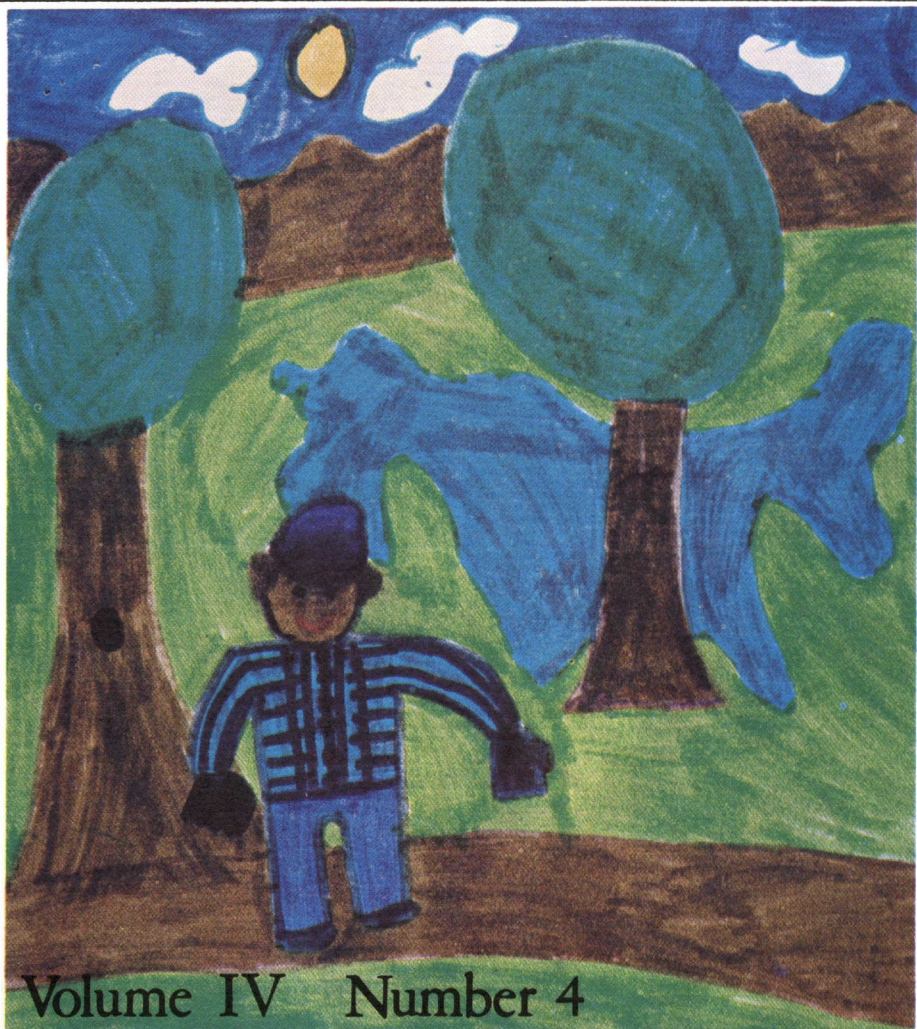


STONE SOUP

a magazine by children



Volume IV Number 4



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SUBMISSIONS

Please send writing and art to STONE SOUP. Label submissions with the name and age of the contributor and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want the work returned. Send submissions to Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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James Lindbloom, 5

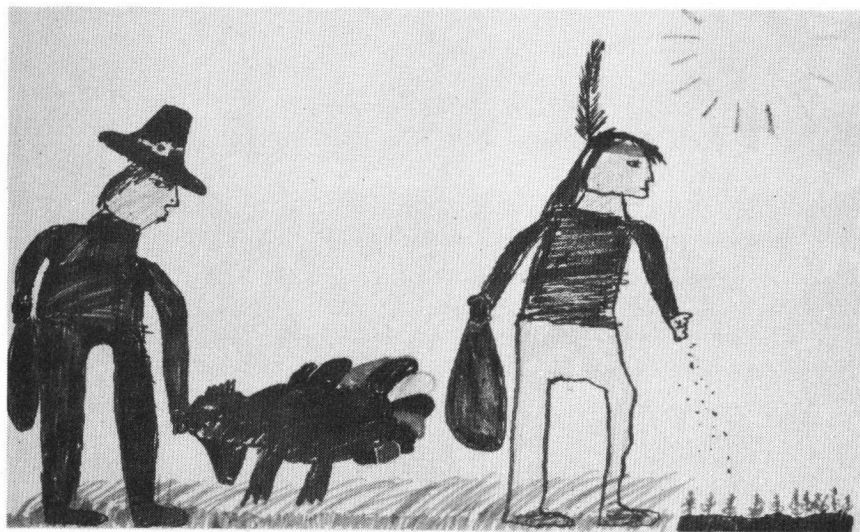
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WHITE MAN

First Columbus, then others,
We didn't know about these strange White People.
We made friends with them,
Then they became our enemies,
They pushed us back, farther and farther,
They killed us, sometimes in cold blood.
Then they moved us to reservations.
We couldn't get a job.
They hated us.
We tried to get our land back,
Then tried to make friends.
It didn't work.
Our kids couldn't get playmates in school.
And they say we're the bad guys.

*Todd Wentworth, 10
Tacoma, Washington*



Andrew George, 7



Heather Maynez, 6

ADVENTURE ON THE HIGH WIRE

ONE NIGHT I dreamed that I was a tight rope walker. I was very brilliantly dressed in all bright colors.

As I looked down on the many people in the audience from my little platform in the air, everyone looked like tiny, little ants busily chat-

tering. All the different colored clothes made me feel nervous and a little bit dizzy, but the wooden platform underneath my feet made me feel secure.

I stepped off my small island and onto the thin rope. I had on my pink satin slippers which gleamed in the bright spotlights.

I took one step. SAFE! What a relief. I took another step, and another, . . . and another. Then on my fifth step, I dropped my balancing stick which I had held tightly all along. Now I was going to be off balance. I was a little jittery, but I soon became brave again and went on.

I kept going until I was three fourths of the way along on the tight rope. Just as I saw the little platform ahead of me, the rope under me began to loosen. Then I saw the thin rope untwining near the platform!

Suddenly the rope broke! I grabbed the end of the rope and was left dangling there in mid-air. "Help! Help!" I called at the top of my lungs. My hands were slipping, and I was going to drop. "Help!!!" I called out one last time before I fell and fell and . . .

I heard a quiet, calm voice say, "Darling, are you all right?"

"What happened? Where am I?"

"Well, honey, you fell out of the top bunk bed. Are you sure you're all right?" asked my mom. I just nodded and sat there, on the polished wooden floor looking stunned.

"It was a dream!"

*Sharon Klimt, 12
Stone School
Addison, Illinois*



A SMALL FAWN walked out of a forest into a wide open meadow which lay there as if it were waiting for him. The fawn cautiously walked into the open field. It liked the soft

ground better than the forest which had sticks and stones. Bending down its head, the fawn ate some fine wheat.

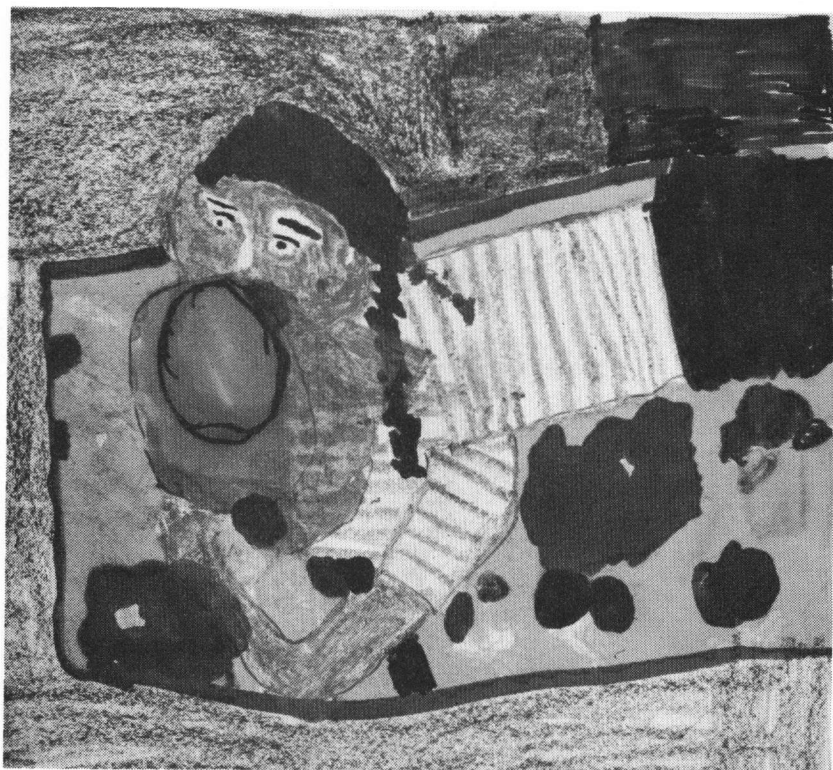
Looking up at the sky which was violet and green and blue, the animal squinted and looked at the horizon which shone like the colors of a rainbow.

A trickling noise could be heard off in the distance. The fawn decided to find out what it was. The young animal started off, but before leaving, took a whiff of the fresh air.

Before long, night had fallen. All too soon for the small, still maturing deer. It tripped on a rock and fell down onto some sticks. The fawn cried for help. It was hurt. The animal could not walk. Luckily it fell asleep and felt no pain.

The following morning, the deer awoke. A streak of pain ran through its body. Suddenly he heard the trickling noise again. Without thinking about the pain, he ran toward the sound. It was a stream. The deer dipped its bad leg into the water. A feeling of relief relaxed the animal. After the sore leg felt better, the fawn got out of the stream and ran back to the meadow. When he got there, he lay down and fell asleep with a sigh.

*Perry Herman, 9
San Francisco, California*



Jonathan Fisher

FLEEING COUPLE

KIM WAS SITTING in the field watching with wonder at all of the things she was seeing. Her new mother, Mrs. Linco, was doing some amazing things. She had just taken Kim out of an orphanage where she had been placed because of the death of her father, which was not long after the death of her mother.

