

OCTOBER 2007

# Fandangle

magazine



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

*Fandangle Magazine is an award-winning free online magazine promoting 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.

### On the Cover

Artist Lori Nawyn created this month's fun healthy Halloween cover featuring a witch on a walk. Lori is an illustrator and writer.

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## From the Editor

I can't believe autumn is already here! The leaves have started changing colors and the days, for the most part, have been cooler though last week we had a day that saw the thermometer hitting 91°.

My daughter just turned 12. To celebrate we decided on a movie costume party and they all came dressed up as characters from movies. My daughter was, of course, an Egyptian princess with full make up. They had a good time eating pizza and popcorn and watched "Night at the Museum".

This month we're celebrating being healthy with a fun way to get some exer-

cise. We have some great spooky Halloween stories and poems, we go on a field trip to check out a cool fairy castle then swing by Ohio to check out Serpent Mound. We also get to learn about Ramadan and the Islamic lunar calendar. We also have lots of other stories, poems, crafts and more for you to enjoy.

Have a spooktacular October!

*Nancy A. Cavanaugh*

Editor-in-Chief



# Let's Celebrate!

## October Holidays

- 1 Child Health Day
- 1 World Habitat Day
- 2 Balloons Around the World Day
- 5 World Teachers Day
- 5-7 National Storytelling Day
- 5 World Smile Day
- 6-7 Johnny Appleseed Day
- 6 Mad Hatter Day
- 8 Columbus Day
- 9 Leif Erickson Day
- 10 National Bring Your Teddy Bear to Work Day
- 13 Navy Birthday
- 15 National Grouch Day
- 16 Dictionary Day
- 16 World Food Day
- 16 National Boss's Day
- 20 Reptile Awareness Day
- 20 Sweetest Day
- 24 United Nations Day
- 28 St. Jude's Day
- 30 National Candy Corn Day
- 31 National Knock-Knock Jokes Day
- 31 Nation UNICEF Day
- 31 Halloween



## Also

- Adopt a Shelter Dog Month
- Celiac Sprue Awareness Month
- Celebrate the Bilingual Child Month
- Children's Magazine Month
- Eat Better, Eat Together Month
- Halloween Safety Month
- Head Start Awareness Month
- National Book Month
- National Canine Good Health Month
- Nation Construction Toy Month
- National Cookie Month
- National Crime Prevention Month
- National Pajama Month
- National Roller Skating month
- National Seafood Month
- Child Health Month
- Dollhouse & Miniatures Month
- Youth Against Tobacco Month
- World Space Week
- National Newspaper Week
- Fire Prevention Week
- National School Lunch Week
- Teen Read Week
- Kids Care Week
- National School Bus Safety Week

# One Good Turn

By Heather Rising

George pushed his bike home through the wet leaves. Ahead, a girl ran for the bus and hopped on just as the doors closed. A plastic bag popped out of her backpack. Before George could reach it, a car soaked it with spray. He peeked inside and knew he had to get it home quickly.

"What do you think it is, Mom?" George turned the paper tube over in his hands. It was damaged, but the colors were still brilliant.

"I don't know. It's shaped like a bag, but it doesn't look very strong. It's important to someone. Look at all of the tiny pressed flowers. Let's see if we can fix it up."

They worked repairing it and the next day his mom dropped him off early so he could wait for the owner. He knew her immediately by the way her eyes lit up. She ran over and he handed her the container.

"You found it!"

He explained how he had tried to save it.

"Thank you! What a lovely job," she said. "I'm, Paulina. I'm new here."

George couldn't contain his curiosity any longer. "It's very pretty, but what is

it?"

"This means so much to me. I would like to return the favor. I'll show you what it's for on Wednesday night. Here's my number. Get your mom to call mine," she called, as she skipped off down the hall.

Wednesday took forever to arrive. He chattered nervously while his mom drove him to the park. When they arrived, there were about ten families gathered near a bench in the dusky light.

Paulina ran up and grabbed his hand. "I have something to show you."

She handed him a container similar to hers, although it was dangling from a stick.

"It's great! Thanks," George said.

"Just wait until you see it lit," she answered.

Paulina's mother bent and lighted the candle in the base of George's lantern. The purple paper glowed warmly and revealed dozens of golden stars. It was fabulous. Soon all around him, lanterns lit up. Some were in the shape of stars, others birds. There was even one like a castle. Some had fall leaves, others tiny moons. All of them were unique, and all



radiated bright colors.

"These are beautiful, Paulina, but why did you make them?"

"These are friends from my mother's English class. They are all from Germany and thought it would be nice to share this tradition in their new home," replied Paulina. "On November 11 th we ..." she stopped.

Up ahead on the path, a man dressed in robes and riding a horse appeared.

"Look, that's supposed to be St. Martin," said Paulina. "A long time ago he was a Roman soldier who became a monk so that he could help people. Lanterne is all about remembering him and his kind acts. Watch. He is famous for giving a piece of his cloak to a beggar in a snow storm."

The man on the horse pulled off his cloak and ceremoniously bent and laid it on the ground. The group filed down after him, lanterns bobbing gently, soft light pooling on the dark path.

Conversations quieted and soft singing began. The songs were all in German, but George managed to catch on and sing the

choruses. The group wound their way around the pond and up through the woods until they reached a fire pit. A bonfire was roaring and the group circled around.

"Here," said Paulina, as she handed George some bread. "Now we share bread and treats to remember how St. Martin shared with the poor."

Hot drinks, crusty bread and sweets were gobbled up. The singing started again but this time to a lively beat. A trumpet began and others kept time on drums. George sang and danced around the blazing logs.

Tired cries from the youngest children eventually interrupted the festivities. Embers collapsed in the pit and the lanterns sat dark, their candles long since out.

George and his mother rode home quietly. George had lots to think about. Paulina had invited him to a traditional German cookie making party next month. Plus, he needed to work on a design. He would need a spectacular lantern for next year's Lanterne.

# Make Your Own Lantern

By Nancy Cavanaugh

Now that you know a bit about St Martin's Day, how about making your own lantern? Lanterns for St. Martin's Day are traditionally hung on a pole, but you can hang your lantern anywhere.

Remember to never use an open flame in a paper lantern. You can use a small flashlight or Christmas lights. Make sure you turn the lights off at night or when not at home.

## What You Need:

3 sheets of lightweight letter size paper (the lighter the better)

Glue or tape

Crayons, markers or paint

Needle and thread

Two craft sticks

## What You Do:

1. Glue or tape the three sheets of paper together end to end lengthwise to make one long sheet.

2. Fold the paper in half lengthwise and color or draw on the outside of the paper on both sides. You can put a picture, a pattern or a solid color. The top of your picture should be along the fold.

3. Keep the paper folded lengthways.

4. Start at one end and fold it the same

as for a paper fan (called concertina fashion).

5. Fold 1/2 an inch one way and the next fold 1/2 an inch the other way.

6. Press well on every fold to make sure it is well creased.

7. Separate the two sides of the paper.

8. Unfold the entire sheet of paper just a little and then refold each side separately.

9. You should end up with one fold at the top and two edges, making a v-shape.

10. Press on all the folds again.

### To secure the Globe:

1. Take a needle and long piece of thread.

2. Pass the needle through each fold of one edge leaving 1 inch of thread hanging loosely.

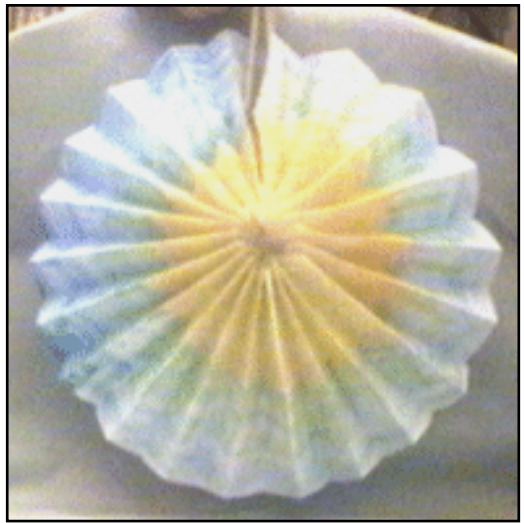
3. Pass the needle back through the folds a 2nd time.

4. Tie off the thread, with about 1 inch slack at either end of the folds.

5. Repeat on the second edge.

6. Pull out the folded edges of the paper; it should unfold in a circle.

7. If your lantern seems to have a big hole in the center, you can fix it by tight-



ening the slack in the threads.

To hang the lantern you need a hook at the top. This is where your craft sticks come in.

1. Punch a hole through both sticks.

2. Place a craft stick on either end of the globe.

3. Tie thread or string through the holes of the stick and through the globe.

4. Use a paper clip to make a hook and tie it to the string at the top of your globe.

## Who is St. Martin?

St Martin of Tours started out as a Roman soldier. He was baptized after he had grown up and became a monk. He was a very good and kind man.

As well as being kind, he was quiet and simple. He didn't want to become Bishop, but he didn't have much choice, and eventually accepted the position.

