

November 2007

# Fandangle Magazine

## Giving Thanks for Family



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

**Editorial Guidelines**

We are always looking for new writers and illustrators. Find the full editorial guidelines at [www.fandanglemagazine.com/guidelines.html](http://www.fandanglemagazine.com/guidelines.html).

**Suggestions**

Please send comments and suggestions to [editor@fandanglemagazine.com](mailto:editor@fandanglemagazine.com) with 'Suggestions' in the subject line.

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## From the Editor

It is starting to look and feel like winter here in this part of New England. The leaves have almost all fallen along with the temperatures.

November is the month when we think about the things we're thankful for. This year I am thankful for much: my wonderful daughter who makes my life both challenging and fun; my cute cat who shows me her love many times during the day; my home; my new job and the opportunities there; my extended family; my friends who are always there to listen; and the writers who work with me to bring Fandangle to the web every month. Thank you all!

I apologize to everyone for this issue being so late but I've been sick and unable

to get to it. Thank you for your patience.

Congratulations to our writing contest winners: Cameron and Pheby! Cameron's story will be featured in this issue and he will receive a \$25 gift card from Amazon.com. Pheby will be getting a \$10 gift card from Amazon.com.

This month we're celebrating families, both traditional and not so traditional as well as learning about the real meaning behind Thanksgiving. As always, we have lots of other stories, poems, crafts and more for you to enjoy.

Have a great November!

*Nancy A. Cavanaugh*

Editor-in-Chief

# Let's Celebrate!

## November Holidays

- 1 All Saints' Day
- 1 National Authors' Day
- 1 National Family Literacy Day
- 3 Fala Day
- 3 Sadie Hawkins Day
- 4 Daylight Savings
- Ends
- 6 Election Day
- 9 Diwali
- 9-10 Kristallnacht
- 9 National Child Safety Council Day
- 10 Marine Corps Birthday
- 11 Veterans Day
- 12 World Orphan Day
- 13 National Young Readers Day
- 13 World Kindness Day
- 14 National American Teddy Bear Day
- 17 Remembrance Day
- 18 Mickey Mouse Day
- 20 National Adoption Day
- 20 Universal Children's Day
- 22 Thanksgiving Day



## Also

- American Diabetes Month
- Aviation History Month
- Epilepsy Awareness Month
- Family Stories Month
- International Drum Month
- Military Family Appreciation Month
- National Adoption Month
- National American Indian Heritage Month
- National Pomegranate Month
- Vegan Month
- National Fig Week
- World Communication Week
- National Animal Shelter Appreciation Week
- Kids' Goal Setting Week
- Children's Book Week
- National Game & Puzzle Week
- National Family Week

# Sam's Adventure

By Cameron

A chameleon named Sam, who is nine years old, likes skateboarding because he can do a lot of tricks. Being a chameleon, he can also turn colors. When he feels sick, he turns green. When he is embarrassed, he turns red.

One day, Sam wanted to see the world, so he took his skateboard and went off on an adventure. A few minutes after leaving home, he saw a big ladybug, and next to it, a few yellow bean-like worms covered with antennas. Sam said, "Hi, Ladybug, who are your friends?"

The beetle said, "First of all, I am a Mexican bean beetle, and these are my children."

Sam said, "Oh, I am sorry for the misunderstanding. Do you want to join me in my adventure?"

"Okay," agreed the Mexican bean beetle.

They started up a mountain and came across a spring where they saw a lizard with black pokadots on wet, orange slimy skin. "Hi, are you a chameleon?" asked Sam.

"No," said the lizard obnoxiously. "I don't even look like you. I am a salamander. You are a reptile, and I am an amphibian. I was born in the water, and you were born on land."

"Oh, thank you for telling me," said Sam turning red. "Do you want to join us on our adventure?"

"Okay," replied the salamander.

Just then they heard the song, "La Cucaracha." A rat the size of a cat, with a furry coat and a long tail that swirled at the end ran by. The rat fainted at the sight of these strange creatures. Out of her belly peeked five little heads. The littlest one said, "Mommy?"

The rat got up and asked "Who are you?"

"I am Sam, the chameleon, and these are my friends. Who are you?" Sam responded.

"I am an opossum, and these are my babies," said she.

"Nice to meet you and your babies. Would you like to join us?" said Sam.

"Okay," said the opossum.

All of them walked for hours and hours. Finally, they came to a bay where a fish lay stranded on the shore. They shoved it back into the ocean.

"Thank you all," said the fish.

"You are welcome," answered Sam. "What kind of fish are you?"

"I am not a fish. I am a dolphin. A fish has scales; I have smooth skin," replied the dolphin.

"Oh, I am sorry to have called you a fish. Can you take us across the bay?" asked Sam.

"Sure, I would be glad to," said the dolphin.

The dolphin powered up with all of them on its back and zoomed across the bay in no time. They arrived in a forest.

The Mexican bean beetles found many bean bushes. They all crawled to a bush and started to gobble down the leaves.

The salamander found plenty of bugs under the rocks. The opossum found several fruit trees. She was soon hanging upside down and eating with her babies.

Sam was feeling sad and was missing his family. He was tired of adventure and ready to return home. He said, "Goodbye, my friends. I hope we will soon meet again." He skateboarded home to a big pot of bug soup and his mom waiting to welcome him.

*Cameron, 9, from Ohio is our grand prize winner! Congratulations!*

# The Perfect Gift

By Virginia Ferguson

"I think we should give her candy," said Patty.

"What would Grandma Tiny do with candy?" asked Tatty. "She doesn't have a single tooth in her head."

"I like candy," said Patty.

"Well, I think it's a silly idea. Hey! I know. Flowers."

"No," said Patty. "Grandma Tiny has flowers in her garden."

"We have to think of something," said Tatty, kicking at a rock. A puff of dust rose into the air.

"Grandma Tiny's birthday is tomorrow."

Just then, dark clouds swept across the sky. It almost looked like nighttime.

"We better hurry home," said Patty. "It looks like it's going to rain."

The wind whipped at their clothes and threatened to lift them from the sidewalk. They stumbled onto the porch just as the rain began to pelt the ground.

Grandma Tiny's house was across the street. Tatty and Patty watched as she dashed toward her front door, clutching an umbrella. It was shaped like a large white flower.

A strong gust of wind caught hold and would not let go. It pulled Grandma Tiny's umbrella up into the air. Grandma Tiny held tight. The wind jerked and twisted, causing the petals to whip and twirl.

Grandma Tiny lost her grip. The umbrella went flying across the yard. It crashed to the ground in a ragged, broken

heap.

"My new Daisy umbrella!" cried Grandma Tiny. "That's the third one I've lost this year."

The next morning Tatty and Patty ran across the street to Grandma Tiny's lawn.

"We can fix this," said Tatty as she turned the broken umbrella over to look at it. "Hurry,

Patty, before Grandma Tiny sees us."

All morning they sawed, hammered, and banged inside their little shed.

Tatty and Patty came out that afternoon with a surprise for

Grandma Tiny. When she came to the door, they both yelled, "Happy Birthday!"

"We hope you like it," said Tatty.

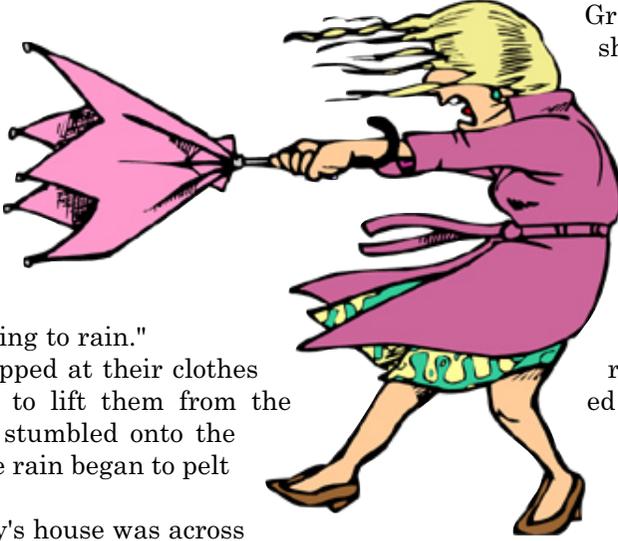
"Yeah," said Patty. "But if you don't, just remember, I wanted to give you candy." Grandma Tiny smiled. "Whatever it is, I know I'll love it."

She ripped open the package and gasped. "What an idea. It looks just like my umbrella, only smaller.

"It's an umbrella hat," said Tatty. "It was my idea. Now you won't lose it when the wind blows."

Grandma Tiny put on the daisy umbrella hat. She fastened the clasp under her chin and smiled.

"It fits," she sang. "I've been looking for something just like it. And best of all, I can wear it even when the sun is shining."



