

STONE SOUP

the magazine by children



"Fish Mongers," by Prasanna Wijenaika, 11, Sri Lanka

Volume 15 Number 5

May/June 1987



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Stone Soup, founded in 1973, is a literary magazine containing stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children up to age 13. It is published in September, November, January, March, and May by the Children's Art Foundation, a nonprofit educational organization devoted to encouraging children's creativity. In addition to publishing *Stone Soup*, the Children's Art Foundation maintains a museum collection of international children's art and a library of books written and/or illustrated by children. We also run an innovative art school. Work from the collection and from the art school appears frequently in the pages of *Stone Soup*.

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Information for Contributors

Stone Soup is made up of stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children up to age 13. We encourage our readers to send us their work! To get an idea of the kind of work we like, and why we like it, read a few issues of *Stone Soup*. Be sure to read the Activities section, too. You'll see that we have a preference for writing and art on subjects that mean a lot to their creators. If you feel strongly about something that happened to you or something you observed, use that feeling as the basis for your story, poem, or picture. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, and we will respond within approximately eight weeks.

Stories: Stories need not be typed or copied over. They may be any length. We are looking for writing in which you show us—through the realistic sound of the dialogue, and the clarity of your descriptions of people, places, and feelings—that you are closely observing the world around you and using these observations in your work.

Poems: In a poem a few words must go a long way to explain what you see and feel. Those words must be chosen carefully. Your poem should present a view of your subject and a way of using words that are special and all your own. And, it should sound beautiful when read aloud.

Art: Pictures are accepted in any size and any color. Preference is given to works that use the whole page. If you would like to illustrate stories for us, choose a passage from a story you like in *Stone Soup*, and send us an illustration for it. Enclose a note that lists your name, age, address, and the title of the story you have illustrated.

Book Reviews: If you are interested in reviewing books, write Gerry Mandel for more information. Aside from telling her your name, age, and address, tell her a little about yourself and what kinds of books you like to read.

Contents

STORIES

A Special Sharing Time / Celia Pinson	4
The Day to Remember / John Garofalo	6
Ivahoca / Josie Dunnington	8
Embarrassment at Froggy's / Jonathan Rosenbaum	21
King of the Road / Jonathan Rosenbaum	23
The Bear Paw / Corina Castillo	25
My Cousin's Chicken Pox / Mary Lu	32
And That's All That Happened to Little Lucy / Jill Aspen Davidson	34
The Little Tramp of the '80s	39

POEM

Night Driving / Karin Lydersen	20
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BOOK REVIEWS

<i>So Far From the Bamboo Grove</i> / Mo-Yun Lei	36
<i>Come Back Soon</i> / Tara Aal	38

COLOR ART

Cosmos / Julia Popova	18
Portrait of a Friend / Lena Uskova	19
My Flower Garden / Nihara Hasanth Yapa . .	30
My House / Shelana McDaniel	31



A Special Sharing Time

An Eleven-Year-Old Girl's Tribute to Her Father on Father's Day

EVEN THOUGH he doesn't realize it, May twenty-first was the eleventh anniversary of a date my father and I have had each night (when the two of us have been home) since I was six months old. For it was at that time Daddy began reading bedtime stories to me. *Mickey Mouse's Picnic* soon became my favorite and I demanded that he read it to me every night. After a month

or so, he became so tired of the book that he finally hid it!

Now that I'm older, my daddy and I still read together each night. The only difference is that we now read more difficult books such as *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Charles Dickens, and *Rose in Bloom*, by Louisa May Alcott. These times of reading aloud, each of us taking a turn, and discussing what has been read, are very special times for each of us and have helped instill in me a deep love of reading.

Even when Daddy's eyes are so heavy he can barely keep them open, his head is throbbing with a pre-trial headache, or he is terribly sick with the flu, he still faithfully insists on having our story. Once he was very ill with hepatitis and I had to tell him I was too tired for a story to keep him from getting out of bed and coming up to read to me. After he reads with me each night, he then spends an equal amount of time reading with my little sister.

Now that I am eleven-and-a-half, homework sometimes keeps us from having our story and sharing time together. However, we usually make time somehow, even if the story has to be shorter than usual.

Though our "anniversary" is not a celebrated event (for Daddy thinks nothing of the time he makes for us to be together, the most precious of all of his gifts to me) it is, indeed, a special time of remembrance for me and I'm sure that these times will be among my fondest memories in the

years to come, a tradition that I hope my children will one day be able to share with their father, a tradition that nowadays seems very rare.

So, on this Father's Day, I just want to take this opportunity to say, "Thank you, Daddy, for being such a wonderful father to me."

*Celia Pinson, 11, Savannah, Georgia
illustrated by the author*

The Day to Remember

IT All STARTED one day as Billy and his friends were walking through the mall. Billy saw a person ringing a bell asking for money to help the needy.

"Look," said Billy to his friends, "check that dude out over there trying to get money for the poor. What a dork!"

"Yeah," said his friends, "let's split."

When Billy got home, he turned on the news. There were all these cold, poor people on the streets. Right away, Billy turned the TV off and went to dinner.

"So," his father said, "what did you do at the mall today?"

"Oh, just the usual," Billy said. "Except there was some fat dude asking for money to help the poor."

"Well," said his father, "did you give him some?"
"Heck, no! Why should I? He gave me nothing.
Why should I give him something?"

His father was speechless. All he could say was, "Up to your room!!!" at the top of his lungs. Billy just shrugged and went up to his room. Billy was confused.

That night, he had a dream that he was living on the streets, and kids (like himself) would laugh at him and say, "You ugly, old bum! Go get a job!" It was terrible.

The next morning (the day before Christmas), Billy went to Wanamaker's and spent three-hundred dollars on blankets and thought to himself, Lucky I had that dream, and went on. After that, he went downtown and gave all the poor the blankets he had bought. He felt so good that he had given and didn't receive.

Later on, he told his friends about everything he had done. They laughed at him and walked away. But he just shrugged and felt good anyway.

John Garofalo, 12, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Ivahoca

IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. The match-stick stockade wall around the match-stick village was perfect. Wes liked it. Actually he had enjoyed the assignment. His school was going to put on a colonist art show. The requirements were simple enough: draw a picture, write a report, or make a 3-D diorama that showed what the colonists played with, worked with, or, in this case, lived in.

Wes had made a magnificent twenty-by-twenty-three stockade surrounding a detailed colony village, including things from shacks to mills, all made from matches. He had even added a big barn where livestock might be kept.