There are many legends about his life. The most famous is when he cut his cloak in half to share with a beggar dur-



ing a snowstorm, to save the beggar from dying of the cold.

Another legend is about his trying to hide so as not to become Bishop. The story is that he hid in a stall in a barn, hoping to escape the people who were hunting for him. They had come to take him to be appointed Bishop.

A flock of geese made a lot of noise and gave away his hiding place. The goose is the animal symbol of St Martin and a favorite food on Saint

Martin's Day.

# Card Games for a Healthy Body

By Karen Casale

Get up, get fit, play cards. Bet you don't think of getting fit when you think of playing cards but, these fun games can help you get a healthier body.

Before you start these games be sure to stretch. Stretching loosens up your body's muscles. Stand up straight, then bend down and try to touch your toes. Stretch as far as you can but don't overdo it. Now, stand up straight and hug yourself.

## 52-Pickup Squat

Drop a whole deck of cards on the floor. Stand tall then squat like you're going to sit in an invisible chair, pick up a card then stand back up. Repeat until you have picked up all the cards. Works the quadriceps (thigh) and gluteus maximus (your bottom, which is the biggest muscle in your body).

Challenge a friend: who can pick up the cards the fastest or who can pick up the most?

## The Flick

Standing up, hold a deck of cards in your left hand, grab one card with your

right hand then flick it in the air with your wrist. Continue with the rest of the deck. Pick up the cards then switch hands. Works the bicep and forearm. For an extra challenge, try flicking the cards into a hat or bucket.

Challenge a friend: who can flick the farthest or fastest?

## Card Crunch

Lie down on the ground and bend your knees. Place a card between your knees. Pull yourself up using your stomach muscles; now grab the card with your hand. Lie back down. Pull yourself up again and place the card back between your knees. Repeat until you have crunched up and down 10 times. Rest for a moment then do another 10. Works the abdominal muscle. For an extra challenge, place the card between

your feet instead.

Challenge a friend: who can do the most crunches?

Exercising with cards can be a great way to keep fit. So play cards for fun, play for a challenge, and play for fitness.



## Free Writing Contest for Kids

Sam, our mascot, is going on an adventure. Where's he going? That's what we want you to tell us! Visit Sam's page on the web site to find out more then check out all the details on the Contest page. Contest ends Oct. 15!

**CASH PRIZES - PUBLICATION - E-BOOK**



# Field Trip: Fairy Castle

By Carol J. Douglas

Imagine a fairy asking you to come to her home for a visit. Where do you think she would take you? What kinds of things would be in a fairy home? These questions can be answered easily because there is a fairy castle that you can see today. Everything needed for the tiny inhabitants to live in luxury is inside.

The castle has diamond chandeliers, a bathtub made of silver and tiny drinking goblets made of crystal. There are no railings on the spiraling staircase because fairies fly up and down the stairs. The library holds books so small only a fairy can read them.

Everything in the castle is miniature but made in detail. Where do you think it is? In an enchanted forest or on a magical cloud? No, this castle is in Chicago in the Museum of Science and Industry!

The castle was a project begun in 1928 by a silent film actress named Colleen Moore. Colleen had always loved doll-

houses. When she was two years old, she received her first doll house made by her parents from cigar boxes. She and her father designed and built several doll houses when she was a child. But their most magnificent creation is the fairy castle they designed when she was an adult.

The castle took seven years to make. It weighs 7,000 pounds and is 9 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 14 feet high. Hollywood moviemakers helped Colleen and her father with the design as well as more than 700 famous artists who gathered materials and gems from all over the world to add to the castle.

One artist is someone you might have heard of and still enjoy his work today. His name is Walt Disney and he painted a tiny picture of Mickey Mouse that hangs inside the castle!

No detail was overlooked so that the fairy inhabitants can have a comfortable yet magical time living there. The faucets

have running water and an electrical system lights up the chandeliers. A chair in the library is turned up in the front for a fairy who likes to read with his feet in the air.

The many magical touches include a weeping willow in the garden that drops "tears" into two working fountains.

In 1934 Colleen took the castle on a tour of the United States. The castle was displayed at department stores for people to come and admire. The tour lasted for 10 years and raised more than 1 million dollars for children's charities.

After a brief stay at the



One of the room's in Colleen Moore's famous Fairy Castle.

Chicago Museum of Science and Industry in 1949, the castle found a permanent home there in 1976 thanks to Colleen Moore who donated it to the museum. Over the years, she remained involved in its upkeep and took her two granddaughters with her as assistants to help with the castle. They remember how she would point to the pillows in the small library where indentations happened due to gravity and say, "Oh! There goes a fairy now!"

Colleen Moore died in 1988, but you can

still hear her voice on a recording giving a tour of her beloved fairy castle when you visit the museum today. We know that as a child, she looked at the clouds in the sky and dreamed of a fairy castle.

"I knew that up there on the biggest and fluffiest cloud stood a fairy castle and that one day I would find a magic potion as did Alice in her Wonderland. I would be made small enough to visit my dream castle and see the story-book people who lived in the house I had built for them in my mind."

# Parsley: A Fairy Tale

By Cheryl Viering

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a girl who lived with her mother in a small cottage in the forest. She was called Parsley because she went to gather parsley every day for her mother, who was very sick.

One day, while she was out picking parsley, her fairy godmother appeared and told her the prince was looking for a bride, and that there was to be three balls for him to find one.

Parsley knew she couldn't go because she was poor and had no dress to wear. Well, her fairy godmother said that she was a good girl and deserved to go. So she waved her magic wand and suddenly Parsley was dressed in a silver gown that sparkled like the stars.

She went to the ball, and everyone wondered who the mysterious girl was, but the prince was enchanted with her, and they danced all night.

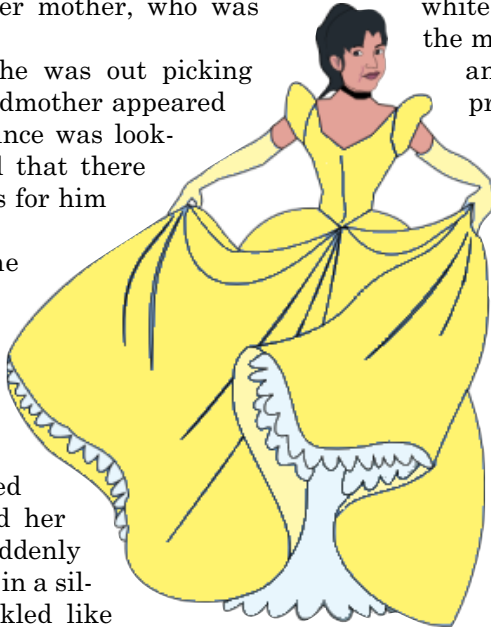
The next night, there was another ball, and her fairy godmother came again. Once again, she waved her magic wand and suddenly Parsley was dressed in a white gown that glowed like the moon. She went to the ball and danced with the prince.

The next night, was the third, and final, ball. Her fairy godmother came again, and this time, she was dressed in a yellow gown that shone like the sun. It was even more beautiful than the last gown.

When the prince saw her, he danced with her, and asked her to be his wife. Parsley said yes. Soon after, Parsley's mother was well, and the prince

and Parsley got married.

Then they stepped on a piece of tin, the tin bent, and the story ent.



# Don't Run, Don't Hide

By Lyn Sirota

Imagine waking up in the middle of the night to a screeching smoke alarm! Your bedroom is filled with black smoke. You can hardly see your hands in front of your face. You cough with every breath. Where's Mom? Where's Dad?

Through thick smoke you see something. It's big. It's dark. And it's crawling toward you! Is it a striped monster? No. You want to run. But it's in your bedroom doorway. That's when you tell yourself, "Hide, quick!"

But that would be a mistake. Why? Because, that creature crawling on the floor is a firefighter. A firefighter who may have only one minute to save your life!

Why only a minute? Because firefighters have an air tank to help them breathe and you don't. They have no time to spare.

So **DON'T RUN AND DON'T HIDE**. Instead yell, "I'M OVER HERE." Then do exactly what they say. If you don't see a firefighter or grown-up right away, here's what to do:

- Put your face and body near the ground.
- Crawl to the closest door and get out fast.
- Don't go back inside.
- Meet your family in a place you've planned together.

What is it that makes firefighters look scary? One thing is their air mask. The mask connects to an air tank that holds up to 30 minutes of fresh air.

Have you ever smelled campfire or fireplace smoke? If you have, you'll know it hurts your eyes, nose and throat making it hard to breathe. Imagine your house filled with smoke! Firefighters would never be able to rescue you without that



scary-looking mask.

Why do firefighters wear big, bulky clothes with stripes? The heavy-duty, fire resistant pants that firefighters wear fit over regular clothing. Firefighters also wear special gloves and jackets with reflector stripes over their clothes to protect them from fireheat and smoke.

Reflector stripes help them see each other in the dark. Helmets protect their heads, and hoods protect their hair, ears and neck from burning.

