

# STONE SOUP

the magazine by children



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COVER: "Spring," by Myra Nicolaou, 8, Cyprus.

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## MEMBERSHIPS

*Stone Soup* (USPS 121870) is published five times a year, in September, November, January, March, and May. It is mailed to members of the Children's Art Foundation. In the United States, a one-year membership costs \$17.50, two years \$30.00, three years \$42.50. Foreign countries, including Canada, add \$4.00 per year. Single copies of *Stone Soup* cost \$3.50 each.

## 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We do not publish a representative sample of the work we receive.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.





*Beckie Emig, 9, K. Finchy School, Palm Springs, California*

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## THE PILE OF SAND

WE WENT TO pick up my mother after she got off from work at six o'clock P.M. We got some groceries and took them to my aunt's house. They were going to have a peyote meeting that night. They had the tepee set up already. We went in to look inside it. There in the center of the tepee was a pile of sand nicely smoothed in a half circle. I asked my mother why it was there but she did not tell me for some reason. My uncle said, "Don't come in here now. If one of you steps on the smoothed sand someone might get bad luck." We did not care about what he said to us. We played outside in front of the tepee. Then one of my sisters ran inside the tepee and stepped on the sand. I went in after her and suddenly I remembered what my uncle had said about the pile of sand. I was afraid that we would get a spanking so I took my sisters and we ran down to the highway. We hid behind some sagebrush. I heard my uncle calling us. I knew that he had found out what we did to the sand in the tepee. Mom and Dad came driving by. We got in and we went home to Gallup.

My mom had to take my aunt home to Canoncito near Albuquerque. As she drove back something happened.

It was nine o'clock P.M. and we waited and waited at home. My dad and I were still up at two o'clock A.M. We drank coffee and hot cocoa to keep us awake. We were listening to the radio at two

forty-five A.M. when the doorbell rang. I ran to answer it. It was my mother. She had crutches and a broken leg on the left side. I knew at once it was the pile of sand in the tepee. She came in and sat down with the crutches. I got her some coffee and she told us what had happened. She said, "I was driving back near Grants when all of a sudden a creature about four feet tall ran across the road. I looked up and I saw its face. It is difficult to explain but its face looked horrible. The car's steering wheel locked and I ran off the road. I hit a big tree. My seat belt broke and I fell under the steering wheel. I heard my left leg crack . . . and . . ." She started to cry.

My dad and I tried to calm her down. After she calmed down I told her about the pile of sand. She looked at me with a frown.

The next day we took our other pickup and went to a medicine man. He told my mom and dad that they should have prayed at the meeting so that it would not have happened. My dad told the medicine man that they did not know until last night.

I said, "I didn't tell them until last night." The medicine man sort of got mad at me and said, "You should have told your parents before you went home."

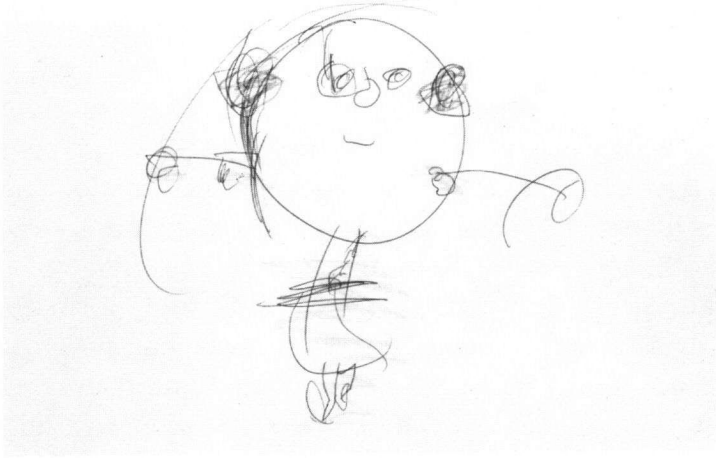
Then we all said nothing. We watched him prepare some medicine for us to eat. He made nine balls for all of us, four for my sisters, three for my brothers and me, and two for Mom and Dad. The medicine was made from peyote. He made it like

balls. He gave it to us to eat after he finished making them. It tasted bitter but we had to eat it. After that he prayed for us in his thoughts. He put some cedar leaves in the lighted embers on the sandy ground in his hogan and it smelled good. With an eagle's feather he blew the good scent at us. After we finished doing that he gave us some corn pollen to put in our mouths and on top of our heads. Then he put some more of the good smelling cedar leaves on the embers and we put it on ourselves again. Then we went home.

Sunday we went to Grants to see our poor smashed car. It looked awful. Two weeks later we were driving onto the highway from my grandmother's house. Then all of a sudden a small brown car with no headlights on almost hit us. We were glad that it didn't. My mom's cast came off in two months. Everything went fine from then on. I hope we never have bad luck again because of the sand in the tepee.

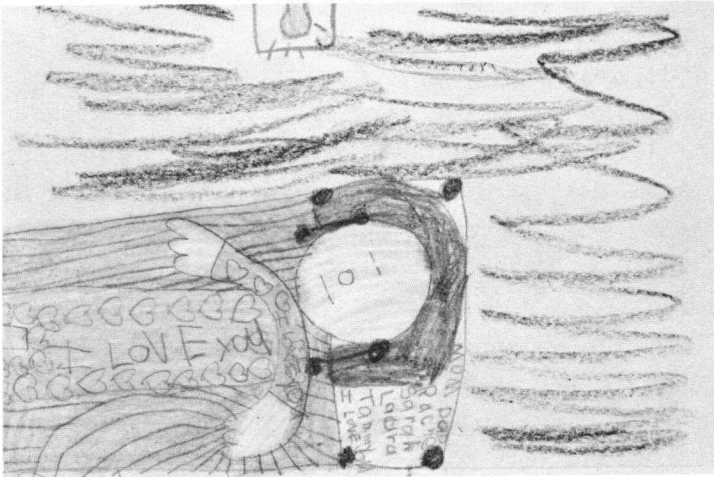
*Leon King, 12,  
Chuska/Tohatchi School, Tohatchi, New Mexico*

## WOMAN WITH DRESS AND EARRINGS



*Martin Schnellinger, 2½, Norwalk, Ohio*

## THIS IS ME SLEEPING



*Rachel Lehman, 6, Angell School, Berkley, Michigan*



## BRANTA CANADENSIS

IT WAS A cold fall day in Canada and there were snow flurries in the air. A big snowflake fell on the leader's beak. The Canadian geese were feeding by a huge pond that had tall water plants in it. The snow came down harder and harder, and the leader gathered his mate. Canadian geese mate for life, and he thought of her first. He signaled the other geese and they started to fly in V formation with the male goose leading and his mate just behind him. The storm grew worse. The flock could hardly see. The flock landed in Montana in a cornfield where they sat out the storm. Then all of a sudden a shot rang out from behind a corn shock. It hit the leader's mate in the leg, and she could barely fly as the flock flew skyward. She somehow made it to Colorado. The flock landed in a cornfield that had been harvested. Grains of corn had been left behind. That meant good feeding for the geese. She could reach the corn but she was too sick to eat. Her mate, the flock leader, stayed by her side.

