

# Stone Soup

the magazine by children



"Pearl Turkeys," by Yuen Luo, age 9, Taipei, Taiwan, Republic of China

## THE CLAY POT

Will Sashi's mother ever trust her again?

## SALAMANDERS CAN'T YELL AT YOU

Chris finds a friend who understands his problems at home

*Also:* A review of a new book about Anne Frank

A poem about life in the inner city

Art from Estonia

Summer Issue 1994  
\$4.95 U.S. \$5.95 Canada





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Dear Readers:

Summer is a great time to do things outdoors. Once in a while, it's also fun to sit quietly and reflect on the activities you've been enjoying. Some of the stories and poems in this issue have summery themes. Alexander Rakow's poem, "Night," recreates the sounds of a summer night. In "Morning Splendor," Lauren Easton expresses her love of nature, especially flowers, in a story about an early morning walk she takes with her dog, Sunshine. "The Boy That Feared the Sea" takes place by the ocean and includes great descriptions of waves, tide pools, and sea creatures. Take some time this summer to commit your experiences to paper, whether it be in the form of a poem, a story, or art work. You might be surprised to find how much richer your summer memories will be!



Sincerely,

*Gerry Mandel William Rubel*

Gerry Mandel & William Rubel  
Editors

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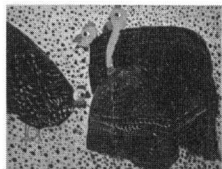
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The picture on the cover, "Pearl Turkeys," was loaned to the Children's Art Foundation by the World School Children's Art Exhibition in Taipei, Taiwan, Republic of China. This organization holds an annual contest for the purpose of promoting "mutual understanding and friendship among the younger generation of the world through exchange of art works of children." We sincerely thank Mr. Long-Rong Wu for his assistance.

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## Send Us Your Work!

*Stone Soup* is made up of stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children through age 13. To get an idea of the kind of work we like, read a few issues of *Stone Soup*. You'll notice that we have a preference for writing and art based on personal experiences and observations. 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



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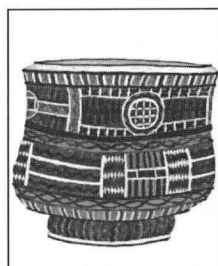
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beginning, middle, and end. **Poems:** In a poem a few words must go a long way to explain what you see or feel. Choose your words carefully! When your poem is read aloud, the words should sound beautiful and rhythmical, like music. **Art:** We like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

# The Coming of the Green

Winter's casualties, the tall dead trees  
Tough and straight  
Time passes, dear kill-joy  
They are not dead, just not alive yet  
The little buds are spread on red twigs  
Dead, dead, dead, apprehension lies thick on the air  
Will they make it this year?  
Timidly, a soft new leaf peeks out its head  
And without further notice  
The trees burst forth into cloudy green glory  
Acre upon acre of green, green glory!



*Dorien Casses, 13  
Johnstown, Pennsylvania*

## The Mother's Day Gift

IT WAS MOTHER'S DAY, 1993. My friend Adam had come over to spend the night on Saturday. We watched old movies until about eleven p.m. and then camped out on the living room floor. Sunday morning Adam and I got up early and made pancakes. After breakfast we went outside to play cops and robbers and ride bikes.

Dad came home from work for lunch at noon and we ate with him. After Dad left, Adam and I decided to go out and play ball. We live on top of a hill, and the only field nearby is behind a big metal water tower. The city uses a little building beside that for a pump station, so everyone up here will have good water pressure. We pitched the ball back and forth to each other and took turns batting. Beginning to tire of this, Adam went in the house to get my Super Soaker Fifty squirt guns and I stayed outside, bouncing the ball off the water tower to practice my pitching.

Pitch — THUNK — catch it. Pitch — THUNK — catch it. Then, bouncing the ball, I threw it extra hard against the water tower. What a mistake! The ball bounced back off the water tower, almost hitting me, then flew through the window of the water pump station. CRASH!!! Did I mention that the window was not open? Well, it was now!

My stomach immediately pole-vaulted into my throat! Just then Adam came around the corner. Seeing my pale stare he said, "Close your mouth or you will

catch bugs. Hey, what's wrong?"

My stomach in a knot, I blurted out, "I accidentally broke the window." I pointed to the water shed. The ball had made a perfect round hole through the glass, with rays shattered around it.

"Uh oh," Adam said. "Just walk away and nobody will ever notice. You're gonna get in trouble if you tell!"

I pushed Adam aside and walked to the front yard where Mom was working. I could feel my body beginning to sweat and I felt sick. Swallowing hard, I told Mom about the window. Mom said, "Let's go take a look." I felt like a doomed man walking back toward that building. Mom looked at the window. Nothing magic had happened — that window still had a big hole in it. "Well," asked Mom, "have you learned anything from this?" We talked about angles and glass strength and throwing things against the water tower. (My mom can make a math lesson out of almost anything!) I could feel my eyes beginning to burn, and two big tears snuck out and dripped down my cheeks. I'm telling you, I felt just awful! I leaned my head against Mom's shoulder and she put her arms around me.

"Son," she said, "everyone has accidents, but it is how you deal with those accidents that makes the difference between honesty and dishonesty. I know that telling me about this wasn't easy, especially when your friend said he thought you shouldn't, so that makes me very proud of you." She gave me a big hug and Adam reached out and touched my arm. "The only time you'd be in trouble with me over something like this is if you didn't tell me, or if you lied to me about it. And besides that, if you lie or try to hide these things, you get black,

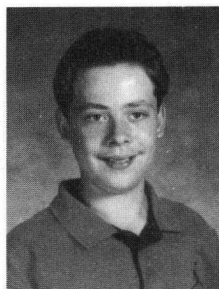
ugly-feeling places inside because you still know what really happened. You cannot cover up the truth of your actions from yourself."

I sniffed and tried to clear my throat. "I will pay for the window," I said, even though a picture of the tent I had been saving for floated through my mind. . . .