# Ten Days

By Rachel Arcadi

Ave woke up and ran downstairs.  
“How many more days?” she asked.

“Ten,” her mother replied.

“Only ten!” Ave yelled. “Yippee! Yippee! I’m going to be a big sister now!”

“Whoa!” said her mother. “School now, chat later. Now grab your bag. You’ll be late.”

So Ave grabbed her bag and left for school.

At school Ave told all of her class that in ten days she was going to be a big sister.

No one seemed to care but Tan. Tan was the boy who sat behind her in class.

He was going to be a big brother.

“In how many more days?” asked Ave.

“Eleven,” Tan replied.

“Wow!” said Ave. “One day after mine. Only ten more days.”

When she got home, Ave told her mother about school. She told her what she learned, what games she played and what she talked about.

“Is it still ten days?” asked Ave. “Can’t it be nine or eight?”

“No,” said her mother. “Please try to be considerate of others.”

“Okay,” said Ave, and she left to her room.

Three days passed and Ave was starting to get impatient so she ran downstairs and asked her mother, “Now how many more days?”

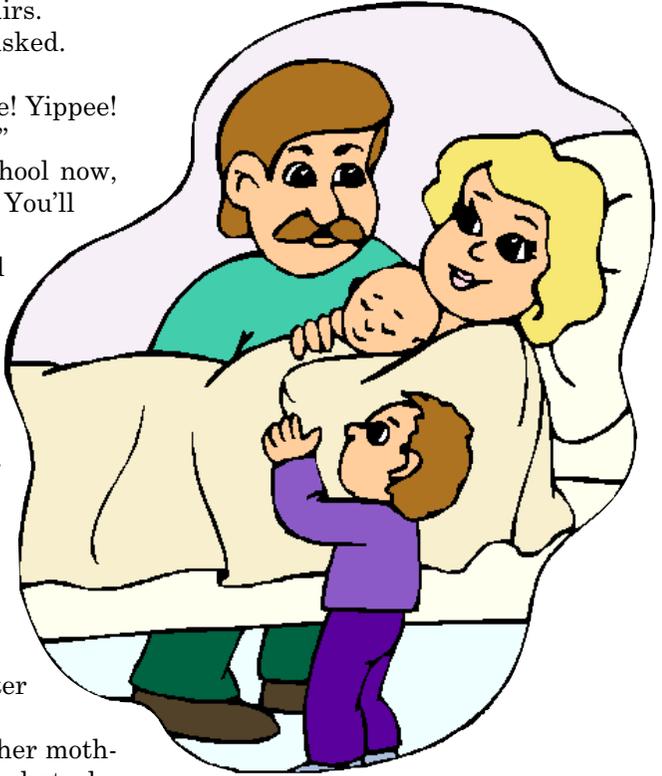
“Seven,” replied her mother. This time there was a negative answer.

“Seven days is a long time. I can’t wait.”

“Calm down,” said her mother. “It’s the weekend. Try to make it a good one.”

“If I have to,” said Ave. “I’m going out to play.”

When Ave came in, her mother said



“Come here, I want to show you something.”

“What is it?” said Ave.

“Listen to my belly.”

“Okay,” said Ave. “Why?”

“The baby’s moving. You can hear it,” said her mother.

“Really?” said Ave.

“Listen,” replied her mother.

Ave listened.

“Okay,” she said.

After four more days Ave stepped through the door and asked her mother, “How many more days?”

“Three,” her mother replied.

“Yip! Yip!” Ave screamed. “Seven is less than ten and three is less than seven. Oh, I wish it was time.”

“Hold your horses,” her mother squeaked. “It will come when it comes.”

Now settle down. You'll hurt yourself."

"Okay, Mom. I'm going to lie on the couch."

So Ave ran to the living room and plopped on the couch.

"I'm exhausted," Ave whispered to herself. "I love yelling and screaming but it tires me out."

"Mom," Ave called. "I'm going to have a nap. Wake me up at five."

"Okay," her mother replied. "Good night."

Ave woke up at four and called her mom. "Mom, where are you?"

"I'm in the laundry room," her mother replied. "Why are you up so early? You were supposed to wake up at five, not four."

"I guess I should go back to sleep then."

"If you want to, sweetie. Of course you don't have to."

"Well, I do feel well-rested. I guess I

should get up after all."

So Ave got up and went into the kitchen.

Three days quickly passed. Ave was so excited. June 12 had finally come. Ave and her dad were rushing down the hospital hallway with Ave's mother in a wheelchair.

They ran into a large room and put Ave's mom on the big bed next to a bunch of equipment. They waited seven hours and Ave was a big sister.

"It's a girl," Ave's father screamed. They patted her bum until she started crying.

"She's so small," said Ave. "Can I hold her?"

"No, not yet," said her father. "You can hold her when she's older."

"Okay," said Ave. "Yippee! Can I name her?"

"Well... okay."

"I'll name her Maple."



# Naming Our Adopted Sister

By Kari Winters

Let's call her Skyler.

*You mean like outer space?*

Maybe we'll call her Paris.

*But that's a far away place.*

Then let's go for Ralphie.

*Ralph's a name for a boy!*

How about Dolly?

*Now Dolly sounds like a toy.*

*We could name her Ocean,  
like the water in the sea?*

I want to call her Geneva—  
it means Juniper tree.

*Should we choose Winnie?*

Does she look like a bear?

*Okay, we'll call her Verna.*

Only if she has gray hair.

Let's just name her Brie.

*Well...Brie's a kind of cheese.*

What about Hattanyia?

*But, it sounds like a sneeze.*

Why don't we call her Emma?

We'll name her after me.

*Hey! What about my name?  
Leticia Lena Leigh.*



I know. I know. I've got it.

It's the best that I can see.

Part like you and part like me.

Let's name her Emily!

# Odd One in the Family

By Pat St. Pierre

Rutherford came home from his first grade class, tossed his book bag on the table, and said to his mother, "I hate myself."

His mother's voice rose, "Why do you hate yourself?"

"I hate myself because I'm different. I'm even different from everyone in the family," Rutherford answered.

"Different?" said his mom. "How are you different?"

"All my friends have short names. Everyone in our family has a short name and my brothers have brown hair and brown eyes and they wear glasses."

"You have pretty blond hair and your blue eyes sparkle," declared his mother.

Ignoring what she said Rutherford blurted out, "I hate my name. It's too long. No one in my class has such a long name. I want a short name like my brothers Bill and Scott."

"You were named after your great grandfather," his mother said.

"I don't care. I wish I had another name."

Rutherford left the room angrily. He went outside and sat on the swing underneath the apple tree. I wonder how I can change myself he thought. While he was swinging he remembered seeing a pair of sunglasses in the garage. He got the old glasses and put them on. He went inside to look in the mirror. Gee they look great he said to himself.

He wore the glasses all afternoon. When the sun went in, Rutherford noticed that everything looked hazy. As soon as he took the glasses off, he was

able to see much better. Well, he thought, maybe I won't wear glasses. I'll do something with my hair, instead. He got his mother's sewing scissors, went into the bathroom, and cut some hair from the front and sides of his head. He looked in the mirror at his uneven hair. I hope it grows in brown he said to himself.

Then he put his brother's old baseball cap on his head.

That night at supper, his dad questioned him, "Rutherford, why are you wearing a cap at the dinner table?"

"I'm going to be a baseball player when I get older," said Rutherford quietly as he looked down at his food.

"That may be," replied his dad "but tomorrow night please come to the dinner table without your cap."

After dinner Rutherford went down to the stream alongside of his house. As he was sitting on a rock he looked into the water. Then he got an idea.

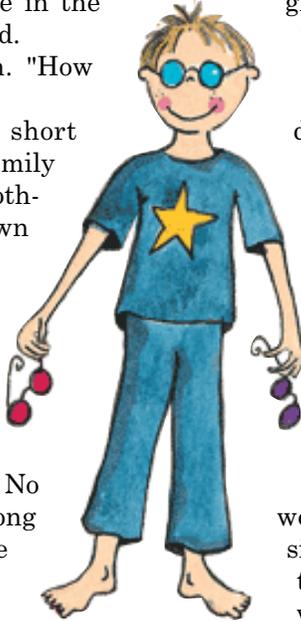
Taking a handful of mud from the stream, he rubbed some into his hair hoping that it might help to turn his hair brown. He placed his cap on his head, walked back into the house and got ready for bed.

When his dad came to kiss him good-night, Rutherford still had his hat on his head.

"Rutherford, you can't sleep with that cap on," his father said.

"I know. I'm going to take it off as soon as the light is out," he answered.

Early the next morning, Rutherford rushed over to the mirror to look at his hair. To his disappointment, his hair was all hard and stuck together. It didn't look brown, only dirty.



His mother came upstairs to wake him. "Good morn. Rutherford!" she shouted. "What's the matter with your hair?"