"Bob, get up! It's nine o'clock A.M.!" said Betty.

"All right! All right! I am coming!" said Bob.

"Hurry! Your breakfast is getting cold," said Betty.

Bob and Betty are a retired couple in Fort Collins, Colorado. Bob used to work as a game warden. Betty used to be a doughnut maker for Daylight Donuts. Both liked to talk about what they read in the newspaper each morning. But this

morning they talked about the Canadian geese that were feeding in the cornfields near their cozy little house. "Bob, are you going to the cornfields today?" asked Betty.

"Yep," said Bob who loved the big geese. He loved all birds and animals. They had been his life's work as a game warden.

"Do you think the geese will stay long?" asked Betty.

"Yes," answered Bob. "There is a lot of corn for them to eat and the weather has been nice for this time of the year. Boy! That was good! Thanks for cooking such a good breakfast!" said Bob.

"You're welcome," said Betty.

"Well, I better be going on out to the geese," said Bob.

He went down to the cornfields. He was watching the geese and the geese flew off. But one didn't. Bob went over to see the beautiful goose. It was the leader's mate, hurt in the leg. He gently picked her up and took her home. When Betty saw the injured goose, she was surprised.

"Betty, I found this goose in the cornfield. She is hurt in the leg. I think we should keep her until it heals," said Bob.

"I think so, too, Bob. We'll keep her in the extra bathroom by the back door," said Betty.

"I will get a box and a cushion for her to sleep on," said Bob.

"And I will get water and food for her," said Betty.

"This will be big enough," said Bob. "Now let's

see if we can fix the leg."

"What do you need, Bob?" asked Betty.

"I need a small stick and some tape."

"How's this?" asked Betty.

"Great! That will do," said Bob as he set the injured leg. "Now let's see how she is."

"Did you get it?" asked Betty.

"Sure did," said Bob.

"Let's let her rest now so she can get well," whispered Betty.

The months went by and soon it was Christmas time. The goose was sad and lonely for her mate. She moped around the house. But Bob and Betty both cheered her up by giving her a new painted food bowl and filled it with corn and she ate and ate. Bob took a picture of the goose.

"*Branta canadensis* is her genus and species," said Bob. "She is a beautiful goose." She was happy. Bob and Betty treated her like one of the family. Betty made doughnut holes for the goose when she made doughnuts for Bob.

The winter months were fading. The goose grew fat and healthy. Spring was in the air. Betty saw the first robin in the garden one day, and the days were getting longer and longer. Betty was cooking a big Irish stew, soda bread, and grasshopper pie for St. Patrick's Day. Their last name was O'Hara. Bob and Betty were Irish, and they always celebrated on March seventeenth.

After they ate, Bob went to check on the goose. She was asleep. Bob and Betty went to bed. They had a space heater in the kitchen. It was too near a

curtain and the curtain caught fire. The goose woke up and smelled the smoke. She started honking in fear. Bob woke up because of the goose's noise. He smelled the smoke, and he called to Betty to get up. He felt the bedroom door. It was cool. As he walked out he saw the goose in the hall. The goose led Bob and Betty out of the house safely.

Bob went over to the neighbors' house and called the fire department. They came in a few minutes and put out the fire. The kitchen was mostly destroyed but the rest of the house was O.K.

"As long as we are all right and the goose is O.K., we'll get the kitchen fixed."

"Thanks to the goose we all got out alive!" said Betty.

Bob was a good carpenter and began fixing the burned-out kitchen himself. The goose followed him everywhere. A couple weeks after the fire, a flock of geese flew over the cornfield. The goose started honking. Bob let her out. She flew to the cornfield where she found her mate who was leading the flock back to Canada for the summer. They were happy to see each other.

She flew off with her mate and the flock. They were headed northward. Bob and Betty waved as the flock flew northward in V formation. They missed the goose a lot. She had been good company to them, and she had saved their lives.

"I wish she would not have gone, but I'm glad that she is back with her mate," said Betty.

"Me, too. We were lucky to have had her with us. Now she can be happy again in her natural life in

the wild," said Bob. Betty and Bob held hands as they walked back home.

*Douglas Mutz, 11,  
Rock River School, Rock River, Wyoming*

## THE ESCAPE

I HAVE BEEN through an experience that I will never forget. When I was about six years old, my family and I escaped looking for freedom in America, because the Viet Cong took over my country. The country is Viet Nam.

The first time we escaped we didn't make it. I didn't feel scared or anything; but I felt very uncomfortable sitting in a small boat breathing other people's breath, hearing babies' cries, and smelling the dirty fumes from the boat. The second time we tried to escape the Viet Cong caught us and put us into jail. I was really scared when they all pointed their guns at us. After they put us in jail, I began to know what prison was like.

Life in prison was very terrible. We didn't have enough to eat, nor enough clothing, and the little children didn't get a single decent meal. They didn't care if the people lying there starved to death. All they fed us was two meals a day, and that's it. The food that they gave to us was like leftover foods, but



we were so hungry we didn't notice. After spending a month in jail, they let us out.

About two months later, my father made another plan. He bought a small passenger boat, then gathered people who wanted to escape. In a few days we took off. This time we made it. We landed on a seashore off Malaysia. We stayed there for two months and many other people like us were there also. Later the Malaysian soldiers put us in a wrecked boat and pulled it out to the international water. We stayed out there for ten days. Whenever an airplane or a boat passed by, the people in the boat tried to signal for help; but it was no use. Finally, a ship saw us and towed the boat to the nearest island, called Air Raya. It was located in Indonesia. We stayed there for nine months.

At the beginning of those months, it was horrible. Every day people got sick and died because of the air and foods that they breathed and ate. Later there was a hospital built on the island.

After we stayed there, we were all on board a big ship. We sailed to Singapore. From there we flew by plane to America!

*Viet Doan Nguyen, 11, East Point, Georgia*

## MY COUNTRY AND THE WAY TO AMERICA

I LIVE IN Vietnam. I go to school in Vietnam. I have three pigs and one dog, but the dog is dead. My mother she was sad. My mother my father my sister is go to work. Me and my younger sister we stay home. Everybody is go to work. We has a restaurant in Vietnam. So my family they work there.

In Vietnam is very awful so we leave. One night my sister she take my younger sister and I go in to the boat. But we ask her where do we going, and she said she take us to the zoo. And we very happy because we don't know what the zoo mean. She tell us the zoo is for the animals use to live.

