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Pencil Story

by Alex Rugowski, Randall School

One day a kid was writing with a pencil that he found by the Black Forest. Here is what he wrote: People say they see people go in the forest but never come out. The people that are closest to the woods put up stone walls taller than them. They say they hear cries for help but they don't dare go in.

There is only one way in and out—a road that is guarded by fifty soldiers on each side. There is only one way in and out because the village is in the center of the Black Forest and it is impossible to cut the trees down. Some people say it's safest to live there because no army would dare attack them in the Black Forest. But some people say it's the worst place to live because it's in the center of the Black Forest. They say many strange things live there. No one has ever come out alive.

One day Prince Eliot declared war against old King Arthur. So all of King Arthur's soldiers had to leave. Three days after the soldiers had left, a man who went into the forest five months before came back out. He said that the only hope for them to survive the vine attack was to use the pencil. When he was about to tell them how to use it, he died. They all started to look for it. Then the kid said he found it. They found out how to use it but the kid was the only one that could use it out of the whole village.

Then they heard something above them and at the road. The vines were starting. They would be done in about a three or four months. They started to make weapons to fight whatever came out of the forest. They were making catapults, swords, spears, and ballistas. Then in about a month the vines had stopped.

They put up a wood wall with four towers with each having six people in it. They had dug a

ditch but didn't have time to put in the water. There was a door and a drawbridge. Then they started to fight the monsters that came out of the forest. They had killed most of the monsters, but the monsters kept on coming.

They went into the village to get more men and get new weapons. The boy told the pencil to kill anything that come out of the forest. It killed all of the monsters that came out. Then the king of the forest came out with a pencil too. In a little while the boy's pencil won the battle. He killed the king too.

When they went into the forest, they found a cave with a gate in front of it. The pencil opened the gate. In the cave was a Dragon. The Dragon said that he would do what ever he wanted. He told the Dragon to help the king's soldiers kill Prince Eliot. So the Dragon did. Then he asked how to live forever. The Dragon told him how to.

Then in the year 1997 the pencil, Dragon, and the boy took over the world. Then in the year 23,049,521 they took over the Universe. And ruled it forever.

The Hidden Treasure

By Andrea Fetherston, Country View Elementary School

"You're not serious!" I shrieked as I sat in the judge's chamber with my attorney, Richard. I'm here to tell you about my husband, Samuel, and my adventure in finding a hidden treasure. Well, let's get back to the story.

"Yes, I am serious. Your husband's father left a hidden treasure for you and him in his will," responded my husband's attorney, Richard. Unfortunately there weren't any instructions."

"I'm going to find that treasure if it's the last thing I do!" By that time I was as angry as a rat held by it's tail.

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Samuel didn't want to move in haste. He refused to devote his life to finding the treasure because we were already wealthy and we didn't know if the treasure even existed. I thought about hiring an inspector. "Richard, do you know of any good Inspectors?" Luckily, my attorney knew of one. His name was Inspector Moore and he lived at apartment 212 on March Street. I cheerfully thanked Richard for his jolly good cooperation.

As I was driving alone to March Street, I was too impatient to wait for Samuel. I got so excited I was stopped for speeding but that didn't stop me. I quickly moved toward apartment 212, but not so fast that I wouldn't appear unladylike by running. I knocked a couple times.

The door crea-k-k-k-ed as it opened slowly. The inspector answered the door and I introduced myself. I explained Samuel's father's death to him, and he gave his sympathy. I quickly told him about the treasure and how there weren't any instructions. Then I slowly asked him if he would find the treasure for us. He then asked rudely what he would get if he found it.

I made a deal with him. I told him if he found the treasure he would get 1/8th of it. He quickly agreed. I told him he should be at 153 Park Street at 8:00 pm. We said our goodbyes and I started toward home. There I was, driving, thinking that, in a couple days I, Bea Franklin, would be a billionaire. I couldn't wait to tell Samuel.

I ran up the sidewalk and burst through the front door (of course knowing no one except Samuel was there to see my ridiculous behavior). Samuel quickly asked what happened. I explained everything in complete detail.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. It was Inspector Moore wanting to get a start on finding the treasure. Samuel and I let him in and he and Samuel got acquainted.

We all decided to go to Samuel's father's house

and see if we could find any clues. When we were exploring the house, a board popped up and money started flying out of the floor. Now Samuel and I are living in complete luxury. Cheerio!

Opposites Attract

By Becky Rost, Country View Elementary School

Jessica and Heather are best friends, even though they are as different as night and day. "Opposites attract," people would say. Heather is sophisticated and acts older than she really is. She takes ballet lessons and hates to get dirty! Jessica loves sports, especially soccer, and doesn't mind getting a little mud on her white shorts. She hates to wear dresses. I guess you could call her a tomboy.

"I have to go to Florida over summer vacation for my dad's job," whined Jessica.

"That's too bad. I've been there a million times and it's not very exciting," Heather answered.

"Oh, Heather, don't you even care that I'll be gone the whole summer?" Jessica asked, sounding hurt.

"Of course I do!" Heather said. "We're best friends. I was just kidding!"

It was probably true that Heather has been to Florida a million times. Her dad owns his own business and is very wealthy.

When it was time for Jessica to leave, Heather started to cry. She was emotional about these kinds of things. Jess waved through the window of the plane as they headed to Florida.

After summer vacation, on the first day of 5th grade, Heather and Jessica sat at their usual table in the corner of the lunch room. Heather bought all of her clothes from the most expensive stores at the mall.

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Today she was wearing a pale blue sundress that matched her eyes, and her long blonde hair was pulled back in a French braid. Jessica was wearing a pair of blue jean shorts with a white shirt that had a picture of a soccer ball on it. Her shoulder-length light brown hair was up in a pony tail.

"I'll be right back, Jess," Heather said. "I forgot to get a milk."

Jessica spent the rest of the lunch time eating alone since Heather didn't come back. "What's taking her so long?" she thought. "She must have been stopped by a teacher and sat down to talk."

Jessica didn't find Heather until she was outside at recess. Heather was on the swings. Jess thought she was alone, but then she noticed she was talking to the girl on the swing next to her. Jess yelled Heather's name. Heather pretended not to see Jessica. Jess ran over to where Heather was and the two girls stopped talking at the sight of her.

"That's her?" the girl next to Heather said in a snotty voice, and gave Jessica a dirty look. With that she walked off.

"Who was that?" Jess asked Heather, "And why did she say 'that's her'?" It was obvious they had been talking about her. It took Heather a while to come up with an answer.

"That's Libby," she finally answered.

"Who?" Jess asked. She had never heard of Libby before.

"Libby Manchester," Heather answered. "I met her while you were on vacation, and we hung out with each other during summer break."

"Were you with her during lunch, too?" Jess started to get mad.

"Well, she asked me to sit down with her, and she had no one to sit with so I did," Heather said.

"I didn't either after you left." Jess was getting madder by the second.

"Well I'm sorry if you feel that way! Libby is new and doesn't have very many friends yet," Heather started to yell.

"I thought we were best friends," Jessica said.

"Not any more. We're best friends," Libby said as she showed the crowd that had gathered a "best friends" ring.

Jess looked on Heather's finger and, even though she was trying to hide it with her other hand, the ring was there.

Jessica ripped off the best friend necklace she and Heather had bought in 2nd grade, not even bothering to unlock the clasp, and threw it at Heather's feet. "I never believed that opposites attract," she yelled. "It looks like you and Libby are both show-off snots!"

"I'm not a show-off, or a snot," Heather shouted. "Come on, Libby."

Heather and Libby put their arms around each other's shoulders as they walked away with their heads held high.

Jess ran out into the football field where she could be alone and cried. "What is happening to our friendship?" she thought. She thought about the first time they met at the park in 1st grade and had been best friends ever since. As they grew older, Heather had decided she didn't want to be a kid anymore and started to act like an adult. It was like there was a fork in the road and they both went different ways. Jessica took her mom's advice: "You're only a kid once, so enjoy it."

Just then someone calling her name interrupted her thoughts. She looked up and saw someone running toward her. "Here she comes," Jessica thought. "We'll apologize and then be friends

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again.” But as the face became clearer, Jessica’s hope sank. It wasn’t Heather coming to apologize. It was Kait.

Kait and Jess had been really good friends before Heather moved into the house that had been for sale two blocks away from Jessica’s. Heather had decided that Kait was too unsophisticated for her and convinced Jessica to think so, too.

“I know how you feel,” Kait told Jessica as she sat down beside her. When Jess didn’t answer, Kait went on. “You did the same thing to me. I never told you this before, but you really hurt me when you became friends with Heather and started ignoring me. Now you know how I feel.” Jessica thought Kait was mad, but when she looked up her face actually looked hurt. Tears came back to Jessica’s eyes, but this time she wasn’t crying because of Heather, she was crying because of the friendship she left so long ago.

“Kait I’m sorry.”

“It’s OK. I’ve gotten used to it,” Kait answered.

“No Kait, it’s not OK. Can we be friends again?”, Jessica asked with a hopeful look in her eyes.

“I guess, but only if you promise never to leave me again like you did before.”

“Cross my heart and hope to die.” Jessica said with her hands crossed over her heart.

“Stick a needle through your eye?” Kait asked.

“I don’t think I’d go that far.” Jessica started to giggle and then Kait joined in.

As Jess and Kait walked home after school she realized that she and Kait were meant to be. Heather and Libby, Jessica and Kait, that was the way it would and should be.

THE END

The Plants That Died

by Cassie Frey, Hawthorne School

In the beginning of the year I planted some plants and they were growing really good until that thing HAPPENED!!!!!!!!!!.

On September 29th, I planted some seeds. I planted grass, lima beans & flowers. After a couple of weeks, they were growing really good. It was a Friday and I went home.

When I came back on Monday, it seemed really HOT!! Nancy told us what happened. The thing that happened was a little part in the heater broke and made the school get hotter and hotter. Some animals died like rats and guinea pigs .

After that ,I watered my plants and I found out that my plants died and I really did not like it because I spent all my time on it. I watered my plants and stuff like that and I really did not like it when they died.

I would like to say thanks to Nancy, my teacher, Heather & Sama.

The Ancient Amulet of Angel’s Air Castle

by Caitlin Elizabeth Schatell Johnston, Randall School

Dedicated to Mr. Wagler who gave me the idea

Once, I think it was in September on a Thursday of nineteen ninety three, I was upstairs. I don’t mean just normal upstairs, I mean way upstairs, in the attic. My sister and I had just finished putting together a playpen for the cats. I was scooching into it on my belly to put in the shallow cup of water that I had brought up with me for them, along with a large handful of cat food when suddenly, “AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! HELP ME KELLEN!!” I pleaded, but she was not there. Instead, there was nothing.

I could not feel anything, touch, smell, hear, or

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taste anything. It was far worse than being deaf or blind, because at least those people can touch and taste things, but here there was nothing. In haste I tried to turn, to run, but nothing was there; no heart, no body, nothing. Suddenly I landed with a plop on hard ground. Everything around me was still complete blackness, but I was [so] overjoyed in being able to move and in listening to my heart throb, that at first I did not notice my strange new surroundings.

Then I heard a strange, faraway voice. The voice was singing. The song seemed to be in a foreign language and yet it was the most beautiful voice and song I had ever heard—and still is.