Tears slid down his face. "I was trying to get my hair to turn brown," he sobbed. "First I cut it; then I put mud in it. I thought it might change color."

"Oh, Rutherford," she hugged him. "Why did you want to do that?"

"Because I wanted to be like everyone else. Just like my brothers," he answered. "I want brown hair and a different name."

"Maybe when you get older your hair might change color and you may even need glasses," said his mother. "I have an

idea for now. Why don't we give you a nickname?"

"A nickname?"

"Yes. How would you like to be called R.J.?" said his mother.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"R.J. stands for Rutherford Jackson," she said with a smile.

Rutherford grinned and said, "If I have a short first name then I won't be that different."

He threw his arms around his mother, squeezed her tightly, and ran next door to tell his best friend Jason his new name.

# The Heart of the Family

By Tea Harris

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

Home is where the heart is. That is what they say, and that is because home is where the family is. Some homes have dad, mom and children. Some have only one parent. Some homes have children who are foster kids or adopted, but all of these are family. Family is the most important foundation of life. See if you can find all the different kinds of family members in the heart.

Adopted	Mother
Aunt	Nephew
Brother	Niece
Cousins	Parent
Daughter	Single
Father	Sister
Foster	Son
Grandma	Spouse
Grandpa	Step
In laws	Uncle

# Raspberry Surprise!

By Mitzy McNease

“Stop it!” Lilly screamed at her sister and brother.

“You stop it!” Sophie replied.

“Give it to me!” added Josh.

“Fight, fight, fight. When will you three learn to get along?” their mother interrupted.

“Never,” Josh answered.

Their mother crossed her arms disapprovingly. “Why must you fight every day about every little thing? You wake up fighting, spend the entire day fighting and go to bed fighting. Let’s start over by apologizing.”

“No way!” Sophie protested as she stood up from the dinner table. “I didn’t do anything.”

Josh quickly joined in, “It was Lilly’s fault. Make her apologize!”

“Was not!” Lilly shouted.

“Enough, please! From now on, no one goes to bed mad. All three of you may go sit on the sofa. Do not talk until you are ready to apologize, hug, and say ‘I love you,’” their mother said. “Then you may go to bed.”

So Lilly, Sophie and Josh sat.

And sat.

And sat.

While they were sitting they did not look at each other. Lilly sat on the edge of the sofa with her arms folded and her bottom lip sagging. Sophie sat tall with her legs crossed making sure not to touch either Lilly or Josh for fear of another fight breaking out.

Josh decided to sit upside down just to be different. Besides, that way he could make faces at the girls and they wouldn’t see him. The three of them moaned and coughed and wiggled and sighed and did everything they could to annoy the other two without talking or touching.

The sun went down, but they still sat.



The dinner dishes were cleared, but they still sat.

Father watched the news on Channel 3, but they still sat.

Their dog, Wally, starred at them for a while, but even he gave up and went to bed. They still sat.

Mother kissed them each on the head and went to her room to read, but they still sat.

Finally, Lilly couldn’t remember why she had been mad. Did I kick Josh under the table or did he kick me? she wondered. Did Sophie take my roll? I can’t remember. She looked at Sophie, who was now slumped over and twisting her hair.

She put her arm around Sophie’s shoulders and said, “I don’t remember why I was mad. But, I’m not mad anymore. I’m sorry and I love you.” Lilly reached up to her sister’s cheek as if giving her a kiss and — “Ppppppbbbbbbb”— gave her a raspberry surprise instead.

“Aaahhh!” Sophie squealed rubbing her face. She struggled to hold back a laugh because she was still mad.

Lilly gave Josh, who was now sitting upright, a raspberry, too. He did not laugh—at all. He just turned away. But Lilly didn’t care. “I’m sorry and I love you,

Josh.” Lilly skipped down the hall to her room, still making raspberry sounds.

Clearly Sophie and Josh were not ready to apologize, so they sat some more.

Sophie yawned and that made Josh yawn. He tried to hide it in his hand. Sophie’s face still tingled from Lilly’s surprise. She didn’t want to, but she began to smile just thinking about it. The smile turned into a chuckle. The chuckle grew to a giggle. The giggle just could not be contained. And then—oops—a real, full-grown laugh got loose.

Josh did his best to ignore Sophie, but

his face was tickly, too. Hearing Sophie laugh made it almost unbearable. As hard as he tried he couldn’t keep from laughing. Sophie and Josh glanced at each other. “I’m sorry and I love you,” they said laughing together as they hugged.

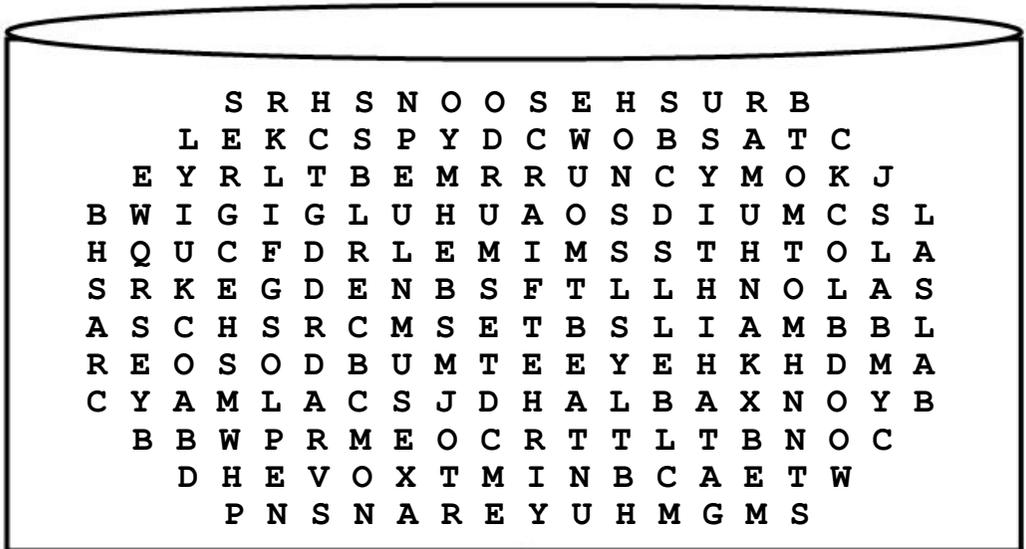
Sophie and Josh tiptoed down the hall. Lilly was already in bed. They crept into her room. They leaned in close to her sweet little face. Then—“Pppppppbbbbbbb”—a double raspberry surprise!

# Percussion Family Word Search

By Lisa Barry

Playing the drums can be fun. There are many different instruments in the percussion family. You can keep the beat on

the bass drum, play a lively rhythm on the snare drum, or play a melody on the bells.



Bass Drum  
Beat  
Bells  
Brushes

Crash  
Cymbals  
Drum Set  
Hi Hat

Mallets  
Percussion  
Ride  
Snare

Sticks  
Tom Tom  
Woodblock

# Size of a Whisper

By Karin Cameron

I have always wished that I could be tiny again. Maybe even the size of a whisper.

“Mom, how small is a whisper?” I asked.

“A whisper?” she asked. “I imagine very small, Mark. How come?”

“My new baby sister is tiny. I want to be tiny again too, and a whisper might be a good tiny size to be,” I said.

“Yes Olivia is tiny, but you are a big boy. Why do you want to be tiny again?” my mom asked.

“I don’t remember being tiny. I think being tiny again would be fun. If I was tiny again then you could carry me around just like Olivia,” I said.

“I could tell you stories of when you were tiny,” my mom suggested.

“No, that will not work,” I said. “I need to be tiny in a whisper sort of way.”

I headed off to my room and closed the door. With my door closed Mom couldn’t bother me in my transformation to become a whisper. I felt excited about being tiny again and did a little dance. After my dance, I grabbed my photo album and flashlight off my bookcase. I walked over and closed my blinds so that it would be very dark. Then I sat in the middle of my bed.

I opened the photo album full of my baby pictures and shined my flashlight on them. After I had the pictures in my memory, I switched off the flashlight so I could concentrate. Nothing happened. I needed help. I shone my flashlight around my room until I found what I needed. My secret weapon!

Placing my football helmet on my head, I once again sat on my bed. I pointed the flashlight on the pictures quickly and then shut it off. I closed my eyes and thought really hard. I was still having trouble, so I placed both my hands firmly

on my helmet. My hands will help keep my powers from escaping.

I whispered, “Mark, baby Mark. Tiny baby Mark.”

Then I stopped whispering and thought again, tiny like a whisper. Then slowly I started to feel like a whisper, which is really quite small, the size of lint from a belly button. The same tiny as in the baby pictures of me. I had tiny

fingers, toes, arms, legs, and even my belly button was tiny too. I had done it! I had become the size of a whisper. I jumped off my bed, tore off my helmet, and open my bedroom door.

