is a perfect for newly blended families and to help the children understand that everything can be okay.



Connect the Hearts Maze



A Letter to Santa

By Sheila Wood Foard

“Dear Santa,” wrote Allison. Then she laid her red crayon down. What would she ask Santa to bring her?

“Ask for a toy train,” her brother said.

Allison picked up her black crayon. She wrote, “Please bring my brother a toy train.”

“Ask for snow,” her sister said.

With her blue crayon, Allison wrote, “Please bring snow. My sister is getting

skis.”

Allison knew some of the presents she was getting, too. Her grandma gave her mittens, and her grandpa gave her a picture book every Christmas. She liked their presents. But she didn’t want to know what Santa was bringing!

Allison picked up her green crayon. She wrote, “Santa, please bring me a surprise!”

All About Hand-knitting

By Goldi Alexander

How did knitting get started?

No one knows exactly, but the earliest traces have been found amongst the nomadic peoples of the Arabian desert. Maybe someone, hundred of thousands of years ago, got sick of always wearing animal skins and noticed how the wind interlaced grasses and branches. That led to weaving goat and sheep hair together. Weaving in turn, led to knitting.

What is the difference between weaving and knitting?

Weaving uses two threads, the warp and the weft, to produce a fabric. Knitting uses a single thread of yarn to make a fabric.



What are some early examples of knitting?

The earliest known pieces called "Sprang", come from the Middle East. What has been found is a tiny knitted woollen cap and a child's red sock.

Fragments of knitting have been discovered in ancient Egypt, in Peru, and some of the Viking tombs in Norway.

Who spread the idea from the Middle East to Europe?

Most probably Arab traders took the art of knitting to Europe. In the late Middle Ages, knitting guilds appeared in both Paris and Florence. These guilds

mostly made stockings, but the Florentines also knitted woollen coats, adding silver and gold threads to make a rich brocade. These knitters were always men.

Who wore knits in England?

In 10th century England, knitting was done with five hooked needles. Edward IV (1461-1483) had knitted garments in his wardrobe.

About 1510 a change of fashion occurred when men started wearing knitted stockings. The rich wore stockings knitted from silk yarns. The poor wore stockings knitted from coarse yarn.

It was fashionable to give Queen Elizabeth 1 knitted silk purses which contained gold coins.

Who invented the first knitting machine?

In 1598, the year after the England defeated the Spanish Armada, William Lee of Nottinghamshire invented the first frame knitting machine. Around this invention was built the machine-knit industry of England which spread to the rest of the world. But for many years this had little effect on hand knitting.

There were knitting schools all over England, and hand knitting and machine knitting continued as separate

industries. It was the 19th Century Industrial revolution that led to hand knitting being pursued as a traditional craft.

How were knitting sheaths used?

From the first introduction of knitting into England, it is probable that some form of holder was used to support the needles.

The basic function of this sheath was to support the static needle which held the work, this taking some of the weight of the garment. This helped the knitter work more easily. This sheath was short piece of wood with a hole drilled into it. The needle was inserted into the hole. Then the wood was stuck into a belt worn around the waist.

Sometimes these sheaths were made of mahogany, a very hard wood, and beautifully inlaid.

If I can buy machine made clothes, why bother to hand knit?

Today knitting is a gentle recreational pastime that manages to make old traditions part of our modern day world. An expert knitter can be creative with

color and design. Like many crafts, knitting has the potential to lift everyday household objects to something that will brighten our lives.

What are the people who knit?

Though knitting used to be done by fishermen in cold winter nights, this craft had gradually been taken over by women. However recently, famous designers like Kaffe Fassett went from oil painting to knitting after he discovered a warehouse of wonderfully colored yarn.

Kaffe Fassett has formulated whole new designs and ways of using color that are truly mind blowing. His influences include ancient tiled floors and walls, carpets, early maps, flowers, pottery and geometric shapes. He has turned all these into knitting designs that can sometimes include more than forty colours in one garment.

What are some other names for knitted sweaters?

Gansey, guernsey, jersey, jumper, lammer, pullover, and woolly.

Jokes to Keep You in Stitches

Q: When do broken bones make themselves useful?

A: When they begin to knit.

Q: Why does a spider spin a web?

A: Because it can't knit.

Q: What happens when you cross a porcupine with a sheep?

A: You get an animal that knits its own

sweaters.

Q: Who makes up jokes about knitting?

A: A knitwit.

