

# STONE SOUP

the magazine by children



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COVER: "Local Houses," by Khaled Abdulaziz Ateeg, 12, Saudi Arabia.

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## MEMBERSHIPS

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## SUBMISSIONS

All our child readers are encouraged to send the editors of *Stone Soup* stories and pictures for our review. Written work need not be typed or copied over. Pictures are accepted in any size and color. Children interested in reviewing books please write Ms. Gerry Mandel for more information. Include your name, age, address and the kinds of books you like to read.

We do not publish a representative sample of the work we receive. As editors with a mission, we look for a specific kind of work and are therefore very selective. Through the work we publish we encourage children to use writing and art as a means of serious communication. In particular, we try to encourage children to look to the world they can see and touch for the sources of their inspiration. The more carefully you and your students read *Stone Soup* the better the chances your students' work will be used and the more effective *Stone Soup* will be as a positive force in child art education.

EDITORS: Gerry Mandel, William Rubel.





*Celia Lovette, 8,  
Boyd Elementary School, Spartanburg, South Carolina*

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## THE VALENTINE TRAIL

PAM LOOKED OUT the kitchen window, saw the sun shining and the snow melting. She called to her mother, "It looks like a beautiful day. Can Terri and I go to town to buy valentines with our babysitting money?" Terri was Pam's best friend, and she was going to stay overnight. A trip to town would give them lots of time to work together on the valentines for their fifth grade class.

Pam's mom was in a hurry getting her quilting supplies together for the women's club church meeting that afternoon. "I guess so," she answered. "Your dad is leaving to deliver some orders in town and pick up supplies at the lumber yard. Why don't you girls ask him for a ride?" As she hurried out the door, Pam's mother called, "It's muddy outside, wear your boots!"

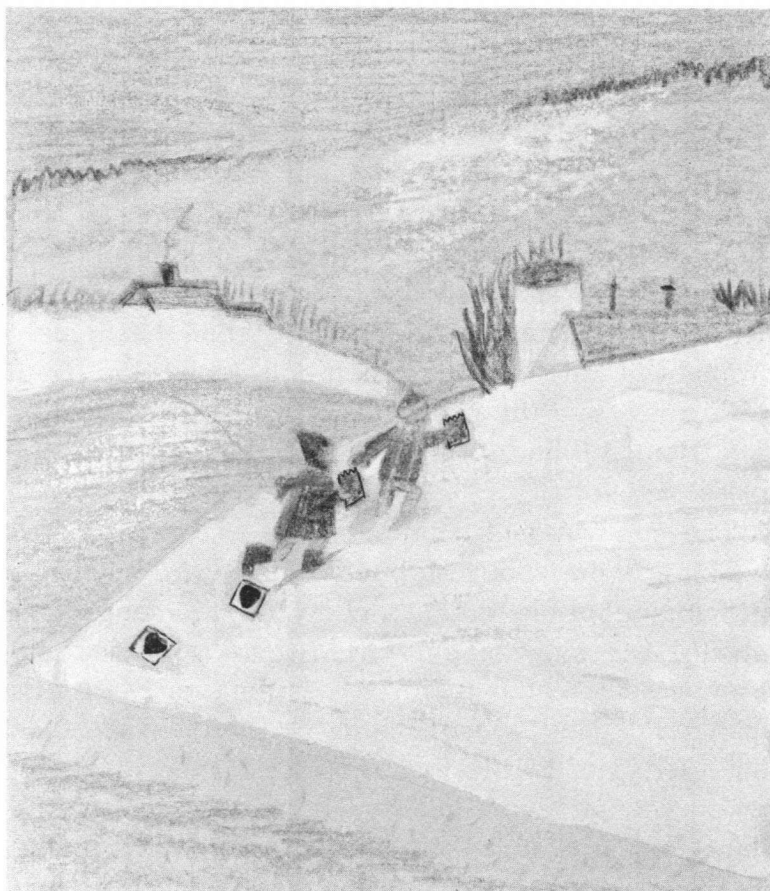
In town, Pam and Terri jumped out of the truck. Pam's dad told them that he wouldn't be home till late and to start walking home about three P.M. because the weather report on the radio was predicting a major snowstorm by evening. Pam lived on a desolate, rural road at the end of a small Wisconsin town. Her dad had converted the old dairy into a wood products factory. It would be a long walk home, and the girls knew that his warning was for their own good. They checked their digital watches. They had two whole hours to spend in the nicest gift shop in the county. Terri found scratch 'n' sniff chocolate valentines with

thirty in a package. Pam liked the valentines with a surprise inside. These valentines cost three dollars, too much, she thought. Three dollars was all the money Pam had to spend. There were only twelve valentines in that package and twenty-seven children in her class. Pam wanted the surprise inside so she bought the valentines anyway. "Oh, well," she told Terri, "I'll just have to make the rest myself out of construction paper and markers."

It was getting late, but they still had time to stop for a coke and fries. Both girls looked at their valentines. Pam's surprise was a heart-shaped locket which was too small for her, but she thought it might fit her Cabbage Patch doll, Molly Sue. Both girls knew that the prize wasn't worth three dollars, and Pam still had to make fifteen valentines for the class.

The sun was still shining when the girls started walking home. They stopped at the candy store to get some bubble gum to chew on the long walk ahead. Big snowflakes started coming down, and Pam tried to catch them on her tongue. Both girls laughed. They were having a wonderful time together. The feathery snowflakes turned into sleet when the girls got halfway home. It was getting dark fast, and it looked like a storm was coming. Terri and Pam walked faster. Pam was glad that she had worn her boots. The sidewalks were getting slippery. Terri saw a car skid far ahead on the highway. When they got to the highway, both girls walked as close to the edge of the road as they could. Cars started going slower and skidding more.

A ditch ran along the road so the girls had no safe place to walk. Pam remembered a shortcut through an open field by an abandoned farmhouse.



Carefully, the girls climbed down the ditch and ran across the field. It was getting colder, and they were getting wetter and wetter.