You might wonder how firefighters find people in dark, smoky rooms. In many fire trucks, there's a tool called a thermal imaging camera. This camera locates people trapped in fires by the heat their bodies give off. It works like a video camera showing pictures in black and white. A black picture is something cool in the room and a white picture is something hot.

These cameras help firefighters see where they need to go first to rescue people. Because the cameras locate by heat, they also help firefighters find the fire if it's hidden in a wall or ceiling. Then the

fire can be put out faster.

To rescue people, firefighters use tools like hoses, axes and crowbars to break down walls and open doors. They carry wrenches to open fire hydrants and wedges to hold open doors. Suspenders

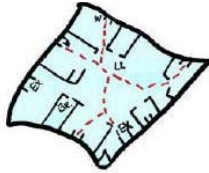
keep their pants up, so they don't have to fight fires in their underwear!

So when a firefighter finds you, DON'T EVER RUN OR HIDE. Tell them, "Keep your pants up, I'm right over here!"

# Fire Safety Tips

## Keeping Safe:

- Never play with matches or lighters.
- Never handle gasoline or other liquids that burn.
- Always be careful around a stove, heater or open fire.
- Don't cook without an adult being present.
- If something catches on fire, get adult help or call 9-1-1 or "O" for operator.
- Don't hang up until you are told to do so; listen for instructions.
- Work with parents on a fire escape plan. The plan should include who helps



who get out, and where to meet once outside. Then practice the plan.

- Know two ways out of every room; one can be a window.

## If There's a Fire:

- The first thing you need to do is stay low and leave the building immediately!
- Don't stop to take anything with you.
- Never go back into a burning building.
- Call 9-1-1 from a neighbor's house.
- Never attempt to put out a fire yourself, no matter how small it is!
- Stay low if smoke is present; crawl if you must to stay out of smoke.

## 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!



# On Our Way To The Gym

By Marianne Nielsen

I jog alongside my dad  
I take more steps  
than him.  
We talk and chat and  
giggle  
On our way to the gym.



# The Teeth in 4B

By Donna Alice Patton

A monster lives in 4B. No one believes me. Not even Mom.

“Jeremy,” she scolds, when I run past 4B to our apartment, 4C. “Miss Bishop is a lovely woman. Why don’t you like her?”

“She scares me. Her teeth look like monster fangs.”

“What if she overheard you? Her feelings would be hurt. Remember when Shorty Simmons called you carrothead and freckles? You came home crying.”

Red faced I mumbled, “That was in kindergarden.”

“Age doesn’t matter. Miss Bishop would be hurt if she heard you call her a monster. Be nice if you run into her.”

“Okay,” I agreed. I didn’t plan to get close enough to her at all.

Miss Bishop moved into 4B last month. I knew she wasn’t a monster. There’s no such things. But, I’d seen enough scary movies to be afraid. She’s tall, with puffy brown hair like a bubble. Her eyes are a normal, cheerful brown. If I could just look at her from the nose up, it would be okay. But every time my eyes stare at her mouth, a big scream bubbles out... AAAAAAGGGGGGH!

Her teeth are big and pointy. Two overlap right in front and I can’t help it. They look like fangs. I tried to explain how those teeth remind me of the wolf in a fairy tale book. The one that gave me nightmares when I was little.

“That’s silly. You’re old enough to know poor Miss Bishop just has bad teeth.” She said. “Imagine how you’d feel if your teeth were like that. Which reminds me, you have an orthodontist appointment on Tuesday.”

The orthodontist? That scared any

thought of Miss Bishop out of my head. “Why? My teeth are okay.”

“Jeremy, you know we discussed this with Dr. Sample last month. He thinks you should have braces.” Oh, joy.

There was no use arguing. I went to the orthodontist and came home with a mouth of shiny metal. Going to school that first day, Shorty Simmons call me “iron mouth.” It was almost the worst moment of my life. Until I got home and heard Mom’s news

“Miss Bishop broke her ankle. I told her you’d be glad to help.”

“But, Mom...”

“No arguments.” Doomed.

Until her ankle healed, I ran errands. One gloomy day, Shorty called me more names than usual. Miss Bishop noticed. “What’s wrong, Jeremy?”

I showed her all the wires and silver. “Braces. The kids call me names.”

“Don’t listen to them. Think how nice and straight your teeth with be one day.”

“Yeah.” Like it helped now.

She smiled and I thought I saw a tear in her eye. “Look at these chompers. The other children teased me too. My father thought braces were a waste of money. Now it’s too late.” For the first time I felt sorry for her.

Sure, braces were a nuisance, but someday I’d be glad Mom made me wear them. Little kids wouldn’t run past my apartment door.

I didn’t see Miss Bishop much after her ankle healed. I wished there was a way to help her. Especially when Shorty Simmons ran past her yelling, “Run from fang mouth!”

One day at the orthodontist, I picked up a pamphlet. “Is it too late for braces?”



According to the information, Miss Bishop could have her 'chompers' fixed. That night, I slipped it under her door.

Not long after, I got on the elevator at the same time as Miss Bishop. "Jeremy, look." She flashed me a shiny, silver

smile! "I got braces too! I'm going to have straight teeth."

I gave her a metal mouthed smile of my own. Bet one day me and Miss Bishop have the straightest teeth on the fourth floor.

# Sticky Note Mystery

By Carole Brooks

Miss Place, a first grade teacher at Discovery School, was sitting on her desk watching her students finish their afternoon projects. She stood and started searching for something. She looked on books, in and under her desk, and through piles of paper.

She scratched her head and said, "Boys and girls, we have a problem."

Two students looked at her.

"I didn't do it," said Ben Naughty.

Den Nile quickly added, "It wasn't me."

"Nobody is in trouble," said Miss Place. She continued flipping through the papers on her desk. "I had a sticky note with an important phone number on my desk and now it is gone. I need your help to find it."

"I'll find it," said Bea Helpful.

"Oh! I almost forgot. After we find it, I have a surprise!" added Miss Place. All the students looked up this time.

"I'll help, too," Juan Naprise said quickly. Everyone started searching.

"It's a mystery," said Dee Tective.

Al Solvit agreed, "Yeah, a mystery!"

"We have to find the criminal," said Noah Fraid.

"Noah," said Miss Place. "I don't think there's a criminal. We just need to find the note. Boys, look on the left side of the

room. Girls look on the right."

They looked on books, in and under desks, through piles of paper, and found nothing.

"We need clues," said Kandy Scover. Justin Vestigate reminded, "It's yellow and sticky and was on the desk."

"Let's help Miss Place look on her desk," suggested Mae Bee'there.

"Good idea," said Will Look.

They looked on books, in and under the desk, through piles of paper, and found nothing.

"Paper doesn't just disappear," said Ima Spy.

"No it doesn't," said Miss Place. "I must have lost it."

"No you didn't," laughed Evi Dense. "I found it. I solved the mystery!"

She pointed to the back of Miss Places' dress and said, "You sat on it. It's stuck on you!"

"Oh my goodness, good job!" giggled Miss Place removing the note.

"Yay!" cheered the students. "What's our surprise?"

"We're going to have a pizza party," said Miss Place looking at the phone number.

"Yay!" cheered the students again.

"Hmmm," said Miss Place, scratching her head. "Where is my phone?"

"I'll find it," said Pete Zalover. And he did.



# Secrets of Serpent Mound

By Patty Kyrlach

So ... you want to be like Indiana Jones, the daring and dashing treasure-hunter in the movies. Like Indy, you could be a famous archaeologist (a person who studies human history). You could travel to distant places like Timbuktu or Madagascar. You could find rare artifacts (objects from history) worth millions of dollars. You could even have your own theme music!

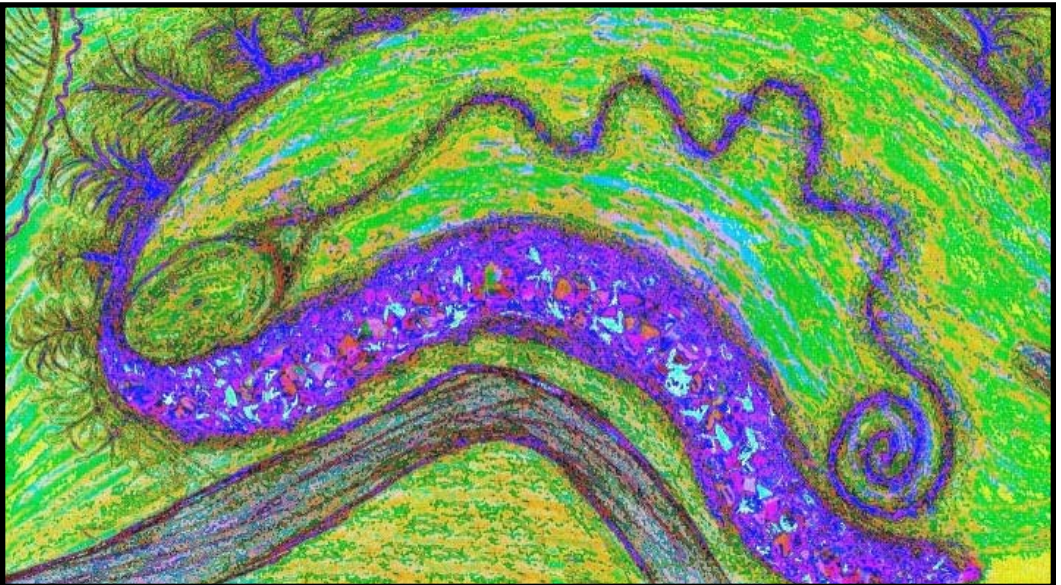
Actually, you don't have to go to some far-off land to find treasures from the past. Interesting bits of history can sometimes be found in your backyard, your neighborhood, your home state, or wherever you go for a family vacation.

