

# Stone Soup

the magazine by young writers and artists



"Cooking Lesson," by Mai Kato, age 12, Japan

## FINDING AN AMERICAN VOICE

Dong-suk wants to learn English, and Abbie wants to teach him

## MUSIC SOWN WITH LOVE

With her grandmother's cello in tow, Julia sets off on a secret mission

*Also:* Illustrations by Natalie Chin and Jessie Hennen

Another poem by Tae Kathleen Keller

Amy regrets an unkind act

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2003

\$5.50 U.S.    \$7.50 CANADA

30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
1973-2003





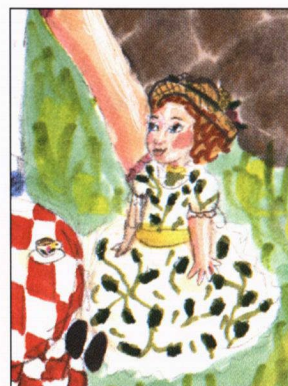
# Stone Soup

the magazine by young writers and artists

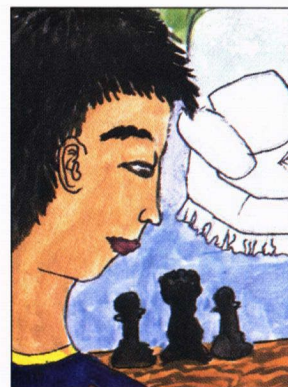
Volume 31, Number 3  
January/February 2003

## STORIES

- A Real Friend** *Julia Swearer* 5  
Emily moved away, and Amy misses her terribly
- Bubbe's Mezuzah** *Luria Rittenberg* 9  
Luria's grandmother tells a story from her childhood
- Himalayan Adventure** *Reid Plumley* 14  
Will Jack make it out of the snowstorm alive?
- Finding an American Voice** *Jeanne Mack* 18  
It's not easy starting over in a new country
- Silver Blue** *Karina Emilia Palmitesta* 25  
Does Krista have room in her heart for two cats?
- Jenny** *Ingrid Johnson* 34  
Jason realizes how much Jenny meant to him
- Music Sown with Love** *Andrea Albertini* 40  
It's Julia's dream to study music at a prominent college



page 5



page 18

## POEM

- Friday Night at Miss Farida's  
Piano Lesson** *Tae Kathleen Keller* 32

## BOOK REVIEWS

- The School Story** *Jill Giornelli* 12
- A Real American** *Trent Kim* 38

Available from the Library of Congress in braille for visually handicapped readers  
Call 800 424-8567 to request the braille edition

♻️ *Stone Soup* is printed on recycled paper



page 40

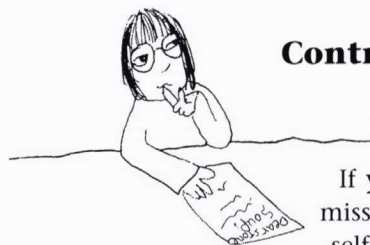
# Stone Soup

the magazine by young writers and artists

Welcome to all our readers, old and new! We've had the pleasure of publishing *Stone Soup* for over 29 years. It is our belief that, by presenting rich, heartfelt work by young people the world over, we can stir the imaginations of our readers and inspire young writers and artists to create.

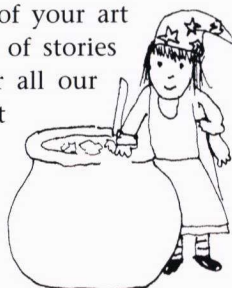


## Contributors' Guidelines



*Stone Soup* welcomes submissions from young people through age 13.

If you want us to respond to your submission, you must enclose a business-size self-addressed stamped envelope. If you want your work returned, your envelope must be large enough and have sufficient postage for the return of your work. (Foreign contributors need not include return postage.) Contributors whose work is accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope will hear from us within four weeks. Mail your submission to *Stone Soup*, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063. Include your name, age, home address, and phone number. If you are interested in reviewing books for *Stone Soup*, write Gerry Mandel for more information. Tell her a little about yourself and the kinds of books you like to read. If you would like to illustrate for *Stone Soup*, send Ms. Mandel some samples of your art work, along with a letter saying what kinds of stories you would like to illustrate. Here's a tip for all our contributors: send us writing and art about the things you feel most strongly about! Whether your work is about imaginary situations or real ones, use your own experiences and observations to give your work depth and a sense of reality. (For more detailed guidelines, visit [www.stonesoup.com](http://www.stonesoup.com).)



Jessie Moore, 12

**Cover:** "Cooking Lesson" was loaned to *Stone Soup* by Paintbrush Diplomacy of San Jose, California. For over 25 years, Paintbrush Diplomacy has worked to promote children's artistic expression around the world and to raise awareness of children's causes. Special thanks to Kristina King and Char Pribuss.