Q: Why did the mother whose son was away at school-camp knit him another sock?

A: Because he said that the food was so good, he'd grown another foot.

MEET THE WRITERS

Goldi Alexander is an Australian author who writes for children of all ages. Visit Goldi at her web site: www.goldiealexander.com.

Cody Augusta lives with her family in Colorado. You can contact her at editor@fandanglemagazine.com.

E. E. Kane, also known as Evan and Emma, have always enjoyed writing together. Evan prefers storytelling and poetry. Emma loves to take Evan's stories and write them down with her own twist. Their experience includes living overseas in the Middle East and the Mediterranean. Visit their website at www.eekane.com.

Derek Silvers is a technical writing intern at MC Dean. He is a junior at Michigan Tech University in Houghton, MI and can be reached at dcsilver@mtu.edu

Vukani G. Nyirenda is a retired civil servant. He grew up on folk stories and wants to share this experience with children. A graduate of ICL and member of SCBWI, Vukani is Zambian born, living in California with his wife, three children and three grandchildren. You can e-mail him at vukanin@yahoo.com.

Judie Anderson is a writer, teacher and avid chocolate eater. She holds a Master's degree in Education and is a member of SCBWI. In addition to writing, Judie enjoys kayaking, camping and spending time with her family. She lives in Minnesota with her husband, two-year old daughter, and cat, Bogey.

Annette Gulati is a freelance writer. Her articles, short stories, poetry and puzzles have appeared, or are forthcoming, in Highlights for Children, Hopscotch, Boys' Quest, Wee Ones and others. She also writes parenting essays

and humor. For more information about Annette, please visit her website at www.annettegulati.com.

Sheila Wood Foard's stories, poems, and articles have been published in Highlights for Children, Cricket, Spider, Hopscotch for Girls and many other magazines for children and adults. Her middle grade historical novel, Harvey Girl, was published by Texas Tech University Press in April 2006.

Kristine Carlson Asselin lives in Massachusetts with her husband and three-year-old daughter. A closet writer since high school, Kristine has recently begun writing short stories and picture book manuscripts. In addition to writing, Kristine loves listening to music and reading to her daughter. Email her at daisyjane1216-write@yahoo.com

Rajeev Athale is a cartoonist and children's book illustrator. His work has been published in books, magazines and websites. Recently his cartoons have been published at- <http://www.silly-books.net/Jokes-one.htm>. Visit his website at <http://cartoonhub.com>. You can contact him at cartoonhub@gmail.com

Paula McClean, her husband and their four amazing children live in beautiful Bend, Oregon. Paula writes stories for all ages of children with the main goal to help them dream and wonder. You can reach Paula at paulamcclean2003@yahoo.com

Jori Reijonon, Ph.D., C.B.S.M. specializes as a psychologist in behavioral sleep medicine. Recently, she earned certification by the American Academy of Sleep Medicine in behavioral sleep medicine. Her experiences as a parent and professional have inspired

her interest in writing for children.

Laxmi Velankar is a pediatric physical therapist. She enjoys entertaining while challenging kids of all abilities to participate in therapeutic play. Laxmi also volunteers to promote early literacy. She was born and raised in Mumbai, India and now resides in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania with her family.

Maria Gianferrari is a member of SCBWI. Her publication history includes a nonfiction article, "Lucy and Tina: Four Ears and a Tail, published in the February 2006 issue of Highlights for Children magazine. A poem, "Labrador Winter", and a fictional story, "Dear As Salt", have also been accepted by Highlights. Dragonfly Spirit, Wee Ones, and Fandangle magazines have also recently accepted her work.

Marion Tickner has been published in several magazines for children.

"Grandmas and Snowmen" and "My Special Part" appear in "Mistletoe Madness" (Blooming Tree Press 2004), edited by Miriam Hees. "Lost In The Cow Pasture" is in the next anthology, "Summer Shorts" (Blooming Tree Press 2006), edited by Madeline Smoot.

Shannon Bennett lives in Washington with her husband and two children. She loves writing, drawing and reading. She also enjoys being able to teach in the Pioneer Club.

Kevin Scott Collier is a children's book author and illustrator. He is under contract for Baker Trittin Press, Guardian Angel Publishing, and New World Publishing. Kevin also been published by Hidden Picture Books, Book Locker, Heliographic Press and Tangerine Sky. Visit his website at <http://www.kevinscottcollier.com>.



Amazing Skiing

