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Back Cover
From the Editor

Well, November is here again. Football season is underway, turkeys have started their ‘Eat Chicken’ campaigns and we’ve gained a few pounds from all that Halloween candy.

In a few days I’ll be turning 35. Actually, my birthday is on Election Day. I’ll be old enough to be the president! I don’t know about you but that makes me feel really old. I’m not sure I’d be ready to take on running the whole country. Running this magazine is work enough for me!

November is also the month where we focus on things that we are thankful for. My list is pretty big this year. I’m, of course, thankful for my daughter and the rest of my family, for my kitten, and my rabbit. I’m thankful for my boyfriend and his support. I’m thankful for all my friends, those who are near and those far away. I’m thankful for the house over my head and my computers.

I’m also very, very thankful to the wonderful writers and illustrators who submit their great stories, poems, articles, puzzles, pictures and more. Without their support Fandangle Magazine couldn’t be what it has become: one of the best magazines for kids on the Internet.

Before I forget, make sure you stop by the Children’s Book Week Virtual Book Fair between November 13-19. The book fair will have a wide variety of books to choose from as well as great door prizes, virtual storytelling and a chance to meet seven authors and illustrators. You can find the book fair at: http://bookfair.fandanglemagazine.com.

Have a great month!

Nancy Cavanaugh
Editor-in-Chief

Let’s Celebrate!

November Holidays:

1 All Saint's Day
1 Dia de los Muertos (Day of the Dead)
2 All Soul's Day
7 Election Day
11 Veteran's Day
13 Sadie Hawkins Day
20 Universal Children's Day
23 Thanksgiving Day

27 Advent begins

Also:
American Indian Heritage Month
Peanut Butter Lover's Month
Stamp Collecting Month
National Novel Writing Month
America Recycles Month
National Children's Book Week
National Adoption Week
Aviation History Month
"Don't call me Treebug."
"Why not?" asked Uncle Miguel. "I named you Treebug when you were a tiny baby."
"I've grown much bigger and need a bigger name."
"What should I call you?" asked Uncle Miguel.
"My name is Teresa Angelina Maria."
"Much too big," said Uncle Miguel. "That name is bigger than you are."
"You may call me Teresa."
"Okay." Uncle Miguel slid into his car. "See you later, Treebug." Teresa frowned as Uncle Miguel drove away.
Papa came home from work. "How was your day, Treebug?" he asked.
"A good day, Papa, but please don't call me Treebug. I'm growing very big."
Papa raised his eyebrows. "What should I call you?"
"My name is Teresa Angelina Maria."
"It is also your grandmother's name," said Papa.
"You may call me Teresa."
"Certainly," said Papa. "Don't be late for dinner, Treebug."
Teresa frowned as Papa went inside. Teresa's sister, Nina, skated down the sidewalk. She grabbed Teresa's hands and swung her around. "Was that fun, Treebug?"
"Yes, but do not call me Treebug."
"Not Treebug? Then what?" asked Nina.
"My name is Teresa Angelina Maria."
"Such a mouthful," said Nina taking off her skates.
"You may call me Teresa."
"Whatever. Just come to dinner, Treebug."
Teresa stamped her feet and marched inside.
That night, Mama listened to Teresa's prayers.
"God bless Mama, Papa, Nina, and Uncle Miguel. Please remind them my name is Teresa."
Mama tucked her into bed. "Goodnight my Teresa."
Teresa fell asleep smiling. The next morning, Papa kissed her goodbye. "Adios, Teresa."
Teresa stood up straight and held the
10 Tasty Juicy Fruits

By Laxmi Velankar

10 tasty juicy fruits looking just divine In the fruit basket was one of each kind Amy peeled a banana crescent then there were 9
9 tasty juicy fruits looking ripe and great Bill peeled a round orange then there were 8
8 tasty juicy fruits happy to be even
Chen chose a crunchy apple then there were 7
7 tasty juicy fruits with the silly “Hics”
Dino plucked the bunch of grapes then there were 6
6 tasty juicy fruits dancing twist and jive Eli chose the purple plum then there were 5
5 tasty juicy fruits one tired and sore
Felix liked the ruby grapefruit then there were 4
4 tasty juicy fruits dreaming of the tree Gina loved the crowned pineapple then there were 3
3 tasty juicy fruits one with a tattoo
Hema hauled the big papaya then there were 2
2 tasty juicy fruits basking in the sun
Ian eyed the fuzzy kiwi then there was 1
1 sad bing cherry looking at the floor
But “Surprise!”
A big bowl yogurt came in through the door The red juicy cherry jumped with a roar And Voila! A happy fruit cocktail party!
Fruits aplenty fruits galore!
Animals have different kinds of body coverings that molt or come off. A body covering can be fur, scales, skin, feathers, or a hard shell. Animals molt when they are growing. Some animals molt in the spring when they do not need their winter fur. Animals also molt when skin or feathers are old and worn out.

**Birds**
Robins molt a few feathers at a time. Old feathers fall out as new feathers grow. Robins can fly while they molt. Ducks lose so many feathers at once that they cannot fly. They are grounded until new feathers grow in. Birds molt two or more times a year.

**Snowshoe Hare**
A snowshoe hare molts its fur. The hare’s coat grows thick and white in the fall. It blends in with its environment when snow is on the ground. In spring the white fur molts. Lighter brown fur grows in for summer.

**Snakes**
Snakes molt skin. When a snake grows it gets too big for its skin. When it is time to molt, the old skin gets loose. The snake rubs its mouth on a log or rock to hook the edge of the loose skin. Then it just crawls out of the skin. The skin comes off inside out. Now the snake has shiny new skin. The old skin stays behind on the ground.

**Crabs**
Crabs molt their hard shell. Crabs have no room inside their shell to grow. When the crab gets too big, the shell splits. The crab crawls out. The crab hides while the new shell gets hard. It eats the old shell. The old shell has nutrients that the crab needs to live.

**Turtles**
The horny scales on a turtle’s shell are called scutes. Scutes protect the shell.
A turtle molts scutes when the shell grows.
Scutes look like large fish scales when they molt.
A cat molts fur.
The fur grows thick in the fall to protect the cat from cold.
In spring the cat does not need the thick fur so it molts the extra fur.
The fur comes off a little at a time.

Grasshopper
A grasshopper has a hard covering on the outside called a cuticle.
A grasshopper molts its cuticle when it grows.
This cuticle covers the grasshopper’s body and protects its soft insides.
The cuticle splits and the grasshopper crawls out.
In a few minutes the new cuticle is hardened and the grasshopper hops away.

Frogs
Frogs molt skin.
Frogs have lungs but they also breathe through their soft thin skin.
Frogs molt skin almost every day.
They molt by wiggling and stretching to loosen the skin.
Then the frog wriggles out. The skin sheds like a T-shirt coming off over your head. When the skin is up around its mouth the frog just slurps the skin in and eats it. Frogs get nutrients and water from the old skin.

