

Stone Soup

the magazine by children



"Working on the Farm," by Hazel Alkim, age 8, Turkey

THE DOE

Will Peter listen to his conscience or his family?

DOLL SHOP MAGIC

A mysterious visitor changes an old man's life

Also: A review of a biography of Nelson Mandela
Photographs by homeless children
A poem about dancing

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Heike Schröder, 12, Germany

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Stone Soup, founded in 1973, is a literary magazine containing stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children through 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 operates a Museum of Children's Art and a Children's Art School. Work from the Museum's international 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 through age 13. We encourage our readers to send us their work! To get an idea of the kind of work we like, read a few issues of *Stone Soup*. Be sure to read the Activities section, too. You'll notice that we have a preference for writing and art based on personal experiences and observations. 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. Writing need not be typed or copied over. Art work may be any size, in color or black and white. Mail your submission, along with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to *Stone Soup*, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063. We will respond within four weeks.

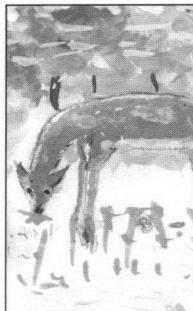
Stories: A good story is interesting to read and has a point to make. Characters, places, sounds, and smells are described in detail, and dialogue sounds just like real people talking. Give your story a clear beginning, middle, and end.

Poems: In a poem a few words must go a long way to explain what you see or feel. Choose your words carefully! When your poem is read aloud, the words should sound beautiful and rhythmical, like music.

Art: We like pictures that use the whole page. Think about all the details that make up a complete scene.

Book Reviews: If you are interested in reviewing books for *Stone Soup*, write editor 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.

Illustrations: If you would like to illustrate stories for *Stone Soup*, send Ms. Mandel some samples of your art work, along with a letter saying what kinds of stories you would like to illustrate.



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The Doe

THE FREEZING MORNING breeze tingled against my face as I stepped out on the balcony and inhaled the fresh air. It was Christmas morning and I was excited about the events that were going to take place that afternoon. I wasn't excited because of the presents or the Christmas dinner but because today I would go on my first hunting trip at the nearby Catalina mountains. I looked out at the mountains, wondering which deer under the cream-topped forest would be mine. My moment of silence was interrupted when a deafening CRACK, followed by a triumphant "HEEHAAH! I got 'im!" echoed in the mountains. I wasn't alarmed at the sound; the Catalinas had a reputation for having trophy-sized deer, and many hunters, including my father and my brother Paul, hunted there. Soon, I would join their club.

"Peter! Get ready, we're going soon!"

I nearly jumped at my brother's booming voice. I ran back inside. Then I headed to my room.

When I got back to my room, Dad and Paul were there to greet me.

"It's initiation time." My dad looked at me with beaming eyes and a glowing smile. "Come here, son." I went over and my dad handed me a white and blazing-orange coat. "Like it?" he asked.

I tried it on, then I looked at myself in my full-length mirror. I didn't look half bad in it. "It's great. Thanks."

"Don't thank me, thank your brother. He got it for you as a present."

"Thanks, Paul," I said.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he answered.

"O.K., men. Let's get ready." My dad sounded like an army lieutenant getting ready for battle.

After they left my room, I put on my coat and grabbed a bag which contained my shotgun. I ran downstairs and waited on the sofa.

When they came down, we all left the house one behind the other, my dad leading, of course. We threw our guns in the back of the pickup truck and sped off to the mountains.

On our way up the mountain, I saw two hunters on the side of the road loading two deer in their truck. The deer were almost unrecognizable because they were drenched in their own blood. I began to feel sorry for the deer, but I discarded the thought by saying to myself, "I can't think this way. I'm a hunter." I slept the rest of the way there.

I was awakened by the happy voice of my father saying, "O.K., time to hunt the big game."

I got out of the truck full of excitement. We all grabbed our rifles. Dad made Paul and me carry the stretcher which we used to transport the deer.

When we got to a place where the forest met a small clearing, we stopped. We waited for half an hour until a large doe, unaware of the dangers waiting for her, wandered into the clearing. Dad motioned to me to take the shot.

I felt butterflies in my stomach as I picked up my

shotgun. The cold metal stuck to my hands, but I ignored it. I brought the gun up to my face until I could clearly see the deer through the sights, while my father chanted away, "Make the first shot count." I watched the deer peacefully pushing the snow away from the buried



grass. I placed my finger on the trigger. I began to think about what I was doing. I was killing an innocent life practically for fun. Then I began to think, It's legal, and plus, my family is depending on me to bring the pot home. But I made my decision, I wouldn't shoot. Meanwhile, Paul and Dad were practically going nuts because I wasn't doing anything.

I kept hearing, "Hurry up and kill it, before I do."

I felt pressure. Too much pressure. I was too mixed up. I was beginning to fall into the hands of my family.

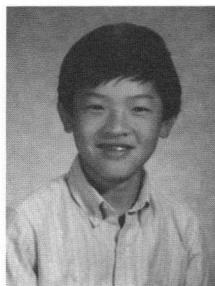
BOOM! I felt a shock run through my body. I stared disbelieving at the doe which was struggling to stay alive, looking at me as if I had betrayed her. I gazed at the smoking gun and then at my finger which betrayed me. I refused to believe that I shot the doe. I wanted to scream, but when I opened my mouth nothing came out. I ran over to the dead deer, and when I saw the bullet hole which was surrounded by blood I vomited.

My dad asked me if I was all right. I didn't answer. Then he told Paul to put the deer in the stretcher.

I ran back to the truck and sat motionless, still unable to get over what had just happened.

When we finally left, I vowed to myself that I would never shoot a gun again.

*Daniel Whang, 12
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania*



*illustrated by Sarah Duncan, 10
Bolinas, California*

Double Dutch Jump Rope



Dion Johnson, 10, Washington, D.C.

Swimming, Malcolm X Park



Columbia Thomas, 11, Washington, D.C.