Since Kim had only one relative, a great-aunt Beatrice (almost dead), who was not able to take care of her, they had sent her to the orphanage.

Only a few days passed when a nice prim lady came in and picked her out. Now this lady was different. She had brought Kim out to a dinky ranch in Wyoming, in the middle of nowhere, to live in a shabby house with a rickety old barn. The only bright spots were the luscious green grassy pasture and the clear blue stream that ran across the back of the pasture. There was one nice hill at one corner of the pasture.

Mrs. Linco was sitting on the porch watching and directing 3 huge vicious German shepherds corralling a truck load of beautiful horses into the old barn. Kim was filled with wonder. Then something caught her eye - a man was standing beside Mrs. Linco! He was short and stubby. She wondered what they were doing. Kim jumped up and ran over. They didn't see her. She came up and asked, "What is your name and what are you doing with all of those horses?"

The stubby man said something under his breath so Kim couldn't catch all of it. It sounded like, "... knows... much... do with her..."

Suddenly she knew her mouth had run away with her. She was scared. Mrs. Linco just said, "Dear, this is Mr. Johnson. He is my friend, and he needed a place to keep his horses. I said I would keep them here for him."

Kim asked, "May I go look at them?"

Mr. Johnson had a snarled look on his face,



Laura Stevenson, 8

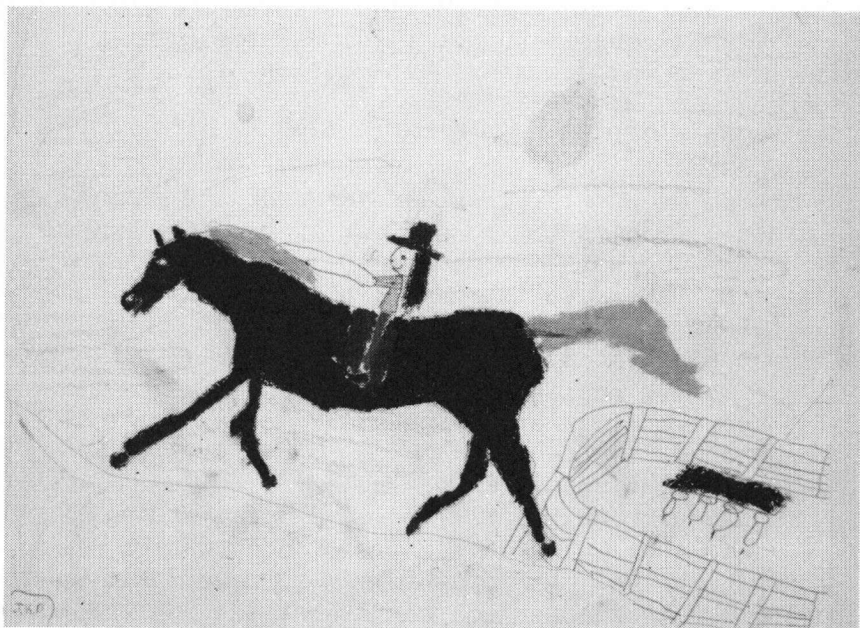
but he said, "O.K., I'll take you down there."

They went down to the barn. All of the horses were beautiful to Kim. Mr. Johnson said, "Oh no, this one will have to go."

"Oh please," Kim pleaded, "Let me take care of him. Please?"

"All right," Mr. Johnson snorted.

Kim took the old gelding out of the barn. He was a roan. Every other hair was white. Black, white, black, white, etc. She got on the fence and jumped on his back. Then she kicked him hard. He started running. She grabbed onto some of his mane. His feet made a clipping sound. She decided to name him Clipper.



Jenny Dictor, 10

To Kim, Clipper was really something. Kim tied him to a tree with a rope from the barn. Then she went to the house to eat dinner. She was delighted. After her dinner, she went to bed. When she woke up and looked out the window, Clipper

wasn't there! Kim ran and told Mrs. Linco. Mrs. Linco said, "Dear, we just thought that he wasn't worth keeping any more."

"Where is he! Please tell me," she cried.

"He's behind the shed. Now don't you go poking around back there."

Kim ran out to the shed. There lying in back of the shed was a huge lump under a tarp. Kim ran to the barn and sat in the hay and cried.

Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder. She jerked away and looked. It was a boy. She said, "What's your name and what are you doing here?"

He said, "My name is John. I'm the lawn and handy man here. Why are you crying?"

"They killed my horse!" Kim cried.

"What horse? We don't keep horses here."

"Then why do they have all of those horses here?"

"Where?"

"Come on, I'll show you!"

"Oh my gosh! These are some of the champion horses! We've got to get out of here! They're stealing horses!"

"No! We have to bury Clipper!"

"Where is he?"

"He's behind the shed."

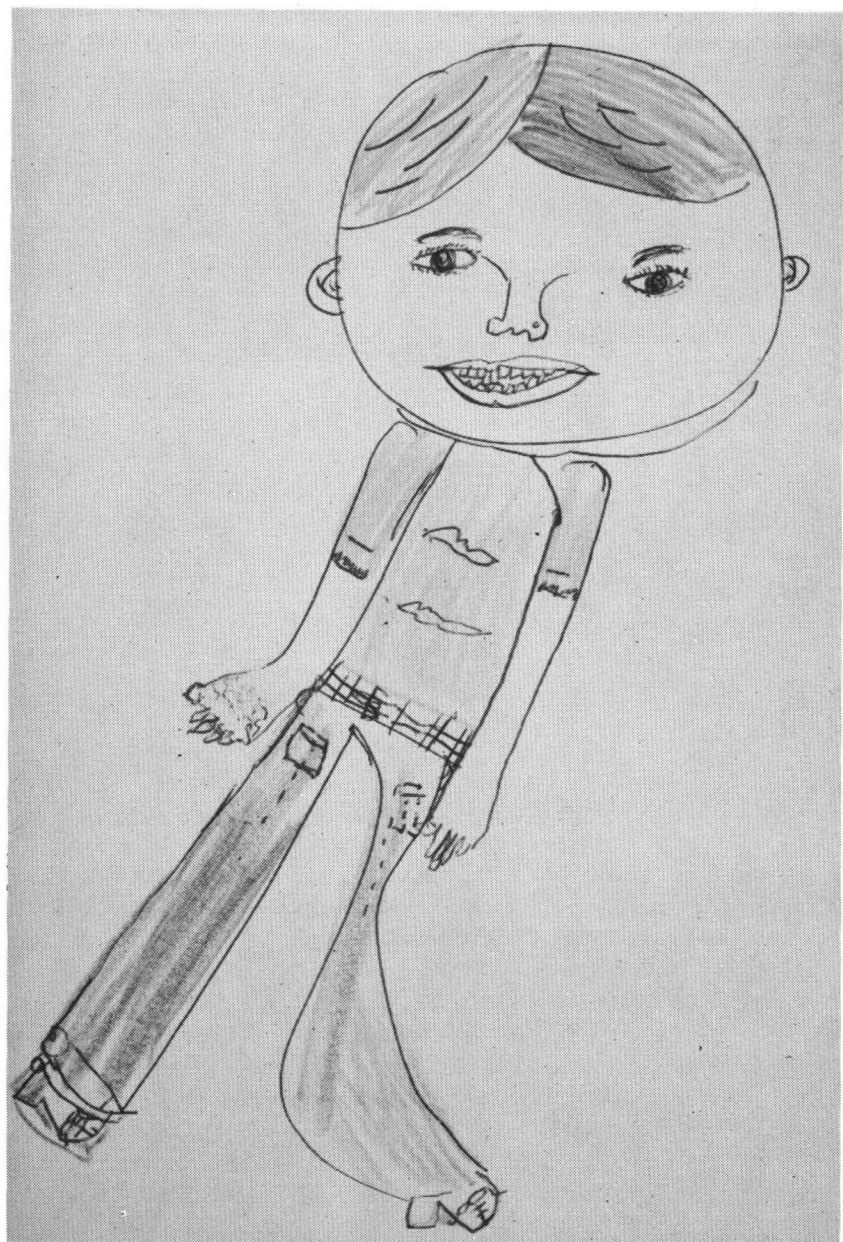
"O.K.," replied John, "I'll bury him tonight. Tomorrow morning after breakfast come out to the barn and we'll leave."

"See you then."

"Now go and play in the yard or something."

Kim went outside. Mrs. Linco was on the porch. She was motioning to Kim to come. Kim ran over. Mrs. Linco's face was stern. She was raging with fury. She screamed, "What are you doing with that boy? You come inside and tell me."

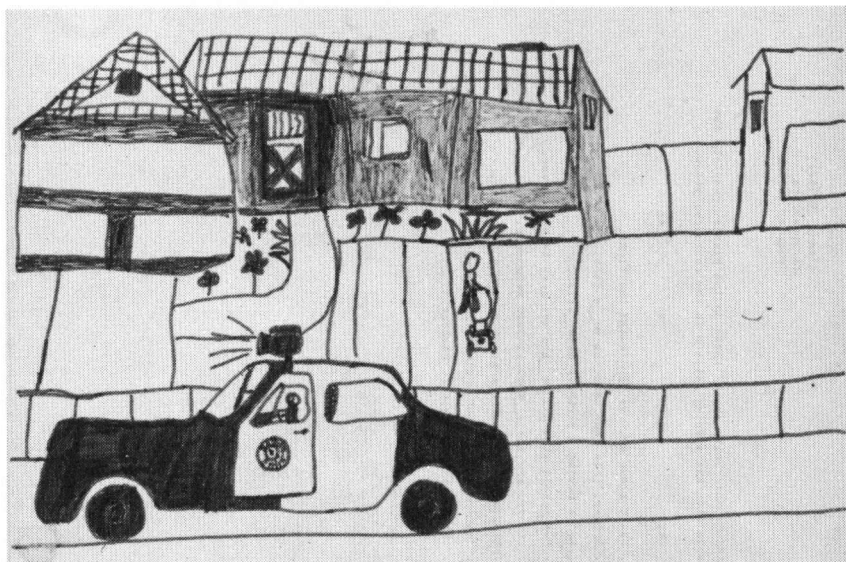
She grabbed Kim by the arm and shoved her inside. Then down into a chair. Mr. Johnson tied her arms and feet. Now Mrs. Linco was more furious than ever. She took a leather strap and smacked it across Kim's face. Then she yelled, "Tell me



Rachel Glick, 7

girl! What have you two been up to?" Another smack and then another. Kim was crying hard. "Maybe we should get the boy and ask him. Ralph, go find him."