The other kids in Wes' class had done things like drawings of utensils used by the colonists, or reports about different jobs they did. But Wes' was special.

The sign above the stockade door read: IVAHOCA.

Wes had used his woodburning set to carve it into the piece of wood.

Wes had a good imagination. He could imagine almost anything. Right now, he was imagining that the government of Ivahoca was having a meeting to talk about the food problem. In the barn, a calf was being born.

He looked at his watch. Seven thirty-four. Not bedtime for a while. But he was tired already. So, with his head on his work table, Wes fell asleep.

When he woke up, Wes noticed that his mother had taken "Ivahoca" away from the table. He started to call her name and ask her to bring it back, but then stopped.

The walls around Wes were of logs. The table he was at was a stump.

Looking around himself, Wes saw that the room he was in contained this table, the chair he was using, and a tiny bed in the corner.

Not my room! Wes thought, Where am I!

After getting up from the table, he walked out of the door carefully.

Looking at his watch, Wes saw that it was seven thirty-five. One minute since he had fallen asleep!

How did I get here! he asked himself.

Outside of the cabin, other cabins and simple shacks stood.

"What's going on here?" Wes exclaimed.

"What are you doing out here, young man?" a voice called.

"What?" Wes jumped around. There stood a woman in a cotton pinafore.

"I said, 'What are you doing out here, young man?' Now come in and listen to Sir Paul's speech."

Wes followed the woman into a big building (made of logs) with a steeple.

Inside, a man stood on a platform in front of a full congregation. Wes figured out (from his surroundings) that he was in a church.

"Why am I in a church? Why are all these people dressed up? Why are these buildings so strange?" Wes kept asking himself until he started to hear

what Sir Paul (as the woman called him) had to say.

“. . . and we will organize a group to keep track of how much food we are gaining and using up. In this way, we will know if we need to work harder to gain a bigger profit in all.”

It sounded to Wes like these people didn’t have enough food! Where was he?

A loud “Moooo” interrupted his thoughts, and everyone in the sanctuary turned away from the speaker. A man in purple puffy knickers said, “It’s time. Daisy’s ready!”

The response to this was tremendous. Cheers rose from many people. Others rushed down the aisles, heading toward the door.

Getting up from the seat that the woman had given him, Wes got tossed around in all the bustle.

“What . . . um, excuse me . . . uh . . . what, who’s Daisy?” he asked. Then he saw the woman who had brought him in the church.

“Excuse me, hey you! Um . . . ma’am, mistress, madam?”

Finally, frustrated, he yelled, “Lady, I need your help!”

The woman looked up surprisedly but came over quickly.

“Are you calling me?” she asked.

“Yes, I need your help, I don’t know what’s going on here! Who’s Daisy? Why’s everyone making such a fuss? Where am I!?” Wes asked frantically.

“What? . . . Calm down. Now what do you mean by where are you?” By now, everyone had emptied

out of the room.

"I mean, well . . . " (how could you explain waking up in a strange, new place?) "To start off, who's Daisy? What is she ready for?" Wes asked, calmer than before.



"Daisy's our cow, and she is ready to have her baby. At least that's what everyone thought when she gave her call. We've been waiting for so long because, while she's pregnant, she can't work or give milk," explained the woman.

"I don't recognize you. Where are you from?"

"Well right now I'm a little confused. If you can tell me where I am, maybe I can answer your question," Wes answered.

"In Virginia, where else? Our colony is Ivahoca. By the way, why are you wearing such funny clothes?"

He started to say, "You're the ones wearing funny clothes," but stopped halfway through.

It suddenly started to come to him. All of the things that had happened there suddenly began to come together like a puzzle.

For instance, the clothes and houses Wes had seen were the kinds from the colonists' time. And this woman here had said, "Our colony," and to go even further, she had said, "Ivahoca"! Wes had somehow gone back in time, to a place he had made out of match-sticks, to a place he had made out of his imagination. Only now, it was not imaginary!

MANY THINGS RAN through Wes' head. A way to get out! I need a way to get back! he thought. He was nervous and excited and scared and . . . so many emotions!

"So, can you answer *my* question?" The woman was still standing there, in the dim light that came through the cracks and crevices of the crudely built church.

Jerking awake, as if from a dream, Wes said, "Oh, oh yeah," then thought quickly what to tell her, since he lived in Eugene, Oregon, and Oregon had not been discovered yet. He decided to tell her the truth.

"I'm, I'm from Oregon."

"Or . . . Oregon? Where's that?" she asked.

"Well," (more of the truth) "it hasn't been discovered yet."

Boy, did he get a funny look from that woman!

"Well, never mind. Oh, what's your name?" Wes asked.

"My name is Elizabeth Young," she said. Now come on, I want to see the calf. Oh, by the way, what's your name?"

"Wesley Turner."

Following Elizabeth helplessly, Wes got a chance to think some things out. His chances of getting back to his home and time were unknown to him.

"I'll die from old age before I'm even born!" he said to himself. Then, when he gave it some more thought, it seemed kind of funny.

"I'll die before I'm born!" Wes kept repeating, and once he accidentally said it out loud.

In the barn, it was just as busy as the church had been, only it smelled awful.

"Can we get out of here, Elizabeth?" Wes asked.

"O.K., I've seen the calf, so we can go," she answered.

"Um, Elizabeth? Can I tell you something?" He thought he should just tell her the whole story.

"Go ahead." The two of them walked into a small cabin.

"This is kind of hard to explain, but, well, what year is this?"

"What do you mean? It's 1615!" Elizabeth answered.

"You see, I came from the year 1986. Somehow, I came back in time. That's why I said Oregon hasn't been discovered yet. I got here by building a model of your colony. Now, I just have to figure out how to get back." Wes let it all out in one

blurt.

Elizabeth stood there, gaping at Wes, in mid-motion of sitting down on a maple-branch rocker.

“What d-do you mean!?” she stuttered.

It took all evening for Wes to explain about time travel. But finally, Elizabeth said, “Oh, I see.”

“You understand? That’s great! Now, I only need to find a way to get back home,” Wes sighed.

“Well, if you got here by falling asleep in front of the model of our colony, why not build a model of your house. Then tonight, fall asleep in front of it,” Elizabeth suggested.

“That’s it! Oh, Elizabeth, you should become a science engineer!” Wes exclaimed.

“A what?” she asked.

“Oh, never mind. You’re a genius!”