A touch of light seemed to be tinting the horizon. The voice seemed to be getting closer, somehow nearer. A huge golden sun's edge began to ascend. The sun seemed so young, new. Everything around me began to fill with a bright,

pinkish, orangish-yellow and the long fluffy clouds looked like descendants from an Arabian heaven.

Slowly all this splendor was whisked away in a rapture of swirling mists. Everything was suddenly bathed in golden sunshine. I noticed that I was no longer wearing a T-shirt and jeans, but was clothed in a pearl white robe. I quickly ran under the shade of a lacy Red Bud tree.

“Ouch!” I cried as I suddenly and **painfully** thonked heads with another “mortal.”

“Caitlin!” she cried out joyously. I stared in awe at Helen.

“How did you get here?!” I asked in amazement.

“I was just about to ask the same thing of you,” she answered abruptly.

Suddenly a huge flock of gorgeous mourning doves flew straight at us! Two of them perched gently on my out-stretched arm. I carefully picked one up and set it on Helen's shoulder, then transferred my dove to my shoulder and motioned for her to follow me.

Helen understood without me speaking and we silently made our way into the apathetic heat. A cool, sweet smelling breeze awaited us.

I do not know how many miles we walked but it was a very long time and neither of us could see the faintest speck of the beautiful, lacy Red Bud.

Finally we came to a thick, over grown forest. The trees were full of lace and every bit of the ground was carpeted in gorgeous violets. We found a little brook. We hesitatingly cupped our hands and took long gulps of the cool, refreshing water.

A beautiful gazelle bounded gracefully out of the bushes. We jumped up, startled by the creature, but calmed down when we realized that she meant us no harm.

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“C’mon Helen!” I said as loudly as I dared. As the gazelle’s soft, bright eyes followed me, I carefully dried my hands on the grass and leapt up on her back.



Helen, following my example, leapt up behind me and held on tight. Our mourning doves flew gracefully from our shoulders and perched lightly on the gazelle’s soft tan head. As they did so, I noticed a beautiful, glistening star in the middle of her forehead.

I gently squeezed my legs and the gazelle swiftly started running. As I looked around me, I dizzily realized we were no longer on solid ground. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the star on the gazelle’s forehead change from black to white.

Her whole body began to turn into a soft, velvety black. Instead of clinging on to a rather rough, tan neck, I found myself holding on to a long, silky, black mane.

Wings quickly sprouted from her back and Helen and I were slowly enraptured in the blackness of them. Finally she started gliding and could look around for a while. One of the first things I noticed was that the gazelle had sprouted a golden unicorn horn in the middle of the once black,

now white star. The [first] thing I noticed was that it was no longer day time, it was probably about nine o’clock, and the sky was a dark, rich blue.

Stars were sprinkled everywhere and were very bright and clear, although I could not locate the Big or Little Dipper. The moon was just a silver sliver with some threads of baby stars so that it looked very much like a bow and arrow. I suddenly saw an all white lady clothed in a gown of aqua folds.



She carefully took a glimmering star arrow and fit it to the bow with great ceremony, her silver hair flowing about her grayish glowing slippers. She was so beautiful that for the next fifteen minutes or so I was silent.

The “Pegasus” then found human voice and said, “That is the great warrior, Diana the Huntress, may she live forever!” I knew that I had heard that name before. Let me see . . . it was, no that’s not it, wait, yes it is!! I heard about her in music class, back on earth. I thought about everything that Mrs. Haimerl had taught us back on earth. But I stopped myself—if this was a dream, I did not want to wake up. With all this in my head, I slowly fell asleep with Helen trying to keep me from falling off the Pegasus!

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When I awoke, I found myself lying on something as soft and light as a cloud. I looked down to see what kind of material it was and screamed. It was a cloud! I slowly and unsteadily stood up, but unfortunately there was a large hole under me, so I FELL!!

I tried to hold on to the cloud, but even though I did not know it, I was flapping my arms in the process. I started to rise. I slowly realized it was from flapping my arms, and I flapped them harder. Finally I was back on the cloud. Boy was I hungry!!

"I wonder what they have to eat around here!" I said aloud. I looked around me, then behind me, and what did I see but a pair of glossy white wings!

I flew around from cloud to cloud for a while, trying to find Helen. Finally I found her sitting with the Pegasus but you could never guess what they were eating. The TABLE!!! I sat down and joined them!! The table tasted like nutty, dark fudge and the clouds like **all** your favorite drinks mixed into one!!

After the unusual breakfast, the Pegasus taught us how to glide. Helen had gray wings just as glossy as mine. We practiced our gliding for the rest of the day with meals in between. Then just before sunset the Pegasus suggested that we go play on the clouds closest to the sun.

"They're very good for dessert!!" she said, so Helen and I ate a hasty dinner of fudge and cloud and glided off into the rosy radiance of the brilliant new sun set. The brilliance blinded us so much at first that it took us ten minutes to get accustomed to the glowing light.

Then we bounded into the great marble-like arches. I registered a double take when I saw a whole **flock** of angels with wings just like mine for the girls, while the boys had wings like Helen's. Some of them were playing merry little

tunes on silver flutes, some plucked the strings on golden harps, and some of them were stuffing themselves with cloud cake, each layer a different colored cloud!

"Each color tastes like a different flavor!" a rather fat angel explained to Helen and I, as he offered me and Helen each a slice on a marble-like dish (which I slipped into my purse when we were done). Luckily I had two toothpicks in my pocket and I handed one to Helen. We began to pierce cake and pop whatever layer we had stabbed into our gaping mouths. "That Pegasus sure was right!" I said rudely, talking while my mouth was full.

"About what?" Helen asked,

"About these clouds being great for dessert!"

Helen and I stuffed ourselves silly until the sun went down. Some of the lady angels brought us back to the silver sliver of the moon so that we could meet Diana in person.

When I saw her, I tore off the hem of my white robe and asked if I could have her autograph. Diana did not know what an autograph was but she silently handed me the pack of arrows.

I happily shot out some stars in the shape of a "C," ending up with my initials, "C.J." I handed the arrows to Helen. "AND HELEN," she wrote on the velvet-like sky.

Suddenly I caught on!! I took the the arrows and slowly spelled, "RULE THE," and Helen finished off by writing, "WORLD"

C.J. AND HELEN RULE THE WORLD!!! It glittered like millions of tiny diamonds.

Finally Diana said in a voice that tinkled like bells, "I suppose you must be getting back to the clouds or Angelica will get worried about you."

"Who is Angelica?" Helen and I asked in unison.

"Angelica is your so-called Pegasus." Diana then

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pulled out the biggest arrow I have ever seen in my entire life!! “Sit on this arrow,” she ordered. I sat down on it as if it were a horse and Helen slid on after me. Diana fit the arrow to the bow with great ease and in just a few moments we were speeding through the night sky!! We zipped straight to the clouds where Angelica had taken us the night before and landed with a “plop” on Angelica’s back.

It was then I realized I was not supposed to be this high up and still be able to breathe, but as I slid off Angelica, all my thoughts floated away on a puff of nothingness. For there in front of me, Angelica was slowly turning into a beautiful woman.

Her eyes were a soft glowing violet and her hair was almost as brilliant as the sun. It was in a braid made by pulling the sides into the back so that most of her hair was falling in golden ripples down her back. Her lips were as pink as a sunset and her cheeks were as radiant as roses. Her teeth were as brilliant as glimmering white pearls and her skin as creamy as apple blossoms!!

Her feet were bare and she too had glossy wings except **her’s** were as golden and wonderful as her hair. She was clothed in a gown of dark blue velvet and diamonds were sprinkled all over it, representing the night sky.

A soft, glowing light seemed to be shining off of her and later Helen said, “That’s the wings that are shining!”

“You had better get to sleep,” she said in a voice sweeter than the fudge table and cloud cake. “You and I have a big day ahead of us!”

We flew to a cloud that had something like a bunk bed on it. Helen started climbing the cloud ladder to the top bunk, but before she reached it I flew up and claimed it as mine!! I laughed and shouted triumphantly, “Queen O’ The Bunk Bed!!!” Then we curled up in our beds and from my purse (which I had been carrying along since the beginning of the trip), I produced two copies of the same book.

“What books did you bring this time?” Helen asked knowingly.

“{The Magic Hat of Mortimer Wintergreen}!”

“What’s it about?”

“Why don’t you figure it out for yourself?”

“How?”

“How do you think?”

“Read it?”

“Good guess!!”

I handed the book down to Helen and she grabbed it contentedly. After an hour or so she said, “This **is** a good book!”

“What page are you on?!” I asked.

“Sixty four. How about you?”

“I’m on page two hundred!!” I screamed in ecstasy!!

“Oh yeah,” she said. “Wellllll, now I’m on page four hundred!”

“That’s impossible!!” I cried out.

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“And may I ask whyyyyy???”

“Because there is no page four hundred, or even three hundred!”

“How many pages are there?” she asked.

“Two hundred and sixty,” I answered.

About one minute later she was snoring and soon I went to sleep too. When I finally woke up, it was still dark outside! I figured it was still night but I had to go to the bathroom!! I flew out of bed and searched for Angelica. When I found her she was in exactly the same position as she had been last night, considering it might still **be** last night.

“ANGELICA!!!!” I screamed into her ear while I jumped up and down on her. (It is very hard to scream in someone’s ear while jumping up and down on them!) Angelica jumped up in bed from fright, but when she saw that it was only me she calmed down a little bit.

“Angelica,” I said. “Where are the bathrooms?!”

“Everywhere!”

“What the heck do you mean by that?!” I asked in confusion.

“Just go!”

“That woman must be crazy!” I thought to myself. I flew to a cloud that looked pretty private—it even had a silk curtain so that no one could see into it. I quickly did my “business” and flew back to the bunk bed. Helen had just awoke, but when she caught a glimpse of me, she began burrowing back under the covers as if she were going back to sleep.

“Wake up, Helen!” I cried out as I catapulted on to her bunk. Unfortunately I landed on top of her. “It’s breakfast time!”

We flew back to the cloud on which we had our

meals on yesterday and were greeted by a brand new nutty fudge table, but this time there was stuff on top of the table! I flew a bit higher, to see what surprise the table had for us today, and nearly forgot to keep my wings unfolded!

There on the table was a whole huge marble platter of coffee cake, light and airy!! On another platter, drowned in maple syrup and melting butter, was a heap of pancakes six feet high! In a beautiful glass punch bowl scrambled eggs with cream cheese were stacked as high as the pancakes, and in a bowl divided into four sections you could pick from any one of your favorite jellies to spread on the half buttered slices of toast which were on a plate and in three separate stacks, each three feet tall! French toast collided with the pancakes and golden glasses were brimming with the choicest pearl white clouds!

Helen flew up to see what I was so surprised about and breathlessly fainted to the clouds. Unfortunately the poor clouds could not hold that much weight when Helen wasn’t unfolding her wings, so she began to **fall!!!** I quickly flew down and spread out her wings and her plummeting gradually ceased. I pulled hard at her outstretched arm and called to Angelica to help me.

Angelica silently flew down while she slowly (but quickly enough) melted into the form of an eagle **so** big that my dad could sit on it!! (And by the way, dad, don’t take that as an insult, please.) She silently swooped down and just when I thought that I could not possibly go on like this for one more single second, I landed with a “plop” on Angelica’s back! Helen fell sideways in front of me!! Angel gently, but swiftly flew down to the unknown, possibly undiscovered, planet’s ground.