It was almost dark outside when Pam and Terri

got home. They hung their wet things in the basement to dry and made themselves some instant hot cocoa to warm themselves up. They opened their soggy bags. Terri set her scratch 'n' sniff valentines on a towel to dry. Pam's eyes filled with tears, and she told her friend, "Oh, no! M-m-m-mine's... empty! There's a hole in the bag!" She started crying and moaned, "I thought three dollars was too much to spend for twelve valentines, but I spent all my money for no valentines!" Pam and Terri sadly finished their cocoa and cleared off the table.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps in the snow on the front porch and a sharp knock at the door. A young woman's voice pleaded, "Please open the door. I need help!" Pam opened the door quickly. She couldn't believe her eyes when she saw a woman holding up all twelve of her lost valentines in her hand. "These valentines you lost led me straight to your door. I need help. My mini-van is stuck in a ditch down the road." She told the girls that she was a volunteer driving a group of cancer patients home from a support group meeting. One man in the group saw the girls cut across the field dropping valentines as they ran. He opened a window and tried to call out to them, but they couldn't hear him in the storm. Soon after that, the van skidded across the road and landed upright in the muddy ditch. The van just sank down. No one was injured. The driver knew that she should not spin the wheels in the mud and that the best thing to do was to send help... fast! The storm was getting worse,



and the road they were stuck on might be closed.

Pam dialed the phone and called the sheriff. The woman explained the situation to him and told him where the van was located. All the patients got home safely that night before a heavy snow came.

Pam's mom got home later than she expected. She was surprised to see the two girls happily cutting out construction paper hearts and putting stickers on them. "I thought you went to town to buy some valentines," she said. Pam and Terri showed her the valentines they had bought. They were all soggy, wet and faded. "I'm sorry that the storm ruined your valentines," Pam's mother said, "but still, three dollars for twelve valentines is too much to spend even with a surprise inside. You must learn to spend your money more wisely, Pam."

Pam smiled at her mother and said proudly, "Mom, I think it is money well spent—very well spent. In fact, those twelve valentines might just be the best things I ever bought."

*Harriet Malas, 12, Elk Grove Village, Illinois  
illustrated by the author*

## MY OPERATION WHEN I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD

THE HALL WE were in led to the hospital lab. As we walked toward the patient ward our feet made low thuds. I could hear the low buzz of the ceiling lamp as it cast out its dull yellow glow. The walls of the hall were white and there were doors on either side spaced evenly apart. There were other people walking all over the hall, in and out of doors and other corridors, but they were all vague to me. They were just like the unreadable words on the doors. Anyway, my mind was somewhere else. They (the doctors) told me I was going to have an operation. As I thought of the word, I got a little closer to my mother and held her hand tightly. Then I started to slow down, trying to postpone whatever was going to happen.

"Hurry up," my mother said in an urging voice.

"Mom," I said in a weak voice, "what are they going to do to me?"

My mother paused a moment before she answered. "Well, the doctors are going to take out your adenoids because they are infected."

My heart started to pound so I put one hand over it. "Will it hurt?" I whispered.

"You won't feel a thing," she said in her reassuring voice.

By this time we had reached my room. It was a small room with no furniture except two small beds and a chair. The walls were a creamy yellow color

and in some spots the color had faded from sunlight. A window faced the doorway on the opposite wall. The beds stood on either side of the window and the chair was in between them, right under the window. There were no lights on in the room so the corners of the back wall were shaded, but the rest of the room was filled with sunlight. Forgetting everything about my operation, I ran to the chair and stood on it to peer out the window. But I quickly turned away because the sun was too bright and my eyes watered. Then I remembered what was about to happen to me and I got so scared that I half fainted onto one of the beds.

My mother came over to comfort me. Then she gave me a hospital gown to put on. The gown was made of thin cloth and I started to feel cold. I didn't have much time to feel cold before terror struck! A young nurse came into the room. All I noticed about her though was her white dress and the big needle she had (at least, it looked big to me). I knew what that meant, so I clung to my mother and would not let go. I wanted to scream, but my voice would not come out. However, when that long, hot needle pierced the skin on my backside, my voice came back! My scream sounded like a vulture in a struggle for life. When the nurse left, my heart was still pounding, and I was taking uncontrollable gasps of air. Then my mother helped me onto one of the beds. The blanket felt warm and soon my head seemed lost in the soft pillow. My vision blurred until all I could see was white and brown spots. I heard a voice echoing in the back of my head: it

was my mother's. "You're going to feel sleepy now." I could feel her warm hand on my forehead.

"Mom," I said, but I never finished because I had fallen asleep.

When I woke up, I was in a familiar bed and my mother and father were standing nearby. I was home.

*Brent Heard, 12,  
Trinity Episcopal School, New Orleans, Louisiana*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Spring and the Shadow Man* by Emily Rhoads Johnson; Dodd, Mead & Company: New York, 1984; \$9.95.

I thought the book *Spring and the Shadow Man* was a very good book. The book was fast moving, funny, and exciting. The author, Emily Rhoads Johnson, made all the characters speak and act intelligently. Another reason I liked this book was because it was very realistic. For example, Mr. Lincus was an elderly man who became blind. He did not want anyone to know about it. Also, he did not want to be treated as if he had a handicap. He refused an offer he got from his sister and her husband to live with them.

Spring was the main character in this story. She had a very wild imagination. In this story she at first wanted to get rid of it. Then she learned that it was something to be treasured. I also have a wild imagination. When I was younger, I used to get frightened by objects in my room that were familiar to me by day but turned into things at night all by my imagination. But as I grew up, I used my imagination to create stories and many other things.

Another thing that was very good about this book is when Spring sneaks a whole bunch of kittens and a cat into a secret room. Spring's mother did not allow her to have pets. This was exciting to me because I never sneaked anything anywhere or found a secret room, so it was enjoyable and exciting to read about. This was an exciting, enjoyable, easy-to-read book, and funny. I would recommend it to anyone.

*Jeannine Cataldo, 11, Franklin Square, New York*

*Shadows on Little Reef Bay* by C. S. Adler; Clarion Books: New York, 1984; \$10.95.

I liked this book a lot. It is a thrilling mystery that keeps you wondering about the people and plot to the end.

I thought the beginning led in too fast because it didn't explain the situation. Another thing: the colors of the island were described well but



locations were not. I didn't understand where the town was in comparison to the beach, or Little Reef Bay in comparison to Gladston's house. Therefore, this made me wonder where things were.

I liked the way the author described the characters' personalities. She described Stacy as a girl who fought hard and didn't easily give up.