One such place is Serpent Mound in Southwestern Ohio. From ground level, you might mistake this grassy mound for a putt-putt golf course. But when you climb the observation tower and look down, you can see a humongous snake built out of dirt and rocks. At 20 feet wide and 1,348 feet long, it is one of the largest animal mounds in the world.

The design of the mound is a coiling snake with an oval at the head. Some people say that the snake is eating an egg or catching a frog. Some say that the egg-shape is really the snake's head or eye or mouth or tongue. Still others say that the "snake" represents a comet or a group of stars.

Before European people came to North America, the Ohio region was inhabited by Native Americans for thousands of years. Many of these Indian cultures were mound builders. Some of the mounds were used for burying the dead. Others, like Serpent Mound, were effigy mounds—mounds in the shape of animals. The animal mounds probably had some religious significance, but no one knows now what that meaning was.

For many years, archaeologists believed that the Adena Indians (1,000 to 100 BC) built Serpent Mound. The Adena built several burial mounds nearby. But more recent studies suggest that the giant serpent was probably built by the



Fort Ancient Indians (AD 900-1600) nearly 1,000 years ago.

Serpent Mound has many tie-ins with astronomy (the study of the stars). The head of the snake points toward the sunset at summer solstice, the first day of summer. Two of the coils point toward sunrise on the first day of autumn and the first day of spring.

Since the mound dates back to the time of the brightest appearance of Halley's Comet in AD 1066, some people think that the mound is a picture of the comet. Others think the mound represents the constellation Draco—The Dragon.

Located on Highway 73 between Peebles and Hillsboro, Serpent Mound is a great place for picnics and hiking. At the museum near the mound, you can see

exhibits and buy replica Indian artifacts like pipes in animal shapes. But, of course, the main attraction is that amazing, one-of-a-kind Super Snake.

It's history. It's a mystery. And you can explore it for yourself when you visit Serpent Mound. But even if you can't go there, you can have fun making up your own story about who built the mound — and why. Space aliens? A mad scientist? A Native American boy trying to impress his girlfriend? Why not? It's your story. And since no-one really knows the whole truth of how this mound was made, you may even solve the Secrets of Serpent Mound!

*Illustration by Mary Kyrkach, a sophomore at Cincinnati Christian University.*

# The Lying Lion

By Artie Knapp

He lied, oh how he lied,  
Claiming to be King;  
But in actuality, this lion cried,  
At the thought of a little sting!

I witnessed it myself that day,  
And couldn't believe my eyes;  
As this big bad cat began to sway,  
Desperate to conceal his lies!

He ran away as fast as he could,  
Hoping to get lost;  
Feeling embarrassed and misunderstood,  
Came at quite a cost!

It had been easy for him to scare us,  
With his mighty roar and size;  
But to see him tremble and throw a  
fuss,  
Felt like winning a first place prize.

I knew someone would eventually

call his bluff,  
And that they would reveal the truth;  
I just never would have thought, all that  
fluff,  
Would be caused by a bee name Ruth!



# One Big Happy Family

By Lori Nawyn

Taunie and Zaphera are two active Siberian Huskies who are part of an equally active family. This past summer, the dogs traveled with their family to a mountain man rendezvous in Wyoming and through Yellowstone National Park, where many foreign tourists believed they were very friendly wolves on leashes! They love to play tag with one another and with their family. They also love long walks in the mountains, where they enjoy wading and swimming in streams.

Because Siberian Huskies are working dogs, two-and-a-half-year-old Taunie, and ten-month-old Zaphera, her boisterous pup, enjoy running and pulling. Once in their harnesses, they are hooked to a wheeled sled and off they go. Many times, they out-run family members on four-wheelers!

In the evenings, its time to wind down and snuggle with their family while they chew on their favorite toy or rawhide bone. It's hard to believe that, just a few short months ago, their lives were far from happy. That's because these two beautiful dogs were on death row in a local shelter.

Like many people, Taunie and Zaphera's first owners did not research their dogs breed. They did not know what to expect. They didn't understand that Siberian Huskies require lots and lots of love, attention, and exercise and that they also have a tendency to dig and

chew. As the dogs grew, they became a more active and repeatedly dug their way out of the backyard to freedom. After two stays in the local animal shelter, their owners were unwilling to give them another chance. The Huskies only hope was to find an adoptive family who could fill their needs.

When that family visited the shelter and met them, it was love at first sight. Many people believe only bad dogs, those with severe behavioral problems, go to shelters but that's not true. Most often dogs are sent to shelters because their owners are unwilling to continue caring for them. Or, because they have problems, such as allergies or the need to move to a place that doesn't allow animals, that make it necessary for them to give their dogs up.

Taunie and Zaphera's new family had adopted a shelter dog before. They knew most shelter dogs are very loving and well adjusted. The people who work at shelters are trained to help match the right dogs with the right people. They want to make sure things will work out in the new home. They carefully observe each dog, assess them and their temperament and behaviors, and find out why the dog is in the shelter. Taunie and Zaphera's new family had to go through an interview and application process to ensure they would be a good fit. The shelter employees decided they were. Now they are all one big happy family!



# How to Draw a Bratty Bat

You don't need nighttime radar to do it! Just follow 3 easy steps.

1. Draw the entire body, which resembles a mouse.

2. Add the bat wings around it.

3. Don't forget the tail, dude!

Written and Illustrated By  
Kevin Scott Collier



# Bumps in the Night

By Carla Mooney

Boom! Crash! Boom! Lightning flashed. Thunder boomed. It was our second night in the house on Jasper Lane.

I yanked my head through my pajama top. Rain clattered against the window. I wasn't afraid of the storm. To me, it sounded like a big bowling alley in the sky. Rumble, rumble! Throw the ball down the lane. Boom! Score a strike!

I was more afraid of the bumps in the night. Thunderstorms didn't thump down the hall or creak up the stairs.

But someone...or something...did last night.

"Mom," I pleaded, "Can I keep the light on for a little bit?"

"It's late, Daniel," she said. "Go to sleep." She flicked off the bedroom light. "Goodnight."

I shoved my hand under the pillow and pulled out a flashlight. Now I was ready. I hunkered down under the blanket and listened. Except for the storm rumbling, all was silent.

Boom! Crash! Boom! An extra loud round of thunder roared.

A light flicked on inside the closed closet. I hadn't touched it. So who...or what...turned on the light? I shivered in my pajamas even though the summer air hung warm and humid. Something weird was going on.

"Sniff."

What was that? Goosebumps spread across my arms. It sounded like a snuffle. Actually, it sounded like my brother. I let out the breath I was holding and grinned. I bet he was hiding in the closet, trying to play a trick on me. I'd show him. I tiptoed over to the closet door.

"Gotcha," I yelled and jerked the door

open.

I jumped backward. I screamed, but no sound came out of my mouth. It wasn't my brother. It was a ghost! He looked faded, like a t-shirt that had been washed too many times. I wanted to run, but my feet felt glued to the floor.

I stared at the ghost. A fat, shiny tear slid down his cheek. He looked so sad; I forgot to be scared of him.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Why are you crying?"

"I'm scared of thunderstorms," he whispered.

"There's nothing to be scared of," I said. "It's just a lot of noise."

The ghost slid out of the closet. He was short and round. "I'm Horatio," he said. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

I shook my head. Was I really talking to a ghost? "What are you doing in my closet?" I

asked.

"I was getting ready to play when the storm started," Horatio replied.

"Were you the one thumping and bumping last night?" I asked.

The corners of Horatio's mouth curved up just a little bit, as if he were trying to hide a smile. "It's just a game I like to play with a new family."

"I have a better idea," I said. "How about you play here instead?" I pointed to my pile of toys. "It might help you forget about the storm. And it might help you stop thumping and bumping all night."

Horatio grinned. "I'd like that."

For the rest of the night, we played. We zoomed like race cars. We pretended to be



pirates. Thunder and lightning crashed, but we didn't mind.

Before long, the first rays of sunlight crept over the horizon. Horatio walked to the closet. "I'd better get going, it's getting late," he said. "Thanks for playing

with me, Daniel." He floated into the closet and disappeared.

Yawning, I crawled into bed. It was fun playing with Horatio. In fact, maybe the things that go bump in the night weren't so scary after all.