Moose
A moose molt its winter coat and antlers.
It grows a thick fur coat in the fall.
The antlers also fall off then. A moose grows new antlers every year.
In spring the extra fur falls out in clumps. New antlers are growing.

People
People molt skin, too.
Their skin wears out. It comes off in tiny flakes every day.

Molting is a part of growing, protection, and being an animal.
Animals molt many different body coverings.
Animals of all sizes molt skin, feathers, hair or fur.

Hey kids!
Do you like to draw? Paint?
Make art on your computer? Do you like to write poetry? Then listen up! Fandangle Magazine is looking for artwork and poetry from kids ages 6-10 years old.
Every month you could win a special prize to make being creative easier.
Check out the web site for more information!
Good Smells, Bad Smells
By Deb Stark

What smells good? How about pizza or flowers or your blanket? What smells awful? Maybe old shoes or mouldy cheese or your dog when she’s wet. Why do things smell different? Why do we smell anyway?

Smelling is one of five ways we have to find out what’s going on around us. Can you guess the other four? They are seeing, hearing, touching and tasting.

Smell helps our food taste good. Think back to when you had a cold and your nose was plugged. Lunch probably didn’t taste right. That’s because you couldn’t smell it.

Smell can also warn us if we are in danger. The smell of smoke means fire—stay away. If you smell gas or another smell that makes you wrinkle your nose, leave right away. Find a grown-up and tell them what you sniffed.

Some smells help us remember things. The smell of shampoo makes you think of your mom. Smelling popcorn reminds you of a movie. And your stinky socks tell you it’s time to find a clean pair!

Sometimes smells can trick us. Your cough medicine may smell like cherries or grapes. The cleaner your dad uses may smell like lemons. Don’t be fooled. Just because something smells nice, it may not be safe.

Smelling is one way we can tell what’s going on in the world around us. Good smells make your food taste better and make you feel happy. Stay away from bad smells to stay safe. And if the bad smell is you, it’s time to take a bath!

What Am I?
By Maria Gianferrari

Ground
Bound
Fleet
Feet
Sunflower-size
Marble eyes
Neck like crane
Walnut brain

Pillar legs
Coconut eggs
Black/White
Feathers light
Starts with “O”
Has two toes?

Answer on page 21.
Lacey flipped the channels yet again, trying to find something that looked a little bit like fun. She sighed as she saw another boring commercial. She let out a huge sigh just as a scritch, scritch at the living room window. She looked to see a little chipmunk on the sill and was startled to hear him say, "Come here a second." She went to him and ...
The Cardiff Giant Hoax

By Marion Tickner

In the glow of campfires, Native Americans handed down stories from generation to generation. These tales are known as legends.

Many, many moons ago, giants lived in Central New York—so the legend goes. They told the Indians about something that would happen in the future. “Strange white men will come in canoes. They will bring firewater. This poison drink will cause the downfall of the Indian tribes.” The Great Spirit grew so angry with the giants that he sent lightning bolts. The giants turned to stone, thus creating the stone quarries around Syracuse, NY.

One giant was out of town at the time. He blamed the Indians for what had happened. To get even he planned to kill an Onondaga Indian every day.

The Indians called a meeting to plot their attack. One night they dug a deep pit near Cardiff, NY, covered it with twigs and leaves, and waited.

A few mornings later, the Indians awakened as earth rumbled and shook. When they checked, they found that the last of the giants had fallen into the pit.

In 1869 a man living in Cardiff, NY, took advantage of the legend to make a profit. What started out as a practical joke ended out to be a hoax.

Earlier, George Hull, from Binghamton, NY, got into an argument with a minister over a passage from the Bible, “There were giants in the earth in those days” (Genesis 6:4). Hull decided to get even with the minister.

He visited several stone quarries until he found just the right block of gypsum. He then had a stonecutter in Chicago carve it into the shape of a man. Meanwhile, his cousin William Newell, hired two men to dig a well on his farm in Cardiff, NY. Before they reached water, however, Mr. Newell claimed that he ran out of money and
stopped the work.

One dark night in November 1868, the stone giant was brought to Cardiff and buried in that very spot. The ground was then smoothed over and clover planted. A strange time to plant clover! Especially in New York State. Winter came and these strange events were forgotten.

The next year Gideon Emmons and Henry Nichols began to work again on that well. On October 16, 1869, they struck something hard. At first they thought they had hit a pipe. Instead they’d found something that looked like a human foot. Eventually, they uncovered the huge stone man.

“Jerusalem, Nichols, it’s a big Injun!” Emmons exclaimed.

People, remembering the legend of the stone giants, flocked to see this petrified giant. They came by wagons, stage-coaches, horses, and even by foot, paying an admission price of fifty cents. The cow shed on the Newell farm was turned into an eating place. Mr. Newell and Mr. Hull took in thousands of dollars.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., a famous physician in Boston, examined the giant. He agreed that it had all the features of a man, but it had no heart or lungs or other organs man needs to live. By December, Mr. Hull admitted that the whole thing was a hoax.

The “Cardiff Giant” is 10 ½ feet tall and weighs nearly 3000 pounds. He rests today on display in The Farmers’ Museum, Cooperstown, New York.

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**Tiny Star**

*By Gisele LeBlanc*

There lives a tiny star
Inside this little jar.
When stuck up in the sky,
It was so very shy,
But now it shines for me,
As you can plainly see.

---

**Sleepy Sounds**

*By Linda McReynolds*

Some people like a quiet night,
and a softly blowing breeze...
Cricket chirping in the grass,
Owls hooting in the trees.

Me, I like the city sounds:
Fast cars that honk and beep.
Jets flying by overhead...
These sounds soothe me to sleep.

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**Children’s Book Week Virtual Book Fair**

November 13-19, 2006

Buy books, listen to stories, meet authors and win great door prizes!

http://bookfair.fandanglemagazine.com
SLAM!
"I'm home," Erika hollered. She kicked off her runners and dumped her backpack on the floor.
"What's wrong?" Mom asked, peeking in from the kitchen.
"There's a new boy in my class and I don't like him," Erika said, pouting.
"Why not?" Mom asked. "Was he mean to you?"
"Nope," Erika said. She grabbed the peanut butter and bread out of the cupboard and made herself a sandwich.
"Why don't you like him?" Mom asked.
Erika took a bite of her sandwich. "Mmmmm." She chewed and swallowed. "Because Kyle's allergic to peanuts."
Mom stared at Erika. "So?"
"I can't bring any PB and J sandwiches to school for lunch anymore!" Erika said. "There's a note in my agenda."
Mom disappeared out of the kitchen. When she returned, she had Erika's school agenda in her hand. She pulled out a green note and read it quietly.
"There are no peanuts allowed, or foods that may contain traces of peanuts."
Erika made a sour face. "It's not fair."
"We'll have to start reading all the ingredient labels on your snacks," Mom said. She opened the snack cupboard and pulled out a cookie bag. "Mmmmm, this one says it may contain traces of peanuts."
"No way!" Erika yelled. "Those are my favorite cookies."
"You're not allowed to have them at school," Mom said.
Mom looked at a few more labels. "None of these are any good for school."
"I hate him," Erika said.
"What happens to this boy if he has something with peanuts?" Mom asked.
"The teacher said he could die," Erika said, somberly.
"It's not his fault, Erika," Mom said. "Imagine how he feels. He has to worry about what the other kids are eating. Did the girl beside him eat peanut butter for breakfast? Will someone eat a peanut butter sandwich for lunch and forget to brush their teeth or wash their hands?"
Erika frowned. "I bet it's not that bad," she said.