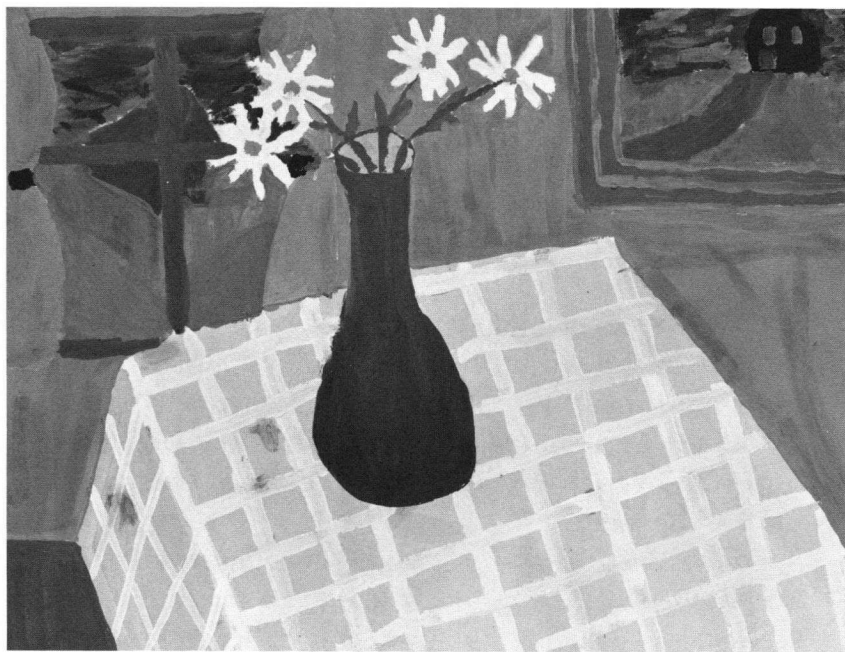
I liked the character of Flora the best because she was so unique and different in the way she dressed. Her strange wardrobe made me wonder what her fiber sculptures and other artistic impressions looked like because the author didn't describe them at great length. But I liked the way she said Flora "wrestled" with her fiber sculptures.

The character I liked the least was John Reilly because he ended up being the sweet-old-lady-who-turns-out-to-be-the-robber type. Because he got found out as a smuggler, Reilly made me wonder if he ever loved Flora even though Stacy suggested this at the end.

But all in all this was a very exciting book that was helped by the author's ability to make the plot seem less coincidental, as many other mystery authors do not. I am certainly hoping to read C. S. Adler's other mystery, *The Evidence That Wasn't There*.

Kate Mueller, 10, Orange City, Iowa

## STILL LIFE



*Dana Mellon, 9, Santa Cruz, California*

## RIDES AT THE BOARDWALK



*Elisa Gil-Osorio, 7, Santa Cruz, California*

## THE UNLUCKY BARRETTE

"**D**ARN THAT BARRETTE," I said as the brown barrette slid down my head for the millionth time that day. I looked around for a place to put down my bag so that I could fix the barrette. "Aha," I said, spying a small white Porsche just down the road. I ran up to it and put my bag down on the hood of the car.

As I started to unpin my barrette I saw, out of the corner of my eye, a woman sitting in the front seat. Oh God, I thought. I had just taken it for granted the car would be empty just sitting there with no motor on. I turned and my eyes met the face of the most terrifying woman I had ever seen. Her piercing eyes burned right through my head like fire. Then, just to crown it off, my barrette fell with a clang onto the hood of the car. I stood frozen for a minute, and then grabbed up my barrette and bag and fled up the street.

Where could I hide? The street was bare except for a couple of trees here and there. Just as I thought I was going to collapse I saw the Fishers' house looming up in front of me. I had never been so glad to see the clustered trees in their small backyard. I ran full out, not daring to look back for fear it would waste time, and not being able to hear because of the roaring wind in my ears.

I reached the trees and fell against the trunk of one of them. I gasped for breath, but nothing came in. My whole inside felt as if it had blown up like a

balloon and were going to burst. I tried once more and felt the cool air rush into me. I lay for a while feeling the rough bark against my neck.

Finally I started off for school. I knew I would be late, but nothing seemed as bad as that terrifying woman.

*Lucy Mair, 12, Pleasantville, New York*

## AN APPOINTMENT TO DIE

**I**T WAS SAD, very sad when I had to face the death of my dog, Ike, who was going to be put to sleep in one more day because he had arthritis in his spine. As soon as I heard the news from my parents, I called my best friend, Chad, who loved Ike as I did. He rushed right over on his fast bike.



When he got to my house, we took Ike on the small cold concrete steps behind the sliding door out



back. We brushed him with his brush. Ike's brownish-yellowish fur combined with smoky black blotches was reflected by the morning sunlight drifting toward noontime. Ike kept on looking at us like he was asking, "Why do you have tears in your eyes?"

My mom and my brother came around the corner with some clippers clipping the rose trees. My brother ran right up to Ike, as fast as his little feet could carry him and started patting Ike softly on the head. My mom called out, "Why don't you guys go to your house, Chad, and go swimming?"

"That's a good idea," said Chad with a tear dripping from his left eye causing a wet spot on his gray football shirt.

"O.K.," I said glumly.

Chad and I put Ike in his pen, then we climbed over the tall shiny cyclone fence to get to the dry trail which led to Chad's house.

When we got out back (where the swimming pool was), Rex, Chad's dog, came right up to us and started sniffing with his black nose. He looked just like Ike. Every time I would look at Rex, he would remind me of Ike, so I couldn't keep my mind off of him.

We swam for a long time in the nice cool water. I wanted to spend some time with Ike, so I told Chad, "I want to go now, to spend some more time with Ike."

"O.K. I'll walk you home, and besides, I have to get my bike."

When we got to the cyclone fence, we climbed it

awkwardly. When we got over, we could see Ike wasn't in his pen. I had a slight worry about Ike gone, but then I knew that Ike must be under a fruit tree.

After Chad got his bike and left, I was walking across the dark green grass. I had an odd feeling like I had just lost something I loved very much. It couldn't be Ike because he would die in another day. I walked to our pond that we dug up last year. I sat down on the grass under a huge tree.

I started to think about Ike and how we had fun together. I remembered when Ike was a puppy, and I was only two years old. I would walk toward the street and he would grab my arm to get me to safety so I wouldn't be hit by a car. And here I'm nine years old (he was born a little earlier than I was); we grew up together. Suddenly, I realized that Ike wasn't under the trees! I got up and ran as fast as I could to the house. When I got there, I opened and slammed the brown door.

"Mom! Mom! Where's Ike? I can't find him!"

She came out with a sad face. "Jason, come to your room, I have to tell you something concerning Ike."