“Mom, Mom,” I called running down the hall.

“Yes Mark, what is it?” she asked.

“I did it. I became the size of a whisper!” I said, falling into her lap.

“Oh no,” I added. “What happened? I’m not tiny anymore. It didn’t last.”

“It’s okay Mark. Tell me how tiny a whisper was,” my mom said.

“The size of belly button lint,” I proudly said.

“Goodness, that is small,” she said with a smile. “But I like you as a big boy instead,” she added, giving me a squeeze, “because big boys get to help me make cookies.”

“Then I am a big boy, and not the size of a whisper,” I told my mom.



# Apple Strudel

By Susan J. Illis

Milorad's mouth waters when he opens the back door and smells baking apples and buttery pastry.

"Apple strudel!" he exclaims, throwing his school books on the floor.

His mother turns from the table where she is rolling out dough. "Out!" she says in Hungarian, gesturing with her rolling pin. "No dirt in my strudel dough."

"But Ma..." Milorad protests in English. He taught his parents English. He speaks to them in English, but they still answer in Hungarian.

"Go play outside. The strudel will be ready soon."

"Ma, it's cold out there!"

She gives him a steely look, and he braces for a lecture. But she says nothing until he leans down to look at his baby brother sleeping in his cradle. "Don't wake Bobby!"

Milorad goes outside, kicking dry leaves in the back yard. Frost-killed plants make eerie silhouettes in the vegetable garden.

"Milo!" calls Danny from the alley, "Wanna come play football?"

Milorad starts to join Danny, but his pace slows as he pictures his mother taking the warm strudel out of the oven.

"Nah, I'll stay here."

Danny gives him a puzzled look, but waves and runs away.

Milo shivers and looks at the house, snug and glowing in the early dusk. He wants to go back in, but he is afraid to anger his mother. Making strudel is an all-day activity that begins with scrubbing the kitchen from top to bottom.

He finds a ball and goes into the narrow passageway between his house and the one next door. He throws the ball hard against his house, and it ricochets back and forth, bouncing off the neighbor's

window.

Milo is relieved to see the window isn't broken, but Mrs. Szmolyan glares out at him.

"Sorry," he mouths, hoping she won't tell his parents.

Milo goes in the front door. At first, the hallway feels warm, but soon he is chilly again. He longs to be in the warm, fragrant kitchen.

He tiptoes into the forbidden parlor, carefully examining knick-knacks. He picks up a photograph from when he was a baby. In it, he wears a white gown, and his parents are stiff and unsmiling in their best clothes.

The front door opens and Milo smells the yeasty odor of hops. It is Otto, their German boarder. Milo's parents rent rooms to single men who work in Pittsburgh's mills and factories.

Otto works at the brewery. "Does your Ma know you're in the parlor?" he asks.

Milorad nods, crossing his fingers behind his back.

Otto sniffs, patting his round stomach, "Apfel streudel."

Milo watches Otto plod up the stairs. His own stomach feels hollow. Maybe the



strudel is ready, he thinks.

He hears Bobby crying when he swings the kitchen door open, but Ma is still rolling dough at the table.

"Please try to calm your brother." Her voice sounds weary.

She glances at his dirty shoes as he crosses the room. Milo rocks the cradle, singing to his brother in a soft voice.

Ma glances over and smiles. "You're a good boy."

With a pang, Milo thinks of the window and playing in the parlor. As he watches his brother drift back to sleep, Milo thinks Bobby will probably be a good boy when he gets big.

Laszlo, their Hungarian boarder, walks into the kitchen. "Strudel! Will it be ready soon?"

"In a few minutes," Ma replies.

Milorad's stomach growls loudly, and everyone laughs. But they all wince as the front door slams so hard window panes rattle. Heavy footfalls pound up

the stairs.

"Giovanni," Ma says. Giovanni has been angry since he learned his fiancée in Italy married another man.

Ma pulls the first pan of strudel from the oven.

"Please, Ma, please can I have some?"

"Before dinner?"

"But, Ma! I helped. I took care of Bobby!"

Laszlo sides with Milorad. "A little piece won't spoil his dinner."

Ma's expression is stern but her eyes twinkle. "When it cools."

Milo is surprised that he isn't happy when she gives him a plate of strudel. Then the back door opens, and he sees Father's smiling, but filthy, face. He works at the steel mill and is always the last to get home.

"Dad, Ma made strudel!"

"Can you wait for me to get cleaned up, and I'll have some with you?"

Milorad smiles. "I can wait."

## My Drum Set

By Lisa Barry

Hi! My name is Sarah. I play the drums. My drum set has a bass drum, a snare drum, a hi-hat, two tom-toms, a crash cymbal, and a ride cymbal.

The bass drum keeps the beat.  
... boom ... ba boom ... boom  
... ba boom

The snare drum plays the rhythm.  
tap ... tap tap ... tap ... tap tap

The hi-hat adds high sounds.  
tee tee tee tee ... tee tee tee tee

The tom-toms add low sounds.  
dit dit dit ... doo doo doo ... dit dit dit ...



doo doo doo  
The crash cymbal adds excitement.  
splash! ... splash! ...

The ride cymbal adds a little jazz.  
ch ... ch cha ... ch ... ch cha

When all of the instruments come together, amazing sounds can happen! I play my drum set when I'm happy. I play my drum set when I'm sad. Most of all, I like to play my drum set for my friends and family. Everyone dances around and claps their hands. It's fun making others happy with my music!

# Fantastic Fleece Pillows

By Jody Shaffer

Want to share a fun activity with your family this winter? Why not make fleece pillows by hand? They're quick, easy, and inexpensive. And because fleece is strong and doesn't ravel, you won't need a sewing machine. And the best part? In no time, you'll have pillows and memories for years to come!

## What You Need:

- Two 12-inch squares of fleece material, your choice of color or pattern
- Thread which matches your material
- A sewing needle
- Scissors for cutting thread
- Polyester fiberfill
- Ruler or yardstick

You can find all these items at a discount or sewing store. The clerk will cut your material and help you locate the other things. Wash and dry your fabric before you begin sewing. Washing and drying removes manufacturers' sizing and assures your pillow won't shrink when you wash it later.

## What to Do:

1. Lay your two 12-inch pieces of fleece on top of one another. If they have a pattern, place the printed sides together. Work on a flat surface like the floor or kitchen table.
2. Thread your needle with a piece of 30-inch thread. Fold the thread in half and knot the loose ends together.
3. Using 1/4" stitches, begin sewing at one corner, leaving a 5/8" seam allowance from the raw edge of the material. When you approach the next corner, stop sewing 5/8" before the raw edge. Turn the corner, then continue sewing. If you run out of thread, knot the ends, cut the thread, then rethread your needle.



4. Sew three and 1/2 sides of your pillow, then knot and cut your thread.
5. Turn your pillow inside out so the raw edges (and seam allowances) are hidden inside.
6. Stuff your pillow with polyester fiberfill. The package will tell you how much stuffing to use.
7. Turn the unsewn, raw edges of the pillow inside 5/8" and sew the last section together.
8. Tie a knot, cut your thread, and tuck the knot in the pillow.

Congratulations! You've just made a fleece pillow! Want to make a bigger or smaller one next time? Just make sure your two fabric pieces are the same size and follow these instructions.

Now grab some hot chocolate, your family and your pillows, and snuggle in!

## Tip, Tap, Toe

By Carole Brooks

I tip my hat and tap my toe.  
Welcome to my dancing show.  
I twirl and whirl around the floor.  
Would you like to see some more?  
Here's a cartwheel and a flip.  
Oops! That one kind of hurt my hip.  
It landed me right on my fanny.  
No more dancing for this granny.

# Breakfast Time Clock

By Judy L. Forney

Recycle a cereal box into a cool comic clock!

Do you charge out of bed faster than a locomotive, or creep from under covers slower than a snail? Whether you're a morning super hero, or just super sleepy, you can recycle and help save our planet.

## What You Need:

- Cereal box
- White glue
- Water
- Paintbrush
- Scissors
- Newspaper
- comics
- Construction paper
- Markers
- Clock works, (you can buy this at any craft store), and a battery.

## What to Do:

1. Tear your comics into strips.
2. Thin the glue with a little water.
3. Open both ends of your cereal box. Paint comic strips with glue and place them on the box. Smooth wrinkles out gently. Let dry.