Gerry Mandel

William Rubel

Editors



Laurie Gabriel

Subscription Director



Stephen Pollard

Production

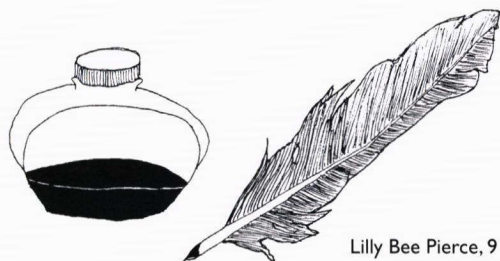


Barbara Harker

Administrative Assistant

*Stone Soup* (ISSN 0094-579X) is published six times a year by the Children's Art Foundation, 765 Cedar Street, Suite 201, Santa Cruz, CA 95060. Phone: 800 447-4569. It is published bi-monthly in January/February, March/April, May/June, July/August, September/October, and November/December. Volume 31, Number 3. Copyright © 2003 by the Children's Art Foundation. All rights reserved. Reproduction of the whole or any part of the contents without written permission is prohibited. *Stone Soup* is mailed to members of the Children's Art Foundation. Eighty percent of the membership fee is designated for subscription to *Stone Soup*. In the United States, a one-year membership costs \$33, two years \$54, three years \$74. Rates to Canada and Mexico are an additional \$6 per year. Rates to all other countries are an additional \$12 per year. Please remit in U.S. funds or the equivalent amount in your own currency. Send SUBMISSIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS, and ADDRESS CHANGES to: *Stone Soup*, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to *Stone Soup*, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063. Periodical postage paid at Santa Cruz, California. Printed in the United States of America.





Lilly Bee Pierce, 9

## The Mailbox

I would like to compliment Rachel Hellwig on her touching story "Nutcracker Dreams" [November/December 2002]. I have taken ballet for the past ten years, so I can really identify with Maria's struggle to get her dream part. When I was young, I desperately hoped to get the part of Clara. I worked hard and tried my best, but unfortunately I was not cast as the lead. Even though I was disappointed, performing in the "Nutcracker" still was a magical and unforgettable experience that I will cherish always. Recently, I quit ballet to pursue other interests in my life. Reading Rachel's story brought back some of the wonder and excitement of dancing.

Mara Lasky, 14  
Walnut Creek, California

*Mara's story, "To Begin Again," also appeared in our November/December 2002 issue.*

I enjoy your magazine very much. I love writing poems and stories, and when I read *Stone Soup* for the first time, I loved it right away. Now I have a reason to complete my stories. I also love reading other young writers' stories. I like animals, so I especially liked "Saving Frizbee" by Lyra Mulhern from the May/June 2002 issue. Please keep encouraging young writers and artists to show their talents.

Leyla Holt, 11  
Cazadero, California

I liked the story "Allison" [September/October 2002]. It had a lot of detail, which got me into the story. City life and country life are very different, so it was hard for Lena to get comfortable in Kentucky. The two girls got along well eventually. I would want to visit again if I had that experience.

Daniel Leichman, 10  
Puyallup, Washington

I am writing to comment about the short story "Allison" [September/October 2002]. I was shocked to see how the author portrayed my home state, Kentucky, a place I hold dear. We take pride in our beautiful bluegrass pastures and rolling green hills. But, contrary to popular belief, we are not all hicks. I live in Greenup, Kentucky, on a 200-acre farm with lots of animals and pets. I have three sisters, a horse, cat, and beagle. I can't remember a time when any of us used grammar such as "y'all," "gonna," and "mite." We do enjoy many outdoor activities such as horseback riding and target shooting. Kentucky is a beautiful place, but it seems like the author of this story needed more background info. I hope no one takes this letter offensively, but Kentucky is my home; I know how wonderful and truly great this state is.

Lauren Ison, 12  
Greenup, Kentucky

I love your *Stone Soup* magazine! What makes your magazine superb is that it is not only for kids to *read*, but for kids to *write* in too! It's fun reading what other kids have to say. I always find myself staring at the hand-drawn pictures on the front cover. They inspire me to practice my drawing.

Jessica Sashihara, 10  
Martinsville, New Jersey

*You can read all the stories mentioned in The Mailbox on our Web site: [www.stonesoup.com](http://www.stonesoup.com).*

**Note to our readers:** Send us your letters! We are especially interested in detailed comments about specific stories, poems, book reviews, and illustrations. We'd also like to receive anecdotes (150 words or less) about interesting experiences you'd like to share with our readers. Send letters to The Mailbox, *Stone Soup*, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063. Include your name, age, address, and phone number.