So we go to see we saw the lion and the tiger and the elephant and the monkey and the wolf and snake and the bear and the very old cat. The old cat is very big but if we touch that cat he bite you and you have to go to the hospital. That cat so grumpy.

After we went to the zoo and we go to buy a lot of food. My younger sister she ask what for? My oldest sister said we going to have a party.

And she take us to get on the boat. And I see too much people. When we start to go I am too small and I am so stupid.

Because they want everybody to put the children to go sleep because they start to go but I don't want to go to sleep but I want to play with the water. I

put my feet under the water. The people in the boat they gave me a medicine but I don't know what is that. Then I drink the medicine. After I drink I was sleeping.

When I wake up I saw the ocean. And I put my feet under the water again.

After three days or four days out the ocean, the boat have a hole and the water coming. Everybody was cry and scary. The boat was rocking and raining. The people they felling down the ocean. The captain in the boat. He jump down the ocean and he help everybody to get on the boat. Then he was tired and he can't swim no more. He dead under ocean. His wife was sad and lonely. Everybody they are wet. Me and my younger sister we are under boat. And we didn't get drop down the ocean. My sister she said we are lucky. The people they take care of the lady because that lady she is very lonely and sad.

We stay in the ocean for a month and two days. The last day we saw a people dead on the water. We saw money and the wood, the shoe, the paper, the clothes, the pants. And everybody was scary.

Another day we saw a big ships. We are happy they let we get on the ship. We saw a lot of toys. We play on the ship for one day.

And they get my boat to Malaysia. We lived there two month.

And they take we go to Indonesia. We lived there one years. We live in Indonesia. We have no food no water to drink no soap and shampoo for hair in Indonesia is very dirty and messy. They has a lot of

the bad fly. If the bad fly sting we get sick. And no medicine. The people they dead every day.

I sick one time but not much because I drink the bad water it make me sick.

My sister she think I might dead so she feel sad. And worry about my mother and my father and my sister in Vietnam.

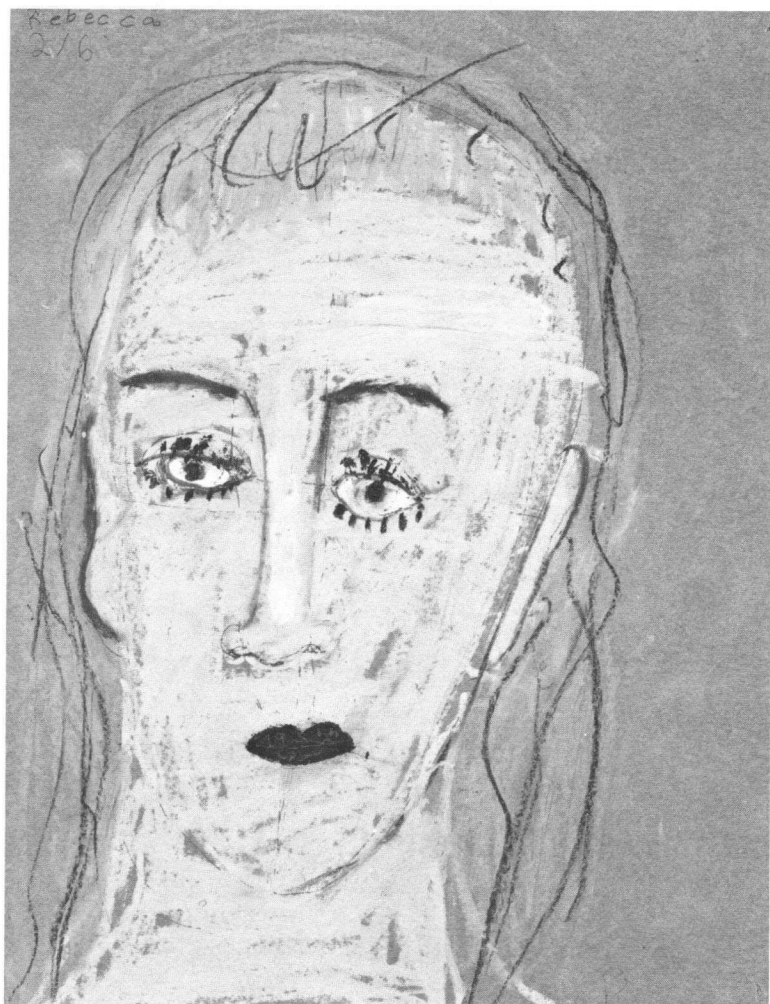
Next morning the America people they call my family name to get on the ship. They take us go to the big mountain.

A lot some people. And we are talking to the Vietnamese people. We came to a big mountain they have everything. They have water and food, and no fly nothing. We lived there we don't have to cook. They cook for us to eat every day. We can eat anything if we want to. Because we got to come to America some day. So we very happy.

The mountain is very beautiful. It look very big then in Vietnam. The mountain look like a city. I like America we like to live there. We live there they give us candy every day. We live there one week. Then we get on the airplane to came to Hong Kong. And we came to America. Then we live in the hotel two days in Los Angeles.

*Huong Nguyen, 11, Hosford Middle School, Portland, Oregon*

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*Rebecca Goldman, 6, Capitola, California*



## THE TWO OF US

I LAY ON my bed quietly reading one of my favorite Archie comic books. Suddenly, a voice screeched, "Charlie!!! Get down here right now!!!"

My mother had obviously just come home from her meeting and was, as usual, mad at me for something. I was a bit confused since I had spent the last forty-five minutes doing exactly what my mother was always urging me to do: reading peacefully in my room. Could she possibly know I was reading a comic book instead of *Shakespeare's Plays for Children*? No, not even she is that smart. Putting my comic book aside, I mumbled sarcastically, "I'm coming, dear, darling mother," and trudged down the stairs. When I reached the kitchen, I found my mother, still wearing her coat, hugging and soothing my younger sister, Mickey. Mickey was crying hysterically.

"What's wrong?" I innocently asked.

My mother glared at me. "Charlie, is it true that you ignored Mickey while I was out? You know she hates it when I have to go away. I trusted you."

I was shocked. My peaceful interlude had been interrupted for this! I tried to explain what had happened, but I couldn't stop feeling like a prisoner who had been sentenced without a trial.

"I wanted to see 'Star Trek,' but Mickey insisted on watching 'Holly Hobby' cartoons. Now, Mom, you know I can't stand that television show so I went upstairs to read. It's not as if I left the house

or anything."

Mother accused, "I'm still disappointed in you. You should have stayed downstairs with Mickey. Go up to your room now and wait there until your father gets home."