Then Angel said, “From now on, you must go and make your living down here. Once someone has been in the clouds and then falls to the ground, I am forbidden to bring them back up with me, or

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else they will shatter like glass. All this from my foolishness!! Still I will always watch over you, even when you return to your 'earth.' I may make frequent visits. In your worst time of need just remember that as long as you wear this amulet, I will always be with you and that neither of you can ever be harmed."

And with that Angelica, still in the form of a golden eagle, flew back into the heavens of the sky. Luckily she had been kind enough to transport the wonderful breakfast she had prepared for us down to the ground!! After reviving Helen, we feasted 'till we could eat no more. Then, as strange as it may seem now, the whole feast, including the fudge table, turned into a little red velvet pouch!!

Helen fearfully backed away, but I slowly crept forward and lifted the pouch, stroking the intricate golden embroidery.

On the other side in tiny, rainbow, oval shaped precious stones that kept changing their rainbow colors, it formed a golden backed note. "[When opened you shall feast, when finished it shall close]" I read to Helen and myself. Then I noticed a glimmering, glittering amulet on a delicate golden chain. The amulet was made up of two winged unicorns, their wings colliding into the chain so that it looked very much like this . . .



I lifted it up and carefully slipped it over my head. Helen and I gradually learned to call it THE GEM, but that's another story and shall be told another time. I stood up.

"C'mon Helen!!" I called. "We have to find some shelter for the night." I gave my purse to Helen and kept the velvet pouch on my wrist as we trudged on in the heat of the dessert sun.

We walked and walked until we finally reached another forest with glossy, shiny leaves and an ocean on the coast. By then the sun was very high in the sky and Helen and I agreed that it was definitely time for lunch!

We chose a lovely picnic spot right next to the shore, but still in the shade of the glossy trees. On the soft emerald grass, but still with flowers sprinkled all over it. I slowly opened the pouch. Nothing happened. I reached into it and pulled out a tiny piece of wrapped fudge, nutty and dark. I set the fudge down and quickly stepped back into a weeping willow tree and it was a good thing I did, for exactly five seconds after I set it down, it transformed into an incredible marble table with marvelous designs and so many intricate carvings that it looked like a picture!

On the same platters as before all sorts of things were heaped high. The five-foot high and five-foot wide glass punch bowl was packed full with perfectly creamy and smooth mashed potatoes. In a rather small sugar bowl melted butter was spinning in continuous golden circles. In a rather medium-sized cream pitcher creamy, pearl white gravy steamed with a scent that made you feel like you could never get another breath of air and would die on the spot if you did not get a bit of that gravy on some of the mashed potatoes. On the marble rose plate, buffalo wings were being breaded to a golden crisp and frothing, sweet, red wine was staying so still it reminded me of raspberry jell-o. Bacon bits gently collided with the mashed potatoes!!

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Since everything still looked pretty hot and there was a beautiful, china vase that was empty, Helen and I decided to venture deep into the forest to pick some wildflowers for our center piece.

The breeze gently lifted our long, flowing, white robes about half an inch high, so that they wouldn't rip on the thorns or anything else they might get caught on. As we picked the most beautiful wild flowers and just enjoyed the scenery around us, neither of us spoke for fear of messing up the pleasant silence and stillness.

Suddenly we were pulled behind a huge oak tree. "Help!!" I tried to scream but someone was holding my mouth shut around my head. The more I struggled the tighter the grip became, until I thought my head would burst!! Finally they let go and Helen and I gasped for air!!

"We are sorry," an African woman apologized, "We just saw our worst enemies, the W. Ladies: Mrs. Whatwhere, Mrs. When, and Mrs. Why."

"They can do anything to anyone, plus their shape shifters!!" a rather strong looking man with a turban on his head explained to me.

"How do you know all this?" Helen and I asked in unison.

"Because we are fortune tellers. We can see everything before it happens!!" another man explained to us. He looked like he could be the other man's brother, they looked so similar.

"I am very sorry that I squeezed your heads so hard; I was getting very nervous!!" a very tall, wiry man who looked like he might be a good gymnast apologized to me.

"Forgive us for not introducing ourselves! This," the lovely African woman said pointing to the turbaned man, "is Alexander." She pointed to the next man, "This is Lloyd." She pointed at the "gymnast," "This is Hyman." She pointed at the other African woman, "This is Natasha, but she

prefer's to be called Shart—"

Shart scowled and interrupted her by saying "—and that is Trina, a good ol' American name!"

Trina blushed a pretty pink and said, "We came from America like you, until we met our enemies, the W. Ladies. They tessered us here to Angel's Air Castle. Perhaps you've heard about tessering in the book A Wrinkle In Time!!"

"We saw you wearing THE GEM and we think you can help us!" Hyman told me.

"In our home country, Africa, we were known as The Five Fortune Tellers and were famous for our wonderful riches!" Lloyd said.

"We are hungry and haven't eaten in days and need nourishment. Can you help us?" Alexander asked me.

"Certainly," I said grandly. "Follow me and have all you can eat!!"

AFTER WORDS. . . .

In return for us giving them some food they kindly tessered us home by some magical means. I still have the red velvet pouch, although it has lost its beautiful decorations. When I returned to the attic, my sister was impatiently waiting and asking if I had fallen asleep or something. It was the same day and time as when I had left, although a few seconds had gone by. In the pouch I still have a beautiful white marble with the same intricate carvings as the table had had.

Never will I forget Angelica's face as an eagle when she last said goodbye to us. Until relating next years adventures, fare well, my friend.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT YEAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Gallery

Volcano Eruption!!

by Corderro Earls, John Muir School

Introduction

My question is, "How can I make my volcano video tape look real?" I want to tell and show people what a volcano does. I got the idea to do a volcano in the second grade. It was my goal to make a volcano and I made a volcano in the second grade. Now in the fourth grade I will make a better one with a city.

Procedure

First, I put flour and water together. Next I put a bottle in the middle and then the paper mache on the bottle. I put it all the way around into two layers. When it dried, I painted it so that it looked like the volcano hadn't erupted in a long time. I asked Zach if I could use his houses and cars for a city. Then the next day I put the city together. Me and my friends from Mrs. Bostrom's class, we built Super Bowl 31 and a Stanley Cup hockey team for the city. Then I drew circles to look like people out in the audience. Next I hot glued cars and the houses.

When I make the video, I am going to use orange Jello and a small tube to blow the Jello into the tube to make it look like lava. I'm going to shake the whole city at the same time. Then I'll light the city on fire when the lava gets down the side.

If you want to see the video, here's Mr. Wiesner's email address: rwiesner@madison.k12.wi.us.

Acknowledgements

Zach Millis gave me some cars and some houses. Tommy gave me some men and some tanks. When we moved the room, the volcano got messed up and Andy put it back together.

Dark Forces

by Daniel Fuentes and Jordan Flint, John Muir School

In a galaxy far, far away the Star destroyer was firing at a Rebel ship because they wanted to get the controls for the new Rebel base on construction in planet Holth.

All of a sudden the Rebels heard a sound above them!! It was the star destroyer taking them in the ship. The Imperial Storm troopers sealed the door so that the Rebels could not escape from the Rebel ship. The Storm troopers started shooting at the window of the main door. While shooting at the window one of the Storm troopers killed one of the main commanders with his rifle. The main commanders turned on the shielding for the ship so the Imperials from the outside could not enter.

The rebels ran back into the ship to get cover. The storm troopers blew the door down with their thermal detonator so they could run after the rebels. Three Imperials entered a red room and discovered the controls and put them in an Imperial ship and blasted off to planet Holth.

Meanwhile at planet Dagabah Luke Skywalker, a jedi, was finishing his training by lifting rocks by looking at them and using the force. After he finished his training he went to planet Holth to help with the new base. The rebels finished putting the base together and the deflector shield. The rebels turned on the shield to make sure it worked. It did!!!!!! They decided to keep it on in case of an emergency.

The Death Star brought down the Imperial walkers called ATs to attack the base. The rebels thought that they were safe. But the Imperials turned off the shield

The Imperials were winning and the rebels failed. The Imperials blew up the base. Luke Skywalker flew with his X-wing just in time, never to be seen again.

The End

The Gallery

Here is a scene we built that goes with this story.



The Group

By Elizabeth Wilson, Country View Elementary

Chapter1 (Friday)

“Watch out!”

Harriet turned around to see an old man with a dog in one hand, and his other hand pointing up. Harriet looked at the pointing hand first, only because he had his other hand at an angle and she disliked dogs very much. While Harriet was looking up, “Crash!”, down came a long piece of wood onto Harriet’s head.

The old man ran to Harriet. He tried and tried to get the piece of wood off of the girl, but, since he was an old man with little strength, he couldn’t.

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But, he was young enough to run! He ran away from the construction site, leaving the girl lying alone. As he ran past Jessica, she could see, even while pushing her little sister in a stroller, that the old man was afraid. Thinking he had killed Harriet, he ran so hard and so fast his dog couldn’t even keep up with him.

My name is Jessica. I am 11 years old, and in junior high. I am a tomboy. Our school is the weirdest. You know why? Because we had a dance on the last day of school in the 4th grade! I didn’t dress up at all because, like I said, I am a tomboy. Anyway, my best friend’s name was Harriet.

Well, Harriet and I were supposed to meet in the park today which is near the new school they were building. The old school they had was too small. I looked and looked for Harriet for a very long time. Finally, I sat down on a bench in the park, tired, looking for Harriet. About a half an hour later I started to cry because I thought that Harriet forgot, but she really had passed away.

I ran home crying. I came running through the door to my mom.

“What’s wrong, honey?” my mom said, wrapping her arms around me.

“Harriet didn’t meet me at the park today,” I cried.

“Oh sweetheart,” my mom said comfortingly, “I’m sure she must have forgotten.”

“But mom,” I said crying, “How could she forget? I’m her best friend!”

“Well, maybe you should call her!”

“But why? She can call me,” I whined.

“Now what would a good friend do? Why don’t you pick up the phone and call her?”

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Chapter 2 (The Next Day, Sunday)

I decided to pick up the phone and call her.
“Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep...”
“The phone seemed loud as I dialed her number.

“Hello?” The voice who answered the phone was shaking like crazy.

You have to get to know Harriet’s parents. They are crazy about many things, like getting the Sunday paper. They like to read the obituaries (and I think they like to cry because if they didn’t like to cry, they wouldn’t read the obituaries!).

“Yeah. I would like to speak with Harriet, please.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry. Our dear Harriet passed away yesterday.”

“No, I am sorry!” I started to cry like heck!! I hung up.

To Be Rich or Poor

By Emma Fortune, Country View Elementary School

April 29, 2290

Dear Lorania,

I am a poor. In America if people have money, they are called “Riches”. They get to pick out everything they want in their babies. And if you don’t have money, you just get an unwanted baby. Those are the “Poors”. Is it like that in Paris?

My parents didn’t have much money, as you know, but then some nice woman named Cristy gave them a job. Now they are rich. So now I go to a school where I am the only one that looks like a Poor (even though I’m not). The Riches look very pretty and are everything that the parents want. I don’t really have any friends. All I have is my dog named Yeddow.

Well got to go.

From,

Rachel Abriea

“O. K. class, time to turn in the letters,” said Mrs. Council. The bell rang. “There’s no homework tonight, but bring in micro zips so we can air your letters tomorrow.”

On Rachel’s way home some boys said, “Go where you belong, ya Poor.” Rachel just ignored the rude, everyday comments. She was thinking about how she belonged with the Riches because of her parent’s money, but her physical appearance belonged on the streets with the Poors.

