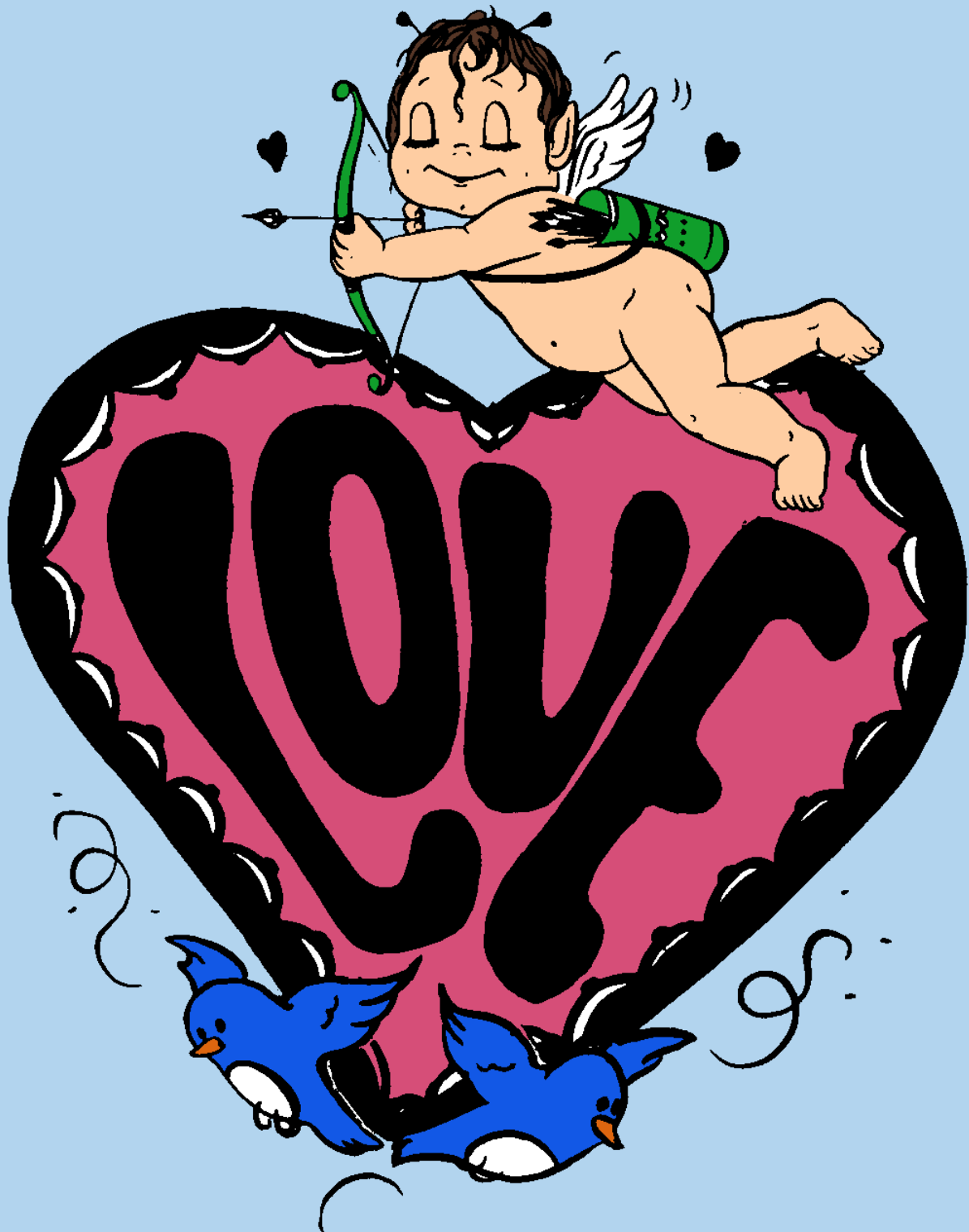


February 2007

Fandangle

Magazine



Fandangle Magazine

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EDITOR, GRAPHIC AND
WEB SITE DESIGN

Nancy A. Cavanaugh

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

Editorial Guidelines:

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

Suggestions:

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

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From the Editor

Ahhh! The month of love. Valentine's Day is a holiday for those in love but it has become a day where we can all show our love for each other, including parents, children, teachers, grandparents, siblings, and so on. We have a couple of fun Valentine's Day stories, poems and a few crafty ideas for a lovely present for your favorite Valentine.

This month is also presidential as we celebrate President's Day later in the month as well as the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. President Washington will help us learn about myths and legends.

We'll spend a bit of time with birth-

day girl Laura Ingalls Wilder and learn more about scientist George Washington Carver.

Internationally we'll be traveling to Italy to celebrate Carnivale with Teah and to Africa to learn a folklore about the Senga people in Zambia.

Last month *Fandangle Magazine* was chosen Best Writers Zine of 2006 by the members of the MuseItUp Club in their Peer Awards. Thank you so much to everyone who voted for *Fandangle*!

Have a great month!

Nancy Cavanaugh

Editor-in-Chief

Let's Celebrate!

February Holidays:

- 2 Groundhog Day
- 3 Tu B'Shevat/New Year of Trees
- 6 New Zealand Day
- 7 National Girls & Women in Sports Day
- 8 Boy Scout Anniversary
- 12 Abraham Lincoln's Birthday
- 12 Darwin Day
- 14 Valentine's Day
- 15 Susan B. Anthony Day
- 15 National Flag of Canada Day
- 17 National Public Science Day
- 17 Random Acts of Kindness Day
- 18 Chinese New Year
- 19 President's Day
- 20 Carnivale
- 21 Ash Wednesday
- 22 George Washington's Birthday

27 Shrove Tuesday (International Pancake Day)

28 National Tooth Fairy Day

Also:

- Library Lovers Month
- Youth Leadership Month
- African American History Month
- American History Month
- National Cherry Month
- National Children's Dental Health Month
- National Snack Food Month
- Responsible Pet Owner Month
- Prevent a Litter Month
- Pet Dental Month American
- National Wild Bird Feeding Month
- National Crime Prevention Week
- J-ello Week

HVXIVG XLWVH (SECRET CODES)

By Patty Kyrlach

You are the general of a powerful army, getting ready to attack at sunrise. You need to send word to the commanders of the troops, but you don't want your battle plans to fall into the hands of the enemy. What do you do?

Just like George Washington or Julius Caesar, you send a secret message. If the enemy sees the message, it will look like this: DV ZGGZXP ZG WZDM. But your commanders have the key, and they read it this way: "We attack at dawn."

This kind of code, where letters of the alphabet are replaced with different letters or symbols, is called a substitution cipher. The key for this message and for the title of this article is very simple.

Write the letters from A to Z at the top of a sheet of paper. Then write a second alphabet underneath, only backwards. Put A under Z, B under Y, C under X, and so on. Now you can write and read messages using the second row of letters to represent the first. See our key below for this example:

SVOOL = HELLO

Some ciphers use symbols, not letters. In the Box and Dot Code, each letter from A to I is represented by part of a box. To make the next nine letters, you add one dot to the symbols. To make the next eight, you add two dots. (See dia-

gram at the end.)

□ □ ◌ ◌ ◌ = HELLO

Codes have a big role to play in time of war. France and Spain were bitter enemies during the sixteenth century. Sometimes the French secret police would capture Spanish messengers carrying scraps of paper covered with funny-looking marks. King Henry IV of France decided that these strange marks must be a kind of cipher, and he enlisted the help of a mathematician named Francois Viète. When the King of Spain realized that the French were reading their secret messages, he thought that the Devil himself must be helping them!

Today cryptographers (code makers and breakers) use math and computers to crack codes. If you find a message written as a cipher, here are some hints to help you break the code:

- The most commonly used letter in English is E.
- The most common double letters are LL, EE, SS, OO, and TT.
- If you see a letter standing alone, it is probably A or I.

But some codes are practically impossible to break—for example, a code in which words or numbers represent not just letters but whole words. During World War II, when the American military used the Navaho language for some

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

communications, the enemy was completely stumped.

And so, General, now you have the facts about codes and ciphers. Remember—in case of capture, it’s your job to destroy the key to the codes. That way all of our secret messages will remain (shhhhh!) secret.

Fun Facts About Codes

- The Morse Code for S-O-S was first sent from the sinking Titanic.
- Semaphore is a code that uses flags to represent letters.
- Thomas Brierley’s tombstone is written in a secret code similar to Box & Dot.
- Julius Caesar used a cipher system in which D stood for A, E for B, and so on.
- George Washington coded messages by letting numbers stand for words. For example, 132 might stand for “battle.” This type of code is very difficult to break.
- At the web site www.thunk.com, you can type in a message, and have it turned into a code.

Box & Dot Code					
A	┘	J	┘	S	◡
B	┐	K	┘	T	◡
C	└	L	└	U	◡
D	┘	M	◡	V	◡
E	□	N	◡	W	◡
F	┘	O	◡	X	◡
G	└	P	┘	Y	┘
H	┘	Q	┘	Z	◡
I	└	R	┘		☺

Can You Crack the Code?