The next day at lunch, Erika pulled out her jam sandwich. "Yuck," she muttered. She stared hard at Kyle.
"It's me," Rosie whispered. "I couldn't stand having lunch without peanut butter."
"I know what you mean," Erika said, wishing she'd snuck one in too.
"I don't sit near him, so I don't see why I can't eat it," Rosie said.
When the lunch bell rang, Erika watched Rosie lick peanut butter off her fingers.
"Hey, Rosie," a boy called. "Can I borrow your pencil?"
"Sure, Jason," Rosie said. She grabbed her pencil with her sticky fin-
gers and tossed it over to him. It bounced off his desk and landed in front of Kyle. Kyle picked it up and started to pass it to Jason.


Erika watched Kyle. He was staring at something on his fingers - peanut butter! He was breathing funny. Erika ran into the hallway to get the teacher.

"Something's wrong with Kyle," Erika said. "He touched a pencil that might have peanut butter on it."

The teacher hurried into the classroom.

After school, Erika raced home and told Mom what happened.

"Luckily the teacher had Kyle's medicine - an epi-pen," Erika continued. "Is he okay?" Mom asked.

"Yep, he's fine now," Erika said. "Mrs. Wicker said she was proud of me and how fast I went to get help."

"I'm proud of you too," Mom said. "How did you know what was wrong?"

Erika frowned. "Rosie was eating a PB and J sandwich for lunch. She snuck it in. I was going to do that too, but not anymore." Erika looked up at Mom.

"When he started breathing funny and I saw the peanut butter on his fingers, I knew he needed help."

Erika sat closer to Mom. "I was really scared, Mom," she said.

Mom hugged Erika. "Just imagine how scared Kyle must have been," Mom said.

"He has to trust that his peers are going to respect the no peanut rule."

"I don't think anyone is ever going to bring peanut products into the school again," Erika said.

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**Understanding Food Allergies**

**What is a food allergy?**

When someone with a food allergy eats or comes into contact with that specific food, their immune system triggers an allergic reaction. There is no cure for a food allergy. The only way to treat it is to completely remove the allergy from their environment.

**What are the symptoms of an allergic reaction?**

People have different reactions. Symptoms could be hives, itchiness, swollen throat, wheezing, nausea, and in severe instances, anaphylaxis. Anaphylaxis is a severe allergic reaction that involves difficulty in breathing, a drop in blood pressure, and sometimes a loss of consciousness.

Mild allergic reactions can be treated with antihistamines. Anaphylaxis needs to be treated immediately with epinephrine, auto-injected with an EpiPen®.

For more information, visit The Food Allergy & Anaphylaxis Network Web site at www.foodallergy.org
“Lily came from China,” I announced at dinner. “Her sister did, too.”
“I remember Lily’s mother once told me that,” Mom replied.
“And Cousin Seth came from Russia,” I said.
“That’s right,” Mom replied, “when he was two.”
“So where did I come from?” I asked.
“You came from my belly.” Mom said. “You know that.”
But where did you travel to get me?”
“Well, I traveled to the hospital so the doctors could help you come out,” Mom replied.
“But the hospital’s not far,” I protested. “Lily says her parents wanted her so badly they traveled half-way around the world to get her.”
Mom reached out and pushed my hair back with a hand. “Well, I would have traveled all the way around the world to get you if I needed to,” she said. “I certainly wanted you that much.”
“Lily’s parents sent papers to China to prove they could take good care of a baby. Then they waited more than a year to find out Lily would be theirs. When they finally saw a picture of Lily, they cried.”
“Well, I had to wait nine whole months to find out you would be my baby,” Mom said. “When the nurses laid you on my chest and I looked down into your face, I cried buckets.” Hearing that made me smile.
“When Lily’s parents went to China, they packed a whole suitcase of things just for Lily,” I said. “Clothes and diapers and food and toys. They bought her stuff in China, too. Lily gets something from China every year on her birthday. She showed me a necklace.”
“When I was waiting for you, I painted your dresser and filled the drawers with baby clothes. Then I carefully picked out the most perfect outfit to bring to the hospital for you to wear home. And one day your Grandpa handed me a bag. It was for the baby, he told me. Do you know what was in that bag?” Mom asked. I shook my head. She smiled. “Ozzie.” I giggled. Ozzie sleeps with me every night.
“Lily’s middle name is Li-Ping because that was her name in China,” I said.
“Well, your middle name is Joyce because that was your grandmother’s name,” Mom replied. I nodded, because I knew that.
“Lily has a photo album of the trip her parents took to China to get her,” I told my mom. “It has pictures of
the town she was born in, and pictures of Lily with the people who took care of her there.

“And how many times have we used the computer to look at pictures of you when you were a baby?” Mom asked.

“But Lily’s album has more than pictures. It has things like their plane tickets and candy wrappers with Chinese writing.”

Mom smiled. “Those sound like very special mementos for Lily’s family. I have some mementos of my first days with you as well. I have the name band they put around your ankle just a few minutes after you were born. And your name card, with ink prints of your hand and your foot when you were less than an hour old. I’ll show you them after dinner, if you want.” I nodded eagerly, and hurried to finish my lasagna and salad.

“So I know babies come from lots of different places,” I said to my mom as we cleared the table. “But I do have one more question.”

Mom laughed. “I thought you might,” she said. “What is it?”

“How come Lily gets to have a big sister and I don’t?”

**Skipping Stones**  
By Sandy Green

Tyler, me, and Andy  
Rode bikes to Oak View Creek  
Three perfect stones  
That looked like clones  
Were thrown into the deep.

Tyler’s skimmed the water  
And landed far from shore  
A somersault  
Some kind of vault  
It earned him a good score.

Andy gave a wind-up  
And sliced off one big wave  
His stone had springs  
Or little wings  
and knew how to behave.

My stone gave me trouble  
It was too late to swap  
Flipped on its side  
It took a ride  
And landed with a PLOP.