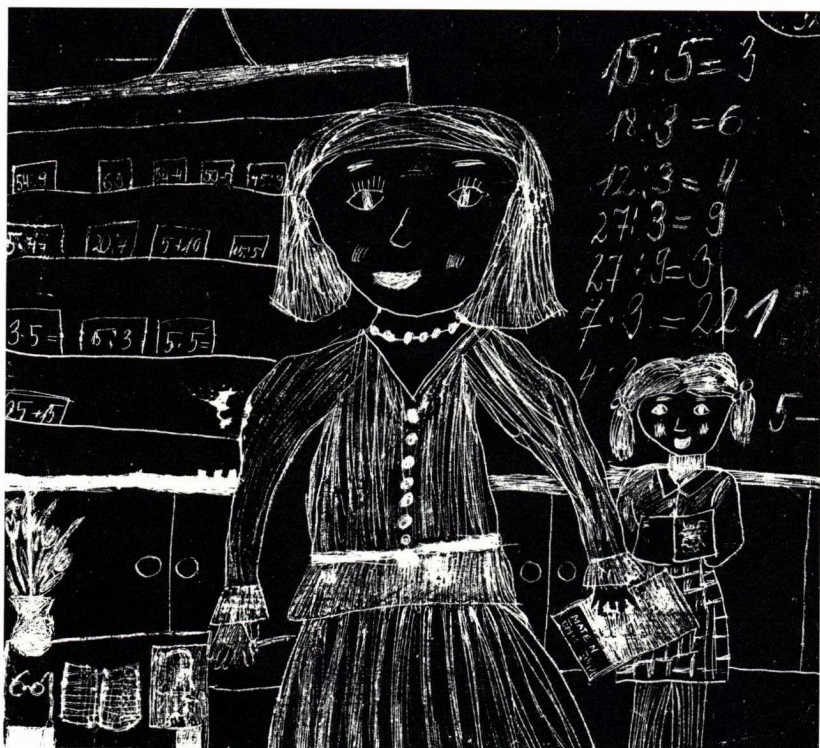
On Monday morning, before school, I went down to the city shops and told the water people about my accident. I told them I wanted to pay for my mistake. I said to fix the window and send me the bill. They did. It cost me forty-eight dollars and sixty-two cents. It certainly wasn't a very fun way to spend my money! So my pockets are empty, but my conscience is clear.

The funny thing is that my mom says telling her was the best Mother's Day present I could have ever given her.

*Mathew Thompson, 11  
Dallas, Oregon*



# The Arithmetic Lesson



Scratchboard

*Renna Rei, 8, Estonia*

This picture was loaned to the Children's Art Foundation by the Children's Art Exchange of Middlebury, Vermont. The Children's Art Exchange is dedicated to helping children from the former Soviet Union and the United States learn more about each other through the common language of art.



## Book Review

*Gopher Takes Heart* by Virginia Scribner; Viking: New York, 1993; \$13.99.



HAVE YOU EVER had problems with a bully? That's what the book I read, *Gopher Takes Heart*, is all about. Fletcher, the class bully, is taking Gopher's milk money every day. You can guess from Gopher's name that he's not very tough, and he can't figure out how to stop Fletcher. Every day is like a nightmare, with Gopher dreading the walk to school when Fletcher will threaten him and steal from him *again*.

There are good things happening to Gopher, too. Near Valentine's Day, his friends are excited about planning a class party and a present for their nice teacher, Mrs. Morrison. And everyone agrees to pitch in some money to buy art supplies — though no one expects Fletcher to help because they think he's mean. Both Fletcher and Gopher are good at art, but the class picks Gopher to make the present for the teacher. They give him three dollars to buy supplies, and he starts right away to worry about how to keep Fletcher from stealing the class money and spoiling the present.

The book gets exciting while Gopher is trying to pro-

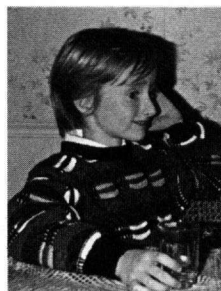
tect the money (and himself) from Fletcher. For a while, he hides the dollars in his shoe and then hides in the boys' bathroom — and accidentally drops his shoe in the toilet! He has to walk around on wet money for hours.

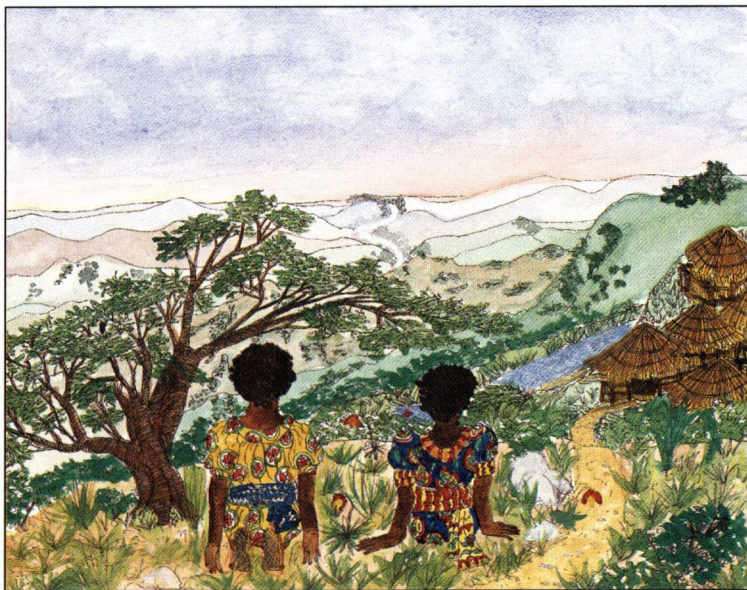
I know how Gopher feels about being picked on. A boy in my class teased and threatened me for months. I felt scared sometimes but mostly embarrassed because I couldn't figure out how to stop him. I felt even worse when my parents tried to get him to stop because I wanted to stop him myself. Sometimes I wanted to hit him, and sometimes I just wanted to run away and hide.

I admire Gopher because he tries to solve his problem. Even though he's really scared, he stands up to Fletcher without getting in a fight. Plus, Gopher admits that there is a good thing about Fletcher, his art talent, which helps to solve the problem.

This book made me feel hopeful that problems with bullies can be solved. People should read it because almost everyone runs into a bully sometime. Or maybe you could give a copy to a bully who is bothering you so he'll know how you feel. It's worth a try.

*Nathan Vogel, 8  
Columbia, Maryland*





## The Clay Pot

**I**T WAS A cool, dusky morning in a village by a river bank. A mother and her daughter sat and watched the sky above the horizon change colors — from blue to purple to pink to orange-red. It was a good start to a new day.

It was only when the sun peaked over the horizon that the other people of the village emerged. Sashi knew then that her mother would have to start the fire. Sashi and her mother, Betra, had sat and watched the sun every morning since Sashi could remember, but once the families started to awaken, the chores would have to be started.

Her mother would usually start up a hot fire for the porridge to be cooked. Once she had done that, the task of feeding the family would be under way. It was Sashi's job to make sure there was enough wood for the fire and that her two younger sisters and younger brother were ready and awake for the new day ahead of them.

Sashi and her mother had a special relationship between them — unlike any other relationship between a mother and daughter in the village. They could always share feelings and jobs. But there was something that they never did together — pot making. Her mother was a well-known potter. She specialized in her pots. Betra's pots were sold in the city, and the money from the pots was used to support the family, for the father of Sashi had gone away and not returned. There was a strange feeling and look about Betra's pots that lured people to them. Sashi thought it was partially because Betra spent so much time on them, but mostly because Betra would talk to the pots and the pot would talk to her. While Betra would be making the pot, she would have to be alone. Not even the little child, Chachala, could talk to her. Betra would make sure that she didn't spend too much time on the pot instead of being outside with her family.

Out of all the pots Betra made, there was one that Sashi had seen all her life. It was the only one that Betra ever kept. It was a big pot with many small designs on it. This pot was not as pretty as the pots that were sold in the city, but it was said that it was Betra's first pot that she had made with her mother. It wasn't the beauty of the pot, it was that it was a part of her mother. It sat to the right of the doorway of the small hut and had

never been moved. Betra had told the children since they were babies that they were never to touch it.