Ralph Johnson strode to the door.



Douglas McKelvey, 9

"Tish! The cops!" yelled Ralph. "Hide the girl!" They shoved Kim into a crawl-space cellar around the back. Just then Policeman Jones came to the door. Mrs. Linco answered. The policeman said, "Howdy, mam. I just stopped to say hello and welcome to the neighborhood."

"Thank you," came the reply.

"Don't you have a little girl here with you? I don't remember this man here."

"Well, my daughter is asleep in her bedroom. I don't think she feels well."

"Oh you won't mind if I take a little peak."

"No! Maybe she felt better and went outside."

"I don't recall seeing her outside when I pulled up."

"You probably overlooked her."

"Ya, maybe I did. Well, bye now!"

The man left.

"Come on, Tish," urged Ralph. "They suspect you. We've got to get out of here."

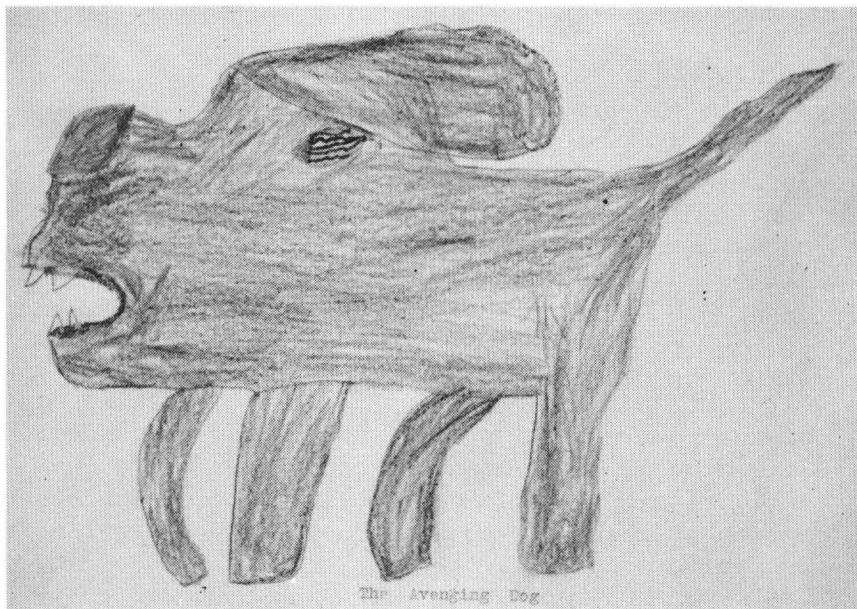
"What will we do with the kid?"

"Leave her. Coppers will come along and find her," answered Ralph.

The two scrambled off on a mad race. It was getting dark.

Suddenly Kim awoke. A dark figure was dragging her out of the crawl-space. It was dark. The figure cut the ropes on her wrists and ankles. Her hands and feet quickly turned hot. The figure was motioning for her to hurry up. Then it struck her. The figure was John. He had saved her life.

What did he want her to do? He was pointing to dog food. Dog food? Labels? Oh, dogs! Mrs. Linco's dogs! They would find her! They were hungry. She fed them. They would go to the couple!



Brian Stauter, 8

*Amy E. Price, 10*

But then something bad struck her. The dogs would go fast! They wouldn't be able to keep up with the dogs. She asked John. He pointed to the window. Roped outside were two of the most beautiful horses. John urged Kim to get going. They jumped onto the horses and let the dogs loose. The horses instinctively followed. After about two hours of riding, they came upon the couple.

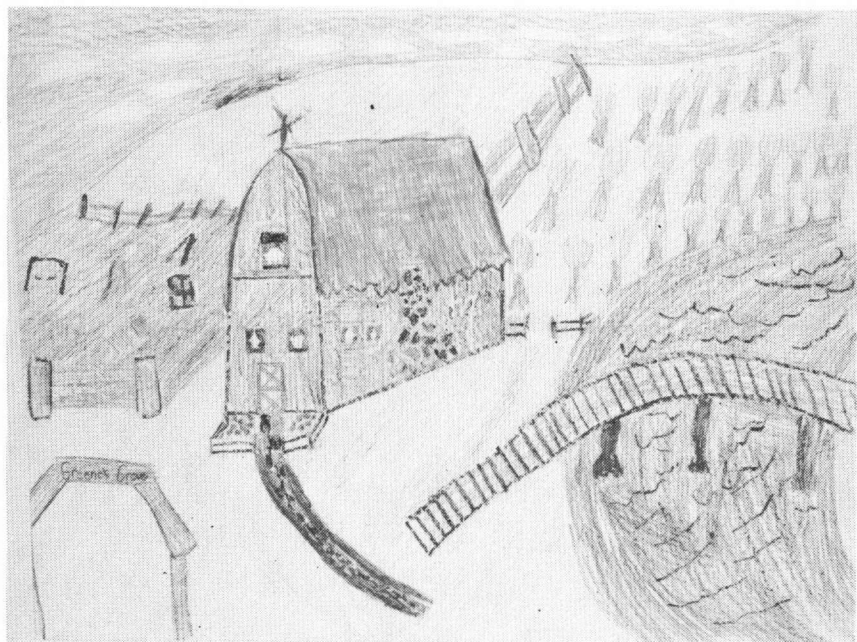
The horses stopped far short of the couple. They knew who the ugly people were. They also knew what John and Kim were going to do. They slipped off the neck ropes and Kim and John grabbed them. Kim and John rushed upon the couple and tied them up tightly. Then John told Kim to ride back and get the police. As Kim was leaving, she pulled four things out of her pockets, three cans of dog food and a can opener. John laughed and waved good-bye.

All went well after that. The police came and took the crooks away. A lot of people asked Kim a lot of questions. During the confusion, she felt a loving someone pat her shoulder and whisper, "Good-bye."

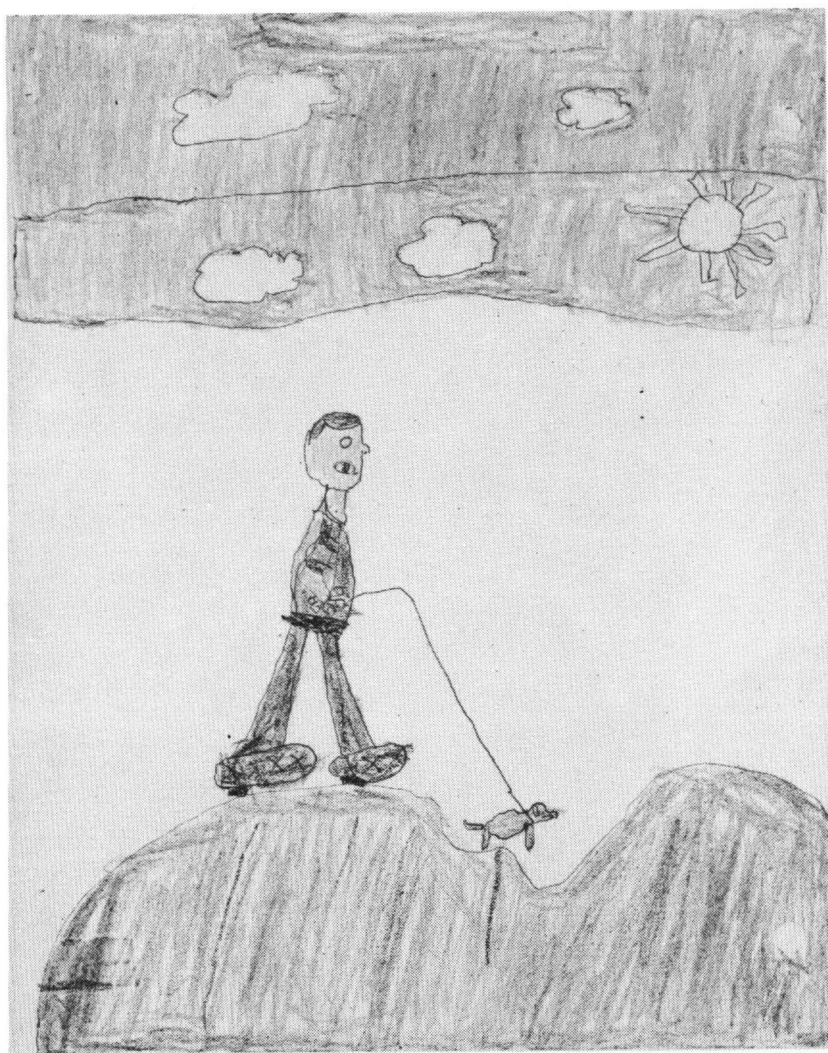
No one knows what ever became of John, except that he left a loving friend that night.

Well, Kim's great-aunt died and left only one thing - a filly. A filly with the heritage to be a champion. Now Kim owns the little ranch. She has a white picket fence around a little square grave on that sunny little hill with a white-washed cross. There is only one word on it - Clipper.