She spread out the little blanket with the teapot and sat Sarah down across from the new doll



# A Real Friend

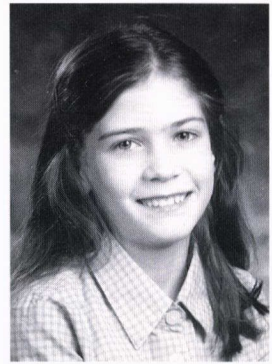
by Julia Swearer

illustrated by Claire Neviasher

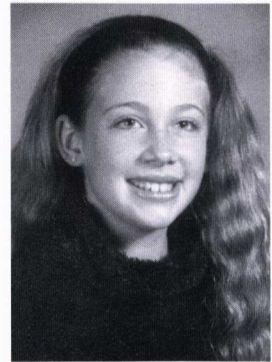
**A**MY SAT ON THE cold concrete steps resting her chin on her fist, while the other hand clutched an ink-blotted letter. She stared at the sign three doors down that had a big red line crossing out the words "For Sale." Under it in small letters it said "Sold!" Slowly a tear rolled down her cheek and plopped down onto the letter, smudging the words "Dear Amy." She scrunched it up into a wad and threw it carelessly toward a trash can, missing it by a foot or two. She heaved a sigh and stooped down to pick it back up, knowing that if she didn't, her mother might read it. Amy stuffed the letter into her jeans pocket, making a big lump. She shuffled across the street to Emily's house, as if there was one last hope of her being there.

Amy looked down at the latch on the gate. Did she dare? No, of course not! It wasn't her house . . . but then again the new family wasn't moving in until September, and it was only July. She opened the metal latch, letting it slowly creak open as she remembered the words on the letter she had almost thrown away. "Amy, look under the big rock in my backyard. Love, Emily." She pulled the wad of paper from her pocket, carefully folded it into a neat square, and put it back in her jeans.

She walked around the house to the backyard, looking for "the big rock." She spotted a large lumpy one in the corner of the yard under a hedge, only to find a few squashed worms



Julia Swearer, 10  
Brooklyn, New York



Claire Neviasher, 11  
Madison, Wisconsin

and a bunch of red ants underneath it. "Ugh!" she cried and jumped back, letting the rock thump down to the ground. Nearby she saw a reddish-brown rock that she and Emily had often covered with a blanket for their dolls to have tea on. She pulled it back and there it was, a miniature copper teapot in the folds of a red-and-white checkered doll blanket. She used her thumb to brush a few grains of dirt from the teapot, and carried it and the blanket home like they were pieces of fragile glass.

She shoved open the door of her house and was greeted by the fragrance of home-baked chocolate-chip cookies. "Amy, what have you been doing all this time?" asked her mother curiously.

"Oh, nothing," Amy said, not wanting to admit to her that she had trespassed at Emily's old house.

She grabbed a hunk of cookie dough and was just ready to stuff it into her mouth when she heard, "Not until after dinner," and felt the dough snatched from her hand. "By the way, a letter came for you today. I meant to tell you earlier, but you were out so long, worrying me to death by the way."

"Thanks," said Amy, grabbing the letter and shrugging off her mother's concern, as she ran up the stairs to her room.

She jumped into bed and let her hair hang over the side while she read the letter on her back.

Dear Amy,

New York is really great. I've made lots of

friends at school, but there's one special friend that I've been meaning to tell you about. Her name is Madeline. Last night we went to the movies together. The ticket lady was really nice. She let Madeline in for free!

Amy felt a surge of anger run up her spine and into her mouth, making her want to shout. She was hot and confused, and almost missed her mother's voice shouting, "Amy, set the table. Now!" She dragged herself downstairs, covering her tears with her hair. When she sat down at the table with her parents her mother asked what was wrong. Her father, a tall, lanky man who was usually away at his office, told Amy if she wasn't going to tell them what the matter was then please would she stop crying and eat her dinner. She sat there sulking, and for the rest of the meal ate in silence. During dinner she thought about how Emily and Madeline had become best friends. While she was shoveling peas into her mouth she wondered if Emily had room in her for two best friends. Probably not, she thought pessimistically. Just before dessert, Amy quietly asked to be excused, not in the mood for eating canned peaches and macaroons.

In the late summer evening the sun was just beginning to set. She opened the back screen door, letting it slam behind her, and wandered across the damp, limp grass to her swing. Instead of sitting in the swing herself, she pushed the empty seat back and forth,



then quickly remembered that this was what she and Emily had done with their dolls. She abruptly plopped down onto the plastic seat, and holding onto the ropes, she pushed off, pumping hard until her toes touched the branches of a magnolia tree. Then falling back toward the ground, she tilted her head back, letting the tips of her hair touch the blades of grass.

Her head felt lighter, and she was able to begin writing a letter back to Emily in her head. It would say something like, "Dear Emily," but Amy immediately frowned and crossed out "Dear" in her head. "Yesterday at nature camp a new girl came. Her name was Clorissa," a name from Amy's well-worn fairy tale book. She would tell Emily that she and Clorissa had won an award for picking the best herbs on the nature trail to make tea. She would say they spent all of their time together.