Using the key for the box and dot code (above), can you read this secret mes-

sage that a kid might send from camp?

Answer Page

┘└□┘◡□ ◡□□◡ ◡□□□◡

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!

Bride Prize For an Alien Orphan

By Vukani Nyirenda

Maleka, an alien orphan, secretly loved Ngoza the only daughter of the village headman. He played Ngoza's "husband" at vidimbo, the village children's play center. This was known only to children. Adults, let alone Ngoza's father, would not have approved such a relationship.

The village headman so revered his daughter he named her after his late mother.

Never called her by her name, instead he would say:

"Mother, fetch me some drinking water...Mother ... this, Mother...that."

"Will the headman ever part with his daughter and give her in marriage?" People wondered.

"Oh yes! But the groom must be a son of another village headman or demonstrate courage" said the headman when confronted.

"What should the young man do to show he's brave?" He was further asked.

"Bring down that kambombonyela which eats all the eggs and chicks my

flock of hens produce."

Kambombonyela, like its American cousin the Gila monster, was huge; had big bulging eyes; its skin had many colors. Kambombonyela posed no threat to humans except their chickens. It lived up a towering kakoma tree, coming down only at night to feast on the eggs and chicks.

"Who'll bring the monster down?"

"Me," said Kamukota, son of a neighboring village headman. "When'd you want the monster down?"

"Tomorrow."

The next day Kamukota, the renowned bird hunter, showed off his hunting skills. Crouching at the base of the tree, he shot one arrow after another until his quill of six arrows was empty. None hit the target.

The kambombonyela ducked and dodged round the tree trunk monkey-style.

"Not good enough!" retorted the headman.

"I've a better idea," said Tombo, a young herbalist intern and son of another village headman. "You see, shooting won't do, the monster's bulging eyes see the arrow before it leaves the bow. Best poison the brute!"

"It's a deal."

Under cover of darkness, Tombo "doctored" the eggs and chicks and laid the meal at the foot of the tree.

Next morning... Surprise, surprise! The monster was basking in the sun on a branch of the tree. The poison didn't work. The monster simply lapped the stuff like groundnut seasoning!



African monitor lizard.

“Whew! Isn’t there anyone man enough?” said the headman.

“I’ll bring him down,” said Maleka who was standing at the edge of the crowd.

“Ha-ha, you? Ha-ha-ha...”

“Give him a chance,” said one old man.

Maleka went to a nearby bush where he had been tending his grandma’s goats and returned shortly tugging a dog and a goat. He carried a bundle of fresh green grass and a blood-red piece of buffalo meat.

The crowd watched in silence. Kambombonyela squinted.

Squatting a short distance from kambombonyela’s tree home, Maleka gave the grass to the dog and meat to the goat. The animals just stared at the food!

He shook his head. The monster fidgeted. One more time, Maleka offered grass to the dog and meat to the goat.

None ate.

The monster shifted from one branch of the tree to another. Maleka shook his head again and whispered to himself, “its working.”

The crowd hissed as Maleka tried to feed the animals in his way for the third time. None ate.

Ignoring the crowd, kambombonyela called out from halfway up the tree, “I say Young man, you got it all wrong. Give meat to the dog and grass to the goat.”

Maleka gave grass to the dog and meat to the goat. The animals just gulped.

“You’re a dummy. I’ll show you.”

Kambombonyela climbed down, gave meat to the dog, fed grass to the goat, and the animals ate greedily!

“See what I mean?” said the monster, gleefully.

Maleka strutted forward, put a rope around kambombonyela’s neck and

declared to Ngoza’s father:

“Here’s your pet, but please don’t harm him.”

Maleka was the hero. He won a bride and earned the honor of being a member of the village royal family.

Pronunciation Guide:

Kambombonyela	(CUM-BOM-BOM-NEE-ELA)
Kamukota	(CUM-QUORTER)
Maleka	(MAH-LAY-KA)
Ngoza	(NGOH-SER)
Tombo	(TOM-BOH)
Vidimbo	(VEE-DEE-UMBOH)

Fun Facts About Zambia

Location: Southern Africa, east of Angola

Area: 752,614 sq. km

Terrain: Mostly high plateau with some hills and mountains.

Climate: Tropical, with a rainy season from October to April.

Population: 11,502,010

Nationality: Zambian

Languages: English, Bemba, Kaonda, Lozi, Lunda, Luvale, Nyanja, Tonga and about 70 other indigenous languages.

Ethnic Group: African 99%; European 1%

Do You Know Your Stories?

By Maribeth Uralrith

You might have at one time or another heard your teacher say that we are going to be reading a story called a myth, fable, folktale, legend, or tall tale. If you paid attention, you move to the front of the class in knowing the difference between the definitions of each. If you were sleeping that day, then reading this should help you in obtaining a higher GPA and ensure your acceptance in Harvard. Just kidding, but knowing the differences between the five types of stories will definitely impress your Language Arts teacher.

Myths are fictional tales that explain the actions of gods or the causes of natural phenomena. Unlike legends, myths involve supernatural elements. Every culture has its own collection of mythical stories. Some more popular myths come from the Roman and Greek cultures. An example of a myth that you might know is Hercules.

Fables are short narratives making a moral point, traditionally by the means of animal or inanimate characters that act or speak like human beings. Fables are meant to teach us valuable lessons that we can use in everyday life. Examples of fables include the tortoise and the hare and the boy who cried wolf.

Folktales are stories that come out of the imagination and lives of the people, or “folk”. It is a form of traditional literature that attempts to explain the natural or spiritual world. The folktale originated in the oral tradition and has been around for thousands of years. Many times folktales involve good overcoming

evil. Little Red Riding Hood is an example of a folktale.

Legends are widely told stories about the past, which many times are based on fact. One very popular legend is that of King Arthur. A legend often reflects a people’s identity or cultural values. In most cases, legends have more historical truth incorporated and less supernatural elements than a myth.

Finally, Tall tales are stories involving a larger than life character that sometimes has superhuman strength. The character has a specific job or problem that is usually solved in a funny way. Many times tall tales have exaggerated details that describe things as greater than what they really are. Paul Bunyan and his blue ox Babe, Mike Fink who is said to have slain a deer and the Native American who was pursuing with a single shot, and Pecos Bill who used a Bowie Knife as a teething ring are all examples of tall tales.



Statues of Paul Bunyan and Babe.

Finish the Story...

Revolutionary Discovery

I was helping my parents clean out the attic when I noticed a box tucked under the rafters. I pulled it out and found a machine inside with a button on the front of it. I pushed it and the whole thing started to glow. The next thing I knew I was standing in the town center and everyone was dressed like George Washington. I asked someone the date, he said it was July 4, 1776. It was the middle of the Revolutionary War! I pressed the button to get home but ...

By Nancy A. Cavanaugh

Halloween in February?

By Natalie Lorenzi

The chilly February wind swirls bits of colorful confetti through the crowd. Dressed in a furry giraffe costume, six-year-old Teah looks down the street to see if the parade has begun. Ninja turtles, princesses and clowns line the road. A group of tricksters sprays passersby with silly string. The smell of steaming, sugary pastries floats through the air. Finally, Teah hears the sounds of drums, clarinets, trumpets and tubas. The parade has begun!

Giant floats glide by. People riding on the floats toss candy into the crowd. Teah and the other children race to scoop up the treats.

Costumes, parades, tricks, and treats—Halloween in February? Not quite. Carnevale (car -neh-VAHL-ay) season has arrived in Italy. This year, Carnevale lasts from February 17 to February 28. For these twelve days,

Italians of all ages dress up in costumes and go to parties.

Like most Italian children, Teah has two costumes—one for outdoors and one for indoors. Her giraffe suit keeps her warm for outside activities, like parades and playing in the park. She switches to a princess costume for indoor parties. Children don't have to wait for parties to put on their costumes. They wear them to the supermarket, in restaurants, and in the town squares where they gather with friends and family.

Teah's school hosts a party with confetti, streamers, and games. A magician waves a magic wand over his empty hat, and says, "Abracadabra!" Now the hat is full of candy! A net hangs from the ceiling, holding hundreds of balloons in every color. The net is released, and children scurry to catch the balloons. Everyone dances to music and eats traditional sweets.

Each town in Italy makes its own kind of Carnevale sweets. In Trieste, where Teah lives, people munch on Fritole (FREE-toh-leh) and Crostoli (CRO-stoh-lee)—fried pastries topped with powdered sugar. Teah and her family buy these piping hot treats from street vendors or local bakeries. People also make them at home. Teah's Nonna (grandmother) follows the same recipe that she



A Carnevale parade in Italy.

learned from her own grandmother. After Nonna fries the dough, Teah sprinkles the powdered sugar on top.