*Jean Husak, 12
Palos Park, Illinois*



Diane Greene, 11



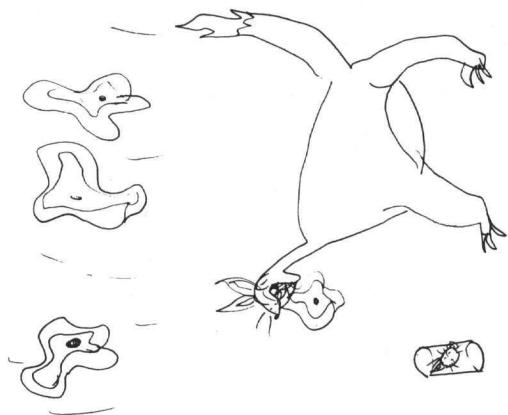
Julie Lewis, 6

THE BADGER

JOE WAS SIX years old and very small for his age. But he really did not seem to care that much. Joe had a special way with animals and really loved them more than people. Everybody thought he was crazy because he talked with animals. But Joe did not think he was crazy because he talked with animals. He thought that animals were nicer and more loving than any person he had ever met. One day while he was walking the mice down the little path in the middle of the woods Joe found a wounded badger in the middle of the little path. When he saw the little badger he went over to it and checked the wound to make sure it was alright. The little badger was nearly dead but Joe said to the mice that he would not let the badger die. So he went home and got his first aid kit that he got for Christmas the year before. When he got back the little badger was barely alive. He put some bandages on the wound and then very carefully picked the little creature up and carried it to a cave which he had found the year before. When he got the badger to the cave he set it down and went outside to pick some ferns to make a little bed for the badger. When he had put the little badger in the bed he went home and ate dinner and then went to bed. The next day he was up very early. He got dressed, ate breakfast and went to the cave but it was too late. The badger was dead when Joe got there. That afternoon Joe had a little funeral for the badger and buried him by the entrance of the cave.

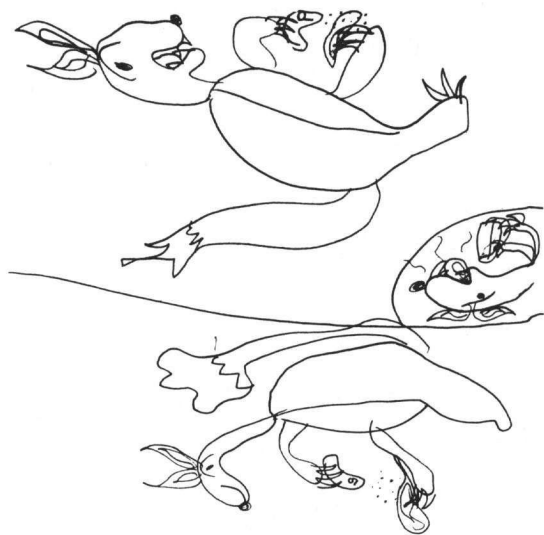
THE END

*Bret Hansen, 10
Battle Ground, Washington*



THE FOX THAT LIKES STEAK

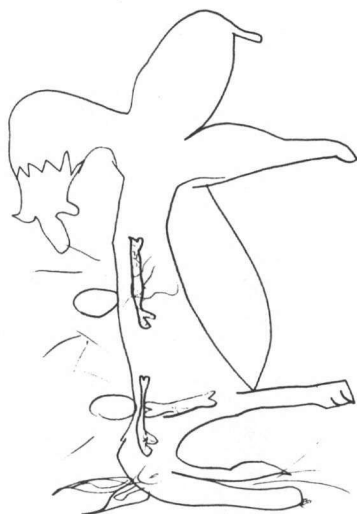
ONCE UPON A time there was a little fox who liked meat. And his favorite meat was steak.



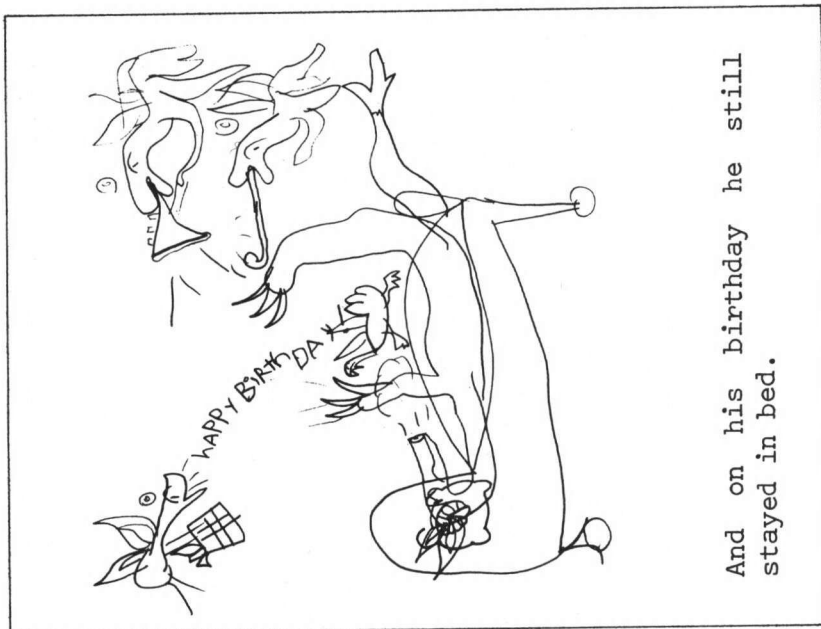
And sometimes he puts salt on his steak and other times he puts pepper on his steak. And wow! That's hot.



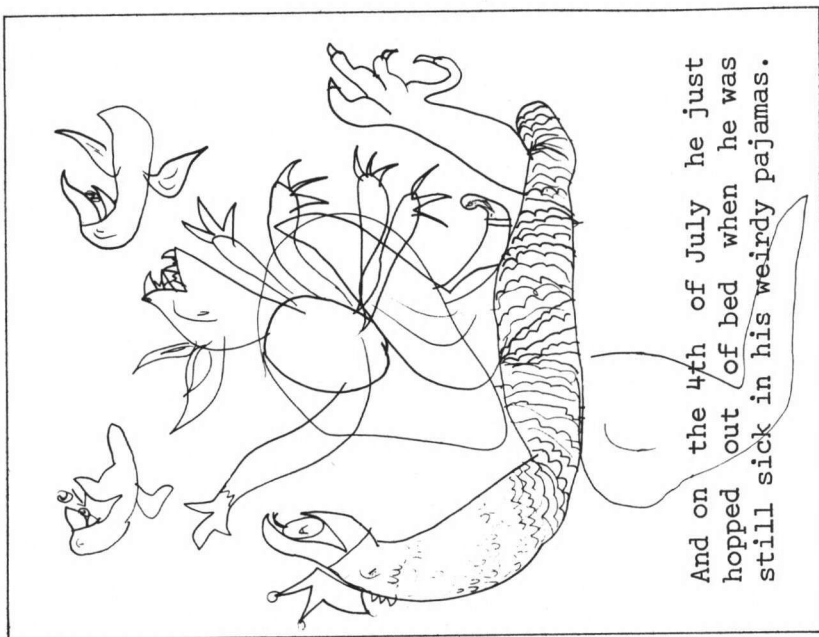
But this time he's in bed because
he ate too much steak.



And when he's sick, all the an-
gels come to play with him. But
he's sick!



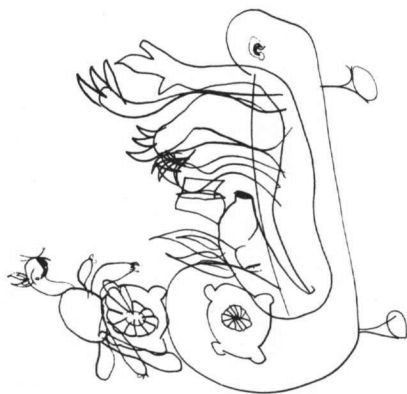
And on his birthday he still stayed in bed.



And on the 4th of July he just hopped out of bed when he was still sick in his weirdy pajamas.

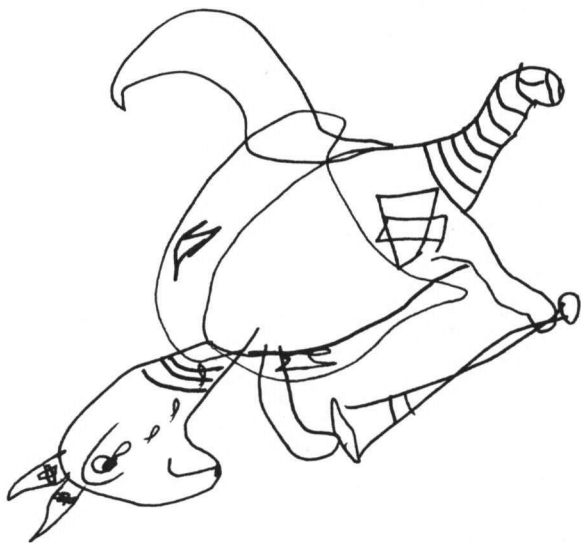


And when it comes to dinner time,
he eats steak and salad with a
whole cucumber in it and four
other cucumbers, whole cucumbers!

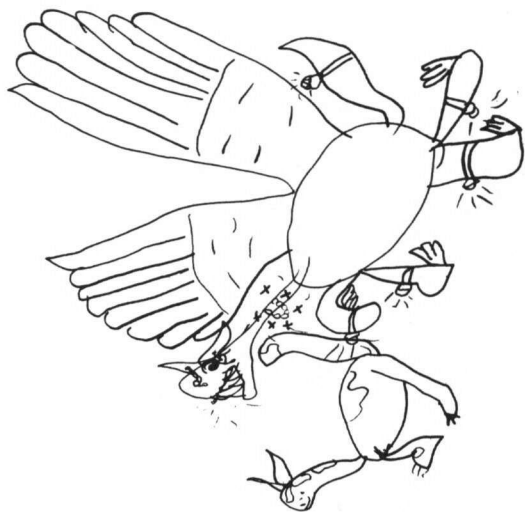


*Alesia Bischoff, 6
San Jose, California*

And then he goes to bed at 7:00
and reads a story to his little
kitty.

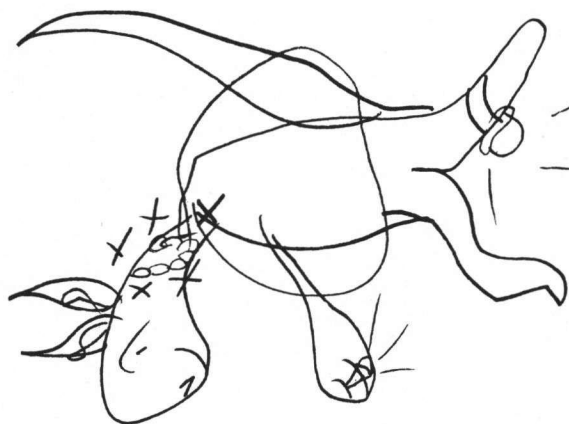


ONCE UPON A time there was
a puppy who was ragged and
poor and his name was Al-
fred.