“I still don’t know what all those words you’re using mean,” sighed Elizabeth.

All through the night Wes worked on the model. It was hard since his only materials were bark and leaves. He had no glue either. Instead, Elizabeth gathered sap for him.

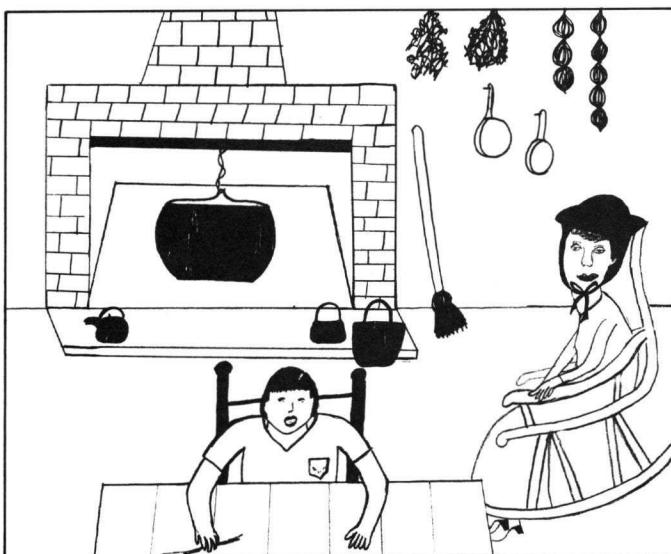
Kindly enough, Elizabeth (or Beth, as Wes now called her) stayed up with him, since she was a single woman.

Finally, at twelve fifty-one, the model was finished. Although a bit crude (from the rush), this miniature townhouse would serve for Wes’ purposes.

Getting up from his temporary work table, Wes said, “I think it’ll work now, I’m tired enough.”

Beth and Wes embraced.

"You've been such a help. Almost like a second mother to me," Wes spoke quietly. "I wish I could repay you somehow."



"You can!" Beth exclaimed.

"Do you have anything in your pockets?" she asked, breaking away.

"Yeah, my whistle."

"May I have it?"

"Oh, Beth," Wes sighed, "it was my grandfather's."

"Don't worry, you'll get it back."

"What? How?"

"I can't tell you. But you will get it back. Trust me," Beth reassured Wes. I just need your address.

"Well, O.K. You're the genius around here."

"You've used that word twice, now," Elizabeth

complained.

“Sorry. It comes naturally,” Wes explained.

He gave Elizabeth his address and told her the day that would be tomorrow for him.

Wes' eyes started drooping, and Beth suggested going back to his home.

“O.K. Here's the whistle. I trust you with it.” Wes handed the whistle to Elizabeth.

“Goodbye then, Wesley,” Beth said softly.

Wes lay his head on the table and fell asleep.

Wes was awakened by the sound of his doorbell.

“I'm back!” he exclaimed as he ran to answer the door.

“Hello? Can I help you?” Wes asked politely.

“Package for Wesley Turner,” the man standing outside said.

“That's me!” Wes said.

“Sign here, please.”

After signing the slip, Wes ran to his room and got his scissors to open the package. The label said,

To: Wesley Turner
Fairview Road 109 S.E.
Eugene, Oregon 97401

From: Sarah Valderhorn
177 Street 506
Frankfort, Kentucky 40601

Sarah Valderhorn? Who's that? Wes thought.
From Kentucky?

Inside the package was an envelope, along with

a bunch of tissue paper.

Wes ripped open the envelope. Inside was a letter. It read,

Dear Wesley;

Do you remember a woman named Beth Young? I'm a far relative of hers. She has passed the contents of this package along for over three hundred years. She claims that you visited her at that time. This has been a very thrilling experiment. Beth passed this on to her daughter, who passed it on to her son, and so forth. Now, I get the honor of passing this on to you. My mother (who learned it from her mother, and so forth) told me that you gave this to Beth, and now she's giving it back to you (as she promised).

Here, Wesley, is your whistle.

—Sarah Valderhorn

“My whistle?” Wes was confused. He opened the bunch of tissue paper.

Then he remembered.

“Oh! My whistle! And Elizabeth, Beth Young!” Wes exclaimed.

“So, that was her promise!” He looked at his whistle and blew on it. A clear, clean note came out. “And what a promise!”

*Josie Dunnington, 11, Iowa City, Iowa
illustrated by Justine Minnis, 13, Santa Cruz, California*

Cosmos



Julie Popova, 8, Soviet Union

Portrait of a Friend



Lena Uskova, 12, Soviet Union

Night Driving

A river of headlights down a hill at night,
Invisible cars streaming by,
Green street signs with white letters sparkling bright
And glittering stars in the blackening sky.

A faint smell of gas and the hum of the wheels
Have been part of me for many hours.
I look out of the window and see dark, barren fields
As silhouettes rise up of lonely grain towers.

It's getting late, as we head to the north
But all the hotels claim they are full.
My eyes droop closed as the car presses forth,
And I fall asleep as we eat up the miles—
miles and miles up to the north.

Karin Lydersen, 11, Encinitas, California



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Embarrassment at Froggy's

SOME PEOPLE EXCEL in sports, others shine in academics. Some are born mathematicians, while still others are geniuses in English. I, too, have a talent: the ability to embarrass myself.

When I was six years old, I was vacationing with my relatives in Pittsburgh. I must have been behaving well because one night my grandparents treated me to a dinner at a restaurant called Froggy's. I can still picture the old-fashioned log cabin type building with the huge statue of a frog at the entrance and the large inviting menu which greeted my hungry eyes.

A tall woman welcomed us and then took us to a table set with soft checkered placemats. After we had ordered, a skinny magician began entertaining us. His tricks seemed miraculous to my young, naive eyes. He even read my palm, telling me I was "bound for excitement." I didn't know what he meant, but, being a six-year-old, I didn't really care.

It was at this point that my career in self-embarrassment began. I suddenly had to go to the bathroom. Because I wanted to feel grown up, I went by myself, assuring my grandparents that I knew where I was going. At the front of the restaurant, I boldly stopped a large, fat, greasy-looking man and asked in my most adult voice, "Where's the bathroom?"

I watched carefully as the man pointed to a hallway. Still filled with confidence, I marched in that direction, stopping only when I was blocked by a ferocious-looking door. Since I was only three feet tall, I couldn't even see the sign at the top. Nevertheless, I calmly opened the door and walked in.