**Robbie’s Wondershoes**  
By Rolli

What’s the fastest beast of all?  
The lion, cheetah, or gazelle?  
The panthers know the anther,  
But they’re not gonna tell.  
Hmm? Well?  
Wrong! You lose!  
It’s Robbie, in his Wondershoes,  
His slip-on Supersneakers!  
He’s the king of the jungle gym,  
The best of hide and seekers.  
If you’re duckin’ you’ll be found—  
But ya can’t catch Robbie! Look around...  
A streak of light...a sudden wind...  
It’s him! It’s Robbie! Spread the news,  
The fastest in his Wondershoes.
In the front foyer of Oma's house, nestled between a wooden bench and a coat rack, stands the Giving Jar. A wooden plaque above the jar reads: Drop a coin any one will do, to be passed on to someone new. But for the rules, there is but one, give thanks for your blessings for some have none.

When Oma was a young girl, there was a terrible war in Germany. Her family fled to start a new life in the United States. They sailed across the Atlantic Ocean on a ship, bringing with them the Giving Jar. Oma says that when she thinks back to the trip, she can still smell America in the breeze.

Today is Thanksgiving Day. We are visiting Oma and Opa. My sister, Anna and I race up the porch steps - bump, bump, thump. The door swings open.

"Happy Thanksgiving," we yell out.

"Happy Thanksgiving," the family says. Their voices rumble together like thunder.

Aunts, uncles, and cousins fill the foyer like stuffing in a turkey. We wriggle our way into the house. My father hands Anna and me coins warm from his pocket. We drop them into the Giving Jar. I try to think of a blessing.

Oma says, "A thankful heart is a happy heart."

Each Thanksgiving, my family shares ideas on where the money from the jar should be donated. Donating makes you feel like you're smiling from the inside out.

The smell of turkey hits my nose and my taste buds tingle. My sister and I are picked up, plopped down, and passed around from aunt to uncle like a football at a game.

I escape and scoot into the den. "Mattie," my father says. "Come play cards with me."

I squat down next to him to play. Voices and laughter zip around the room. My stomach groans with hunger.

After our second game of Crazy Eights, Oma yells, "dinner's ready." She sounds like a teakettle boiling over.

In the dining room, I circle the table like a bee buzzing around a flower patch, looking for my place card.

Oh no!

I'm next to Cousin Corey who scratches his head constantly, and on my other side is Cousin Philip, who chews his turkey, then displays it smooshed on his tongue.

A pumpkin-colored tablecloth rests under sparkly plates where napkins shaped like rosebuds are perched. Candlelight flickers making shadows dance around the room. I plop into my chair as a flurry of cousins storm past...
me shoving their way to the table. Oma waves her arms at them like she's swatting flies. Finally, we all join hands while Opa says grace.

Bowls of steaming dumplings and glazed carrots are passed around. Opa serves me a huge slice of turkey with crispy skin. I eat a cranberry and it pops in my mouth and squirts.

After dinner, the table gets cleared and the smell of coffee floats around the house. The sound of coins jangling means the Giving Jar is being emptied. We share ideas then take a vote. This year the money will go to Hope House, a place that helps homeless families. Last year we donated to the food bank.

On the table, coins are heaped like mounds of silver snow ready to be sorted. Back in the den, my mom and her sister sink into comfy chairs. They feel Aunt Kate's growing belly. That's right, another cousin.

I cozy up next to my mom. My eyes feel heavy and the voices in the room grow mumbled like cotton balls have sprouted in my ears.

After a snooze, I spring up and skip to the empty Giving Jar back in the foyer. I dig into my pocket for the quarter that I've been saving. I rub it; drop it, and then - clang it bounces finally resting on the bottom.

I am truly blessed. I give thanks for being able to help others. I give thanks for my mom and dad, for my sister, for my oma and opa, for my aunts and uncles, and even for all the head-scratching, turkey-showing, people-shoving cousins. I am thankful for every single one of them.

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**Turkey Toothpick Holder**

From www.holidaycrafts4kids.com

**What You Need:**
- 1 1/2' terracotta pot
- Popsicle stick
- Tacky glue
- Tiny wiggle eyes
- Feathers - brown, orange, black (or make some out of fun foam or paper)
- Fun foam or construction paper in black, brown, red, orange

**What to Do:**
1. Draw a turkey head and neck on the brown paper or fun foam.
2. Make a little pilgrim hat with the black paper or foam.
3. Glue the head/neck to the popsicle stick, then glue the hat on top.
4. Add wiggle eyes, an orange beak, and red wattle.
5. Attach the head to the pot
6. Glue the popsicle stick to the inside of the pot.
7. Glue some feathers to the back of the pot. You can also use a couple feathers for wings on the side of the pot. Let dry.
8. Fill with toothpicks.
The Missing Bracelet

By Paula J. Miller

“Mom, I can’t find my bracelet,” I yelled from the top of the stairs. Mom came to the bottom of the steps. “Please don’t yell, Megan, I have a headache.” She glanced at her watch. “Now what are you looking for?”

“My bracelet,” I exclaimed loudly, waving my arms. “Susan’s Thanksgiving party is at seven o’clock and I can’t go without my bracelet. I told all the girls about it at school on Friday.”

“Where did you leave it?”

“In my room, where I always keep it.”

“Did you look on your dresser?”

“At least ten times.” I crossed my arms over my chest. “I’ll bet Paul hid it. He’s always hiding my things.” I turned and stomped down the hallway. “Paul!”

My seven-year-old brother came out of the bathroom, brushing his teeth. “What?”

“Where’s my bracelet?” I demanded, tapping my foot against the carpet.

“What bracelet?”

“You know the one I’m talking about. The purple one with the silver hearts. I saw you looking at it yesterday. Where did you hide it?”

Paul’s eyes widened. “I didn’t hide it.”

I clenched my teeth. Paul was always taking my stuff. Last week he’d taken one of my Elsie Dinsmore books and used it as a battling ram for his toy knights.

“Honest, Megan. I don’t know where it is.”

“You’re lying, you little slime ball.” “Megan!” Mom stood directly behind me. “Apologize to your brother right now.”

I narrowed my eyes at Paul. “Sorry.”

“There is no need to call your brother names,” mom continued. “If he says he doesn’t know where it is, I suggest you keep looking for it.”

When mom left I leaned close to Paul. “If you don’t tell me where you hid it, I’ll take Sir Henry and throw him in the garbage.”

Sir Henry was Paul’s favorite knight. He was old and worn, and his medallions had fallen off years ago, but Paul loved him. He kept him on his dresser and slept with him at night.

Paul gasped. “Sir Henry! You can’t do—”

“Just watch me. You’d better find my bracelet, or else!” I spun on my heel and stomped into the living room. I spent the rest of the morning draped across the bean bag, watching television.

Mom
came into the room about an hour later. I was just finishing a bowl of popcorn and licking the salt and butter from my fingers. “Did you find your bracelet?”

“No.”

She leaned against the doorframe and got that look on her face. The one that told me I was in trouble. My purple bracelet dangled from her fingers.

I sat up. “Where did you find it?”

“I didn’t. Paul found it under your dresser.”

I gulped. Paul peeked out from behind mom’s back, his face was streaked with tears and he clutched Sir Henry to his chest.