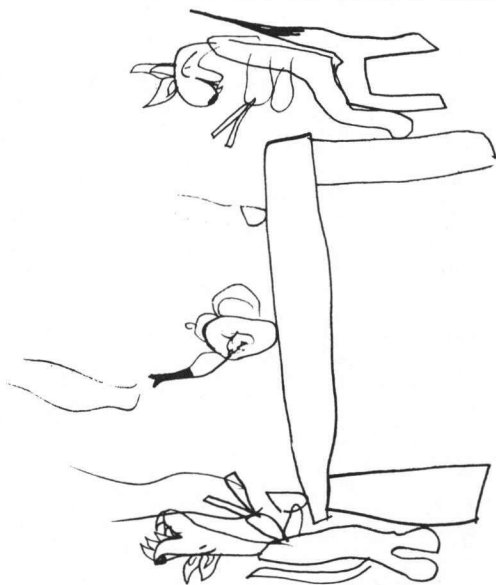


THE BEAUTIFUL PUPPY

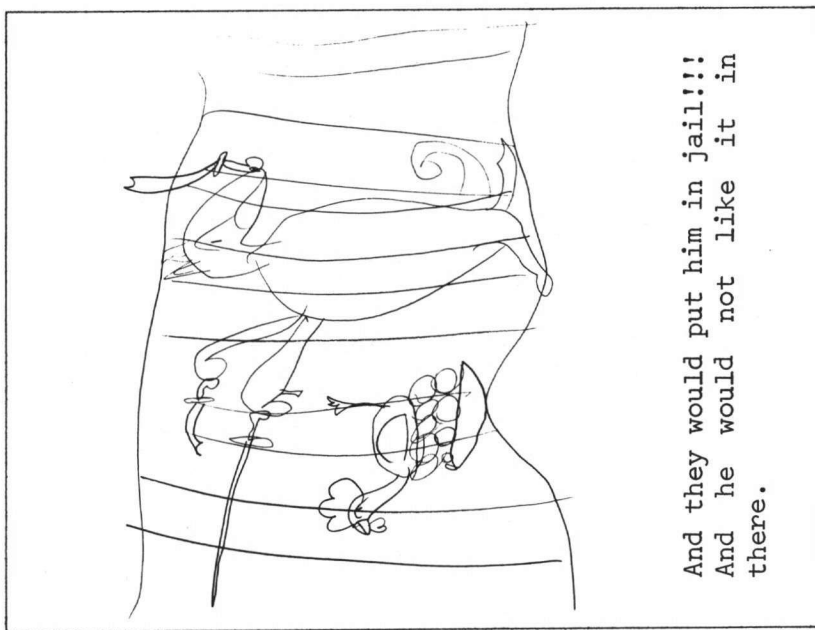
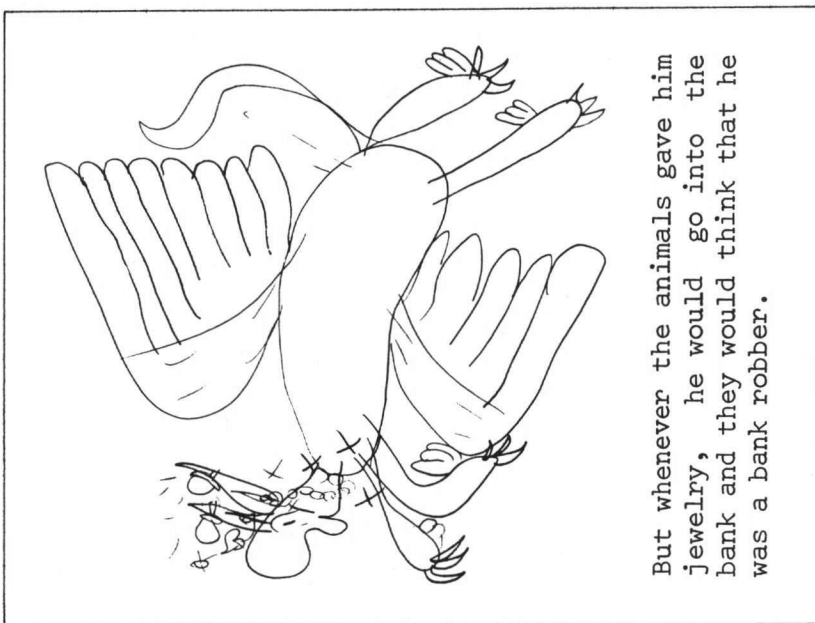
Alesia Bischoff, 6 San Jose, California

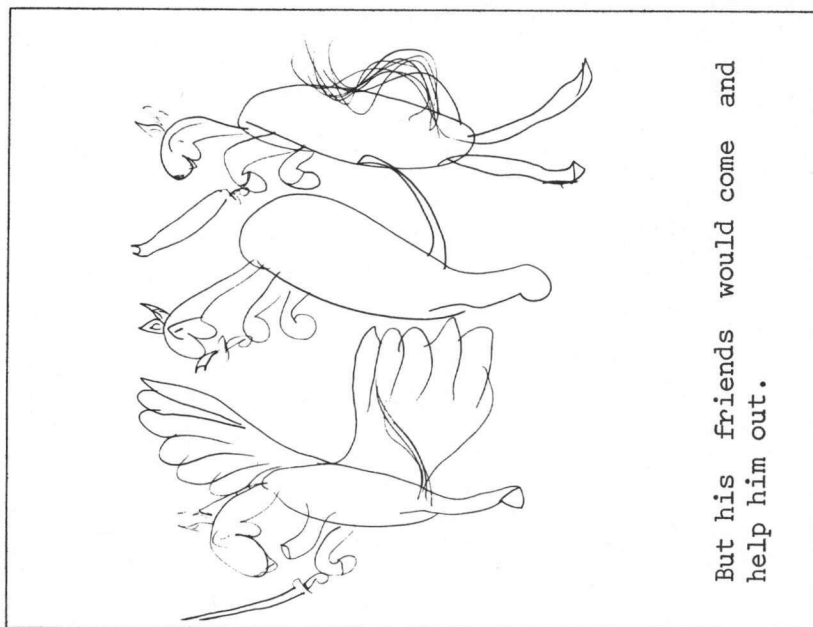
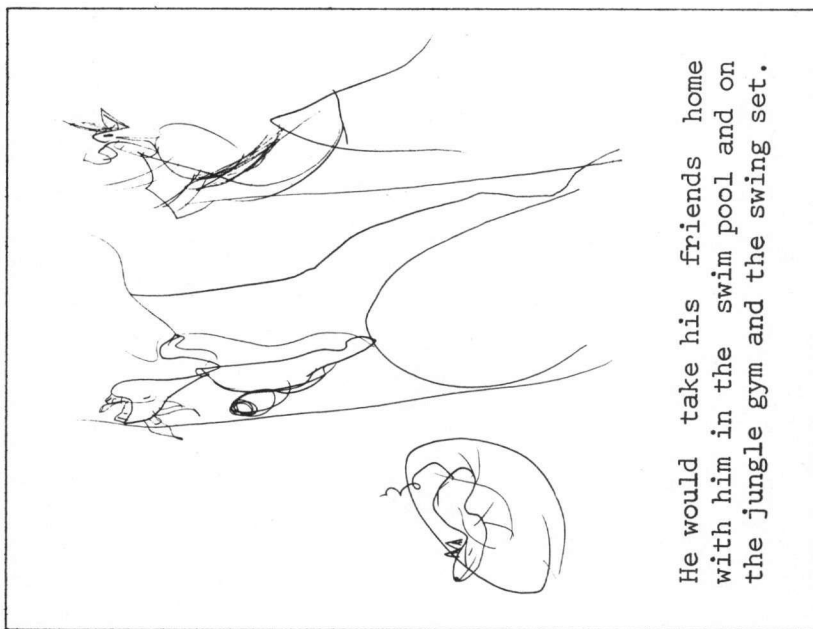


And every time he helped someone at the Chinese restaurant, they would give him jewelry and two pairs of wings.



And he was a servant. He really liked the work he did.







And they would go to the park
with their mothers and fathers.



And they all went to the Red Lob-
ster Inn.

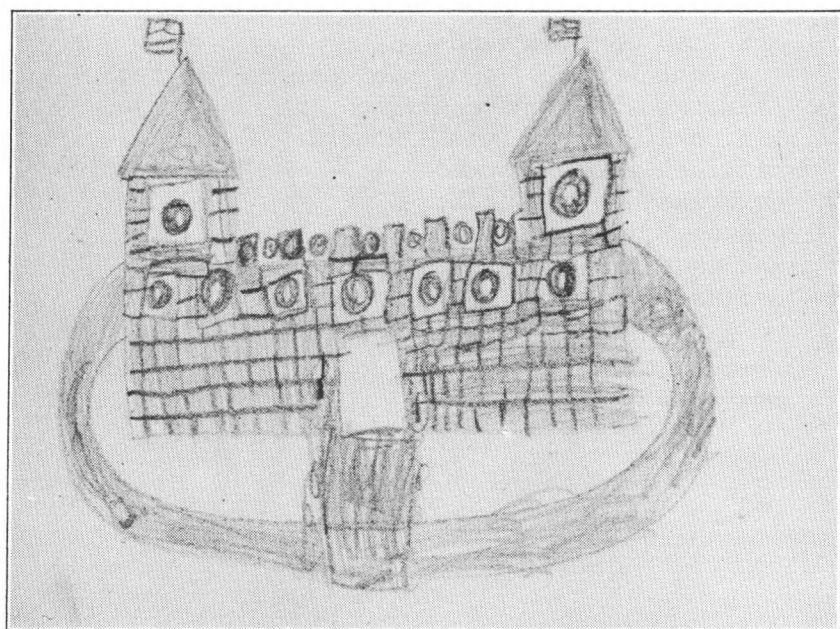
Sheep Story

Today I went to a man who had some sheep
and I looked at one
and it was a magic sheep
and it had wings,
and the man said this was a very
precious sheep
so when my mom and dad
and the man who owned the sheep
were looking at a different one
I got on, just to see if it would carry me off
and then it went with its little legs outside
and flew up to heaven
and then it fell down, big bump on his head,
then the wings broke off,
his horns turned into a knuckle
his feet were crumpled
he walked on his nails
his neck was torn open
and that's a very sad story
because he's dead now.

