

April 2007

Fandangle Magazine



Fandangle Magazine

Vol. 2, Issue No. 2

**CREATED AND
PUBLISHED BY**
Nancy A. Cavanaugh
14 Schult Street
Keene, NH 03431
603-357-5359

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

Editorial Guidelines

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

Suggestions

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

On the Cover

Many thanks to Sebastian, 10, of Olmsted, Ohio for creating this month's cover. Sebastian's picture was submitted for the Kids Art section. He will receive a sketch book, colored pencils and eraser.

Table of Contents

From the Editor	3
Let's Celebrate	3
The Magic of Dragonflies	4
Find Magic in Your Backyard	5
Go On a Backyard Safari	6
Snack Attack!	7
Arrrgh! It's TV Turnoff Week!	8
It's Play Time!	9
Sepak Takraw: Three in One	10
Sky Words Crossword Puzzle	11
Finish the Story...	12
How to Draw a Whimsical Whale	13
Lights Out for Mother Nature	14
Space Race Through the Solar System	15
Galactic Movies	15
Step Inside a Solar Telescope	16
The Moon Maidens	17
The Secret	18
The Weather	18
Ginger Rose, Please Raise Your Hand	19
Wings on His Feet: Billy Mills	20
Boogie in the Woods	21
Toodles	21
Easter Down Under in Australia	22
Cute Jellybean Bunny Craft	23
Spring Has Sprung	23
The Hummingbird Who Chewed Bubblegum	24
Yee Passes with Flying Colors	25
Lavigne Bio is a Smash Hit	25
Meet the Writers	28
Earth Day Cakes	Back Cover



Copyright 2006-2007 by Nancy A. Cavanaugh. All rights reserved.

No part of the website or other materials can be reproduced in any form without written consent. Parts of the site and materials include, but are not limited to, graphics, photos, copy and content, HTML, meta tags, template and web layouts or other features. If you have a technical problem with this website or accompanying .pdf files, please e-mail the webmaster at editor@fandanglemagazine.com.

From the Editor

Spring is finally here! Yay! I've been really looking forward to seeing the end of the snow and cold weather this year. I guess that's another sign I'm getting old. As if the creaky bones and fading memory weren't signs enough!

Some Fandangle updates: This month you might notice that the text is a bit smaller than you're used to. This will allow me to get more stories on each page and that means even more for you to read.

I am no longer going to be doing the Kids Art section due to a significant lack of interest. After several months and much exposure to that section I have received only a few pieces so I am going to discontinue that for now.

The games section on the web site has several new games for you to check out. I found a great version of Sudoku that allows you to

change what the board looks like and the difficulty setting. You can even save your game! I also added the very addictive Same Game and Pegs. I found a very cool maze program that allows you to change the parameters of the maze then you can either do the maze on the web site or print it out to do later. I was having so much fun playing all the new games I nearly forgot to upload them!

For the writers I have added a page with online tools they can use to make writing easier. I am always looking for ways to make the job easier for myself and my writer friends. If you know of an online tool that I could add or link to, let me know!

Have a great month!

Nancy Cavanaugh

Editor-in-Chief

Let's Celebrate!

April Holidays

- 1 – April Fool's Day
- 2 – International Children's Book Day
- 3 - Passover
- 6 – Good Friday
- 7 – World Health Day
- 8 – Easter
- 12 – National D.A.R.E. Day
- 15 – Income Tax Day
- 16 – Patriot's Day (Boston)
- 16 – Boston Marathon
- 18 – Paul Revere Day
- 22 – Earth Day
- 23 – St. George's Day
- 26 – Confederate Memorial Day
- 26 – Take Our Children to Work Day
- 27 – Arbor Day
- 29 – National Dance Day
- 30 – International Walk Day

Also

- Autism Awareness Month
- International Guitar Month

- Keep America Beautiful Month
- Listening Awareness Month
- National Garden Month
- National Poetry Month
- Youth Sports Safety Month
- School Library Media Month
- Jazz Appreciation Month
- National Kite Month
- National Garden Week
- National Library Week
- Boys & Girls Club Week
- National Student Leadership Week
- Canada Book Week
- National Dark Sky Week
- National Wildlife Week
- Big Brothers/Big Sisters Appreciation Week
- National Sky Awareness Week
- National Volunteer Week
- National Playground Safety Week
- TV Turnoff Week
- Astronomy Week
- Jewish Heritage Week

The Magic of Dragonflies

By Heather Montgomery

Have you ever watched a dragonfly swoop down to catch a mosquito on the wing? Like a dragon, it is speedy, ferocious and powerful. But it is in water that dragonflies have a magic all their own.

You won't find an adult dragonfly in water. But if you watch closely, you may see a female swoop over a pond to lay her eggs. A young dragonfly is born from one of those eggs. It becomes a nymph, a teenage dragonfly, and looks like a tiny monster lurking at the bottom of the pond.

Getting Dinner

A baby mosquito wiggles through the water. Suddenly it's gone. Like a rabbit disappearing into a magician's hat, it has just vanished. If you were watching through a slow motion camera, you would have seen that, out of nowhere, a hinged brown jaw reached out and grabbed it. The mosquito is whipped away and into the waiting mouth of the dragonfly nymph. Covered in mud and algae, that nymph was so camouflaged no one even noticed it.

When at rest, the nymph's lower jaw folds up neatly under its head. When a tasty bug swims by, the nymph's jaw unfolds to snag his dinner. That jaw is half as long as the bug's body. Imagine if your jaw could stretch as long as your arm!

Catching Its Breath

The dragonfly nymph breathes underwater through its rear-end. Its gills are in a sac near its tail. The nymph sucks water into the sac, absorbs the oxygen and then releases the water. If there is not enough oxygen in the water, a nymph will crawl out of the pond. Like magic, it can start breathing through its skin.

Getting Around

Looking like a six-legged robot, a nymph stalks slowly along a dead plant. Each foot is equipped with nifty hooks that help it hang on. When a large fish comes by, the nymph jets to

safety under a log. To activate this jet-power, the nymph squeezes the water out of its gill sac, shooting forward several times its body length. If you have ever let go of an untied balloon, you have seen this kind of jet action at work.

Growing Up

Even the way a dragonfly nymph grows up is extraordinary. It does not become a cocoon like a butterfly. Instead, it sheds its own skeleton in order to grow. This skeleton, called an "exoskeleton," is on the outside of its body, so it looks like skin. Just like you get rid of clothes that are too small, it has to get rid of its old skeleton.

A nymph sheds many times while it is still in the water. Before its last shed, it pulls itself all the way up a plant stem and breaks out into the fresh air. Emerging from the old skeleton, it is soft and white. It must wait patiently for its body to harden. Then magically, it transforms into a beautiful, winged dragon of the sky.



Left: An adult dragonfly.

Bottom: Playing hide and seek. Can you spot the dragonfly nymph?

Pictures by Heather Montgomery.



Find Magic in Your Backyard

You can find dragonfly nymphs near you. They live in most ponds, lakes and slow moving rivers. Gather your equipment, find a pond and dig in to see what lives in your neighborhood!

Before you go, think safety. First, take an adult along to help you make good decisions. Cover any cuts or sores with waterproof bandages. Be careful along the edge – the bank maybe slippery. Don't go any deeper than knee-deep into the water. And, be respectful of the wildlife that you find.

Equipment you will need:

Strainer – a colander or tea strainer from the kitchen work the best, but you better ask permission first! Any sturdy net will do.

Plastic bowl or container

Old shoes that can get wet and muddy

Magnifying glass (optional)

Plastic spoon (optional)

What to Do:

1. Walk quietly as you approach the pond. There might be other wildlife visiting the pond too.

2. Fill your container half full of water.

3. Use your strainer to scoop up mud, dead leaves and other detritus (dead decaying matter).

4. Hold your strainer still as you look for the nymphs. They need water so they will start to squirm. If nothing moves after 10 seconds,

carefully pick through the detritus to see what is hiding underneath. Look very carefully. Dragonfly nymphs may be tiny – smaller than your pinkie fingernail – or as large as a quarter.