These two photographs were produced in workshops offered by Shooting Back, Inc. Shooting Back is a nonprofit organization that offers workshops in photography, writing, and other media to homeless and at-risk children living in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area. The photographs are copyrighted by Shooting Back.

Lost and Found

ONCE THERE WAS a caterpillar named Corcola. He lived in a hole that a woodpecker made in a maple tree. He was long and slithery with a hairy black body and circular antlers that were red and sparkly. Corcola had a wife, two daughters, and one son.

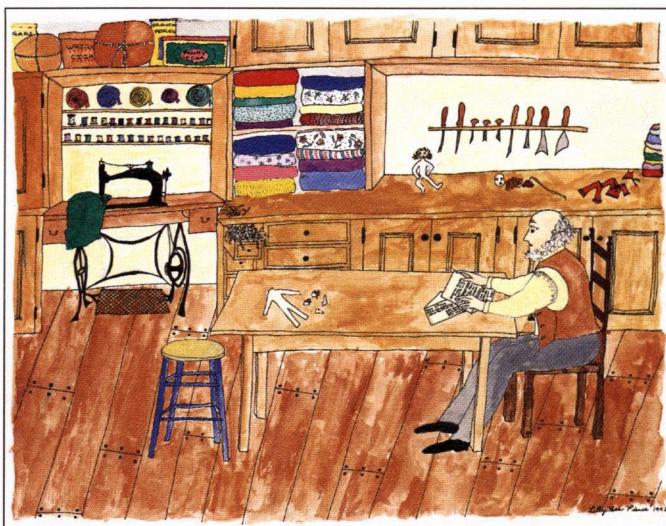
One day Corcola's family couldn't find him anywhere. They felt sad. They looked and looked in the hole, in the bushes, and in the lawn. He was no where.

Suddenly they heard a singing butterfly in the sunny sky. They looked up. The butterfly was colorful. Orange, blue, pink, and green made up its wings. "It is Corcola," said the mother.

The family was so happy. They all took a ride on Corcola's back, flying around in circles in the sky.

*Jillian Weinberger, 6
University Heights, Ohio*





Doll Shop Magic

THE MAIL I got was usually no more than a few coupon booklets, but today there was a business-like white envelope mixed in. Hmmmm, how odd, I thought. I waited until I was in my small doll shop before looking more closely at the envelope.

“Alan J. Murphy,” read the first line of the return address. Alan J. Murphy was the man who I leased my small doll shop and upstairs apartment from, and Alan J. Murphy was not a nice man.

This letter could only mean one thing, Alan J. Murphy caught up with my bills, or better put, he found out my bills weren’t caught up with him.

I opened the letter. “Dear Sam Donalds, I am afraid

your lease has not been paid" A nice man would not toss an old man into the streets. But, as I said, Alan J. Murphy was not a nice man.

What was I going to do? Where would I go? I would have had enough to pay the lease if my shop was located in a better part of town. Twenty years ago, when I bought my shop, the whole town was a nice town, all over. But a lot can happen in twenty years, and a lot did, including a new owner of the building, too, that owner being Alan J. Murphy. I've held on to the shop, hoping that someday the town would return to how it was before. But that hasn't happened yet. Anyway, people didn't come to this side of town looking for a doll.

" . . . if your lease is not paid within twelve days, I'm afraid you cannot remain on the premises."

Twelve days! That was all I had? Could I sell enough dolls in twelve days to pay the lease? Not likely.

I went to my workroom and finished sewing the eyes on a small doll. But my heart was not in it.

How could I get little girls to come and buy my dolls in this part of town? I couldn't afford any advertising, so what could I do?

I finished the doll's face and started working on a small dress for her. I studied her face. She seemed like she was happy, so I looked around and found some pink material to make her a light, bouncy dress. Wait a second, I didn't remember buying any pink material lately, where did that come from? Oh, well. I decided to use it anyway. "You could make a little girl very happy," I said to either the doll or the air.

I worked into the night, thinking all the time about

my unpaid lease. Twenty years ago, if I had an unpaid lease, the owner would say, "Pay it as soon as you get it, and don't worry about it." Now, it's "Pay it now, or get tossed in the street." Many times in the night, I got so deep into my thoughts I didn't even realize that I was making a doll. When the small dress was nearly done, I still had no solutions. I decided to sleep on it and turned in for the night.

I awoke the next morning to the soft singing of a child's voice. At first I thought it was a bird, but then I heard the sweet words, clear and simple.

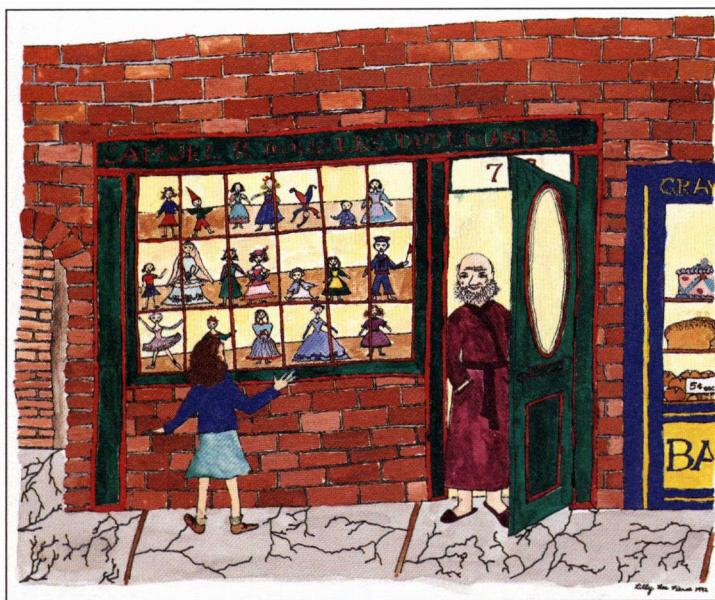
The singer was definitely young, which puzzled me. What was such a young child doing in this part of town this early in the morning? I decided to find out. I put on my warm bathrobe and went down the stairs to my shop. From the back of the shop I saw a small girl outside the window, completely alone. She had brown hair which curled at the end around her shoulders. She had huge brown eyes, which were too big for her face. She wore a thin, tattered jacket, which was buttoned around her face tightly because she was obviously very cold.