*James Lindbloom, 5
Poughkeepsie, New York*



Michael Roualdes, 11



Sven Johnson, 7

THE THREE WISHES

ONCE UPON A time there lived a hunter and his wife. Although they were poor, they were content. They had each other. What more could they ask for? They thought they would be happy until one day the hunter went to hunt.

It was a nice, warm day, perfect for hunting. He killed some deer when he saw a lion. Now this wasn't any ordinary lion. Its coat was so glossy that it looked like the sun at noon. The hunter wanted the fur for a rug. He took aim and was just about to pull the trigger when something very strange happened

"Please don't shoot me!" said the lion. The hunter was so startled that he dropped his gun.

"If you don't kill me, I will grant you three wishes," the lion said.

The hunter thought this over and decided it was a fair deal, so he wished.

"Let's see now, what should I wish for?" said the hunter. "Oh, I know. I'll wish for ten giant bricks of gold," thought the hunter and so he wished. All of a sudden ten huge bricks of gold appeared.

After another moment of thought the hunter wished again. "Can I have a great big castle?" he asked and a castle appeared.

Then he said, "Can I have a nice, new rifle? My old one is rusty," he explained.

Now this made the lion very mad. "What are you going to do with it?" asked the lion. "Kill me?"

And before the hunter had a chance to get his gun, the lion ate him.

*Emil Chynn, 10
Tenafly, New Jersey*



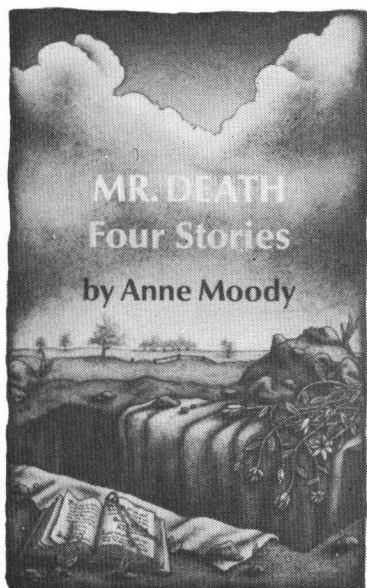
BOOK REVIEW

MARY'S MONSTER by Ruth Van Ness Blair, illustrated by Richard Cuffari; Coward, McCann & Geoghegan: New York, 1975; \$5.95.

MARY'S MONSTER is the story of Mary Ann Anning, a great woman scientist's life, from the time she was a small girl, all through her discoveries, until she dies. The book tells of how Mary collected small fossils of sea animals, then called curiosities, with her father when she was a little girl. Mary lived in the town of Lyme Regis in England. She and her father collected their fossils from the cliffs on the beach of Lyme Bay. This story tells how Mary grew up into a great and famous woman scientist in a world made up of mostly men scientists.

I think the author does a good job of recreating the events leading up to Mary's discoveries like they probably did happen. She tells about Mary Anning's devotion to her work, and makes the characters in her story very real. There are lots of black and white shaded illustrations that add a lot to the story, showing the dress and styles of the 1800's, when Mary lived. What I like most about the story is that there are a lot of facts, but the story is still very interesting and exciting.

Beth Doucette, 13
Villa Park, Illinois



BOOK REVIEW

MR. DEATH, FOUR STORIES by Anne Moody, Foreword by John Donovan, cover painting by Richard Egielski; Harper & Row, Publishers: New York, 1975; \$5.95.

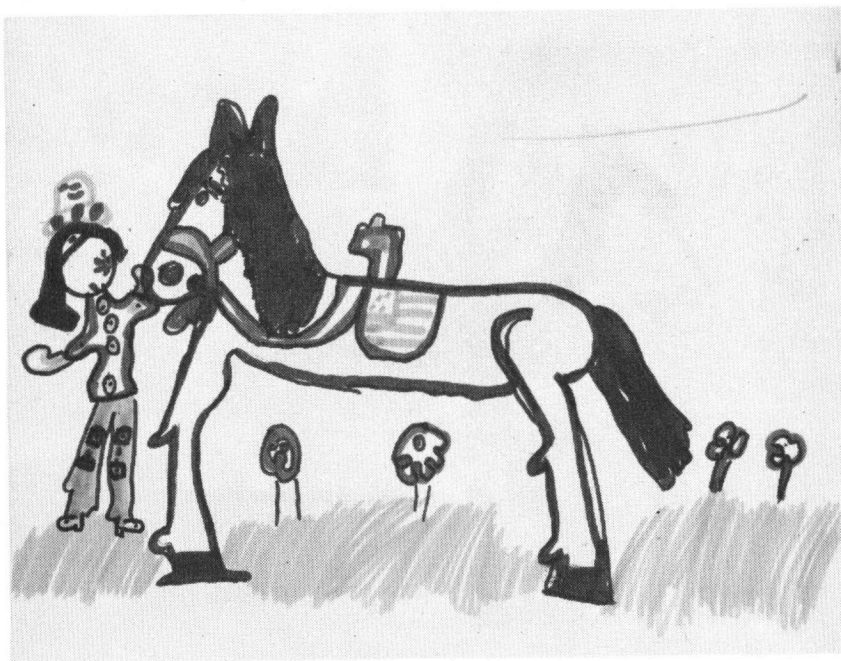
Don't read this book before bedtime, that was my mistake. Anne Moody's MR. DEATH was the scariest book that I have ever read.

The book consists of four stories all dealing with death. One story, "Mr. Death," was about a motherless boy who lived a lonely barren life. His father's strange behavior drives him to commit suicide. "Bobo," another story, tells how a dog kills his owner. The other two stories have the same unhappy theme.

The stories were so scary and ghoulish that it held my interest throughout the book.

I do not agree with Mr. Donovan (who wrote in the Foreword), "This book will terrify you and make your life richer." The book did terrify me and gave me much to think about but did not enrich my life.

*Chipper Garfinkle, 11
Longfellow School
Teaneck, New Jersey*



Elizabeth Gordon, 7

THREE YEARS WITH A DREAM (continued)

(In the first two chapters of "Three Years With A Dream," published in the last issue of *STONE SOUP*, we read about Barbara Sting's dream of owning her own horse. Barbara lived on a farm in the western hills of Wyoming. She went to an auction with her stern father, Jason, and he begrudgingly bought her a Morgan colt. Barbara fell in love with the colt. She named him Rusty and made a home for him in the stall. With patience and affection, Barbara won Rusty's complete confidence.)

Chapter 3

AS BARBARA SAT leaning against her favorite cottonwood tree, thinking of nothing, she felt different. Very different. A tingle

of accomplishment spread through her as Rusty looked up at her from his grazing. Barbara was in love. Barbara suddenly was met with his eyes. She could hardly stand the blazing look in them. She could almost see balls of fire dancing in his eyes.

" -- A king, a king," she thought, "you'll surely be a king -- a ruler of your herd. But I have you now -- to love and care for. As long as I can keep you in a stall," she grinned.

Then the trance was broken as Rusty leaped to the gate, whinnied, and looked at Barbara. She heard the faint thunder of the yearlings running in the field below -- the freedom Rusty had once known. He whinnied again and paced the gate staring out, then glanced at Barbara. Barbara looked down and mumbled faintly, "No, Rusty," then walked away. She knew his longing. She looked back at him and said, "If only he knew that very soon WE will be free, and be able to run with the wind -- chase it, catch it, and even hold it still! You will be a king of the wind. I know your yearning, Rusty. . . I know."

Then she departed down the path in silence.

