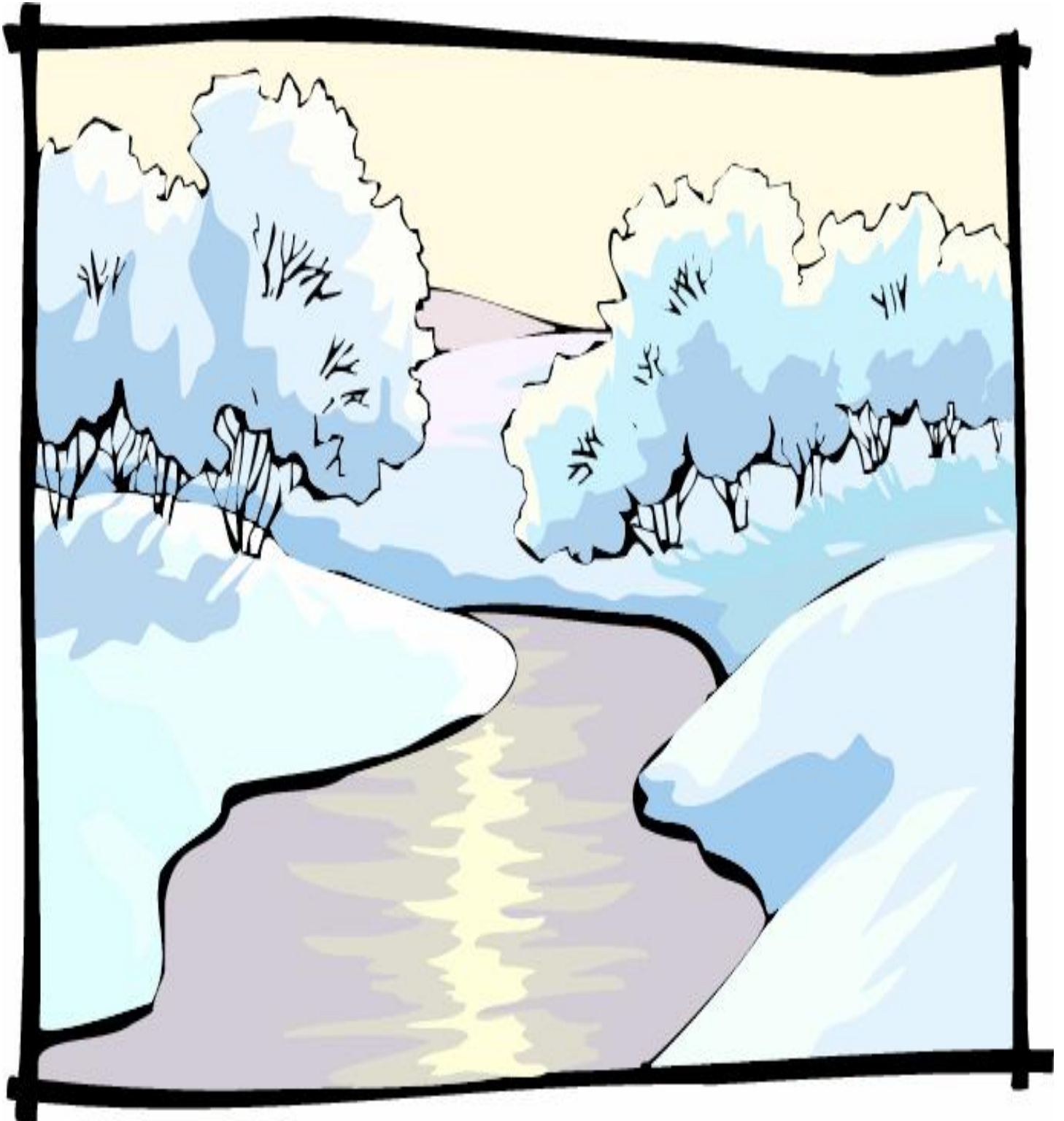


January 2007

Fandangle

Magazine



Fandangle Magazine

Vol. 1, Issue No. 11

EDITOR, GRAPHIC AND
WEB SITE DESIGN

Nancy A. Cavanaugh

Fandangle Magazine is a free online magazine promoting educational fun for kids ages 5-10.

Editorial Guidelines:

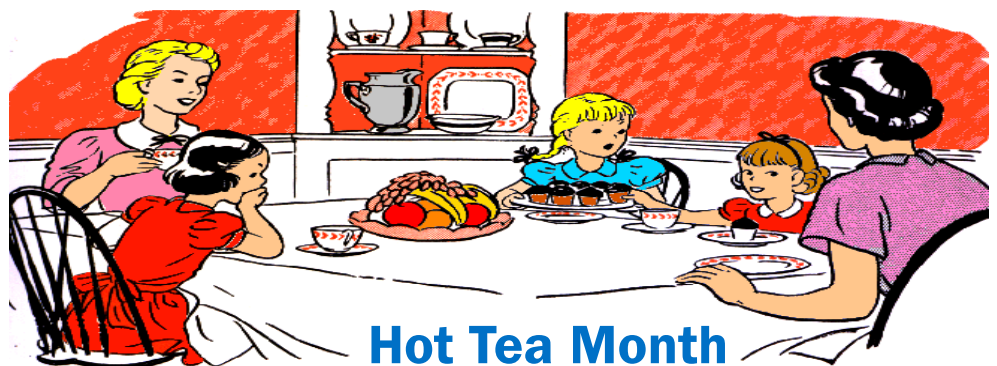
We are always looking for new writers and illustrators. Find the full editorial guidelines at www.fandanglemagazine.com/guidelines.html.

Suggestions:

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

Table of Contents

From the Editor	3
Let's Celebrate	3
Katherine's Favorite Season	4
Make a Swinging Target	5
I Wish I Was a Snowflake	6
What Makes Lizards Special?	7
The Boy Who Loved Snow	8
Finish the Story: My Circus Adventure	9
Drop Bears and Barbies	10
And the Winner Is...	12
A Special Day for Swine	13
Book Review: Playing with Food is Okay	14
Dot, Line, Shape	14
Kids Art	14
How to Draw the Perfect Penguin	15
Lions of the Sky	16
Too Fast!	17
I Have <i>Nothing</i> to Do!	18
What If We Were All the Same	18
Tucking In White Tiger	19
Spot the Differences	19
Book Reviews: Animals Galore for the New Year	20
Motorcycle Maze	20
Martin Luther King Day	21
Meet the Writers	22
Electric Maze	23
Penguin Color-By-Number	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

Happy New Year! Time to start another new year and try not to make too many silly new year's resolutions. This year my work-related resolutions are pretty simple: get back to writing and start submitting things, and do more with my web sites, including Fandangle. I have a few ideas floating around!