She jumped off the swing and ran through the darkness back to her house. That night, sitting with a flashlight in bed, she carefully copied her thoughts onto paper. Then she fell asleep, and dreamed of the look on Emily's face when she read the letter.

Amy awoke the next morning feeling light-hearted and gay. She rolled out of bed, grabbed the letter and shoved her toes into a worn pair of blue cotton slippers. She crept down the hall and down the stairs. Her parents must not know about the mean thing she was going to do. Then, remembering her clothes, she dashed back to her room and pulled on

a red turtleneck with Camp Wehauken printed on it. She thrust on a pair of blue jeans and retraced her steps back down the stairs and out the front door. She knew that her mother and father usually woke up at nine so she had to hurry. She glanced down at her watch to check the time. It was already eighty-three! She knew she had to be back in half an hour, and the post office was at least a twelve-minute walk.

Amy ran all the way and was panting when she twisted the brass doorknob at the post office. She quickly walked inside and made her way to the counter, where she placed the envelope on the marble counter and rang the little bell. A clerk with short gray hair came over and smiled down on Amy. "May I help you?" he asked.

Amy looked up at him; she always liked the way Mr. Hanes's skin crinkled around his eyes when he smiled. "I need the right stamp for this letter," she said shyly.

"That looks like a thirty-seven-cent letter," he replied. She thanked him and handed over a quarter, a dime, and two pennies. She licked the stamp and pasted it on the corner of the envelope, then put it in the slot under the word "Stamped Mail."

As soon as she sent the letter she wished she hadn't. Two weeks passed and each day was worse than the one before. The more days she had to think about what she had done, the more she realized it was wrong. Even if Emily had made a new friend, Amy knew she

shouldn't be jealous. She had made new friends too since Emily had left, and they were real, unlike Clorissa. Why did she have to send a mean letter to see her mistake so clearly?

One especially dreary day when the sun was hidden behind a bunch of clouds, Amy heard a low rumbling from her bedroom window that sounded like a moving van. Suspecting that it was for the new neighbors, Amy quickly peered through the curtains to see who they were. But instead of a moving van she saw a big brown truck parked in front of her house from the shipping company. A man got out of the truck and rang the doorbell. Amy could hear her mother walking across the living room to the door. She opened it, and the man asked, "I have a package for Amy Tosh. Would you sign here, please?" He had a low rumbling voice, kind of like her father's but deeper and richer.

Amy ran downstairs just in time to see her mother signing for the package. Her mother turned around holding the big brown box and said, "Where did you come from? This is for you." Amy stared at the package, wondering who it was from. It wasn't even near her birthday, and Christmas was five months away. She thanked her mom and hoisted the package up the stairs to her room, where she shifted the box to one hand so she could use the other to close the door behind her. She noticed the word "Fragile" stamped on the side of the box and laid it down carefully on

her bed. Then she took out a pair of scissors from her bureau drawer and carefully cut down the line of tape until the top of the box sprang open.

Amy stared down into the box, for there in the folds of tissue paper lay a beautiful porcelain doll. When Emily lifted her up, the doll's eyelids opened and revealed glossy blue eyes. Amy noticed a note pinned to the doll.

I want you to meet my friend. She likes tea parties and going to the movies. By the way, I got your letter about your new friend Clorissa. I'm so happy for you. Maybe when I come to visit we can all go to the movies together with our dolls.

Amy guiltily unpinned the letter and put it on her bedside table. Then she quickly grabbed her favorite doll, Sarah, the brass teapot and blanket Emily had left for her, and the new porcelain doll. As she raced down the stairs she called, "Mom, I'm going out for a few minutes," and flew out of the house before her mother could tell her to clean something. She tore across the lawn with the dolls, taking big leaps and gulps of the fresh morning air. Still panting, she ran over to Emily's old gate, lifted the latch, and hurried into the backyard, where she found the tea-party rock Emily and she had played on so many times. She spread out the little blanket with the teapot and sat Sarah down across from the new doll. Then, smiling, she said "Sarah, I want you to meet Madeline." ❖



# Bubbe's Mezuzah

by Luria Rittenberg

illustrated by the author

“**M**OM, WHEN IS BUBBE COMING?” I asked impatiently. “Soon,” she replied for the seventeenth time.

It was a family tradition for my grandma to come over every Saturday to light the *havdalah* candle, a symbol that the Jewish Sabbath has ended, with our family.

I was sitting on the steps of the porch when I heard the steady tap . . . tap . . . tap of her cane. “Bubbe!!!” I exclaimed.

“Hello, sweetheart!” said Bubbe, while embracing me.

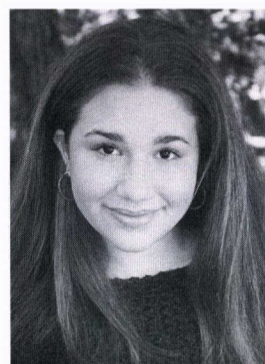
Clutching her cane with one hand, she carefully raised her other hand, which was shaking, to the mezuzah on the door and then lowered it to her wrinkled lips. I could tell it hurt her to stretch that far.