She was looking slowly and longingly at each doll in my shop window. And she seemed to like what she saw.

I continued from the bottom step and went to the door, picking up the keys on my way. I opened up the door softly so I wouldn't frighten the little girl. She looked at me with her huge brown eyes.

"Hi, would you like to come inside?" I asked her. She nodded in reply. "I'm Sam," I told her. "What's your name?"

"Heidi," she said in a voice as sweet as the singing



which woke me up.

“Were you singing earlier? It sounded beautiful!” I said cheerfully. I got another nod.

By now, we were in the shop, and Heidi was looking around at all the dolls.

“Do you like dolls?” I asked her.

“Yes, they’re my friends,” Heidi said, a little more interested.

“Do you know them well?” I asked her curiously.

“I come and look at them every day. They like me, and I like them,” she said.

“I can see that. They’re my friends, too. I make them,” I said. “Would you like something to eat?”

Heidi nodded her head.

“O.K., sit down at the table and I’ll fix something.

How does French toast sound?"

"Yummy!" Heidi replied.

"Where do you live?" I asked nicely.

Heidi hesitated a little. "We lived in an apartment until last year. My daddy lost his job, though, and we got kicked out. We live in an abandoned car, near 52nd Street, now. My mommy, and my daddy, and I all live there," Heidi said sadly.

"I'm sorry, Heidi. How old are you?" I asked.

"Six years old. But my birthday is in two weeks."

I served Heidi her French toast and we ate breakfast together. Heidi ate a lot, and she ate it quickly.

"This is sooooooooooo good. We haven't eaten in a while," Heidi said solemnly.

I didn't know what to say again. "I'm terribly sorry." And to change the subject, I said, "Would you like to watch me finish a dress for a new doll?"

Heidi nodded her head with excitement.

I went to my workroom, with Heidi at my heels. She watched intently as I finished the pink lacy dress.

As I worked I still wondered what I would do about my lease, but I also thought about Heidi's family, living in an abandoned car, going without food every so often. They were worse off than I would be, yet I still worried about my lease. Was I being selfish?

"Well, it's done!" I said, holding up the small dress. "Would you like to put the dress on the doll, carefully, while I go look for some tags?" I asked Heidi.

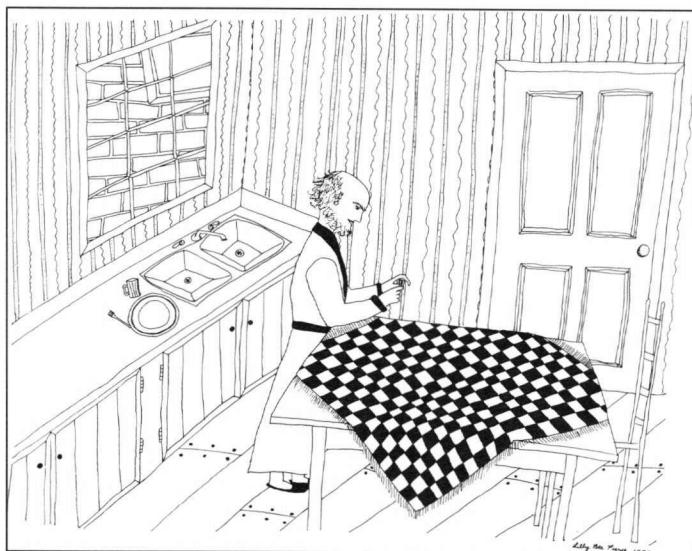
Again, she nodded her head.

I left her to dress the doll and went to search my room. I knew the price tags were up there somewhere. I

was excited to get this doll out because I thought I could get a good price for her. Aha! I found them. I returned to the workroom.

She was gone. The beautiful doll was gone. Heidi . . . was gone. The scraps from the dress . . . were gone. The extra material . . . was gone. The dress . . . was gone.

I went in the kitchen. There was one plate next to the sink. Not two, only one. All was as it had been the morning before.



All, except one thing. On the kitchen table was a small piece of paper. I picked it up. It was a lottery ticket. I had never even bought a lottery ticket. There was a note attached.

“Sam, I found this on the step. Is it yours?”

This was written in neat, careful print. That’s all it

said. There was no signature or clue of any sort. "Heidi?" I asked myself. I looked at the ticket once more.

"Oh, my gosh!!!!" I shouted, after I read the four numbers.

For a week, the numbers 4, 9, 11, 27 were being said over and over. They were the numbers for the last unclaimed ten-million-dollar prize.

And those numbers were on the ticket that Heidi found for me, at least I think it was Heidi.

Ten million dollars was definitely enough to buy a new doll shop in a better part of town. And enough to get Heidi's family a new apartment.

I whistled the tune I heard Heidi singing that morning as I walked to the drugstore to claim my money. And I wondered, would I find an abandoned car near 52nd Street? Is there a Heidi?

*Joanna Calogero, 13
Manlius, New York*



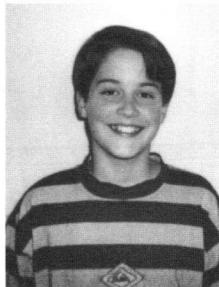
*illustrated by Lilly Bee Pierce, 12
Fallbrook, California*

I Wonder Why

Climbing the rock
I wonder why
I am afraid.

In tight;
my rope is strong.

Boulder after boulder
I wonder why
until I hear a pebble drop
but never hit the ground.



*Joey Bell, 10
Virginia Beach, Virginia*

Book Review

Leona and Ike by Juanita Havill, art by Emily McCully; Crown Publishers, Inc.: New York, 1991; \$13.95.



by Juanita Havill • art by Emily McCully

AT FIRST IT was pretty hard to get into *Leona and Ike*, written by Juanita Havill, but sometimes it is hard to read things you don't want to think about. By about Chapter Four it became easier to read. *Leona and Ike* is all about being forced to make friends with someone you don't really like and finding out some surprising things about them.