5. Put any animals that you find into the plastic container. If touching them makes you nervous, use the plastic spoon as a scoop.

While you are searching, you may find many other invertebrates (animals without a backbones). You may also find different types of dragonfly nymphs and they may each look different. See what you can learn about every animal that you discover. What special body parts, or adaptations, does it have? How does it move? Breath? Get its food? Use a magnifying glass to get an up close look.

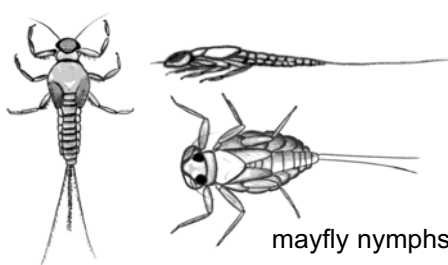
The pictures on this page can help you to identify what you find. Or, visit www.dnr.state.wi.us/org/caer/ce/eeek/critter/watercritter/critterindex.htm.

To learn more about life in a pond, visit: EPA's MasterBug Theater at www.epa.gov/owow/nps/kids/BUGTHTR.HTM

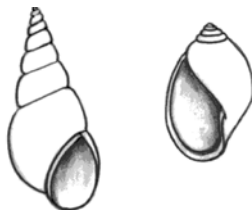
A Bug's Life at www.cwmb.sa.gov.au/kwc/programs/a_bugs_life/1.htm

Build a Bug Game at www.bugsurvey.nsw.gov.au/html/fun_build.html#

Enjoy exploring the pond. There's a whole world of fun out there!



mayfly nymphs



snails



limpet



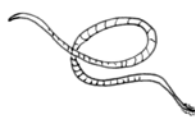
clam



planaria



nematode



oligochaete



amphipod



isopod

Go On a Backyard Safari

By Suzanne R. Klein

Hundreds of black ants scattered as I lifted their rocky roof. They disappeared down ant holes, over rocks and through the grass. Ah, my second discovery!

My first discovery happened on a sunny day in April. I walked outside to find hundreds of ladybugs clinging to the side of my house. Most stayed on the wall, but a few ventured away, their wings popping out from beneath their hard, red wing covers.

What had I discovered?

Insects!

I knew these were insects because they each had three main parts to their bodies: a head, thorax, and abdomen. They also had six legs coming from the thorax, the middle part of the body. I recorded my discoveries in my insect journal.

Are you ready to make an insect journal?

What You Need:

3 sheets of paper, 8.5" x 11"

Scissors

Hole punch

Yarn

Cardstock, construction paper or cardboard (any color)

Art supplies (markers, colored pencils, stickers, etc.)

What to Do:

1. Cut the 3 sheets of paper in half.

2. Cut each paper in half again (total of 12 pieces of paper).

3. Cut out 2 pieces of cardstock the same size as the cut paper.

4. Punch 2 holes on either the left edge or the top of each piece of paper and cardstock (depending on how you want your journal to open).

5. Lay one piece of cardstock on the table. Layer the 12 sheets of paper on top. Now, add the last piece of cardstock. Be sure the holes line up through all the pages.

6. Cut 2 lengths of yarn, each about 6 inches long.

7. Thread the yarn through the holes and tie a loose knot to secure the book (a loose knot will allow you to easily open and close the pages).

8. Use your art supplies and your imagination to decorate your insect journal.



Backyard Safari

It's time for a backyard safari. Luckily, you only have to step outside. Insects are everywhere; about 100,000 species (kinds) are thought to live in North America.

Grab your journal, some colored pencils, and head outside. Some good places to hunt for insects are a garden, under rocks and in the dirt. Insects can be found in the cracks of a driveway or flying near a light pole at dusk. Different species of insects live near ponds or wooded areas.

Find an area with some insects and make yourself comfortable. Observe. Is there a bumblebee sipping nectar from a daisy? Draw a picture of the bee in your journal. Write down your observations. How many legs and body parts does the bee have? What color is it? How long does it stay near the flower? Note the day and time you discover this insect. Jot down where you find it and what the weather is like, too. If you know the name of the insect, write it down.

Search for Answers

If you aren't sure about the insect's name, the information in your journal can help you figure it out. *Peterson First Guides: Insects, A Simplified Field Guide to the Common Insects of North America* by Christopher Leahy is a good starting place to identify your new outdoor friend. So is your local library.

The Internet has a lot of information on insects, as well. Try browsing the National Wildlife Federation's website, eNature (www.enature.com). You can search for insects

by clicking on the online field guides.

A New Safari

When your insect journal is full, make more. Consider focusing on one type of insect for each new journal: a butterfly journal, an ant journal, or a bee journal. Then, make journals for different groups of animals or even plants: a bird journal, a spider journal, or a flower journal.

Discover what lives in your yard and shares your space. You might be surprised by what you find when you turn over that rock.

Snack Attack!

By Kathleen Kull Urban

Munch, munch. Crunch, crunch. There are holes in leaves and chunks out of flowers. It's an earwig snack attack! It can take place in a backyard or where plants and flowers grow. It happens at night when no one is watching.

What is an earwig? It's a bug, and there are 1,900 species throughout the world with 20 of them residing in North America. Years ago people thought an earwig would crawl into the ear of a sleeping person and bore into their brain, but it doesn't. Have no fear, it stays away from humans. Even though it is called an earwig, it does not have ears. And it does not wear a wig!

An earwig starts as a white or cream-colored egg, one of 30 to 50 eggs that the female lays in a "nest." Buried a few inches below ground in autumn, the egg grows into a body when spring arrives. It is thin, flat, and a reddish-brown or black color. The female feeds the nymph by bringing food to it or regurgitating part of her meal. When fully grown, the earwig is about one inch long with beadlike antennae that constantly move and sense the environment. With tiny pincers, or cerci, at the end of the body, the earwig can defend itself. If an insect attacks, the earwig can capture it and give the insect a painful pinch. The pincers are also used in courtship and for grooming.

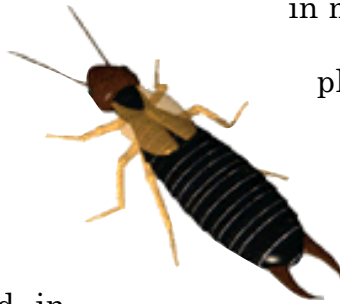
During the day the earwig hides in a cool,

moist, shady place -- under a rock, bark, board, sidewalk, compost pile, or wherever it's protected. It does not like to be disturbed. If it is, it may put out a nasty liquid that smells like creosote. The smell helps the earwig protect itself.

At night, it's party time! The earwig and his friends come out to feed. They like to eat insects, spiders, leaves, and other plant and animal remains. Some even feast on fruits and vegetables. They like flowers too, leaving holes in many of the petals.

How does an earwig get from place to place? Some earwigs have wings and some don't. Others have two pairs. One set of wings is short like a beetle's wings, and the other is delicate and fan-shaped, folding under the first pair. Even with two pairs of wings, an earwig cannot fly very well. It usually catches a ride on cut flowers, fruits, vegetables, and other moving objects such as laundry baskets and automobiles.

You can set a trap to capture an earwig that is eating your backyard plants and flowers. Roll up a piece of newspaper, and put it on the ground near the plants that are being eaten. The next morning look inside the tube for an earwig. You might find many of them sleeping after a long night of munching. Watch out. They may be resting up for a new snack attack. Munch, munch. Crunch, crunch ... Yummmm!



Aarrgh! It's TV Turnoff Week!

By Ellen D. Barski

"It's TV Turnoff Week!" Mom sang out. She took the remote and turned the TV off with a flourish.