4. Carefully cut a small hole, (about a 1/4 inch), in the center of your comic covered box front.

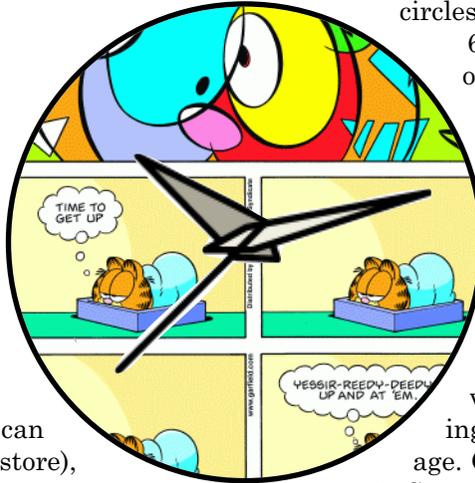
5. Cut 4 small circles and 4 large squares from construction paper. Write the hour numbers 12, 3, 6, and 9 on the circles with marking pens. Glue the circles onto the squares.

6. Now take a look at other clocks in your house. See how the numbers are placed? Using that as your guide, glue the numbers on the front of your comic clock box. Paint the entire box with two coats of glue. Let dry.

7. Install the clock works and battery following directions on the package. Close your box.

8. Cut construction paper arrows 1/2 inch wide and 1 inch longer than the hour and minute hands provided with your clock works. Glue your arrows to the clock hands. You've made a cool comic clock!

Leaping tall buildings before noon? Yes, that's you. Recycling to save the day, and our world, one breakfast at a time!



## Sam the Chameleon

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



# How to Draw a Joyful Jellyfish

It's a transparent creature that roams the oceans, but you can bring it out for all to see with these three easy steps.

1. Draw its body like a ghost shape.
2. Add two eyes, a smile, and even

some eyelashes.

3. Add some stinger cords at the bottom, and attach whimsical tips like stars or circles.

Illustration and instruction by Kevin Scott Collier. Joy the Jellyfish © 2007 Kristen Collier, published by Dragonfly Publishing.



# Thanksgiving in Your Heart

By Jolynn Rood

It was the day before Thanksgiving and Jenny hopped out of bed excitedly, she ran downstairs to the kitchen. Today was the day her family would drive 3 hours to grandma's house for Thanksgiving, just like they did every year. Jenny's Mom was in the kitchen making breakfast.

Jenny rushed in and gave her Mom a big hug. Jenny said to her Mom, "today is the day we go see Grandma, and I can hardly wait!" Jenny was so excited to go to her Grandma's for Thanksgiving. They hadn't seen Grandma for such a long time because she lived so far away.

Jenny looked at her Mom, and noticed her Mom didn't seem very happy. She asked her Mom why she wasn't excited too? Her Mom said, "Jenny go look out the window.

We might not be able to go Grandma's if it doesn't stop snowing." It had snowed 5 inches of snow during the night, and it was still snowing.

"Please mom, can we still go to Grandma's? Thanksgiving just isn't the same without Grandma, or as fun either."

"I hope the snow will stop, so we can drive to Grandma's"

"Me too," shouted Jenny!

After breakfast Jenny went to the window again. It was still snowing. Jenny played with her baby brother, while Mom made pies for Thanksgiving. Then Jenny heard the radio on in the kitchen, it was talking about the terrible storm. It said some of the cars were sliding off the road and getting stuck. Other people didn't have any electricity in their home because of the storm. Airplanes at the airport weren't allowed to fly, because it wasn't safe. The news on the radio, said it was one of the worst storms they've had. The storm would likely continue till tomorrow.



Jenny's Mom thought she better call Grandma to tell her about the storm. Grandma had been watching the news on T.V, when Jenny's Mom called.

Mom sounded worried when she talked to Grandma on the phone. Grandma told Jenny's Mom, "your family should stay home this year, the roads don't sound safe to drive on because of the snow. Tell everyone I love them and I will miss them. Tell Jenny I will call her on the phone tomorrow, on Thanksgiving Day."

When her Mom told Jenny that Grandma said, they should stay home this year. Jenny had big tears roll down her face.

"I miss Grandma so much."

"I know you do, so do I. Let me tell you something, Thanksgiving isn't just turkey dinner and going to Grandma's. Thanksgiving is here in your heart, she said as she pointed to her heart.

"The word Thanksgiving means giving thanks." Mom told Jenny, "Let's play a game Grandma taught me. It's called the Thankful Game. We take turns telling each other what we're thankful for till we run out of things to say. I'll start, I'm thankful for you and the rest of the family."

It was Jenny's turn now; she said she

was thankful for Grandma.

Mom said, "I'm thankful for a nice warm house."

"Well, I'm thankful for warm sunny days."

Then Mom said, "I'm thankful for Dad's job, to have enough money to take care of the family."

"I'm thankful for my school, to learn new things."

"Well, I'm thankful for the car, to take us places we need to go."

Then Jenny said, "I'm thankful for friends, because they make me happy."

Her Mom said, "I'm thankful for food. Oops! That reminds me, I need to check on the pies in the oven." Before her Mom left Jenny's room, she said. "There's one more important thing I need to tell you. It's better to think about the good things we do have, instead of what we don't have. We don't have Grandma this Thanksgiving, but we do have many, many other things. Especially LOVE!"

# Turkey Gobbler Treats

By SariAnne Miller

Here's a fun craft to make that you can gobble up when you're done! Make a Turkey Gobbler Treat from cookies and seasonal candies, and treat your friends, too.

## What You Need:

- 1 sandwich cookie
- 2 tablespoons of chocolate or vanilla frosting
- 1 Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Miniature
- 5 pieces of candy corn
- 1 red gummy worm or 1 red hot candy
- A butter knife

## What to Do:

1. First, take your sandwich cookie apart. With the butter knife, cut near the edge of one cookie to make a flat edge.
2. Next, cut the Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Miniature in half, top to bottom.
3. Spread frosting on both pieces of cookie.
4. Now, lay the five pieces of candy corn on the frosting of the cookie with the cut edge. The white points should be toward the cut edge. Now you have your turkey's feathers!
5. Stand the cookie with the tail feathers on its edge in the middle of the other cookie.
6. Place the Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Miniature on the frosting in front of the tail feathers. That's your turkey's body!
7. Now for the finishing touch. Place a dab of frosting on the Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Miniature, and put the red gummy or the red hot candy in the frosting. Now your turkey has a wattle!



Great job! Enjoy your Turkey Gobbler Treat!

# Fall is Not For Falling

By Lyn Sirota

One \_\_\_\_\_ Saturday, Jillian and Jordan’s mother asked them to  
Adjective

do one \_\_\_\_\_ chore while she \_\_\_\_\_ to the \_\_\_\_\_.  
Adjective Verb (past tense) Place

“These \_\_\_\_\_ leaves are taking over our \_\_\_\_\_.”  
Adjective Adjective Noun

Mom said. “They are making me \_\_\_\_\_! You \_\_\_\_\_ need to  
Silly Word Plural Noun

work together to \_\_\_\_\_ this \_\_\_\_\_.”  
Verb Noun

“Okay,” Jillian said, we’ll \_\_\_\_\_ it right  
Verb

now.”

Jillian found a \_\_\_\_\_ rake and Jordan  
Adjective



found a/an \_\_\_\_\_  
Adjective Noun

“Jordan, do you really think that \_\_\_\_\_ works better than a  
Same Noun  
rake?” asked Jillian.

“I don’t care, I just want to \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_,” Jordan said as  
Verb Adverb

she picked up a handful of leaves and \_\_\_\_\_ them into the \_\_\_\_\_.  
Verb (past tense)

Jillian tried too but fell in the \_\_\_\_\_.  
Place

“Oh, \_\_\_\_\_,” Jordan said and \_\_\_\_\_.  
Exclamation Verb (past tense)

“You’re in trouble,” Jillian replied.

When mom got home she was a little \_\_\_\_\_ that the leaves had  
Emotion

not been raked. "Come on, girls lets see how much more is left to \_\_\_\_\_.  
Verb

Jillian, Jordan and Mom threw leaves at each other and then the girls finished raking  
and falling in leaves of green, red, brown and \_\_\_\_\_.  
Color

When the \_\_\_\_\_ game was finally done they went inside  
Name of a Game

to the smell of \_\_\_\_\_. There was a baked apple with cinnamon and  
Food Smell

\_\_\_\_\_ for each of them. It was a \_\_\_\_\_ fall afternoon.  
Food Plural Adjective

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## KEY

**Adjective:** An adjective is a describing word like gigantic, blue or sparkly.

**Noun:** A noun is a person, place or thing like teacher, school, or dog.

**Same Noun:** A noun that is the same as the one used before.

**Plural noun:** Is more than one person, places or things like teachers, schools or dogs.

**Verb:** A verb is an action word like ran, jump or push.

**Verb (Past Tense):** A past tense verb is an action word that has -ed on the end like jumped or pushed.

**Adverb:** An adverb is a verb with -ly added to it like jumpily or pushily.

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

**Place:** A place is where you go like school or the beach.

**Silly Word:** Like blergh, wahoo, or bazzoo.

**Emotion:** An emotion is a feeling like happy, sad, or depressed.

**Color:** Examples of colors are red, blue and purple.

**Name of a Game:** Examples are Scrabble, Monopoly or Fish.

**Food Smell:** A food smell would be any smell that a food might make.

**Food Plural:** Two or more foods like fishes or apples.



# Almost Flying

By Jori Reijonen

“If only we can go fast enough, maybe this thing will fly,” I tell my brothers.