Ike and Leona were always trying to impress each other, until Ike had to move again. Then they started to tell the truth about things. Suddenly they were both sad that Ike had to move. They realized then that they were glad they had been forced to be friends.

I know most kids have worries about parents divorcing and really understood when Leona was worried that her parents would get divorced just because Ike's were. My favorite chapter was Chapter Six where Leona sent a love letter to her dad, pretending it was from her mom. I think that was really neat.

I liked how in chapters with letters the author wrote them exactly how it would be if you got a letter in the

mail, with different handwriting and words misspelled. The pictures Emily McCully drew really helped to tell the story.

I could really feel how it would be to have someone move in, just like how Leona and Ike felt meeting. I think you should read this book, especially if you've ever had anyone move in next door and your mother makes you go over and say, "Hi."

*Kendra Palmer, 9
Tucson, Arizona*

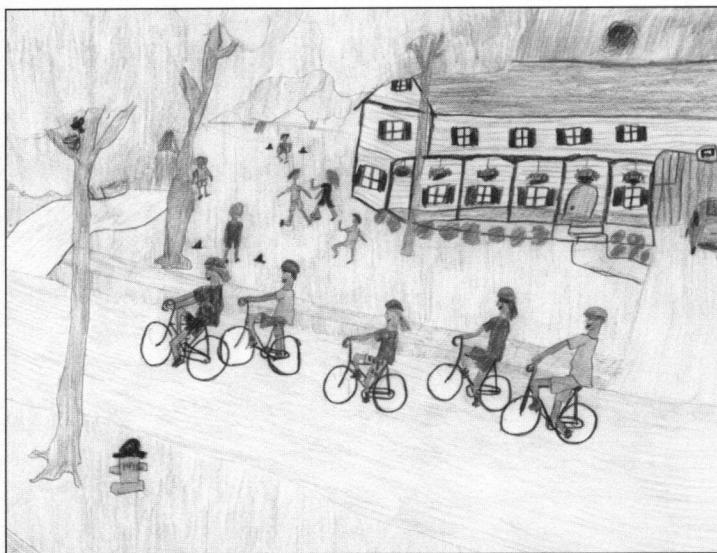


A Light in the Dark

"COME ON BROOKE, we're ready to go!" shouted a loud voice through the door. I slowly put my homework down and ran towards the voice. As I walked down the porch steps towards the garage a warm wind blew across my face and an exciting feeling swept through my body. I hopped onto my bike and jammed my helmet down upon my head. My short red hair was flattened down and my green eyes looked at the trees as they bent beneath the wind. I smiled, exposing my

crooked teeth awaiting shiny braces.

I was the first one off and I slowly made my way up a gradual hill. It had become easier to ride up this hill because every Saturday we would ride up it to get to



Holland Patent for breakfast. This evening we decided to go for dinner instead. At the top of the hill I waited for the rest of the family to catch up. A string of cars was waiting for some reason, and then my mom came.

"Look, all these cars are waiting for you Brooke. Come on," exclaimed my mom as she hand-signal to turn right and did so. I turned red in the face and an uncomfortable feeling came to my stomach. I followed Mom and we headed down a large hill full speed ahead.

Eventually, Mom, my sister Sommer, and my brother Zak turned off at Goggin, a dirt road we usually take.

Instead of following them I went on with Dad who was taking the paved road, Camroden Road. We soared down big hills while open fields flashed by and the sweet smell of farms drowned our noses. The cows scattered in the pastures looked at us with their strange faces. We headed up a small hill, the strong wind slowing us down. My dad and I had a small conversation that neither of us could hear, so whenever someone talked we would just nod out heads.

Suddenly we were at the top of a humongous hill. Before I sped down after my dad I remember seeing the pastures full of flowers and the sun beginning to set. All of a sudden it was gone and houses flashed by as I curved down the winding road. The wind whipped back my hair and I zoomed down the hill at top speed.

I could hear a truck behind me and for some reason my dad had stopped a little way ahead. I saw a dog to my right and suddenly it charged out at me and I curved over just as the truck passed by. Fear came to me as the dog growled and barked right behind me. After chasing me for a while, the dog stopped and turned around. I smiled a big smile at my dad and he gave a small chuckle.

“I wanted to wait for you because I didn’t know what that dog would do,” said my dad.

We rode the remaining way to the restaurant and hopped off our bikes. Mom, Sommer, and Zak had already parked their bikes and were waiting patiently. After Dad and I had parked our bikes our family entered the restaurant not knowing what was going to happen on the way back.

An hour later our family came out with smiles on our faces and full tummies. After we all were on our bikes we headed for home. Something seemed different; then I noticed it, it was pitch black. Immediately we headed up a big hill. We were extra careful and at first I enjoyed the peace of the darkness surrounding me. Occasionally a street light would make a bright patch where darkness could not enter.

It started getting darker and darker and the wind blew harsher. We turned onto Goggin Road and then there was complete darkness, everlasting darkness, not only on the ground and in the air, but in me. I couldn't see anything. There were potholes and ruts in the dirt road. The only thing I could think was, I'm going to fall. Eventually the fear slipped away a little more and I thought, O.K., we are almost to the paved road. But no! I was floating on an everlasting cloud of darkness that might at any moment open into a bottomless pit of nothing. I squinted my eyes as though I might be able to see something, but of course I couldn't.

Suddenly I heard a dog barking and knew we were near the paved road. I thought things would get better but instead they got worse. Cars, speeding cars, whose drivers would never see us in the dark. Two beams of light shot out from behind us as a car quickly approached. We decided to pull off the road and let each car pass. It was frightful because I couldn't see the road and which direction it was going. Driving as if blinded I decided I would shoot straight on ahead and hope for the best.

Zak, Sommer, and Dad had disappeared and were way

ahead of us by now. Suddenly a blinding light swept in my direction. I knew I was nearly home. The porch light was on and the blinding light was bobbing around in the hands of my brother. It was a flashlight, a beacon guiding us safely home.