I groaned. Hadn't I gotten rid of that flyer the day it came home from school? "How did you find out?" I complained.

Mom gave me a knowing look. "The school sent out an e-mail. I guess they knew their flyer would end up in too many recycle bins. Hmmm, Tyler?"

I blushed bright red. She knew!

My brother, Will, piped up. "So what are we supposed to do now?"

Mom shrugged. "You'll have to entertain yourselves. I'm busy." She went into the kitchen.

Will and I looked at each other. Entertain ourselves? How? With what?

"Oh, Tyler," Mom called. "Why not start your science project. It's due soon, right?"

"I'm only drawing a picture of the solar system," I grumbled. "That will take two seconds!"

"Good!" Mom replied. "Check the craft closet for supplies."

Will and I trudged to the craft closet. I

reached for some drawing paper and markers.

"Hey, what's this? And this?" Will held up some paints and styrofoam balls.

"Mom must have bought some new supplies," I said, picking up two balls. One was smaller than the other. Then I looked at the paints. My brain began to work overtime.

That's it! I thought. I'll make a model of the solar system!

Will watched as I set out the newspaper and paints. "I think I'll paint, too," he said.

An hour later, I put the finishing touch on the last of the "planets." Tomorrow I'd tape on some string and then make a mobile.

"Now what can we do?" Will asked, as we cleaned up the painting mess.

I thought for a second. "Let's make a list of all the things we could do instead of watch TV."

"Hey! You know that reading contest at school?" Will's eyes were wide with excitement.

"Sure. Andy Bernard is in the lead in my class. He said today he could already taste the pizza he's planning to win." I set my paintbrushes aside to dry. "What about it?"

"You could catch up," Will said. "I could win in my class, and you could win in yours. We'd get coupons for two free pizzas!"

"Let's do it!"

"Do what?" Mom came into the kitchen carrying the laundry basket.

"Win our class reading contests," I told her. "But first we're going to get to work on that list of ideas for TV Turnoff Week."

Mom smiled. "You guys are creative. I know you'll come up with lots of great ideas."



I tore a sheet of paper out of my notebook. I wrote "science project" and then "reading." Then Will and I brainstormed for ideas.

"Frisbee," suggested Will, "and football."

I nodded and wrote quickly. I thought some more. "What about that big puzzle Aunt Nora sent you for your birthday?"

"The one with 500 pieces?" Will's mouth dropped open. "There's no way I can do that! It's too hard."

"I'll work on it with you," I replied, writing "puzzle" on our list.

Will looked surprised. "Really? You never wanted to before."

I shrugged, feeling guilty. "I do now. Looks like I'll have plenty of time."

After that, we looked in the game closet and rediscovered some of our old favorites. There were even some games we hadn't played before.

A quick search though our toys turned up lots we had forgotten about. We added those games and toys to our list.

When we had a whole list of ideas, I said, "Hey! Let's write each idea on a slip of paper and put them all in a jar. Whenever we need something to do, we'll pull an idea out of the jar."

While we made the slips, the phone rang. A minute later, Mom popped her head in the kitchen door. "Andy says lots of neighborhood kids are planning a soccer tournament for TV Turnoff Week."

"Awesome!" Will and I shouted.

"You know," Mom added, "you can always put 'clean our rooms' in your idea jar."

I shook my head. "We'll be way too busy for that. There's so much to do, I don't know how we ever found time to watch TV!"

It's Play Time!

By Heather J. Cuthbertson

Exercising is boring. You do the same push-ups, sit-ups, and jumping jacks, day in and day out. And after a while, getting your teeth pulled sounds like a better way to pass the time than exercising. But did you know that there is a way that exercising and working out can be fun? There is!

The secret to this miracle method is simple: It's playing! Exercise can be fun when you're having fun doing what you like to do. So what if you don't like doing crunches or lifting weights, but what if you do like to play soccer or snowboard? If you think that's not exercising, you're wrong. Those things are just as physically challenging as the more "traditional" exercises and you're giving your body a great workout when you do them, except you don't even realize it! You see when you're playing your goal is having fun, not working out. And if you're

not thinking about working out, then you're not focused on all the huffing and puffing or sweating you're doing. In the end, you're not bored and neither is your body. It's the perfect blend.

If this sounds more up your ally, then here are some ways for you to get started. If you want to get involved in sports like basketball or tennis, then you could join a sports team at your school. If you're not interested in joining a team, you can do all of the above sports and other activities, like karate, bike riding, or dance lessons, either by yourself or with your friends.

The possibilities are endless, but the most important thing is that your having fun while staying healthy. Don't get bogged down with the dull and dreary, there are many more exciting ways to either get in shape or stay in shape. Now get out there and go play!



Sepak Takraw: Three in One

By Nadia F.

What would you think of a gymnast who can perform feats while playing soccer and volleyball at the same time? If you think that's impossible, wait till you hear of a Southeast Asian sport called Sepak Takraw, where gymnastics, volleyball, and soccer are all rolled into one.

Sepak Takraw means "kickball". Almost all Southeast Asian countries have their own version of this game played with a rattan ball, a ball made from



The Australian bilby.

a tough vegetable material found in Asia. No one knows where the game actually originated from. The countries that play this game all insist they

were the first to play it. However, it couldn't be proven which country actually started it.

In a 1965 Southeast Asian Peninsular Games, the officials came up with a set of new rules for it, and gave it a new name; Sepak Takraw. They all agreed to combine the Malay and Thai version of the game. "Sepak" is the Malay word for kick and "takraw" is the Thai word for rattan ball. So, when "Sepak Takraw" is mentioned, what is meant is a sport that combines the Malaysian and Thai version of the games.

The court used for Sepak Takraw is basically like a badminton court with a net running down the middle. In each half are service circles, from which a player would serve the ball to the opposing team. Two more circles are drawn right under the net with the net line dividing them into four half circles.

Each team consists of three players, standing in their respective spots. The one standing in the service circle is called the "tekong". The left and right wingers stand in the two half circles on each side of the court. If a team drops the

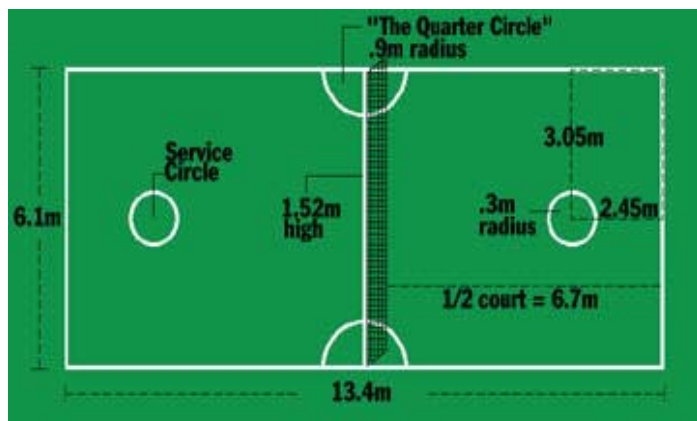
ball, the other team gets the serve, just like badminton and volleyball. However, you cannot use any part of your arms from the shoulder to the fingertips. Any other part of the body is game, even your rump!

Only three hits are allowed for each team before the ball is passed over the net. Unlike volleyball, the same player can hit the ball three times, and the players don't have to rotate positions throughout the game. Once the game starts, the players are free to move about their side of the court any way they wish.

The most amazing part of the game is the acrobatic movements. If your team is serving, and you are the "tekong", the left or right winger will toss you the ball. Standing with one foot in the service circle, and the other one outside the circle, you will prepare to kick the ball over the net to the other side with the outside leg. In order to do this, you have to be able to lift one leg high up in the air while still standing on the other leg!

If this is not amazing enough, wait until you see the players twirling almost horizontally in the air like propellers while kicking the ball with accurate precision. A slam dunk doesn't even compare to an acrobatic "takraw" move.