I hardly noticed the pink wallpaper, many mirrors, and furry carpeting. Even the absence of urinals didn't threaten my grown-up belief in myself. Just as I closed the door to one of the sit-down stalls, however, I suddenly heard voices. Female voices.

I peeped through a crack low in the door of my stall and saw dangling skirts, high heel shoes, and purses resting on the floor. I peered higher up and saw the back of a head with long brown hair. I also heard giggling. Mystified, I wondered what in the world these women were doing in the boys' bathroom. Then it hit me like lightning striking an innocent shrub. A cloud of embarrassment shadowed my face as I realized the significance of the pink wallpaper, mirrors, and the soft carpeting . . . I was in the girls' bathroom!

I immediately raised my legs so that my sneakered feet would not be visible. I sat there, sweating and agonizing, anxiously waiting for the bathroom to be clear of women. Finally, after minutes that seemed like hours, I was alone. Shaking with shame, I crept out of the bathroom and ran quivering back to our table.

There they were: Grandpa, Grandma, the wait-

ress, and the magician. It was as if they were all looking at me with teasing eyes, as if they knew what I had done. I felt as hot as fire as I struggled to keep the tears back. I crawled into my chair and sat quietly for the remainder of the meal. Little did I know then that my night at Froggy's would be only the beginning of a lifetime of self-inflicted embarrassment.

Jonathan Rosenbaum, 13, Southfield, Michigan

King of the Road

THREE YEARS AGO, when my mother was recovering from an operation, my housekeeper Nellie picked my sister Mickey and me up from the annual Hillel Day School Song Festival. Because we were in a festive mood that night, Mickey and I sang to Nellie during the ride home. About four blocks from our house, I jokingly asked Nellie if I could drive the rest of the way home. Much to my delight and amazement, she half-consented: I could steer while she pressed the pedal.

We stopped at a red light and, with sweat beads crawling down my back, I nervously clutched the steering wheel. The light turned green, and we were off! While Nellie cautiously pressed the gas pedal, I eagerly turned the steering wheel this way

and that. It felt even better than the car rides at Cedar Point and Disney World. I just laughed when I heard the cars rushing by and honking their horns at my “zigzag driving.”

All too soon, we were approaching my house. I wildly turned the last corner, barely missing a lamp-post. My sister was simultaneously giggling and crying while I, the King of the Road, crazily steered the car. At the final bend before the house, I almost killed three foreign-looking pedestrians who shouted words in a language the meaning of which I could only guess.

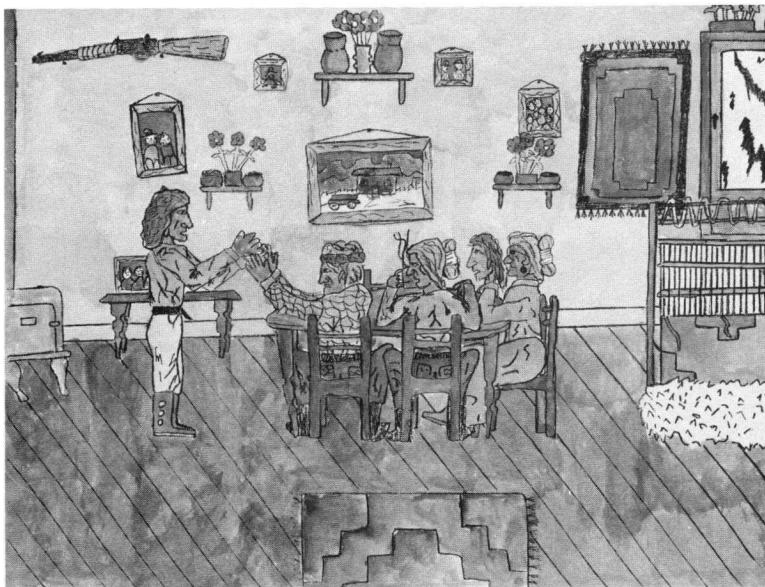
At last, the house was in sight. I concentrated so hard on carefully turning into the driveway that I accidentally nudged Nellie’s foot. In an instant, the “pedal was to the metal.” Lurching forward, we flew into the garage. Luckily, the alert Nellie quickly removed her foot from the gas pedal and firmly applied the brake so we just avoided my father’s bike and narrowly missed crashing through the wall into the dining room. From then on, Nellie and Mickey called me “Crazy Man” and “Road Demon.” I knew, however, that this first drive of mine was the beginning of my reign as “King of the Road.”

Jonathan Rosenbaum, 13, Southfield, Michigan

The Bear Paw

ONE WONDERFUL SATURDAY AFTERNOON I was sitting on the bench daydreaming. It was peaceful and quiet, when suddenly the quietness was broken by a truck coming toward my grandma's house. It was my mom coming.

My mom and dad stepped out of the truck. They glanced at me and went in my grandma's house. I followed to see why my mom looked unhappy. She said to my grandpa in Navajo, "My hands are hurting. When I put them in the water that's when they hurt the worst!" She showed my grandpa her



Tom Smith, 12, Tohatchi, New Mexico

hands. When I saw them I got worried and wondered what would happen. Her hands were peeling and swollen. She told my grandpa because he was a medicine man.

My grandpa told my mother to go in the hogan beside his house which faced east that he only used for peyote meetings and to work on people who didn't know why parts of their bodies were aching. He told my mother to sit on the blanket beside him. My grandma made the medicine by crushing the peyote plant with the grinder and took the fresh water and it into the hogan. My grandpa took the charcoal out of the woodstove that stood in the center of the hogan. He put some brown and green flaked medicine on the charcoal. Smoke came out



Tom Smith, 12, Tohatchi, New Mexico

and the sweet smell of peyote filled the hogan.
After that he prayed:

“Mother Earth gives the medicine.
The air gives clean breath.
We combined the two to ask for healing.
Mother of all things help cleanse our sister.

Restore the roundness of life.
Restore beauty before her.
Restore beauty behind her.
Restore beauty above her.
Restore beauty below her.”