I pulled into our driveway and the fear was gone. I smiled a contented smile and Darlene our dog came up to me wagging her tail. I petted her passionately.

It felt good to be home again.

*Brooke Schafer, 11
Holland Patent, New York*



*illustrated by Kristen Beach, 13
Longview, Texas*

The Day of the Hopi Butterfly Rain Dance

HAVE YOU EVER been in the dark during a storm? I have and it was scary. This happened when I was about eight years old. I had dark black, long hair, brown eyes, and I was short and skinny. I looked just like an ordinary Hopi girl. I was at my house in Pollaca, on the Hopi Indian reservation. I was looking out the window with a frown on my face. My dad was carving an eagle dancer kachina. The clouds were dark black, the leaves were breaking off of the trees, and the wind pushing the tumbleweeds tumbling along the road. I could smell the rain and the fresh air. I could hear thunder roaring, raindrops tinkling like small bells, and the screen door banging in the wind. My beautiful mom was in the living room painting beautiful colors on a morning kachina. My brothers and my sister were in my room playing Light as a Feather in the dark. I was happy because the lights went out.

First, that morning before the storm, we went to a Hopi dance. I was dancing the Hopi butterfly. The butterfly is danced to help bring rain. When we dance, with the drumming, rain will come that night. We only do the butterfly after the kachinas come back to the mesas for the home dance. We dress in a black monta and a scarf. The monta is a straight black dress with red and green yarn sewn across it. We had to paint our feet yellow and

we had a headdress. Boys and girls are the dancers. You have to spend all day and night on the mesas. After you get dressed you go into the kiva and have your face painted by the medicine man, the priest. I like to do the dances. I like to bring rain.

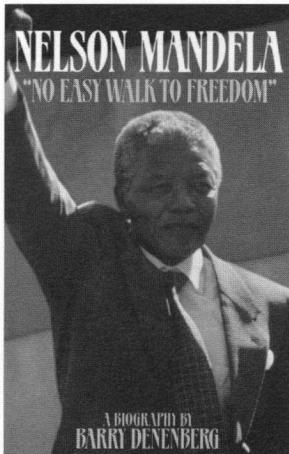
After the dances, I got to go home and that was when the storm began. It was really scary. It began to rain and hail as we went towards Pollaca. We had to sit in the car because it was so bad. We couldn't even drive. We ran inside really quick when it slowed down a little. I was sitting by the window watching the storm and the lights went out again! What a scary day! It started out so nice and ended really in the dark with lots of fun. I don't want it to happen again though! Our dancing caused a really big storm!

*Karen Bear Mansfield, 10
Keams Canyon, Arizona*



Book Review

Nelson Mandela, "No Easy Walk to Freedom" by Barry Denenberg; Scholastic Inc.: New York, 1991; \$12.95.



RECENTLY, Barry Denenberg wrote this book about Nelson Mandela. It tells of how Mandela worked against the black oppression in South Africa, and of his hardships because of it.

Overall, it is a compelling book based upon historical fact. It is rather sad to think of the pure racism throughout South Africa since the nation's founding in 1910.

Mandela was born on July 18, 1918, under the tribal name Rolihlahla, or "one who brings trouble on himself." He was a black born in South Africa, a country that has been very oppressive towards the black majority. Mandela would become a major factor in trying to turn the dominance of the white minority around. One of his many accomplishments was to become president of the African National Congress (ANC). This organization has been the largest factor in growing black freedom.

When the Union of South Africa was founded in 1910, by white British leaders, blacks were subject to a system of laws called apartheid. Apartheid stated that blacks were inferior to whites and should be kept "under con-

trol." For instance, under apartheid, native Africans were forced to live in townships — small and crowded towns in deep suburbia. To get to their work in the major cities, many would ride over one hundred miles every day on trains.

Restrooms and other facilities were made in pairs, one to be used by blacks, the other by whites. The white facilities would be kept up nicely, cleaned almost every day. The facilities reserved for non-Europeans were shabby, small, and unkempt. Another part of the brutal apartheid system was that all blacks must carry passbooks that told about the person, and their history. The books, by law, would have to be shown on demand to a policeman.

In 1960, many people tried to turn in their passbooks to police headquarters. The police lashed out and killed sixty-nine innocent people. Later, the fighting spread to townships like Soweto.

In 1963, Nelson Mandela, who had worked for freedom, using both peaceful and violent means, was arrested in Rivonia. The police infiltrated important ANC papers. They had enough proof to press charges. After eleven grueling months, Mandela, despite giving a rousing speech, was sentenced to life imprisonment at Robben Island. Robben Island is South Africa's maximum security jail. By day, prisoners mine limestone, by night, they sleep in cramped quarters.

But, there is currently a hope for a new future. Mandela was freed in 1990, and he and President F. W. de Klerk have worked together to abolish some of the cruelest apartheid laws. Things are far from perfect around the world — getting better, but not there yet.

What I disagreed with was that the author felt that violence was necessary to overcome the oppression. When I lived in Washington, D.C., I went to a school where ninety-five percent of the students were of a different race. When I was treated unfairly, I chose not to hit back, but to talk. "Why be violent because I have a different color skin?" I asked. Usually, after they thought about it, we ended up becoming friends. I realize that South Africa is a different situation, but I believe that there could have been a peaceful solution.

*Storey Clayton, 11
Warrenton, Oregon*



Age, Dust, and Animals

ADRAFT OF cold air washes over my bunk, waking me, and an icy cold dog's nose is pushed into my neck. Dave sings out his good morning welcome. When he leaves I dress, to stand outside, to watch the mist rise and watch things come alive. As I leave the bunkhouse steps I can vaguely see the forms of the powerful horses

as they wait impatiently for their breakfast. My feet carry me down the path to the barn, but I'm still not awake. The biting cold hardly touches me as I walk through Stud Barn and absent-mindedly greet the residents. There is no human sound, not even a car, to disturb the peace. Only the cries of the hungry animals. This is my time, the only time I have alone all day, so I keep my wake-up time a secret.