Rattan can be very brittle, and break easily from a fast kick. As more people of different skill levels and ages take up the game, plastic balls are produced. The plastic balls are designed with the same woven pattern as on



A regulation sepak takraw court.

the original rattan balls. Made to be very close to the size and weight of the original rattan ball, which is slightly bigger than a softball, the plastic balls are more merciful on the feet than the harsh, tough rattan balls.

Watching Sepak Takraw is like watching a martial arts movie filled with spins, twirls, kicks, and a ball zooming back and forth



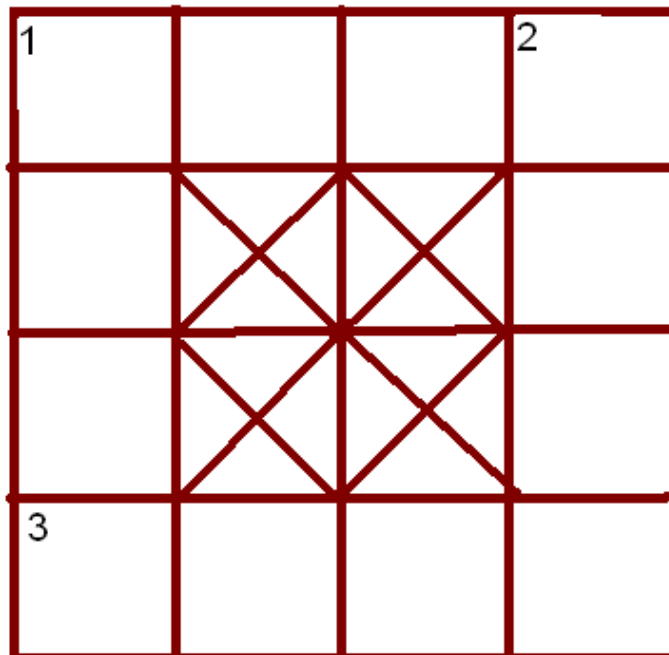
over the net like a torpedo. If you are amazed by fancy soccer moves, you will be even more captivated by the moves in Sepak Takraw. So if you would like to improve your soccer skills, and learn some acrobatics, Sepak Takraw would be a game you could try. Where else would you get to play three games in one?

Sky Words Crossword Puzzle

By Anjali Amit

The Red Planet

1 Across



1 Down



2 Down

Not far but ----

3 Across

Answers on page 27.

Finish the Story...

Adventure at the Bookstore

Sara couldn't decide between two books, but she had to hurry before her mom was ready to check out. She sat there at the kid's table trying to choose when she heard a faint meow beside her. She looked down expecting to find a kitten but nothing was there. Something else caught her eye though, on the shelf next to her was a book about pets she had passed up, only now it looked to be moving slightly...

By Shannon Bennett

How to Draw A Whimsical Whale

Drawing a whale seems like an enormous challenge, but don't let his size scare you. Just follow the three easy steps and you will succeed swimmingly!

1. A whale's body is shaped like a drum-

stick.

2. Remember to draw the tail!

3. The underbelly is a different color, add a fin, and don't forget the eyes, too!

Written and Illustrated By
Kevin Scott Collier



Lights Out for Mother Nature

By Roxanne Werner

"Clean up your room. Take out the garbage. And don't forget to pick up the light you scattered all over the place."

Pick up the light? What's going on here?

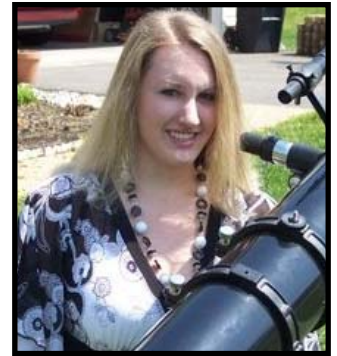
Like most parents Mother Nature is patient with her children. She accepted humans' childish fear of the dark. But after about a hundred years of electric lights she's putting her foot down. She didn't mind us having a night light but we've gone too far.

Unlike nocturnal animals, humans have poor night vision. We let our imaginations fill the shadows our eyes can't pierce. Through the centuries we have used torches, candles, oil lanterns, and gas lights to brighten our world. When we discovered electricity, victory was ours. With a flick of the switch night became day; the scary dark banished forever.

If we had checked first with Mother Nature we'd know that we need the dark. It's not an enemy but part of the cycle of our planet. Biologists, environmentalists, and astronomers warn us of 'light pollution.'

In 2002, fifteen year old Jennifer Barlow decided to create National Dark Sky Week. An amateur astronomer, she needed the dark to

view the stars. During Dark Sky Week, Jennifer and groups across the country limit outside lighting. The natural night sky reveals thousands of faint distant stars that are normally washed out in the electric glow of our towns and cities.



Jennifer Barlow

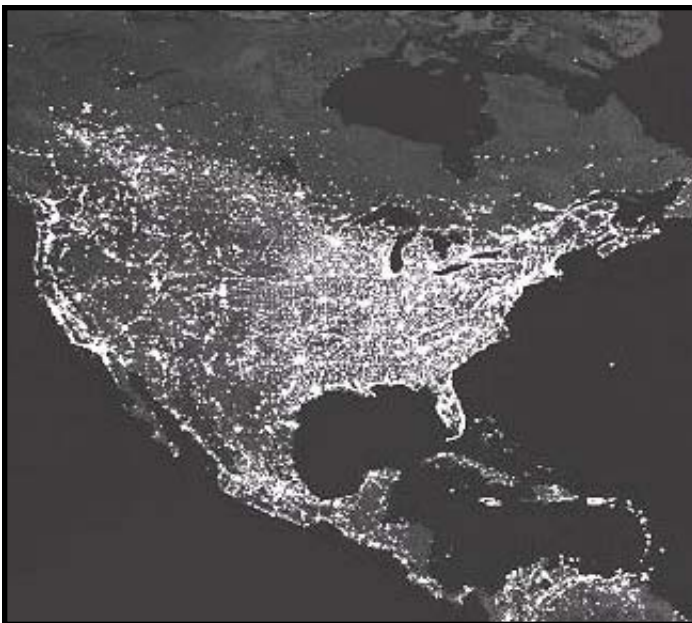
But the stars are only one reason to dim the lights.

What's so bad about light? Animals and plants set their biological clocks by the length of day and night. Without dark time these clocks don't work. Studies show crops grown along well lit highways stunted. Night time insects like moths and burying beetles are on the decline. Mating and feeding behaviors for certain creatures require darkness. Sea turtle hatchlings confused by light never make it to the water. Our own sleep patterns suffer causing insomnia and moodiness.

Want to join in the fight to save our dark skies? It's easy.

1. Use a motion sensor or timer to turn outside lights on only when needed.
2. Direct lights at walkways or stairs not up at the sky.
3. Use recessed or shielded lights so the light falls where needed instead of glowing in all directions.
4. Contact Jennifer at <http://www.ndsw.org> . She'll be glad to help you with fliers to organize National Dark Sky Week in your town.
5. Hold a star party and enjoy the oldest and most spectacular light show on Earth.

National Dark Sky Week is celebrated every April during the week of the new moon when the moon itself turns off its light. This year it is April 17-24. Listen to Mother Nature. Don't be afraid of the dark enjoy its beauty, a sky filled with glittering stars to wish on, dream about and inspire us all.



This picture of North America at night taken in 2001 illuminates the light pollution problem.

Space Race Through the Solar System

By Patty Kyrloch

Hop on my Space Ship! We'll go for a spin,
sailing away on a bright solar wind.
Fasten your seat belts, and hang on tight—
we're peeling out at the speed of light!

Our journey begins at the center, the Sun—
the engine that makes the whole System run.
A million planets the size of our own
could fit in the Sun without making it groan.

Mercury's next—sizzling days, freezing nights.
Hope you remembered your long johns and tights!
Then comes Venus, where life is a pain—
eight hundred degrees and hot acid rain.