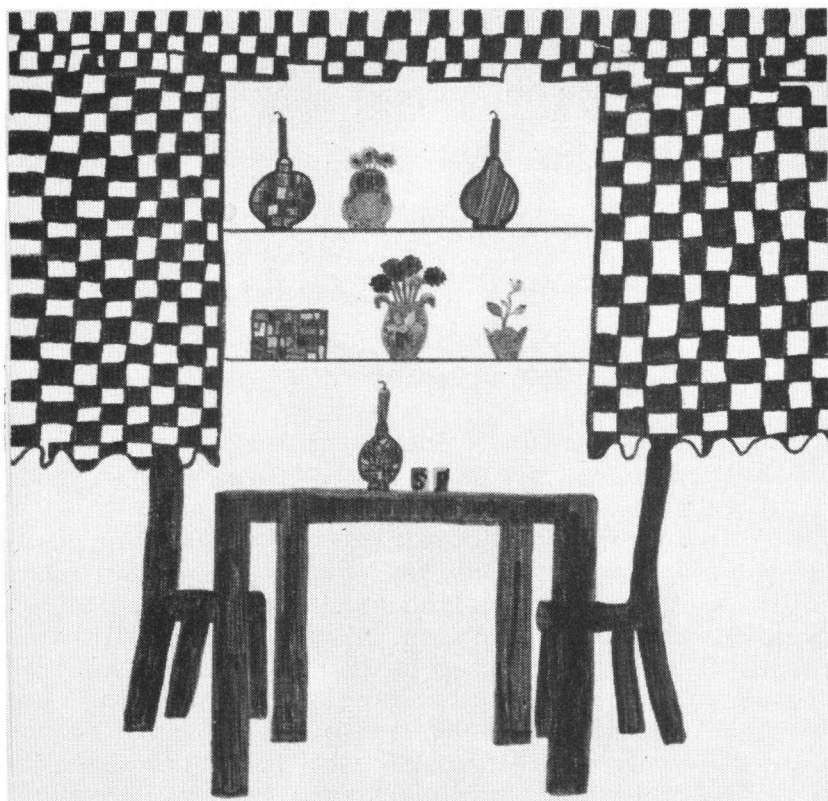
Chapter 4

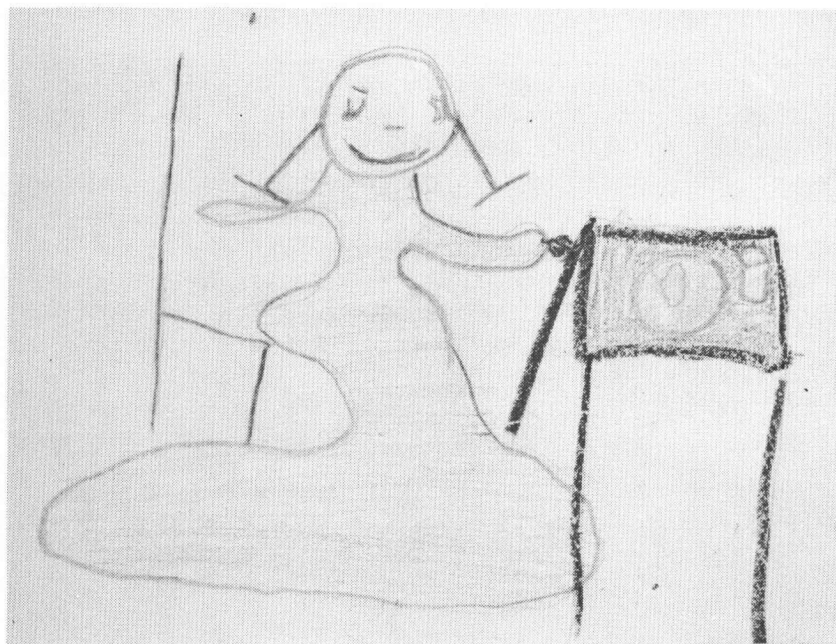
When Barbara woke the next morning, the sun was shining through her open window being pushed and stirred by the summer breeze behind it. She lay in bed gazing up and staring at the circles and swishes of the off-white paint on her bedroom ceiling. She felt excited this morning. Now she smelled the aroma of freshly perked coffee and the scent of crackling crisp bacon. Then she heard the sounds of her parents greeting a "good morning" to each other, and a "hello" to Ken, her older brother. "He is treated so nice by Dad," she thought angrily, "but Dad hates me I know. I never do anything right in his view." Then she remembered Ja-

son saying, ". . . Ya cost me money every time I turn around!"

Hurriedly, Barbara threw on her clothes and slowed her pace going down the steps to breakfast. She knew her father would be in a "bad" mood. He never was in a "good" mood. She couldn't stand the glare in Jason's eyes set on her. "If only I could prove I'm not a menacing little kid. I've changed," she thought as she quietly opened the wooden door. "But I've lost something I've carried in my heart ever since I understood words -- but what is it?" she wondered.

The laughing stopped when Barbara appeared at the door. She stepped into the kitchen as her





Mignon Comier, 7

mother set a plate of eggs and bacon on the table in the empty space for Barbara. As she sat down, Judy began a conversation with Barbara to replace the awkward silence.

"How's Rusty coming along?" she asked questioningly. Barbara swallowed her food then answered, "Fine, w-we've had a lot of fun lately. She felt a choke in her throat -- her head throbbed to the beat of her heart -- she knew her father was looking at her with anger in his blue eyes. Barbara looked down as her father grunted, "That's just it, you're spending all your time having fun with Rusty. Ken tells me you've been neglecting your chores. He's had to do the feeding of the horses all by himself. That's your responsibility to feed 'em. You know that!"

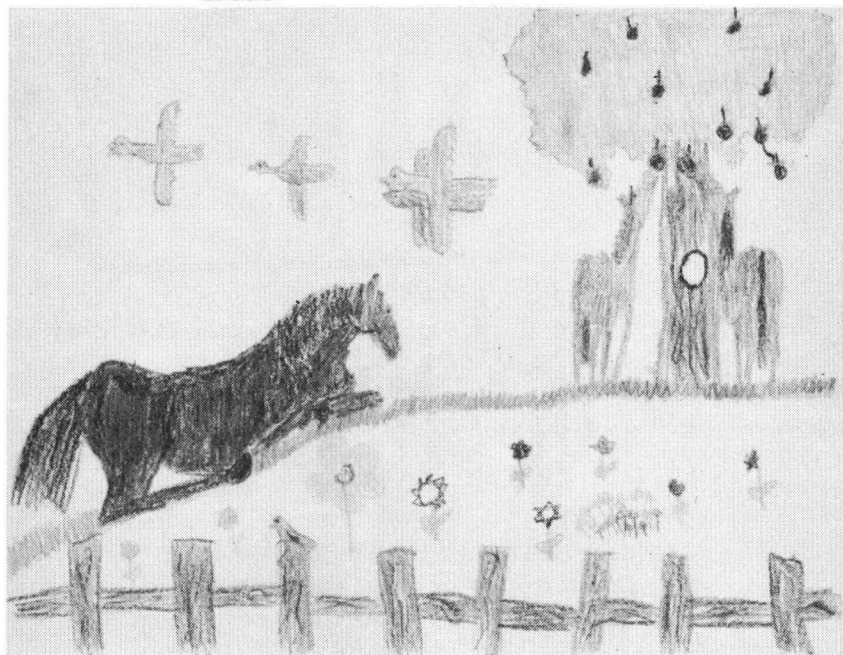
Barbara wanted dreadfully to speak, but a lump in her throat could not escape. Her lips opened, but no sound came out.

"Well, what'cha gotta say for yourself?" Jason angrily looked at her.

"Oh let her be, Jason," Judy snapped.

Then Jason glared at Barbara and said (in an unusually soft voice), "Better stop day dreamin' so much and start givin' Rusty a good work-out soon!"

After her breakfast she brought some oats and ran to the stall to see Rusty. Today she was going to put Rusty out in the pasture for the whole day. With the hot summer weather, Rusty wouldn't need a stall to keep nice 'n warm in the afternoons. He would only sleep in his stall.

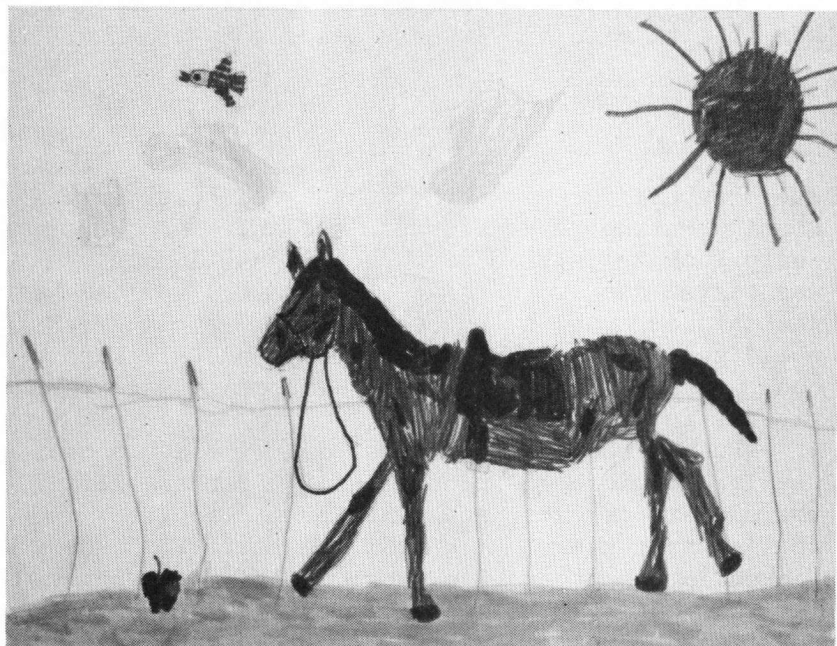


Stephanie Emmons, 11

Barbara walked Rusty out to the work-out circle, as her father called it. Rusty had already been halter-broken, so now Barbara had to train him.

First she took a long stick with a rope attached to the halter on Rusty's head. Barbara

stood in the center of the circle holding the stick with Rusty standing opposite her. Barbara said, "Walk!" and so Rusty began to walk. "Trott!" (and keeping him in a perfect circle). . . . "Canter!". . . . "Gallop!". . . . "Whoa, stop!" and Rusty halted. She repeated again and again until an hour flew by. (She continued the procedure every day.)



Michelle Berger, 7

"Well, I guess you're pretty tired," she stated while patting Rusty's neck. Rusty had had his woolly coat that winter, and it was shining from sweat and the sun. She walked him over to the water pump and filled a bucket full of water to cool him off with a sponge. She then gave him some little sips of water and walked Rusty around in circles to prevent cramps.

Rusty was in good shape. His red-brick coat was shining beautifully in the sunlight. His black mane and tail were a big difference from when he was a colt. The bang of hair on Rusty's forehead

was placed perfectly in front of his pricked ears. His long black mane flowing easily was groomed beautifully to each side of Rusty's neck. His also black tail swished to keep the flies away. Barbara now officially called him a true horse. (Only Barbara didn't understand why Rusty was getting so thin.)

Weeks later Barbara saddle-broke Rusty and was able to ride him. Rusty was now 3½ years old.

Chapter 5

When Barbara tore down the pathway to Rusty in the usual routine, she stopped suddenly in horror. Rusty looking at her with weariness in his eyes was wasted away to nothing. Barbara had noticed he was thinning out every day, but never thought he would get that bad! What had happened? His smooth coat was now a rib picture. You could see every rib distinctly.

Rusty, now lying on his side, lifted his head weakly and nickered in distress. Barbara lifted the bucket of oats and ran to his side. "Oh, what's wrong Rusty? What's the matter?" Rusty looked into her big blue eyes, then exhausted, he laid his head on the ground. Taking his head, she rested it on her legs and stroked his sweating neck. She tidied Rusty's smooth but tangled mane. Feeling the great heat in him, she said slowly, "You must have the fever. . . you're so hot!" She knew the fever had killed two of the other horses on the ranch. . . it would kill Rusty too. She knew that, but hoped it very wrong.