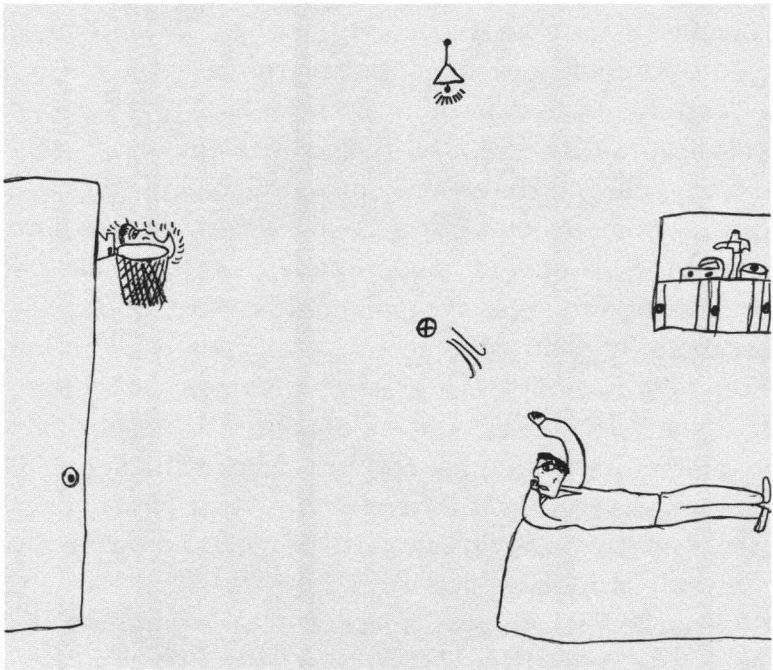
I stood there burning up inside at the unfairness of my mother and at the triumphant look of satisfaction in Mickey's eyes. I bit my lip to keep from saying what I was feeling. Then, in as dignified a manner as I could manage, I walked out of the kitchen and went to my room.

"Sisters! Bah, humbug!" I snarled in my Scrooge voice. After having me, such a perfect child, why did my parents have to ruin it by having Mickey? She seems to have been born just to get me into trouble. She obviously gets some sadistic pleasure in making my life miserable. Just last week, for example, we had gone shopping at Toys R Us. I had excitedly dashed to the electronic games section and had eagerly picked out two games I desperately wanted to have. In the meantime, Mickey had gone to the doll area and was soon clutching four packages of Barbie clothes. While Mickey had stood admiring the outfits, my mother had drawn me aside.

"Charlie," she had whispered. "These games cost a great deal more than doll clothes. Also, Mickey plays with her Barbies a lot more than you use your electronic games. I'm sure you understand, therefore, why I'm buying Mickey the four outfits but don't think you need a new game."

Understand! I had been infuriated then, and I was angry now even thinking about it. Just then, Mickey

herself knocked on my door. Without waiting to be invited, she came in and asked me if she could borrow my markers. She was sugary sweet, the way she always is after she's bothered me and then wants something. Too disgusted to reply (and also a bit speechless by her nerve), I simply nodded. She wheeled around, took the markers off my desk, and grandly left the room.



I took my nerf ball and began shooting it into the basket taped to my closet door. I pretended the basket was Mickey, and I threw the ball with all my might, aiming it right at her imagined mouth. The basketball set, a birthday gift, reminded me of my

last birthday party and, again, of how obnoxious Mickey had been. I had been trying to organize my friends into teams for bowling, but Mickey had been fooling around, making them laugh, and sabotaging all my efforts. Later, when we had been eating the cake and ice cream, Mickey had begun telling outrageous lies about me as well as some very personal things. I had been so humiliated!

Enough thinking about Mickey, I ordered myself, so I looked for ways to distract myself. I turned on my radio and tried working on my latest story, but Mickey's smirking face kept popping in front of me. Finally, I gave up and, fuming, flopped down on my bed.

It wasn't too long before there was a soft knock on my door. After a short pause, the lady of the day again entered: Mickey. She trotted up to my bed, nonchalantly dropped my markers and a big piece of colored paper onto it, and then danced out of my room. Silently cursing her for not putting the markers back on my desk, I reached for them and, out of curiosity, for the paper as well. I saw that it was a card that Mickey must have just made with the markers. It read:

Dear Charlie:

I am sorry to have caused you so much pain by getting you into trouble. I don't know why I did it. Please forgive me.

Love, Mickey

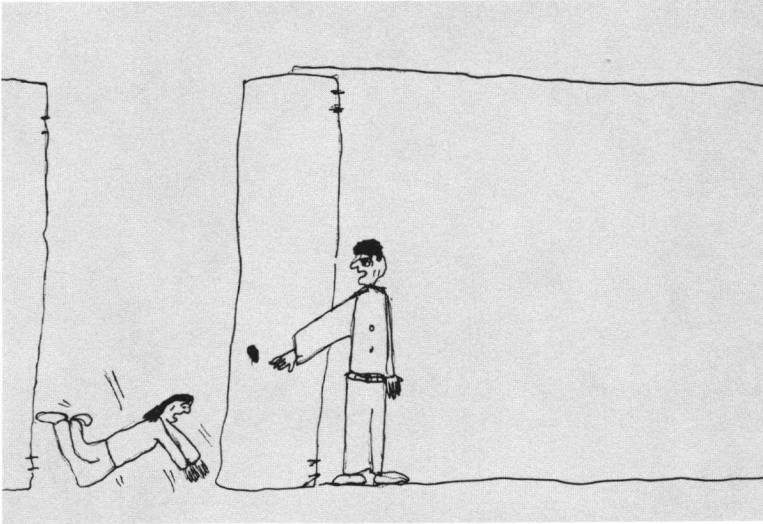
P.S. Inside this card is one of my new Archie comic books. Enjoy it!

I opened the homemade card and, sure enough, there lay the only Archie comic book I didn't have. I couldn't help but smile. Maybe Mickey wasn't all that evil after all. Holding the comic, I thought about the good times we have shared. I remembered the first time Mickey and I had "babysat" each other. She had been scared so we had both curled up in my parents' king-size bed and had read together. Then, I had let her play "Annie," her favorite tape. Afterwards, I had stayed up with her until ten-thirty, playing games and joking around to take her mind off her fright. Although I had been scolded for keeping her up so late, I still had felt good about having been a comfort to her.

My eyes traveled toward my bookshelf where the four S. E. Hinton books I had wanted and Mickey had bought for me seemed to stare back at me. I gazed at the wood carving she had made for me at camp, and I focused on the photograph of the two of us taken during the performance of one of our original plays. I also thought about how much I admire Mickey. She has had scoliosis since she was six and has to wear a machine every night that gives her electric shocks in order to straighten her spine. I remembered all the nights I've seen her eyes fill up with tears from the pain of the machine. I've watched her bravely clench her teeth and have felt her tightly grasp my hand in order to avoid



crying out. I realized again how lucky I am not to have such a problem because I don't know if I could handle it as well. Mickey is sure one tough little girl, I grudgingly admitted to myself.