The playground whirly-bird is painted blue and white. It has four seats, handles and foot rests. Perfect – I have three brothers.

We all get onto the whirly-bird. We begin to push and pull with our arms and legs. The whirly-bird begins to move in circles.

I want to fly. Sometimes, I dream that I pedal my bike fast enough to fly. Birds can fly. Airplanes can fly. Even pesky little bugs can fly. So, why can't I?

“I'll tell you what,” I shout. “Let's pretend this thing is floating in a giant bucket of milk. We have to churn the milk into butter. Then we can stay afloat.”

Faster and faster we push and pull. I lean back as far as I am able. I feel the wind in my hair. The leaves on the trees around us become a blur of color. Greens, yellows, golds, reds, oranges, and browns blend together. We laugh the whole time.

The legs of the whirly-bird come loose from the ground. We wobble back and forth, turning in circles as fast as we can. Are we going to make it? Will this thing really fly?

“Pedal faster!” I shout to my brothers.

The legs land on the ground with a thud. We're not flying. But I am laughing too hard, and I'm too dizzy to be disappointed.

## Shake-It-Up-Baby Butter

Long ago, children helped their parents

make butter in a churn. You can't make butter on a whirly-bird. But you can make buttery spread at home with this fun and easy recipe.

### What You Need:

- Small plastic container with a tight lid
- ½ cup heavy whipping cream
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 drop yellow food coloring
- Crackers
- Butter knife
- Fun music for dancing

### What to Do:

1. Wash your hands.
2. Pour ½ cup of heavy whipping cream into plastic container. Add 1/8 teaspoon of salt and 1 drop of yellow food coloring.
3. Put the lid on the container. Make sure it is tight!
4. Turn on some fun music. Dance to the music. Shake the container while you dance.

In about 10 minutes, the cream will harden into a buttery spread.

5. Spread the butter onto crackers. Eat and enjoy.

**Fun tip:** You do not have to make your butter yellow. Try using a drop of food coloring in your favorite color instead.



# Lunchtime Blues

By Julie Reinhardt

Ellington squished his tuna fish  
Martha squeezed her cheese  
Jennifer popped her soup can top  
And Winnifred stopped a sneeze

“I think we have the lunchtime blues,”  
Said Jason to the group.  
“We need excitement and a change  
From tuna fish, cheese and soup.”

Ellington heaved a heavy sigh  
Martha tapped her toes  
Jennifer slurped a sip of soup  
And Winnifred blew her nose

“How about some tetherball?  
Why not take a walk?  
Let’s pretend we’re in the zoo  
Or anything! We could talk!”

Ellington put his sandwich down  
Martha took a stand  
Jennifer stopped in mid-soup-slurp  
And Winnifred wiped her hand

Ellington looked at Martha’s cheese  
Martha eyed the soup  
Jennifer sniffed the tuna fish  
And Winnifred coughed a Whoop

Ellington gave his tuna fish  
To Jennifer with a grin  
Martha handed him the cheese  
And took the soup cup tin

Jason shook his head again  
Winnifred’s head shook too  
“Winn would you play tetherball?  
“Lub to,” Winn said, “HaChooooo!”



## I Can Count on Myself

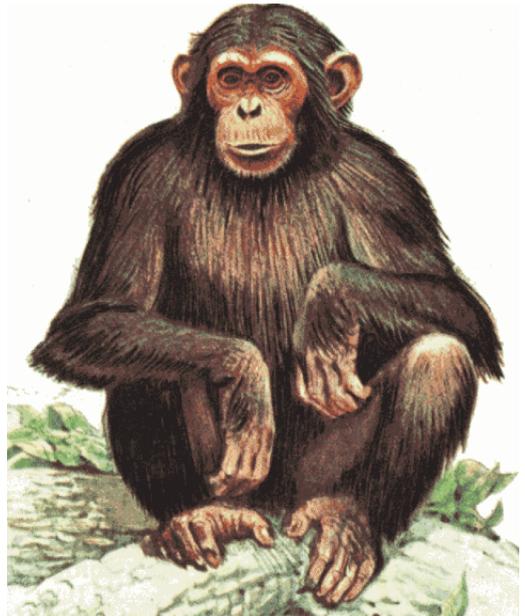
By Carole Brooks

Mister Wiggly on my foot  
Would you like for me to put  
You in my mouth, or is that dumb?  
Should I only suck my thumb?

Mommy counts them as I learn  
Let me do it, it’s my turn.  
One, two, three, four, five, and six.  
Only five, fiddlesticks!

If I count my other toes  
There’s eleven, so who knows?  
Let me try it once again,  
Six and seven, eight, nine, ten.

Ten toes I have on my feet.  
Should I use them when I eat?  
Of course, I can because you see,  
I’m a little chimpanzee.



# And Hobart Makes Six

By Ellen Barski

It was suppertime at the Gardner house, and Laura had exciting news. She couldn't wait until it was her turn to talk, or "have the floor," as Dad called it.

When everyone sat down at the table, Laura said, "Can I have the floor first, Dad? Please?"

"Sure, just pass the chicken."

"Okay. Well, you know how we've been planning to get a dog?"

"We've been thinking about getting a dog," her mother replied. "Not planning. There's a difference."

Katie, the youngest, piped up. "I want a fluff ball puppy."

"Me, too," said Selena, the oldest. "Something fancy. Like a Pomeranian."

Dad served Katie some green beans. "Puppies are a huge

responsibility, girls.

Almost like having a baby. They wake up during the night, they chew on things, and they have to be trained. It's a lot of work. We're a busy family of five. I'm not sure we have the time to raise a puppy."

"Also, it's best to buy a purebred puppy from a breeder," Mom said, "and that's often really expensive. Especially if you consider the cost to care for a dog its entire life."

Dad nodded. "It can get pricey. I still think a nice, little goldfish."

"No!" the three girls protested, and Dad shrugged in defeat.

"Everyone," Laura reminded them, "I have the floor."

"Please go on, mademoiselle," Dad said.

Laura rolled her eyes. "I was at Andrea's house today. Last Saturday, they adopted a dog from the new shelter

in town."

Mom frowned. "Shelter? You mean, like the pound?"

Dad shook his head. "I read about that shelter in the paper a couple of weeks ago. These new nonprofit shelters are a far cry from the animal pounds I remember."

"Andrea said it was really nice and clean," Laura said. "Their dog, Missy, is three years old, spayed, microchipped, and has all her shots. And the best part is, she's already housetrained!"

"That is nice," Mom admitted.

"What breed of dog is it?" Selena asked.

Laura shrugged. "They don't really know. She's small and brown."

Selena smirked. "A mutt?"

Laura made a face. "Don't be a dog snob, Selena. Mixed breeds make

great companion dogs. And they can be healthier than purebreds, too. That's what

the shelter people told Andrea's family. Besides, think about all those dogs needing a family to love them."

Selena looked

down at her plate.

Laura turned to her parents. "Can we visit the shelter? Just to see?" she asked. Butterflies darted wildly in her stomach.

Mom and Dad looked at each other. "Why not?" Dad replied. "We'll check out the shelter this Saturday to see if they have a dog we all like. And now, Katie, it's your turn to have the floor."

Katie pouted. "I still want a puppy."

On Saturday morning, Laura's family visited the new shelter. Her sisters were still dubious. Katie preferred a puppy. Selena wasn't sure about a mixed breed. Laura's butterflies fluttered like crazy.



"It'll be great," Laura assured them. "You'll see." But what if they didn't change their minds? Would her parents say no?

While their parents talked to Jenny, the volunteer at the front desk, the girls looked at a photo album of recent adoptions.

"Look! All these dogs are smiling!" Katie said.

"So are the people," agreed Selena. "Everyone is really happy."

The butterflies in Laura's stomach calmed a bit.

"Good news!" Mom joined the girls. "Jenny says they have a dog just arrived from foster care that might be a good fit for us. Let's go meet him in the Get Acquainted room."

A minute later, Jenny came in the Get Acquainted room, leading a medium-sized black dog on a leash. "Here's Hobart!" She unhooked his leash.

"He's a little shy, but he's the sweetest dog ever. Laura, hold your hand out to him, palm up."

Laura did, and Hobart ambled over to sniff her palm. Then he licked it.

Laura rubbed his chin. He immediately flopped on his back for a tummy rub.

"He warms up fast," Dad said, laughing. Everyone knelt down beside Laura to rub Hobart's tummy.

"He licked my hand!" Katie cried, delighted.

"He is so cute," Selena cooed.

The butterflies in Laura's tummy vanished.