Starting on Jan. 2 I'll be working out of the house for the first time in a couple of years. Can you say nervous? I am going to be working part time at the after school program my daughter goes to. I've already been volunteering there since the beginning of the school year in

a lot of different areas so it seemed to be a natural progression. Many of the kids have a lot of issues so it is going to be a challenging job. I've never really worked much with middle schoolers so it is going to be a challenge that way too, but I am really learning to enjoy the age.

Thankfully the power back (we were without power for two hours) and now I can finish the magazine without worrying about my laptop battery running out of juice!

Have a great month!

Nancy Cavanaugh

Editor-in-Chief

Let's Celebrate!

January Holidays:

- 01 New Year's Day
- 04 Trivia Day
- 05 Epiphany or Twelfth Night
- 06 Three Kings Day
- 08 Jackson Day
- 08 World Literacy Day
- 13 Penguin Awareness Day
- 14 Ratification Day
- 15 Martin Luther King Day
- 15 Humanitarian Day
- 20 Inauguration Day
- 20 Islamic New Year
- 21 World Religion Day
- 21 Squirrel Appreciation Day
- 23 National Pie Day
- 23 National Handwriting Day

27 Holocaust Memorial Day

Also:

- Eye Care Month
- Hobby Month
- Hot Tea Month
- Adopt a Rescued Bird Month
- Volunteer Blood Donor Month
- March of Dimes Birth Defects Prevention Month
- Oatmeal Month
- Soup Month
- International Printing Week
- Celebration of Life Month
- Book Blitz
- International Creativity Month
- National Skating Week
- Bald Eagle Appreciation Week

Katherine's Favorite Season

By Kristine Carlson Asselin

"My favorite season is winter," Katherine said to her mother as she gazed out the window at the snow swirling around one late afternoon. Katherine's mother looked up from her magazine, "Why is that Sugar Puff?"

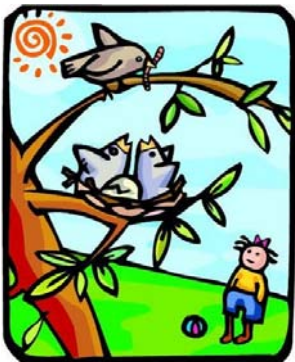
"My birthday is coming soon and I can't wait to eat cake and open presents on my birthday." Katherine looked outside again at the snow gently falling from the gray sky. "And I love playing in the snow. Can we go out and make snow angels, Mom?"



She ran to the coat closet to get her knit hat, and her warm coat. They were both purple, her favorite color. After she put on her boots, and scarf and mittens, Katherine ran outside into the cold afternoon, with her mother close behind. She jumped into the nearest snowdrift and laughed happily.

All through January, February, and most of March, Katherine loved winter.

One day at the end of March, Katherine was getting out of the car with her father. "Look!" she exclaimed, as she pointed to a bud poking out of the ground in the garden.



"In a few days

that bud will turn into a small purple flower." Katherine's father told her.

"My favorite season is definitely spring," Katherine announced.

"Why is that, Butter Cup?" asked her Dad.

"Well, I can wear a sweater instead of a coat and I can put away my mittens and hat." Katherine looked up at the sky. The sun was still bright. "We've already eaten dinner, and the sun is still shining...can we go for a bike ride tonight?"

During April, May, and most of June, Katherine loved spring.

At the end of June, it started to get hot. Katherine and her parents spent a day at the beach. "My favorite season is definitely summer," Katherine decided as she put on her yellow sun hat with the floppy brim and her pink sunglasses.



"Why is that, Flutter Bug?" asked her mother as she rubbed sunscreen on Katherine's shoulders.

"Well, I love it when you take me to the park to swing on the swings, and swoosh down the slide. And I really love the beach." As she ran to splash in the water, she tripped over the sand castle that she and her father had just finished. Katherine fell down laughing.

"Why don't you sit on the blanket and eat some of this juicy watermelon before

you swim?" her mother suggested.

During June, July and August, Katherine loved summer.

In September, something wonderful happened. The leaves on the trees turned yellow and red and orange. "My favorite season is definitely fall," Katherine said to her father as they raked the beautiful leaves in the front yard.



"Why is that, Sweetie Pie?" her father asked. As Katherine raced to the nearest pile of leaves and jumped in, she looked

at her father and shouted "because I love helping you rake!"

Later that week, her mother took her to the pumpkin patch. "This is the one!" she said as she picked the biggest, roundest pumpkin for the front steps.

The weather got cooler and cooler during September, October and November, and Katherine loved fall.

One day in December, Katherine saw a small snow flake flutter from the sky. She caught it on her mitten. Then she saw another one. Suddenly, there were millions of sparkling white snowflakes floating to the ground.

"It's winter again!" Katherine exclaimed, "My favorite season!"

Make a Swinging Target

By Jessica Lee Anderson

What You Need:

- Aluminum soda can
- Twine (*approximately 5 feet long)
- Assortment of balls or beanbags
- Non-toxic water-soluble paint (such as tempera)
- Paintbrush
- Newspaper
- Water



What to Do:

1. Rinse out soda can and let it dry completely. Pull the tab up carefully, making sure it doesn't break off.
2. Place newspaper on an area to keep things clean. Paint the outside of the soda can the color of your choice.
3. Clean the paintbrush and paint a bull's-eye on the can by making a large

circle with smaller circles inside of it. Wait for the paint to dry and clean the area up.

4. Tie the twine to the tab on the can. Hang the can from a tree branch, or from a space that is freestanding and you could safely throw an object at it. (Note: the length of the twine may need to be adjusted.)

5. Stand about three feet back from the bull's-eye, aim, and throw a ball or beanbag at your target! If you hit it, give yourself a point, and take a step back. See how many points you can score and how far back you can aim and still hit the goal.

For a challenge, try hitting the target with your other hand or throw while the can is swinging.

I Wish I Was a Snowflake

By Jeanette Marchand

"I wish I was a snowflake," Emily told Mom one frosty winter afternoon. Mom looked at her curiously.

"Then I could soar through the air like a butterfly," Emily explained.

Emily closed her eyes and imagined herself as a big snowflake, dancing freely on the icy wind. "I wouldn't have to get bundled up and stay warm, like the other kids, because then I would melt," she said.

"What would you do as a snowflake?" Mom asked. "Eventually you would have to land somewhere."

"I'd land on a giant snowman," Emily said excitedly. "I've always wondered what it would be like to be a snowman."

Emily closed her eyes and imagined she was falling softly onto a giant snowman's face. She landed right above its rock eyes and stared down along its carrot nose. A smile spread across the snowman's face as she made herself comfortable on its forehead.