A scratch at my door interrupted my thoughts. I got up to see what it was, and Mickey toppled into my room. She had been waiting at the door the whole time to see what my reaction to her card would be. For a moment I glared at her, but then I burst into laughter. She, too, smiled and then gave me a hug, the kind of hug special between a little sister and her big brother. I guess, maybe, that I do love Mickey after all!

*Jonathan Rosenbaum, 11,  
Hillel Day School, Oak Park, Michigan  
illustrated by the author*

## SELF PORTRAIT



*Cassie Jameson, 8, Santa Cruz, California*

## A RIDE WITH FATE

**B**ILLY WOKE UP in a cold sweat. His pillow was wet. He got out of bed and hobbled to the window. His leg was still hurting him from the accident. Billy looked out the window and remembered. He remembered it well.

Twelve-year-old Billy McCall lives down the road from Mr. David Reed. Mr. Reed is seventy-one; old, but healthy and strong. The ninety-nine acres that Mr. Reed owns was once a dairy farm but is now where he boards horses for their owners. Mr. Reed takes care of thirteen horses. His horse, Buck, is the strongest, and is the leader of them all. No wonder; Buck is a Tennessee Walker thoroughbred. Mr. Reed enjoys riding Buck. In the summer Mr. Reed would ride Buck almost every day. In winter when the grass is usually covered with a couple feet of snow, Mr. Reed would give the horses hay, but Buck would get hay and oats. Every week Buck was groomed, and once a month his hooves were cleaned.

Billy was walking up to Mr. Reed's farm to ask him if he could ride Buck. If he could, this would be the twelfth time. Billy could only go on weekends, so he had to finish all his homework before he went. Billy didn't like to walk on the road. He didn't like the paved roads, the cars, the electric fences or the TV antennas on every roof. Billy didn't like any of these things. You could do without them, he thought. So instead, Billy walked through

the field that joined Mr. Reed's property with his.

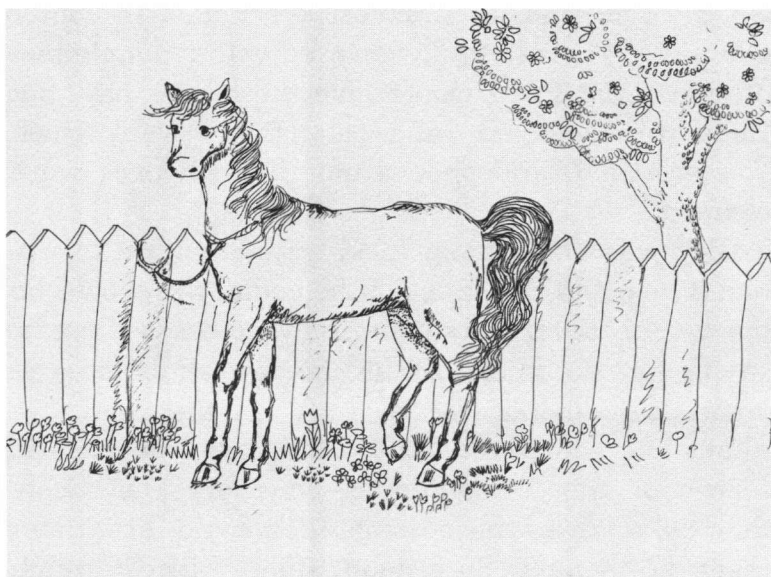
It was two o'clock Saturday afternoon, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Billy saw Mr. Reed as he was finishing painting the fence that led from the barnyard to the pasture.

"Hi, Mr. Reed. Are you enjoying this summer weather we're having?"

"Yeah, I am, Billy. By six o'clock tonight this paint will be as dry as a horse's throat without water. I guess you want to take Buck out, right, Billy?"

"Yeah, I do. It's a nice day, and I've got all my homework done, too."

"O.K. He's in the first stable. I'm going to wash this brush and go inside. When you come back give Buck some corn. You know where it is."

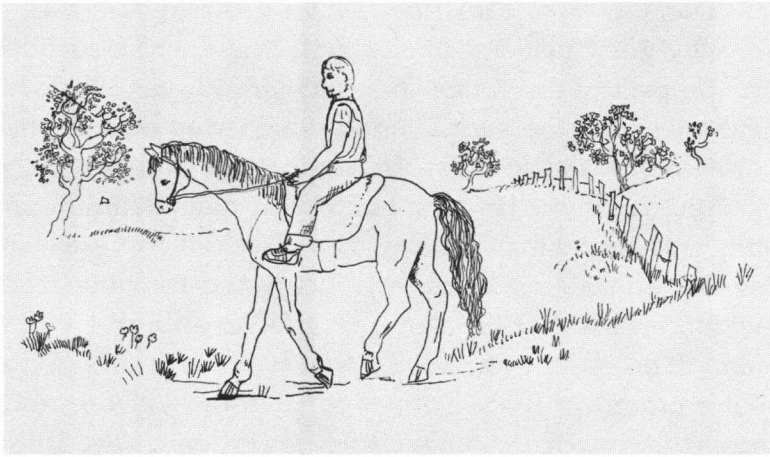


"Don't worry, Mr. Reed, I will."

Billy got Buck out of the first stable and tied him to the part of the fence that was already dry. Before Billy went to the saddle shed which was next to the first stable outside the barnyard, he stopped and looked at Buck. He saw his brown hair gleaming in the summer sun. He saw Buck's broad chest, his strong muscular thighs, and his mane blowing free with the wind. Billy got the saddle and put it on him. The other horses in the barnyard talked to each other, probably about what they will do, and where they will go when Buck is ridden away, Billy thought. Billy fastened the girth under Buck's stomach, adjusted the stirrups, and got on. He rode Buck down the lane and onto the road. Billy was always careful with Buck while riding along the narrow country highway, because he knew Buck was one of a kind.

Billy rode Buck along the road for about a half hour and then decided to turn off of it. He rode through a field that was once a thriving dairy farm in the late eighteen hundreds. The land was rich and fertile. No one owned it now, but somebody was supposed to buy it in October.

Billy led Buck down to the creek and let him drink. He saw the sun setting and knew he had to get home, but fast! Billy leaped on Buck, kicked his ribs and yanked the reins. Buck took off like a shot. He galloped all the way to the road and then slowed down to a trot. Billy remembered when Buck started to gallop, his powerful legs pushing off the ground, heaving his body forward and then



thrusting himself forward again.

When Billy got back to Mr. Reed's farm, he unsaddled Buck, put the saddle away, led Buck into the barnyard, and gave him some corn.

After he gave Buck his corn, Buck walked down to the creek in Mr. Reed's field, and all of the other horses followed. They wanted to be with their leader; they wanted someone to follow.

That Thursday in school Billy got a social studies test back. The teacher put it on his desk face down. Billy could see all of the red marks through the back. He turned the test over and looked at the grade. His eyes bulged, his heart started beating faster, and sweat started pouring down his face. Billy's first urge was to rip it up, but he knew he couldn't. He slipped the test in his folder and looked around the classroom like nothing was bothering him, but he still had a dazed look in his eyes the whole day.