After they had their photo taken for the album, Laura happily led Hobart on his leash to their car. "Now we're a family of six!"

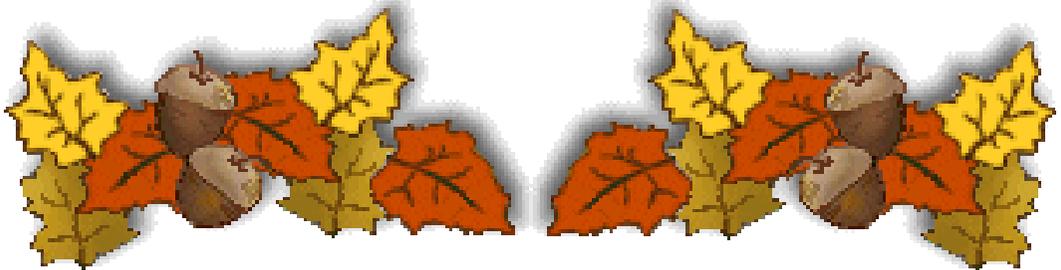
**Spay:** to remove the reproductive organs from a female animal. Male animals are neutered.

Did you know? Spaying or neutering your pet will help it live a longer, healthier life. Spaying and neutering also decrease the problems of pet overpopulation, such as unwanted and homeless stray animals. For more information, visit the Humane Society of North America's website at [www.hsus.org](http://www.hsus.org).

**Microchip:** a device with a certain alphanumeric code that's implanted under a pet's skin. If a lost pet is taken to an animal shelter or humane society, its microchip can be detected and read by a handheld scanner. The code helps the shelter locate the pet's owners.

Did you know? Microchipping provides a significant safeguard for your pet.

Just make sure that your local shelter or humane society's scanner can read the type of microchip your vet is going to implant in your pet BEFORE the procedure is done. Not all scanners can read all models of microchip. And have your pet wear its ID tag at all times, as well.



# Read to a Dog

By Bridget Wagenbach

"Read to a dog?"

"What's a visit pet?"

These are typical questions kids ask Bev Chaffin. She volunteers with her dog Kodi as a pet therapy team in her Ohio hometown.

Pet therapy is the use of animals to help people improve their mental, physical, and emotional health in everyday life. It includes animal assisted therapy visits, where a pet participates in an actual therapy session with a person, or animal assisted activity visits, where a pet just visits a person. It can be visiting people in hospitals. It can be helping a person, with an injured arm, pet a dog. It can be reading to a pet at your local library. For Bev, it means sharing her much loved dog with others who enjoy company.

The name Kodi is a nickname for Kodiak. She is a five year old Newfoundland. Bev and she became a pet therapy team when Kodi was a year old. They visit a few hospitals monthly with other pet therapy teams. They also participate in several reading programs at local libraries; kids can read to Kodi and pet her at the same time.

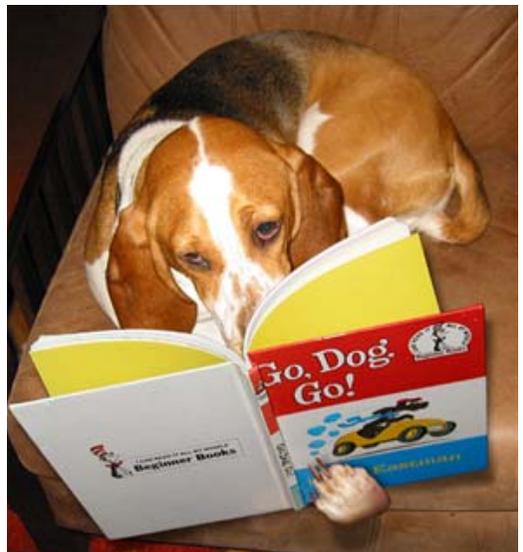
Kodi sometimes dresses up for visits. On holidays, she wears a seasonal neck bandana. For a Western theme, she wore a kid's gun, holster, badge, and bandana. Though she is a therapy pet, Kodi is still a typical dog. She does not like the required bath required twenty four hours before a visit.

Therapy pet dogs are special. They should be friendly, like people, be fairly well behaved, and be clean and healthy. They need to obey basic commands such as "Sit". Typically teams go through training. Bev had to learn about pet therapy; animal behavior; how to tell if a pet is stressed and how to help de-stress it;

how a pet interacts with people and other animals; and how a team should behave while visiting. Bev and Kodi had to pass the training and several tests in order to be a pet therapy team.

Usually a team participates for only a few years because pet therapy can be stressful for both owner and pet. A hospital patient could try to feed a pet a pill by accident. A child can step on a dog's paw. A person who is scared or does not like animals could yell at a pet. While visiting, Bev watches Kodi for signs of stress or disinterest in the visit. The dog might get thirsty. She might wag her tail less often around a person. She might lie down when staying in one place too long. Bev will end the visit so that Kodi looks forward to the next one.

Pet therapy is a wonderful way for pets to interact with the elderly, an ill person in a hospital, or a child learning to read. Not every pet would be a good therapy pet. The rewards are many for those that are. Just ask Bev, and give Kodi a hug when you do!



## What Are Service Animals?

Any animal that is trained to help a person with a disability is a service animal.

They live with their owners but they are not pets.

A lot of service animals are dogs. Usually you will see them in public places when you eat out, see a movie, attend a

sports activity, or go shopping.

- They can help in the following ways:
- They can listen for sounds, like a phone ringing, for a deaf person.
- They can lead a blind person down a city street.
- They can help pick up items, such as a newspaper, for a person not able to move around.

## Book Reviews:

# Tall Tales and Hidden Surprises

By Nancy A. Cavanaugh

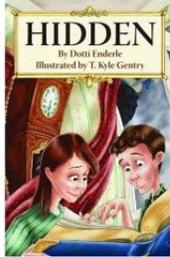
**Title:** Hidden

**Author:** Dotti Enderle

**Illustrator:** T. Kyle Gentry

**Publisher:** Pelican

**ISBN:** 9781589804814



What do you do when you trip over clues to a mystery? If you're Fiona you try to solve the puzzle before you and your family heads back to California. Follow the clues to help find out what her grandfather had hidden years ago.

Dotti Enderle has written another fun story that both boys and girls will enjoy. The story is funny and even a bit scary. T. Kyle Gentry does a great job with his illustrations. A must read.

**Title:** Paul Bunyan's Sweetheart

**Author:** Marybeth Lorbiecki

**Illustrator:** Renee Graef

**Publisher:** Sleeping Bear Press

**ISBN:** 9781585362899



*Paul Bunyan's Sweetheart* mixes a tall tale with a bit of love and understanding. Paul hears of a woman who is tall like him, her name is Lucette, the daughter of an

Ojibew maiden and French-English pioneer. They meet and it is love at first site for Paul but Lucette needs to know Paul is sincere before she'll give him her heart.

Marybeth Lorbiecki weaves a wonderful tale about this legendary man with a blue ox while creating a new legend. Renee Graef's illustrations highlight the spirit of the midwest with their folksy look.

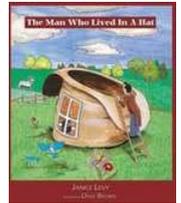
**Title:** The Man Who Lived In A Hat

**Author:** Janice Levy

**Illustrator:** Dave Brown

**Publisher:** Hampton Roads

**ISBN:** 1571742115



*The Man Who Lived In A Hat* is the story of a man whose greed seems to know no end. Follow along as the man, with the help of Ant Sadie, gets everything he asks for until one day when he asks for too much.

Janice Levy's story illustrates what can happen when you ask for too much with this fun story. Dave Brown's illustrations are whimsical and brightly colored.

If you would like to purchase this book, please visit the author's web site at [www.janicelevy.com](http://www.janicelevy.com). Mention you heard about the book from Fandangle and you'll get a discount on any of her books.

# MEET THE WRITERS

**Virginia Ferguson** is a freelance writer and a member of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators. She has been published in Story Friends Magazine, Fun for Kidz Magazine, and KidVision e-zine. She enjoys reading and visiting museums with her granddaughters. Virginia lives in Dalton, Georgia.

**Rachel Arcadi** has been writing stories for the past three years. She likes to write about big adventures and children's experiences. She is nine years old and lives in Toronto with her parents and her brother. She enjoys running, playing with her friends and eating chocolate ice cream.

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

**Pat St. Pierre** from Wilton, CT has published children's and adult's fiction, nonfiction, and poetry some of which have appeared in Lutheran Parenting, US Kids, County Kids, and Wonder Time etc. Her poems have won several first and second prizes and honorable mentions. Foothills Publishing Company published her chapbook "Reality of Life".

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

**Mitzy McNease** has written articles, poems and stories for children's maga-

zines and trade newsletters. She has also written teaching curricula for lower and middle grade students. Her debut picture book, Chester's Presents, was released August 2006. You can learn more about Mitzy and her book at [www.mitzymcnease.com](http://www.mitzymcnease.com).