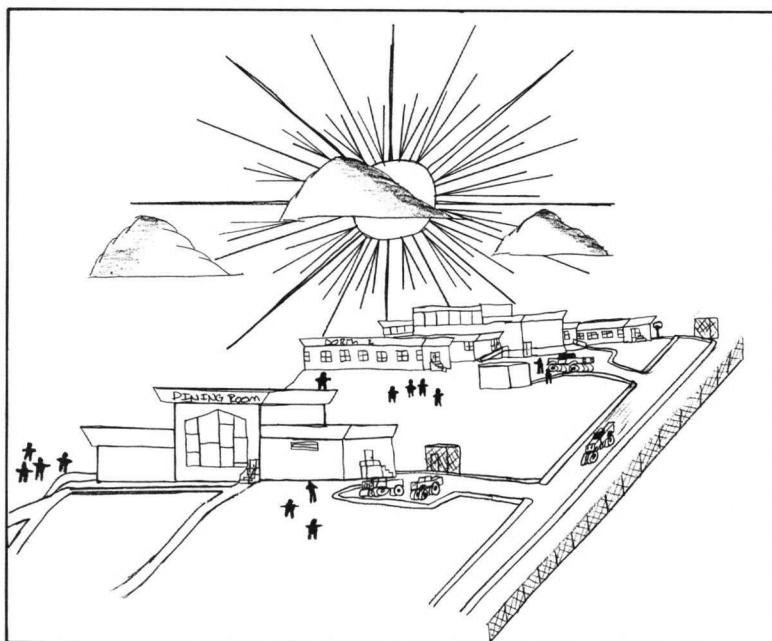
My grandma came in and placed the water by my grandpa’s side. After that he chanted using sounds instead of words. Then he put some medicine that my grandma made and mixed it with water. My mom drank the holy medicine. He looked into the charcoal. Then he put his hawk feather in the water and sprinkled it on my mother. He looked back at my mom and said that an old man came by our house and buried a bear’s paw by our house. The cruel old man had witchcrafted my mother.

My grandpa put his gloves on and took a paper sack. He went by our house and dug up a large brown bear paw with sharp white claws. He put it in the paper sack. He went back in the hogan and burned the paper sack in the big black wood-stove. I closed my nose at the terrible odor. After that my grandpa prayed again:

“Evil will leave you.
From here you will walk with beauty.
Things will be as they were before.
Clean breath will flow through you.
Evil will leave.
It is finished.”

My grandpa asked my mom, “Are you working today?”

My mom replied, “No, I’m off all week.”
My grandpa said, “Rest a lot.”
Then my mother and father went back home.
That night I couldn’t sleep because I was thinking about the old man.



Harvey Plummer, 12, Tohatchi, New Mexico

The next day I went back to the boarding school. I am a Navajo girl. I have two names: an Indian name that is secret; it's known only to the members of my family. I go by Corina. When I am in a public place I go the white man's way. When I am at home I go the Navajo way. I knew I had to go back. I lived too far out on the Navajo Reservation in New Mexico to attend a public school.

My grandma checked me back into the dorm. I was scared that the old man might witchcraft one of my relatives and me. I couldn't sleep at night because I was worried. Even if I dropped off to sleep I would get nightmares of the old man. I got behind in my work. I told my best friend about it. I didn't do anything all week. I couldn't stop thinking about the old man.

Finally it was Friday. When I got home I heard my grandpa say, "The old man died after he witchcrafted your mother." I was relieved that the old man died because he wouldn't go around at night and witchcraft people because he didn't like them.

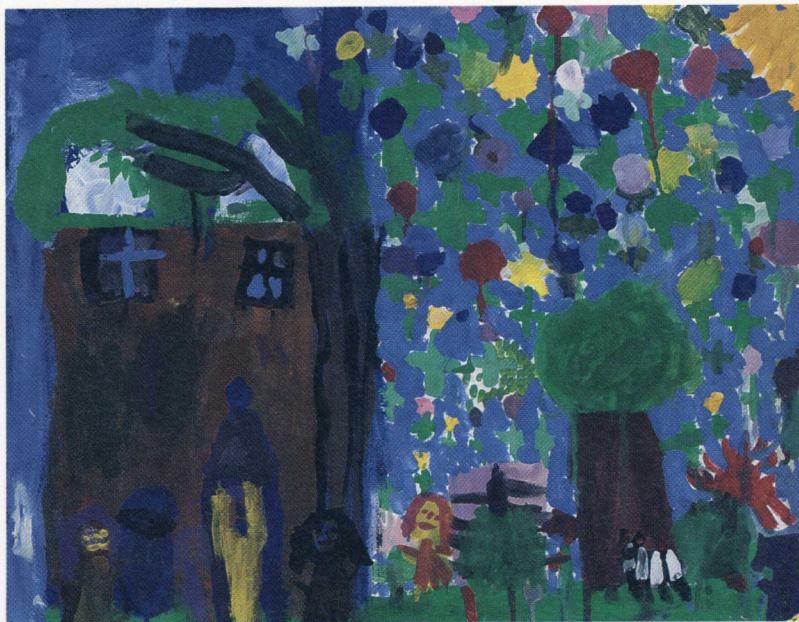
*Corina Castillo, 12,
Chuska/Tohatchi Consolidated School,
Tohatchi, New Mexico
Bureau of Indian Affairs*

My Flower Garden



Nihara Hasanth Yapa, 7, Sri Lanka

My House



Shelana McDaniel, 7, Santa Cruz, California



Michelle Purcell, 12, Waterford, New Jersey

My Cousin's Chicken Pox

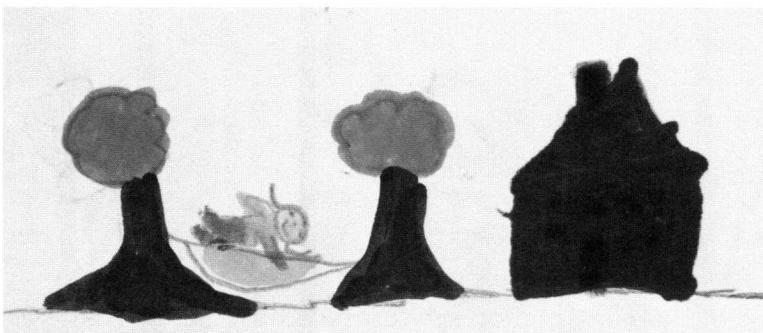
WHEN I WAS about four years old, I used to stay at my cousins' house for two to three weeks at a time, and not just on holidays, either. Once, while I was there, one of my cousins caught chicken pox and had to stay in bed for about two weeks. She was six years older than me—very grown up, I thought, and I usually admired her very much. When my mother told me about her chicken pox, I was immediately very interested and asked her questions, such as, "Is it a very terrible

disease?" (and I hoped it was) and "Do you ever die from it?" (and I hoped some people did, once in a while, so as to add some suspense to the whole thing) and "Do you have to go to the hospital for it?" (which would mean that a truly serious malady was at hand here). As fate would have it, however, it fitted none of these horrifying descriptions; it was just an inconsequential sickness that everyone would get sooner or later. My mother said that she didn't think anybody would ever die of it—and she was positive.