“Rachel, please lead us in the Pledge of Allegiance,” Mrs. Council said the next day.

“O.K.” Rachel began. “I pledge allegiance to the Hologram Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.”

“Now let’s start airing the letters. And Rachel, I need to talk to you...Rachel...,” said Mrs. Council, “I read your letter last night. . .”

“What was wrong with it?” Rachel interrupted.

“Nothing, but you wrote about how you were different, and I just wanted to talk to you about it. When I was your age I had the same problems. Kids teasing me, telling me I didn’t belong because I was Korean. So I told my parents. They said, ‘Just be yourself’,” Mrs. Council stated, “and I want you to do the same!”

“O.K.”

Two weeks later...

“Well kids we got some letters back from the kids in Paris,” Mrs. Council said with enthusiasm.

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Dear Rachel,

When I read your letter I felt very sorry for you. People teased me also, but I told them that everybody has something different about themselves. Well got to go.

From,

Lorania

P.S. Maybe you could try that!!

After school, Rachel heard the boys make their everyday comments. For once she said something, "I bet you have something wrong with you, too." Rachel finally said something to the boys that had been mean to her for five years. Rachel felt great about what she said. She knew that it might not make a difference, but she knew that it was true.

The next day after school. . . .

"Hey, Rachel you know, you're right! We're very sorry," the boys said with all honesty, remembering how they were different. When Rachel went to bed that night she knew that "To be rich or poor" wasn't the only difference in her school and in people.

The End

Swirly Gets A Friend

by Jane Vang, Randall School

Once, in the world of pencils, lived all kinds of pencils. There were yellow, blue, red, green, and many more. All the pencils had friends except for a pencil named Swirly. He was not happy at all, because Mrs. and Mr. Pencil never let Swirly go out except when he went to school. So he was very lonely. He would talk to himself and pretend that he had a friend.

One day, on a Saturday, he was walking on a pencil field. Suddenly, seven boys came up. "Do

you want to join our team?" said one of the boys.

Swirly answered, "Why, I'd love to!. When do we start?" This was one sport that he was good at.

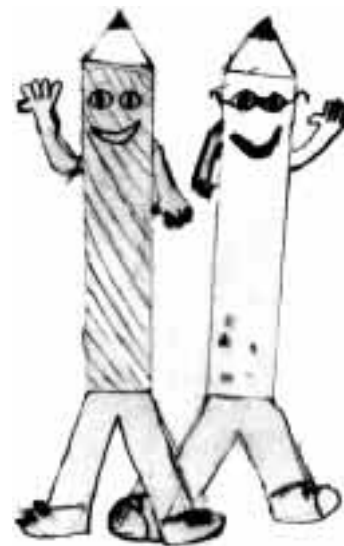
"Oh yeah, when do we start? We start Monday, 2:50, man. So are you coming?"

Swirly answered with a smile, "Why yes." Then it was Monday, 2:48, and so he left to get there early to get on his uniform and his other things. He took off to the field with his team.

His team was playing the Pens. The Pens were ahead 14 to 7 and were at the 20 yard line, close to another touchdown. Swirly had to make a play for his team. "Come on, let's get some plays done!" The ball was intercepted by Swirly's team.

"Okay Swirly, go to the touchdown and run across so I can pass it to you, OK?" (Clap, clap.) So he made the play and, "Touchdown, Pencils!" The Pens team was very mad, but after a while they didn't care and had a fun time instead.

In the first quarter, the Pens scored 21 points and the Pencils scored 34 points, so the Pens had to make a play. The Pens tried to make a touchdown, but, "Oh no, interception by Swirly! Looks like Swirly's going all the way. Touchdown,



Swirly and friend

The Gallery

Pencils!”

Now a player of the Pencils was back. He was one of the most important players. They were so glad to see him again, and the coach took out a player named Sparkle, the quarterback. The player that had been sick was quarterbacking once again. The Pencils team was intercepting and making touchdowns everywhere they went.

Swirly was making all those touchdowns, and the crowd was cheering him on. 55 more minutes left in the game. Everyone was cheering. The Pens scored 45 and the Pencils scored 107, so the Pens had to make a very good play. They did and scored, but the Pencils scored right back from the kickoff.

Now the Pencils were beating the best football team in the whole league. This is because Swirly joined their team. Also Swirly became everyone’s favorite pencil. He also played soccer as one of his other favorite sports. As Swirly was becoming good at that and was becoming better at football, he was very good at catching the football. He played football and made lots of friends, even more than he wished for, so that’s how he got his wish.

When Swirly was 29 years old, he got married to a girl of his dreams. He was nice to her, and they had 6 kids. 3 were boys and 3 were girls and the boys and girls respected each other because they were just like their mother and father. One of the boys became what his dad was, that is, a football player. Another one of the boys became a painter. The last boy became a soccer player for the USA team. He was one of the best scoring players on the whole team.

Now the girls: All of the sisters finished college and got married to the ones they loved. One of the girls was working as a hair designer and a nail technician. Another sister worked at a place called Toys “R” Us, which had lots of toys.

All of Swirly’s friends were too old, but they still played football in Swirly’s backyard. One day, one of Swirly’s daughters came up and said, “Daddy, how did you make all those friends?” (This daughter was only in second grade.) She was sobbing as she said these words to her daddy.

Her daddy gave an unhappy look and said quietly, “Oh, no,” and, at once, he collapsed. Swirly put his head up and told her all about his adventure trying to get a friend, and then Swirly’s daughter was ready to get some friends.

She put on her shoes and said with a smile, “Good-by, Daddy.” Then she took off.

Swirly’s daughter wasn’t even halfway down the block when she met a girl named B-day, not far from where she was living. The girl said, “How are you doing?” “What is your name?” she added.

Swirly’s daughter said, “My name is Yellow, and I was just looking for a friend.”

B-day said, “Guess what, I am looking for a friend too.”

B-day and Yellow said at the same time, “I have a friend!” So from that day on B-day and Yellow became friends forever. So did the kids of B-day and Yellow—they were best friends, and they were just like best cousins. Guess what, B-day and Yellow were married to brothers, so B-day and Yellow’s children had to be cousins! Sorry about that.

One day a pencil that had pencil leads came up to Yellow and B-day’s children and started to bully one of B-day’s kids and one of Yellow’s kids. Suddenly more and more bullies came, and it was not long before the bullies were going to knock them out. B-day and Yellow came and saw what had happened, so the bullies let them go and then left.

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After they were done, they realized that it was almost Christmas, so B-day and Yellow went home with their husbands and went shopping together for gifts to give to everyone in B-day's family and Yellow's family. Then the gifts were all wrapped for each person. In three days it was going to be Christmas, so they left that day for the trip to Yellow's dad Swirly and his wife. Everyone came and they all brought everyone a present. Everyone loved what they got for each other. Then it was time to go home, and everyone said good-bye once again.

Swirly and his wife were once again quiet, and the house was clean after all the mess that was made. The house of Swirly and his wife had a sound at the door, but it didn't sound like a pencil knock, it sounded like a baby. When they opened the door, they saw a little bird knocking on the door with her beak, going peck-peck. So they let the baby bird in and took care of her until she grew up. One day it was time to say good-bye. The bird flew off and waved as she flew, and said, "Thanks for everything!" and left. So the bird flew sadly, but inside she flew happily. Swirly felt happy and so did his wife.

So Swirly and his wife lived happily ever after, helping kids, pencils, and animals. So pencils, kid pencils, and animals came to Swirly and his wife's house. One day late at night there was a weak knock. It sounded like a kid knock, but when he went to the door it was Yellow and her kids, with no food since they left after Christmas. Swirly asked, "What happened?"

Yellow answered, "We got kicked out of our house because of my husband, Dad. We are all hungry, too. Can we come in?" she asked.

Swirly answered, "Come in, my dear." Swirly's wife cooked for Yellow. Yellow told what all had happened. So Yellow stayed at her dad and mom's until she found a house of her own with her kids. She worked hard and harder, then she

started to work later and later each day. Why? Because every time she stayed late she would get more and more money. Then she found a house and found another man. The man was much nicer too. She had more places to move around and less things to fight for.

B-day was very lonely and didn't have a friend like Yellow to hang out with. So she went to find her true friend Yellow. She went to Yellow's mom and dad first, and asked, "Do you know where Yellow went?"

They said, "Oh, yes, we know where she went. She is at a place called Pencils Bay Apartments. It's not far from here. You take a left and you'll see a green light. Turn left and there is the apartment. Oh yeah, we almost forgot—the apartment number is B-12."

So she went and saw the apartment saying B-12. She knocked and a man came up to the door and said, "Yes?"

B-day said, "Oh, I must have got the wrong house, then."

Suddenly Yellow said, "Honey, who is it?"

He answered, "I don't know. Maybe you might know her," he said.

So Yellow came up to the door and saw that it was her friend B-day. Yellow said, "I thought I would never see you again."

"I am glad to see you again," said Yellow to B-day and B-day to Yellow.

"I am going shopping, do you want to come?" said Yellow.

B-day said, "Why not? Let's go."

So they went and saw pretty things and lots more. Swirly and his wife were shopping there too. They saw each other and said the same thing at once—"What are you doing here?" They

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were shopping together for a little while. Then Swirly and his wife had to go home, so they said good-bye to each other. Then so did Yellow and B-day.

They were heading home and saw a little boy and a little girl who were looking for Pencil Papa, but they couldn't find him. Yellow and B-day came up by them and pulled over and said, "Why are you guys out here in the dark all alone?"

They didn't answer. It was because they didn't know what B-day and Yellow were saying. The language they did know was Hmong. They were saying in Hmong, "What are they talking about?"

Yellow said, "Do you know English?"

They said "No". That was the only word they knew, and "Yes".

After two years had passed, an old Pencil Papa said, "Have you seen a little girl and a little boy?"

Yellow called to the boy and girl and said, "Children, come down here." Guess what—it was their dad. They were all so happy that they found each other.

The girl and the boy said, "Thank you, B-day and Yellow." Then they left and the house was quiet.

Then Yellow and B-day looked on the calendar. It said March 6, two days away from Yellow's dad's birthday. So Yellow went to get a gift, and so did B-day. It was going to be a surprise party, so Yellow called all her brothers, sisters, and all of Swirly's friends to come at 3:00 sharp. She said to B-day, "Saturday, you take Dad and Mom to go shop, and then we will come in from the back door. And try to come back at 2:55, OK, B-day?"

"OK, Yellow," B-day said.

Then it was the day of Swirly's birthday, and everyone remembered. They all came in by the back door quietly, and brought all the treats, food, and drinks. Swirly, B-day, and his wife were

home. Everyone popped up and said, "Happy Birthday, Dad!" And the friends said, "Happy Birthday, Swirly!" And that day was the funniest day. When Swirly was 51, he became one of the best Math helpers in the school of MATHEMATICS.

So if you don't have friends, what is there to be scared of? Yellow had a problem like her dad, but now has found a friend and they really care about each other.

Can We Make A Claymation Movie?

by Jules West and Jordan Zeichner, Lincoln Elementary

Introduction

Howdy partner. Our names are Jules West and Jordan Zeichner. We are doing a project on claymation. Our question is, "Can we make a claymation movie?" We got our idea from watching a movie by Nick Park called Wallace and Grommet.