Then Earth, with oceans and cities and soul,
the only planet that plays rock and roll!
Next stop, Mars—a world of red
with a huge volcano, a crown on its head.

Attention, passengers—Girls and Boys—
we're flying through the asteroids.
Then on to Jupiter, with a big red spot
and twenty-eight moons. That's quite a lot.

Saturn is next, with spectacular rings.
Are they giant hula hoops or wings?
Then Uranus and Neptune, its twin,
but one of them has a sideways spin.

Last comes Pluto—we've come so far.
From here the sun looks like any old star.
Our journey together has been lots of fun—
now, who wants to go home? I do, for one!

Note: In this poem, Uranus is pronounced YOOR'-a-nus. Do you know which planet spins on its side? It's Uranus, the only planet with a tilt of approximately 90 degrees.

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

Galactic Movies

Find all the movie titles in the word search to the left.

Aliens
Battlestar
Buck Rogers
Deep Space Nine
Favorite
Galactica
Invaders
Lost In Space
Martian
Next Generation
Odyssey
Outer Limits
Space Balls
Star Trek
Star Wars
The Thing
Twilight Zone
UFO

Step Inside a Solar Telescope

By Julie M. Prince

Our sun is playing a song. Dr. Frank Hill of the National Solar Observatory says that to solar scientists, the sun is like a huge musical instrument with five million notes. If you were to put your fingers on the surface of a guitar being strummed, you'd feel the vibrations of each note played. Similarly, vibrations are created by waves on the sun's surface. We obviously can't touch the 10,000 degree surface of our sun, but astronomers can use solar telescopes, like the McMath-Pierce Solar telescope at Kitt Peak in Arizona to 'listen' to the sun's music.

Dr. Hill and his colleagues are working inside "McMP," the largest solar telescope in the world. Scientist Claude Plymate says being

inside the huge telescope makes him feel like he's been shrunk down. While Claude fiddles with buttons and dials to aim the telescope at a specific area of the sun, Dr. Hill explains how it is possible to hear the sun's song.

Similar to notes on a sheet of music, stars like our sun have dark lines that appear in its spectrum, or rainbow of colors, as a code—much like a bar code you might see at the grocery store on a box of cereal. "We can identify and learn about stars by observing their bar codes and 'listening' to their individual music," says Dr. Hill.

In order to see these bar codes, the scientists use three large mirrors to direct the sun's reflection into the telescope's observing room. Images of the sun are captured by a device called a spectrograph, which separates light into spectral lines. Then the codes are recorded and analyzed.

Dr. Hill demonstrates by pointing light at a small section of diffraction grating, a special mirror that has thousands of tiny lines like the fine lines on a music CD. When Dr. Hill's light hits the mirror, an instant rainbow of color appears on the wall behind Claude and the big spectrograph. Where there was only bright



Top Left: The National Solar Observatory in Kitt Peak, Az. Bottom Left: The McMath-Pierce Solar Telescope, also known as the "McMP" from the outside. Right: Looking inside of the "McMP". Pictures by Julie M. Prince

white light a moment before, there are now separate colors and shapes. This is a spectral line.

Since most images of the sun are wavering, like water in motion, Claude and another scientist developed the Adaptive Optics System. A rubber-like mirror is bent and adjusted as needed to cancel out the shakiness in the atmosphere. This allows for a nice crisp image of the sun. That sounds fancy, but there's an everyday hair band holding it together!

When building the machine, Claude was trying to find just the right elastic material to use for one section. Scratching his head in thought, he touched on the hair tie he'd used to pull back his long brown hair and realized it was exactly what he needed to complete the project. Now that's using your head!

With all of their tools in working order, the scientists are ready to record the sun's music.

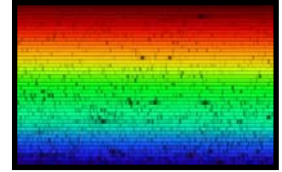
Create a Spectral Line

All you need to create your very own spectral line is:

A Mirror

A bowl of water

A flashlight



What to Do:

1. Place your mirror at the bottom of the bowl of water.
2. Turn off nearby lights.
3. Shine flashlight on mirror, moving it slowly back and forth, up and down. A spectral line will appear on the walls or ceiling.

The Moon Maidens

By Gayle C. Krause

You cannot see us dancing behind the moon,
so white.

But we are present all the time, morning,
noon and night.

The eldest of my sisters brings the crescent
moon.

She plays it like a golden harp, and sings an
eerie tune.

I am in the middle and the moon I tend is
half.

Cloaked in midnight velvet, I slice it with my
staff.

The youngest of my sisters wears a moon-
stone crown.

Reigning over full moon, she casts silver
moonlight down.

On the nights of new moon, the sky is black-
ened space.

You cannot see the maidens for we're in our
hiding place.

The Secret

By Heather J. Cuthbertson

The world we know we see during the day,
When we wake up to sing, and dance, and play.
And if you peer up toward the clouds and the sky,
That's all you'll see, no matter how hard you try.
But the world that's hidden from our sight
Comes out only in the black of night.

For when the sun sinks away from sight,
And the sky's blue curtain parts for the night,
You can glimpse the starry stage
That's bigger and older than any age.
And its shapes and stars will give you a hint
Of where we are in this infinite blueprint.

Yet, you don't need to strain to hear.
The secret's for the eye and not the ear.
It's right there in our Milky Way
That holds the heavens in its swirling sway.
It is buried in the Northern Star,
That we can see, even from afar.

It chases down the comet's tail...
And lies there shining in its glittery trail.
Right between the Dipper and Orion,
And near Aries, Gemini, and the Lion,
It hides among Saturn's vibrant rings,
And near Mars, beloved by warrior kings.

We see the galaxy, so brilliant and bright,
And the Moon it is a splendid sight.
But when the day once more has begun,
It sneaks and hides behind the sky and the sun.

But it's not a secret, not a secret at all,
When we see ourselves, both large and small.
Up in the heavens, we can feel our place.
Amongst the cosmos in outer space.
And to see our world so true and divine,
Let's us know there's a greater design.

And that is the secret.



The Weather

By Sylvia C.

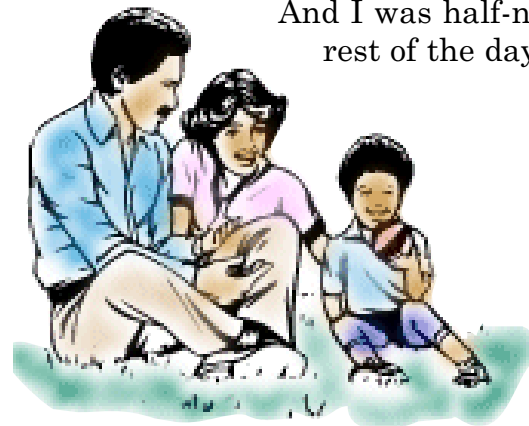
Mom watched the weather
Then came to my room
And said "No school today."

I jumped out of bed
And snow geared up,
Then ran outside to play.

But—WAIT—
There wasn't any snow outside
There wasn't any ice within sight.

You see, they called off school today,
'Cause they said the weather was too nice.

So I took off my snow gear: my boots and my gloves,
Then ran back out to play.
The problem was ... I forgot to redress,
And I was half-naked the rest of the day.



Ginger Rose, Please Raise Your Hand

By Jeanette Marchand

"Can anyone tell me how a flower grows?" Miss Moffat asked her kindergarten students. Several hands shot up in the air.

"You have to plant a seed in the ground," Ginger Rose spoke out loud.

"I did not see your hand, Ginger Rose," Miss Moffat said.

"Sorry," Ginger Rose mumbled.

"What helps the seed grow?" Miss Moffat asked.

Several hands shot up in the air, but before Miss Moffat could pick one...