Soon the porridge had been eaten. Two of the three older children ran off screaming with laughter to go play with the other children of the village. Chachala, the youngest, who hadn't learned to walk yet, started to play in the dirt. Her dark skin had been lightened by the tan dirt from the earth. Betra and Sashi both knew it was time for bathing her, but Betra needed to make her pots, so it was obvious that Sashi would be stuck with it. Betra staggered away behind some bushes with the heavy bag of clay on her head to do her pot. Sashi and Chachala were left alone.

Sashi went to fetch the big tin tub from inside the hut. She dragged it out beside the ashes left from the fire. She looked around for the bucket that was used to haul water, but it was nowhere in sight. She checked inside the hut. Then she remembered that Mrs. Tembo from the western side of the village had borrowed it to water her garden. She looked around her. The only other things to carry water were a small dried gourd and the old pot. It was logical, the pot was bigger so it could carry more water. If she used the pot, it would take a much shorter time. She went over to the pot and held it in her hands. Then she remembered what her mother had said. She was just going to put it down when she remembered that she wanted to play with Lyan.

At first on her way to the river bank, she held the pot tightly in her hands. As she walked further, she found it easier to put it on her head. She held a tight grip with her hands, one hand on each side of the pot. As she





walked further, she found it easier to put it on her head. She held a tight grip on it with both hands. However, both hands soon reduced to one; then she slowly let go and balanced it on her head. It wobbled a bit, but it was a light pot for its size. Finally, she reached the cool water. The water was soothing to her hard dry hand, and when she sipped the water, she could feel it go down her throat. Sashi dipped the pot in the water and the water filled to the brim. She found the pot surprisingly heavy and had great difficulty lifting it out of the river. Once she had placed it on her head, it felt as if a ton of bricks swayed down on her. Her steps were slow strides. The water splashed over the sides and got Sashi wet. Slowly the pot started to slip off her head. She felt



it when it was too late. As her hand went up to catch it, it slipped, plummeting to the ground, smashing into hundreds of pieces. She cupped her mouth as she stared at the scattered pot pieces. Sashi fell on her knees and started to cry. She held a few broken pieces in her hands and began to wail louder. It hurt her to know that she had just broken something that meant so much to her mother. It was her mother's history. Still sobbing, she swept up all the pieces with her shaking hand. She scooped the pieces into her dress and started home. Chachala watched as Sashi poured them into a small gourd cup. She then hid it under her blankets. Meanwhile she swept the ground around the hut.

Soon after, Betra returned. Her first sight was Chachala's face. "Why is she not clean?" Betra ques-



"We are going to make your first pot."

tioned.

"I forgot and played with Lyan," Sashi lied.

"Well, you better fetch some water. I will help you wash her." She looked around as if looking for the bucket to hand to Sashi. As she scanned the room, she noticed her pot wasn't in its place. "Where is my pot?" she spoke angrily. She walked over and touched the spot where it used to be.

"Well, Mother, while I was gone, Chachala rolled it over and cracked it by hitting it with stones."

"Tell me how she could have turned that pot over and hit it with such force that it broke. Besides, you know to take her with you," Betra said fiercely.

Sashi looked aside, for she could say nothing. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of what happened. Betra's face was tight. Her eyes flamed red with anger. Sashi felt so small in front of her mother. She thought, Will we never watch the sun together again?

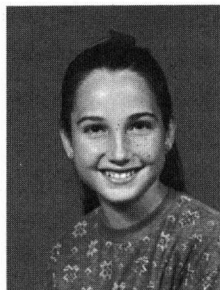
Sashi was ready to be yelled at, but instead, her mother said in a soft weak voice, "You lied, you lied to me. Can't I trust my own daughter?" She covered her face and wept sorrowfully. She collapsed on her knees and began to cry. Sashi ran into the hut and got the pieces. She placed them before her mother. Betra took her hand from her face and stared at the small gourd shell. "How can a big pot be in a small gourd?" Betra asked slowly as she reached for the gourd and poured out the pieces. Then she put two of the pieces in her hand. She stared at them for a long time. Suddenly, she began to gather all the broken pieces in her torn dress and walked behind some bushes. Sashi knew that she wouldn't return for a long time so she started to make a

fire for the porridge at mealtime. By the time the two children returned from play, the porridge was ready to be eaten. Although the children didn't see their mother, they didn't ask any questions. That meal was a quiet one.

The sun was nearing the horizon when the mother appeared from the bushes. She called for Sashi, and Sashi followed her as she walked on a dusty path. It was the same path her mother would take when she was going pot making. Finally, they came to a spot with a lighted fire and clay pots scattered all around. She and her mother sat down. "We are going to make your first pot. This will be no ordinary pot. It will be the pot that reassures us both that we will never lie to each other. It will be like the pot my mother and I made."

So Sashi and Betra made that pot from the remains of the former pot, and it stood at the right of the hut. It always was a reminder that they should be true to their word and never lie.

*Naomi Wendland, 12  
Lusaka, Zambia*



*Illustrated by Lilly Bee Pierce, 13  
Fallbrook, California*

## West Beach in Charleston, Rhode Island

THE WAVES HARDLY make a sound, they're just little ripples of clear water darkening the sand upon the peaceful beach, spotted with small pebbles and crushed sea shells. Cattails and tall grass sway farther up on the sand.

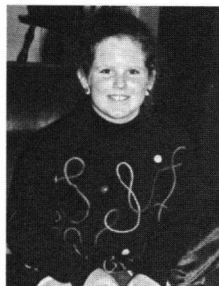
I walk into the clear water watching it darken and fluster as I tread through. Little hermit crabs that have been hiding scurry at the stronger movement of the waves from my exploring feet. Two flat fish dart.

The sun is setting, just a streak of pink paints the sky, as if the sun was an artist's brush dipped in pink, stroked against the glowing yellow of the sun.

I pick up several hermit crabs and a boy hands me a flat fish. I put it in the blanket of water with the hermit crabs, sand, and seaweed. I treasure the life in my hands, creatures living in a different world than me, but I let them free. The sand flusters and gets murky.

I walk out of the water watching the quietly humming waves ripple, darkening the sand.

*Allissa Bango, 10  
Delmar, New York*



# Night

The sounds of summer  
invite me into bed.

I hear katydids chattering  
outside like a thousand  
arguments,  
katydid. . . katydidn't.

The whoosh of the wind  
falls over me like a wave,  
the old willow outside  
moans as if the wind  
is too much to take.

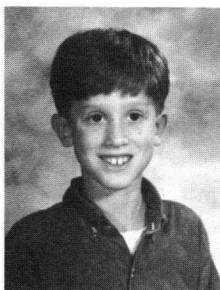
An owl in the forest calls  
Aoooo. . . Aoooooooo.

Slam!

I'm startled as a book  
falls to the floor  
in my brother's room,  
the peacefulness seems to break  
into millions of pieces.  
"Sorry," my brother  
apologizes.

I lie back into my soft pillow

and look out my window  
at the full moon,  
a light is switched off at  
the neighbor's house.  
I close my eyes and before I know it  
I have fallen into a deep,  
and wonderful,  
sleep.