## Long After Midnight

By Rolli

Long after midnight skitters by,  
the phantoms float,  
the witches fly,  
the ghoulies rule the bat-black sky,  
long after midnight skitters by.

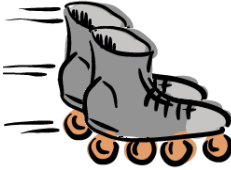


# The Monster Fighters

By Maggie Grinnell

Whenever a child has a fear, monster fighters go into action and destroy that fear.

Wheels, a married pair of roller skates, take on any type of monster. They roll silently under the monster. When they have their grip, they roll the monster away from the child.



Leia, the light switch, destroys any lightning from reaching the child's eyes. Leia will flip on her body filling the room with soft light. The lightning doesn't stand a chance.



Bart, the beanbag, takes care of the loud booming noise known as thunder. Whenever that noise gets close, Bart rolls his big black beanbag body across the

floor as loud and hard as he can. That way, the evil will disappear and the child will see the noise is only their friend.

Sparks, the night lite, flickers on when darkness falls. Sparks makes sure that the child will not be consumed by this evil.



Mystic, the dresser mirror, shows the child that there are no ghosts. When the child feels that they saw or felt a ghost around, Mystic draws them over showing them only their reflections, no one else. They feel safe and calm.



Quest, a rectangle firm pillow, is there for the child to squeeze and hold when they feel lonely. Quest has a firmness to give so that the child feels loved.

# The Halloween Witch

By Lee Mandel

“Trick or treat!” I could hear them shout to each door. Nasty little brats. Looking for candy and good times. Don’t those brackish little maggots have enough during the other 355 days with their birthdays and other holidays? Let’s see what they look like this year.

Hovering over the streets like a big black crow in a buttercup patch, I circled down through the rooftops to get a closer look. Instead of a bright cheery rainbow, I was silhouetted by the full light of the tea-stained moon.

Clusters of children zipped from door to door chanting their mantra for candy. Some were dressed as ghosts and ghouls, one was a sunflower, another a devil. One even looked like a Rastafarian. But the one I had my eye on was the little witch.

In a dress the color of midnight, she carried a brown broomstick with yellow bristles. One of her orange and black-stripped socks slouched toward the buckle of her square-toed shoes. The point of her hat tipped slightly to the right, not at all right for a witch. I’ll teach her.

As the troupe crossed the street toward their next target, I swooped down and collected my prize. Before she knew what happened, I had her up in the air, nestled between me and my broom.

She kicked and tried to break free, but I held her close until we reached the castle.

Once we landed, I carefully checked to make sure I hadn’t damaged her.

“Why’d ya kidnap me?” she blurted out.

“I’m going to show you how to be a proper

witch. You will be my apprentice.”

Confusion masked her face.

“You are a witch, aren’t you?” I asked. “Under my guidance, you will be the best.”

“I’m not a witch. I’m a kid dressed like a witch – for Halloween.”

“Oh. No matter. You’ll still be the best when I’m done with you.”

“No, no, no!” she yelled. “I am only dressed like this for the candy. I’m not going to be any witch. Take me home this instant.”

“So you don’t want to be a witch?” I asked realizing that I had made a terrible mistake.

“No.”

“Alright. I’ll take you home.”

“My name is Amanda. I don’t want to be a real witch, but I’d like to be your friend.”

“You would?” I asked with a small glimmer of happiness.

“Sure. If you visit me tomorrow, I’ll share my Halloween candy with you.”

“That would be great,” I said with a smile.

We hopped back onto my broom and I took Amanda home. “I’ll bring some hand lotion, too. Your skin is a bit rough.”

Before leaving to re-join her friends, she gave me a hug good-bye.

The following day, Amanda made good on her promise and shared her Halloween candy with me. In return, I taught her how to cackle, like a real witch should.



# The Creature Under There

By Heather J. Cuthbertson

There's something that hides under your bed,  
Those sounds you heard, they weren't in your head.  
And though this might seem a tad bit scary,  
The truth is really quite the contrary.

Please pay attention to what I describe,  
This fiend shows no mercy and takes no bribe.  
I truly don't mean to fill you with dread:  
But something... something is under your bed!



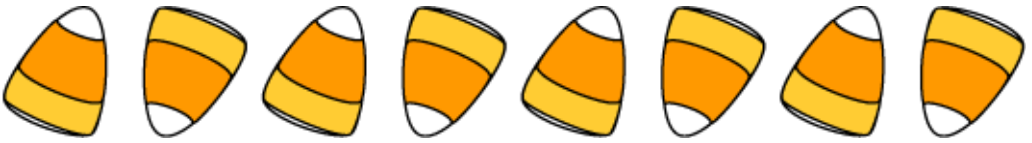
This beast has two eyes of the greenest jade,  
And claws as sharp as the sharpest blade.

And fur the color of the blackest black,  
That runs from its ears and right down its back.

Don't ever let your leg hang off the bed!  
Unless you opt to ignore what you read.  
Ask yourself, "Is this creature friend or foe?"  
It won't matter when it touches your toe.

But when you hear it moving under there,  
Then see a scary shadow by your chair,  
Whatever you do, don't reach for your bat!

There's no need to worry, it's just your cat.



## Surreality

By Margaret Fieland

I look outside the window  
There's a scarecrow on the lawn  
I see a light as bright as day  
Although it's merely dawn

It's started raining snowballs  
That are full of tiny rocks  
They hit the ground and bounced around  
And all turned into blocks

The pumpkins in the field next door  
Begin to carve themselves

They slice and dice just once or twice  
And then turn into elves

They jump around, roll on the ground  
And run around the field  
They play a game that has no name  
Until someone shouts "yield"

I start to cry and then I spy  
A cake that's orange and green  
I wonder why and then I cry:  
"It must be Halloween"

# Mrs. Duck, Mr. Goose, and Junebug

By Virginia Ferguson

Mrs. Duck walked down the path,  
Down the path,  
Down the path,  
Mrs. Duck walked down the path  
To the pond to take a bath.  
Until...

Junebug came flitting by,  
Flitting by,  
Flitting by,  
June bug came flitting by  
Drawing zigzags in the sky.

Mrs. Duck began to run,  
Began to run,  
Began to run,  
Mrs. Duck began to run  
Chasing Junebug just for fun.  
When...

Mr. Goose came up the hill,  
Up the hill,  
Up the hill.  
Mr. Goose came up the hill.  
He snapped up Junebug in his bill.

Mrs. Duck began to pout,  
Began to pout,  
Began to pout,  
Mrs. Duck began to pout.  
So...

Mr. Goose spit Junebug out.  
Then...  
Junebug sailed into the sky.  
He let out a great big sigh!  
And...  
To them both he waved good-bye!

# Feel Good Frankie

By Elizabeth Casey

Frankie was a five-year-old boy who was quite challenging and quite tired of doing everything his Momma said.

One morning while getting ready for school, Frankie said, "I've had it Momma!" "From now on, I'm the boss of me!"

Frankie's Momma was quite wise and quite tired of arguing with her challenging little Frankie. She said, "OK Mr. Frankie" and for one week she agreed to let Frankie be just that—the boss of him!

Frankie was overjoyed and beamed with pride. He knew that by the end of that glorious week, his Momma would want

to keep it that way forever.

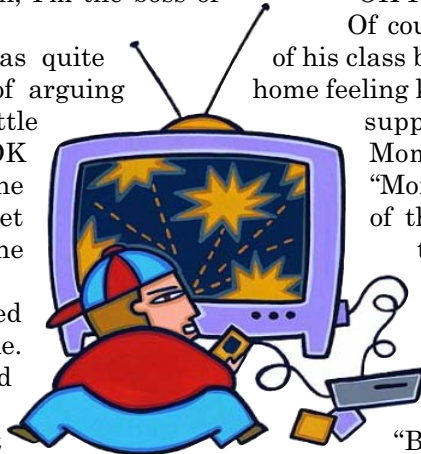
That very same morning Frankie said, "Momma, I want my lunch box piled high with cherry flavored Chubba Bubba Bubble Gum."

"OK Frankie."

Of course, Frankie was the envy of his class but that night Frankie came home feeling kind of weak. "Time for your supper" yelled Frankie's Momma. Frankie said, "Momma, just bring me a slice of that Peanut Butter pie and that can of whipped cream."

"OK Frankie."

It soon came bedtime and Frankie was feeling a bit better with a belly full of Peanut Butter Pie. "Bedtime" yelled Frankie's



Momma. Frankie proudly said ya'll go on Momma. I'm gonna stay up and play Super Charged Space Commando til I just can't play anymore.

"OK Frankie."

The next morning Frankie woke for school and decided he would ignore his Momma's suggestion of a coat and hat. Instead, he decided on those blue and yellow surfer shorts that he got last summer.

Frankie also decided that all of this bed making, tooth brushing, face washing and hair combing mumbo jumbo just had to go! Frankie just gargled a bit with some Tango Tangerine Fizz King Soda Pop, filled his pockets with leftover Halloween candy and went on his way.