At first, our claymation movie was about two characters called Jib and Jub. They are two friends that beat each other up when they get mad. Now our claymation movie is about four characters called Terny and Werny and two catz. In the movie, Terny and Werny sit down and tell jokes to each other while one of the catz is playing with a yarn ball. The other catz comes up and takes the ball from him and the first catz drops 500 tons on him. Then he takes the ball from him.

Procedure

First we thought we could make the movie with a regular video camera. So we checked out the school video camera and took it to the R.E.A.C.H. teacher, Ms. Seguin. We tried to film, but we found out that you have to use a super 8 video camera. To make claymation movies you have to shoot frame by frame. So Ms. Seguin

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told us to call WYOU, a cable T.V. station.

We called WYOU, but they had no cameras we could use. Then our teacher, Mr. Jeff, told us to call the University of Wisconsin. The U.W. told us to call Kennedy School and talk to Joe Marina. We called and planned a time to pick up the super 8 at Kennedy. We drove over to Kennedy and found Joe Marina's office. We started talking to him. Then we took the camera to Jordan's house.

The next day he brought the camera to school and read the instruction booklet. Then we took everything to the R.E.A.C.H. room. We examined the camera and found out that some of the film did not work. We needed clay so we went to our TAG teacher, Ms. Welles, and asked her if we could have some money. She said to go and buy what you need and bring back the receipt and she'd give us the money back. So we went to Orange Tree Imports on Monroe St. and bought the clay. The next day we went to school and got our money. Mr. Jeff told us that we needed to make a story board, which is a bunch of pages with what's going to happen in our movie.

Then we made all the characters and we found green cloth in Ms. Seguin's room and taped it on to the box that we were going to put the characters on to film. As we were walking out of the R.E.A.C.H. room, we saw a poster of Chicago and thought that it would make a good background. So we asked Ms. Seguin if we could use the picture for the background of our movie. She said, "yes." Then we went to Ms. Schultz and borrowed a tripod for the camera. We also asked her if she had any rooms available so that we could film it without any kids disturbing anything. She showed us a room. We liked it, so we took it.

Then we got our supplies in the room and we set it all up. We put the camera on the tripod. Jules left the room to get some tape for the background so it could stand up. As Jordan was read-

ing the instruction booklet, his eyes darted around the room. He spotted the camera slowly wobbling off the tripod. He dropped the instruction booklet and made a super-de-duper leap and caught the camera just as it fell. Then we put the camera back on the tripod and started to read the instruction booklet again. But it fell off the tripod and no one was close, so it fell. It was O.K. We're not going to use that tripod anymore. (I wonder why?)

The next day we were all ready to film. Just as we were about to make our first click we realized that it had no batteries. We searched around and asked most of the teachers if they had batteries, but all of them said, "no". Luckily the next day Mr. Jeff brought some batteries. We put the batteries in the camera. We were ready to film, but then we realized that it had no film in the camera. So we went to Ms. Seguin so she could help us with the film. We tried to put the film in the camera, but it would not fit so we decided to call Star Photo and ask if we had the right film. It turned out we had the wrong film. We then decided to call Joe Marina to hear his opinion. He said we should call a third grade teacher at Van Hise named Allen Ginsberg.

We called Allen Ginsberg. He said he could lend us a tripod and that we should talk to our TAG teacher, Ms. Welles, to arrange a time for him to come in. We went to Ms. Wells and asked her to arrange a time to meet with Allen Ginsberg. She told us to go get some times that we were available. So we went back to the class and got the times. She said she would call him and tell us the news. As we were writing this paragraph Mr. Jeff told us that Ms. Wells called Allen Ginsberg and set up a time that we could go to his classroom so he could show us all he knew about claymation and maybe lend us a tripod.

We got all our stuff in the car and went to Van Hise. Right when we walked into the door Allen Ginsberg was waiting for us. He showed us to his

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classroom. We sat down and talked about claymation. He told us that our film was already used and it would not work with the camera we already had. So we started talking about using a regular video camera with a frame by frame feature.

Well, what do 'ya know. He had a regular video camera with frame by frame feature. So we decided to use that. Were going to give him a time that we could meet with him for two, two-hour sessions. One for setting up every thing and the the other for actually filming. He told us that it would take about two hours to make a decent claymation movie.

We are going to continue this project and do a couple sessions with Allen Ginsberg at Van Hise, and hope to finish up the movie by the end of the school year. If you would like to see the movie ask your teacher to contact our teacher, Jeff Maas.

We learned that making a claymation movie is harder than we thought. It's hard to get equipment for claymation because they don't make 8 millimeter projectors so we would not be able to watch our film. Also we never knew we had to do a story board. We also learned that it's hard to get our hands on a super 8 camera or any stop action camera, because a lot of people don't have them.

Acknowledgments

We would like to thank Joe Marina, Allen Ginsberg, Ms. Welles, Ms. Schultz, Ms. Seguin, our teacher, Mr. Jeff, and our peers.

Thank you for reading this article!

Sunlight

by Kate Schiffman, John Muir School

Introduction

At first I wanted to make a model of something. But I knew that I would have to either do an experiment or to make it do something. So I figured since I'm in all these choirs, why don't I make my own music? So that's why I made the music. I think that music is important because it sort of tells you how the person felt when he/she was writing certain parts of the song. I thought up the music by trying to put certain parts of music together by thinking of pieces that I have heard or sung, but they turned out to be like nothing I expected. And that's how I got my piece.

Procedure

I used a mallet and xylophone to test the music. I used a music book to look for notes. And I used the paper and pencil to write my music.

Here is my song:



Interpretation

I think my project tells me that one of my talents is music. I think that I could do more by making words.

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Acknowledgements

Thank you Mr. Wiesner for encouraging me along the way. Thank you Miss Johnson for the materials.

Aliens and Pencils Attack

by Kevin Galbraith, Randall School

Once there was a planet called THE PIT. It was called the pit because it had a bunch of never ending holes, and some that were just really deep.

It was evenly shared by the pencils and the aliens. One day a gang of aliens started to pick on a pencil. The pencil got really mad and turned into a monster and ate them. Unfortunately someone saw the whole thing, and that was not good. The presidents of both their kind said that the only way was to have a war. They were both confident of their kind, and they were greedy for the land.

The next day they had a war. The aliens weren't doing very good. The pencils put a move on them.

"Pull out—fire, fire! We're down one—keep fighting." Right when one of the alien soldiers took a ship and flew away, the planet exploded. The soldier went farther and farther towards Earth. When he was just about there, a pencil saw him in the corner of his eye.

"Hey guys, I saw some ship go over there—lets go check it out." Zoom. "I saw something over here—really."

"Yeah right, we're gone."

"Meanwhile I landed in some liquid. It could be fatal, but I have to go out sometime. Who cares, I'll go out. Ahhhhhhhhhhhh I'm dying, oh, um, never mind. Hey—what's happening? I'm multiplying, there's more of me, and more, there's a lot of me, I'm feeling a little dizzy."

"I'm hungry. You fakes want anything to eat?"

"I'll have food." Pretty soon everyone started yelling out what they wanted.

"Shut up and get your own food."

"Can I have some food?"

"What will you be having?"

"Food."

"What kind of food?"

"What do you mean? Just two of everything." Ten minutes later: "I want my food now. Why can't I have it?"

"Because you're an alien. Excuse me, can I help you?"

"Make me a human, computer. Can I have three of each thing?"

"Yes, in two days."

"Okay, I'll wait."

"Go away and come back later."

"Oh." When he got back, the rest of the aliens were people and they were sleeping. So he tried, but he never went to sleep. He snored and made noises, but never went to sleep.

Soon they woke up. "You stupid, you could have got yourself killed!" They woke up, went out, got a newspaper, read it, and went back to sleep.

"Then I'll go get the pencil myself." He went back and ate all the food in the restaurant, and robbed them.

"Oh sure, let's not pay."

"Well, police, arrest this guy. He ate everything and didn't pay."

"Okay, but wait. Check all the restaurants."

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"We found Uno where that rob . . ."

"What robber?"

"Wrong one, keep going. Where's the robber gone?"

"Oh, sorry. How long ago?"

"One hour. Oh. There he is." Sneak, sneak.

"Oh, who cares." Ahh! Wham! "Almost got him."

"You're faster than the pencils. Got you! We've won. Now the world."

"The aliens have attacked, we must do something. Make a robot."

10:00 News: Aliens are attacking and the army says they will do something. But they haven't. We're making a robot that can fight them.

"Is it ready?"

"Yeah, let's try it. He's perfect. No mistakes, let's try it." He hit the target dead center.

"He works!"

"We challenge your kind to a duel, fighting to the death. If we win, you leave our planet. If you win, you can own the person fighting."

"Deal."

"Ready, set, fight! Ahhh, he's eating my head." Squeal! Wham.

"Now it's my turn." Wham. Thunk. "He's dead already."

"I win. Good job, droid."

"Now they're gone. We've won. They're stupid. Da ta dah! Our world is safe."

Ten years later: "They're attacking! We must do something. Where's that dang robot?" "In Hawaii."

"What's he doing there?"

"You sent him."

"Oh."

"Aliens, report to base. We have a special surprise. And it will be worth it." Bang bang!

"They hit the city's gasoline tank open! They'll kill us, get it off. Help, help! Transport. Go, go! It doesn't look good for us. They're leaving. Let's go back to medieval times."

"Yeah." Zoom.

"This is weird. It's not real. It's too unnatural. Let's warp back."

"No, if we win in this time, we win in the other time."

Meanwhile, they went in there.

"Turn it off, break it. They warped in time. It could be a big discovery. Break it. They're coming out, break it!" Crash, bang, bang.

Their kind have been eliminated. There was a lot of commotion. Fireworks, free money, you could just go to a store and not pay for anything and get something. That would be cool. A new holiday.

The Gallery



Rhinoceros

by Kevin Glueck, Randall School

Greg woke up one morning and yawned. He read the newspaper and looked for the news on his father's experiment. It was about how radioactive food affects the rhinoceros. He was excited. The article said they would try it early the next morning.

Early in the morning he was awakened by a crash! Then a roar! He looked out the window only to see a giant rhinoceros smashing buildings by the dozens. The rhinoceros kept on getting bigger and bigger. It saw a helicopter and gobbled it down.

Suddenly a news flash interrupted the song on 92.5 W O R M, the hottest new radio station. It said, "News flash! A giant rhinoceros is on the loose. The U.S. Army on its trail. Now back to 92.5 W O R M." Then he heard another rumbling; the rumbling of tanks following the giant rhinoceros. They opened fire. One missile missed and blew up a local store. The others just went flying over the rhinoceros.

He saw something that looked like a food machine to him. (He could barely see.) So he fiddled around with it until he heard a boom. It was a missile launcher. The missile blew up half the tanks. The battle looked hopeless for the Army.

That meant the rhinoceros would destroy the whole city!

The Air Force was not prepared for battle so they could not fight. Anyway, most planes don't even fly higher than the beast was tall! And the reason that the Air Force wasn't ready was because two of the missed missiles had hit the control center and the main runway on the main air base.

He was now looking at the White House. "Uh-oh! We'd better have a second voting!" Greg joked.

"Beautiful to squash. Will be beautiful pulp soon!" thought the rhinoceros. Then he saw a huge 5-sided building. It was the National Center of Defense! He did a quick spin with his eyes closed and his finger pointed at the White House. Meanwhile the President was having a cup of tea and doughnuts. When he saw the rhinoceros coming he got on his "SC" suit! Super Clinton! He flew into the sky.