"Sun, soil and water," Ginger Rose called out.

"Ginger Rose, please raise your hand," Miss Moffat reminded her.

"But I know the answer, Miss Moffat," Ginger Rose replied.

"Everyone will have a chance to answer a question," Miss Moffat said. "But only if you raise your hand and wait patiently."

Ginger Rose slowly nodded her head.

"What part of the flower grows above the soil?" Miss Moffat asked.

Several hands shot up in the air, including Ginger Rose's hand. She knew the answer; the stem of the flower grows above the soil. She waved her hand madly in the air, but the teacher picked someone else.

Ginger Rose pouted and tugged on her golden braids.

"What grows below the soil?" Miss Moffat asked.

Ginger Rose's hand shot up again. She waved it madly, but before the teacher could pick someone...

"The roots!" Ginger Rose yelled excitedly.

The children and Miss Moffat stared at Ginger Rose.

"Ginger Rose," Miss Moffat said firmly. "I think a time-out might help you remember the rules."

Ginger Rose frowned as she stood up. She

dragged her feet all the way to the time-out chair and plopped herself down.

"You will sit there until we finish our talk about flowers, Ginger Rose," Miss Moffat told her.

"Yes, Miss Moffat," Ginger Rose mumbled.

Ginger Rose did not like time-outs. She wanted to talk about flowers. Ginger Rose knew a lot about growing flowers, since she spent every spring helping her mom plant sunflower seeds in their garden.

Ginger Rose listened as Miss Moffat asked the children to curl up and pretend to be seeds planted in the ground. She leaned closer to watch; her bright blue eyes were fixed on the children. She leaned closer and closer and...

SMACK! Ginger Rose tipped over and fell off the chair.

"Are you okay?" Miss Moffat asked, hurrying over to her.

"Yes," Ginger Rose said quietly.

She stood up and looked at Miss Moffat. "Can I come back now, please? I promise

to raise my hand and wait."

Miss Moffat smiled. "Of course, Ginger Rose."

Ginger Rose walked back to the circle and curled up like a seed.

"Remember, seeds also need water and sun to grow," Miss Moffat said, pretending to sprinkle them with water. She pulled open the curtains and sunshine flooded the room. The children grew into beautiful flowers.

"Who can tell me what kind of flower you are?" Miss Moffat asked.

Everyone's hand shot up in the air, including Ginger Rose's hand.

Ginger Rose waited for the teacher to call her name. She waited and waited.

Finally, it was Ginger Rose's turn. She smiled proudly and said, "I'm a big, yellow sunflower. It's my favorite flower."



Wings on His Feet: Billy Mills

By Ann Malaspina

No one expected any big surprises at the 10,000 meter race of the 1964 Summer Olympic Games in Tokyo, Japan. Most people had their eyes on Australian runner Ron Clarke, who held the world record for the event. And nobody was paying attention to the wiry American runner Billy Mills, who started the race at the back of the pack.

Few people in the stands had even heard of the American Indian athlete from South Dakota. Billy was born on June 30, 1938 on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, a vast wind-swept land that is home to the Oglala Lakota people. His Lakota name, Makata Taka Hela, means “respects the earth.” By the time he was 12, both his parents had died.

Like many American Indian boys, he was sent to a boarding school. This one was in Kansas, far away from Pine Ridge. At the Haskell Institute, he started to train as a boxer. Running was part of his training. Billy liked to run long distances. Running was a way to prove himself and to find out who he really was.

Mills was so fast that he won a track scholarship to the University of Kansas. The team won the 1959 and 1960 outdoor track national championships. Mills was an All-American runner in cross-country. As one of few American Indian students, he had to endure prejudice and racism. When a photographer took a picture of the All-American athletes, he told Mills to step away. Another teammate refused to be in the photo unless Mills was in it, too. No fraternity club invited Billy to join, but he kept on running. Running helped him feel strong and proud.

After graduation, Mills became an officer in the United States Marines Corps. He joined the Marine Corps track team. His race times were good enough to qualify for the U.S. Olympic Track and Field in the 10,000 meter race, which is little over six miles. Mill’s qualifying time was 29 minutes and 10 seconds, a full minute behind the best runner.

October 4, 1964, was the big day. More than 100,000 people filled the Olympic stadium in Tokyo. When the race began, Mills was way in the back. He quickly caught up with the favorite, Ron Clarke, and another runner, Mohammed Gammoudi, a famous runner from Tunisia. For much of the race, the three ran together. Then Clarke pulled ahead, followed by Gammoudi. With less than a lap to go, Mills fell behind.

Suddenly, he had a burst of strength. “I thought of how our great chiefs kept on fighting when all the odds were against them as they were against me. I couldn’t let my people down,” he said years later

“Oh my God, look at Mills! He’s gonna win!” cried the TV announcer.



Billy Mills as he crosses the finish line in the 1964 summer Olympics.

Sure enough, in the last 100 meters of the race, Mills passed all the runners. "I truly felt I had wings on my feet," he remembers.

Mills won the race with a new Olympic record of 28 minutes and 24.4 seconds. His overall time was almost a minute faster than his personal best. The crowd was shocked. A reporter ran up to him after the race and asked, "Who are you?"

Mills' gold medal was one of the greatest upsets in Olympic history. No American had ever won the gold medal in the 10,000-meter race. After the Olympics, Mills set more records. In 1965, he set an outdoor world record in the six mile run. He also set U.S. records in the 10,000 meter and three-mile races. Mills was inducted into the United States Olympic Hall of Fame and the United States Track and

Field Hall of Fame.

For Mills, the Olympic Gold was both an honor and a responsibility. He became a leader for American Indian causes. He also served on the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports.

Today, Mills leads Running Strong for American Indian Youth, a group that raises funds for food, water, and housing on reservations. Every year, Running Strong pays for family heating bills at Pine Ridge, where the winters are long and cold. Even now, Mills never forgets the words of his father. "I was constantly told and challenged to live my life as a warrior. As a warrior, you assume responsibility for yourself. The warrior humbles himself. And the warrior learns the power of giving," says Mills.

Boogie in the Woods

By Carole Brooks

I hiked into the woods
And heard a funny sound.
Not knowing what it was,
I turned to look around.

A bird flew by and sang
A snappy, jazzy tune.
While listening I spied
A bandit eyed raccoon.

He tapped his feet and hands
And shook his booty, too.
And then I saw two deer
Join in the boogaloo.



A possum swung in time
From his tail on a limb
And soon another one
Was swinging next to him.

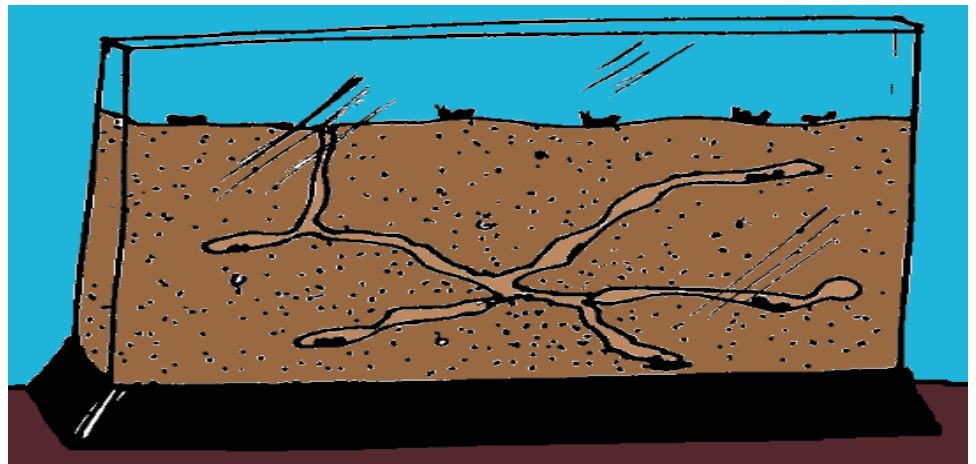
A squirrel joined in the fun
And jumped from tree to tree
He shook his bushy tail
Then tossed a nut at me.