I like to watch the sky lighten; and I like to watch the mist rise. Sitting in the hayloft I smell the barn smell, age, dust, and animals. As I hear the other campers enter the barn I swing down out of the loft jumping over one stall and dropping into Shemp's stall, my little black-and-white calf friend. This year I am more cautious after last year's fall that strained an arm and bruised a dignity. Slipping quietly over the stall door I join my friends. They don't know that I haven't been with them the whole time.

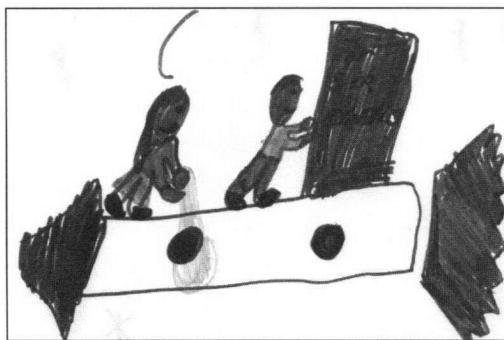
It is still before six-thirty so we don't talk much, but I move with a machine-like regularity to feed the cow, to lock her in the stanchion, and to milk. When the gray bucket is halfway full, I pat Poppy's sleek side and fill a calf's bottle for Shemp, who still needs milk, not solid food.

Shemp was stepped on when he was first born. He has a bad leg and a stall of his own. Because he is people-shy it took a while for us to become friends, but now he accepts me and loves his morning milk. As I enter the stall he gives a baby moo for his breakfast and I laugh at his funny attempt. It reminds me some of my brother's voice when it was cracking.

My best friend looks over the stall door and the light catches on her blond-brown hair as she swings back and forth on the door. She oohs and ahhs over how cute Shemp is and says she has to feed him tomorrow. But hunger conquers her loyalty and she leaves the two of us alone again. A few minutes later, when Shemp is done, I give him a rub goodbye and wash the nipple and bottle at the hose and set them out to drain. A red racing stud strikes a pose and breathes conceit at me, so I have to go over and talk to him. The walk back down the path is much more interesting than the walk up, and the serenity fills me. Skies like cat eyes arch over the green mountains that protect the small ranch. I walk on slowly, quietly, to drink in the beauty and perfection. Suddenly I break into an all-out sprint; I had noticed I was all alone and I know that if I'm not in the kitchen soon breakfast is going to be over.

*Leah Rosenblum, 13
Palo Alto, California*





The Earth's Bad Cold

ONE NIGHT, a rocket flew to the moon.
The rocket landed right in the moon.

The people in the rocket were excited and started dancing and singing.

When the people were about to leave the moon, something happened. The earth gave a big sneeze.

So the people stayed on the moon.

The next day, the earth gave a cough.

"The earth must be sick," said one man.

"Yeah!" said another.

So the people decided to give the earth some medicine. The earth wouldn't take it.

So the people took the earth to the doctor.

"The earth is sick," said the doctor.

"We know," said the people.

"Tell everyone to get off the earth," said the doctor.

"I'll do it," said one man.

"All right," said the doctor.

So that one man went around the world telling everyone to get off the earth.

And everyone started coming to the moon in rockets. The moon was very crowded.

The doctor went down on the earth and said, "Open up wide!"

The earth did as it was told.

And the earth drank the medicine.

Soon the earth was feeling better and everyone went back to the earth.

But the doctor was not sure.

"Just in case, I'm going to give the earth some medicine to take home," he said.

Right after the doctor gave the earth its medicine the earth gave another big sneeze!

Everyone laughed and laughed and laughed.

When everyone stopped laughing, a rocket flew by and dropped a wrapper into space.

"Don't litter or the earth will get sick again," said a woman.

So the person put the wrapper into the trash can!

*Elizabeth Piet, 7
Northville, Michigan
illustrated by the author*

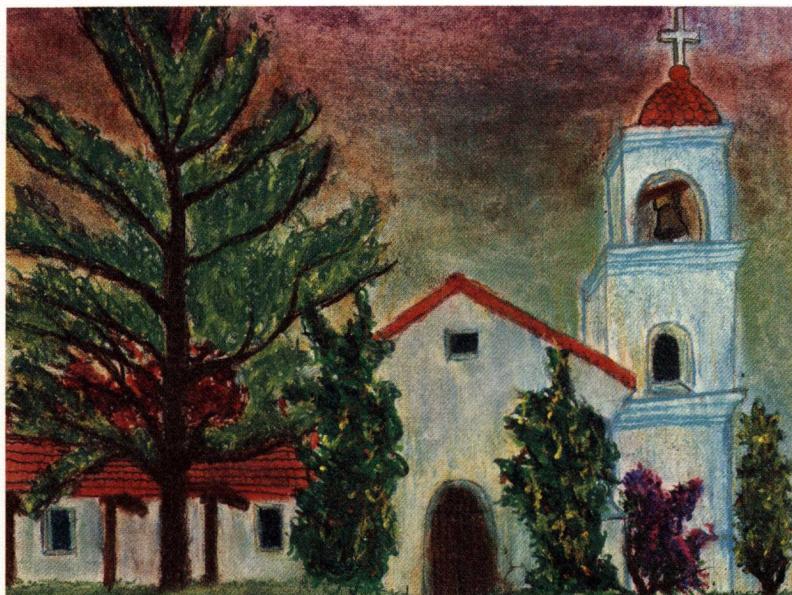


The Neighborhood Kids



Ira Mowen, 10, Aptos, California

Mission Santa Cruz



Andris Renss, 11, Felton, California

Ira and Andris are students of Rebecca Alex at the Children's Art Foundation's Art School.

The Greatest Speed

IT WAS THE greatest speed that I had ever experienced on horseback!