I took the bracelet from mom and handed it to Paul. “Here Paul, you can use this to decorate Sir Henry’s armor.”

Paul looked at me in astonishment. “I’m sorry for yelling at you.”

Paul smiled. “That’s okay. Do you want to play knights with me?”

I nodded. “Sure.”

Thanksgiving Is...

By Donna Alice Pope

Have you ever written an essay about how your family celebrates Thanksgiving? Maybe you wrote a journal entry in class about reasons you are thankful, or a report about the Pilgrims.

Do you wonder what a child in the 1880’s might have written? Imagine yourself in a one-room school. The wood stove sends out it's warmth as the students lean over their slates. Peek over the shoulder of the little girl in a blue woolen dress with white cuffs.

Thanksgiving

By Jennifer Cameron

Thanksgiving happened because the Pilgrims wrecked their boat, the Mayflower, against America. The Pilgrims lived in England. A bad king told them they could not be free so they left. When the Mayflower ran into Plymouth Rock, everybody had to get out anyway.

The Pilgrims had no general store or houses. A friendly Indian named Squanto, showed them how to fish and grow food. One day they had a big party for Thanksgiving. They didn’t know it was Thanksgiving. They just were glad they had food and friends.

A lady named Sarah Hale asked President Lincoln to make everybody have Thanksgiving in America. He did. I think it is a law.

I like Thanksgiving. We visit my grandparents. I don't like my Aunt Olive's candy squash. The name is a trick. It has sugar but does not taste like candy. It tastes like squash with sugar. I wish Squanto didn't teach the Pilgrims to grow squash.
How to Draw a Holiday Gobbler

Can you serve up a graphic of a gobbler? Follow the three easy steps in the recipe below and you won't be the turkey!

1. Draw a circle for the head, scribble on a face, then connect a neck.

2. A larger circle is needed for the body, a loopy collar around the neck, and then add legs.

3. Draw in feathers on the bird's behind and you've got it!

Written and Illustrated By Kevin Scott Collier
Paper Plate Turkeys

From www.holidaycrafts4kids.com

What You Need:
- Paper plates
- Pencil
- Scissors
- Markers, crayons or colored pencils
- Optional: leaves, acorns, googly eyes and glue

What to Do:
1. For each turkey, you need one paper plate. Place your hand in the center of the paper plate, spread out so your fingers are separated. Trace your hand with a pencil. If you need help doing this, ask a parent or older sibling to trace.

2. Carefully cut out the hand on the plate. The thumb is the head of the turkey and the fingers are its feathers. Fold the thumb towards the middle so that the "head" is in the middle of the "feathers".

3. Use markers, crayons or colored pencils to color your turkey. Be sure to include eyes on your thumb so your turkey can see.

4. If you're feeling very creative, use leaves or acorns on the fingers for feathers and paste googly eyes on the turkey. You may need to use two plates for that to support everything.

Thanksgiving Jokes

Q. If April showers bring May flowers, what do May flowers bring?
A. Pilgrims!

Q. Which side of the turkey has the most feathers?
A. The outside!

Q. What key has legs and can’t open doors?
A. A turkey!

Q. If the Pilgrims were alive today, what would they be most famous for?
A. Their age!

Have a Happy Thanksgiving!

Answer from page 8:

Ostrich
“Master Pit” On Getting Sleep

By Ruth Wacker

“Five more minutes until bedtime!”

Have you heard that warning before? This time it’s not your mother talking. It’s me, your pituitary gland! But you can call me Master Pit. I live in your brain and although I’m very tiny (no larger than a pea), I have a huge responsibility. I oversee all maintenance performed on your body while you sleep!

Have you ever seen racecar drivers on TV leave the track during a race and pull into a pit stop? There, pit crew workers check fluid levels, fill the gas tank, and change the tires. This maintenance is necessary so that the racecar will run its best at top speeds. It’s kind of the same with you, when you think of your bedtime as your pit stop. While you sleep, I (Master Pit) am in charge of a “crew” that performs the needed maintenance on your body. We work on your memory, mood, and more! Did you know that you actually grow while you’re sleeping? That’s right! While you sleep, I release HGH (human growth hormone) into your blood for proper growth.

Now, think back to the time you had baseball tryouts the day after a late night sleepover with your best friend. When you ran the bases you looked as though you were running through mud. And you struck out four times! You only gave me 6 hours to perform maintenance that night. I need 9-10 hours to restore your muscles so that you can run your fastest and react quickly.

Do you remember the time you stayed up until 11:00 on a school night? I certainly do! The next day you told your teacher that Los Angeles was the capital of Florida! And in Math, you swore that $5 \times 4$ was 25! You really knew the answers to those questions, but again, you didn’t give my crew enough time to rest your brain so that you could think clearly. While you sleep, we help you memorize what you learned that day, and refresh your brain.

When you lack sleep, your immune system (the part of you that fights disease) becomes weak. You are more likely to get sick because your natural killer cells seem to disappear when you get less sleep. But if you get your sleep, they show up to attack those viruses. This is why a headache or other illness may feel better after rest.

Do you ever feel angry for no reason? Or do you have a little brother that gets grumpy if he hasn’t had his nap? Whether you are 3 years old, 9 years old,
or 55 years old, a certain amount of sleep will help keep your mood steady. Like a racecar needs enough water in the radiator so it doesn’t overheat, you need to get sleep so you don’t overheat with an argument or meltdown either!

Master Pit is not trying to tell you what to do. You have plenty of others like your Mom, Dad, or teachers doing that! But I am asking you to think about how staying up late might affect your performance, actions, or mood. Is a late night worth feeling grumpy, forgetful, or sluggish the next day? My crew and I will appreciate the time you give us to work on your body so that you can avoid unnecessary “crashes” during the day.

Bye now! I’m going to rest up. I have a busy night ahead, repairing and refueling your body!

Terms

Gland: An organ in the body that takes substances from the blood and changes them before sending them back into the body

Hormone: The substance formed by one organ and sent to other parts of the body

Virus: Substance that causes sickness or illness

How Much Sleep Do You Need?

By Jori Reijonen

People need to sleep. The amount of sleep needed changes with age. Newborn babies sleep about sixteen hours per day, sometimes more. Adults need about eight hours of sleep. Children in grade school need ten to twelve hours of sleep to learn, grow, and stay healthy.

Here are a few tips you can use to get the sleep that you need:

1. Stick to a regular schedule. Try to go to bed and wake up at about the same time each day, even on weekends.

2. Avoid caffeine in the afternoon and the evening. This includes many sodas and chocolate, too.

3. Stay active. Try to get some exercise every day. However, do not exercise too close to bedtime or you might not be able to fall asleep.

4. Don’t do homework or watch television in bed. Save your bed for sleeping and relaxing reading only.

5. Give yourself some time to relax at the end of the day. Try not to do homework right before bedtime.

6. Make sure that your bedroom is quiet, cool, and comfortable. A fan or window shades might help you to sleep better.

To learn more about sleep, ask your parents if you can visit the National Sleep Foundation’s website for children: http://www.sleepforkids.org.
Sleeping Animals

By Jori Reijonen

Just like people, animals sleep. Scientists know that all mammals sleep. Other types of animals sleep, too. How much sleep do animals need?