"I would stay out every night, because I'd melt if I went inside to go to bed," Emily said with a smile.

"What would happen in the spring? The warmer weather would melt the snowman," Mom said.

"I guess I would melt too," Emily replied. "I'd become a droplet of water and roll down to the ground."

Emily closed her eyes and imagined

herself as a large drop of water, slipping and sliding down the snowman's large body.

"I'd tumble and turn as I slid down its great big belly," she said with a giggle. "I'd be part of a big snowman puddle."

"What would you do as a droplet of water?" Mom asked.

"I'd lie out under the sun's warm rays until I evaporated," Emily said, remembering the water cycle from school. "I'd rise up into the sky as water vapor."

Emily closed her eyes and imagined she was rising high into the warm blue sky, searching for a new home.

"I think I'd like to be part of a big, fluffy cloud," Emily said, picturing a giant puff of cloud.

"What would happen if it rained?" Mom asked.

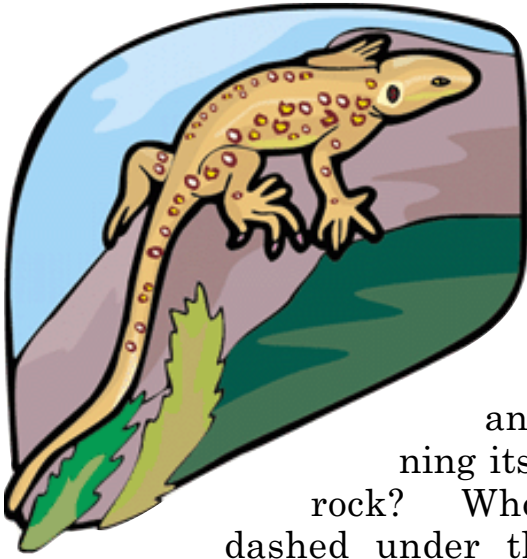
"I'd fall down to the ground as a raindrop. Maybe I'd even be part of a rainbow." Emily imagined all the brilliant colors of the rainbow: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

"After sliding down the rainbow, I could land right in your hand," Emily said. "Then I would be a girl again – at least until next winter."

Emily smiled and stared out the window at the feathery, white flakes of snow that danced on the winter breeze.

"I wish I was a snowflake," she said with a sigh.





What Makes Lizards Special?

By Linda Campbell

See that animal sunning itself on the rock? Whoops! It dashed under the porch! That was a lizard.

Lizards are reptiles. They live in all kinds of places from sand dunes to woods, even in trash heaps.

Some lizards are so tiny; one can curl up on a dime. Some are large enough to eat a pig.

Lizards lie on flat places to warm their bodies in the sun. They hibernate in winter.

Lizards have four legs.

The small holes on the sides of a lizard's head are its ears.

Lizards have small round teeth. They catch insects and spiders to eat. Large lizards eat plants, too.

Lizard tails can be long and thin or short and stubby. Some are flat. Some are round. Some lizard tails even curl up tight.

Lizards come in many different colors. Color is part of their skin. Lizard skin feels cool and smooth. A lizard molts when its skin wears out. That means the lizard's old skin loosens and flakes off, like your skin after you sunburn. Then the lizard has shiny new skin.

Most lizards lay eggs in a nest and go away. Baby lizards can catch insects

soon after they hatch.

Lizards do not live in families. Grown-up lizards live alone.

Lizards protect their home from other lizard, like your dog protects your house.

Iguanas bob up and down like they are doing push-ups. This is their way of saying, "Go away. This is mine."

Lizards have many ways of protecting themselves. Some lizards use their tails like clubs. Some try to look bigger. Some lizards wiggle into the sand to hide. Others stand very still when danger comes near. When the danger gets too close, they run away very fast. Horned lizards have spines on their skin. Frilled lizards put up a stiff collar of loose skin and hiss to scare off attackers.

Some lizard tails break off when grabbed. Don't worry, the lizard grows a new tail in a few weeks.

So you can see, wherever they are around the world, lizards are special.

Lizard Web Sites:

<http://www.nature.ca/notebooks/english/reppg.htm>

<http://www.desertusa.com/animal.html>

<http://www.pbs.org/edens/madagascar/creature3.htm>



The Boy Who Loved Snow

By Donna Alice Patton

Do you like snow? Isn't it fun to build a snowman or go sledding? Have you ever wished it would snow all the time? One boy did. He loved snow so much, he spent his whole life studying it. He wanted to share the beauty of snowflakes with everyone.

The boy's nickname was "Snowflake Bentley."

Wilson Bentley, called Willie, was born on February 9, 1865. His family's farm in Jericho, Vermont lay between Mount Mansfield and Lake Champlain. This is a part of the country called the snow-belt.

Where Willie lived, the annual snowfall is more than 100". Can you imagine that much snow? It's taller than an Emperor penguin with another Emperor penguin standing on its shoulders, and a baby penguin on top of its shoulders!

As a child, Willie was home schooled by his mother. When she gave him a microscope, he studied his favorite subject – snow. Individual snowflakes were as pretty as apple blossoms or butterflies, he thought. Most people laughed at this strange idea. Plain, old, snow, beautiful? In Vermont, snow was as common as dirt.

If only there were some way to save snowflakes, Willie wished.

"When a snowflake melted," he said, "just that much beauty is gone without leaving any record behind."

He tried drawing them, but they melted. Then, Willie's parents gave him

a special camera with a microscope. He spent one winter in a shed in his backyard, catching snowflakes on a black tray. Disappointed, he tried and failed to capture the beauty of snowflakes.

In his second winter, he made a discovery. By using a very small lens opening on the camera and leaving it open for a longer time, he could photograph a snowflake. He'd done it. Now, everyone could see the beauty of each snow crystal, the unique design that would never happen again.

Willie also discovered a truth we all know: No two snowflakes are ever alike.

Willie became known all over the world. Colleges, museums and universities began to collect his photographs of snow.

Willie had always said there were "treasures in snow" and now he found many people agreed.

When he was sixty-four, Willie's book, *Snow Crystals*, was published. He had given his greatest gift to the world. Sadly, less than a month after its publication, Willie caught pneumonia during a blizzard and died two weeks later.

In Willie's hometown of Jericho, Vermont, you can visit a monument dedicated to "Snowflake" Bentley, Jericho's world famous snowflake authority.

Wilson Bentley saved snowflakes for all of us. No matter what anyone said, he dedicated his life to using his talent. Because of him, we can all enjoy the beauty of snowflakes.



Finish the Story...

My Circus Adventure

David laughed hard as the clown got sprayed in the face with water. He loved it when the circus came to town. When they asked for a helper and pointed to him, he looked up to see his Dad nod yes and hurried down to the center ring. A clown put a huge red ball on his nose and plopped a wig on his head and then pointed behind him, he turned to see...