I asked her why she wasted so much effort just to kiss the mezuzah. She just chuckled and said that that was a long story.

“I’ll tell you when I sit down, darling.”

I helped Bubbe inside and then we both plopped down onto the couch.

“Well, I wasn’t always old,” Bubbe began. “In fact, I was once a first-grader like you! Where I lived there were cold winters like you couldn’t imagine! There was one winter that was much colder than the others were. School was canceled, but we couldn’t even play outside in the snow because it was blocking the door! I think the temperature outside must have been minus twenty degrees! I wanted to play in the snow so



Luria Rittenberg, 12  
Jacksonville, Florida



I would climb a tree and jump into the snow as if I was jumping into a lake

badly. Finally, I couldn't take it any more! I went out the back door and walked outside."

"But Bubbe, didn't you know that you weren't supposed to do that?" I interrupted.

"Of course I knew! But did I listen?

No! So anyway, outside I played a game where I would climb a tree and jump into the snow as if I was jumping into a lake. I walked deeper and deeper into the woods near our house until I found the perfect tree. I played the tree game for hours.



"Eventually, I started to get dizzy, cold, and tired. I looked around and realized that I was deeper in the woods than I thought. From then on, what happened was a blur. I vaguely remember my feet becoming numb in the ice-cold snow. I started to cry for my mother.

"I stumbled along until I made it to a small clearing where there was just one house. Dizziness was overwhelming me. I was just six years old, but I knew what would happen to me if I didn't get inside soon. Finally, I crawled onto the porch of the house and knocked on the door. When no one answered, I fell against the door knowing my situation was hopeless. But then . . . something caught my attention. On the doorpost was one of those things that my mom and dad always kissed whenever they walked outside.

"Without thinking, I slowly raised my hand to the mezuzah. I remember seeing my life pass through my eyes and thinking about how much I would miss my family. To me, it seemed like all hope was lost. I lowered my hand to my lips and then fainted."

"Oh Bubbe, please don't tell me the

rest of the story! It's too sad!"

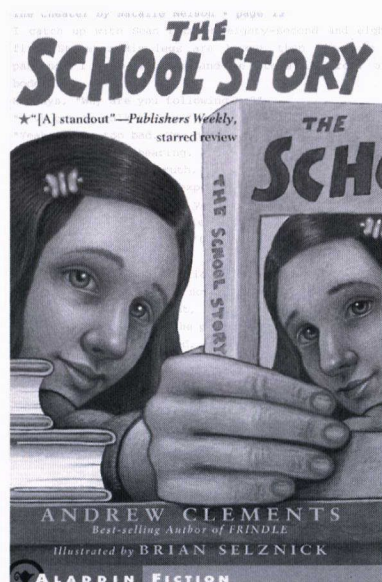
"Don't worry, sweetie! After all, I'm here with you now, right? When I woke up I was in the hospital. I heard someone shouting that I was awake. The doctors told my parents that it was a miracle that I was still alive. I opened my eyes and saw four people in the room, two of whom were my mother and father. I could tell that the tall man in white was the doctor, but who was the last one?

"He was a young boy who looked about my age with curly brown hair. He told me that he had found me on the stairs of his side porch, an exit he almost never used. For some unknown reason he did that day. The doctors talked about good timing and good medicine and so on . . . but I knew that it was really the mezuzah! My deepest desire was granted because of the thing on the door that I had kissed! By the way, that boy eventually became my best friend and your Zadie!"

Bubbe looked at me for a response to the story, but I had fallen fast asleep with a smile on my face and an all-new appreciation for my Bubbe and the mezuzah. ❖

# Book Review

by Jill Giornelli



Jill Giornelli, 9  
Atlanta, Georgia

*The School Story* by Andrew Clements; Simon & Schuster Books For Young Readers: New York, 2001; \$16

**H**AVE YOU EVER WONDERED how children get their books published? I know I have. Well, this whole book is an example of how one girl, Natalie, gets the story she wrote made into a real book (and a bestseller). Natalie is twelve years old, but she is still an amazing author. Her best friend is Zoe, and it was all Zoe's idea for the book to be published. Zoe is one of my favorite characters in this book. She is brave, smart, funny, and a great friend. She and Natalie are very different, but they help each other out. Without Zoe, Natalie would never have had the courage to try and publish her book, or have figured out how to. Zoe and Natalie's relationship, as you will find out, is a big part of the book.