"There's no escape," said Super Clinton. He jumped and stomped on the rhinoceros's foot.

"Ow," said the rhinoceros. Then it picked Super Clinton up and dropped him from about 300 feet. As he dropped, his super parachute opened up and he fell softly on the ground. Then the rhinoceros ran away. But little did anyone know it wouldn't be for long.

That evening he massacred the city. He ripped apart power lines, crushed strong buildings, threw small houses, crushed busses, and kicked over telephone booths. Greg's next door neighbor's house was in the next county!

Then the monster started toward Greg's house. He ran out of the house along with his parents and his cat. The rhinoceros was about to smash the house when a gas grenade blew up right under the beast. Then another. Then another.

The giant fell down and was killed. Over a matter of time the city was repaired and they lived happily. (At least for a while!)

The Gallery

The Dumb Kids' Day at the Zoo

By Matt Skaggs, Country View Elementary

Once upon a time in Dumb Land, in the year 9999, the Dumb family decided to go to the zoo. It wasn't as easy as you think. They couldn't get out of their house because the door was locked. Stupid was trying to unlock the door, then Dumbo and Dork were fooling around and hit Stupid. As Stupid was falling, his head hit the lock and unlocked the door. Then they all said "Hooray, we're out!"

When they got out they couldn't find the car. So they started to look around. They looked on the house, in the garden and in the dog house. Still, no sign of the car.

Then they decided to look in the garage. Dumbo said, "I betcha one cent it's not in there". So Stupid bet him. Finally Dork remembered how to open the garage. When the garage door opened there was the car. Stupid gave him ten cents. Then when they tried to get in the car, Stupid dropped the keys in a gutter. Dumbo went back inside the house, got some containers of oil, and dumped the oil all over the keys. The other container Dumbo dumped on a stick and said, "Duh, this oughta work." So when Stupid tried to get the keys they fell out of his hands. On the 89th time they slipped. On the 90th time he picked them up.

Dumbo put the keys in the wrong way, but the car wouldn't start. So he turned them around and the car started. He said, "Duh, I knew that."

They pulled out of the driveway and forgot where the zoo was. They went all the way around the world 34 times and ended up back in Dumb Land.

Then they were on the street that the zoo was on. The first stand they went to was the ice

cream stand. Stupid said, "Duh, this is the best stand of all." Then they went to the lion cage and found out that the cage was open. They found out that the lion does not like to be petted. When they got to go to the hospital, they got new arms and legs.

Then they went back to the zoo and went to see the bat cage. They thought that the bats were dead. So they hit the bat cage hard, and the bats flew out of the cage. All the people were yelling and running into the next cage.

When they got home they put their clothes on backwards and inside out and Stupid said, "Good morning," and they went to sleep.

The End, Duh!

What's Out West?

By Mitchell Suter, Country View Elementary School

Chapter 1

He saw a flash, he saw death. He woke up panting and sweating, then smelled the sweet aroma of pancakes from the kitchen. Bruce pulled on some overalls and ran downstairs to see his family looking at him with their mouths full of pancakes. He could see syrup dribbling out of their mouths like a slow dripping faucet.

"Where have you been?" his mother asked with her mouth full, while trying to choke down her pancakes. "It's almost time for church and you haven't put any nice clothes on. You look like a pig." He just ignored her and sat down to have some pancakes.

His dog, Bud, put his head on Bruce's thigh, his sad eyes begging for food.

Bruce was so hungry he put more food in his mouth than the rest of his family did. The warmth from the pancakes with the cold syrup was such a good match.

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After he was done eating, Bruce went to the kitchen sink to wash his face and hair. His hair was so greasy that the shampoo couldn't eat all the grease.

He ran upstairs to find on his bed a new, just sewed pair of overalls with a new plaid shirt, new wool socks and new leather shoes just waiting there for someone to take them. Bruce could see a glow in them and savored this moment. He had never really had new clothes; they were all his dad's. He heard his father packing the wagon, so he quickly put on his new clothes and ran downstairs.

Sitting in church, he couldn't stop looking at his new shoes. Usually he would get an old, scratched up pair of shoes from his father or the shoe smith, but these had come straight from the box and were all brown with no scratches on them. He felt like the luckiest boy in Missouri.

After church in the wagon driving home, Bruce noticed camping equipment in the back of the wagon: pans, pots, canned food, and more. He also saw chisels and picks. He didn't want to ask his father about the items until his dad told him.

Once he got home, his father told him to change his clothes. They were leaving. He asked where they were going, and his father only said, "West."

His mother and two sisters came out to say goodbye. His mother was crying and his two sisters said goodbye to his father and Bud, but not to him. Bruce didn't care, he didn't like them either.

Bruce and his father, Samuel, got into the wagon and rode out of sight behind Smokey's strong pull. When he saw his mother and two sisters shrink into a dot, he thought, "Will I ever see them again?"

Chapter 2

His father led them to town where they saw many

other men in their wagons waiting for them in the town square. He was embarrassed, because they were all waiting for them.

A man stood up on his wagon and got everyone's attention. "I will lead us through the dangerous outdoors of the plains and mountains." They all booed him off. He stepped down from his wagon and his anger was high. It looked as if he was mad at everyone in the square.

Another man stood up, and just as he was about to open his mouth everyone started cheering for him to lead them on the journey. The man sat down in his wagon and started the journey. Everyone followed him as he rode into the deserted plains.

As night fell upon them, they started to slow the pace. Then finally, after eleven hours, they stopped. Bruce was so tired he began to pass out and dozed off quickly.

Bruce was awakened by both the sound of a coyote and Bud licking his face. They stepped outside cautiously. Bruce noticed that some of the campers were making fires and cooking breakfast. He then heard a grunt when his father stood up. He rubbed his eyes and grabbed for a bag that was in the back of the tent. He heard rattling of pans and came to help his father with the bag.

He stepped outside, emptying the bag of equipment like a bucket of water. He jiggled it till all of the equipment fell out. He saw that there were pots and pans and food and matches and much, much more. Bruce got a fire going and started to cook breakfast. He was so hungry he ate like a hungry coyote devouring a fresh kill. After breakfast they backed up and set out for another long day of traveling. To make time move quicker, he fell asleep.

Chapter 3

During a water break, in the middle of nowhere, from behind him came a slither, a bite, a disease,

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death.

He was awakened by his father as he hit a rough part of the trail. Bud, shaken by the bump, moved toward Bruce, licking his face. Sweat was pouring down his face as he checked to see that everyone was still alive.

It had been noon an hour ago. Mountains were in view now. They were so beautiful, so big, so white. He had never seen snow while living in Missouri. It was the the best thing he had ever seen in his life. In fact, he had only seen Missouri in his lifetime.

Once they got to the edge of the mountain, Smokey slowed down. He didn't know why, they just were. Then the area became congested.

Upon arriving at the mountain pass where the wagons slowed, the trip wasn't fun any more.

Once they got to the top of the first mountain, they stopped for a day. It was time to rest. It had been a long day of travelling. His father got out his sleeping roll, falling asleep so fast that nothing could stop him.

Bruce started a fire, got some dried beans and dried prunes out, cooking the beans and then eating.

As he was starting to go to sleep, Bruce heard sounds that he had never heard before, sounds of the night. He closed his eyes and let his brain relax his eyes until the orange sunrise awoke him.

In the morning, he took control over his sleep. He got up, noticing that his father's sleeping roll was gone. He wasn't anywhere in sight, but others were around so there was no need for concern.

Bruce looked at the fire from last night and put some wood on it. He sat down on a big rock, a hard and comfortable one. Then he pulled out his pocket knife and started to shred a twig.

Once he got to the end of the twig, he got up, looking for his father. He walked around to all of the wagons but didn't see him. He tried yelling, but no response. Then he went over to the leader of the group and told him, "My father is gone."

The leader stood up, got everyone's attention and said in a loud voice, "Has anyone seen Samuel Wicker?" No "yesses," all "nos".

Then one of the men came around the corner of the trail saying, "I heard sounds in the night, like groaning, down in the valley. So I looked over the edge and I saw him, at the bottom of the valley. I quickly ran to Sam but when I got there, he was dead."

"No, I don't believe you, you're lying!" screamed Bruce.

"Sorry boy, he's dead."

Chapter 4

Bruce was still teary from his father's death, but he wasn't alone. Bud and Smokey were still with him. He was still going to go on with the men, but he had to drive because his father wasn't there. He knew how to move the wagon, it was just that he couldn't keep up. Smokey wouldn't go any faster, so the group of wagons had to slow down, just because of him.

That night, three men approached him saying, "You are going back to Missouri."

"No, I'm not," refused Bruce, looking sad to get them on his side.

"If you don't, you will regret it."

While Bruce was sleeping, he thought about regret. He didn't want to regret anything. So the next morning he got up early and started on a different path, all by himself. He thought he was going to make it out West—both for him and for his father. It would make his father proud if he knew that he was going out on his own.

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He thought that he was going West but didn't know for sure. So he turned around, hoping to find someone else travelling West.

Once he got to the old campsite, he couldn't find anyone, so he just took the same trail he came from, riding until nightfall. Once he got to a good campsite, he stopped and fell asleep.

Bruce was awakened by the dryness of his mouth. Bruce had no water, but he heard a stream in the dense woods. He went into the woods with his horse and dog. And while drinking from the stream Bruce saw a small cave in the distance. He set off to the cave with Bud.

He went deep into the cave, looking closely at the walls. They were shining in a way he had never seen before. He quickly went back to the wagon to get a lantern.

Back in the cave, Bruce saw what he thought was gold, pure gold. He ran back to the wagon with such delight that he tripped over a log. Then it occurred to him that the reason so many men were journeying West was to go mining. He grabbed a pick, running back to the cave to begin chopping.

That night Bruce filled all the bags that he had. He got out his sleeping roll and fell asleep.

The next morning he set out for home. It took him three long days, but he made it. His mother ran to his arms. He knew he had to tell his mother that father had died. "Mother, father's dead."

Chapter 5

His mother squeezed him like a clamp and cried. Bruce's sisters ran to him, hugging his legs. They all started to cry. After a long time, the crying stopped and he started bringing his stuff inside. Bruce spent that day telling them about his travels.

Bruce's family was grateful that he had found the

gold. They thought he was brave not to turn around when the three men told to him to go home.

When my sisters get older, I will leave Missouri to travel again. Travel East, West, North and South with Bud and Smokey—looking for more of the earth's treasures.

Everland

By Nicole Helsell, Country View Elementary School

Twinkle, a fairy that had lived a long time ago, was Princess Sparkle's maid. King Ever, Princess Sparkle's dad, was a very nice guy. He loved everybody for who they were. But that was not how King Devil felt. He wanted everybody to be just like him—mean and hateful! Luckily, King Ever locked King Devil behind a big door so he could not get out to capture people or hurt them.

You see, King Devil would take people to his cave and keep them in a locked room. Before they went in, he would check their pockets for mirrors to make sure that he was not in danger of seeing his reflection. After a week he would give them poison and that would make them mean and hateful. Now that King Devil was locked up he could never get out, unless someone got the key and unlocked the door. But no one could get to it because King Ever wore it.

One day Princess Sparkle was really lonely. She wanted a friend, so Twinkle told King Ever and he started looking for someone. He found a soon-to-be-ten year old named BJ, short for Brandon James. He was the same age as Princess Sparkle. King Ever sent Twinkle down to get BJ. They invited him to see Princess Sparkle. He agreed and they brought him to Ever Land. Princess Sparkle was so happy she decided to show him all around as King Ever watched them with delight.