Frankie's Momma handed him his backpack and said, "OK Frankie, you have a good day."

Well, days came and went and Frankie's Momma being so wise let Frankie continue to be the boss of him.

Frankie had chocolate chip sandwiches for lunch and Halloween candy for supper (except for the night he requested marshmallow and jelly bean soup). Frankie stayed up late every night and wore his favorite outfit each day. His toothbrush hadn't seen water or paste for days.

Frankie was the boss of him.

But it wasn't long before those chocolate chip sandwiches didn't taste quite as good; and Maggie, his faithful Labrador, was the only one awake to see him get high score and Head Space Commando.

Also, Frankie found

that he really did miss bedtime stories and that smell on his pillow after his Momma just shampooed his hair.

He was getting a funny taste in his mouth too and his belly felt bloated and weird. Frankie's friends weren't even sitting with him anymore and his friend Zack held his nose every time Frankie came around.

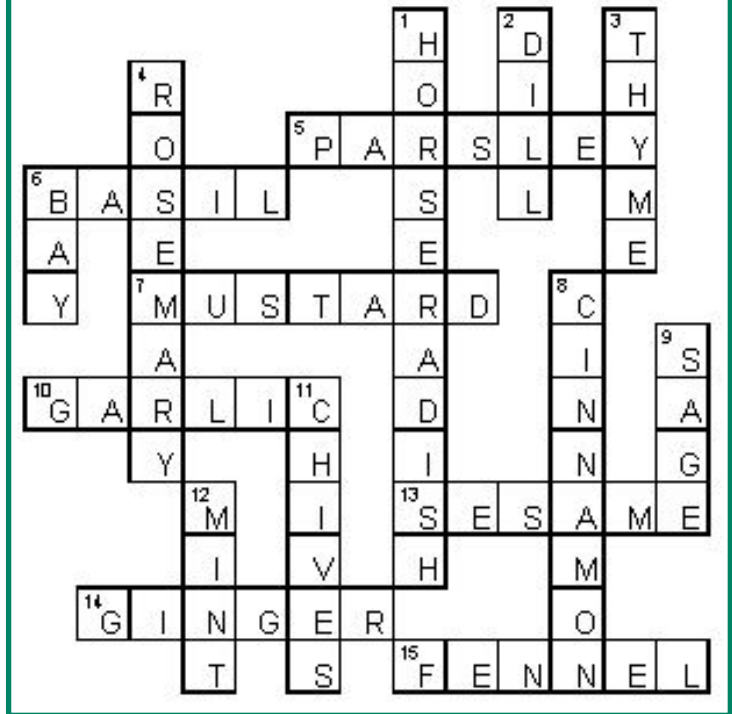
Frankie so hoped his Momma wouldn't notice.

Then finally, on a cold November night a dirty, hungry and tired little Frankie crawled into his unmade bed. He said, "Momma, I don't feel so good and Momma I guess you could...well, maybe you would...Would you be the boss of me for a while?"

Quite proud, Frankie's momma kissed him softly on the cheek, turned out the light and said...

"OK Frankie."

**Answers from back cover.**



# Festival of Breaking the Fast

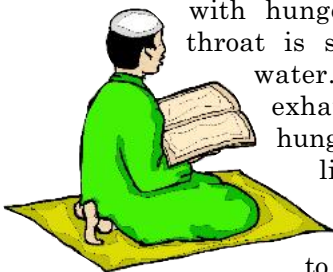
By Nadia F.

Have you ever heard of Ramadan? Whenever Islamic holidays are mentioned, Ramadan always comes up. Well, Ramadan is not a holiday, but it is a special month for Muslims everywhere. What's more, the day right after the month of Ramadan ends is one of the major holidays Muslims celebrate. It's called Eid al Fitr.

Eid Al Fitr means the Festival of Breaking the Fast. It falls on the first of Shawwal, the tenth month in the Islamic calendar. The reason why you always hear of Ramadan is because it's the reason there is Eid Al Fitr at all! Muslims eagerly await the arrival of this holy month each year.

In this month, Muslims have to fast. Before dawn, while it's still dark outside, Muslims wake up to eat an early breakfast. However, once the sun appears in the dark sky in the form of a thin white line, they are not allowed to continue eating or drinking. For the rest of the day, they are not allowed to eat, drink, or do anything that will cancel their fast, until sunset. As soon as the sun disappears beyond the horizon, they break their fast by eating and drinking again. Muslims do this for a whole month!

In Ramadan, Muslims are also encouraged to do extra good deeds and acts of worship. They may give charity to people in need, read the Quran, their holy book, and they even have to control their anger. Imagine that your stomach is growling



with hunger, and your throat is screaming for water. You are exhausted and hungry, and your little sister bothers you. You want to snap at her,

but you have to control your anger because you are fasting. It's not easy, and this is why at the end of Ramadan, Muslims should have become better Muslims.

It's no surprise that a celebration is in order after Ramadan! A whole month of hard work deserves a big celebration. They begin the celebration in the morning by praying a special Eid prayer. Muslims in America usually have to rent large areas like stadiums, local arenas or huge community centers for the Eid prayer. On Eid al Fitr, you can see kids, babies, parents, and even grandparents flock to the prayer in their best clothes.

Since Muslims in America come from many different countries, you might notice people wearing traditional clothes from countries like Pakistan, Malaysia, Indonesia, Bangladesh, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Morocco, Ghana and maybe even China! After the prayer, they listen to a sermon. After the sermon is over, the praying area bustles with wishes of "Eid Mubarak", meaning "Happy Eid.". Everyone hugs and congratulates each other, praying that God accepts all their hard work.



Children are not forgotten on this special day. In fact, in some prayer areas, you might see huge inflatable slides and bouncing houses set up. After the prayer and sermon, kids are free to take off their shoes, and bounce and slide to their hearts' content. They might also get balloons and bags of candies before they leave the prayer area. At home, parents might give their children gifts.

Some families spend the day at Chuck

E. Cheeses or Magic Mountain. Muslims might also spend the day enjoying each other's company by visiting each other throughout the day.

This is when you might catch a glimpse of an array of international dishes. From the Malaysian rice cakes eaten with spicy peanut sauce to the aromatic Saudi rice topped with slivered almonds, you might feel as if you're anywhere but in America!

In the United States, this day is not considered a national holiday, so some Muslims might still have to go to work on this special day of theirs.

This year, Eid Al Fitr will happen around the middle of October. Muslims have already started fasting. And from the looks of it, Eid al Fitr might fall on a Friday or a Saturday. Well, you can guess which day they would prefer it to fall on!

# The Moving Holiday

By Nadia F.

Ever wonder what it would be like to celebrate Christmas in the fall or summer? What if you have no idea when Christmas will be until just the night before? Well, that's how it's like for the Muslims. They celebrate two festivals each year, and every year, they don't know exactly when one of those festivals will happen. And every ten years, they celebrate the festivals in different seasons of the year. This is because they use a different calendar.

Muslims use the Islamic calendar, which is a lunar calendar. It is based on the phases of the moon. It has twelve months in a year, like the Gregorian calendar, but each month only has twenty nine or thirty days, not more, not less. Because of this, the number of days in the Islamic calendar is less than 365.

To determine when a new month begins, someone qualified has to sight the new moon at the end of the current month. So on the 29th day of the month, he will go outside around sunset to look at the sky. If he can see the new moon, which is shaped like an extremely thin

crescent, the new month begins the next day, and that ends the current month at twenty nine days.

Sometimes, the sky might be cloudy, or it might be raining, and he can't see the new moon. If this is the case, the current



month will end with 30 days, and the new month begins a day later. What does this have to do with their holy celebrations?

The two festivals Muslim celebrate are Eid Al Fitr (Festival of Breaking the Fast) and Eid Al Adha (Festival of the Sacrifice). Eid Al Fitr falls on the first of Shawwal, which is the

month after Ramadan. The ninth month in the Islamic calendar, Ramadan is one of the holiest month, in which the Muslims will fast from dawn to sunset.

Their other holiday, Eid al Adha, is on the tenth of Zulhijjah, the last month in the Islamic calendar. Eid al Adha celebrates the end of the pilgrimage ritual in Makkah. It is Eid al Fitr that has Muslims all antsy, because it falls on the first of the month.

While some qualified Muslims sight the moon on the 29th day of Ramadan, people wait anxiously at home. Mothers wonder

if they need to lay out their kids' new clothes for the next day, and cook the food that night so it will be ready the next day. Children wonder if they will wake up the next day to a full day of celebration or another day of fasting.

In the United States, Eid al Fitr is not a national holiday. So imagine the anticipation of knowing when this special day will occur if the 29th day of Ramadan is Thursday. If the new moon can be seen that Thursday, Eid Al Fitr falls on Friday. Some people might not get a day off to celebrate. However, if the new moon cannot be seen, Eid al Fitr falls on Saturday, and family members can celebrate without worrying about taking the day off from school or work.