One of the reasons I liked this book so much was that I could relate to how Natalie feels about her work. I really like to write, but I don't like to let many other people see my creations. I'm sort of shy, and I would never have had the courage to send my work to a publisher. But the way Natalie gets her story published (with Zoe's help) is something I



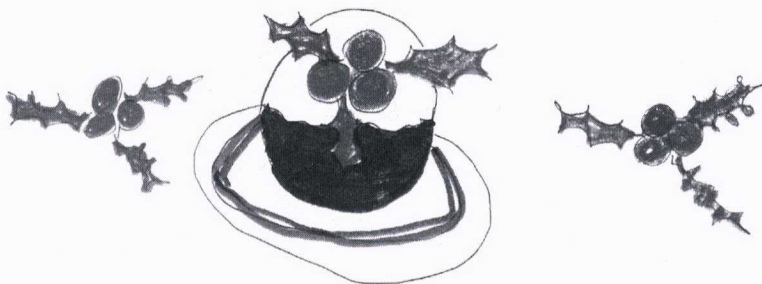
never could have dreamed of doing. It's all very clever and well thought out, and it involves a lot of courage. If it were me doing that, I would probably have chickened out in the first part of the process. I also think that it was very interesting how Zoe planned the whole thing out. It made this the kind of book you didn't want to put down until you figured out what was going to happen to Natalie and Zoe next.

Another reason I liked this book so much was that, through what was happening to Natalie, you learned a lot about the publishing process too. It helps that Natalie's mom is a publisher, and so, as she explains things more clearly to Natalie, it's like she's explaining things more clearly to you. I think it was smart of Andrew Clements to make her mom do this, because it really helps young kids understand what happens after they send their work out.

But the parts in this book that were the most touching to me were all the parts when Natalie thought about her

dad. Natalie's father died a few years before this book was set, so he only appears in memories. The way she thinks of him and remembers him is so sweet to me. My dad is still alive, but it makes me think about how I feel about him, and how much I love him. When I read the part in Natalie's story about the dad it made me cry because I knew that Natalie was really writing her story for her father. It was amazing to me how Andrew Clements can make you laugh, cry, and learn about publishing in a 196-page book. One of the only things I didn't like about this book was that it never gave a copy of *The Cheater*, Natalie's book. It sounded very good and I really wanted to read it, even though it was made up.

Other than that, I really liked this book, and it is even one of my favorites now. From the illustrations to the exciting style of writing, this book is a true inspiration to all young writers, and I would suggest it to anyone who loves to write. ❖

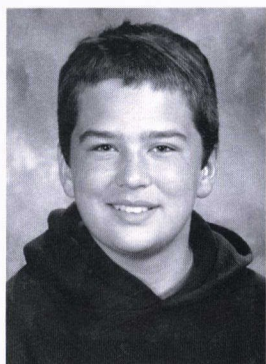


Azar Cordelia Khosrowshahi, 8, Seoul, Korea

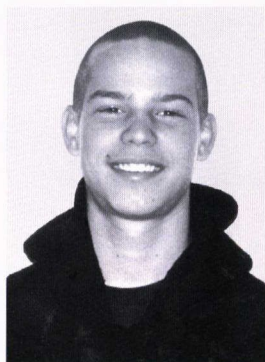
# Himalayan Adventure

by Reid Plumley

illustrated by Aaron Phillips



Reid Plumley, 13  
Crestwood, Kentucky



Aaron Phillips, 13  
Camano Island, Washington

**T**HE WHITEOUT WAS INCREDIBLE, one of the most amazing things Jack Graham had ever seen. Unfortunately, one thing he hadn't seen lately was the rest of his team. He knew he had to keep going . . . otherwise he would freeze in this stark, hostile, white world. The shrieking wind bit his face and blew ice crystals into his beard and goggles, giving him the appearance of a snowman. He checked his oxygen. Just six minutes' worth left. Jack struggled to stand against the snow and ice and wind. He shook out his beard and stumbled into the field of colorlessness. Was that ice he heard cracking? He took a step, felt the ground give way, and fell. He screamed as he plummeted and was silenced as his shout was replaced by the cracking of bone on hard ice.

Jack awoke to the sound of voices above. He tried to yell, "I'm down here, in this pit," but the sharp pain in his chest caused it to come out, "Oohwhuph." He could hardly breathe and his chest, arm, and head hurt, and were all throbbing. He slowly got to his feet. At least his legs hadn't been hurt. He took a deep breath and looked around. He saw a blue, icy cave with glistening walls and sunlight at the top of a wide, vertical shaft. If only I was back in Arizona, he thought. He could feel the cool pillows and sheets of his bed back home. What I would give for some chicken noodle soup. He longed for the beautiful sunsets and dry warmth from the afternoon





Leaping into the air with a loud yell, he flew, eating up the distance

sun. Snapping back into reality, he headed for a patch of ice with the most light coming through it and pounded on it with his good arm. The tiny crack where he hit the wall brought fresh air into the

cave. He grabbed as much of his climbing gear as he could and, remembering his ice ax, chopped a hole big enough to climb through, and slowly, with great pain, he passed through. He was greeted



by the harsh winds of the north face of the mountain, the only one never climbed by man. He staggered onto a ledge, and began a slow and agonizing descent. After several minutes, his head began to spin, and he tottered and teetered perilously near to the three-thousand-foot drop-off next to him. He slipped and blacked out.