I went to my room and sat down at the side of my bed. My mom sat beside me. "Sometimes," my mom started shakily, "an appointment to die is more painful to those still living than it is to the one that is going to die." By this, she meant that I was planning to spend the whole night with Ike in his doghouse and be with him until the moment the doctors gave him the fatal injection. I was so upset I

couldn't even eat. So my parents quietly took Ike for his appointment to die while I was at Chad's house swimming, one day before his scheduled death. I went crazy with grief because I didn't get to say goodbye to him. My mom explained that the nice brushing and loving was the best goodbye I could ever have given him. I have never had anything that was extra special die before in my whole life. I learned that you should love and appreciate special people, animals and things each day because they may be taken away suddenly.

*Jason L. Jones, 10, Grass Valley, California*  
*illustrated by the author*



*Ryan Zaklin, 9, New City, New York*

## A PARTY OF LIMBS

WHEN I ENTERED the party, I had a strange feeling, for I was the only child there. There were many people to talk to, but they were so tall and big that I didn't feel right talking to them. Anyway, most of them were engrossed in their own conversations and eating little meatballs with toothpicks. The people seemed to be speaking an odd language, for they all spoke at once and used some of the biggest words I'd ever heard.

From there I decided to go to the food table which was long and filled with appetizing foods; it smelled delicious, and I was hungry. When I got there, I found that it was too high for me to reach.

I was very lonely for almost the entire party until something shiny caught my eye. It was a kind looking old lady in a wheelchair. I went up to her and started a conversation. After several minutes, I found out that she had four children and three grandchildren, one just about my age and size.

Finally, it was about time for the party to be over. I tried to look for my parents, but again I was too short. I worked my way through all the stockings and clothed legs until I found the familiar ones of my parents.

*Sarah Pollara, 12, Norfolk Academy, Norfolk, Virginia*

## MY RUNAWAY KITE

THE WIND SWAM through the trees and used its strong arms to hold up my kite—so high that all but a few inches of the forty- to fifty-foot-long string was in the sky. But then, as my sister was handing me the string, it floated up beyond our reach. We both watched helplessly as our kite was being stolen by the now stronger wind.

We ran in the direction of the wind hoping to get at least a glimpse of the star-hatted wizard on the kite. But still nothing. Now, instead of running, we were putting our efforts into just raising our feet, and our necks were sore from searching the endless ocean of sky.

Suddenly a sleek piece of string hanging from a TV antenna caught my eye. As my eyes followed it, I noticed it went through at least two trees. At the end I saw a piece of plastic with a bearded wizard in a black flowing cape. Cheerfully, I grabbed my sister's arm, and we both ran over to it.

Soon I was gently pulling the string into a heap at my feet. Then, exhausted, we both swung our feet, one in front of the other, home.

*Joanne Root, 12,  
Black Elementary School, Eau Claire, Wisconsin*



## LONE WOLF

### Part One

THE DAY WAS a cold, crisp spring day, a good day for a picnic. And that's exactly what Mike and Julie planned to do. They had lived in this Canadian wilderness for almost ten years, so they knew the best spots.

They lived in a three-room log cabin, fifty miles from the nearest town, Danville. Mike worked for the Canadian Forest Patrol. His job was to keep watch for forest fires and poachers; generally keep the forest in order.

Julie packed a light lunch consisting of four beef jerky sandwiches, a quart of berries, and three pieces of pemmican cake. She knew that once they got out in the woods, they wouldn't want to take time out to eat lunch.

She packed this and a blanket into Mike's backpack. Mike shouldered the pack with a grunt. They were going to picnic in a spot they had nicknamed "the flowerpot." It was a meadow full of beautiful wildflowers surrounded by big boulders. It was about five miles from their cabin.

The hike through the woods was wonderful. They startled a doe as they walked past a small pond. When they reached the meadow, many spring flowers were already in bloom. It was like something from a fairy tale, it was so beautiful.

They spread the blanket out and sat down to eat. They drank the crystal clear water from a stream

that bordered the meadow.

As they lay basking in the sun, Julie thought she heard something or someone crying. It stopped and she dismissed it as a trick of the imagination. Five minutes later it came again. She decided to ask Mike if he heard it.

"Mike, do you hear something?"

"I was just about to ask you the same thing. Sounds like someone crying, doesn't it?" replied Mike.

"Yeah. Where's it coming from?" asked Julie.

"Sounds like it's coming from over yonder," answered Mike, pointing to a mass of boulders.

"Well, what are you sitting there for. Go see what it is."

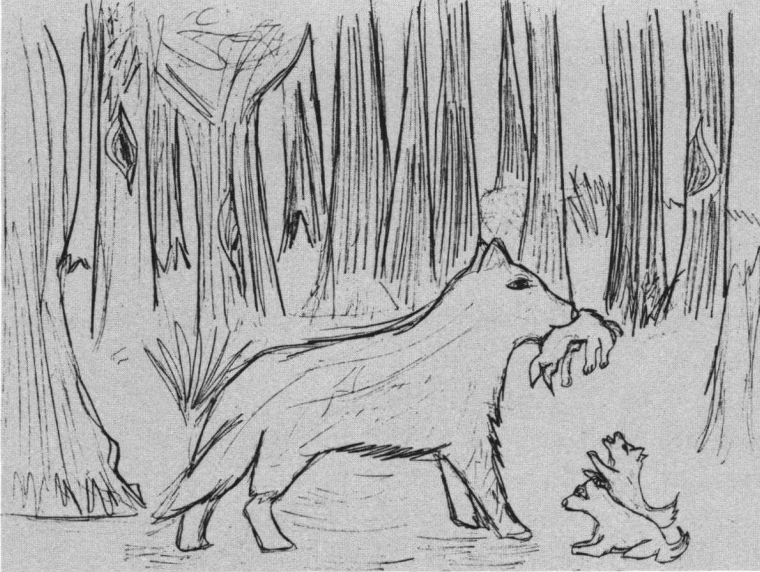
Mike rose with a sigh and ambled toward the sound. As he approached the boulders, the sound grew louder, then stopped. He walked on and soon had to start climbing, for the boulders had turned into a small mountain.

Ten minutes later he stumbled upon a gruesome sight. A large, female timber wolf lay mutilated, almost beyond recognition. Strewn about were parts of her two pups. Mike looked at this scene, his eyes wide with horror. He had just enough time to make it to a clump of weeds before he got sick.