*Alexander Rakow, 9  
Ithaca, New York*

## The Boy That Feared the Sea

**I**T WAS A hot June day in San Francisco, and Benny Shore sat on the front step of his house reading *The Neverending Story* for the second time. He brushed back his sandy hair from his hot forehead.

If he had wanted to go swim in the ocean he could have, but he still remembered the time when he was seven, which was five years ago. His brother, Jimmy, had been swimming with him. They were practiced swimmers for they had grown up living by the ocean.



They were both wearing red swimming trunks. Both were trying to swim out farther than the other. They were pretty far out now. Behind them they could see the yellow strip that was the beach. Big swells lifted them up and down. Benny remembered how his teeth had been chattering. He said, "Jimmy, let's go back." Jimmy had laughed.

"Scaredy cat," he yelled, "I can go a lot farther than this!" Benny followed his eight-year-old brother uncertainly.

Finally Jimmy said, "All right, let's go home now, but first let's see who can hold their breath under water the longest." Jimmy filled his lungs with air and squeezed his eyes shut. Benny did the same and they ducked under water. But soon Benny felt his head throbbing and went to the top quickly. He waited for his breath to slow and then looked around for his brother. He waited for Jimmy to come up, but he never did. Suddenly, realization of what had happened made Benny turn and swim wildly back to shore.

Benny had been very close to his brother and his heart ached to think about the death. All the boys along the beach were sorry for him at first, but then they started teasing him about not going near the ocean.

Benny closed his book and set it beside him on the porch. He got up and walked in the direction of old Resser's house. He was an old sea captain and a friend of Benny's. Old Resser seemed to be his only friend because all the other boys teased him.

As he approached the old brown house with peeling paint Benny saw Old Resser and a man in a black suit



standing on the lawn. When he came up to Old Resser the man in the black suit took a piece of paper and a pen from Old Resser and turned to leave.

"Who was that?" asked Benny. Old Resser smiled.

"That was someone from the boat shop," he said. "He was having me sign some papers."

"But why was he here?" asked Benny.

"To tow my new boat over here," said Old Resser. Benny's mouth dropped open. Old Resser just had enough money to pay for taxes and food, how could he possibly have enough for a new boat?

"A rich uncle of mine died and I inherited a lot of money," he said. "I also inherited a gold watch." Old Resser pulled back his sleeve for Benny to look at the watch. The watch was bright gold and the face was clean. Two small gold sticks pointed to the time. It was

two o'clock p.m.

"Will you walk with me down to the beach?" asked Benny. Old Resser nodded. They started toward the beach.

"I'm glad you got so much money from your uncle," said Benny.

"Yep, it's sure nice to have all that money." Old Resser and Benny walked on in silence until they got to the beach.

Benny could hear the rush of the ocean in his ears and by that he knew exactly when each wave hit the beach. His favorite place was a little tide pool in an enclosure of rocks. It was not very deep, probably six inches at the most. Benny and Old Resser started for the tide pool. The closer they got to the tide pool, the louder the voices of playing children got.

When they were standing by the tide pool Benny saw who it was. Billy Jeen and Andrew Cantler, two of Benny's worst enemies, were poking at a large sea slug. They looked up when Benny and Old Resser appeared.

"Watcha doin', scaredy cat?" asked Billy. Benny looked down at his feet.

"Ignore them boys," whispered Old Resser. Benny and Old Resser came out of the enclosure of rocks. The other two boys followed, calling names at Benny. Then they ran out toward the ocean to go swimming. Benny sat down on a rock and put his head in his hands. Old Resser did not say anything, he just sat and patted Benny on the back. Benny sat for a while until screaming made him look up. It was coming closer every second. Then he saw it was Andrew running toward him.

"What is it?" asked Benny.

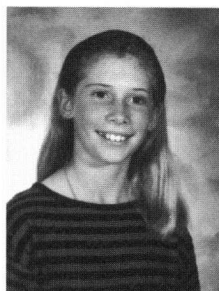
"Billy," said Andrew.

Benny ran after Andrew toward the ocean. Wild thoughts raced through Benny's head. What was wrong? He knew it had something to do with Billy.

Benny and Andrew finally reached the ocean and Andrew dashed in, sending waves of spray around him. Benny yanked off his shoes and followed him in. He waded into the deeper water and scanned the ocean. Then Andrew pointed to a figure floating on the surface, face down. Benny dove into the ocean and swam smoothly over to the figure. He turned the figure over. It was Billy! Benny hooked his arm around Billy's and swam to shore.

Benny pulled Billy on to the beach and kneeled by him. Benny saw he was still breathing. Benny had gotten to him just on time. Benny knew people would not tease him anymore. He had saved Billy's life.

*Meghan Lawrence, 12  
Modesto, California*



*Illustrated by Anther Kiley, 10  
Newton Highlands, Massachusetts*



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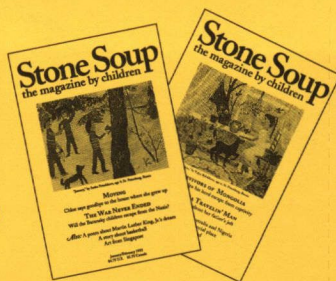
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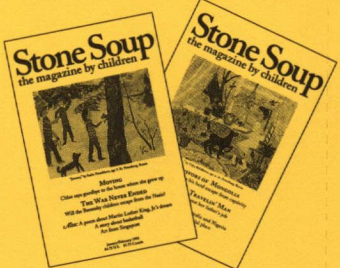
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# Activities

## WRITING

### **The Mother's Day Gift**

**by Mathew Thompson**

**page 5**

### **The Clay Pot**

**by Naomi Wendland**

**page 11**

These two stories both deal with the same problem: the temptation to lie to hide a mistake. The temptation to lie to cover up a mistake is a common one, and most people, at some point in their lives, give in to the temptation to pretend they haven't done something that, in fact, they have.

In "The Clay Pot," Sashi gives in to this temptation and lies. In "The Mother's Day Gift," Mathew resists temptation and tells the truth.

Fiction is often used by authors to explore difficult human problems. And few human problems are as difficult as the ones dealt with in these two stories.

Mathew's test, in "The Mother's Day Gift," is not as severe as Sashi's. Mathew was careless and broke a window on a rebound, but his mother's life wasn't bound up with the window in any way. His mistake was in the form of an accident.

Sashi's mistake was more serious. She purposely, out of laziness, did something she was prohibited from doing.

In both stories the mothers responded to what their children did by seeing it as an opportunity to strengthen their bond with their child. They both understood that the most valuable object between mother and child is something that cannot be touched but

can be broken, and that is trust. Both mothers used the actions of their child to lovingly nurture trust so the bond of trust would be made stronger.

### **Project: Write a story about trust and lying.**

It is easy to be honest when there are no consequences to telling the truth! But it is not so easy to tell the truth when you think that your words may get you in trouble. There are many famous stories and novels written for adults that explore the difficulty of telling the truth when lying seems safer or easier.