When Jack woke up, he was lying in a rock-walled cave, with an insulated blanket draped over him, and the smell of something sweet wafting through the thin air. He looked around at decades' worth of used climbing gear. Bottles, stoves, parkas, goggles—a treasure trove of all things mountaineering. A hulking, gargantuan figure stood over a fire, boiling tea. Its hair was shaggy like a mammoth's, and it had no visible eyes or mouth. The beast turned toward him, and he recognized it from pictures he'd seen, and stories he'd heard. It was the abominable snowman himself—the yeti. He was in awe, afraid and curious and realizing that the yeti had rescued him from certain death. Just then he noticed a strange, hard object around his arm and a bandage around his head. He touched the gauzy substance and felt warm blood in a circular area on it. I must have taken a nasty spill, he thought. The great mass of hair hobbled over to him, bringing a cup of sweet liquid, and the man drank. Sleep came quickly, and for the third time his eyelids fluttered open and the huge beast was gone. He stood up, put on long underwear, insulated snow pants, two

parkas, and his boots. He grabbed his ice ax, gave himself fresh oxygen, and left.

Jack fumbled and stumbled down from the cave ledge. He paused for a second, looking down at the white valley below. How am I ever gonna get down there? he wondered. It's hopeless. Upon reaching a larger ledge, he promptly hit his arm on a rock and howled, his voice echoing through the valley below. When at last the noise died down, he heard a rumbling from the peak above. "Avalanche!" he yelled as he ran. The torrent of snow swept him off his feet and he tumbled, twisted, and was whipped around by the wave. As the avalanche slowed, it came nearer and nearer to a patch of yellow rocks. The stones became larger and larger until the avalanche stopped and Jack was close enough to realize that they were the tents of his team. There was just one obstacle left.

As he approached the edge of the gorge, he could see that no ladders were still bridging the twenty-foot gap. He would have to descend, and ascend again on the other side. He hammered a spike into the permafrost. He tied a rope onto the spike, and clipped himself onto it. Slowly and cautiously he lowered himself into the dark abyss of the canyon. Finally his feet hit solid ice. Turning, he saw another gap, but couldn't see the end in the dim light. He couldn't take his chances going down further; he didn't have enough rope. The only way to cross was to jump. He first took off as much gear as he could.



Then he unclipped his rope, took a deep breath, and broke into a full run for the edge of the drop. Leaping into the air with a loud yell, he flew, eating up the distance. He felt himself slowing, and looked down. The blackness was still there.

He stretched his legs out in front of him as far as he could, and felt a knot tighten in his stomach as he began to fall. In one last effort to save himself, he reached his hands out as far as he could, until they ached, and, by the fingertips of both hands, caught a ledge. He pulled himself up, and pain shot through his broken arm, causing him to let go momentarily, and then catching himself again. Gravel from the side of the cliff clattered against it and he didn't hear it hit ground below. He tried to ignore the pain and somehow managed to climb onto the shelf. After catching his breath, Jack hammered a first spike into the wall. He hammered another,

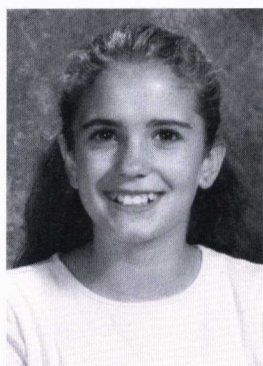
and stepped up. He put up another, stepped onto it, and pulled out the lowest one. He continued the process slowly, pausing to rest. The light became brighter and brighter until he could see the edge of the cliff above. Just ten more feet.

His ribs hurt more and more every time he drove a new spike in, but he kept going. He climbed foot after painstaking foot, and finally he peeked over the edge and saw the tents again. He hurled himself up, and collapsed. He slowly and shakily stood, staggering forward. He gave a yell toward the tents. He took another step, and stood, listening. A figure emerged from a tent. He said a silent prayer, and collapsed again. Soon his team was looking over him, and they were getting ready to carry him back to his tent. He had not given up, and he was going back home to Arizona. But even more importantly, Jack Graham was alive. ❖

# Finding an American Voice

by Jeanne Mack

illustrated by Natalie Chin



Jeanne Mack, 12  
Bristol, Rhode Island



Natalie Chin, 10  
Bellevue, Washington

**D**ONG-SUK FOLLOWED HIS UNCLE, carefully keeping his pace slow enough for his *haal-mu-hee*, his grandmother. His mother was close behind. The group moved along with hurried steps, adding to the bustle of the sidewalks of Seoul. His hand was gripped tightly around his grandmother's and he shouldered a backpack. Although his feet were quick to stay in line behind his uncle, his thoughts were slow. He was going to America to be with his father, who had left a year before. He could not wait to see his father, but he was afraid his father would not be proud of him. As he thought, his free hand closed around the black stone in his pocket.