As his head cleared, he suddenly realized that the cry had started again. He was glad for the distraction and once again started off toward the sound. A little way off he found the source: a rock.

He would have sworn up and down that it was that rock. Examining it closer, he saw that there

was a small crevice near the base. Looking in, he saw two yellow eyes staring out at him from the darkness.



It was about an hour past dawn as Lone Wolf sat among his sleeping brother and sister, awaiting the return of his mother. He had awakened to find his mother gone. This was not unusual; she was probably out hunting.

Lone Wolf was the first born of the three little wolves. He was also the biggest and felt like the guardian of the other two when his mother was not there. He took after his father, being strong-boned and muscular. His coat was a fuzzy color but would someday be a coat of pure silver.

His mother came trotting down the path,

discernible only to the animal eye. She had a rabbit clutched in her jaws. The pups, now all awake, looked on in hungry anticipation as she made her way toward them. She dropped it in the midst of her brood and walked away.

Lone Wolf watched as the other two shouldered each other as they ate; both wanted the best. He knew he could have easily taken the whole rabbit, but something was bothering him. His mother's behavior was quite unusual. Something must be wrong. He was right.

The she-wolf was anxiously sniffing the air. She started to whine and pace nervously. She gathered her pups together with a warning bark and placed herself to the west of them.

Lone Wolf sniffed at the air. Unlike his mother, he didn't yet have a catalog of what scents belonged to whom. But he did catch an unfamiliar scent, one that he would not forget for the rest of his life. This scent was very strong, so the source was close by. He figured it was some kind of danger, but what? He couldn't even guess. He looked at his mother, who was now crouched ready to spring.

The she-wolf knew exactly who this scent belonged to: the deadly mountain lion. She was prepared to fight, perhaps to the death, to protect her family.

The lion sprang, as though from a cannon, onto her back. She easily shook him off. After that the fight was pretty much one-sided. The she-wolf was no match for a hungry mountain lion. She put up a valiant struggle, one of a desperate mother, but to

no avail.

As the other two pups sat frozen in terror, Lone Wolf ran. He ran like he had never run before, ran away from the horror he could not understand. He pulled up short, out of breath, and spotted a crevice in which he could hide. He crawled in, the snarls and screams of the fight still audible.

A final, piercing scream shattered the air as the mountain lion ended the fight. He went after the two remaining pups which had attracted him in the first place. They were easy prey, and both were gone before they could make a sound. After eating those three, the lion's hunger was satisfied and he didn't notice the absence of Lone Wolf.

Lone Wolf sat unmoving for many hours after the last scream was heard. He sat as though made of stone, waiting, calling for the mother that could not come.

In his grief, he did not notice the human peering in at him until some leaves cracked under its feet. When he did see him he did not know what he was looking at. He had never seen this kind of creature before, nor did he recognize its scent. Again he was scared, more so than before because now he had to fend for himself. Loneliness and fright engulfed him as the realizations hit him. He backed up until his back was against the back wall of the crevice and tried to make himself as small as possible.

Mike took an involuntary step backward when a cry erupted from the crevice.

"Julie!" he yelled. "I found it. Come on up."

Julie got up from the blanket and started off in the direction of Mike's voice. When she reached the



site of the killings she almost got sick. She hurried on as Mike called again.

A minute later she came upon Mike down on his hands and knees, looking into a small crack in a rock.

"What are you do... " started Julie. She was interrupted by a short, pitiful howl. "What was that?"

"That was the little fellow in here. I suppose you saw the little sight already. Well, I think he's a pup that escaped."

"What do you think happened?" asked Julie.

"I really didn't stick around to investigate, did you?"

"No."

"I don't plan on going back down there either. I thought I'd concentrate on maybe getting this little one out of there. Are you going to help or not?"

"Yes. How are we going to get him out?" asked Julie.

"I'll go down and get the leftovers from lunch," replied Mike.

Julie watched as Mike picked a different route back down to the blanket, then turned back to the wolf. She decided she would try to coax it out until Mike returned. She called and soothed for almost ten minutes and was almost ready to give up, when she noticed that he was slowly inching his way toward her.

Ever so slowly, she reached her hand out to him. As he started toward it, she resisted an urge to jerk it away for fear he might bite it. He was sniffing at it now, his nose not quite touching her hand.

Suddenly the pup jerked away, a fierce look in

his eyes. He started to snarl and growl in his babyish way. But Julie didn't think it was so babyish at the moment. What did I do wrong? she wondered as she quickly removed her hand. She watched the pup very closely. It didn't look like he was looking at her but at something beyond her.

It dawned on her as a shadow fell across her shoulders: Mike. He had returned with the leftovers. A sigh of relief escaped Julie as she turned to face him.

"How's it comin'?" asked Mike.

"I almost had him out when you scared him," replied a somewhat disappointed but relieved Julie. She looked back in at the pup. He had moved back, though not as far as before.

"Try these," said Mike as he handed the leftovers to Julie. He then went and sat down on a rock. He watched as Julie once again proceeded to call to the wolf, waving the food temptingly before the opening.

Lone Wolf shuddered as a loud noise erupted from the creature's throat. Never had he heard such a noise. Soon it was joined by another such creature, presumably its mate. When this creature also made this noise, Lone Wolf let fly a small howl.

He was slightly relieved when the bigger creature left, but it was short-lived. Almost immediately the other one began making that strange noise, obviously at him. Soon curiosity got the better of him and he slowly inched forward, trying to see how this noise was made.



He watched intently as the creature extended its funny-looking paw. He didn't think it would harm him, because if it had wanted to do that, the creature would have already done so. Still he watched. When the paw stopped moving, he moved toward it cautiously. When he got to it, he examined it closely.

He almost had his front paw out the opening when the other creature reappeared. He didn't yet trust this giant creature. He retreated a few steps, snarling and growling. He watched as the smaller creature withdrew its paw and turned around to face the other creature. Lone Wolf listened intently to that strange noise that both were again making but could make nothing of it. He figured that they were somehow communicating, as he had done with his mother.

When the small creature turned back around, it had an object in its paw. It held it at the opening, swinging it slowly back and forth. His sensitive nose picked up the smell of food like a radar. It reminded him of the sharp hunger pains throbbing inside him. He hadn't eaten for some time, since he had not had any of the rabbit that morning.

Quickly he looked to see where the other creature had gone. He found it at a safe distance sitting on a rock. Once again he started toward the opening. He tried to go slow, to be cautious, but both the smell and thought of food was overwhelming.