Because the lunar calendar has fewer days than the Gregorian calendar, each year, the months of the lunar calendar

would seem to move forward eleven days when compared with the Gregorian calendar. In 1997, Eid al Fitr happened at the end of January. The next year, in 1998, Eid Al Fitr happened in the middle of January.

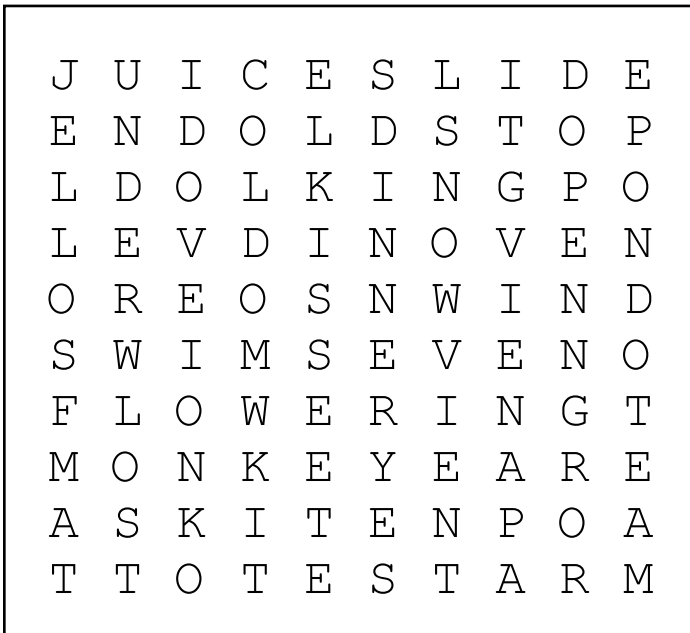
As more years pass, Eid Al Fitr seems to be happening earlier and earlier in the Gregorian calendar. And once in every thirty years, Muslims get to celebrate both Eids twice in a Gregorian year. The most recent one happened in 2000 where they celebrated Eid Al Fitr in January and again in December!

A decade ago, Muslims celebrated Eid Al Fitr in winter. This year, they will be celebrating Eid Al Fitr in fall. Ten years from now, they will be celebrating Eid al Fitr in summer. Isn't it great to have a holiday that moves around?

# Word Search Fun

Can you find all of these common words in the puzzle? Good luck!

Ask  
Juice  
Nap  
Ski  
Totes  
Cold  
King  
Old  
Slide  
Under



Dinner  
Kiss

Open  
Snow

Wind  
Dot

Kit  
Oreos

Star  
Year  
Dove  
Kite  
Oven  
Stop  
Yes  
End  
Lost  
Pond  
Swims  
Flower  
Mat  
Ring  
Team  
Jell-O  
Monkey  
Seven  
Ten

# Salt Dough Cinnamon Apples

By SariAnne Miller

Here's a fun craft project you can do that smells good and makes great gifts!

You begin the project by making salt dough with some cinnamon in it. While you bake your craft, the smell of cinnamon will fill the house. The scent will last in your finished apples for weeks if you leave them plain and don't paint them.

If you want your apples to last for a very long time, you should paint them or put a decoupage glaze on them.

This recipe will make about eight apples. If you want more, just double the recipe. While they bake, they may change shape and puff up. This makes each one different, just like natural apples!

Even though these salt dough cinnamon apples smell delicious while they are baking, you should NEVER eat the dough. The glue in it could make you sick if you eat it.

Let's get started!

## What You Need:

- 1 cup of flour
- 1/2 cup of salt
- 2 tablespoons of cinnamon
- 1/3 cup of water
- 2 tablespoons of white glue
- Measuring cups and spoons and a mixing bowl
- A craft stick or plastic knife
- A microwave safe plate
- Optional: craft paint, decoupage glaze

## What to Do:

1. First, stir together the flour, salt, and cinnamon in a bowl.

2. Next, mix the water and glue. Stir this into the flour mixture with your hands. Work the dough with your hands until it gets a clay-like texture. You may need to add more water, one tablespoon at a time.

3. When the dough is mixed, take a handful and roll it into a ball. Pat it out and cut it into an apple shape with a craft stick. Use a little extra dough to make the leaves.

4. Put four apples on a plate and microwave them for 2 minutes. Have an adult take them out of the microwave and use a spatula to loosen them from the plate. Be careful! They're hot!

5. Microwave the apples for two more minutes. Tap your finger on the apples. If they are hard, they are done.

Congratulations! You've made a nice batch of salt dough cinnamon apples! After they cool, you can paint them. You can also leave them plain for a more natural look, and to make the smell last longer.

## Other ideas:

- 1. Paint your apples all different colors and put them on display in a basket.
- 2. Use a straw to poke a hole in your apple while the dough is still wet. Put it on a ribbon to wear around your neck or to hang on your wall.
- 3. Hot glue a magnet to the back of an apple and stick it on your refrigerator.
- 4. Use a plain, unpainted apple as a drawer or closet deodorizer.



# Courtney and the Forty-Two Ears of Corn

By Karin Cameron

One morning, Courtney, a white cow with the smallest of black spots, wondered off. She was not supposed to leave the pasture. But that day she headed straight into the corn fields. Courtney's family watched her disappear through the tall stalks.

"Why did Courtney go in there? She knows better," the brother calf moored.

"What is she thinking?" moored the Daddy cow, slowly shaking his head.

"Maybe she is looking for adventure," the older sister cow moored with a grin.

It was certain that no one in the family knew why Courtney had wondered off. The family watched the top of the stalks wiggle as Courtney weaved her way through them. No one wanted to go after her. They knew the rules of the farm. Going into the corn fields was defiantly not okay.

"I'm hungry," Courtney moored, looking at the corn stalks.

She wondered here and there and there and here. Slowly Courtney was becoming lost in the corn field.

The smell of the corn, hidden by rough green husks, was making her even hungrier. Courtney's stomach started making noise. Then the rumble grew louder. Courtney couldn't stand it anymore. She had to eat.

"Maybe just one piece of corn," she moored.

Courtney took her front hooves, pounced on the stalk of corn, and pulled an ear off. After she finished the first ear of corn she craved more.

"One more wouldn't be so bad," Courtney moored.

Courtney munched on another ear of corn. With only two ears of corn in Courtney's stomach she wanted more.

"A couple more ears of corn won't hurt," she moored.

Finally Courtney started to feel full, but now she had eaten forty-two ears of corn.

"How could I have eaten all that corn?" she moored, looking at her new larger stomach.

Maybe I should lay down for a quick nap."

Courtney slowly lain

down between the stalks of corn. While she slept the sun grew very hot. Eventually the sun became so hot that it woke Courtney up.

"I am too full to get up," she moored. "And my stomach feels funny."

Courtney waited a bit, and then used all of her strength to stand up. That is when she heard a POP. Then a POP, POP.

"What is that popping sound?" Courtney moored.

POP, POP, POP.

Over the popping Courtney heard her name.

"Courtney, come home," her family moored from the pasture.

POP, POP. POP, POP.

Courtney slowly began to find her way out of the corn field. She weaved in and around the corn. She was scared about the popping sound coming from her stomach. After a while Courtney made it out of the corn field and over to her family in the



pasture. They all gathered around.

POP. POP, POP. POP.

"I'm popping. Do you hear that?"

Courtney asked her sister.

POP, POP, POP, POP.

"Yes, is that you?" she moored with a giggle.

"What have you done?" moored brother cow.

POP POP. POP POP, POP POP.

"I ate the corn from the stalks," Courtney moored.

All of the cows hung their heads in shame of Courtney's actions. Courtney knew that she never should have wondered off.

POP. POP. POP, POP. POP.

"The corn must be popping into popcorn because of the heat," daddy cow moored.

Courtney's stomach went POP, POP, POP, the rest of the afternoon.

In the evening the sun set and it grew dark and cool.

"I think the popping has stopped," Courtney moored, with a crooked cow smile.

Late that night, when the stars started to twinkle, Courtney's stomach started to feel better and she began to fall asleep.

"That is the last time I ever wonder off where I shouldn't," Courtney moored quietly, just before she started to snore.

# Yee Scores Another A+

By Julie M. Prince

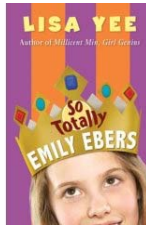
**Title:** So Totally Emily Ebers

**Author:** Lisa Yee

**Publisher:** Arthur A. Levine Books

**ISBN:** 0439838479

Emily Ebers, the best friend of Millicent Min, Girl Genius and girlfriend of Stanford Wong, returns in this final book of Lisa Yee's trilogy.



Emily is new to Rancho Rosetta, California, and she's not happy to have been dragged there to live by her mother, Alice. It would've been so much more fun to stay at home in New Jersey near her dad...especially since he's going to spend the whole summer touring with his former band, The Talky Boys. She could've seen them in concert and maybe traveled with them. This divorce is all Alice's fault, and Emily doesn't intend to let her forget it!