King Ever knew he was going to pass away soon, and he needed someone who could watch

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after the key. He decided to have a party. During the party he kept the key for an hour then presented the key to BJ. He told BJ in a strict voice, "You can open any door in Ever Land but you may never open the door with this symbol on it."

The next day BJ met Playful, which was not a great thing. Playful was a very playful fellow, and that is how he got his name, but the only thing he can get into is a lot of trouble. Playful took BJ down to a secret place where there was a big door. BJ said, "Oh no, this is the door King Ever warned me about!"

Playful said, "What?"

BJ said, "This is the door I must never open!"

Playful said, "Oh, come on, a door of this size must have something really big in it!" Playful gave him a boost up. BJ stuck the key in the opening and then they opened the door a crack. They heard a roar, and Playful got so scared he told BJ he heard his Mom calling.

BJ then yelled, "We need to get the key," but he left the key there and started running, too. He ran up to the party, which was still going on. King Ever asked where the key was and then BJ knew he had to return to get the key. He ran back down, but the key was gone!

The door opened as he ran back up. As he came to the doors where the party was, BJ saw King Devil grab King Ever and disappeared. Princess Sparkle started to cry. BJ said, "It's OK, I'm going to get your dad back."

BJ went back down to the doors and there stood Playful. They both looked for days but they couldn't find him. One morning when they awoke, they found themselves in a strange place. BJ was in one of King Devil's cages. There King Devil stood along with Twinkle, Princess Sparkle, King Ever, and Playful.

King Devil said, "How do you like my collection?"

adding, "If you want your friends back, hand me the key." Then he screamed, "Now I'm losing my temper, BJ."

BJ then took it out of the door and faced it toward King Devil's eyes. If he saw his reflection, he would die. King Devil got so scared, and from that day on was never seen again. Everybody was OK. I mean nobody was hurt.

The End

My Castle

by Sarah Katz, John Muir School

I wanted to build a castle. I found out masons built castles. Castles had towers, draw bridges, kitchens and bedrooms.

To build my castle I used a box, wrapping paper rolls, cereal boxes, glue, paint, salt, and popsicle sticks. I made cylinder and cone shapes for the towers. I used popsicle sticks for a door. String made my drawbridge work.

I'm glad I built my castle. I would like to make people for it. I am writing a book about castle life.

To complete my castle, I used cardboard from the Art room. Ashley helped me add a sand texture.



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Marionettes

by Sol Kelley-Jones and Malini Suri, Lincoln Elementary

Introduction

Hi! Our names are Sol and Malini. We did a project about marionettes. We got our idea from the movie Sound of Music.

First Malini was working with Jamil. Then Sol joined. Then Jamil quit and it was just Sol and Malini.

We thought we were going to make a marionette, but it turned out to be too hard. We decided to master the movements of the marionettes and make a number of plays.

First we asked the kids in our class if we could borrow some marionettes.

Then we thought of some basic moves, walking, waving, climbing, and bowing. Then we started doing other moves like crying, sitting, and other sorts of things.

Explaining

We found out that all marionettes are different, so these might not work for you:

To make this marionette walk, move C and D, side to side.

To make this marionette wave, take string A, lift it with your hand and move it back and forth.

To make this marionette walk and climb, take string C and D, and alternate lifting them with your hand.

[insert graphic three]

To make this marionette walk, move C and D, side to side.

To make this marionette wave, take string D or C, lift it with your hand and move it back and forth.

To make this marionette climb, take

string C and D, and alternate lifting them with your hand.

To make this marionette bow, tilt A down and B straight up.

The Play

After we mastered the movements of the marionettes, we started to write a play.

This is an example of one of our plays:

Juniper and the It-Walkers

These abbreviations show what puppet is talking: N = Narrator, J = Juniper, 1 = It 1, 2 = It 2.

N: This story starts in a small village where there lives a poor girl and her family. They had no money at all, but the girl, Juniper, was very gifted and talented. One day Juniper was sitting on a rock.

J: Oh the robber has stolen all my inventions! (*cry*) Uh! I have an idea that will make us rich! I will make a new creature. It will be furry and be able to walk and give people rides. Oh I shall start today! (*skip off singing*)

(*Curtains close*)

Scene 2: In work room

J: (*working on creature*) I'm going to make you a good little creature. Let's see I need a wakabeer

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and I'm done. (*pick up odd tool and pound on creature*)

1: (*come alive*) Mu hum dom ho. (*make strange noises*)

J: It works! hahahaha (*laugh*) It's so cute! (*pound on creature 2*)

1+ 2: (*sing*) We're alive, we're alive, we're alive!

J: The It's can talk!

1: Get on my back!

J: Oh, I can take a ride?

1: Of course! Where should we go?

J: Just follow the path. You stay here. (*point to It walker 2*) We will be back soon!

2: "Ok" (*sadly*) (*Juniper gets on It walker 1's back and they ride off*)

Curtains Close

Scene 3: on path

N: It walker 1 and Juniper had been on the path for a long time, so they were getting kind of tired. (*Juniper and It walker 1 look tired*)

J: I'm getting tired. Would you like to back now?

1: Sure. I bet It walker 2 is getting tired too.

J: Yes, let's go back now.

N: So It walker 1 and Juniper disappeared back down the path.

Scene 4: In workroom

(*It walker 2 is gone. J is crying*)

1: My good friend is gone! (*cry*) I should have known this, (*cry*) this would happen. (*cries*) He's very sensitive. (*cries*) (*J starts sobbing*)

2: Let's not sit around crying, let's go find him!

J: (*says sobbing*) He was my greatest invention! (*sniffs*)

N: So they set of in search of It-walker 2.

Curtains Close

Scene 5: In the forest

(*J and It 2 looking everywhere acting very tired*)

N: After a half an hour of searching, Juniper hears a whimpering sound.

2: (*whimper*)

J: I hear something...over there!

(*J and 1 look where it's coming from*) (*2 comes out from behind something*)

J: It walker two!

N: So J and 1 apologized and 2 forgave and to this day It - walkers are the transportation and Juniper and her family are rich.

THE END

Interpreting Results

After we had written and practiced the plays, we made a stage out of card board from our school kitchen. It was the 20th of March, our "Great Blue" article was due April 8th and spring break was in between. We got a calendar and planned a time to get together and work on our scenery, stage, and our article over spring break.

When we got back to school we only had a few scenes left to do. I hope we can do our play before school is over!

We have learned lots of things by doing this:

1- We learned that we cooperate well together.

2 - We learned a lot of things about marionettes, including how to maneuver them.

3 - We discovered that marionettes have person-

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alities of their own.

4 - We learned that it's very hard to cut card board with scissors, so we used saws.

5 - We learned that when you put paint on card board, you have to put on many layers.

We hope you have enjoyed, and learned a lot from our article, and that you will use our play.

Acknowledgments

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The Receiver

By Tim Carpenter, Country View Elementary School

Vroom! Chris and his family backed out of the driveway. Chris said, goodbye to his friends for the last time. Chris thought about all the times he had to move because his dad was in the army. He was moving to Miami, Florida, a place with beaches unlike any they had in Gillette, Wyoming.

By the time Chris and his parents got to Miami, the moving van was there and the movers had already put some of the furniture in the house. By 4 PM, almost all of the furniture was in the house, put away.

On Monday morning school started. Chris was in Mrs. Smith's class, where there were already 25 other kids. When he got there no one talked to him, unless it was to tease him about moving so much or something else (that probably wasn't true). Also, no one played with him at recess, and he had to eat alone at lunch because no one would sit by him.

When Chris got home, his face was all red, and tears were rolling down his cheeks. He told his

mom that he hated living in Miami because everyone teased him. His mom said that it would get better in time and just to hang on for a while.

Over the next few weeks, people stopped teasing a little bit, but he still didn't have any friends. One day Chris's dad suggested that he play football because he was good at it.

So Chris signed up and on Saturday, August, 7th Chris had his first practice. At the practice Chris, and other kids from his class tried out for different positions. The positions Chris tried out for were running back and wide receiver.

When he tried out for running back, he didn't do very well, not knowing where the holes were. Next he tried out for wide receiver, and he caught every ball thrown to him. After the practice, Coach Anderson announced the team's positions, giving Chris the wide receiver position on offense and cornerback on defense.

After practice, Chris was so happy he made the team he ran all the way home, and yelled to his parents that he was playing wide receiver.

The next day Chris and his dad went to the park to play catch. When he got there, some kids on his football team were playing. He had two interceptions and three touchdowns. After they finished, Paul asked if Chris could come to his house with some other kids, and Chris said that he could.

At Paul's house they had a tournament Paul's Play Station football game. Chris won one game. When everyone was leaving, Paul asked if they wanted to play football tomorrow at 12:30, and they all said yes.

For the next few weeks Chris had practice every Saturday, Wednesday, and Thursday until the first game. At the first game Chris's team, the Cougars, played the Eagles. Before the game Chris was really nervous, and his Dad said "It will go away when you're in the game." So Chris tried

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to ignore the nervousness.

The opponents, the Eagles won the coin toss and they chose to receive. The Eagles received the ball on the 10 yard line. The player started to dart up the middle but quickly cut to the right, heading toward Chris. Chris dove, jarring the ball out of the player's hands. Another Eagle's player, recovered the ball at the 17 yard line. The Eagle's gained five yards on the drive and had to punt. After the drive Chris lost his nervousness and tried just to have fun. The teams exchanged the ball for the rest of the quarter.

At the start of the second quarter, an Eagle's running back dashed down the sideline and broke free. It looked like a touchdown until Chris burst forward, dove and tackled the player by the foot at the Cougars' 35. The Eagles gained 17 more yards and they decided to kick a field goal, taking the lead 3-0.

As Chris's team jogged off the field they were all disappointed. During half time Coach Anderson gave them a speech that went some thing like this, "I know you can play better than this. You look like a bunch of girls. Now get out there and play your best".

In the second half the Cougars started with the fanciest play they had but, unfortunately, they didn't score. Nothing much else happened and the score remained 3-0 at the end of the quarter.

During the 4th quarter the Eagles scored on their third drive with 4:45 left. The score was now 9-0. On the kick for the extra point one of Chris's teammates broke through and blocked the extra point.

After the kickoff, Chris's teammate fumbled the ball and the Eagles recovered. It seemed hopeless, but the defense held together, forcing the Eagles' to throw. The Eagle's threw a deep slant and suddenly Chris stepped in front of the receiver and intercepted it. He dashed down the side

line and scored. With the extra point the score was now 9-7.

The Cougars kicked an on-side kick and recovered the ball. Little by little they headed toward the goal line, ending on the three with only a few seconds left.

Taking the safe play Coach Anderson sent out the kicker to win the game. It was a hard kick because they were on the left hash mark and there was a swirling wind. The kicker booted the ball and the wind took the ball away from the uprights, missing the field goal.

Chris was disappointed and happy at the same time. He was disappointed because his team lost, and he was happy because he scored a touchdown and he finally had some real friends.

Attack of the Mutant Potato

By Tom Eddington, Country View Elementary School

One day in a lab down in Idaho a professor was doing experiments on a potato. When he reached over for his sandwich, the potato fell right over on some electrodes. The potato started smoking from the electricity. Then the professor noticed that, while it was smoking, it was also starting to grow!