However, as I later found out, it was still very enviable having chicken pox because many relatives and friends arrived, offering their sympathy (and a few congratulations for some reason), candy, and flowers. My cousin handled it all in a very grown-up manner. She even seemed not to particularly want chicken pox; and that was surely the epitome of grown-upness.

Meanwhile, I was always only too glad to be getting her drinks of water, or a snack, or a book—anything she wanted, because I hoped that with this contact with her I could catch chicken pox, too. My mother said that it was all right if I caught it, and if I had it over with before I had to start school (another thing I wanted very much), that would be all the better.

Mary Lu, 12, Norfolk, Virginia



Courtney Barron, 7, Exton, Pennsylvania

And That's All That Happened to Little Lucy

ONE DAY little Lucy went for a walk in the woods. She saw her friend, Bear.

"Hello, Bear," said Lucy.

"Hello, Lucy," answered Bear.

"If you'll give me your shoes, I'll give you my feet," said Bear.

"O.K.," said Lucy.

And so Lucy and Bear traded feet. And that's all that happened to Little Lucy.

In a little way, Lucy came to Ghost Mansion.

"Helloooooooo," said Ghost.

"Hello," said Lucy.

"If you'll give me your voice, I'll give you mine," said Ghost.

"O.K.," said Lucy.

Ghost and Lucy traded voices. And that's all that happened to little Lucy.

Further along the way, Lucy met Wolf.

"Helloooooooo," said Lucy.

"Hello," said Wolf.

"If you'll give me your ears, I'll give you mine," said Wolf.

"O.K.," said Lucy.

And Lucy and Wolf traded ears. And that's all that happened to Little Lucy.

Lucy came to the big oak tree.

"Hoot, hoot," said Owl.

"Helloooooooo," said Lucy.

"If you'll give me your arms, I'll give you my wings," said Owl.

"O.K.," said Lucy.

And Owl and Lucy traded arms and wings. And that's all that happened to little Lucy.

"I guess I'd better be getting home," said Lucy. And she flapped her wings and flew away.

When she got home, her mother said, "Goodness, gracious sakes! Where's my little Lucy?" And she whisked Lucy up and put her into the bathtub. She scrubbed away her ears and rinsed off her wings and cleaned every one of her bear toes away. Soon Lucy was all clean and she looked just like Lucy again.

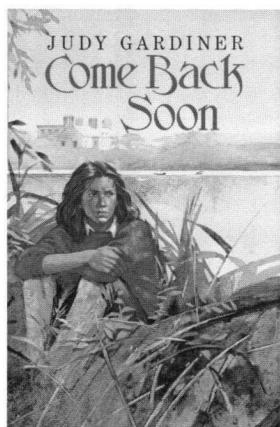
"There's my little Lucy!" said her mother.

And that's all that happened to little Lucy.

Jill Aspen Davidson, 7, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Book Reviews

Come Back Soon by Judy Gardiner; Viking Kestrel: New York, 1985; \$10.95.



When I read the book *Come Back Soon*, I could really relate to the main character Val, and her feelings. Val was always having to watch over her brothers, even when other options appealed to her. But the way I feel I have similarities toward the character Val is that she always wishes to do her very best, right to the limit, in swimming to impress her peers and to contribute her talent toward the school.

Often I wish to impress others and get respect from the pupils who attend my school and other organizations. I feel that Val's feelings are similar to mine in this particular book.

I feel that in the chapter that a boy took Val to a deserted lake to swim secretly was especially exciting because she saved his life.

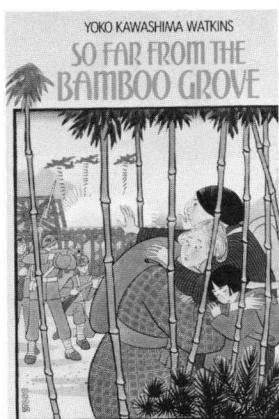
What happened was he hit his head on the remains of an old fountain while diving. I was impressed by Val's outburst of energy, and the will to pull him toward shore. Val seemed to be filled with the will to save this boy. Also this section of

the story seemed to give it real excitement and made you feel like cheering and urging Val on.

The character, Val, was full of love for her family, spirit for her school, and troubled feelings about Rob, her friend who hit his head on the remains of an old fountain. All these feelings made Val an extraordinary young girl with many unusual talents.

Tara Aal, 12, Kent, Washington

So Far From the Bamboo Grove by Yoko Kawashima Watkins; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Books: New York, 1986; \$10.25.



This is a moving autobiography of Yoko Kawashima, a Japanese girl who is trying to escape from Northern Korea during World War II. Accompanying her on the journey are her mother and sister. They left behind her brother, who was working in an ammunition factory and her father who was working in another country.

During their two-month ordeal without much prospect of reaching their final destination, Yoko and her family faced many unforeseen dangers. One instance of this happened only one day after leaving their village, Nanam. While they were escaping on foot, a group of enemy soldiers came

only a few feet from discovering them during a demonstration on how to kill the enemy. But luckily they weren't spotted. Then they boarded a couple of trains for the sick and injured and they walked many miles without much food or water. When their food supply gave out, they searched for some in garbage cans, but water they had to do without.

While reading this book, I really appreciated what I already had and was glad that I didn't have to live through what Yoko did. I wasn't separated from my family, there wasn't a war when I was eleven, I didn't have to work for my keep, no one died a ghastly death before my eyes, and the list goes on and on. Paper and pencils, which seem insignificant and taken for granted by most people, were hard to come by for Yoko. But the janitor, whom Yoko had befriended, supplied her with all the re-usable paper and pencils thrown away by other students.

Yoko and her sister lived by themselves after their mother died. They both helped to keep up their tuition fees and food costs. Yoko even won ten-thousand yen (about three-hundred dollars) in an essay contest and because of this they were reunited with a friend of the family.

So Far From the Bamboo Grove is a book that *should*, not can, be read over and over again for you'll gain something new and memorable every time.

Mo-Yun Lei, 12, Lafayette, California

The Little Tramp of the '80s

SOMETHING HAPPENED to me recently at school that made me feel sorry for what I had done.