When he had covered half the distance between the creature and himself, he stopped. He sat very

still and stared into the creature's soft, blue eyes until the movement of its paw distracted him. It was reaching into the object. When it removed its paw, it had some food.

Lone Wolf cringed as it tossed the food to him. A brief sniff convinced him that it was indeed food; it was gone in one gulp. It tossed another morsel to him. Then another and another. When at last the food was gone, Lone Wolf looked up in surprise; he was but a mere three inches from the creature.

Julie continued to call to the little wolf, although she saw that he was coming toward her again. Suddenly he stopped; he didn't look like he was coming any closer.

She decided to give him some food because he looked so pitifully hungry. She reached into the bag and grabbed the first thing she touched. It was the leftover beef jerky sandwich. She threw it to the wolf, being careful not to hit him, and watched as he devoured it in one bite.

Next came the last piece of pemmican cake. She broke it into smaller pieces so it would last. She continued feeding him, throwing each piece closer and closer to herself.

She could see the look of surprise on his face when at last all the food was gone and he was close to her. She dared not move lest she scare him, so they just sat there staring at each other.

Finally, the wolf moved just a tiny bit closer. She took this as a sign of friendship. She started to move her hand, in a slow, smooth motion, down

toward him. He didn't seem to be afraid, even when her hand was a mere width of a hair away.

She let him make a thorough inspection of her hand before she ever attempted to touch him. When he seemed to be finished, she began to talk soothingly as she moved her hand to his head. She stroked his small, soft head for a minute, then she lengthened her stroke, moving from head to tail and back again.

"Shh. You're all right," cooed Julie as she felt a shudder run through him.

She picked him up carefully, hoping he wouldn't bite her. As she nervously stood, with the little wolf snuggling against her, she felt something touch her shoulder. There may as well have been an explosion judging by the way she jumped, but it was just Mike.

The wolf struggled to get out of her arms. She just held on tight and prayed he wouldn't bite her. He didn't. Finally he calmed down.

"Scare someone, why don't ya!" exclaimed Julie.

"Sorry, man," replied a bewildered Mike. He hadn't exactly snuck up on her. "Good job. I see you got him."

The wolf started snarling and growling at Mike.

"I don't think he likes me that much," said Mike, sounding hurt. "Of course, I'm only the one that found him."

Well, being over six feet, you probably look like a tree to him, and you do have a knack for scaring people, thought Julie. Aloud she said, "Why don't you try petting him some?" She practically put the

wolf in Mike's arms.

Mike reached out and gave him a pat. Still the wolf growled. Mike tried again. That seemed to win the wolf over, because he stopped growling.

"See, you just take a while to get used to," said Julie with a grin.

"O.K., now that he's used to me, let's see about getting him home. He's probably still hungry, and it is getting late, you know," said Mike good-naturedly.

"I guess you're right," agreed Julie, still not over the shock that all this was happening to her and that she was holding a real, live wolf.

"Well, let's get going."

With no further ado, they set off toward home, carefully avoiding the grisly sight below them.

Lone Wolf sat glued to the spot, not knowing what to do. He wondered if it might have more food; he was still quite hungry. He decided to move a little closer to the creature and wait for a reaction. After all, he could always back up into the crevice if it tried to harm him.

He moved ever so slightly forward. The reaction he was waiting for came. The creature began moving its paw toward him, but Lone Wolf stood his ground. He sniffed at the paw, investigating it for the slightest sign of danger.

Then the creature began moving its paw toward the top of his head, but he was satisfied that he was safe. When he felt the feather-like touch of its paw, a sudden calmness settled upon him. He did not feel

afraid anymore, and somehow he knew that everything would be all right.

As he felt the creature stroke his whole body, an involuntary shudder ran through him. This evoked a startling response. The creature began making the strange noises he had heard before. Although he didn't understand the meaning of these noises, the tone had a soothing effect on his being.

He did not interfere when it picked him up, and when he was in its arms, against its warm body, the soothing effect was doubled. He felt a sense of security, a feeling he had not felt since before his mother's death, which seemed so long ago. From this moment on, he always thought of this creature as a second mother, to be protected at all costs.

He was alarmed when once again the other creature came near. Not only was it near him, but it was also touching his newly found mother. He struggled to get down on the ground, to get at this daring creature, but his stepmother was very strong and he had to settle for a few warning snarls. This caused more of that noise from the creatures. Lone Wolf wished with all his might that he could comprehend it.

He didn't know what to do when he found himself practically in the bigger creature's paws. He growled again, not knowing what else to do, but that didn't seem to stop these two. To his surprise, the bigger creature touched his head. That caught him completely off guard, and he growled again.

As the big creature touched his head once again, he had a few seconds to think. He realized that his

stepmother was allowing this to happen. Well, thought Lone Wolf, if these two can be friends, then I can be friends also. With no further thought, he gave in completely.

As the creatures once again began their noises, Lone Wolf wondered what would become of him. He didn't think that these creatures would intentionally harm him, but he decided to be careful anyway.

He watched through tired eyes as the bigger creature led the way down the hillside. He drowsily adjusted to his stepmother's smooth, steady gait as she followed her mate down the hillside. Almost immediately he fell asleep, numbed by grief and totally exhausted.

When Lone Wolf awoke, he was startled by his surroundings. He was in something that resembled a cave, except it was well lighted and warm. Although startled at first, he was soon put to ease by the soft voice of his stepmother. He was lying on something soft and comfortable.

He heard a noise to his left. Upon looking, he saw the big creature almost blocking the entrance, with only a few rays of the fading sunlight entering. Lone Wolf relaxed. He was still so very tired. Slowly, he again drifted into a more peaceful dreamland.

Julie didn't notice that Lone Wolf was asleep for almost fifteen minutes. She was deep in her own thoughts, wondering how all this had happened and why she was carrying one of the most feared

animals of the Canadian wilderness, the timber wolf. She conceded it probably was her curiosity and love of animals.

Mechanically following Mike, she remembered Rags. She had found Rags in the woods on one of her many hikes by her hometown of Whitetail, Montana. The dog had just appeared in front of her, with a broken paw and a shredded ear, along with many scratches. As a girl she had gotten along well with animals and had wanted to give a home to every stray that came along. This one was no different, but she knew that she would not be permitted to keep this one either.

She tried half-heartedly to lose him on her way home, but he stuck with her all the way. She all but begged to keep him, and to her surprise was allowed. She doctored his wounds carefully and he healed perfectly, though with many scars.