Some animals need only a few hours of sleep. Horses sleep between two and five hours. They do not usually lie down. A horse’s knees lock so it can sleep standing up. Horses sleep lightly. If they sense danger, they can run away quickly.

Cows sleep only about four hours each night. They can also sleep standing up. When they sleep standing up, they do not have REM (rapid eye movement) sleep. In people, dreams happen during REM sleep. Cows only have REM sleep when they lie down to sleep.

Some other animals need only a few hours of sleep. Elephants sleep between three and four hours each night. The giraffe sleeps even less, between two and four hours.

Dolphins need more sleep. Bottlenosed dolphins sleep a little more than ten hours each night. They sleep with only half of their brain at a time. The other half of their brain tells them when to go to the surface of the water to breathe.

Ducks can also sleep with only half of their brain. Sometimes, they close only one eye when they sleep. The other eye stays open to watch for danger. Ducks need almost eleven hours of sleep each night.

Fruit flies need about twelve hours of sleep at night. If fruit flies are bothered at night, they rest more during the day. Caffeine will keep fruit flies from falling asleep as quickly, just like in people.

Anyone with a pet cat knows that cats sleep a lot. Cats sleep for a few hours at a time across the day and night. They sleep as much as sixteen hours per day.

The “big cats” have similar sleep patterns. They nap on and off during the day and night. Lions sleep more than thirteen hours per day. Tigers sleep almost sixteen hours per day.

Brown bats sleep almost twenty hours. They sleep hanging upside down during the day. They hunt at night. Sometimes, after catching a meal, they take a short nap. Then they go hunt again before returning to their cave to sleep.

Why do animals sleep so differently from each other? Scientists have found some patterns. Larger animals usually need less sleep than smaller animals. Most animals that eat only plants sleep less than animals that eat meat. Predators usually sleep more than their prey. Even though there are big differences in how much animals sleep and how they sleep, all animals seem to need sleep.
Book Reviews:

Three Books for Veteran’s Day

By Nancy A. Cavanaugh

Title: The American Reader
Author: Kathy-jo Wargin
Illustrator: K.L. Darnell
Publisher: Sleeping Bear Press
ISBN: 1585360953

What does it mean to be a good citizen? The American Reader teaches kids not only how to be a good citizen but much about America’s rich history.

Author Kathy-jo Wargin accomplishes this with through many poems and short stories on topics such as Clara Barton, Noah Webster, symbols, and etiquette accompanied by K.L. Darnell’s soft illustrations.

If you’re looking for a civics primer for kids age 4-8 then you’ll want to add this book to your library.

Title: America’s White Table
Author: Margot Theis Raven
Illustrator: Mike Benny
Publisher: Sleeping Bear Press
ISBN: 1585362166

America’s White Table was written to honor the POWs (Prisoners of War) and those MIA (Missing in Action) during the Vietnam War. During this war, families back home would set the table, leaving a seat for the missing family member.

Margot Theis Raven approaches this very emotional subject with a warm story that is accentuated by Mike Benny’s soft pastel pictures.

Written for kids ages 4-8, this book is an excellent way to introduce younger kids to a very controversial part of our history.

Title: H is for Honor (A Military Family Alphabet)
Author: Devin Scillian
Illustrator: Victor Juhasz
Publisher: Sleeping Bear Press
ISBN: 1585362921

H is for Honor takes a look into the lives of people in the military. As you go through the alphabet you learn about drill sergeants, modes of transportation, and many of the other aspects of life as a soldier in the armed forces.

Devin Scillian is the son of a career military officer and experienced many of the things he writes about in the book. Illustrator Victor Juhasz captures the sometimes rough and tumble life of a soldier in his drawings.

This book, written for ages 4-8, is a great way to explore the military lifestyle and what it means to be a soldier today.
One cold, misty morning, I froze in place as a large group of clouds surrounded me. Usually binoculars would come in handy to get a close-up on clouds. But not today, they had left the sky and come to me; close enough to reach out and touch them. To most people those clouds were known as fog, but I knew them as Stratus clouds.

We all know clouds are billions of itsy-bitsy water drops (and sometimes ice crystals) floating in the air. However, not everyone knows how to spot clouds by name. I use the most popular system of cloud sorting, invented by scientist Luke Howard. He named them in Latin by their shapes: Stratus means layer; Cirrus means curl; and Cumulus means pile.

One day, I set out to spot the three main types of clouds. As I walked, a warm breeze blew across my face. The sound of birds chirping echoed through the air. I looked around and saw a group of small, fluffy pillows placed high, in the clear, blue sky. I walked toward them, and watched in amazement as the Cumulus clouds puffed up even more. They floated across the sky and doubled in size, but their bottoms stayed flat. Now, they looked like giant piles of white cotton candy. I snapped a few pictures. Suddenly, the cotton candy-like clouds started to change again! Afterward, they looked like rabbits, faces, and other silly things. Only a few more clouds to spot, I thought.

Early the next morning, I peeked out my window and saw thin, wispy hairs soaring in the sky. Though I had seen pictures, I had never spotted a Cirrus cloud. I quickly put on my jacket and sneakers, grabbed my camera, and then rushed outside. As I walked toward the clouds, a cool, gentle breeze began to blow. I observed, as the delicate clouds swished and swooped, painting the sky with giant, white curls. I took pictures as they slowly shifted, like giant feathers blowing in the wind.

Clouds are messengers, telling us the next weather to come. In knowing that Cirrus clouds mean there might be a change in the weather, I checked the forecast. It showed drizzles of rain for the next day. Bingo, I thought. That had to mean Stratus clouds!

The morning after, just as I had predicted, there was a gray, shapeless blanket across the sky. I walked toward them, as the layered clouds floated slightly above the earth. Although they were low, I couldn’t see their layers because they were dark and shadowy. I couldn’t help noticing that it seemed like it was going to rain! I whipped out my camera and quickly snapped pictures. That day, the Stratus clouds owned the air! They covered the whole sky, and hid the sun. They appeared as one huge cloud that stretched out across the sky, like a bird spreading its wings.

I continued watching as raindrops dribbled down. I had finally spotted all three types of clouds! I smiled at my success then let out a deep breath. Now that I had done the work, I had become a cloudspotter. The only thing left to do

Just Clouding Around!

By E.L. Perkins

www.fandanglemagazine.com - November 2006
was add my pictures to my collection.

After learning how to tell one type of cloud from another, cloudspotting can be an exciting hobby. You can share what you know with the ones you love. They will be dazzled, asking, “You know so much about clouds, what have you been doing?” Just smile, and then simply reply... “Just clouding around!”

Cumulus clouds. Pictures taken by E.L. Perkins

Stratus clouds.