Carnevale always ends on a Tuesday. Italians call this day Martedì Grasso (Mar-teh-DEE GRAH-so), which means “Fat Tuesday.” On this day, they eat anything they want to and have as much fun as they can before Carnevale ends.

The next day is Ash Wednesday. Carnevale is over, and the parties have ended. Teah packs away her costumes.

The Lent season has now begun. For forty days, Italians and other Catholics around the world must give up something that they like, such as a favorite food or drink. Teah promises to give up chocolate—it won’t be easy!

Teah walks to school, trampling the confetti that still covers the sidewalk. A cold drizzle falls, and the colors of the wet confetti run together. Teah is already dreaming about next year’s Carnevale.

Carnevale Word Search

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

ASH WEDNESDAY
BALLOONS
CARNEVALE
CONFETTI
COSTUMES
CROSTOLI
FEBRUARY

FLOATS
FRITOLE
ITALIAN
MARTEDÌ GRASSO
MUSIC
PARADES
TREATS

I Bet You Didn't Know....

By Maribeth Uralrith

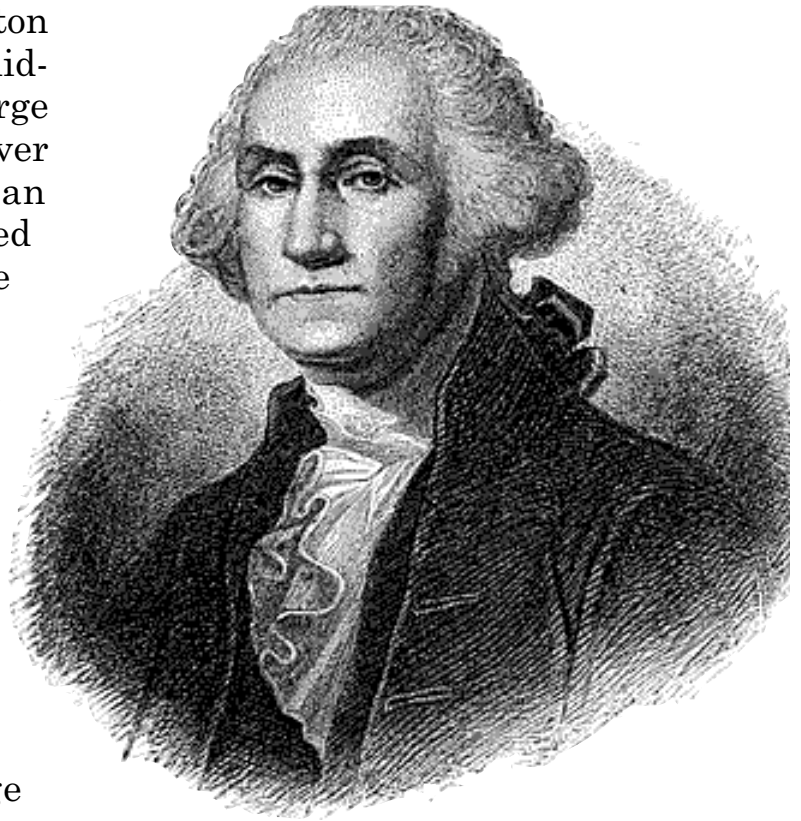
Many of us know George Washington was the first president, but I bet you didn't know that the story of young George chopping down the cherry tree never happened. Parson Mason Weem, an early biographer of the much-admired president, wanted to illustrate Washington's renowned honesty. He decided to write a story intending to show how honest George was by inventing the tale of the boy unable to lie to his father about his part in the demise of a cherry tree. This enduring myth has been passed down for 200 years but instead of being fact, it's fiction. Through the years, several other myths have emerged about our # 1 president.

Okay, let's test your George Washington I.Q.

True or False:

1. George Washington wore wooden teeth.
2. Was the first president to live in the White House.
3. Was the leader of a spy ring.
4. Was the only Founding Father to emancipate his slaves.
5. Was first to introduced mules to the Unites States.
6. Was the first man to sign the Constitution.
7. Was born on February 11th, 1732.
8. Had two children of his own.
9. Gave orders to have his six white horse's teeth brushed every morning.
10. Was offered the opportunity to become King of the United States.

Okay, the moment of truth. Let's see



how well you did.

1. False. George did not have wooden teeth; however, he did have false teeth. They were actually made of one cow's tooth, one of his own, hippopotamus ivory, and assorted metal and springs.

2. False. At the time of his presidency, the Nation's capital was located in Philadelphia, making him the only president not to live in the White House.

3. True. During the American Revolution, Washington set up several spy rings to gather reconnaissance information on the British. One such group was the Culper Spy Ring which used invisible ink and secret codes to pass information on to General Washington.

4. True. Washington inherited 10 slaves from his father at the age of 11. In

that era, slavery had been around for a long time and was widely accepted. His attitude toward slavery changed as he grew older. In his will, Washington emancipated his slaves and his estate paid pensions for decades after his death.

5. True. George Washington considered himself first as a farmer. He spent time educating himself in agriculture and came to the conclusion that mules (the result of a horse and donkey union) were much better suited to farming than horses. Mules soon became the animal of choice to farmers in the United States because of his influence.

6. True. Washington attended the Continental Congress as a delegate from Virginia and was chosen to be its presiding officer. This honor also gave him the opportunity to be the first delegate to sign this important document.

7. True. This question can be tricky. Washington was born on February 11th, 1732. However, the colonies switched from the Julian calendar to the Georgian in 1752. As a result, the dates shifted by 11 days, making Washington's birthday February 22nd, and the day we now celebrate.

8. False. Washington had no children of his own. However; when he married the widow, Martha Custis, the marriage also brought her two children. Although he never had any children of his own, George Washington is considered the father of the United States.

9. True. As funny as it sounds, this is true. Washington loved his prized horses and gave orders to have their teeth brushed every morning.

10. True. At the end of the revolution, many military officers and other

Patriots believed America should have a King or Emperor. Washington opposed that idea. He and the other Founding Fathers wanted to make sure one person didn't hold all the power. After several debates, the office of the President emerged.

It has been over two hundred years since President George Washington walked into the pages of history. Over the years, he has become one of America's most beloved and admired Presidents. Although most stories are true, some based on truth, and some half-truth, Washington is most assuredly a man to admire.

Create Your Own Presidential Poem

Write an acrostic poem about presidents. Start each line with a letter from the word "President."

P
R
E
S
I
D
E
N
T

George Washington Carver, Inventor

By Donna Alice Patton

Do you like peanut butter? Or chili sauce? Do you use ink? If you do, you can thank George Washington Carver.

Can you imagine not knowing your own birthday? George didn't. He only knew he was born sometime in the year 1864 or 1865, near the end of the Civil War.

Mary, his mother, was a slave on the Carver farm in Missouri. One night, she was kidnaped and George never saw her again. George and his brother, James, were raised by Moses and Susan Carver. They were good people and treated the children like their own sons.

When George was old enough, they sent him off to school in Neosho. At that

time, African American children could not go to school with white children.

George loved to learn. Plants were his favorite subject. "I wanted to know every strange stone, flower, insect and bird," he wrote. His thirst for knowledge led him to finish high school and apply to college.

In 1885, he received an acceptance letter from Highland University. When he got there, he was told he could not attend because he was black. It was a disappointment, but George refused to give up. He later attended Iowa State College where he studied agriculture.

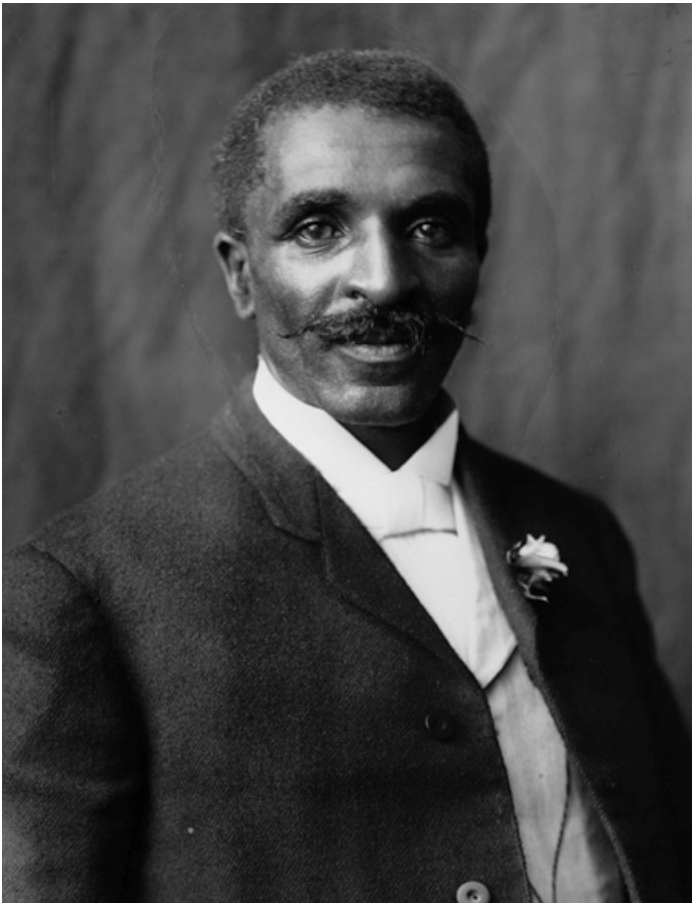
In 1896, Carver joined Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. It was one of the most respected schools for African Americans at that time. George quickly became the head of the agricultural studies at the school. He taught his students about plants, including peanuts!