I had been having a bad day. People had made fun of me because of the way I waddle rather than walk. Two people had asked me why I wear a Mickey Mouse sweatshirt to school almost every day. A radiator in one of my classes banged and banged and banged, which gave me a rather unpleasant headache. I was convinced that there was a plumber in the radiator, for there was no other explanation for the banging. A teacher had asked me if I could read my own handwriting, to which I replied, "Only if I have to." That earned me an extra assignment.

Anyway, the bad day put me in a bad mood. With my head drooping down, staring at a mouse that smiled and was not sympathetic of my mood, I waddled to the cafeteria. "Why don't you get a sweatshirt with a picture of a penguin, or Charlie Chaplin?" someone asked me. "They both walk like you do!" Cackling, imitating my walking, and having a grand old time, the joker moved away and sat at another lunch table.

Toward the end of the lunch period, a little boy about four feet tall pushed me away from the corner of the table, where I had been sitting, and sat there himself. Two of my friends, who were

sitting on the opposite side of the table, stared at him in anger. Then he began chattering about me in a most negative manner. My friends defended me but stopped when they saw that it didn't affect the boy in any way.

The enemy tapped my glasses, and scratched them.

"You realize, I hope," I said, "that you aren't supposed to be sitting at this table. The principal would have you suspended if I told him."

"Go ahead, tell him, Waddles."

"Get out of here, you little pipsqueak!"

"No problem, Mr. Penguin. My brother is gonna be waitin' for a four-eyed penguin with a Mickey Mouse sweatshirt outside. He'll beat you up, you know." He tapped my glasses again and walked away.

"I hope you know," Greg told me, "that that kid is serious. He has a big brother who loves to pick fights, and that little boy is his agent. Every day he walks around, tapping kids' glasses, looking for someone to fight with Greene's number one bully." I could tell when Greg meant what he said. He did this time. "You'd better watch it, Jo. You got to hop to the bus or mingle with the crowd."

A whistle blew, and the vice principal dismissed us.

I had never been threatened by a bully's younger brother before. In fact, I had never been threatened by a bully. Suddenly, I felt sorry that I had said, "Get out of here, you little pipsqueak!" I blamed it all on myself. I wanted to run to him and apol-

ogize, but then I realized that that wouldn't do any good. I decided that if I couldn't apologize it wasn't worth feeling sorry about.

My next step, I thought, is to disguise myself, like Charlie Chaplin did in "The Great Dictator." I thought of the boy saying, "A four-eyed penguin with a Mickey Mouse sweatshirt." I took off my glasses and my sweatshirt. Then I put on my heavy, bulky coat and zipped it up all the way. Now I covered my ears and head with my hobo's blue hat. I walked like a "punk." I opened my mouth in bemusement the way Sylvester Stallone does. I felt like a cross between Mr. T and The Little Tramp.

Proudly, I tangoed to the parking lot. I circled the boy and his older brother twice. During neither of the two times around did they notice me. I had a powerful feeling of invisibility.

Most of the time life is not triumph or joy. But every now and then, we experience a victory of an insignificant battle, a good mark in school, an answer to a prayer. As long as we can savor those moments, we're as happy as we'll ever have to be.

I hopped into my escape vehicle, bus "G-2." I noticed the two brothers, standing outside. The younger one stared at me through the window as if I were a familiar face. I took off my coat, removed my hat, and wore my glasses. Suddenly he stared at "Waddles," "The Penguin," "The Little Tramp," "Four-Eyes." I cackled only visually, like in a silent film, and heard the keys turn, and an ignition.

I waved goodbye to them, and bus "G-2" zoomed away. Sorry? I thought. No!

Yosef Braude, 12, Providence, Rhode Island

Feeding My Baby Brother



*Julie Greenblatt, 6,
Rochester, New York*

Correction: "By the Lake," which appeared on page 30 of the January/February issue of *Stone Soup*, was not entirely original. The book on which it was based is *The Man Who Cooked for Himself*, © 1981 by Phyllis Krasilovsky, published by Parents Magazine Press.

Stone Soup Annual Index

Volume 15, 1986-87

Works are indexed by subject. They are listed by title, issue (S/O = September/October, N/D = November/December, J/F = January/February, M/A = March/April, M/J = May/June), and page number.

Book Reviews

- Dream Sister*, S/O, 20
- The Explorer of Barkham Street*,
S/O, 21
- Gavriel and Jemal*, N/D, 36
- Children of the Maya*, J/F, 8
- Yellow Blue Jay*, M/A, 29
- 6th Grade Can Really Kill You*,
M/A, 30
- So Far From the Bamboo Grove*,
M/J, 36
- Come Back Soon*, M/J, 38

Dictated Stories

- And That's All That Happened to
Little Lucy, M/J, 34

Family and Grandparents

- The Card Game*, N/D, 11
- We Are All Boys on a Bus, J/F, 4
- War Boy*, J/F, 35
- A Special Sharing Time, M/J, 4
- My Cousin's Chicken Pox*, M/J, 32

Fantasy

- The Moon's Day Off, N/D, 32

Historical Stories

- Ivahoca*, M/J, 9

Life in Foreign Countries

- Radiation Refugee, N/D, 38

Moral Tales

- Waiting to Go Home, N/D, 10
- Subway Samaritan, M/A, 41
- The Day to Remember, M/J, 6

Mystery and Suspense

- The Linking Jigsaw Piece, M/A, 5

Nature and Wildlife

- Free Fish*, S/O, 26
- No Fun, S/O, 27

- The Turtle Necklace*, J/F, 11
- Catching Frogs, Fish, and
Snakes*, J/F, 16

Navajo Stories

- My Great Grandpa*, S/O, 23
- My Uncle*, J/F, 41
- The Bear Paw*, M/J, 25

Overcoming Problems

- As Long As We're Happy*, S/O, 30
- Search for Happiness, J/F, 17
- Life of a Young Poet*, M/A, 11

Pets

- When Smudgie Got Lost*, S/O, 5
- I Love Poochy*, S/O, 25
- A Child's View of Death*, M/A, 31

Picture Book

- Growing Up*, M/A, 36

Poems

- Sugar Crystals*, S/O, 13
- Tornado*, S/O, 13
- The Autumn Forest*, S/O, 29
- Alone*, N/D, 42
- Twilight Feelings*, N/D, 43
- Some Things I Like*, M/A, 4
- The Breeze*, M/A, 10
- Rain*, M/A, 40
- Night Driving*, M/J, 20

True-Life Experiences

- The Nest*, S/O, 4
- The Christmas Angel*, N/D, 4
- Spaceman*, M/A, 28
- Embarrassment at Froggy's*,
M/J, 21
- King of the Road*, M/J, 23
- The Little Tramp of the '80s*,
M/J, 39

About the Children's Art Foundation

The Children's Art Foundation was founded in 1972, in Santa Cruz, California, by William Rubel and Gerry Mandel. In addition to publishing *Stone Soup*, the nonprofit Children's Art Foundation conducts a variety of activities relating to children's creative work. We operate a Children's Art Museum, maintain a research archive of children's writing and art, run an innovative art program for children and young people ages three to sixteen, and publish books and postcards of children's writing and art.