That weekend Billy finished his homework and walked over to Mr. Reed's farm. It was a beautiful Saturday. Just the right weather to ride a horse: bright, sunny and a small breeze.

When Billy got to the farm, Mr. Reed's blue Chevy pickup was gone. Billy thought he went to get horse feed or hay. He knew Mr. Reed wouldn't mind if he rode Buck. So Billy got Buck out of the stable and saddled him up. He got on Buck and rode down the gravel lane.

At the end of the lane Billy looked down the road to see if any cars were coming. When Billy turned his head to the left, he caught a glimpse of his house. He remembered what his father said to him when he showed him his test. He couldn't understand why his dad told him that this would be his last time riding Buck. Billy's riding Buck didn't even affect his grade on the test, and Billy knew it.

As horse and rider rode along the black-topped road, Billy decided to go to the Stone Edge Quarry, because this was the last time he could ride Buck. The quarry trail was a nice, long, quiet and peaceful ride. Billy's father worked at the quarry, and Billy was thinking about him, so that probably helped him make up his mind.

Finally Billy got to the quarry's gate. Well, it wasn't really a gate, it was just a chain that was stretched across the entrance, about three feet above the ground.

As Billy pulled back on the reins to stop Buck, he saw the signs near the entrance. KEEP OUT; NO TRESPASSING; OFF LIMITS ON WEEKENDS;

### CLOSED TODAY.

Billy got off Buck and unsnapped the chain from the big white post, took ahold of Buck's reins, and walked over the chain. He fastened the chain and got on Buck.



As Billy rode the horse through the quarry, he thought of his father again. It got him so mad that he couldn't ride Buck anymore. Why, he thought to himself, why. He studied hard for the test, but he just froze up when it was given to him.

Billy was startled when he thought he heard a dog's bark in the distance ahead. He heard it again. It seemed to be getting closer!

Suddenly, a big black German shepherd came flying around the bend.



"Oh, no!" Billy yelled. Buck, seeing the big dark hairy animal and hearing Billy's terrifying cry, was alarmed so much that he pushed off the ground with his hooves and started to gallop toward the chain.



Buck was out of control, and Billy couldn't do anything to slow him down.

Where did the dog come from? It might have been a stray, or it could have been the quarry's guard dog, but there was no time to guess where some dog came from. Buck was getting closer to the chain! Billy knew Buck could jump it. The dog was still behind them, barking, howling and running faster than ever. There were stones laid on top of the quarry road, so pot holes wouldn't come up so

soon. The chain was getting closer. Billy knew Buck could jump it, he had to.

"Come on, Buck, old boy. You can do it," Billy said as Buck was still running full speed, and as they were about ten yards away from the chain. Five yards . . . four yards . . . five feet.

"Jump!" Billy screamed as Buck pushed off the loose stones with all fours.



"Neigh," grunted Buck as his two hind hooves scraped the chain. Then another painful grunt as his legs hit the ground. Buck kept on running as long as he could, which was only about fifteen yards away from the quarry's entrance. By then Billy had gotten him under control. The dog had disappeared somewhere on the quarry road, but Billy didn't

know where he had gone.

Billy hopped off Buck and looked at his legs. The front ones were fine, but when he looked at the hind ones, his eyes bulged, his heart started beating faster, and sweat started pouring down his face just like when he got his test in school. Billy grabbed the reins and started to walk with Buck. He didn't get on Buck, because his hind legs were already very swollen, and getting on his back would only make them worse.

The worried boy and the horse walked up the lane to the barn. If Mr. Reed was there, what would he tell him?

As Billy came to the back of the barn, he saw Mr. Reed's Chevy. A desperate kind of fear swept through him as he was frantically searching for words to tell Mr. Reed. He wanted to let Buck loose in the field as fast as he could, so he unsaddled him, put some cream on his hind legs, even though there was no cut, and then led him into the barnyard. As Billy shut the gate to the barnyard, he heard footsteps behind him.

"How was the ride, Billy?" asked a cheery voice behind him. "Where did you go?" Billy turned around with an expression that Mr. Reed recognized immediately. Holding back the tears, Billy tried to explain.

"Well, Mr. Reed, I . . . uh . . . well, I went to the quarry, and we were riding along when all of a sudden I heard a dog's bark and that's . . . "

"Don't finish. Where's Buck?" Mr. Reed asked Billy in a quick and concerned tone.

"I put him in his stable," the shaken boy answered as Mr. Reed opened the red painted stable door and went in. Billy stayed outside and waited for Mr. Reed to come out. In about five minutes he came out and looked at Billy.

"I can understand why you didn't obey the signs. Nobody does, because there's only rocks to steal, but there's a lot more in that quarry than what they dig up."

"Yeah," Billy said with a grin that lasted about three seconds.

"As for that dog," Mr. Reed said as he paced in front of the guilty-looking boy. "I don't know where it came from, but in all my years of riding horses, I never went to that quarry. Why, there are already sinkholes and snakes, and now on top of that, stray dogs."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Reed. It won't happen again," Billy said, trying to hold back the tears.

"I know it won't happen again, and it's not. That's why I don't want you to ride . . ." Billy's head dropped.

"Just don't tell my parents what happened. This is supposed to be my last time riding."

"All right, I won't," Mr. Reed said as Billy started to walk home through the field.

One week had passed, and Billy didn't go near Mr. Reed's farm or Buck.

In school he was getting grades like A and A-minus, especially in social studies. One day after school Billy had a talk with his father.

"Son, you've been getting A's in school, and your

social studies teacher tells me that you are doing great, so I've decided to let you ride Buck any time on weekends you want." Billy smiled. He had to, or his parents would think something was up.

"Wow! That's great, Dad," Billy said as he tried to look as happy as he possibly could.

That Saturday after dinner, Billy went to his room to get a baseball and glove. While he was in his room he looked out of the window and saw something going down Mr. Reed's lane. It looked like a car. It was a car. It was Mr. Reed's Chevy. Why throw a baseball around when you can ride a horse. It's been five weeks, and Mr. Reed was sure to have cooled down by now, Billy thought to himself. So he told his dad he was going to ride Buck and that he'll be back in about half an hour. As Billy walked through the field he asked himself why he couldn't ride Buck. It was just an accident that that dog scared Buck. It wasn't his fault.

When he got to Mr. Reed's farm, the Chevy wasn't there, so he got Buck out of the barnyard and saddled him up.

"How ya been, Buck? I'm just going to ride you down to the road today," said Billy in his happiest voice.

"Say, Buck, do you remember when I took you to that field that was once a dairy farm. Boy, when you started to gallop. Wow! You really took off."

When he stopped thinking about Buck, he realized that he was about five yards away from the lane and in the middle of the road.