Cirrus clouds.

Cirrus clouds.
Hello, Dexter here. I’m just your average ordinary neighborhood wasp. Before you go swatting me though, I think you should know that like everyone else, I too have a story to tell. At least afford me the opportunity to get something off my wings before you swat me with your flyswatter. Please?

It’s late October in Ohio, and the first frost was a couple of weeks ago. The fact that I am still alive is lucky in itself. If it hadn’t been for Mom building her nest in the Miller’s garage, I wouldn’t be talking to you right now.

The nectar is long gone on every flower in the region, and the warm weather neighborhood social gatherings have long subsided. Those are usually great because of the pop cans. A drop of sugar from a can of soda is to us wasps, what Hershey’s Kisses are to you humans.

Things were going well for awhile, but then my usual stomping ground for feasting was taken away from me. Charlie Richard’s finally started putting the lid on his trash can. Times were tough. One day a lucky situation came my way though, when Mrs. Jordan on Bexley Street left a fresh baked apple pie sitting on her kitchen table with the window open. I was beside myself with excitement.

Just about the time I was ready to take my first bite of pie, a voice yelled out, “What do you think you’re doing?”

The voice scared me so bad I thought I was going to lose my stinger. I looked over my wing but didn’t see anybody.

“I said, what do you think you’re doing,” the voice said again.

This time I looked straight up and
there before me was the strangest looking canary you ever laid your eyes on. His entire body was brown and yellow except for his head which was dark green. Humans get teased if they accidentally put on two different colored socks in the morning; given that, maybe that's why he's in a cage in the first place I thought to myself. I suddenly felt a sense of compassion for this multi colored bird. I collected myself and said to the canary, “I was just going to have a little taste of this pie.”

“It’s not yours to taste,” said the canary.

“I’m sorry but I couldn’t help myself,” I said.

“Don’t you have any food?” asked the canary.

“No sir,” I replied. “The flowers are all dried up and it’s slim pickings out there.”

“Well, there is no shortage of food here for me,” said the canary. “But every day it’s the same ole thing; nuts, seeds, vegetables, fruits, herbs, after awhile the nuts and fruits can make you feel a little nutty and fruity,” said the canary.

“To make matters worse, every Tuesday my owners have relatives over for pizza. One of them is a little girl and when I ask for pizza, she always says back to me, ‘Polly, want a cracker?’”, said the canary. “Every time I get asked that I cringe. When they first bring you home from the store you expect it for the first couple of months. But day, after day, after day, makes me want to wear earplugs,” said the canary.

“Well, it sounds like we both have our problems,” I said.

“Wait a second,” the canary said. “I have an idea.”

“What is it?” I asked.

“Why don’t we each have some of the pie?” said the canary.

“Fair enough,” I said. “But you’re in a cage, what’s stopping me from just eating this all by myself?” I asked.

“Well, I might be in this cage, but I know a lot of other birds on the outside that would just fancy a nice little wasp like yourself,” the canary said.

I swallowed so hard it shook the canary’s cage. “I see your point. Do you have napkins?” I asked the canary.

“No!” said the canary. “But I have fresh water in my cage you can help yourself to.”

We ate, and we ate, and then we ate some more. The canary and I nearly stuffed ourselves silly with apple pie. A life long friendship was formed that day, and I'll always be thankful to my friend. I plan on stopping by around Thanksgiving to say hi, and pumpkin pie is one of my favorites.

Winter Wonderland Writing Contest

What makes winter a wonderland for you? Is it the all the fun stuff you can do in the snow? Is it snuggling up around the fireplace with family and friends? Going on vacation on winter break from school? Tell us in 500 word or less something that happened to you that made winter special for you. Visit the Fandangle Magazine web site for more information.

CASH PRIZES!
Peanut Butter & Honey

By Sylvia C.

Everyone’s heard of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. But not everyone has heard about a peanut butter and honey sandwich. Well, it just so happens that I once knew a princess, who changed her peanut butter sandwich preference forever.

So, once upon a time, there lived a really brave, really fun, REALLY HUNGER princess. Even though she was a princess, and could be a snooty-bee if she wanted too, she was a very sweet girl. But like I said, she was a hungry girl! Sometimes she ate two sandwiches just for a snack. And they weren’t some fancy-pants sandwiches, either. Nope, they were plain old peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. She loved them. She had them for lunch, and dinner, and sometimes even for breakfast.

So, all the maids and all the chefs always made sure the castle had plenty of peanut butter, plenty of jelly, and of course, plenty of the softest, freshest bread from the market.

That is until one day, when the biggest, meanest storm there ever was came to the princess’ village. All the maids, and all the chefs, and everyone else in that giant castle was hiding in the basement, shaking in their knickers. That is, all except for the princess. That funny princess was hungry, and she wasn’t going to stop eating for some silly old storm.

“I think I’ll fix myself a little treat, said the princess, as the winds blew wildly outside the castle.

The princess grabbed the bread first. “Mmm, just right,” she said, as she gave the loaf a gentle squeeze.

Next she got the peanut butter out of the cabinet.

“Umm, creamy, creamy, delicious,” she said as she twirled the lid off.

Lastly, she reached up for the jelly, which always rested on the top shelf of the refrigerator. She reached and reached.

Oh, no, are we all out of jelly? Thought the princess.

Suddenly there was a bolt of lightening, and a smash of thunder from the storm outside.

Maybe I’ll try something new, the princess thought, as she grabbed a bear-of-honey, from the shelf beside the peanut butter.

Just as the storm began to let up the maids and chefs came rushing into
the kitchen. The Princess had just finished her last bite of peanut butter and honey sandwich.

She was licking her fingers, as the chefs and maids began apologizing right away.

“We were just going to get 100 more jars of jelly, and then that vicious storm came,” said the master chef.

“We’ll go right away! We are so sorry!” said the lead maid.

“No problem, said the princess,” who began making herself another peanut butter and honey sandwich.

“Sometimes it’s good to try something new,” she said to them.

And from that day on, the very hungry princess preferred her peanut butter sandwiches with honey and lightening.
“Get your coat, Julian!” Aunt Kate said. “We’re going to the science fair at the high school.”

Aunt Kate’s students had an exhibit at the fair. They showed people how scientists study weather. They showed Julian how balloons are used to study weather. The special weather balloons carry equipment high up in the sky. The equipment measures the air in different ways.

As people left their exhibit, Aunt Kate’s students presented them with balloons. One student filled the balloons from a metal tank. Another student tied a ribbon on the end. Two more students held the balloons in colorful bunches, ready for handing out.

Walking home, Julian looked up at his new red balloon. It tugged on his arm, wanting to float away.

At home, Julian tied several strips of paper to his balloon string. “This is a weather balloon,” Julian told his mother. He pointed to the paper strips. “This is equipment to study weather. The equipment can tell us if a summer storm is coming.”

Mom sighed. “A storm would cool things off.”

Julian let go of his balloon string. The balloon rose quickly to the kitchen ceiling. He grinned.