It started to grow legs and arms. Next it grew eyes, a nose, and a mouth. Then, all of a sudden, its head broke out of the roof. Next, its whole body broke through.

The professor quickly ran to his car and drove to the police station. The police thought he was crazy with his story about the potato. They considered sending him to an insane asylum, but they thought that they should go and see if there was a giant potato in the lab.

The police got to the professor's lab but didn't find a trace of the giant potato. They should have looked behind a hill near the lab, because there

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was the giant potato growing bigger and bigger. The giant potato thought about what kind of damage he could do in Idaho. "Not that much," he thought. So he thought he would go to New York.

The giant potato traveled on foot to New York, passing through rivers, lakes, and mountains. But he had to travel carefully so no one would see him, like the cops. He was still growing.

When he got to New York he had reached the height of 823 meters. Already people had spotted him through their windows and started calling the police. But the police, the F.B.I., the news, and the Army already knew the potato had arrived. A news reporter was saying, "We do not know yet if this enormous potato is friendly or not."

The potato looked through a window and heard what the news reporter said. The giant potato wanted to let them know that he was not friendly, so he smashed a helicopter that was right next to him. Then the news reporter said on T.V., "They found out he's not friendly."

Next the Army showed up with troops and tanks. The mutant potato quickly hid behind some tall buildings. The tanks came around the building to shoot him. But he wasn't there, he was on top of the building and jumped down right on the tanks. Then the troops started firing at him.

He quickly jumped on the Empire State Building. But they were still shooting at him so he climbed higher. Then he saw at the top King Kong, so he pushed him off.

When the giant potato was on top of the building, some F-15's came up to try to shoot him off. They decided that they couldn't shoot him, so they used missiles. They shot all at once.

After the smoke cleared away there was something missing. The giant potato was gone. The top of the Empire State Building was also missing. The giant potato had gotten blown right off the building and into the water in the nearby lake.

This made him very mad. So the slightly charred mutant potato started charging at the F-15's and the Army tanks. The news reporter had gotten it all on video and the action was already on the T.V.

The president was watching it on T.V. at the White House and thought he should do something about it. He contacted the rest of the Army and told them to send 20 missiles at it. However, the giant potato had already destroyed the Army that was going to attack him.

But then he heard a noise. It was a whistling noise and it turned out to be the 20 missiles that were going to blow him up. He quickly dodged the missiles and they blew up a whole neighborhood.

The president was mad that the potato was missed so he had to make a new plan. He decided to contact the professor to see if he had a plan to stop the potato. The professor answered right away and he already had a plan. His plan was to make a giant electric ray because electricity got the potato to grow in the first place.

They got the ray on a helicopter, the professor quickly programmed the ray to shrink the giant potato, and they were off.

When they reached the potato he was knocking down buildings. The professor got the sight of the ray right on the potato. The potato looked over and saw the helicopter. But it was too late. They had shot the ray right between the eyes. They suddenly saw a huge explosion with potato chunks flying everywhere. Then the professor knew it was all over. Or was it?

The Metal Basketball Field

by Zach Chappell, John Muir School

There was a person named Fred. He was an astronaut. One day he decided to explore space. He rented a spaceship. In two weeks he was

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ready to fly into the universe. The next day he did. He was flying in space when he came upon a planet he had never seen before. Then he looked closer. He saw a little silver dot. As he got closer, he realized that it was really a silver field. He said to himself, "I think I will go down and investigate."

He zoomed down to the planet. He got out of his spaceship and walked around. In front of him, he saw the big silver field. He walked over to it. When he walked on it, "OOOOOUCH!" he screamed. He jumped off the field. He thought "Of course it hurts my feet. The grass is made out of metal!" He looked at the baskets. They were fifty feet tall! "I know why they are fifty feet tall. It is because there is not much gravity on this planet and you can jump higher," he said.

He searched around the field four times. On the fourth time, something caught the corner of his eye. He looked around and saw a silver ball. He said to himself, "I will take this home for a specimen."

So, the next morning, Fred flew towards earth. He landed his spaceship and took the ball to his laboratory. He tried to dissect it but it was too hard. The power drill broke. The hammer broke and the mini bombs did not have an effect.

Then he said, "Why doesn't anything work! I guess I'll have to use the atom bomb!"

He placed the ball inside of a bomb proof room. Then he put an atom bomb in the room. He closed the door and pressed a button. He heard a loud boom and the doors opened. Suddenly a big beam of light shot out of the bomb proof room. It startled the astronaut so much he fainted!

He woke up exactly 1 hour, 59 minutes, and 3 seconds later. He thought, "What just happened? All I remember is that a beam of light shot out of the bomb proof room."

He got up and walked outside. He saw metal basketball fields everywhere. He fainted again! When he finally woke up and looked around, he said "I was right. I really did see metal basketball fields! EEEEEVERYWHERE!"

He took out some binoculars and saw that for miles around there was only metal basketball fields. He went to what use to be a state park, but was now a metal basketball field. He climbed up the lookout tower. He could just see the beam making mile after mile of metal fields.

He thought, "I have to stop that beam!"

He climbed down the tall lookout. He went to his laboratory and got his laser. He took his laser and went to the top of the lookout. He shot the laser at the beam. The beam was going so fast that it missed. It kept on moving until he couldn't see it anymore. He decided that it would eventually lose power and die down. That night he heard on the news that the beam had smashed into a wall and faded away.

The Stream

By Marianne MacGuidwin

Gracefully flowing,
Sun beating down hot and dry,
Still the stream is cold.

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Wind

By Leah Bretl, John Muir School

A light drifting wind
That brings in the cool fresh rain,
Finally it's spring.

Love

by Laura Boomsma,
Black Hawk Middle
School

Love
Love is like a dove.



It flies so
high and wide.
Love is so strong you
can make a song
to sing to everyone.
Love curls into a ball
and falls right down to
you.



Great Blue Heron

By Wesley Matthews, John Muir School

The Great Blue Heron
Stands very tall among all birds,
And is blue as sky.

The Call of the Wild

by Lauren Watson, Lincoln Elementary

That howl.
That beautiful howl in the night,
As the town's people were in a fright
From the mother wolf
Calling for her child.
Suddenly a **Bang** A wolf yelps.
It was the pup of the howling mother wolf .
Hurt, wounded,
A scared mother wolf
Is still calling for
Her dying pup .
At sunrise the mother wolf
Still is calling.
Then she yelps for her pup
Who is still wounded and howling.
The mother wolf is now searching.
She is following the yelps
Of the wolf who got shot
To see if that wolf pup
Is the one she lost that other night.
The wolf is running
As fast as she can.
She hears something she never heard before.
She finally got to the shot wolf.
She found that it was her pup.
She howled with joy.
Night passed.
When morning came
The wolf was dead.

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Night Sky

By Rachael Blumenfeld, John Muir School

Stars shining like diamonds,
I walk west for my journey,
The moon lights my path.

Trees

By Samantha Frank, John Muir School

Beautiful green trees,
Blowing slightly in the wind,
Standing very tall.

Peaceful

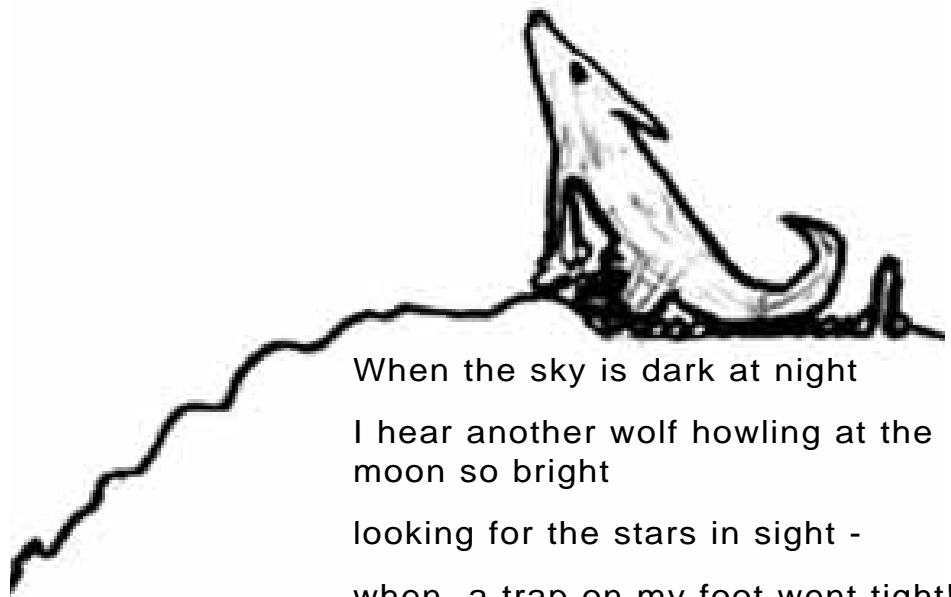
by Sinead McHugh, John Muir School

A jack rabbit bounds from it's territory,
Caw-caw goes the crow,
Twit-twit goes the cardinal,
The pine tree rustles in the wind,
Pine cones still on the ground,
Shady,
Cool,
Warm,
Breezy,
Grass sways,
Peaceful



The Howl

by Clara Wittman, Lapham School



When the sky is dark at night
I hear another wolf howling at the moon so bright
looking for the stars in sight -
when a trap on my foot went tight!
“Help I’m in a plight!”
Now every full moon I howl,
“I THINK THE WORLD SHOULD REUNITE!”

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Nigeria And Tanzania
by Alexia Ware, Lapham School



Three Presidential Portraits

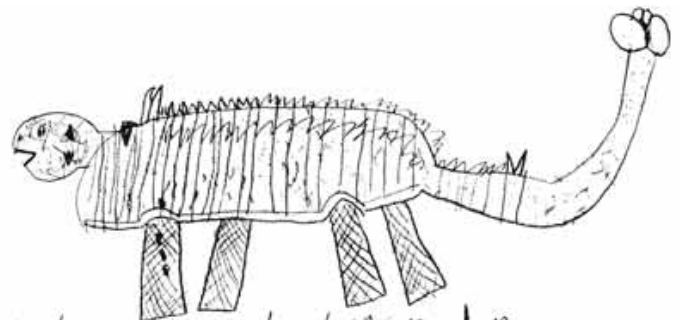
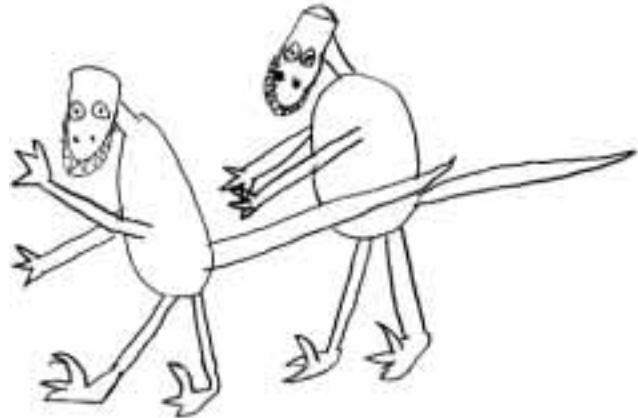
by, by Sinead McHugh and Na-Rae Yang, John Muir School

See the article in the Kid-to-Kid section

1. Bill Clinton
2. George Washington
3. Abraham Lincoln



Deinonychus by Lars Roeder



Ankylosaurus by Lars Roeder

Dinosaurs

by Lars Roeder, Lapham School