By Shannon Bennett

Drop Bears and Barbies

By Susan Stephenson

Crack! Matt froze. His heart raced and hairs on the back of his neck stood up. He swung his head, searching for whatever made the noise. Then he remembered drop bears and peered into the branches above.

Uncle Rick told him about drop bears just after Dad and Matt arrived in Australia. He said they were giant, meat-eating koalas that dropped down on people from gum trees. Australians all smeared Vegemite behind their ears to keep drop bears away.

Aunt Katie told Uncle Rick to quit teasing him and Matt laughed to show he knew it was a joke but now he wasn't so sure.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" The call came from the track ahead.

"We've got enough wood for the fire now, Matt," said Dad.

"Yeah, come and help with the barbie," said Uncle Rick.

"Barbies?" Matt was disgusted.

"They're for girls! I don't play with Barbies!"

Uncle Rick laughed. "A barbie is a barbeque, a cookout. It's a tradition with a lot of families to have a barbie to celebrate Australia Day, today."

"What is Australia Day?" Matt asked, dropping his sticks near the fireplace.

"The 26th of January was the day the First Fleet landed at Sydney Cove, so that's when we have our national day," said Uncle Rick. "It's when we take time to reflect on what's great about being an Australian, a bit like your 4th of July holiday."

He struck a match and got the fire going. "Now I need you to find some green sticks, about this thick, Matt." He held up his index finger.

Matt thought about it. "Green sticks won't burn and you said we had enough firewood."

Dad laughed. "Your Uncle Rick wants to show us the real Aussie way of cooking lunch, Matt. On sticks!"

While the fire died down to hot coals, Uncle Rick showed Matt how to make damper. They mixed flour, water, milk and salt until it clumped together. Then they rolled lumps of dough between their hands to make a snake. They wound the snake around the top half of a green stick and joined the dough together so there were no gaps.

Matt held his stick over the hot coals and turned it so the damper cooked evenly. "When is it done?" he asked.



Uncle Rick showed him. “When it’s nice and brown and comes off your stick easily, it’s done. If not, cook it a little more.” He put his damper on a plate and scooped some honey into the hollow inside. “Hmm, that’s yummy.”

Matt bit into his own cooked damper. He grinned and honey ran down his chin. “It is good! Are there other Aussie cookout tricks?”

“Let’s cook some eggs,” said Uncle Rick.

“On sticks?” Matt was so surprised, his voice squeaked.

Uncle Rick set out a container of eggs, a blue dish, some oranges and a knife. He smiled at Dad and Matt. “That’s all we need.”

Matt wondered if it was another joke. The dish was plastic – no way you could cook eggs over a fire in that. The knife? Maybe you could beat eggs in the dish with it. And what the heck were the oranges for?

Uncle Rick laughed at their puzzled faces. “Here’s what we do. Cut an orange in half; scrape out the flesh into this bowl. We’ll eat that later. Crack an egg into each empty orange half and slide the orange “bowl” close to the hot coals. Your egg will be cooked in no time.”

Matt ate two orange eggs and then

made some more damper. Uncle Rick presented him with his own souvenir jar of Vegemite and wanted him to try it.

Matt looked at the black spread inside the small jar his uncle held out. He put the tiniest blob onto his tongue. It was salty and tasted disgusting.

“Gee, thanks, Uncle Rick, but you know what?” Matt smeared Vegemite in dark stripes on his face like a commando. “I think I’ll just use it this way. As camouflage, in case we run into any killer koalas on the way home.”

Damper Recipe

What You Need:

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup milk
- Pinch salt

What to Do:

1. Mix until it makes a slightly sticky dough. Add more flour if necessary.
2. Mould a piece of dough around a green stick or metal skewer and cook near hot coals. You can also wrap it in foil and cook on the coals.

It’s really yummy eaten still warm and spread with honey or butter.



Animals of Australia

And the Winner Is...

By Rose Ali

"You may have won the last two skate contests, Linda, but I'm winning this one!" Valerie bellowed. "You didn't know I was the skate champion where I used to live!"

All eyes on the lunch bench shifted from Valerie to Linda. Linda smiled at her classmates, but her face grew hot with embarrassment. She was fed up with Valerie's bragging about everything she could do—even if Valerie was new at school.

While her friends strolled off chuckling at Valerie's boisterous chatter, Linda lagged behind on the lunch bench. I'd like to give her one of my new karate kicks, she thought to herself.

The next day at the skating rink a cheerful young lady handed each girl a green ticket to collect her skates.

"Cool! The refreshment stand is open this time," Linda said to Sarah. "I'm going—"

"My dad gave me twenty dollars to spend!" Valerie loudly interrupted as she pulled a twenty-dollar bill from her white pants. "I bet nobody brought that much." She stuffed the bill back in her pocket then streaked down the ramp to the rink.

Linda felt a knot growing in her throat as her eyes met Sarah's eyes. They dashed off following Valerie.

After several laps and a few games, the girls heard the cheerful lady's voice boom from the speakers above their heads. "Everybody stop where you are. Its time for the race." Laughter and excited voices filled the air.

Linda's heart thumped fast and hard as she scuttled behind the green line with the other girls. I have to win this race, she thought. She didn't care about the trophy anymore—she wanted to beat Valerie.

"Hey, Linda. I'll let you have my trophy!" Valerie shouted with a teasing smile.

Just then the speakers blared, "On your mark. get set. go!"

Valerie shot off like a rocket and took the lead easily. Linda trailed close behind. One of the other girls closely trailed Linda, but all others lagged far behind. Linda pumped her arms faster and faster and swung her legs quicker and quicker. Now she was shoulder to shoulder with Valerie. Valerie turned to face Linda then shot off like a torpedo.

As Linda rounded the next curve, her right skate clipped her left skate and she stumbled to the floor! Linda lurched up, pumping her legs in pain.

Suddenly the speakers sounded, "And the winner is—the young lady with the white pants!"

"I told you I was going to win!" Valerie twirled on one skate and then the other. She leaped into the air and did the splits.

Suddenly a R-I-I-I-P-I-N-G sound swirled in the air. Eyes followed the sound and froze at the back of Valerie's pants. Valerie sprang up and pressed two open hands to the back of her bottom.

"What are you looking at?" Valerie snapped at the crowd. Now her face

wrinkled with embarrassment. With shoulders sagging, Valerie shuffled off the rink floor, hands clamped close to her back pants.

Linda folded her arms firm in satisfaction. "That's what she gets for bragging so much," she mumbled to Sarah. Then she and Sarah zoomed off with the other girls who were giggling and whispering.