After dinner, Julian moved the balloon to the den. When he let go of the string, the balloon drifted up to the ceil-
At bedtime, Julian brought the balloon upstairs. He let it go. This time, it did not rise to the ceiling, but hovered just above Julian's bed. Julian frowned. He found his scissors and cut off some of the string. The balloon quickly rose to the ceiling. Julian grinned.

Julian read in bed until his mother came to say good night. "Please shut my windows before you go. The cars are too loud."

Mom shut the windows. She turned out the light. "Good night, buddy."

"Good night."

Julian woke with sun on his face. Right away, he looked up to see his red balloon. It was not there! Julian ran down to the kitchen. "Who took my red balloon?"

Mom was making pancakes. "No one took it," she said.

"It's not in my room," Julian said.

"Go back and look carefully." Julian ran back upstairs. This time he found the red balloon in his room.

Why didn't he find it earlier?

Julian brought the red balloon downstairs to the kitchen. It was much smaller than it was when he received it. When Julian let go of the balloon, it sank to the floor. "This is no longer a weather balloon," Julian said in a sad voice. He kicked it. The balloon bounced across the kitchen floor. "Hey, I have an idea," Julian said in a happier voice. He got scissors from the art closet and cut off the string. "This is no longer a weather balloon. It is a soccer balloon!"

"It must be. Go look again," Mom said.

Julian ran back upstairs. He stood in his doorway and looked up. No red balloon. He ran back downstairs.

"It's not there!" he said.

"It must be there," Mom said again. "Go back and look carefully."

Julian ran back upstairs. This time he found the red balloon in his room.

ANSWER:

The first two times Julian was looking in the wrong place. He was looking up at the ceiling. When Julian looked down, he found the balloon on the floor.

Balloons that float in the air are filled with a very light gas called helium. The helium is what holds up the balloon. Helium escapes from balloons through tiny holes. Warmer air temperature makes helium gas moves faster inside the balloon. Faster-moving helium finds and escapes through the holes more quickly. The balloon sinks when there is not enough helium left inside to hold up the weight of the balloon and string.

In this story it is summer. It is hot. Julian's windows were shut all night. In the warm room, Julian's balloon lost helium, shrunk, and sank to the floor during the night.
MEET THE WRITERS

Karen Casale writes poetry and stories for children. Her writing has appeared and is forthcoming in Weeones and Dragonflyspirit magazines. She lives in Connecticut with her husband and three boys. She is working on a picture book about three brothers. In her spare time she reads, reads, then reads some more.

Sylvia C. lives and writes in Kansas City. Children's literature and poetry interest her most. Sylvia also enjoys reading, going on walks, listening to music and dancing. She teaches creative writing for kid's classes and is an active member of the Kansas City Writer's Meetup Group.

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.

Paula Miller’s chapter book One-Eyed Jack is the first in her Faces of History Series available from Blooming Tree Press. Book two and three are in progress. Paula has also published articles in parenting ezines, as well as short stories for children, including anthology "Mistletoe Madness". Visit her at www.paulajmiller.com.

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

Michelle Landers lives with her husband and two young sons in Central New York. A professional grant writer, Michelle finds even more pleasure and satisfaction in writing stories for children. Guided by her sons' passions, Michelle spends many hours discovering how things work.

Ebony L. Perkins has written numerous books to help children. She graduated from the Institute of Children's Literature where her Course of Study was Writing for Magazines. Shortly after graduating, she was featured in the online publication, StoryBox. She is also Editor-in-Chief of WhittleTykes, a new ezine coming in 2008. http://whittlewould.org

Deb Stark can be reached through Fandangle Magazine at editor@fandanglemagazine.com.

Linda McReynolds lives in Illinois with her husband and two children. She is a member of the SCBWI and has had numerous poems published in a variety of children's magazines. Her work can also be found in the poetry anthology Itty-Bits of Bliss (Tangerine Sky 2006).

Laxmi Velankar is a pediatric physical therapist. She enjoys entertaining while challenging kids of all abilities to participate in therapeutic play. Laxmi also volunteers to promote early literacy. She was born and raised in Mumbai, India and now resides in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania with her family.

Artie Knapp can be reached through Fandangle Magazine at editor@fandanglemagazine.com.

Bonita Pate Davis lives in Owensboro, KY with husband Ken, daughter Emily, and dog Jenny. She writes adult and children's fiction and is currently working on a juvenile novel. She enjoys knitting, gardening, and eating mutton and burgoo at local barbecue and Bluegrass music festivals. Bonnie also teaches a Sunday School class for grades 1-3.

Ruth Wacker enjoys writing for children and guest-teaching at her sons'
school. She has been published in the local newspaper, as well as on websites of The Institute of Children's Literature and Kid Magazine Writers. She is a member of SCBWI and hopes to author children's books someday!

Maria Gianferrari is a member of SCBWI. Her publication history includes a nonfiction article, “Lucy and Tina: Four Ears and a Tail, published in the February 2006 issue of Highlights for Children magazine. A poem, “Labrador Winter”, and a fictional story, “Dear As Salt”, have also been accepted by Highlights. Dragonfly Spirit, Wee Ones, and Fandangle magazines have also recently accepted her work.

Marion Tickner has been published in several magazines for children. "Grandmas and Snowmen" and "My Special Part" appear in “Mistletoe Madness” (Blooming Tree Press 2004), edited by Miriam Hees. "Lost In The Cow Pasture" is in the next anthology, “Summer Shorts” (Blooming Tree Press 2006), edited by Madeline Smoot.

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

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

Sharon Greenaway is a freelance writer from Australia. She has written for several magazines including: Australasian Poultry, Collectables Trader, Australian Papercrafts, Grass Roots, Good Reading, Scientriffic, Helix, Comet, and Explore. She has also published several books.

Michele Sheetz has worked in film and television production, but her favorite stories come from growing up in a large bohemian family of writers. She lives in California with her husband and two children, and is an active member of SCBWI.

Gisele LeBlanc loves to write and illustrate for children. Her fiction, nonfiction, poetry, puzzles and artwork have appeared in many children’s magazines and Itty-Bits of Bliss--an anthology published by Tangerine Sky Productions. When not writing or illustrating, she enjoys spending quiet evenings at home with her husband, son and loyal pooch.

Donna 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".

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

Shannon Bennett lives in Washington with her husband and two children. She loves writing, drawing and reading. She also enjoys being able to teach in the Pioneer Club.


Write For Us!
We are always looking for fresh new faces to add to the Meet the Writers section. For the guidelines and editorial calendar visit www.fandanglemagazine.com
Ten Pin Bowling

By Sharon Greenaway

ALLEY
BALL
BOWLING
BUMPERS
COMPETE
FRAMES
FRED-FLINTSTONE
FUN
GUTTER
KNEES

LEAGUE
PINS
PRACTICE
SPARE
STRIKE
TEN
THUMB
TIPTOES
TOWEL