Julie was always sort of a loner. She tried to make friends, but she was always considered somewhat of an oddball; she was almost always trying to achieve something in academics in a community where the children, especially the girls, were expected to learn some reading, writing, and arithmetic, then return home to the farm. Consequently, when Rags showed up, he got all her love and affection.

Two years later, when Julie was thirteen, Rags died of worms. She got sick and lost weight; she had lost her only friend. She decided that she wanted to be a veterinarian so she could save animals; there were no veterinarians in or near

Whitetail.

As for actually becoming a veterinarian, most people she had mentioned it to, including her family, hadn't seemed to take her seriously. Even so, she had always had this on her horizon as she worked her way through high school. During her senior year in high school, however, she met Mike. He was a senior in college at the time, majoring in forestry.

Once again Julie had found a friend. They spent every free moment together, and when Mike graduated he asked her to marry him. He explained that the Canadian Forest Patrol had offered him a job. He had accepted.

Julie was happy for him, but not for herself. She saw the look of disappointment on his face when she told him she had to think about it. She was faced with a big decision, at a fork in life's long road. Which way should she go?

She talked it over with her mother. Her mother, who was a simple woman that had never taken her seriously about college, advised her to get married and go with Mike. The more she had thought about it, the more she agreed with her mother. The wedding was held one month later, and after a short honeymoon, they moved to Canada. And here she was. She was happy, but she couldn't help wondering what her life would have been like if she had gone on to college.

"Earth to Julie, Earth to Julie. Come in, over."

Her thoughts were interrupted by Mike, who had slowed, letting her catch up.



"Why's it so quiet back here?" asked Mike.  
"Thought ya got lost for a minute there."

"Just thinkin'," replied Julie, still not out of the daydream.

"What about?" questioned Mike.

"A name for the wolf," replied Julie, not wishing to reveal her thoughts.

"Think of any?"

"Nothing but the usual—Blackie, Spot, Nick, and so on. What about you?"

Mike glanced down at the sleeping wolf. "How about Wolf?"

Julie laughed then stopped. "Wait a minute. I think you've got something there." Julie stopped, with a thoughtful look on her face. "He's alone, right. So what about Lone Wolf?"

Mike silently nodded his head in agreement.

As they started walking again, Julie thought about the new name, about how it sort of reflected on her, but her thoughts got no further; they had reached their cabin.

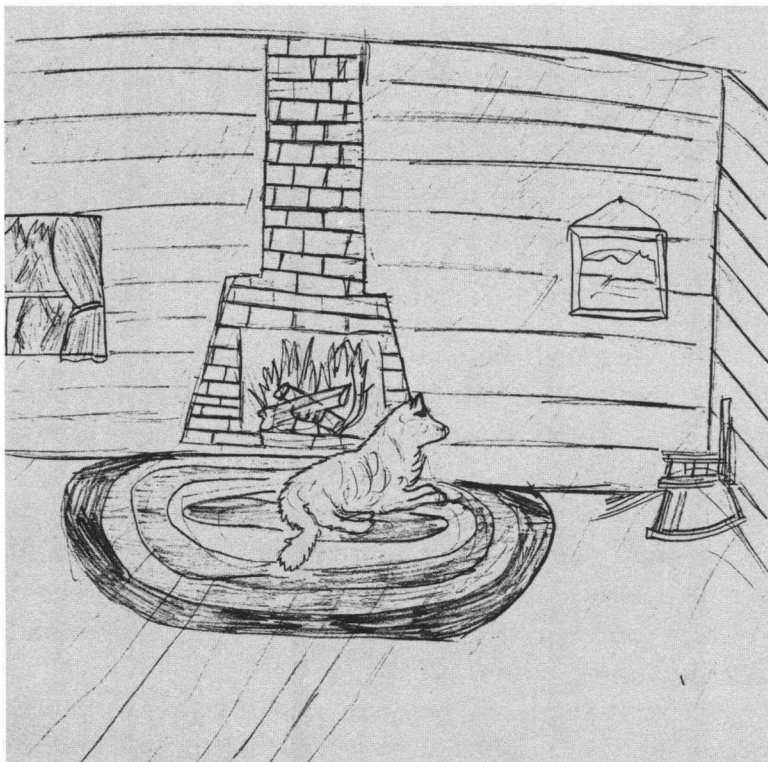
The sun was almost down, and the mercury was dropping. Although it was spring, it still got mighty cold at night.

Mike opened the door and watched as Julie laid the still sleeping Lone Wolf down gently on the couch.

"I'm gonna go get some wood for the fire," Mike said over his shoulder as he walked out the door.

As Julie sat down beside Lone Wolf, he suddenly opened his eyes. She started to talk softly to him, until she was interrupted by Mike re-entering the

cabin. She was glad to see that Lone Wolf was no longer afraid of Mike, for all he did was go back to sleep.

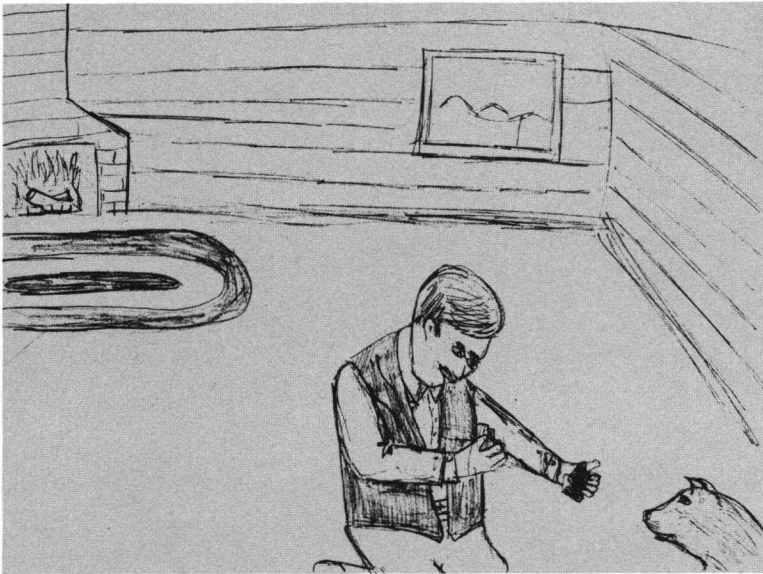


Mike had brought in an armload of wood and soon had a roaring fire going. Julie soon had some supper ready. While they were eating, Lone Wolf woke up again, and Julie fed him. Soon after, Lone Wolf fell asleep again and Mike and Julie, quite exhausted themselves, went to bed.