"Why must it end this way?" she cried, holding still tighter to Rusty. "Oh, why?! I love you so! You're mine. Please, don't. . . die! But you're so hot and sick. I spent the best three years of my life with you. You are my best friend, truly! What cruel thing could possess you to. . . die! Oh-h-h-h-h-h -- Don't die!! Please -- "

And even with all her pleading:

"Rusty! I love you. You would've been a king of the wind."

With the last ounce of his strength, he lifted his head and gazed in her eyes and neighed a sound the stallion had never made before. As if saying:

"I too. I know you cared and I trusted you. I love you too!"

Suddenly, Rusty's head dropped. Closing his eyes, he died.

Barbara rested her head tensely on the stallion's neck and wept bitterly.

THE END

*Lisa Reed, 11
Sandusky, Ohio*



Shannon Langer, 11



Grace Terrell, 10

MIND...

I, a deer
 wandering through the forest,
 the cool night breeze on me,
 the grass,
 dark and rustling,
 the trees,
 silent and serene,
 a gunshot,
 loud and ringing,
 piercing the silence,
 falling,

down through layers of darkness,
down through the earth,
down through the space,

I land,
on the hard soil,
a sharp pain through my body,
I have died,
my soul flees,

I cry pitifully,
"Come back my soul come back."
darkness
darkness

I awake,
in a bedding of twigs, feathers and threads,
my body is covered with feathers,
I am a bird,
I ruffle my feathers and beat my wings,
I feel very light,

I take off,
a sensation
soaring,
gliding along on an updraft,
free and airborne.

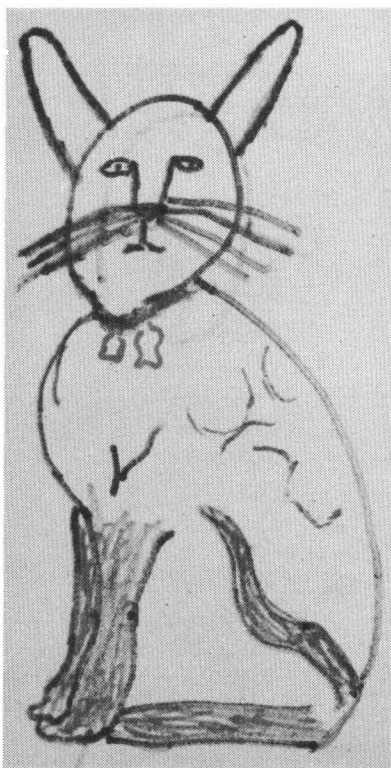
I am hungry,
I see the body of a deer on the forest floor,
can you eat the flesh from your own body?
I swoop down near a lake,
and catch a large trout and eat,
away to my nest to dream of flight.

*Michelle Johnson, 10
Fridley, Minnesota*

THE DOG AND THE CAT

LONG AGO, IN a lightly forested area, there lived a shepherd who lived on the edge of this wood. With him lived a faithful sheep dog. They lived happily in their tiny cottage; by day guiding sheep, and by night, singing and barking before a blazing fire.

One day, a good friend of the shepherd chanced by. He was hungry and tired, so the shepherd invited him into his home.



Hilary Wolfe, 6

After a fine supper, with meat and wine, the man took something out of a basket he was carrying. It was a black and white spotted kitten, and the man said, "For a fine supper, and a night's place to sleep, I would like to give you this kitten. Love him and he will love you."

With that he went to a small bed, pulled the covers over his shoulders, and went to sleep. In the morning, he left with a full stomach.

As the man had asked, the kitten was loved; to the point of neglect for the poor dog.

So, one sunny day, two years later, the dog said to the cat (in animal language), "Please, cat, help me to be loved by my master? Please help me?"

The cat replied, "It will not matter, for I am leaving for a beautiful cat I used to know. She is more beautiful than anything. Farewell!"

"Farewell, puss," called the dog, and with that he bounded home.

Though his master was sad, he soon forgot his sadness in the joy of telling the tale of his cat and dog, though he added his own ending. "My dear dog was so jealous, that he drove that cat away!"

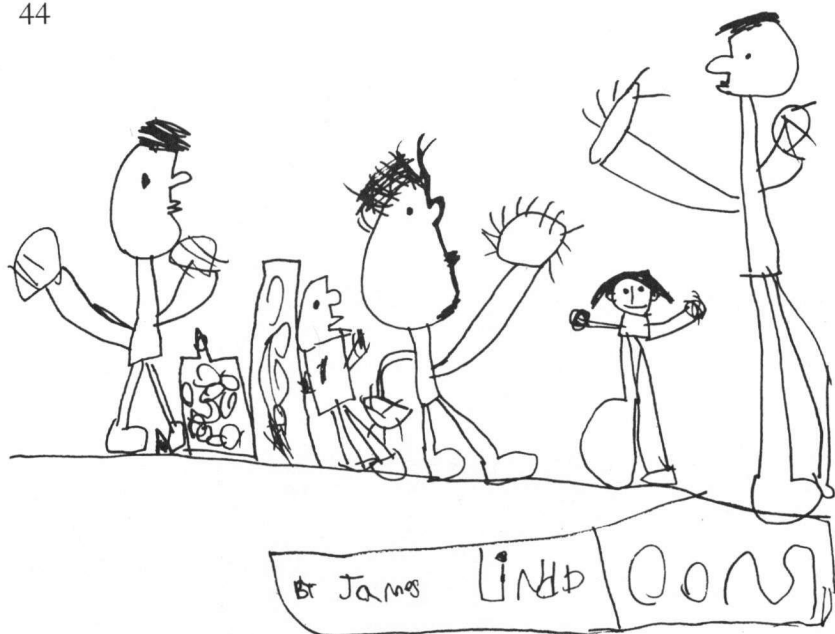
He told this to all passers-by, and everyone believed him, including himself.



Chris Gifford, 8

The Moral of the Story: With man's violent, unkind mind, he often finds it impossible to believe that somewhere, peace has occurred.

*Katie Mason, 11
Moraga, California*



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editors,

My greatest fantasy is to have a story I have written published.

I'm really glad to have the opportunity to work with Mrs. Spinrad, our reading consultant, and other children who all want to write too.

I like to review books as much as I like to eat, and that's alot.

It's great for children that there is a magazine like STONE SOUP.

Sincerely yours,

*Chipper Garfinkle, 11
Longfellow School
Teaneck, New Jersey*

Chipper's review of MR. DEATH is on page 31 of this issue.

Dear Editors,

My friend gets your magazine and she lent it to me. After I read it, I decided to send some of my poems. I thought you might like to read them and use them in your magazine. I've never seen a magazine more fun to read. It's really fun to read poems and stories written by children your own age.

Love,

*Brigitte Devine, 11
Northridge, California*

Dear Editors:

We have enjoyed your magazine STONE SOUP this year. When I was glancing through your Volume IV Number 3 issue I was startled to see Borris and Morris, a story "by" Jennifer Rudinger on pages 4 and 5. You will find that Borris and Morris are straight from Bernard Wiseman's children's beginning to read book, entitled MORRIS AND BORRIS and published by Dodd, Mead & Company. The wording is not exactly as that in Wiseman's book but almost.

I write this just to inform you of the situation, as I am sure others will do. It must be difficult to screen so many pieces of literature coming from all children. I have noted your statement "All material printed in STONE SOUP is original to the best of our knowledge."

MORRIS AND BORRIS is a delightful book, Jennifer Rudinger has good taste!

Sincerely,

*Mrs. Helen G. Zeigler, Library Aide
Excelsior Elementary School
Excelsior, Minnesota*

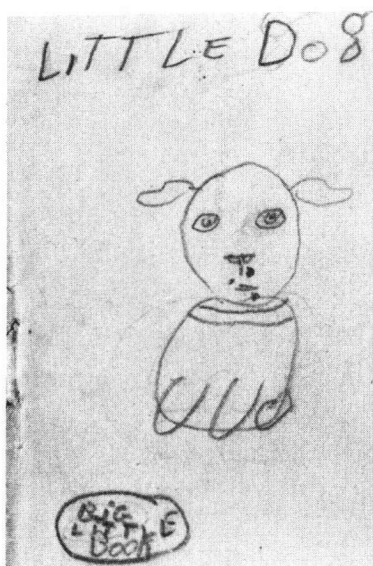
MORRIS AND BORRIS was written and illustrated by Bernard Wiseman and published by Dodd, Mead & Company, copyright 1974.

The EDITORS NOTEBOOK



a guide for teachers who
subscribe to **STONE SOUP**

The EDITORS NOTEBOOK is a companion volume to STONE SOUP. It is intended to assist teachers in finding ways to use STONE SOUP as the basis for a comprehensive writing and art program. The NOTEBOOK includes sections dealing directly with STONE SOUP, sections on classroom writing and art projects, and more general sections dealing with the principles of child art education on which STONE SOUP is based. The EDITORS NOTEBOOK costs \$1.25. To order the NOTEBOOK, please use the form on page 48.



LITTLE BOOKS

STONE SOUP announces the publication of the first five books in our new LITTLE BOOK series. LITTLE BOOKS are 4 by 3 inches small, 16 pages long, and they are printed in two colors. LITTLE BOOKS are written and illustrated by children ages 5 to 13. They cost between 50¢ and 75¢ each.

The first series of LITTLE BOOKS includes THE GREAT WILD EGG HUNT, being the adventures of Hevner the elephant, Gertrude the snail, and Arbort the blue dinosaur, in beautiful 2-color registry throughout; THE BEE THAT COULD NEVER BE KILLED, in which Homer the bee becomes world famous as the bee who never lost his stinger; WILDEST HORSE IN AMERICA, a dream-like fantasy about a tragic series of confrontations between a herd of proud wild horses and a city; FRANKENSTEIN LOCKS HIMSELF OUT, the story of a colossal Frankenstein monster who, despite his childlike innocence, terrorizes the city of San Francisco; and LITTLE DOG, a facsimile of a little book written in 1934, when its author was 6 years old.

LITTLE BOOKS are available only through the mail. Only 250 copies of each book have been printed, so, if you are interested, order your set now. Turn to page 48 for the order form.

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