Create a test of trust for your character. Your character might, for example, want to go out to play before finishing his or her homework. A friend offers a solution: lie about the homework and finish it later. A bigger test might be that your character borrows something and either loses it or breaks it. An even bigger test of trust would be one where your character is actually tempted to steal something, does steal it, and then lies about stealing it.

Show us how your character responds to the test you create. Show us what, if anything, your character learns from his or her experience. Of course, there will always be at least two people involved in a story about trust. Show, as Naomi and Mathew do, what the other person expected of your main character and how that person responds to what happens.

In order to test your character's trustworthiness you need to build up the significance of the trouble your character thinks he or she could get into by being found out. Naomi and Mathew took different approaches to building up their characters' problems. Naomi builds up the significance of Sashi's problem by



showing us how important that one clay pot was to her mother. "It wasn't the beauty of the pot, it was that it was part of her mother." Mathew builds up the significance of his character's problem by showing us how upset he was by what he had done. "My stomach immediately pole-vaulted into my throat. . . . I could feel my body beginning to sweat and I felt sick." Mathew's character clearly thinks he will get in big trouble for what he did, and this is what makes his response courageous.

When you tell your story, you have a choice of voices — the "I" (first-person) voice that Mathew uses, or the "he/she/it" (third-person) voice that Naomi uses. The first-person voice emphasizes the experience and feelings of the central character, while the third-person voice emphasizes the larger world in which the tale takes place.

Whichever perspective you choose as the author of your piece, be sure, like Naomi and Mathew, to tell us the whole story, from the beginning — the whole "who, what, where, why, and when" of what happened to test your character's honesty.

## ART

### Pearl Turkeys

by Luo Yuen  
cover

The bold portrait of three turkeys on the cover was created by a child from Taiwan. As an artist, Luo combines a strong graphic presentation with careful observation and painstaking detail.

A picture that is graphically strong is one that has shapes or patterns that are easy to recognize from a distance. Look at the cover from across the room. Why is it easy to tell that these are turkeys from across the room?

Works that are graphically strong, like this picture, often use simple shapes and strong geometric patterns to

create their effect. Luo added to the intrinsic strength of her picture by using color in a courageous way. The blue necks and yellow ground set off the three black turkeys, lending excitement to the picture.

Look at Luo's picture closely, too. Notice the detailed drawing of the feathers. Notice, too, that the black bodies are not all black! Luo gave each turkey a close look and translated that close look into art.

**Project: Make a drawing or painting of two or three animals in a group.** Choose animals you are familiar with, for example, dogs, cats, rabbits, mice, squirrels, hamsters, or chickens. Make your animals large so they fill the entire page! Like Luo, make your work graphically strong. You might make one of your animals stretch from the bottom of the page to the top, as Luo does, or you might make one of the birds or animals stretch diagonally across the page.

Before starting your picture, get a good look at the animals you will draw or paint. Every bird and animal has characteristic poses. For example, turkeys stand and bend in certain ways, while cats are known for curling up and taking naps!

Have patience for detail, like the color patterns on a cat's fur or the grass where pet rabbits are sleeping. Always remember that you don't have to finish your picture in one sitting.

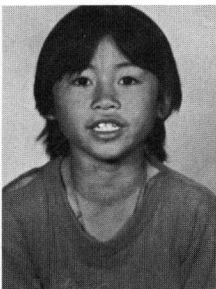
Be bold with colors. A drawing isn't a photograph. When you take a picture with a camera, you can only photograph what is there. But in a drawing you can invent a scene for yourself. The yellow ground in the cover illustration is probably not literally "true." But it looks good. It makes the chickens stand out. Use color freely! Remember, you are not a news photographer, you are a creative artist!

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# The World I Live In

The world I live in is a bad city.  
Cause I see people selling drugs  
and trash everywhere.  
And everywhere I go I see the homeless  
people and they beg for money.  
And people die by using drugs.

When I walk through the streets of Oakland I see birds  
flying, butterflies flying and bees buzzing.  
And cars passing by and cars honking their horn.  
When I see my friends they ask me to pick plums.  
When we finish picking plums we go to the park  
and play for a while and when it is almost dark  
I go home.  
When I go to sleep I hear lots of gunshots.  
When I wake up in the morning I go to the store.  
I see lots of bullet shells.  
I pick them up and I read the side of the bullet shells.  
It says 9 mm.



*Sou Ching Saeturn, 12  
Oakland, California*

This poem originally appeared in *Children's Advocate NewsMagazine*. Special thanks to Tamar Wise.

## Morning Splendor

IT WAS THE first Saturday of May and I had made it a point to get up early. My alarm woke me at six-fifteen a.m. with its obnoxious beeping.

By six-forty-five a.m. I was outside on the patio with my golden retriever, Sunshine. The sun was just beginning to peep over the distant hills. While the sun performed its magical show of waking the world, Sunshine and I were going to take a relaxing walk deep into the forest behind our house. Just as I had finished tying the lace of my sneaker and had zipped the jacket of my warm-up suit, Sunshine nudged me as if to say, "Hurry up." I was going to sit down and patiently explain to Sunshine (as I always do) that I was just about ready to go, but I bit my tongue since I didn't want to lose the few precious moments of the breathtaking sunrise and that special "morning time" we had.

I slowly began to walk into the forest. Shortly I started to see what I was longing to see, what I dreamt about the night before, my reason for being here, flowers. I have always loved flowers and I know all of their names. I've gone to flower shows, camps, and museums. I study flowers in all of my spare time, I've done reports on flowers, and I have my own little garden.

Well, anyway, the previous owners of the property had been flower-lovers too. They had spread a mixture of flower seeds throughout the forest. So today this woodland was bursting with flourishing flowers. The crocuses looked as if they were opening their royal pur-

ple petals just so I could see their lemon-yellow interiors. There were bright scarlet azaleas scattered amongst impatiens of a deep lavender and hibiscus colored a rich maroon. The daylilies seemed to yawn and stretch as they awoke to the brightly colored gladioli and hyacinths around them. There were sunshine-yellow daffodils, violets with velvety blossoms, laughing daisies, and others, too many to imagine.

As I kept walking, the sunshine filtered in through the canopy of green leaves. The sun soaked into Sunshine and her fur *really* looked golden.

We kept walking until we reached the wineberry bush. I nibbled some of these luscious fruits while Sunshine ate some from the ground. I picked quite a few berries and put them in a basket that I had brought for this purpose. I went over to a large rock and sat down on it. Sunshine lay at my feet. This was the rock on which I had picnics, made flower arrangements, read books, and simply thought. This was my rock. I leaned against a tree behind the rock and looked up. The faint yellow sphere of the sun was creeping up to the top of the sky. I looked over to the wineberry bush, the plump burgundy berries on a background of hunter green leaves. Then I felt that special "morning time" feeling. A bluebird sang me a song sweeter than all songs. A squirrel jumped from one tree to another and made such a racket that a startled rabbit darted in front of me.

The sun burned brightly in the sky. I glanced at my watch and saw it was seven-forty-five a.m., time to head home. All this time I had been nibbling unconsciously on wineberries so there were very few left in my basket.