Lone Wolf awoke to the delicious aroma of food. He remembered how famished he was. Upon trying, he found that he could not rise; he was still weak.

A tiny whine escaped him, and his stepmother came over with some food. When it was set down beside his head, the aroma seemed to release some kind of reserve energy, and he was able to rise high enough to eat.

As he ate, he could feel the energy that the food supplied surging through his small body. He finished his meal, then sat up and looked around. He saw that the bigger creature was also eating. His stepmother was sitting beside the big creature.



Satisfied that all was well, he lay back down and once again fell asleep. Then the big creature reached down and gently picked him up. He felt a

soft paw run up and down his back a few times, then he was set on the floor. The big creature sat beside him.



He watched as his stepmother handed her mate an object he had never seen before. Then the big

creature put one end of it under his nose, between his paws. Lone Wolf was puzzled. What was expected of him?

Thinking it might be food, he put it in his mouth. He dropped it quickly, however, when the big creature gave an unexpected yank on the other end. After several more tries, he thought he understood what was wanted. He was expected to try to pull the object from the big creature.

In the following days, Lone Wolf found himself being taught many different but interesting things. He learned that the big creature was called a sound like Mi-ke, the small creature Ju-lie, and he was expected to respond to something like Lo-ne-wo-lf.

His favorite thing was a game where Julie would throw a stick and he was taught to bring the stick back to her. He felt he could play that endlessly but was not permitted to do so.

It was mostly Julie that taught him these things, but he understood that he should obey them when given by Mike, also. He also enjoyed his daily hunt with Mike. He learned quickly how to track and catch game. But no matter how successful the hunt, he came running to Julie the minute the opportunity presented itself.

(to be continued in the next issue)

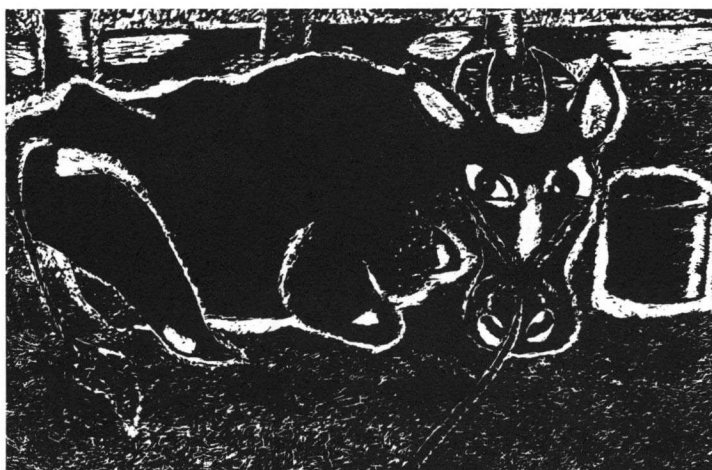
*Julie Frazier, 14,  
Licking Heights High School, Pataskala, Ohio  
illustrated by Ryan Mills, 10, Santa Cruz, California*

# HIROSHIMA HARBOR



*Mutsuko Kotani, 13, Japan*

# JUST FINISHED EATING



*Shigeru Moritake, 14, Japan*

## THE C.A.F. ARCHIVE

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

## "STONE SOUP IN THE CLASSROOM"

William Rubel, Co-Editor of *Stone Soup* and Co-Director of the Children's Art Foundation, has written an activity guide for teachers who subscribe to *Stone Soup*. The sixteen-page booklet outlines more than a dozen projects designed to enhance classroom reading, writing, and art programs in conjunction with *Stone Soup*. It describes the

educational theories on which *Stone Soup* is based and suggests ways of applying those theories in the classroom. To order a copy of "Stone Soup in the Classroom" see page 48.

## MAKE THE MORNING

James Anatole Lindbloom has been telling and writing poems and stories since he was three years old. Many of his pieces have appeared in the pages of *Stone Soup*, where they have been enthusiastically received by its readers. A collection of James' works is available in a paperback book called *Make the Morning*. The 32-page book is beautifully illustrated by the author (see page 48).

## CRIPPLED DETECTIVES

Volume 7 Number 2 of *Stone Soup* was a special issue devoted entirely to an adventure story written by Lee Tandy Schwartzman when she was seven years old. *Crippled Detectives, or The War of the Red Romer* is the story of four sisters and a brother on a quest to save the world from the villainous Red Romer. We are offering this story, illustrated by the author, in book form (see page 48).

## LITTLE BOOKS

Little Books is the name of a series of paperback books published by the Children's Art Foundation. Little Books are each three by four inches, and sixteen pages long. They are written and illustrated by children ages five to twelve.

There are six books available in the Little Book Series. The books are: *The Great Wild Egg Hunt*, *The Bee That Could Never Be Killed*, *Frankenstein Locks Himself Out*,



*Little Dog*, *Amy Goes to the Moon*, and *The Beautiful Puppy*. *Little Dog* is a facsimile of a little book written in 1934, when its author was six years old, and it was the inspiration for the series (see page 48).

## POSTCARDS

The Children's Art Foundation has made a set of eight full-color postcards reproducing some of the finest work from our international art collection. The cards are each four by six inches, and they are beautifully printed on a quality card paper. Reproduced below in black and white, the pictures are from (1) Cyprus, (2) Malawi, (3) Hungary, (4) Egypt, (5) Switzerland, (6) Luxembourg, (7) Sri Lanka, (8) Cyprus. If ordering the cards individually, please refer to them by number (see page 48).



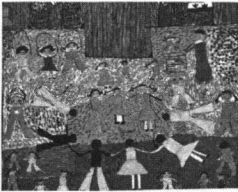
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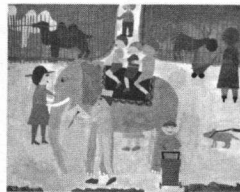
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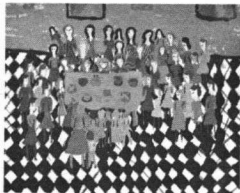
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Your membership in the Children's Art Foundation supports our publication activities, as well as a major collection of children's writing and art, an innovative art school, and research activities. Paintings, drawings, and prints from our international art collection are published in each issue of *Stone Soup*, as are examples of work from our art program. Take special note of this artwork and use it as a model to enrich the quality of work produced by your students.

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