"Where are you trying to take me, boy?" Billy

turned Buck around on the road but stopped to look at the sun. It was almost setting, too. What a picture! Billy turned around to see if any cars were coming.

"No!" S C R E E C H! Car brakes slammed.

"Neigh!" Buck fell down with a thud, and Billy with him. Mr. Reed got out of his blue Chevy.

"Oh my God, Billy!"

The gleaming sunset lit up the evening sky, and in the distance you could hear a faint gunshot coming from Mr. Reed's barn.

*Robert Katzman, 12, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
illustrated by Heidi Hanson, 11, Florida, New York*

## THE BEES AT WALDEN

**T**HE BEES WERE swarming yesterday. They were trying to find a new home. There was a meeting at Walden. My mommy was in there. All I saw were a lot of heads. Two seconds before the meeting was over the bees started swarming, dancing about in the air. They kept moving. If they stopped, it was after I left.

The next morning the bees had found a place to have their nest. We had a shade thing, a shelter, so we could eat on the porch near my classroom when it was raining outside. The bees found their nest up

on the top of that shelter thing. All the bees were on top of each other. It looked like a hunk of bees hanging upside down. It looked like furry small little bears with three black stripes and yellow. They weren't swarming as much as they were yesterday.

There was a bee on the ground. My mommy thought that he had hurt his leg or something because he tried to fly up and each time he came down and landed on his back.

Eileen called a policeman who likes bees. He was going to take away the bees. I don't know what he was going to do with them. I think he was going to take them to a wildlife refuge and keep them in a cage outside the ranger house, like they have in Tilden Park. He said he would come back at three-thirty when the children were in After School.

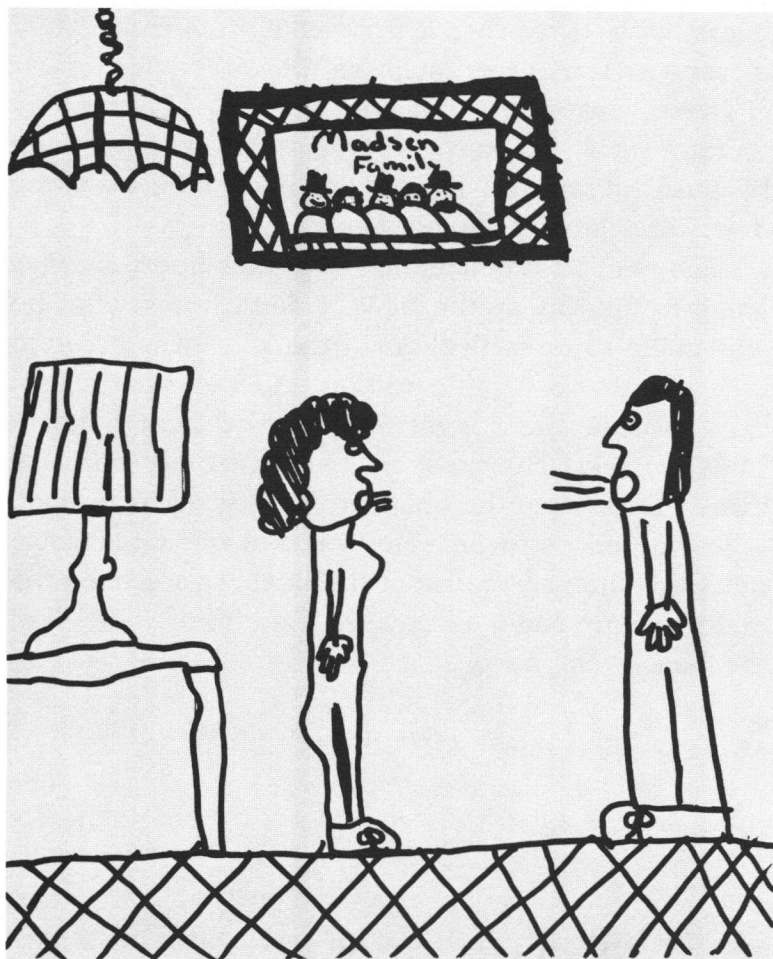
Jo wanted us to be able to get in our front door, but we couldn't because of the bees, so we used the middle group room all day. At the end of class all of the bees went away.

*Adi Wise, 6, Berkeley, California*

## THE DIVORCE

ONE DAY MY dad's parents, my grandparents, came and were telling things to my mom that weren't true. They were swearing and they made

my mom cry. It made me feel sad because my mom was crying. I was afraid.



Every night my mom and dad would yell at each other. I didn't think it was serious for I thought it was just a normal fight. But then they started fighting all the time.



I was kind of afraid that my dad would leave my mom and he did! First he just came for lunch and then he never even came home any more. He took all his stuff to my uncle's house where he lived. I thought my dad was crazy. My mom had to do most of the farm work.

I felt so mixed up. I didn't know what was happening. I felt like it was my fault. My mom cried every night and I cried, too.

Mom told us we were going to a different town and we did. I didn't have any friends and I didn't see my dad. I still miss that house, too.

It took a long time—three years—before I felt better about everything. My mom told me that it was a lot better that they got a divorce because Dad loved Lori more than he loved my mom.

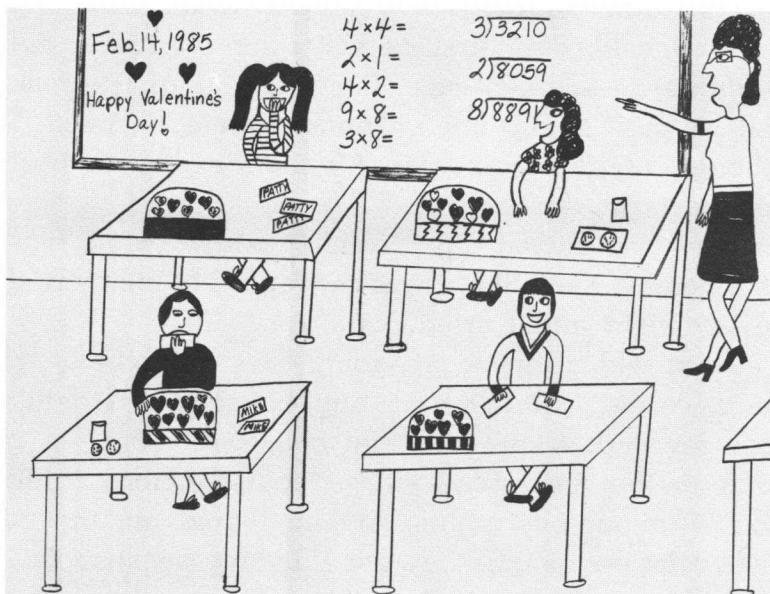
Even though I found out that there were lots of kids whose parents were divorced and had remarried, I still felt awful.