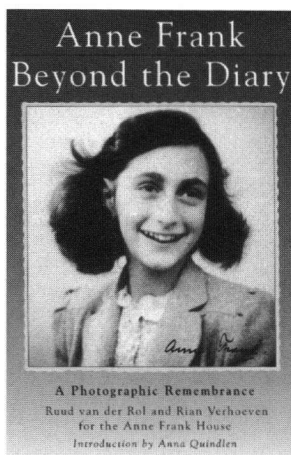
I picked some more berries and slowly walked home, taking in all of God's splendid creations.

*Lauren Easton, 9  
Wilmington, Delaware*



## Book Review

*Anne Frank, Beyond the Diary* by Ruud van der Rol and Rian Verhoeven; Viking: New York, 1993; \$17.00.



I THINK anybody who has read *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*, will especially want to read this book and look at all the photographs of her and her family. Even those people who have not read the diary will still love this book.

Anne Frank was a thirteen-year-old Jewish girl who went into hiding with her family when Hitler was taking over Germany. She spent two years hiding in the Secret

Annex, which was a little apartment attached to a warehouse. No one knows who told the Nazis where she and her family were hiding, but they were found, arrested, and sent to concentration camps.

This book is filled with photographs of Anne and her sister Margot and their mother taken by their father, Otto Frank. Many of the photos are of Anne as a baby and young child before she had to go into hiding from the Nazis.

Some pictures, many of them of her at school, make her look so happy, and like an everyday child. Other pictures made me feel sad because she looks like me and my friends and yet her life ended in a concentration camp.

In the book I really liked being able to see photos of her handwriting and pictures of her red plaid diary which she called "Kitty." I also liked being reminded of many of her thoughts and feelings which come from her diary writings. It feels so real to me to look at pictures of her and read her thoughts at the same time.

She wanted to go outside so badly when she was in hiding and that makes me feel so sad. She also really wanted to be able to go to school and couldn't, and I know how sad that would make me feel. She also really wanted to see all her friends and couldn't. It was so unfair.

Most of all, even when she was in hiding, she wanted to be a writer. So she wrote her diary. And I think of her as a writer who always will remind me of how terrible World War II was for all children.

Even though Anne's life was dismal in hiding, she found ways to get happiness. She fell in love with Peter



in the Secret Annex and experienced her first kiss with him.

*Beyond the Diary* shares Anne's last days of life in Bergen-Belsen with Margot. They died miserably from typhus and starvation just days before the camp was liberated by the British army. I so wish that she and all the other millions could be alive today.

This book with its photos, maps, diary excerpts, and other information about Anne Frank's family and friends is very special. I think everyone — adult and child alike — Jew, Catholic, Christian, Muslim, etc., must read this book/diary. Then maybe Anne's dream for peace will someday come true.

*Sarah Eisenstein Stumbar, 8  
Trumansburg, New York*



## Not a Bad Idea

I WALKED INTO the examining room, my chest pounding. I wasn't worried about the big, metallic instruments hanging from the ceiling next to my chair, or the eye chart on the far wall, or the gleaming lights above. Oh, no. I'd seen all these things probably a mil-

lion times before, on recent visits to the eye doctor.

Instead, I was worried about that cute little blue case that the doctor was holding while he chatted pleasantly with my father.

Then the doctor turned to me. He grinned. "Ready?"

I smiled weakly. "I guess so."

The doctor unsnapped the little blue lid from the little blue case and dipped his finger in. Then he wiped it on a cloth, tried again, and came up with a glistening plastic oval.

I gulped.

It was tinted blue around the edges and cupped to fit the shape of my right eye. It was a contact lens, and it was coming closer and closer and closer. . . .

My eyelid fluttered and my palms were wet. I could see that little piece of plastic being shoved into my eye. I could feel it scratching against my upper lid. I beat my legs against the chair to take my mind off of the uncomfortable, scratchy feeling. This was worse than going to the orthodontist!

Then it was gone. It fell away from my eye in a sudden whoosh of tears, and I was able to rub my eye and get rid of that awful feeling.

"Oops, you lost it," the doctor said. He again took the contact lens in his hands and placed it on the tip of his finger.

I beat my legs faster and swallowed hard.

It was coming toward my eye again. That awful little piece of plastic. I stared at the wall as the doctor directed, eyes blinking madly. Out of the corner of my right one I could see the clear blue oval as it scraped against my eyelashes, then pressed against the pupil. I flinched

and my vision grew fuzzy and dark.

No! I felt like yelling, I don't want contacts!

My eye rolled upward, into the safety of the lid, but that revolting lens slid down onto the white part. It hurt.

The doctor chuckled softly. "Oops," he said again. "Don't do that. Look at the wall, Jenny, look at the wall."

Forget it, I felt like shouting, I want my glasses! But I didn't.

Instead I forced my sore eyeball to roll back in place. By now tears had engulfed my vision, making everything bleary. I wasn't crying, but my eyes were watering like you wouldn't believe.

The doctor gently pressed his thumb against my lower lid, sliding the contact lens into place.

Suddenly, half of the room was crisp and clear. I could see!

After my right eye had stopped watering and calmed down, the doctor scooped the left lens out of the little blue case. I couldn't drag my terrified eyes away from that glistening, plastic oval.

My fingernails dug into my palms. Oh no, I thought, not again! But of course I couldn't go around wearing only one contact lens. So I let the doctor put the other piece of plastic in my eye. And I could see.

Now, several months later, I am wearing my lenses daily and really enjoying them. I wear them for up to twelve hours a day. I love being able to wear sunshades without having to fit them over my glasses. It usually takes me half a minute to five minutes to insert my contacts.

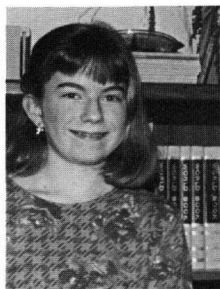
It takes only a few seconds for me to take them out!

I found out that with me it's much easier and quicker to put them in as soon as I get up. I'm not sure why, but my theory is that my eyeballs are still not quite awake and don't expect what's coming!

I usually don't wear my glasses at all now! I can actually see like anyone else now, and I usually forget that I'm even wearing them because that scratchy, uncomfortable feeling has disappeared. However, when I get something (like an eyelash) in my eye, it does hurt. Then I let my eye water. Normally, it will wash out in a few minutes.

The two things that you need a lot of when you decide to get contact lenses, no matter what kind they are, or how old your are, are patience and determination. So, all in all, having contacts isn't such a bad idea. Actually, it's a wonderful idea!

*Jenny Marshall, 12  
Helena, Montana*



# Grandma

Walking out in the garden,  
I looked around the flowers hunting for my gray grandma.  
I found her picking a cream-colored rose,  
She smelled it and quietly passed it to me.  
I saw how much in spirit she was like a rose,  
Or even a garden with dark, light, colorful and green  
areas.

She asked me, "Do you love this garden?"  
I looked up slowly from the forget-me-nots,  
To the top of the rose bush,  
To the top of the tulip trees,  
And into the blue sky beyond.  
I heard the birds singing,  
And the wind blew a gentle cool breeze.  
Nodding, I put my hand in hers and said,  
"I love you Grandma!"