After several more laps with her friends around the rink, Linda's stride slowed—the miserable feeling inside her continued to grow. She plodded off the rink to the refreshment stand where she spotted Valerie, her back to the wall and head wrapped in her arms on the table.

Why should I feel sorry for her, thought Linda, as she stared at Valerie

sitting alone in the corner. At that moment her thoughts trailed back to when she was the new girl in her karate class.

Linda clunked over to the vending machine and slowly fingered six quarters into the slot.

"Want one?" Linda asked as she placed an ice-cold bottle of water in front of Valerie.

Valerie slowly raised her head from the table. With watery red eyes, she gazed up at Linda long and hard. Finally, after an awkward silence, she exclaimed. "Well, I guess I won the trophy. And you—won my friendship!" Then she clutched the water bottle and flashed a big smile.

A Special Day for Swine

By Vicki Rogers

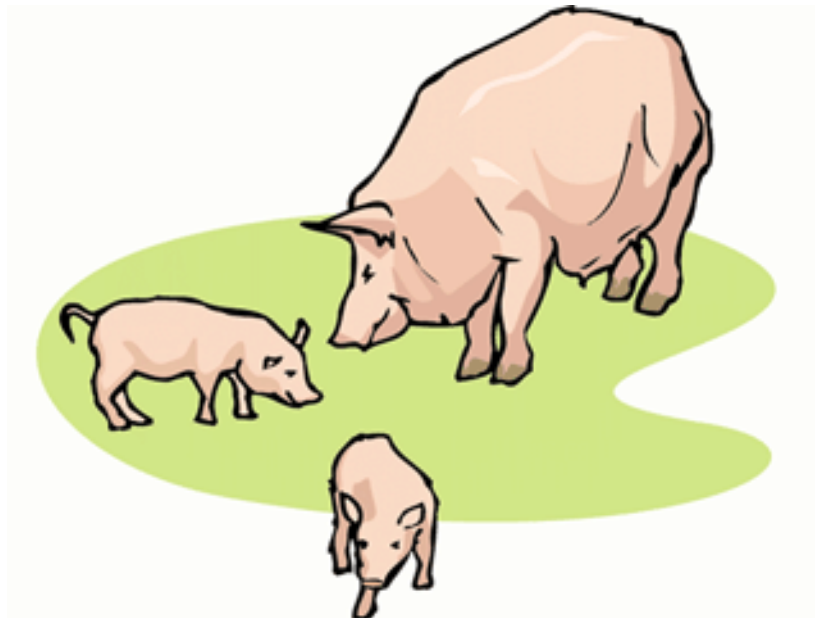
What could you do on pig day—
To honor your pet swine.
Here are a few suggestion,
I think will do just fine.

You could throw you pig a party—
Serve him caviar and wine,
And shower him with presents,
On this special day for swine.

You could take him to a movie,
And maybe out to dine—
Or send a dozen roses.
On this special day for swine.

You could put up lots of posters,
Or hang a billboard sign—
That says pigs are terrific.
On this special day for swine.

Your pig will be delighted,
He'll think you are divine
For helping him to celebrate—
This special day for swine.

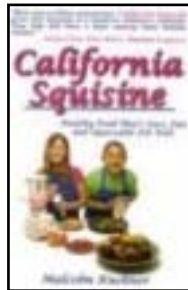


Book Review:

Playing with Food is Okay

By Nancy A. Cavanaugh

Title: California Squisine
Author: Malcolm Kushner
Publisher: Robert D. Reed Publishers
ISBN: 978193174675



California Squisine is a whole new take on playing with your food. This new cookbook introduces kids to 100 recipes of squeezable fun. With recipes for breakfast, lunch, dinner, dessert and even for April Fool's Day you're sure to find one that you like.

Malcolm Kushner has created delicious recipes the don't require any cooking and are quick and easy to make. Best of all, each recipe has been approved as nutritious by pediatrician

Dr. Christine Greiger. I definitely recommend this book for families.

Simulated Sushi

What You Need:

- 1 Slice Whole Grain Bread
- Peanut Butter
- Jelly (sugar-free if desired)

What You Do:

1. Cut away the crust of bread.
2. Squeeze peanut butter across slice of bread.
3. Squeeze jelly over the peanut butter.
4. Roll up the slice of bread.
5. Cut into sushi size pieces.

Dot, Line, Shape

By Yuko Green

I am born from a DOT,
Only a teeny spot,
But I can move fine
And now I am a LINE.
I start running straight
So I won't be late
To catch up fun
Of speedy run
With a big curve,
Don't be nerve,
Zigzag ziggy,
Faster ziggy
A final dash(with little scrape),
Look, now I am a SHAPE!

Kids Art

When will it snow?
Icicles fall.
Night snow is yummy,
Throw snow balls.
Everyone can play in the snow,
Real frost.