George loved helping people. Most of his days were spent inventing something useful. He discovered more than 300 uses for peanuts. Everything from peanut ice cream to a special oil used for treating people with polio.

He could have made a lot of money from his inventions, but he refused.

Thomas Edison, the great inventor, offered George a huge amount of money to work for him. George turned him down. Being rich was not his goal. Helping people and sharing what he knew made him happier.

When he died on January 5, 1943, people all over the world mourned his death.

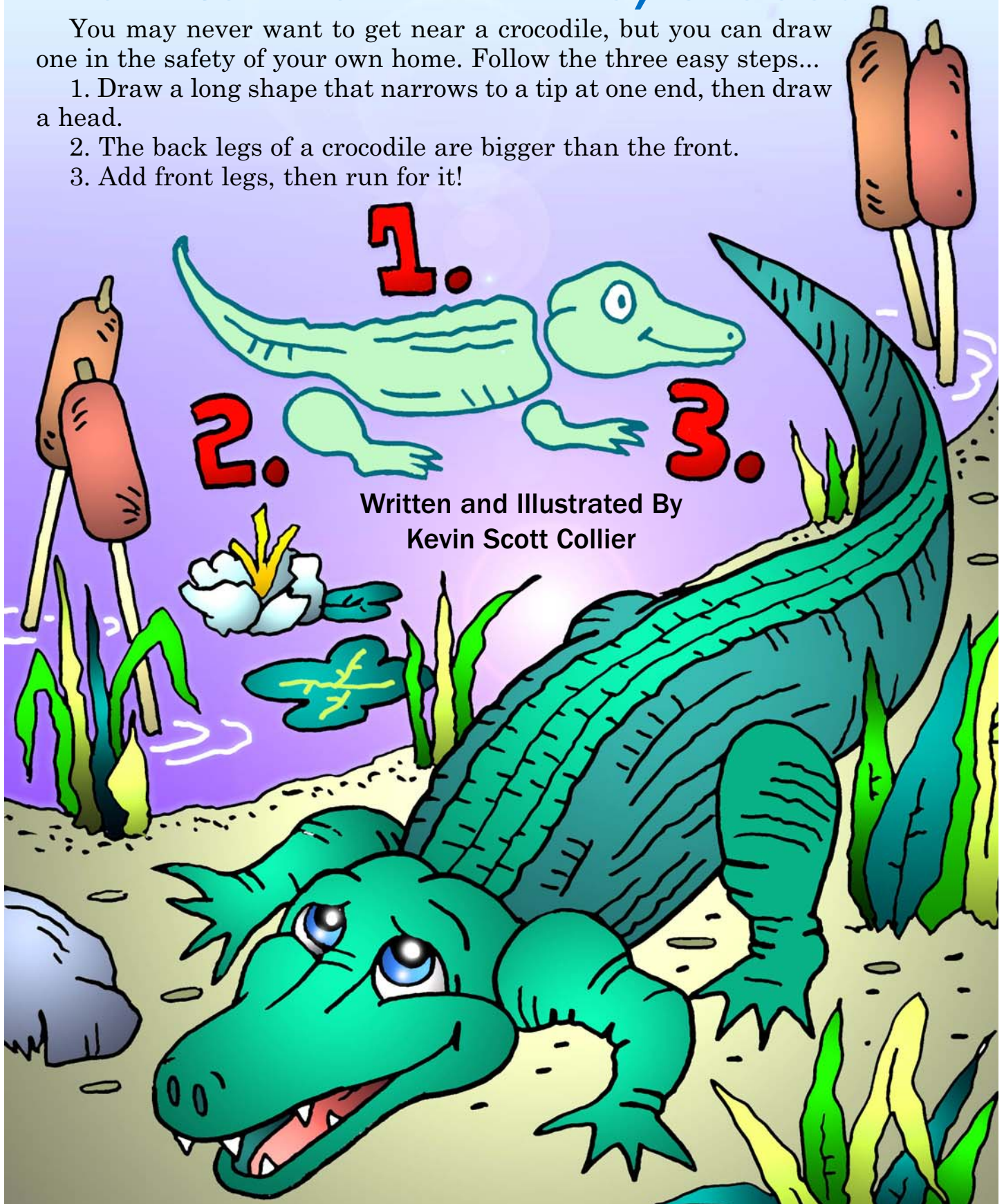


George Washington Carver

How to Draw A-while, Crocodile!

You may never want to get near a crocodile, but you can draw one in the safety of your own home. Follow the three easy steps...

1. Draw a long shape that narrows to a tip at one end, then draw a head.
2. The back legs of a crocodile are bigger than the front.
3. Add front legs, then run for it!



Written and Illustrated By
Kevin Scott Collier

Valentina

By Lorelee Petersen

Valentina Lovelace was born on February 14, Valentine's Day. Her parents named her for the holiday. By the time she was six it was clear that nobody celebrated Valentine's Day like Valentina Lovelace. It was her favorite day of the year. She started making cards on the first day of February.

She got lots of red and pink and white paper. She collected ribbons and scraps of lace and glitter - lots of glitter. Then she began to cut out hearts. Soon she had a pile of hearts. There were big hearts and little hearts. There were red hearts and pink hearts and white hearts.

When Valentina had cut out all the hearts she could she started to decorate them. She added lace and ribbons and pictures from magazines and cards.

Finally she put glitter on them - lots of glitter. Valentina adored sparkly, shiny glitter.

Valentina worked on her hearts every minute she could until Valentine's Day. On Valentine's Day she put all the hearts in a big basket.

A lot of Valentina's valentines went to school of course. She gave one to every student in her class. She gave one to her teacher and one to the school secretary and one to the custodian and one to the principal.

On the way home from school Valentina and her mother stopped at all the houses in her neighborhood. They

delivered a valentine to all of their friends.

There was one for elderly Mr. Sanders. There was one for Mrs. Williams and her twin baby girls. There was one for Marcy Tate, the teen who stayed with Valentina when her parents went out.

This year, there was a new neighbor on Valentina's block. She had moved in a week ago, when Valentina was still busy with decorating her hearts.

Valentina's family hadn't met the new neighbor yet.

But Valentina insisted the new neighbor needed a valentine. Her mother took Valentina by the hand and led her to the front door. Valentina rang the bell.

At first nothing happened. Then they heard footsteps.

"Hello." A lady with a cheerful face and fluffy white hair opened the door.

Mom smiled at her. "Hello. I'm Ann Lovelace and this is my daughter Valentina. We live in the blue house down the block."

"What a nice surprise. I'm Mrs. Darling. Won't you come in," said the new neighbor.

"Well, only for a minute," said Mom. "We have been delivering valentines but now it is time for us to be getting home."

Mrs. Darling led them into her living room. Valentina shyly held out a pink heart decorated with sil-



ver ribbon, white lace and glitter - lots of glitter. "Happy Valentine's Day," she said.

"Thank-you, dear. I'll put it up with my other Valentine's." Mrs. Darling went to a set of shelves and propped Valentina's heart up on the top

Valentina gasped. She had never seen so many valentines in her life. There were fancy store bought cards, cards made on computers and many home made cards like Valentina's.

Mrs. Darling laughed. "It's quite a collection, isn't it? I taught school for many years. I'm retired now, but some of my students still send me Valentines. Valentine's Day is my favorite holiday."

"Mine too. Mine too," cried Valentina. "It's also my birthday."

"Then it's twice as special," said Mrs. Darling. "I have a Valentine for you, too Valentina."

"You do?" asked Valentina.

"Yes. Excuse me for a minute." Mrs. Darling left the room. When she came back she was carrying a plate of heart shaped cookies sprinkled with pink colored sugar that looked just like glitter - lots of glitter.

Valentina clapped her hands. "These cookies are beautiful Mrs. Darling. Thank-you."

"You're welcome," said Mrs. Darling. "When it gets closer to Easter, you must come and help me make some more cards, Valentina. I love to make and decorate my own cards."

"What's your favorite decoration?" asked Valentina.

"Oh, I like stamps and stickers. But most of all I like glitter - lots of glitter," answered Mrs. Darling.

"Mrs. Darling," said Valentina. "I think we're going to be good friends."

"The best of friends," agreed Mrs. Darling.

Color My Heart

Written and Illustrated
by Kevin Scott Collier

Color my heart brightly.
Emotions are the hues.
Love brushes on a red.
When I'm sad turns blue.