*Maria Morse, 12  
Princeton, New Jersey*



Illustrator: Paige Rexrode

## Salamanders Can't Yell at You

**"STOP IT! Stop it! I'm going to tell."**

My little sister is such a pain in the butt. "Oh, shut up!" I told her. Then I split for the back yard. In the back yard I have a special place. It's behind the garage and there is a fence with a hole in it sort of like a door.

Well, let me start from the beginning. My name is Chris Lennen, and my family just had a new baby, and my little sister is having lots of trouble in school. So lately, all my mother and father care about is getting my sister to therapy and changing the baby's diapers.



Most of the time it feels like I am invisible. I tried telling them that I feel left out, but it doesn't work. Whenever I feel left out I go to my special place.

But today, I found something different — a little black-and-orange salamander was watching me from under a leaf. I love animals. They're about my favorite thing in the world. I mean dogs can't punish you and salamanders can't yell at you.

I reached out and picked up the salamander. It was slimy and smooth. I knew my mom would never let me keep it. I know what I'll do, I thought. I'll put him in the big cage!! (Before I was born my parents bred guinea pigs and they kept them in a huge cage.)

I went down to the basement and got the cage. I put some leaves, dirt, and grass in his cage, and I dug up some worms for the salamander to eat. Then I put him in. He walked around awhile, then started to eat a worm.

I think I'll name him Sam, I thought to myself.

"Chris, come in here."

"O.K. Mom, coming."

As soon as I got in the door, I had three people yelling at me at once.

"Where were you? I told you never to go out without asking me!" (Mom)

"I told Mommy you were being mean to me and you're going to have no TV today and I am. Ha! Ha! Ha!" (my sister Sarah)

"Did you do the laundry?" (Dad)

They kept at me until I said, "Listen, Mom, I'm eleven years old. Can't I go out by myself without having your permission? Dad, I'll do the laundry tonight.

Sarah, you're such a spoiled brat it's hard to believe."

"What did you say?" Mom asked me.

"I said, 'Sarah, you're such a spoiled brat it's hard to believe.'"

"That's it!" Mom yelled at me. "I'm so sick of your rudeness. There are other people in this family and you have to respect them."

"But Mom, Sarah yelled at me and you didn't even say anything!"

"I don't care what Sarah did. Now go to your room!"

I stomped off to my room and slammed the door so hard my poster of Michael Jordan fell down off the wall. I didn't bother picking it up. Don't you hate it when grownups do that? They scream at you and they think you're listening to them and you apologize to them. But really what you're thinking is that you're never going to talk to them again. I stayed in my room for a while listening to the radio. I didn't realize how hungry I was.

"What's for dinner?" I asked Dad.

"Brussels sprouts and fish."

I hate Brussels sprouts and fish.

Later that night I was watching TV when Mom came in wanting to talk to me.

"Listen Chris, I have two other kids besides you. Now I'm sorry I yelled at you, but I wish you wouldn't yell at your sister. She's going through a tough time right now." (I was getting really mad now.)

"Yeah, but it's like I am nothing. Whenever Sarah does a stupid little painting, you say, 'Oh, that's great,' but when I win my basketball game, all you say is, 'Sports is not my thing, but that's nice.' Well you know

what, you won't have to pay attention to me. I don't care anymore. Just go look at Sarah's paintings!"

"Chris. . . ."

I didn't wait to hear the rest. I ran upstairs and slammed the door. I put on my pajamas and got into bed. I started to read a book, but my eyes started closing so I put the book down and went to sleep.

The next morning I woke up at five-thirty a.m. Around that time is the best time to find animals. I got dressed, had a pop tart, and went out. I went to my special place and checked on Sam. He looked great. I didn't find any animals so I went through my back yard and cut through my neighbor's back yard to get to the woods at the end of my street where you can find lots of salamanders. I walked around awhile, turning rocks here and there.

Suddenly I bumped into something. I screamed, "Aaahhh." I looked up. There was a blond boy looking at me. "Who are you?" I asked him.

"I'm Zack. Who are you?"

"I'm Chris."

"I was just looking for salamanders."

"Really?" I said. "So was I!"

"Uh, wanna look together?"

"Sure."

While we were walking, I didn't see a salamander, but I did see a toad. "Zack, look. Did you see that?"

"Where? What?"

"There," I said. I reached out and grabbed the toad. "Got him!"

"Oh cool," Zack said. "You know what?" he continued. "Sometimes I think I like animals better than

people. I mean, they can't yell at you. They can't punish you."

"Wow! I can't believe this! I feel just like you! My parents just had a new baby and my sister is having trouble in school so they never pay attention to me."

"In my house it's the same way only it's my older brother."

"Wow! I guess we have a lot in common," I said.

"Yeah. Oh, by the way, what are we going to do with toadie here?"

"I'll show you," I told him. We walked together to my special place.

"Wow, this is neat," he said when he saw it. "Where did you get the salamander?"

"In here," I said, pointing to a bush. "We'll put the toad in the cage with Sam."



Illustrator: Keven Viragh-Begert

Zack took the toad gently from my hand and put it in the cage.

"What should we name it?" I asked Zack. We thought of a lot of names until finally he came up with a perfect name.

"Winnie," he said.

"That's great! It's. . . very toadie." We sat around and talked about lots of things. Animals, school, TV, music, and our families.

"I got to go," Zack said. "I told my parents I'd be back at eight a.m."

"Wait! Where do you live?"

"Just down the street — number 32. Oh, and Chris, I was wondering, if you always get up this early, we could meet here every day except Saturday."

"That sounds great. Uh, well, see ya."

"Bye."

Later that day I was eating lunch. I thought about Zack. I couldn't believe there's finally a person who understands me. Of course, my mom was too busy with the baby to ask me what I did when I got up.

The next morning I got up early as usual, but I almost forgot about Zack. I quickly pulled on jeans and a T-shirt and went to my special place. Sure enough, Zack was there, sitting on the ground playing with Sam.

"Hi Zack."

"Oh, hi Chris. You wanna go to the woods?"

"Yeah, I'd like that."

While we were looking we talked about stuff. "Do you like school?" he asked me.

"No, I hate it, how about you?"

"Naw, I used to, but when I moved I kept switching

teachers and friends and it got pretty dumb."

We looked and looked, but we couldn't find any animals. We were just about to leave when Zack said, "Wait. Let's just look under this rock." As we turned it over, I couldn't believe it. There was a tiny box turtle and a field mouse! I was about to pick up the mouse when Zack grabbed my arm.

"Don't! Those things carry diseases. You could get really sick."

"Field mice? O.K., I'll try to remember that. Box turtles don't carry diseases, do they?" I asked, and we both laughed. Later that day we decided to name the turtle Rocky because we found him under the rock. And we put him in with Sam and Winnie.

The next morning when me and Zack were playing with our new salamander, he had a great idea to get our parents to pay more attention to us. "How about giving them a taste of their own medicine? Like when they say, 'How are you doing?' we'll say, 'Sorry, too busy to talk to you.'"