Children's Art Museum

Since 1982, when we moved to our beautiful Spanish-style building in downtown Santa Cruz, we have held changing exhibits from our international children's art collection. All the walls of our small six-room building are covered with beautiful paintings, drawings, wood-cuts, linoprints, and sculptures by children from all over the world. Santa Cruz is located about 80 miles south of San Francisco. We invite all our members to visit the museum when they are in the area. Call ahead for our hours: (408)426-5557.

Archive of Children's Writing and Art

The Children's Art Foundation maintains one of the nation's major archives of children's writing and art. Our collection includes tens of thousands of drawings by American children, thousands of works of prose and poetry by children from all parts of the United States over the last fifteen years, a substantial collection of international children's art, and a rapidly expanding library of books of children's writing and art from all over the world. We use *Stone Soup*, in part, as a vehicle for making available selected material from our archive to children and educators who are unable to visit our facility in Santa Cruz. We urge you to pay close attention to the pictures from our international art collection reproduced on the covers of *Stone Soup*. Eight pictures from our collection are reproduced on postcards, as described on page 47. All of these pictures evidence a level of skill at depicting scenes from children's lives that is seldom found in American children's art. A study of the pictures we print, as well as of folk art and works by the masters of Western art, will provide you with the basis for developing a richly rewarding art curriculum. You are cordially invited to visit and make use of our archive when you are in the area. Call ahead for an appointment.

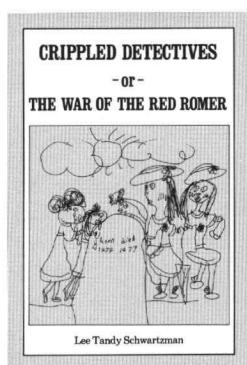
Art Program for Children and Young People

In the spring of 1982, the Children's Art Foundation began its popular after-school art program for children. Head Teacher Celeste Baross teaches both studio and landscape painting classes. This year a group of her students are working on a mural, under her direction, for the back wall of our building. Jan Fried and Don Fritz teach our newer sculpture and drawing classes. In all of our art classes, teachers emphasize the importance of careful observation and attention to all the many details of a scene. No matter what medium they are working in, children are encouraged to depict, with feeling and their own individual style, scenes from their everyday lives that have special meaning for them. Watch the new color pages of *Stone Soup* for reproductions of some of the best work from the program.

"Stone Soup in the Classroom"

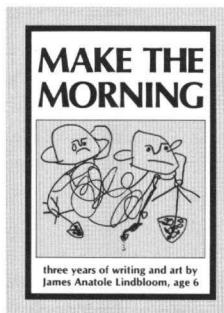
William Rubel, one of the editors of *Stone Soup*, wrote this activity guide for teachers who subscribe to *Stone Soup*. The sixteen-page booklet outlines more than a dozen projects designed to enhance classroom reading, writing, and art programs in conjunction with *Stone Soup*. It describes the educational theories on which *Stone Soup* is based and suggests ways of applying those theories in the classroom.

Crippled Detectives



Volume 7 Number 2 of *Stone Soup* was a special issue devoted entirely to an adventure story written by Lee Tandy Schwartzman of Seattle, Washington when she was seven years old. On the surface, *Crippled Detectives, or The War of the Red Romer* is a fast-paced adventure story about a group of children who try to save the world from an evil pirate. What makes it special is Lee's beautiful use of language. The story is full of her own lullabies, songs, poems, word games, number games, magical stories about "our ancestors," and elaborate descriptions of everything from wedding feasts to the building of a schoolhouse. We published this fantastic story as a forty-eight-page book, illustrated by the author.

Make the Morning



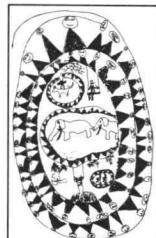
wonderful poems and stories. This thirty-two-page book is beautifully illustrated by the author.

“Little Books”



Puppy. *Little Dog* is a facsimile of a little book written in 1934, when its author was six years old, and it was the inspiration for the series.

T-Shirts



The Children's Art Foundation T-shirt, which includes our name and logo in white on either bright red or bright blue, comes in seven sizes: children's small, medium, or large, and adults' small, medium, large, and extra large. The short-sleeved shirts are 100% cotton and will shrink, so we suggest you order one size larger than you normally wear.

Postcards

The Children's Art Foundation has made a set of eight full-color postcards reproducing some of the finest work from our international art collection. The cards are each four by six inches, and they are beautifully printed on a quality card paper. Reproduced below in black and white, the pictures are from (1) Cyprus, (2) Malawi, (3) Hungary, (4) Egypt, (5) Switzerland, (6) Luxembourg, (7) Sri Lanka, (8) Cyprus. If ordering the cards individually, please refer to them by number.



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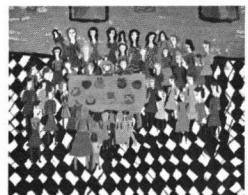
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Exp. Date _____ Signature _____

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Stone Soup, founded in 1973, is a literary magazine containing stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children up to age 13. It is published by the Children's Art Foundation, a nonprofit educational organization devoted to encouraging children's creativity. Through *Stone Soup* the Children's Art Foundation presents to children, teachers, and librarians the best writing and art by children available to us. The editorial selections reflect our theories on child art education and are intended as models for children and their teachers. The Activities section in the center of each issue helps children focus their attention on what makes a particular story, poem, or picture good. It suggests projects for applying what they learn from *Stone Soup* to their own work.

Your membership in the Children's Art Foundation includes a subscription to *Stone Soup*. A small portion of it also benefits our other activities, including our museum collection of international children's art, our innovative art school, and research on children's writing and art. Paintings, drawings, and prints from our museum collection are published in *Stone Soup*, as are examples of work from our art program. Take special note of this art work and use it as a model to enrich the quality of work produced by your students.

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