I laughed so hard I cried.
I really had no clue
That hiking in the woods
Was such a fun thing to do.

Toodles

By William Joel

I let them go.
Said my goodbye.
And as they left
Tried not to cry.
A thousand friends
Crawled arm in arm.
I set them free
From my ant farm.



Easter Down Under in Australia

By Lynn Ward

Easter is a festival of rebirth. It's generally considered a Christian festival but the name Easter probably came from the word Eastre – a goddess of Spring and Fertility. So, to both Christian religions and Non-Christians, Easter is celebrated as a festival of new life.

Why does the Easter Bunny bring Easter Eggs?

Eggs are probably an obvious symbol for “new life” but what about rabbits, why do they represent new life? Because rabbits are very productive.

Female rabbits have about four to eight litters a year with three to eight young in each litter. That's an awful lot of “new lives” every year!

Easter in Australia

Easter in Australia is celebrated from Good Friday through to Easter Monday with both the Friday and Monday being Public Holidays. Although most of us still enjoy a visit from the Easter Bunny many people in Australia like to receive their eggs from the Easter Bilby.

Some facts about the Bilby

The bilby is an endangered species and is a type of small bandicoot.

Weight: About 2500 grams



The Australian bilby.

Length: About 550 mm

Appearance: The bilby has long ears and silky fur. It is a mammal which means it's warm-blooded and produces milk to feed its young.

Habitat: Lives in the Australian bush.

Nocturnal: Which means it forages at night and sleeps during the day.

Eats: Insects, bulbs, fungi, some fruits and seeds.

Interesting Fact: The bilby doesn't drink! It gets enough water from its food.

Did you know?

- In Ireland people dance on Easter Day to win prizes of cakes.
- In Belgium and France many people believe the Easter Bells deliver their Easter Eggs.
- In Italy eggs are used as the centerpiece of the Easter food table.
- In Mexico- crowds gather to break open an Easter Pinata.

Chocolate

The most delicious part of Easter is, of course, the chocolate eggs. But what is chocolate made from?

It's made from roasted, ground cacao beans and it contains more than 300 known chemicals. The best known of these is caffeine although it is only present in small amounts. It may be part of the reason though that chocolate gives some people a feeling of well being.

And I would guess that more chocolate is consumed at Easter than at any other holiday! Happy munching!

Chocolate Trivia

The word "chocolate" comes from the Aztec word "xocolatl", which means "bitter water".

Once upon a time, money did grow on trees. Cocoa beans were used as currency by the Mayan and Aztec civilizations over 1400 years ago. When they had too much money to spend, they brewed the excess into hot chocolate drinks.

Cute Jellybean Bunny Craft

By Kathleen Kull Urban

What You Need:

Empty vitamin bottle or small jar
Pink construction paper
White construction paper
A black marker or two wiggle eyes
One small cotton ball or pompom
Glue
Assorted nuts or jellybeans

What to Do:

1. Measure the height of the vitamin bottle from the bottom of the cap to the bottom of the bottle. Measure the distance around the bottle. Using these measurements, cut a piece of pink construction paper, and glue it to the bottle. Trace the top of the cap on pink paper, cut out the pink circle, and glue it to the bottle top.

2. Draw bunny ears on white paper and cut them out. Glue the white ears to pink paper, leaving some pink around the edges. Cut out the bunny ears so the pink shows, and glue the ears on the bottle.

3. Using a black marker, draw eyes on the

bunny or glue on two wiggle eyes. Then glue on a small cotton ball or pompom for the nose. Fill the bottle with assorted nuts, jellybeans, or other small snack foods.



Spring Has Sprung

By Marion Tickner

Spring is here! Winter's finally over. Grab a paper and pencil and take a stroll outside. It doesn't need to be far—just through your yard, your neighborhood, or a nearby park. Look around you. Pretend you have just moved there and are seeing it for the first time. Using your five senses make a list of what you find.

Sight: Does everything look fresh and new? Plants breaking through the ground or flowers just opening up. Enjoy the beauty of the lowly yellow dandelion. Watch the sun play hide-and-seek with shadows.

Smell: Does it smell like spring? Perfume of flowers. Earth as the sun shines on it. Wet grass after a rainstorm.

Sound: What do you hear? Rustle of leaves in the breeze. Birds chirping – can you identify them? Trickling water or flowing creek.

Touch: What do you feel? Warm sun on your face. Wind ruffling your hair. Raindrops peppering your nose like freckles.

Taste: Can you “taste” a difference in the fresh spring air? This is harder, but please don't taste any wild things you find.

These are just a few ideas to look for. Add to your list as you enjoy your walk. Don't run, ride your bike, or skateboard. WALK and enjoy the newly sprung springtime.



The Hummingbird Who Chewed Bubblegum

By Artie Knapp

There was a little hummingbird in my neighborhood that usually perched on my windowsill. I enjoyed hearing her sing, but I hadn't seen the little hummingbird for several days. About a week ago, a bad storm came through and blew all the worms away. I felt sorry for the little hummingbird. She must be hungry and flew somewhere else to find worms, I thought to myself. Then one beautiful sunny morning the little hummingbird reappeared on my windowsill.

"Where have you been?" I asked the little hummingbird.

"Just out flying around", replied the little hummingbird.

"Did you find anything to eat?" I asked.

"Oh there's plenty of food, but all the twigs and straw were blown away with last week's storm," said the little hummingbird in a sad voice.

"I am sorry to hear that. What are you going to do?" I asked.

The little hummingbird shrugged her feathers and said, "I'm not sure, but I have a favor to ask of you."

"Sure, anything," I said.

"Can you please give me some bubblegum?" asked the little hummingbird.



I was surprised that a hummingbird would ask for bubblegum, but I was happy to share it with my friend. The little hummingbird chewed the gumballs I gave her, and then blew a bubble bigger than her entire body. She thanked me for the bubblegum and then flew out of sight.

The very next morning the little hummingbird appeared on my windowsill, and asked for a couple more pieces of bubblegum. Life before, I was surprised that a little hummingbird would ask for bubblegum, but I was happy to share it with my friend. The little hummingbird chewed the gumballs I gave her, and then blew a big bubble. She thanked me for the bubblegum and then flew out of sight. A couple of days passed and I hadn't seen the little hummingbird. I wondered what she was up to. One sunny day I was outside playing when a voice called out my name. I looked around but didn't see anyone. The voice called out my name again, and this time I realized it was coming from the oak tree in my back yard. It was the little hummingbird who was calling out my name, and she was sitting in a red, orange, and blue nest.

"Look what you help me build," said the little hummingbird.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, since there aren't twigs or straw left from the storm, I had to build something where I could lay my eggs. Because of your willingness to share your bubblegum with me, I was able to build this nest for me and my family. Thank you," said the little hummingbird.

I climbed up the oak tree, and sure enough there were two little eggs the size of jelly beans laying in the nest made of bubblegum. It felt good to share my bubblegum in the first place, and once I realized it helped the little hummingbird build her nest it made sharing feel even better.

Book Reviews

Yee Passes with Flying Colors

By Julie M. Prince

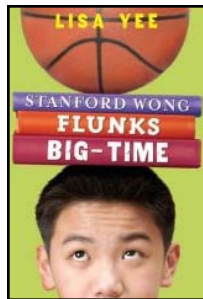
Title: Stanford Wong Flunks Big-Time

Author: Lisa Yee

Publisher: Arthur A. Levine Books

ISBN: 9780439622479

Lisa Yee makes the grade with her book, *Stanford Wong Flunks Big-Time*. Eleven year old Stanford Wong is a disappointment to his dad. He can't compete with his brainy sister. Instead, Stanford is keeping score with his forgetful grandmother, YingYing, to see which of the two of them creates more arguments between his parents.