One day, I decided to be brave and try something I had never tried before. My horse, Promise, was very glad to hear this news and eager to cooperate. I went to the place that I had chosen in my neighbor's pasture and looked down the steep grade at my riding territory. I almost lost confidence at the sight of the land spread out in front of me. The path was a long straight stretch which was a little rough and had a steep incline at the end. I decided to make the climb.

I gathered my courage and slowly eased Promise down the slope and across the straight stretch. Holding him back was difficult because of his will to run and his great strength. I reached my chosen starting point and turned my head to once again face my challenge. Promise and I turned around. I braced for some serious riding and eased off on the reins. He immediately responded, broke into a lope, and rapidly gained speed. I held him back at first but soon realized that we were both having fun and wanted more.

Then I said to Promise, "O.K., buddy. I'll ride. You run!" and gave him all the slack on the reins he wanted.

Automatically, I felt a surge of muscle power beneath me. We flew faster and faster with each stride. Even though I had on bluejeans and a thick shirt on this hot day, my body shivered with cold and excitement from

such magnificent speed. We made the climb, leaped over the top, and kept on going. At that split second, I realized that it would take every bit of space I had left to stop him! I pulled the reins with strength I didn't know I had. That didn't work, so in a loud, firm voice, I repeated, "Whoa! Whoa!" and continued straining on the reins. He responded at last and slowed to a stop right in front of the fence. I was relieved, breathless, excited, and happy all at once. I could hardly wait to tell my neighbor and good friend of my wonderful ride. He congratulated and praised me.

You may think this was a thrill just for Promise and me, but it was not. My neighbor, John Murray, once an accomplished horseman, who is now crippled, enjoyed the excitement as much as I. I could see pride in his eyes and a little envy. You see, Promise and I ride for all three of us.

*Jenny Cofield, 11
Oneonta, Alabama*



Lost River

I HAVE A special place that you can't get to by boat, train, or car. It is located about fifty miles north of Nome, Alaska, the town where I live. My family and I found it when we were out flying our small plane. We were going for a plane ride like we usually do on a Sunday afternoon. It is called the Lost River.

We landed on a small gravel bar. On the gravel bar are little clumps of wildflowers. Now these flowers are all lying on the ground growing because a strong west wind blows constantly. Along the runway are old abandoned cabins and shacks that were used in the Gold Rush days. Most of the shacks are collapsed and nothing but piles of boards and nails.

Behind the gravel strip to the east are mountains. They are breathtaking. Wildflowers grow all over (these are not sprawled on the ground). In the mountains are bears, moose, caribou, swans, and many tundra plants. There are no trees. Down in the valley of one of the mountains there is an old abandoned town. The miners and their families lived there in the town. Once my family and I explored the old town. There was a school and houses and even a church.

To the west of the gravel bar is a beautiful beach. This beach is unlike all other beaches I have ever seen. There is no sand. Instead of sand there are small rocks. These rocks are very, very smooth. Mixed in with the smooth rocks are hundreds of empty snail shells. The waves are

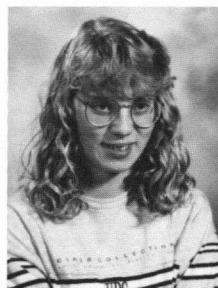
beautiful too, as they roll in lazily. Out in the ocean there are seals, walruses, and whales. One of the most beautiful sights I can remember is watching two bowhead whales jump out of the ocean and seeing water shoot out their airholes.

To the north, along the coast, are sharp, rocky cliffs. These cliffs are home to thousands of birds that nest there. There are many different kinds of birds. There are loons, ducks, gulls, and even a few puffins.

To the south is a river. It is called the Lost River. It starts way back in the mountains and it's formed from melting snow that is there all year round. The river ends in the ocean like most rivers. That is why it is called the Lost River.

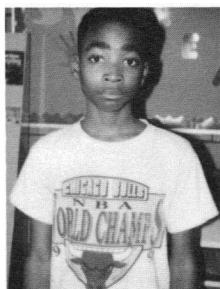
Nobody lives at the Lost River now, but we still go there for picnics. I think the Lost River is one of the most beautiful places in the world.

*Erica Coady, 13
Fairbanks, Alaska*



Movements and Feelings of My Dance

I swing when I hear any kind of music.
I feel like I'm twirling,
Around the whole wide earth.
It feels like I'm going to explode.
I jump up.
Jiggling.
Sliding.
And a lot of cruising,
And bouncing,
Up and down,
All around.



*Kenneth Cole, 12
St. Louis, Missouri*

Timothy's Tough Times

AFTER THE DEATH of Timothy's loving father, Jonathan Burkes, things started to get tough on Timothy and his mother, Jane. For one thing, Jane barely had enough money left from what Timothy's father had left them to support both her and her son. And since money was slim, Timothy had to leave his friends at Greenwood County School and transfer to a public.

One gloomy Saturday morning in February, Timothy decided to get up early. He rolled over, nearly falling out of bed, and looked at the old alarm clock on the night table. Every time he looked at it, he was reminded of his father who had given it to him on his fourth birthday. Timothy could just make out six o'clock, for it was still fairly dark in his room with the shades down. He groaned. Timothy hated the number six. That was how old he was when his father died. He remembered the night as if it had happened yesterday. His mother was in the living room sitting on the old sofa. Timothy was watching from the hallway. A strange man had come into the room.

"There's been an accident," he had said.

Of course back then Timothy was too young to accept the fact that his father was dead.

He slowly got out of bed and walked down the hall to the bathroom. Timothy looked in the mirror and sighed. His hair was a mess, and anyone could tell that he had just woken up. He brushed his teeth, washed his face,

and combed his hair as quickly as he could because he wanted to continue with the great book he was reading. Timothy walked into his room and picked up *Miss Frisby and the Rats of NIMH*, then he ran down the hall and jumped into his favorite armchair.

Two hours later he had finished the book. Timothy was the fastest reader in his class. The problem was that he was also the most hated in the class. At least that's the way it seemed to him. He still felt like a stranger in this new school.



"Timmy, dear," his mother called sweetly, "I'm leaving for my job interview as a waitress at the Harley Cafe. I'll be back around lunch time."