Purple hearts for heroes.
Envy paints it green.
Pink heart when I'm timid
Hearts of Gold will gleam.

Strong beats of resilience.
Or weak and broke in half.
Emotions brushed with color.
For every heart I have.



Grandma and Boxer

By Cathy Witbeck

I was so excited the day I got a new puppy. I couldn't wait for Grandma to meet him. I just knew that they would be best buddies. He was a tiny little ball of brown fur, a shitsu, but not one of those yappy ones. I could tell he was going to be a really smart dog. We named him boxer because he could stand up on his back legs and box the air with his paws like he was a mini prizefighter.

When Grandma came to the door Boxer was so excited. He licked her toes right through her sandals and jumped up against her, wanting her attention.

When she sat down he wanted to be right next to her. She leaned away from him and kind of patted him hesitantly, then put him on the floor.

I said, "Grandma, Boxer loves you."

"Yes, Tommy" she said, "We have a love/hate relationship. He loves me and I hate him." Then she kind of laughed. At dinner, Grandma jumped and said "Adam, quit licking my toes," then she looked over at my brother and said, "Oh, it isn't you, must be that darn dog."

When Grandma tucked us into bed that night she explained to us that when she was a little girl she grew up on a

farm where people lived in houses and animals lived outside. Pets were never allowed in the house. Imagine what they would do, dogs eating at the table and cats scratching up the furniture, fur and fleas everywhere. She just didn't know how people could live like that. We told her that shitzus don't have fur, they have hair and they don't shed. She didn't look convinced.

Boxer loved Grandma so much. He even loved the way she smelled. When he got old enough to jump up on the furniture and we went to visit, she would find him on her bed with his nose sticking out from beneath the knitted comforter that she kept at the end. He loved to make a little

nest and snuggle in like a cozy little baby bird. She didn't seem impressed.

He tried to make her happy her by bringing her her slippers, her book and even offering her toys. She would wipe off the saliva and say, "You're such a dog." I wasn't sure if that was good or bad.

One evening when Grandma was eating dinner with us I noticed that she was very sneakily slipping Boxer little pieces of meat under the table. After dinner I said, "Grandma, you were giving Boxer



treats at the table.”

“Oh not really,” she denied, “Your mom just gave me a little too much and I didn’t want to embarrass her, that’s all. Besides, sometimes I think that dog of yours is a bit on the skinny side.”

The next week she said, “Let’s walk to the park boys. Where’s Boxer’s leash. We might as well take him. Darn dog probably need some exercise.” When we got there we played on the swingset and Boxer sat on the bench beside Grandma. She was trying to be sneaky, but I saw Grandma pet Boxer a couple of times.

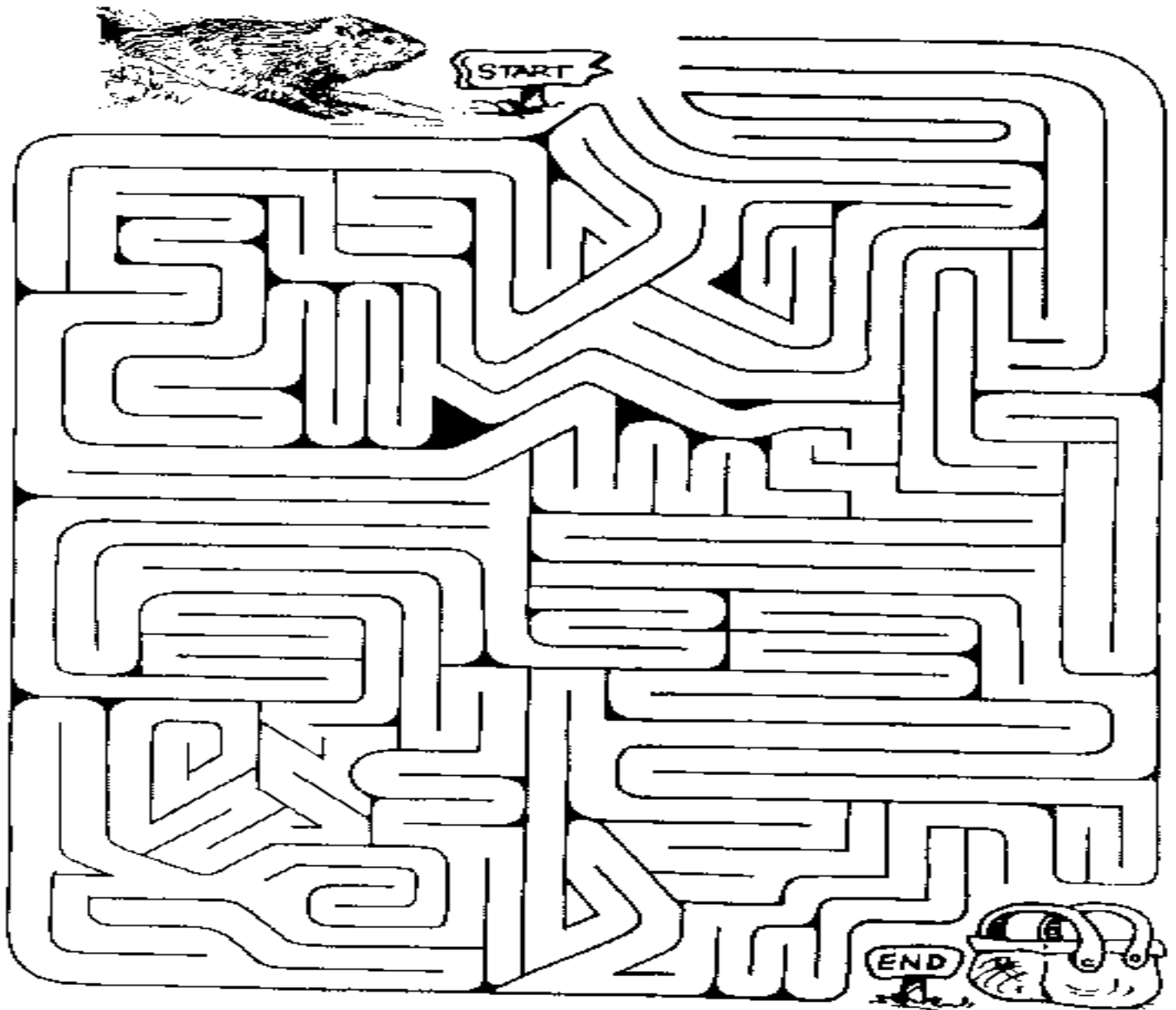
Once he even licked her hand and she didn’t even flinch.

When we got home, Grandma gave Boxer a dog biscuit, right in front of us.

“Grandma, I thought you didn’t like Boxer!” I said.

“I don’t,” she said, “we can’t stand each other, but that’s no reason not to reward good behavior.” And she patted him on the head.

Grandma may say she doesn’t like boxer, but her eyes say something different.



Tall Tale:

Love and Kisses

Mrs. Hershey kissed her _____ goodbye on the morning of February
Plural Noun
14th. After arriving at the _____ elementary school, she hung
Your teacher's full name
up her _____ and then asked her 4th grade class to finish up their
Noun
_____. Lots of _____ could be heard.
Plural Noun Sounds

“Now, boys and _____, does everyone know it's a _____ day
Plural Noun Adjective
today? Because today is a _____ day, I would like to ask you all a
Adjective
_____. I want everyone to put on their _____ caps to think of
Noun Verb
interesting answers.

“Class, what does the word “love” mean to you? Karley's _____ went up
Name of Body Part
right away. I know, Mrs. Hershey, love is a strong _____ about another
Noun
_____. That's very _____, Karley. _____ I know,
Noun Adjective Exclamation
Jake added, love is when you _____ a _____ so much that you
Verb Noun
want to _____ with them all the time! Jake, that's a _____
Verb Adjective
answer,” Mrs. Hershey exclaimed.

“Katie, does love have a _____ meaning to you?” Katie Godiva put her
Adjective
_____ in her mouth to think for a moment. To me, love is a
Noun
_____ and a _____.” The entire class _____.
Noun Noun Verb (past tense-add “ed”)

“Now class,” Mrs. Hershey said, “there are no right or wrong _____.”
Plural Noun

This is just your _____.

Plural Noun

“I have a little secret to share with you on this _____ day, class. I’ve
put a yummy _____ treat in all of your desks for you to have after Math
class today. And, when you get home later, I want you to _____ your
parents that you had a _____ day!”

Adjective

Name of candy

Verb

Adjective

By Lyn Sirota

Key:

Adjective: An adjective is a describing word. Here are some examples: gigantic, blue, sparkly.

Noun: A noun is a person, place, thing or idea. Here are some examples: Teacher, School, Dog.