By Julia

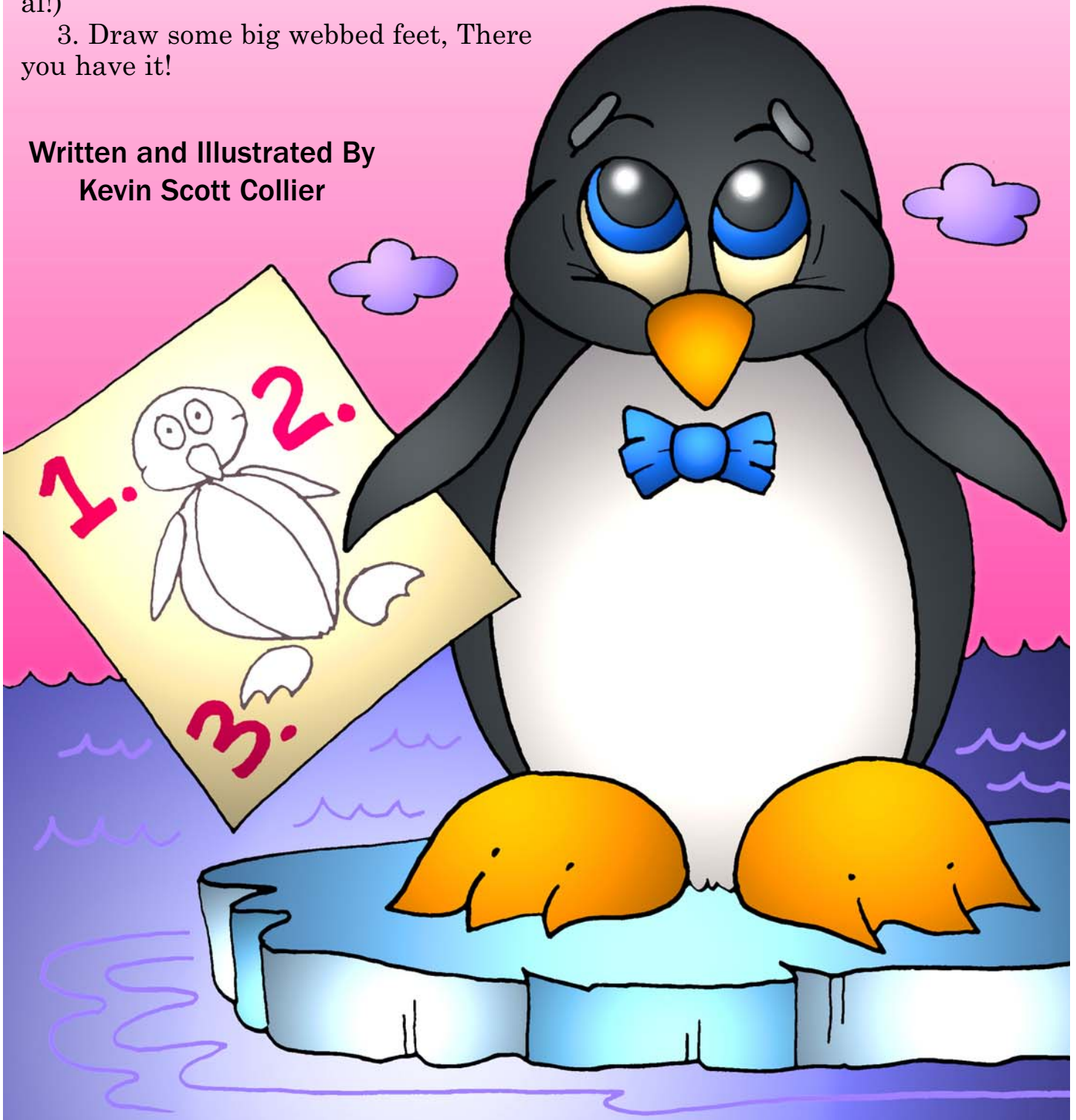
Send us your artwork and poetry!
Each month will showcase several pieces of work by kids ages 6-10. For more information visit the Fandangle Magazine web site at www.fandanglemagazine.com/kidsart.html!

How to Draw the Perfect Penguin

It's coldest at the North Pole now, but you can put on a warm smile this winter by drawing a penguin following the instructions below.

1. Draw an oval shape for the head, add a beak, then eyes.
2. Draw an upright oval shape for the body, and add wings (bow tie is optional!)
3. Draw some big webbed feet, There you have it!

Written and Illustrated By
Kevin Scott Collier



Lions of the Sky

By Maribeth Uralrith

Bold, strong, fiercely determined, I'm not speaking of a superhero but of a bird—the eagle.

Did you know that the eagle is the only bird that will face a thunderstorm head on? Eagles will fly directly into it where other birds fly away looking for a safe place to hide. The turbulent winds excite the eagle much like a super hero ready to face his foe. The torrent air lifts the eagle to higher heights where he can soar on the updrafts viewing everything below with ease and confidence.

If I asked you to think of an eagle, what images do you conjure up? Bird of prey? Predator? Snatching up victims? Our nation's symbol? Or would words like noble, honorable, beautiful, continental, come to mind? All would be true of the eagle.

There are 59 species of eagles found all over the world, on every continent, with the exception of Antarctica. All the 59 species have many things in common. They all are predators, raptors, excellent fliers, and have great vision.

Scientists have classified eagles into four different groups: the Sea and Fish Eagles, the Snake Eagles, the Harpy Eagles, and the American Bald Eagle. The American Bald Eagle and the Golden Eagle are the only two species native to North America.

The American Bald eagle is a one of a



kind bird. It is the only species of eagle uniquely dressed with a head of white feathers. The average life span for the American Bald eagle is estimated at 20 years in the wild and up to 40 years in captivity. Bald Eagle eaglets do not have the same white heads as their parents. Only after around three years of age do the younger eagles head color change to white.

All eagles are known for their great eyesight, the bald eagle is no exception. Their eyesight is 20 times sharper than human beings. They have two foveae, or two centers of focus. The fovea allows the eagle to see both forward and to the side at the same time. The Bald eagle can see a fish in the water several hundred feet above while soaring and glid-

ing overhead. This excellent ability for seeing helps the eagle to view its surrounding up to a mile and a half away.

The Bald Eagle's wingspan ranges anywhere from 5.5 feet for males and up to 7.5 feet for females. The North American native has approximately 7,000 feathers. To soar, eagles use thermals, which are rising currents of warm air that is generated by the terrain below.

The Bald Eagle can fly to an altitude of 10,000 feet. Higher than any other bird. During a level flight, it can fly at speeds up to 35 miles per hour. Pound for pound, the Bald Eagle's wing is stronger than the wing of an airplane.

Because of the eagle's noble, strong, and brave character it personifies, it is not only an important symbol to Americans but also to other nations and countries around the world. Throughout the ages, over 20 countries have one time or another used an eagle as its national symbol.

The American Bald Eagle appears in

the Great Seal of the United States holding a sword and the American flag in its talon. The Bald eagle was chosen because of its long life, great strength, and majestic and noble looks. Today, an American Bald Eagle can be seen on the back of coins such as the silver dollar, half dollar, and the quarter.

The eagle symbolizes freedom to Americans. It is said that during a battle in the Revolutionary War, a group of eagles were waken by the noise. The eagles stirred themselves up and began flying from their nests and circling above the heads of the fighting men. Looking up, the American soldiers saw the group of eagles flying above them and responded by shouting, "They are shrieking for Freedom!" The sight of this woke the men's resolve and they fought diligently until the battle was won.

Master of the skies, full of boundless spirit, the eagle reigns the skies as the supreme power and authority. Living high, strong in its might, the eagle is truly a magnificent bird.

Too Fast!

By Donna J. Shepherd

Slipping, sliding down the slope
On my brand new sled.
I wear my coat and woolly gloves,
Warm hat upon my head.

But as I hurtle down the hill,
I pick up too much speed.
It doesn't matter how I'm dressed.
Brakes are what I need!



I Have Nothing to Do!

By Gail Small

Have you ever said those words? (Maybe, we all have.) Imagine: a few minutes of your time that can change the smile or day for someone else! And... it will give you something to do!

It has happened to me! And, my students of first, second and third grades too.

When someone once said, "I have nothing to do," I asked them to draw a picture for the school nurse who was taking care of lots of sick kids with the flu. Yuk!

I wondered, had anyone even told her how much they appreciated her quiet caring and knowing smile? She cried tears of joy when she got pictures, poems and notes to say, "Thank you for being you." Some only took one to three minutes to make.

Think of the magic you can make for others! Write a little poem. Draw a fun picture. Doodle something creative. If you give it to someone not expecting it, it can make their day!