"O.K., Mom!" Timothy yelled back.

Jane drove up into the small driveway three and a half hours later. Timothy put his slippers on and ran out to the old Volvo.

"Did you get the job, did you get the job?!" Timothy screamed excitedly.

"Calm down, honey. I won't know until Monday," Jane said in an extremely calm voice that made Timothy feel strange inside.

"Well, at least tell me how good you *think* you did," Timothy replied, refusing to give up.

"I don't know," said his mother in a voice that made him feel even worse. She quickly changed the subject. "Let's go inside and have lunch. I stopped by Albertson's and picked up some groceries on my way home."

Monday morning, Timothy woke up and packed a lunch bag for school.

"You need to eat some breakfast, hon," Jane called from upstairs just as Timothy was about to leave the house.

"I don't have time, Mom," he yelled back from halfway out the door. "I'll be late for school!"

"Well, O.K., but then don't forget your lunch money!"

"I'm making my own lunch today. Some big bully always steals my lunch money!" And before Jane could reply, Timothy walked out the door.

During school, Timothy just couldn't concentrate on his work. He wanted school to end as soon as possible so he could get home and find out if his mother had got the job. But it seemed like one of the longest days of his life.

In math class, he found himself talking out loud to himself when the teacher was speaking, and he was sent to the principal's office. But did he care? No!

At lunch time, Timothy was rewarded two black eyes from Michael Armsteny for not having any lunch money,

but it didn't bother him one bit. He just kept on thinking about his mother getting that job.

When he got home, he ran up the stairs to the porch filled with excitement, threw open the door so wide that it hit the front of the house, knocking a dish off the shelf in the kitchen, and jumped into the arms of his mother, who was just coming down the stairs to see what all the racket was about.

Jane smiled. "I got the job, hon!"

"Whoopee!" Timothy exclaimed, jumping out of her arms.



"So when do you start?" Timothy asked during supper that night.

"Tomorrow," Jane replied.

"Great," Timothy squeaked, standing up and pushing his chair in. "Well, I'm going to go read in bed. See ya tomorrow morning," he yelled from halfway down the hall.

When Timothy got home from school the following afternoon, the door was locked.

"That's strange!" he said to himself. "Why is the house all locked up?" He walked around to the back screen door, lifted up the dirty old mat on the doorstep, and took the key. Then he walked back to the front and unlocked the door.

"Mom!" Timothy yelled. No answer. He frowned and walked into the kitchen to get a snack. Accidentally glancing out the window, Timothy saw that the car wasn't in the driveway. He sighed, and went into his room to start on his homework.

Jane arrived home at around nine-thirty that night.

"Where were you?" Timothy screamed in a furious voice.

Jane slowly stepped back, her teary blue eyes as wide as saucers. "S-s-s-sweetheart, I-I-I was working."

Timothy's heart skipped a beat. He swallowed and just managed to say, "Uh, I knew that," before he ran back to his room and stuffed his head into his pillow.

Timothy stayed in his room crying for most of the night, and when he woke up the next morning he was still upset. He didn't say a word to his mom or even eat breakfast. He just slowly walked to school. When Timothy arrived at school (ten minutes late), his teacher, Miss Sloppenhagen, was introducing a new student.

"Now class," she announced, "this is Rachel Brushley. She will be coming to school with us until the end of the year. I want you to respect her as you would like others to respect you."

That's a familiar phrase, Timothy thought to himself.

At lunch time, he had just sat down at an empty cafeteria table thinking, Why do people hate me so much? when Rachel Brushley sat down right next to him and asked him what his favorite sport was. When there was no reply, she said, "Mine's horseback riding."



"I don't really have a favorite sport," Timothy mumbled, looking down at the table.

"Well, that's O.K.," Rachel remarked. "Lots of people don't have a favorite sport."

Timothy glanced up at her. "Is horseback riding fun?"

"Yes, it's very fun. You should try it sometime."

"Maybe I will." He grinned.

They talked on and on like this until the end of lunch, finding that they had a lot in common. During recess,

they played together. By the end of the day, Timothy had a new friend.

On the way home from school he was delighted that he had finally made friends with someone in his class. But at the same time, he was sad because he knew that his mom wouldn't be home until at least nine o'clock. He was still thinking about how he was going to cope with his mom working until late in the evening each weekday, when he opened the door to his house and saw Jane standing in the doorway!

"Guess what, honey?" she said. "Today I got switched to working breakfast and lunch instead of lunch and dinner!"

"You're serious?" Timothy asked, forming a humongous smile on his face.

"More than ever!" replied his mother.

Timothy sat down at the kitchen table, thinking, Maybe things are going to work out after all.

*David Markus, 10
Santa Fe, New Mexico*



*illustrated by Ellen Drewes, 13
Las Cruces, New Mexico*



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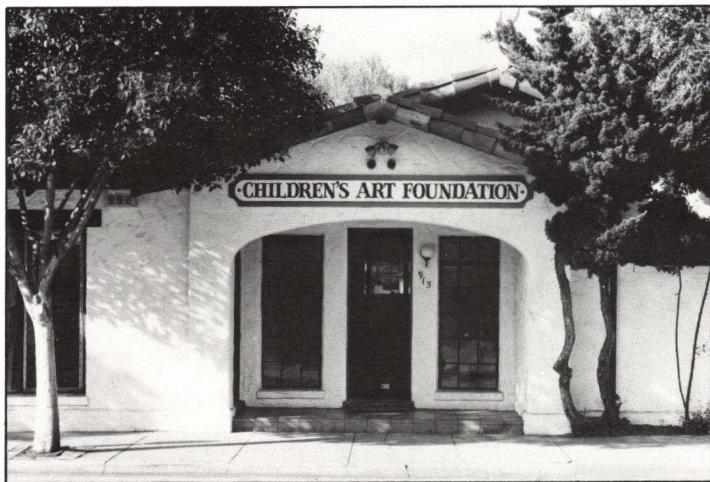


Photo: Tony Grant

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