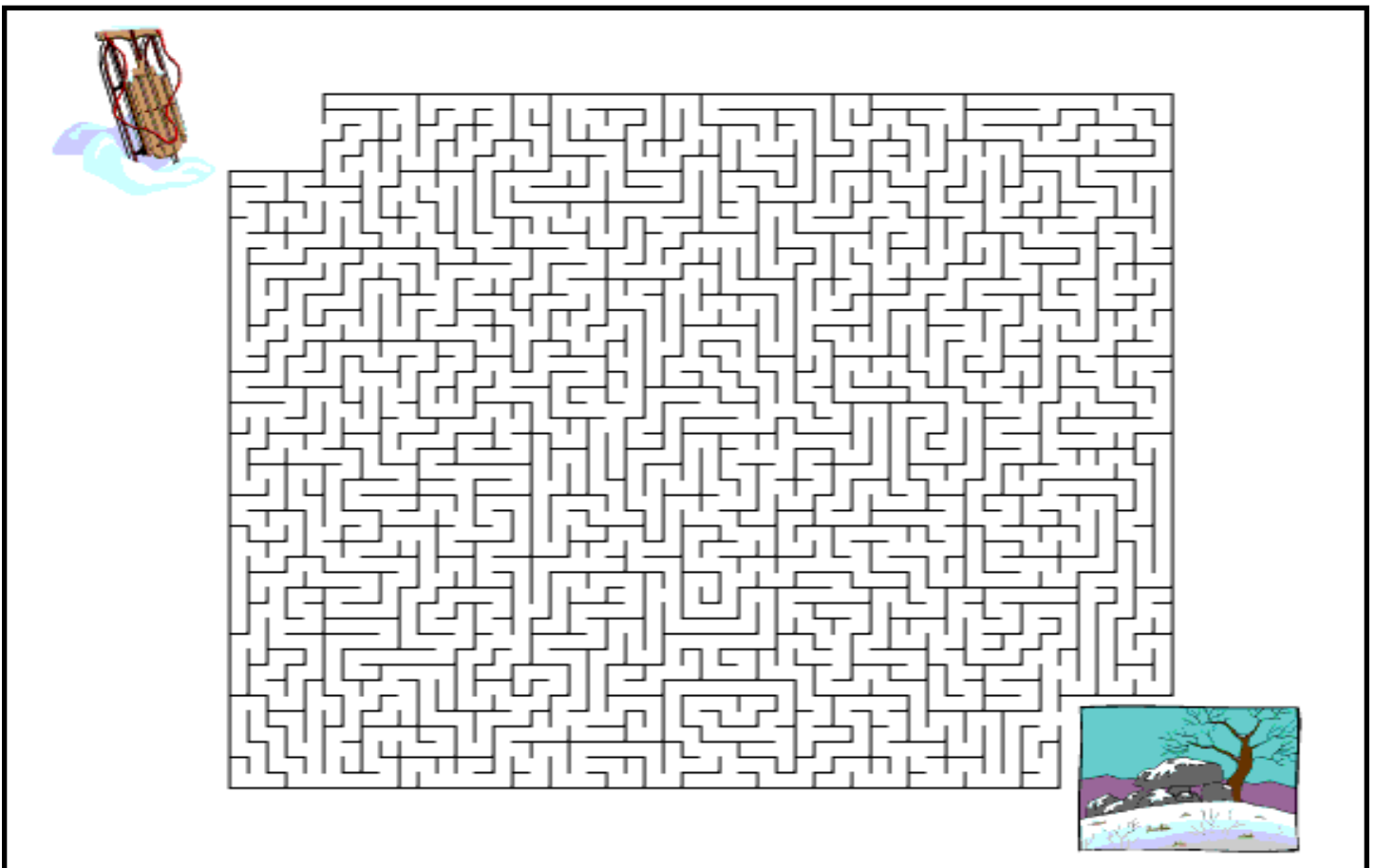
Plural noun: Is more than one person, places or things. Here are some examples: Teachers, Schools, Dogs.

Verb: A verb is an action word. Here are some examples: Ran, Jumped, Pushed.

Name of body part: Is the name of a part of your body. Here are some examples: Elbow, Foot, Toe.

Exclamation: Is an outburst, such as wow, yippee, yikes.

Sound: Any type of sound you’ve ever heard such as, plop, plink, kerplunk.



Happy Birthday, Half-Pint!

By Donna Alice Patton

Can you name some famous February birthdays? George Washington and Abraham Lincoln might be the first names you remember. Everyone knows about President's Day. You might even have a special program at school to celebrate.

Did you know we also wish a happy birthday to a famous author this month? If you've ever read any of the "Little House" books, or watched reruns of "Little House on the Prairie," you know her name. Laura Ingalls Wilder.

Laura was born on February 7, 1867 in Pepin, Wisconsin. When she was small, her Pa, Charles Ingalls, teased her by saying, "You're a little half-pint of cider, half drunk up." That's how she got the nickname, Half-Pint.

Laura's first home was in a little house in the big woods. She lived there with Pa, Ma, Caroline Ingalls, and big sister, Mary. Later, two more sisters, Carrie and Grace, joined the family. A brother, Freddie, only lived a few months.

Those early days in the big woods were among Laura's happiest memories. Family lived nearby and often came to visit. Grandma and Grandpa. Aunts, uncles and cousins. There were parties, dances, and always someone to help with chores. Life was good. Years later, Laura called them, "pictures that hang in my memory." But, as the woods became more settled and game for food became scarce, Pa decided to go in search of better farmland.

The Ingalls left their first "little

house" in a covered wagon. "We rode in the covered wagon all day long, every day," Laura remembered. "We couldn't remember how many days it had been, for we were such little girls." The family settled in Indian Territory in Kansas. When Congress decided to offer the Osage Indian tribe money for their land, the Ingalls and other settlers were forced to leave. Laura would always regret leaving the fine house with real glass windows Pa had built.

Their next little home became a dugout on the banks of Plum Creek. A dugout is exactly how it sounds—a 'house' dug out of the ground. The walls, roof and floor were dirt. Once, a cow ran across the dugout and its foot crashed through the roof. Imagine that happening to your family! Think what your mother would say. Laura's Ma probably felt the same way.

Laura loved Plum Creek and the nearby town of Walnut Grove, Minnesota. Here, she and Mary first went to school. It was a happy time. Crops were good.

Life looked up for the Ingalls. After so many years of doing without, they would finally be able to buy everything they needed. Then, the grasshoppers came and destroyed their hopes.

Grasshoppers were a constant threat during Laura's childhood. Huge clouds of insects would drop down on farms and towns. They'd eat everything green.

Many women found they couldn't even leave clothes on the line. They would come outside to find the clothes and

clothesline eaten!

With their crops gone, the Ingalls moved on to Dakota Territory. They settled near the town of De Smet, in what would later become South Dakota. Pa built a homestead and farmed. Laura got a teaching certificate and taught school. In De Smet, she also met her future husband, Almanzo Wilder.

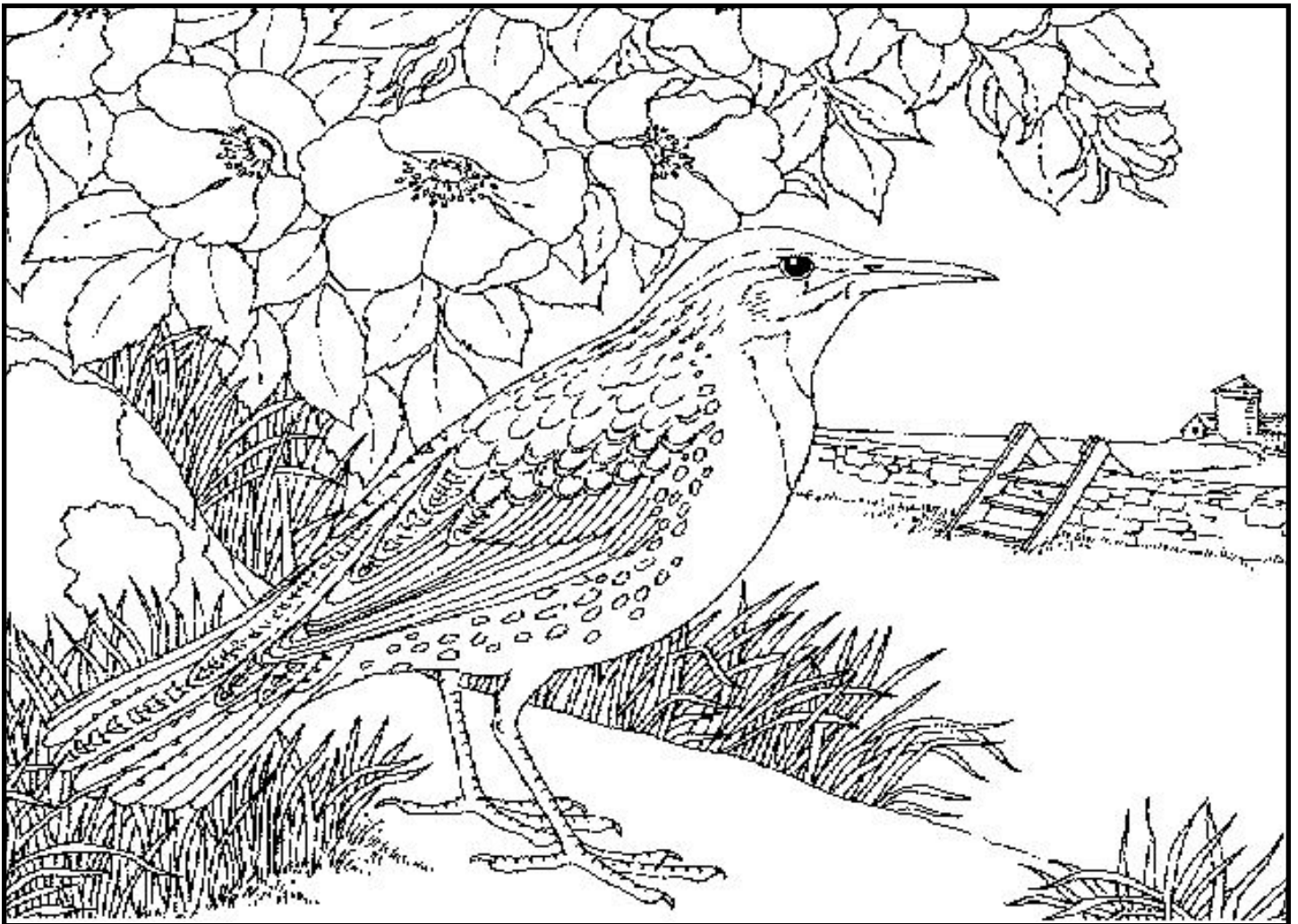
The Wilders later traveled to Mansfield, Missouri with their daughter, Rose.