**Lisa Barry** is a freelance writer, technical writer, and teaching assistant. She earned her BBA in computer systems from the University of Oklahoma and her MBA from the University of Phoenix. Lisa is a member of SCBWI and resides in Scottsdale, Arizona, with her two children and two Yorkies.

**Karin Cameron**, a graduate from the Institute of Children's Literature and former nanny, resides in Arizona with her husband and their dog. Her work as appeared in Highlights High Five.

**Susan J. Illis** is a native Pittsburgher, with a master's degree in history. She works as an archivist and a frustrated freelance writer while bringing up her two young daughters.

In July 2007 **Jody Shaffer's** rhyming picture book Freezing, Wheezing, Sneezing Weasels took third place in the 2007 W.I.N. Contest, sponsored by Smartwriters.com. Her first picture book, Charlie and Me, was accepted for publication by The Place in the Woods. Jody has a Master's degree in English and is a full member of SCBWI.

**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.

**Judy L. Forney** is a writer and crafter newly transplanted from Kennewick, Washington to sunny Satellite Beach,

Florida. She finds that strolling beside the ocean is fabulous inspiration for spinning stories and creating fun projects.

**Kevin Scott Collier** is a children's book author and illustrator. He is under contract as author for Baker Trittin Press (Tweeners Press Division) and Guardian Angel Publishing, and is illustrator for over two dozen book publishers. For more information visit his website at [www.kevinscottcollier.com](http://www.kevinscottcollier.com).

**Jolynn Rood's** family recently bought a new house in Magna, Utah. She's married, and has two kids, two dogs, and two gerbils. Her hobbies are reading, scrap booking and cuddling with her husband while watching TV. She's written 6 other children's stories, and she hopes to get them published soon.

**SariAnne Miller** is a writer, mother, and teacher. She holds a Master's Degree in Teaching and loves the brightness children bring to her life. In addition to writ-

ing, she loves to swim, knit, crochet, and cook. She has three children, one husband, and two pets.

**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. As a graduate of the Institute of Children's Literature. You can find out more about Lyn at her web site [lynsirota.4t.com](http://lynsirota.4t.com).

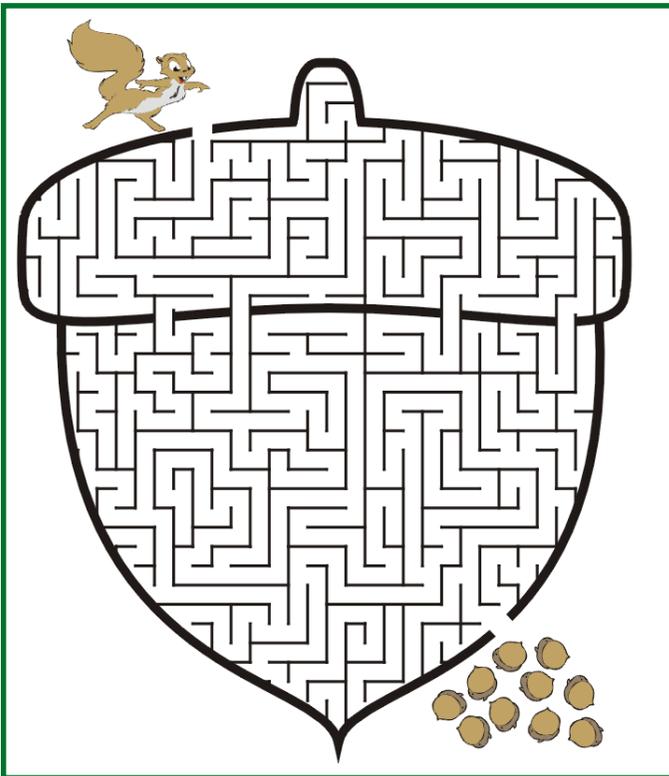
**Jori Reijonon, Ph.D., C.B.S.M.** specializes as a psychologist in behavioral sleep medicine. Recently, she earned certification by the American Academy of Sleep Medicine in behavioral sleep medicine. Her experiences as a parent and professional have inspired her interest in writing for children.

**Julie Reinhardt** is a children's writer and barbecue restaurant owner. When she isn't scribbling in notebooks or selling pulled pork sandwiches, she likes to get

out of Seattle with her husband and son to go huckleberry picking, hiking, and building sandcastles at the beach.

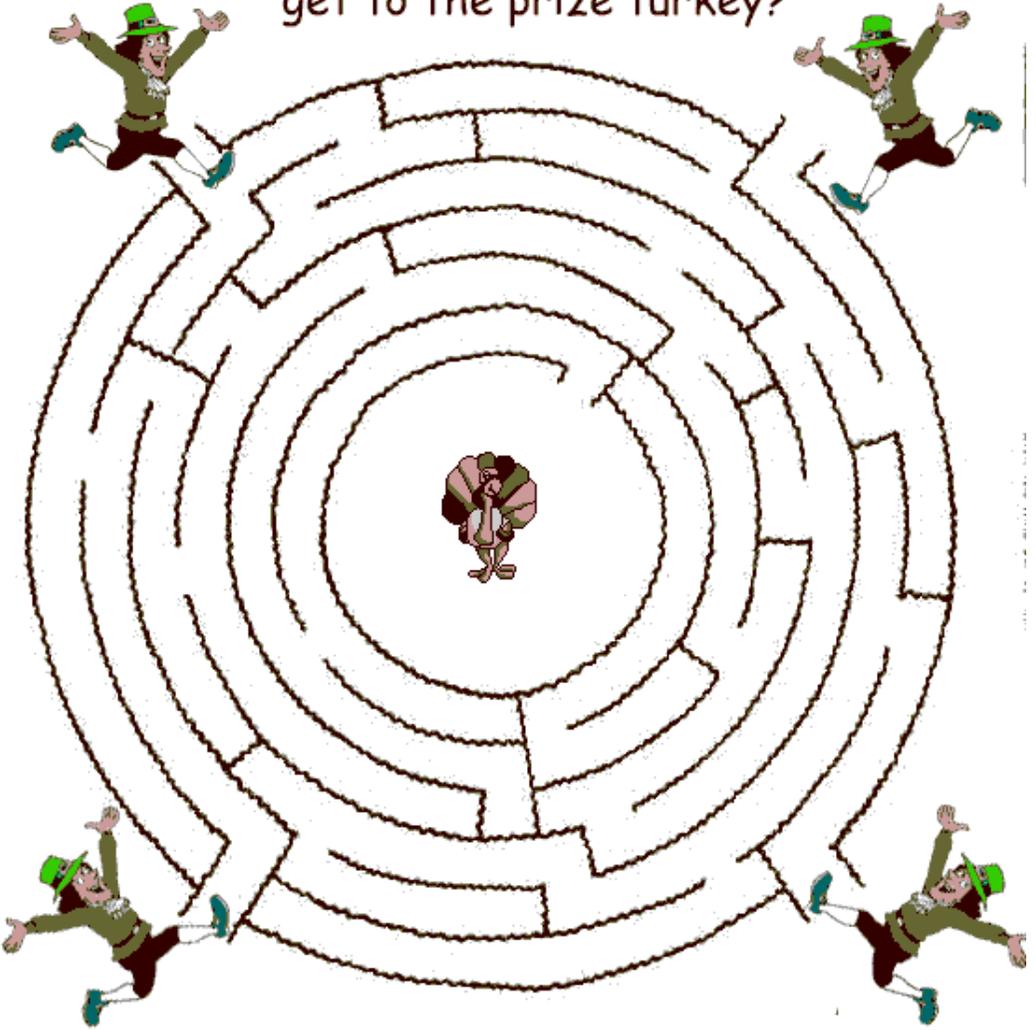
**Ellen D. Barski**, a member of SCBWI, lives in the Atlanta area with her family. In between homeschooling her children, she squeezes in time to work on stories and poems for children and a YA historical novel. You can reach her by email at [embarski@comcast.net](mailto:embarski@comcast.net).

**Bridget Wagenbach**, a freelance writer, has taken several Institute of Children (ICL) courses, and just published an article on the Kid Magazine Writers website. She enjoys writing, reading, keeping fit, and my pet birds.



# Thanksgiving Fun

Which of these 4 Pilgrims is going to get to the prize turkey?



## Just Joking Around

**Q:** Why does the pilgrims' pants keep falling down?

**A:** They wear their belt buckle on their hat

**Q:** What did the turkey say before it was roasted?

**A:** Boy! I'm stuffed!

**Q:** If April showers bring May flowers, what do Mayflowers bring?

**A:** Pilgrims!

**Q:** Why do turkeys go "gobble, gobble"?

**A:** They never learned proper table manners.