When Stanford flunks English class, his mom arranges for his arch enemy, Millicent Min, to help him through summer school. Stanford has

no choice but to give it his best shot, since his whole basketball fate rests on making it to middle school next year! To top it off, Stanford is distracted from school work by his super secret crush on Millicent's best friend, Emily Ebers.

Yee won me over with hilarious chapters starring Stanford and his basketball buddies, the Roadrunners. Between the great fart experiment and their big booger debate, she really earned her "A+" with this reader!

You'll have three chances to enjoy these characters from Lisa Yee. If you like Stanford's story, you'll also enjoy reading it from the point of view of Millicent Min: *Girl Genius*, and then again in *So Totally Emily Ebers*. You can't miss if you pick up any of the three books in this charming series. So give it a shot and you can't fail!

Avril Lavigne Bio is a Smash Hit

By Caitlin Cavanaugh

Title: Avril Lavigne

Author: Yvonne Ventresca

Publisher: Lucent Books

ISBN: 1590189329

Avril Lavigne has been my idol ever since I heard her first album "Let Go," which is my favorite album. I thought I knew a lot about her but I learned so much from reading this biography.



we share the same birthday and both lived in a town called Belleville when we were born. I also found out she got married last year, which I didn't know.

This book is very informational but really awesome still. It is well written. It has a lot of great pictures of Avril and a lot of other famous people. (This is coming from a sixth grader who doesn't always like to read.)

I would definitely recommend this book to anyone but if you're an Avril fan it is a must have.

Check It Out!

The Fandangle Magazine web site has tons of fun things from free online games and resources to help make getting your homework done to a virtual library with loads of free ebooks that can be downloaded or read while you're on the site. Have fun!

MEET THE WRITERS

Heather Montgomery teaches children about nature through articles, books and hands-on activities. Her sales include articles for *Highlights for Children*, *Fun for Kids* and *Green Teacher*. Heather lives in northern Alabama where she loves to watch dragonflies. Visit www.dragonflyeeprograms.com or email her at heather@dragonflyeeprograms.com.

Suzanne R. Klein is a freelance writer for children's magazines. She lives in Michigan with her husband and two young children.

Kathleen Kull Urban loves writing articles, stories, poems and games for children. She's published and forthcoming in *Highlights for Children* and *Spider*, and is editor of *Write Around the Valley*, the California Writers Club Tri-Valley Branch newsletter. When she's not writing, Kathleen likes to read, cook and walk her dogs.

Ellen D. Barski lives in the Atlanta area with her husband, two daughters, and their beloved corgi. A member of SCBWI, she has written numerous articles for children and is at work on a YA historical novel. You can reach her by email at embarski@comcast.net.

I'm **Heather J. Cuthbertson**. How do I play? I like to snowboard and take dance classes. Tennis is fun too, but I'm not that good at it. When I'm not outside, I love to write children's stories. I've had work published in *Beyond Centauri* and work slated to be published in *Stories for Children Magazine*.

Nadia F. is a stay-at-home mother of five and a graduate of the Institute of Children's Literature. While her husband struggles to complete his doctorate, she juggles writing and homeschooling her children.

Anjali Amit is a member of the SCBWI, and has two published books. The books are collections of folk tales from around the world.

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. Visit his website at www.kevinscottcollier.com.

Roxanne Werner resides in N.Y. state with her son, husband and two cats. A student of the Institute of Children's Literature and member of SCBWI, she enjoys writing about nature. She has had works accepted by *Dragonfly Spirit*, *Fandangle*, the ICL web site, *Stories for Children* and *Wee Ones*. You can contact her at rainchains@yahoo.com.

Patty Kyrlach, a dramatist and curriculum writer, is one of the founding editors of *Cookies & Milk*, a monthly children's page in an Ohio newspaper. She writes poetry, plays, short stories, and articles for children.

Julie M. Prince is an ICL graduate, and she recently had two biographies for kids published. She is the recipient of a scholarship for the 2007 Writers Workshop at Chautauqua. She is currently working on her first novel for young adults and continues her freelance non-fiction work. You can contact her at jumipa@peoplepc.com.

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.

Sylvia C. lives and writes in Kansas City. She writes children's stories, poetry, and women's fiction. Sylvia is currently pursuing publication for her children's picture books. Upon publication, she hopes to speak at Kansas City Public Schools and share her zest for writing and life.

Jeanette Marchand is the mother of four. She loves volunteering at her kids' school, in the kindergarten and grade one classes. Jeanette has been previously published in *Wee Ones Magazine*, *Holiday Crafts 4 Kids*, *Cecil Child* and *Fandangle Magazine*.

Ann Malaspina writes nonfiction books for children and teens. She lives in New Jersey with her husband and two teenage sons. In her

spare time, she likes to go to museums, kayak, and climb volcanoes when she gets a chance.

Carole Brooks currently has two acceptances with *Stories for Children* (December 2007) and a poem for *Whittle Tykes* (May-June 2008). She is awaiting receipt of a contract for her first book entitled *Where Ya Goin', Owen*, to be published fall of 2007 by Journey Stone Creations.

William Joel has been creating and telling stories for many, many years. As a professional storyteller, he has entertained young and old throughout the Mid-Hudson area of New York. In addition, several of his poems have been published in *Whimsy, A Magazine for Children*.

Lynn Ward is an Australian writer living in rural New South Wales. She has had a number of short stories for children published in Australian magazines.

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.

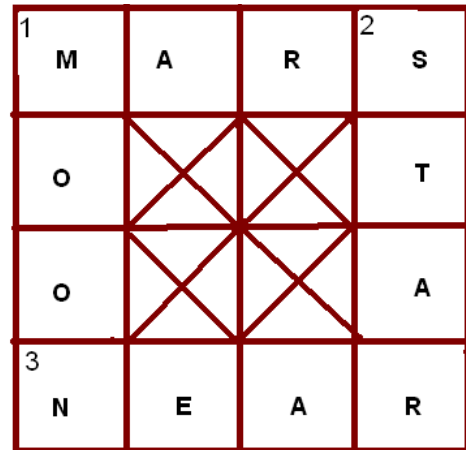
Artie Knapp has several stories located at www.candlelightstories.com/Stories/TheKnappLibrary.asp.

Caitlin Cavanaugh is a sixth 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.

Carol Jamison can be reached via Fandangle Magazine at editor@fandanglemagazine.com.

Sandy D. Green volunteers regularly at the library in her local elementary school. She is a member of SCBWI and has won a couple of writing contests. She writes children's poems and novels from her home in Northern Virginia where she continues to find inspiration in her husband and two children.

From page 11



The Old Gate

By Carol Jamison

There was an old gate that clinked and
clanked every time
it was opened and shut ... and when it
banged against the
rusty old pole, the earth shook, and the
branches of the
tree that stood quite near would all rattle
about, not a whole
lot, just enough to make one leaf fall...

When a leaf would hit the ground, the whole
world would start to
shake, not too much, only a little bit, just

enough to cause a flower
to shudder and capsize a sleeping ant, who
would be so angrily
awakened that he would stomp stomp stomp
all over the place,
no, not a whole lot, just enough to make a
blade of grass
bend over a fraction of an inch...

And whenever the man would pass through
his gate, he never noticed
how much he had changed the world.



Earth Day Cakes

By Sandy D. Green

I'm making Happy Earth Day Cakes
I have my pail in hand
In goes a scoop of garden soil,
A sneaker full of sand.

I add some bird seed, they won't mind,
A pinch of petals, too
Then sprinkle in the rain water
And stir until it's goo.

Pat, pat, I smooth it in a tub
We once used for cream cheese
I press it firmly, set it down
And shoo away the bees.

It's drying on the deck outside
I want to give a shout
The bird seed that I added in
Has all begun to sprout!