Is there someone who works at the

grocery store that is always extra nice to you?

Does your mail carrier bring your letters and never get one from you? Is there a neighbor who always says hi and now you can do something special for them? What about the school secretary, custodian or yard duty people? We all make a holiday list. How about making a list of people you can say thank you to for next time when you have an extra minute or two?

Art and notes from children (or anyone) are such a special gift. Your imagination can light up someone's life. Doing for others is a special gesture. It is like a domino game. One, and then the other, if they all fall down. You see, one good deed brings another. Maybe you will add sparkle to the crossing guard's day. Then he/she might write a note too to someone they care about.

We can each do something thoughtful with no cost that brings happiness. Did you know that a smile is contagious and... everyone likes to feel appreciated!

What If We Were All the Same

By Sarah Richard

What if we were all the same?
What if no one had a different name?

What if everyone had a pet dog?
What if everyone had a pet frog?

What if everyone liked the color red?
What if everyone slept in a king size bed?

What if we all had brown eyes?
What if everyone liked French fries?

What if we all liked to write?
What if we were all the same height?

What if we were all the same?
Why that would be such a shame.

Tucking In White Tiger

By Linda Treese

White tiger is lying on my moonlit bed.
I climb in beside him and I pat his head.



Go to sleep tiger, our day is done.
Dream of tomorrow, we'll jump and we'll run.
White prickly whiskers, they tickle my face.
I bundle our blankets, this soft cozy place.
I'll keep you warm tiger, striped paws black and white.
Between my small hands I will hold them all night.
Your black nose is nuzzled against my tan cheek.
I see your eyes closing, mine open, I peek.
In shadows we darken, your fur stripes still light.
I settle beside you in starlit, black night.

You're wrapped up so warmly, your face next to mine.
White tiger, all tucked in, it's now sleeping time.

Can You Spot the Differences?



Book Reviews:

Animals Galore for the New Year

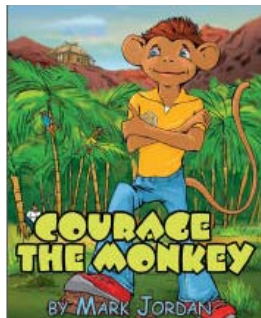
By Nancy A. Cavanaugh

Title: Courage the Monkey
Author: Mark Jordan
Illustrator: Mark Jordan
Publisher: Decere Publishing
ISBN: 097170377

Courage the Monkey is the story about a spider monkey named Jonathon who is coming of age and will soon have to climb a tree for the first time. The only problem is he's afraid to climb such a tall tree!

Author/illustrator Mark Jordan does an excellent job combining text and pictures to tell this story in his own unique style in a story that doesn't talk down to kids.

If you're afraid to do something maybe reading this book will help you to have Courage.



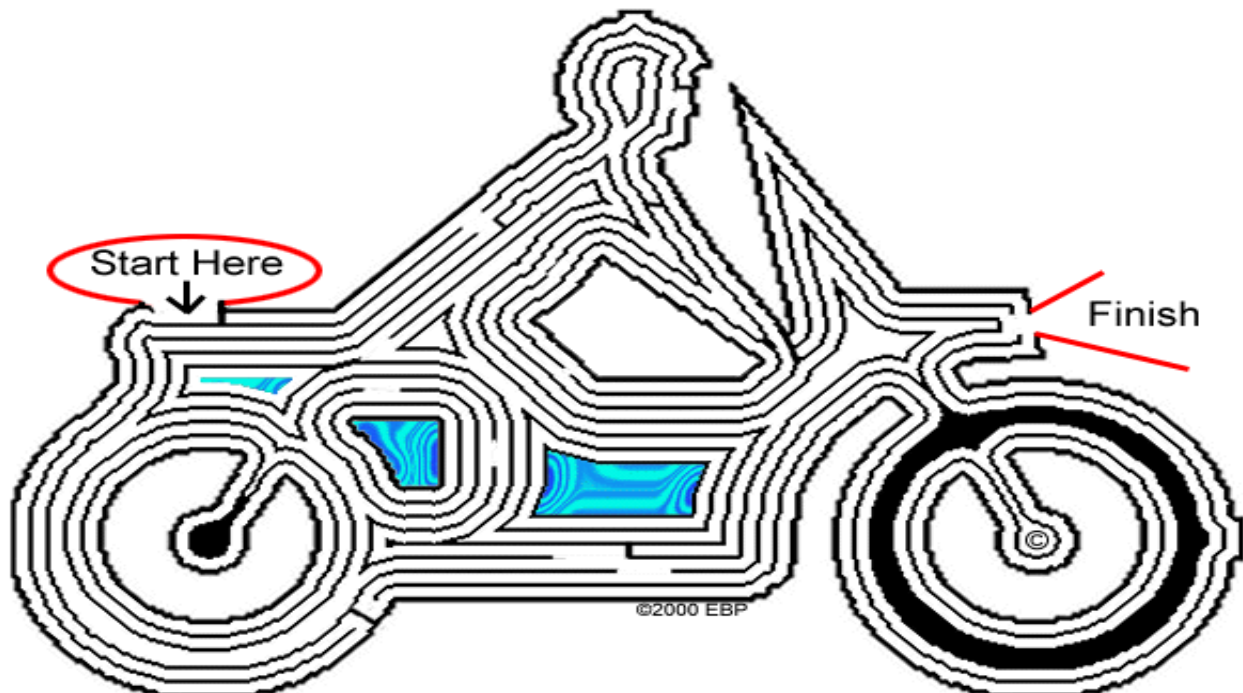
Title: The Misadventures of Rooter and Snuffle
Author: Shari Lyle-Soffe
Illustrator: Kevin Scott Collier
Publisher: Guardian Angel Publishing
ISBN: 193309043X