I remember meeting my stepsister the first time. We were kind of shy. She had a bloody nose.

I'm still sort of sad, but I'm feeling happier now. I get to see my dad every other weekend and two weeks in the summer. We usually camp or go to Adventureland or the zoo.

When I was in first grade I didn't have any friends. Now I'm in fourth grade and I have thirty-two friends. Things are a lot better. We're happy and no longer sad.

*Anne Madsen, 9, Audubon Elementary, Audubon, Iowa  
illustrated by the author*



## ALIAS WOLFIE (An Excerpt)

### Chapter 13

CHRISTMAS PASSED AND Valentine's Day dawned upon me. The snow started to melt, and it became warmer faster than it had in other years. I had never thought that Valentine's Day really mattered very much. Who cares? You send cards to your friends with extra notes like "thanks for being such a good friend," and you send ugly, formal ones to the people who you don't like and you just sign your name. Big deal. I could do without it.

This year it was different, though. We all decided to send secret admirer notes to Mike to see what he would do. We all thought up really mushy things to write, like: "Oh, Mike, you just make my heart flutter," or: "You're all I really live for." The only problem was, we had to make sure no one found out it was us. People might think we *liked* him or something. We all dropped our "secret admirer" cards into his box while he was at music and shook them up so they would be scattered among all the other ones. I just couldn't think of anything to write. The thought of writing something mushy to Mike Mason made me shudder. So I wrote this:

Dear Mike,

I really like you a lot. I wish you liked me, but I know you don't so I won't tell you who I am.

Your Secret Admirer

On Valentine's Day we had a party with punch and cookies, and we got a chance to open our valentines. I was feeling just a little guilty about what we did, but then I remembered the shampoo he gave me at Christmas time. We were only giving him a taste of what it's like to be the butt of other people's jokes. I still felt guilty, though, until I picked up the one that Mike had sent to me. "Wolfie" was printed on the front. I opened it, holding my breath. Inside there was a picture of these bananas. It said, "I go bananas over you." I opened it to look at the inside, and there he had

added, "Patty, you're an APE!"

I no longer felt guilty. I finished opening my valentines and watched Mike out of the corner of my eye.

He was reading a valentine and suddenly frowned. I glanced around and saw all the girls watching Mike with a slight smirk on their lips. Mike passed the note to Jason and when he read it he shook his head. He passed it to Andrew and when Andrew read it he started to smile but put his hand over his mouth so no one would see him. He passed the note to Phillip, who started laughing really hard when he read it. Miss Jones gave him a look, and he quieted down. He took a big sip of punch, glanced at the note, and started laughing again. He spurted half the punch all over his desk. What was left in his mouth he started to choke on. I took a deep breath to keep from laughing. Phillip passed the note back to Mike. Crystal and I winked at each other. Mike fished for another valentine and read it. Then he took another and read it. He passed it to Jason. He reached inside for three more, read them, and passed them to Jason. Howard asked to read them, and when he did he started to cough. Mike emptied his box and passed some around.

"What's going on?" I whispered to Andrew innocently when he came back to get a drink.

"Someone sent Mike love notes!" he said, and started laughing.

"Who wrote them?" I asked.

"I think Howard did it, for a joke."

"Well, you know, it might be for real. Maybe someone from a different class with no taste might have come in and put them in his box."

"No taste?" Andrew asked.

"Well, you have to have bad taste to like Mike."

We started laughing really hard, and Phillip came up to us.

"Mike got love notes!" he said.

"Oh, from his secret admirer," I gasped. It was too much. I had tears in my eyes from laughing so hard.

"Oh Mike," Howard said in a squeaky voice. "Happy Valentine's Day, you sweetie pie."

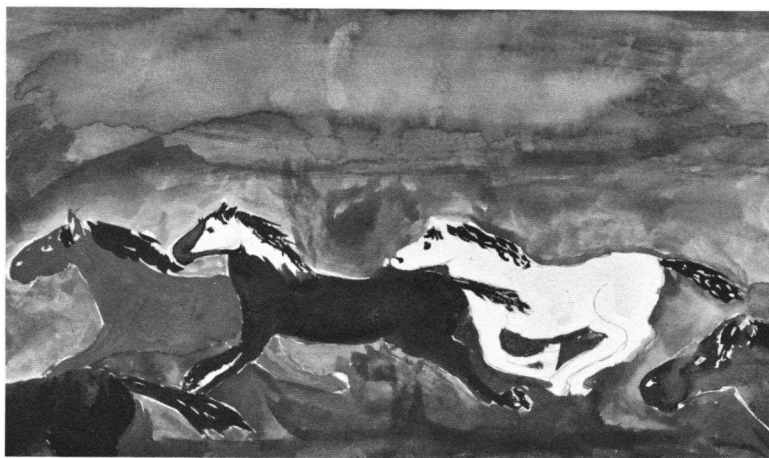
The class went into an uproar. By now everybody knew about the notes. I looked at Jessica and she pointed to herself and mouthed the words, "I wrote that!" I mouthed back, "You did?" and she nodded. Mike was bright red.

"Oh Mike, I flip for you," Jason said in a high voice.

Carolyn pointed to herself, and the girls were practically falling out of their seats with laughter.

When the party ended, it was time to go home. Jason and Andrew were patting Mike on the back saying, "All right, Mike! What a lady killer!" and laughing. All Mike could do was to keep telling them to shut up.

*Rebecca Tamel, 11, Hales Corner, Wisconsin  
illustrated by Justine Minnis, 11, Santa Cruz, California*



*Zsolt Szentivanyi, 13, Hungary*



*Timea Hodasz, 13, Hungary*

## 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*,



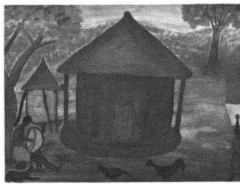
*Little Dog*, *Amy Goes to the Moon*, and *The Beautiful Puppy*. *Little Dog* is a facsimile of a little book written in 1934, when its author was six years old, and it was the inspiration for the series (see page 48).

## 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).



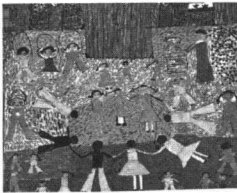
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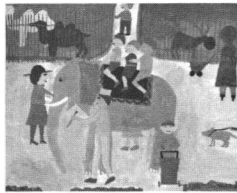
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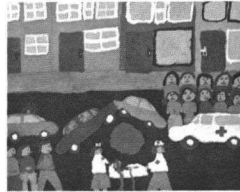
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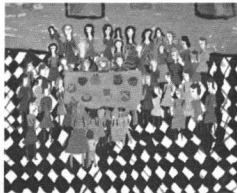
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Your membership in the Children's Art Foundation supports our publication activities, as well as a major collection of children's writing and art, an innovative art school, and research activities. Paintings, drawings, and prints from our international 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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