They had heard wonderful promises of life in the Ozarks, nicknamed the Land of the Big Red Apple. Rocky Ridge Farm became the last of Laura's little houses. She and Almanzo planted an apple orchard, raised chickens, horses,

and were well loved in their community.

Laura often wrote short articles for newspapers and magazines. When she turned sixty-five, she decided to write about her pioneer childhood. "I wanted children now to understand more about the beginnings of things," Laura wrote, "to know what it is that made America as they know it." Sitting at her desk, she used her memories and many pencils, to write the eight, "Little House," books on lined, yellow school tablets.

The author died on February 10, 1957, a few days after her ninetieth birthday. Mary, her sister, once said, "You make pictures when you talk." She did, and left behind a wonderful treasure in her books.



A Valentine Crisis

By Jan Cornebise

Susan stared out the window of the school bus without really seeing the houses slipping by. She wished she were giggling and walking to her old school with best friend, Vanessa.

After she moved, everything was different. The bus was a pain. Even though she scooted all the way to the window, no one ever sat by her.

At school Susan watched the other children work and play together. When they caught her staring at them, she quickly looked away. Everyone seemed to have all the friends they wanted.

At dinner Susan was quiet. Her mother asked, "Hon, why are you so unhappy?"

"I want to go back to my old school! No one likes me here."

"We can't. This is where my job is. But we can get that puppy you've always wanted."

The next afternoon her mother took Susan to the Humane Society. It was full of cats and dogs in cages. Susan immediately spied some puppies yapping excitedly, seeming to say, "Take me! Take me!"

They were all so cute, she wondered how she could choose. Then she spied a small, quiet ball of tan fluff with sad eyes looking up at her.

"That's the one," Susan said.

"Are you sure?" her mother asked, "He's not very lively."

"He needs me," Susan insisted. And that's how Waldo came to live with them--a friend at last.

One day Mrs. Johnson, handed out

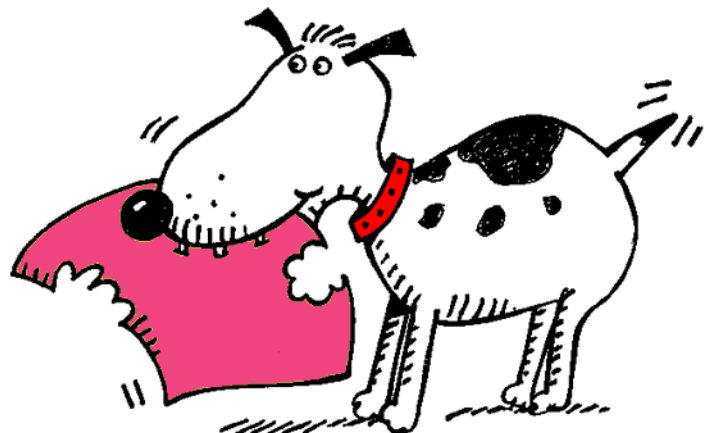
class lists and told everyone to bring shoe boxes to decorate for a Valentine's Day party.

Susan loved decorating her box with red paper and lace doilies. As she cut and pasted, she wondered what kind of valentines would impress her classmates so they would want to be her friends. Maybe if she handmade each one ... That's it! She would make beautiful valentines!

It was the night before the party when she glued a heart on the last valentine and wrote, "To Alison, From Susan." She yawned and gathered up her creations, putting them in a paper bag. She placed the bag by the front door, ready to be snatched on the way out the door in the morning, and went to bed.

The buzzing of the alarm jolted Susan out of a sound sleep. Valentine's Day! She jumped out of bed and threw on her clothes. As she walked down the stairs, rubbing sleep from her eyes, she noticed the living room floor was littered with something.

"I guess Waldo got hold of the news-



paper again," she thought. Her eyes widened. "It's colored paper! Oh, no! My valentines are ripped to shreds!"

"It's too late to make new ones. How can I go to the party without valentines for anyone?" Susan wondered, as she tried to eat breakfast.

Then she had an idea. She knew that Mrs. Johnson always arrived at school early. Susan telephoned her and told her what she'd like to do. Her teacher agreed and Susan's mother said she could rearrange her work day to help out.

Everyone was enjoying heart-shaped cookies and checking out their valentines when Susan's mother walked in with a large basket. Susan ran to meet her and grabbed the basket.

Mrs. Johnson clapped her hands for the children's attention. "Susan has something to show you."

Susan walked to the front of the quiet room. Her mouth was dry. Could she

talk with everyone staring at her? Just then a little tan head popped out of the basket and licked her on the cheek. Everyone laughed.

"I had valentines for each of you," she explained, "but Waldo chewed them up, so he will have to be my valentine to you."

She carried Waldo around the room, letting each classmate touch him. They asked lots of questions and eagerly described their own pets. Alison said she had always wanted a puppy but couldn't have one because she lived in an apartment.

"Come to my house and play with Waldo whenever you like," Susan told her, "Let's sit together on the bus and you can hold the basket."

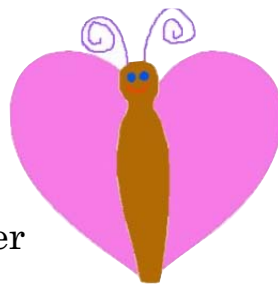
"Waldo is the best valentine ever," Alison said as she removed a red ribbon from her hair and tied it on his collar.

Valentine's Day Luvbugs

From www.holidaycrafts4kids.com

What You Need:

- Coffee filters
- Clothespins
- Markers
- Tape or glue
- Red construction paper
- Pipe cleaners



ing/slit of the clothespin. The filter or heart will be the butterfly's wings. You may want to attach the "wings" with tape or glue.

3. Add the pipe cleaners for antenna.

Tips:

To simplify the coloring process place washable felt-tip marker dots all over the coffee filter surface, using as many colors as you want. Using the "mist" or "spray" setting on a water spray bottle, wet the filter till the colors start to run together. The drying process may be accelerated with the aid of a blow dryer.

What to Do:

1. Decorate the filter with markers. Using a marker draw a face on the clothespin. If you prefer, with the red construction cut a large heart out to use at the wings.

2. Slide the filter or heart in the open-

MEET THE WRITERS

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.

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.

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

Natalie Lorenzi lives and celebrates Carnevale in Trieste, Italy, with her husband, her daughters (Teah and Sofia), and son (Jordan). Besides eating fritole and crostoli, she writes magazine articles for children and adults. You can contact her at nlorenzi@earthlink.net.

Donna Alice Patton is a freelance writer, daycare provider and home-schooling aunt who lives in rural Ohio. Her favorite topic is the Old West, the setting of her latest work in progress, "The Hooky Playing Fiasco".