Although she's had to leave her two best friends behind in Allendale, it doesn't take long for the sweet and spirited Emily Ebers to meet someone new.

Millicent Min is everything a girl could want in a best friend. She's so fashion forward, she even carries a faux briefcase!

But, how come Millicent is so mysterious? Why doesn't she want Emily to know she's being tutored by the fantastically cute Stanford Wong? Doesn't she trust Emily to be her friend, even if she's a little behind in school?

Despite keeping busy with her new friendship, volleyball team, and major crush on Stanford Wong, Emily can't seem to get past the fact that her dad has only called her once this whole summer, and she has no way to reach him. Doesn't he care about her at all anymore? At least he remembered her birthday this year. He even mailed her a credit card of her very own, for emergencies.

Yee's ability to tell the story of one summer in Rancho Rosetta from three different perspectives is "totally" amazing. Each book and character has its own personality, with unique and lovable qualities. I can't wait to see what Lisa Yee has in store for us next!

# MEET THE WRITERS

**Lori Nawyn's** inspirational short stories are featured in three books, "The Magic and the Miracle of Christmas," Volumes I and II, and "Hearts and Hands: Stories of Hope for Mothers." Her art has appeared on CDs, book covers, greeting cards, t-shirts, and numerous home décor items. To learn more about Lori, visit her website: [www.lorinawyn.com](http://www.lorinawyn.com)

**Heather Rising** is a Canadian-born, elementary teacher and has been living in Germany for the last six years. She loves writing stories with her three active sons in mind. She is a member of the SCBWI and recently completed, "The Biggest, Tallest, Strongest," for Thomson-Duval (TBA).

**Karen Casale** writes poetry and stories for children. Her writing has appeared in *Weeones Magazine*, *Once Upon A Time*, and *Fandangle Magazine*. She has a poem coming out in *Highlights*. She is a member of SCBWI. She lives in Connecticut with her husband, three boys, and her Min Pin, Serena. She is working on a picture book and a middle-grade novel. In her spare time she reads, reads, then reads some more.

**Carol J. Douglas** has had children's poetry published in *Fandangle*, *Say Goodnight to Illiteracy*, editions, 9, 10, and 12, *Wee Ones*, and *Pack-O-Fun*. She teaches creative writing to children and is a member of SCBWI and a student at the Institute of Children's Literature. She lives in Ohio, with her husband, Jeff, children, Justin and Emelia, and two cats. Visit Carol's website at [www.caroljdouglas.com](http://www.caroljdouglas.com).

**Cheryl Viering** is an embedded software engineer. You may have come across some of her writing deep inside a nearby cell phone or sewing machine. After over 20 years of writing for computers, she

still hasn't gotten them to smile. So, she decided to try writing for people.

**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).

**Donna Alice Patton** is a freelance writer, daycare provider and homeschooling 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".

**Marianne Nielsen** lives in Ottawa, Canada with her husband, two young sons, one young dog, one very old cat, and one busy gerbil. She loves to write poetry, short stories, and books for children. Her work has been published and accepted for publication by *Three Leaping Frogs*, *Kid Magazine Writers*, *Wee Ones Magazine*, and many others. She can be reached at [poet4kids@yahoo.ca](mailto:poet4kids@yahoo.ca).

**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).

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

Children's author **Artie Knapp** was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1973. His children's literature has appeared in over 40 publications across the world. Knapp is a member of The Society of Children's

Book Writers and Illustrators, and graduated from Ohio University. He wrote and directed the Sci-fi comedy movie Pluto's Plight.

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

**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.

**Carla Mooney** is a freelance writer and member of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators. She lives in Pennsylvania with her husband and three children.

**Rolli** (like his two sisters) is a painter and writer hailing from Regina, Canada. You can write to him at charlesmanderson@hotmail.com.

**Maggie Grinnell** has been writing since 1992. She writes poetry, suspense stories and children stories. Writing is not only her passion but an extension of herself.

**Lee Mandel** lives on Long Island, with her husband, two sons, two dogs, and a hamster. She is a member of the SCBWI. She has been published in *Furry Tales & Turtle Shells*, [www.littlelf.mosaicglobe.com/page.1667](http://www.littlelf.mosaicglobe.com/page.1667), *Gather*, [www.alongstoryshort.net](http://www.alongstoryshort.net), and *New York Newsday*. Currently, she is working on a picture book series.

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

slated to be published in *Stories for Children Magazine*. Visit Heather's web site at [www.heathercuthbertson.com](http://www.heathercuthbertson.com).

Born and raised in New York City, **Margaret Fieland** has been around art and music all her life. Her poems, articles and children's stories have appeared in, among others, *Main Channel Voices*, *Echolocation*, and *Stories for Children Magazine*. You may visit her website, [www.margaretfieland.com](http://www.margaretfieland.com).

**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.

**Elizabeth Casey** is a health writer and former medical social worker. Her articles can be seen in publications such as *Well Being Journal* and *Mature Years*. She is also the mother of four and six year old girls who inspire different subject matter but with the same goal – living better.

**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*.

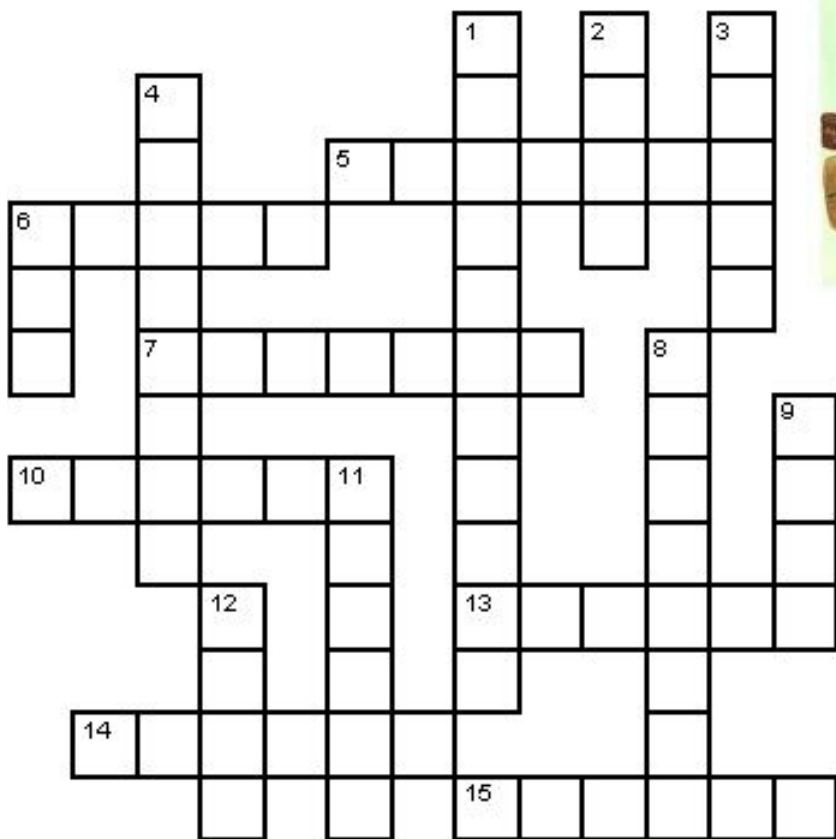
**Julie M. Prince** is an ICL graduate, and she recently had two biographies for kids published. She is the recipient of a scholarship for the 2007 Writers Workshop at Chautauqua. She is currently working on her first novel for young adults and continues her freelance nonfiction work. You can contact her at [jumi-pa@peoplepc.com](mailto:jumi-pa@peoplepc.com).

**Nadia F.** is a stay-at-home mother of three and a graduate of the Institute of Children's Literature. While her husband struggles to complete his doctorate, she juggles writing and homeschooling her children. In fact, this story was inspired by those very children!

# Know Your Herbs

By Cheryl Viering

How well do you know your herbs? Use the word bank below to help find the answers to the clues.



## Word Bank

Basil  
 Bay  
 Chives  
 Cinnamon  
 Dill  
 Fennel  
 Garlic  
 Ginger  
 Horseradish  
 Mint  
 Mustard  
 Parsley  
 Rosemary  
 Sage  
 Sesame  
 Thyme

## Across

5. The curly leaved ones are pretty on your plate, but the flat leaved ones taste better in your food.
6. It thrives in the summer heat, and is the main ingredient of pesto.
7. Hot dog! These ground seeds are good.
10. It grows underground and makes lots of toes.
13. These seeds on your bun will make your mouth open wide.
14. Person shaped root used to make person shaped cookies.
15. It rhymes with kennel, but it sure smells better.

## Down

1. You can't put a saddle on this root, but you can use it to make cocktail sauce.
2. This herb keeps your pickles from being dull.
3. This herb is what you need when you're running late. It also tastes pretty good on chicken.
4. It could be the girl next door, but it's an herb used to flavor roast.
6. Don't sail your boat on it. This tree's leaves are great in stews.
8. Somebody put ground bark on my cereal!

Answers on page 23.