We both decided to give it a shot. For the next two days we drove our parents crazy by treating them exactly the way they treated us. On the third day, when I came in from playing with Zack, my mom took me aside.

"Are you mad at me?"

I told her about how she had been treating me ever since the baby was born. After I was done she told me she was sorry and now she knows how it feels to be left out. That day I didn't have a fight with Sarah. I went to bed feeling the best I felt all summer.

When I met Zack the next day he said the same thing



happened to him. "You know what Chris? You're my first friend that really understands me."

"Yeah, same with me," I answered him. Then Zack did the weirdest thing — especially for a boy. He reached over and gave me a brief hug.

"What was that for?" I asked him.

"For being my friend."

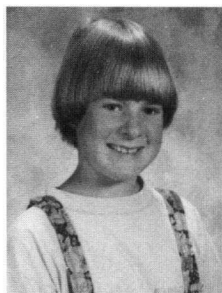
"Oh, O.K." And I returned the hug to him. "C'mon," I said, pulling him up by the hand. "Let's catch some salamanders in the woods."

"Cool," he said.

*Anna Gottlieb, 10  
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts*



This story was illustrated by students in Claudia Stevens' Story Illustration class at the Children's Art Foundation.



*Paige Rexrode, 9  
Felton, California*



*Keven Viragh-Begert, 9  
Santa Cruz, California*

## Katie's Mistake

"YOU PROMISE TO be good?" asked Katie Dwight's mother frantically. "Don't open the door for strangers. In fact, I'm putting the alarm on!" she announced, trying to calm down but not succeeding.

She was going to Finest Supermarket as usual, but there was a small change. For the first time in Katie's life she was going to stay home alone.

When Katie's tear-eyed mom finally decided to leave, Katie fixed herself a bowl of fruit and whipped cream. Kiwis, strawberries, and blueberries dropped into a bowl and a mountain of whipped cream sat on top of them.

No sooner had Katie sat down to enjoy her creation than the telephone rang. "Ring a ling a ling," the telephone screamed loudly.

"Hello, Dwight residence," Katie said as soon as she had grabbed the portable phone.

"This is Charlotte Johnson. I wanted to know if you could come to the park with me," said a shy voice Katie could hardly hear.

Katie didn't know what to do! Charlotte was a new kid in Katie's class and she did not want to disappoint her.

So Katie said in a kind voice, "Sure, but I have to be home by five-thirty." Katie's mom had said she would get home at six o'clock so she would never know Katie had been out of the house.

"O.K., meet you in five minutes."

Charlotte's voice changed from quiet to excited ex-

actly when Katie said, "Sure."

First Katie decided to get her worn-out Nikes on, then she would deal with the alarm. When Katie's shoes were on her feet, Katie pulled one of the redwood chairs with the pretty design on the cushion to the side of the wall where the alarm system was located. I've seen Mom do this before, thought Katie as she pulled a wisp of hair away from her face. She pushed B-1-0, 2-8-A, 4-1-2-enter, pushed open the back door, and plugged her ears, but no noise came. Yes, thought Katie as she walked down the driveway.

While Katie was happily skipping off to the park, Mrs. Dwight was a nervous wreck. A van had turned over when a pick-up truck had bashed into it and the freeway was totally blocked. She decided to call Katie to tell her she would be late and not to worry. But when Katie's mom picked up her car phone and the phone had rung six times, all she heard was a familiar voice say, "You have reached 602-2660. I'm sorry we can't take your call right now. Please (if you wish) leave your name, number, and a brief message. We'll get back to you soon. Please wait for the beep. . . BEEEEEP!"

"Oh my God, where is she?!" said Mrs. Dwight out loud as she crazily weaved in and out of cars to the nearest exit.

Back at the park Charlotte was doing back flips on the monkey bars. Katie glanced at her Garfield watch and said, "Sorry, Charlotte, I gotta go."

"It's all right," replied Charlotte, shrugging her shoulders as she glided up toward the sky on her swing.

As Katie was walking home she saw a blue station wagon with a beige interior just like her mom's. She

paid no attention until she heard a voice call out the open window, "You'll never stay home alone again!" (And Katie never did.)

But she learned an important lesson that day and that is that being nice to friends makes you forget about what the right thing really is!!

*Rachel Feintzeig, 8  
Fairfield, Connecticut*



## A Sad Visit

THE HOSPITAL WAS dull and dreary. Almost everything was white and the building was so large it seemed very empty inside. My whole family plus my grandma loaded the elevator and pushed the button. About one month before my grandpa had had a stroke and we were going to visit him.

All of us made our way down the quiet hall and stopped when we came to his door. Inside it was a little more cheerful. The television was on and flowers were sprinkled across the room.

I watched as my grandma's and dad's faces lit up at the sight of my grandpa. "Hey, Pa!" my dad greeted. I

walked slowly across the room. Grandpa's roommate smiled at me. I smiled back but tried not to stare. He had no leg.

Though I was excited to see my grandpa, I was a little disappointed. He looked very skinny and weak, not like his usual chubby, jolly self. There were tears streaming down his face, but he did not hide them. As always, he said to me, "Come, Mary. Shake my hand." I happily took his hand and felt the warmth and love in it.

Right away Grandma started asking those wife/mom-type questions. My dad joined in, making sure he was doing his therapy to help his hand. Stubborn as ever, Grandpa complained about how he couldn't do it. I smiled at the familiarity of the scene. It was just like we were home.

My brother and I started playing with the putty that was meant to be my grandpa's therapy. I remember how boring it became after that. After all, I can't understand Chinese. I remember looking out the window. The view was of the carefully pruned lawn. The sky was blue and clear. The day was beautiful.

I turned around and looked at my grandpa. His aged face was wrinkled and he was chattering about something he did not want to do, that much I could hear in the tone of his voice, but his eyes were full of joy.

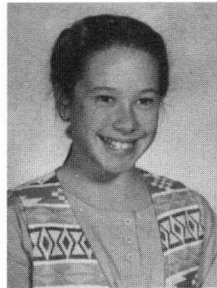
Too soon it was time to go. Reluctantly, I got up from the chair. I could see tears forming at the edge of my mom's eyes. She's a real softy. I could also see tears in Grandpa's eyes. His face had suddenly changed from happy to sad. I wished we didn't have to go. I was sure Grandpa wished that too. I gave him a quick hug and I noticed he clung to me a little longer. Then, "All right,

Mary. Goodbye." I loved the Chinese accent in his voice. He hugged everyone and then we were off.

We wearily made our way down to the first floor. Dad talked about how he thought Grandpa looked good, but I could hear the worry in his steady voice. To cheer things up a bit I said hopefully, "I liked the putty." A small smile formed at my mother's mouth, but it was fake.

As we left the parking lot I looked one more time at the hospital and wondered which room was Grandpa's. I wondered how long Grandpa would be in that horrible, empty place. I thought of his roommate and was very grateful to that man. With him, Grandpa wouldn't be so lonely on his trip to recovery. And Grandma wouldn't be so worried.

*Mary Woo, 12  
Somers, New York*





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"The New Year's Night," by Odeta Konikaitė, age 12, Lithuania

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