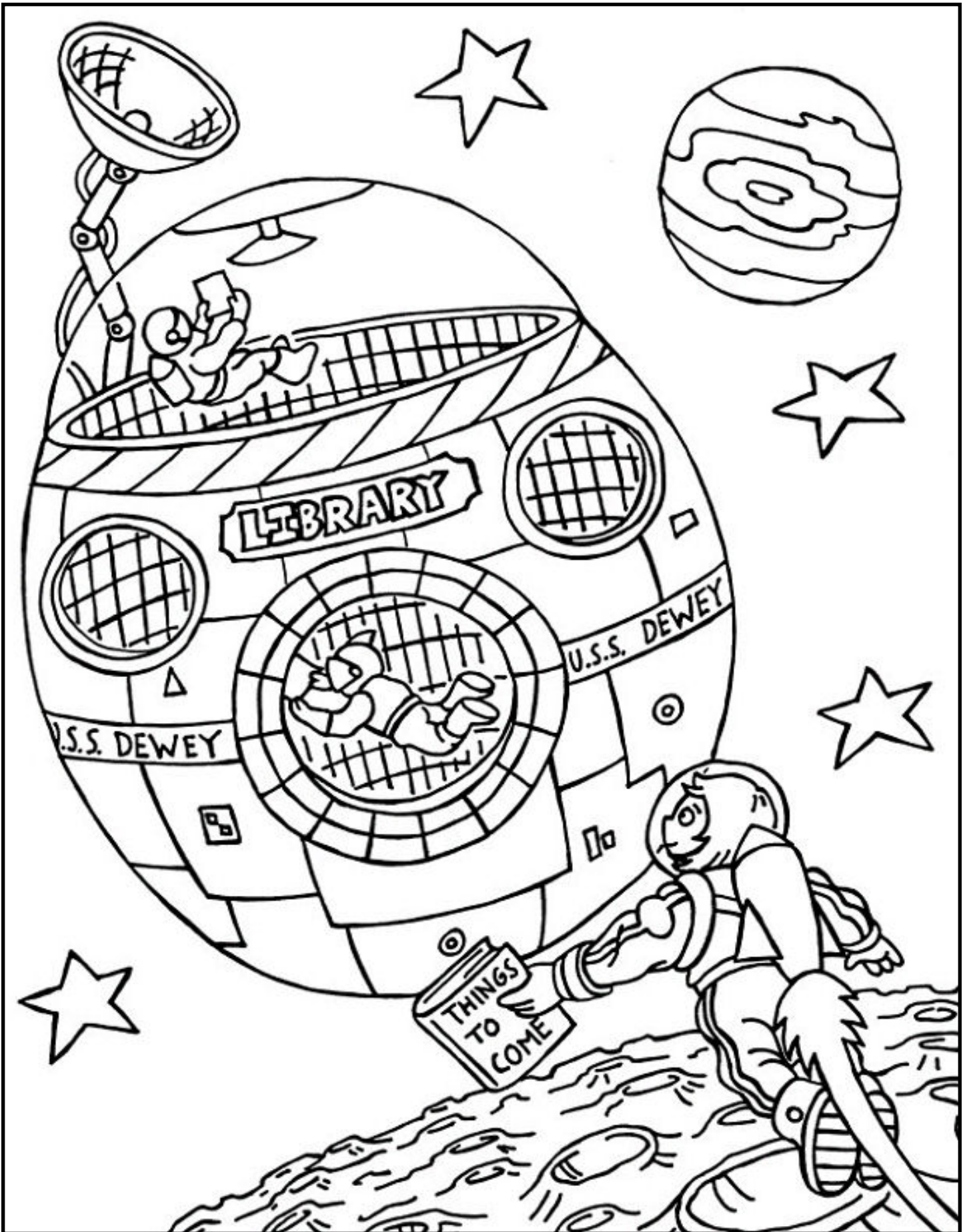
Kevin Scott Collier is a children's book author and illustrator. He is under contract for Baker Trittin Press, Guardian Angel Publishing, and New World Publishing. Visit his website at <http://www.kevinscottcollier.com>.

Loralee Petersen is a librarian and the mother of four children. She lives in Wisconsin with her husband, children and one very spoiled cat. In her spare time Loralee enjoys reading, crocheting and surfing the internet.

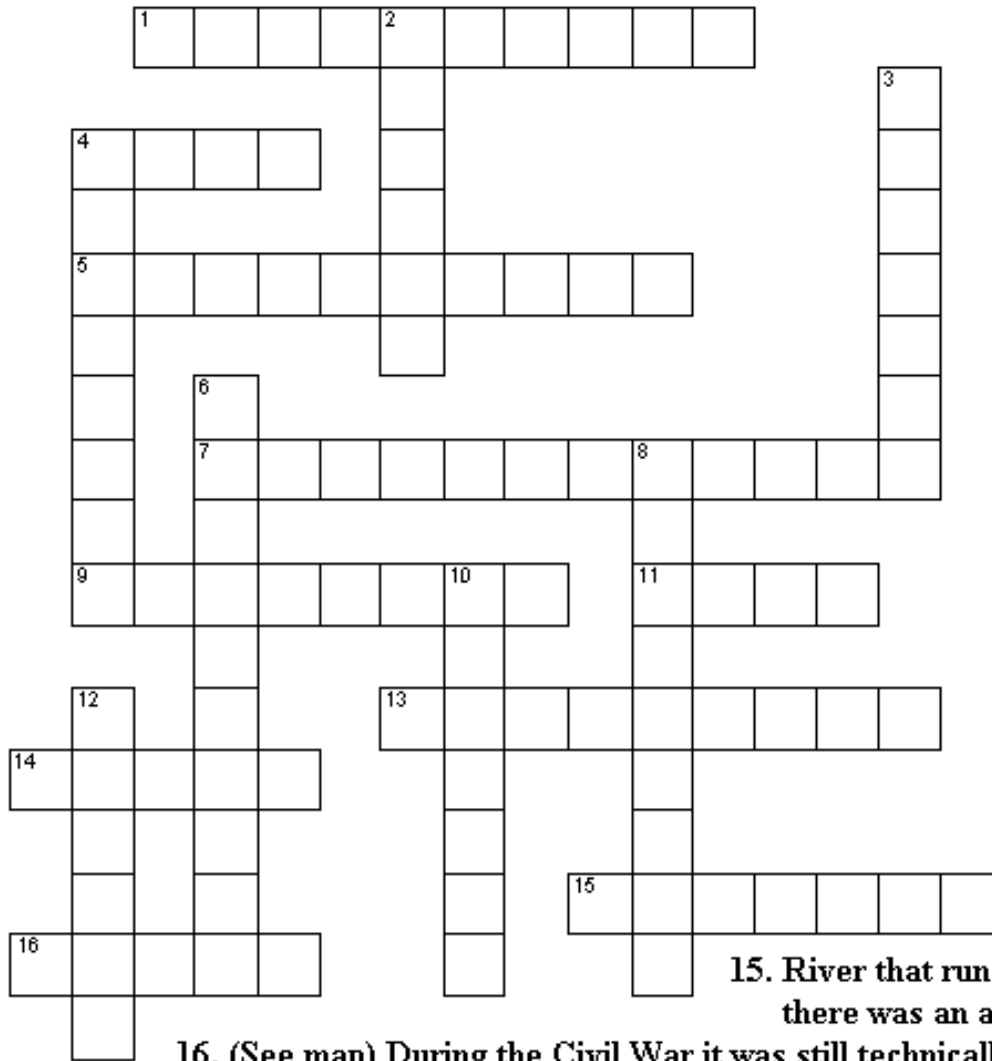
Cathy Witbeck lives with her husband, five children, two dogs, one guinea pig and a gecko. She loves to write, illustrate and make Ukrainian Easter eggs. She has won first place for Children's Illustrated Storybook in the League of Utah Writers Roundup and has published anecdotes with the Reader's Digest.

Lyn Sirota is an active member of her local and national Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators. She writes content for their website and coordinate the New Jersey critique groups. Her publishing credits include articles and poetry in Wee Ones, Saplings, Boy's Quest, Hopscotch, Ladybug, Spider, Dragonfly Spirit, Holiday Crafts 4 Kids, Nature Friend magazines, Highlights for Children and Cecil Child Magazine. As a graduate of the Institute of Children's Literature, she has also been accepted into their advanced writing program. You can find out more about Lyn at her web site lyn-sirota.4t.com.

Jan Cornebise is a former literacy teacher who writes and illustrates stories and poems for children. When not writing and drawing, she enjoys travel, reading, gardening, and hanging out with her grandchildren. This SCBWI member lives in Colorado with her historian husband.



The American Civil War



Across

1. Most famous battle of the war
4. The draft started one of these in New York City
5. Fort Sumter is in this city
7. Freedom; comes before 'Proclamation'
9. Famous ex-slave; he was a writer and tireless fighter for ending slavery
11. (See map)
13. Ironclad southern battleship
14. Confederate President
15. River that runs along Washington, D.C.; there was an army named for it
16. (See map) During the Civil War it was still technically a part of Massachusetts

Down

2. Nickname for Northerner
3. Name of the first large battle of the war
4. Confederate capitol
6. Lincoln was a member of this political party
8. Word used to describe the ending of slavery
10. Union general who invaded the South and captured Atlanta
12. (See map) Site of early conflict in the 1850s over slavery