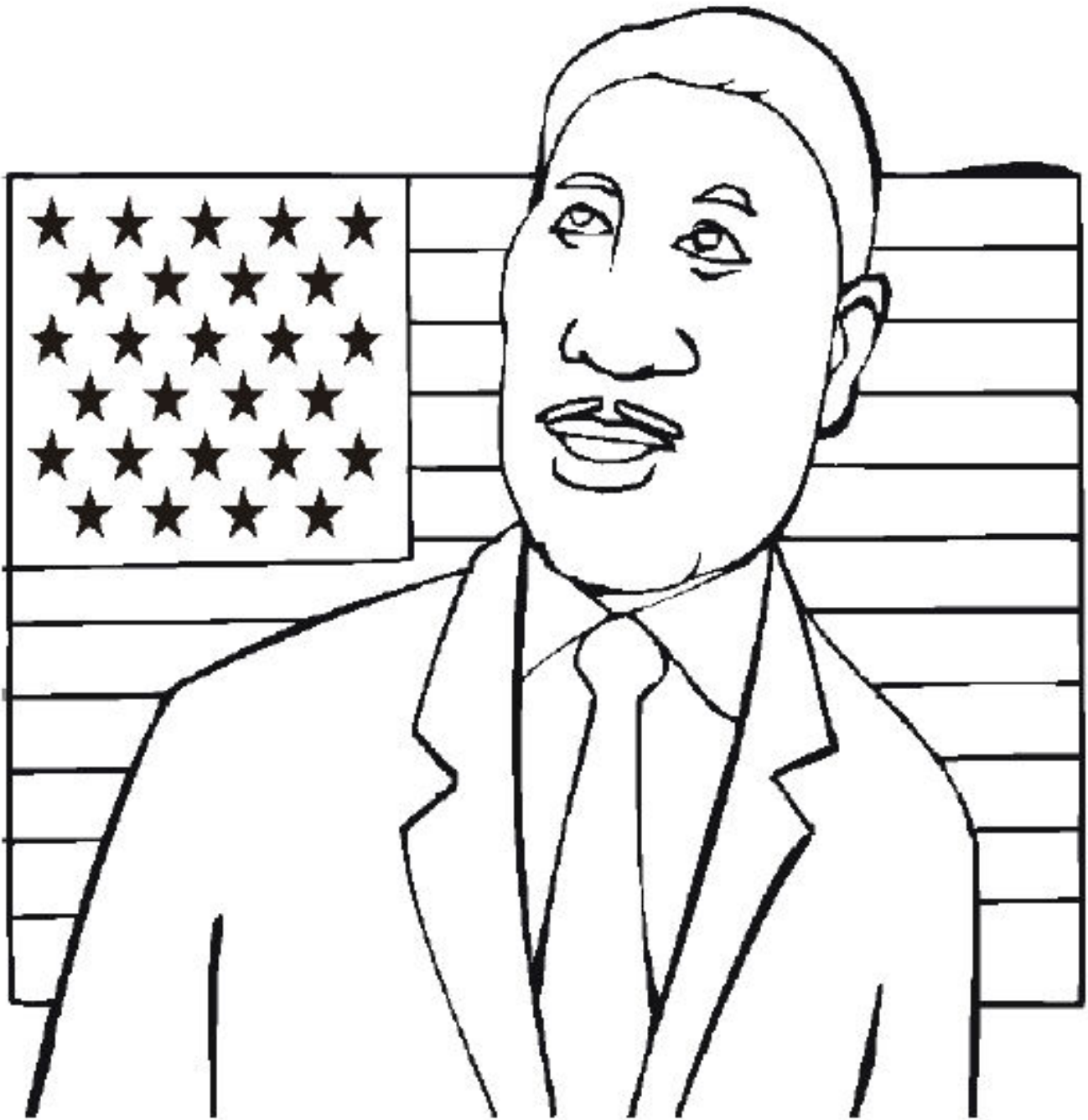
The Misadventures of Rooter and Snuffle that follows two young raccoons thru three adventures that go a bit off course and how Rooter, the older brother, solves the problems.



Shari Lyle-Soffe has written three clever tales that are sure to please young picture book readers. Illustrator Kevin Scott Collier helps tell the stories with his vivid pictures.

Written for kids ages 4-8, this is a fun read for those dreary winter days.





Martin Luther King Day

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was the most famous leader of the American civil rights movement. He was also a political activist and a Baptist minister.

In 1964, King became the youngest man to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his work as a peacemaker. Dr. King's most influential and well-known

speech was titled "I Have A Dream." He gave the speech on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. in 1963.

On April 4, 1968, Dr. King was assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee.

In 1986, Martin Luther King Day was established as a United States holiday.

MEET THE WRITERS

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

Jessica Lee Anderson's novel, *Trudy* (Milkweed Editions, September 2005), won the Milkweed Award for Children's Fiction. Her sales include short stories and non-fiction to *Highlights for Children*, *Wee Ones Magazine*, and *Blooming Tree Press*. For more information, visit Jessica's website at www.jessicaleeanderson.com.

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*.

Linda Campbell told and wrote stories for her younger brothers as a girl. Her love of history and animals comes through in her writing. She is working on an historical novel for children. She lives at the Jersey shore. You can contact Linda at Campbellkidswriter@hotmail.com.

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".

Shannon Bennett lives in

Washington with her husband and two children. She loves writing, drawing and reading.

Susan Stephenson loves damper with honey or Vegemite! She is a freelance Australian writer, published in print and online. Both editors and readers applaud her ability to weave factual text with creativity and humour. You can link to Susan's published credits at: www.coffsc Coastwriters.com/about.html.

Rose Ali is a freelance writer, who attended University of Southern California. She has taught elementary school for over twenty-five years. She lives with her husband and nine of their eleven children. She relishes reading biographies and writing children's stories to unwind at the end of a long, exhausting day.

Vicki Rogers' poetry has appeared in several on line magazines such as *Today's Woman*, *The Pink Chameleon*, and *Holistic Junction*. She has had three poems published in *Poetic License Magazine*. Vicki has also been accepted for publication in the *Fun for Kidz* issue of *Fun with Rocks* in 2008, and *Boy's Quest Computer Issue* for 2007. She is a member of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators.

Born in Japan and educated both in Japan and US, **Yuko Green** has written and/or illustrated over 20 children's books since 1989, mostly with Hawaiian theme. Her first poem picture book will be released Spring 2007 from *Island Heritage Publishing*. She also enjoys teaching art to children in preschool and elementary school. Yuko's web site is:

www.yukogreen.com.

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>.

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.

Children's author and inspirational writer, **Donna J. Shepherd**, is a columnist for The Dabbling Mum and inspirational writer for NABBW. Her articles and poetry have appeared in Just Between Us, Guideposts for Kids, Penwomanship, Sisters in the Lord, Wee Ones, Reminiscence Extra, and many more. You can find out more about Donna at www.donnashepherd.com.

Gail Small is a Fulbright Memorial Scholar, People to People Ambassador and honored as Who's Who Among America's Teachers. An educator of 35 years, consultant, author, and motivational speaker, her goal is to reach and inspire chil-

dren, parents, and teachers throughout the world. Learn more about Gail at GailSmall.com.

Sarah Richards can be reached by e-mail: editor@fandanglemagazine.com

Linda Treese's articles on parenting and children have been featured in Metrokids and Wilmington Parent. She is also a travel writer for Travmarket and a writer for Protected Tomorrows. She resides in Northern Virginia with her husband, children and dogs. She enjoys the outdoors and volunteering with her therapy dog.