The stone had been given to him the night before. There had been a specially cooked meal and his grandmother had told her stories and sang songs. She had driven away all his doubts about America. After dinner, while he was in bed, Grandmother had come in and given him a tiny pebble, her lucky *dol*, or stone. Dong-suk remembered the way she had smiled, showing her famous dimple on her cheek. Then she had spread out her small, delicate hands, wrapping him in a hug.

**A**BBIE BANGED the front door open and stepped inside without taking off her rollerblades.

"Abbie May Kessler, what have I told you about roller-





He hugged her, begging her not to cry, using all his courage to reassure her



blades in the house?" said her mother as she passed by.

Abbie smiled, ducking her head so her mom wouldn't see. She threw off the rollerblades and then hopped on up to her bedroom as her mom yelled, "And you'd better get started on those book reports of yours. If you haven't gotten them finished by July, you won't be going to Gram's house with us."

Abbie sighed; why had her mom chosen to give her three extra book reports when the school had already given her one! She liked reading and writing, but not when it was four four-page book reports on four different people.

THEY WERE on the subway for a pretty long time; the airport was a good distance away from where they lived. Dong-suk went over his limited vocabulary of the new language in his mind, trying to pronounce the unfamiliar words exactly right. He hoped that his English would be good enough for America. He glanced up and felt his heart skip a beat. There it was. The *bee-hang-gi*. Dong-suk pressed his nose against the window and let his eyes dance from one of the huge aircrafts to another. He watched one of the huge birds take off right before his eyes. Airplane, he thought, cleverly using an English word instead of Korean. He smiled at the thought of using an English word; it made him feel important; it made him feel American.

Dong-suk's flight number boomed over the intercom system and he brave-

ly stood up, hoping that his legs would not collapse. He walked with his uncle, grandmother, and mother over to the gate. His grandmother set the little suitcase she had been carrying down and kissed him on the forehead. His mother's eyes were glossy and red. He hugged her, begging her not to cry, using all his courage to reassure her. Then he faced his uncle. He looked up, staring at his uncle's face. The soldier, he thought; his uncle had always reminded him of a soldier. He sniffled, but did not cry under his uncle's stern eye.

WHEN THE PLANE had landed, Dong-suk was greeted by his father and a strange man with brown, wavy hair who was tall and skinny. Dong-suk was surprised, even baffled a little. He was expecting to only be met by his father, but he was curious about this man, so it didn't bother him much. He was so glad to see his father, glad that that long waiting was over. His father looked happy as they hugged and Dong-suk couldn't stop smiling. He tried to stay awake for the car ride; he wanted to see every little bit of America he could. The signs fascinated him. They were so colorful and he could make out most of the letters. He was content. Slowly, though, his seat felt more and more comfortable and his eyes more and more heavy.

ABBIE RUSHED downstairs when she heard the car door slam. She



opened the door and flung herself outside.

"Hi, Daddy," she called into the darkness.

"Hey, Abbie, honey. Could you come over here and help me?" he answered back from the driveway.

When Abbie got there, she was surprised to see two other figures next to the car, one she recognized a little, and one around her own size. She grabbed some bags from the trunk of the car and headed in, toward the steps.

She put the luggage down near the door. Her mom was standing there.

"Who are those for?" she asked.

Abbie shrugged.

A few moments later, her father stood there in the doorway, with two people at his side.

"I would like you to meet Dong-suk," he said, looking at the younger person. The other one was Mr. Lee; Abby recognized him. He had started working for her dad when he had arrived in America, last fall.

"They will be staying for dinner, since Dong-suk hasn't eaten anything in a long time and it's much too late to go out to a restaurant."

Abbie looked at the boy, studying his tan skin and almond-shaped eyes; the boy stared back at her, his expression unreadable. There was a moment's silence and then his father explained that Dong-suk had come to America to be with him, and that he did not know very much English. Abbie felt a little squeamish as the boy watched her. It

wasn't that she was prejudiced, she hated people like that, but well, this was a different feeling. An odd sensation that made her feel uncomfortable. Why was he staring at her, why didn't he say hello. She looked down at the ground, thinking rapidly; did he expect her to be a role model? She didn't know how to act, or what to do.

DONG-SUK was riding in his father's car, they were going to the Kessler house; they had been invited to dinner again. When they got there, there was a chess set on the table and Dong-suk's eyes jumped to it immediately. Dong-suk had started playing Western chess when he was eight and had been playing for four years now. His uncle had taught it to him after he had mastered *jangki* (the Korean chess). He had never really known how his uncle had learned to play the game. But for some reason Dong-suk liked Western better. He loved how you had to think out each move, and plan ahead. It was one of his favorite things to do. His dad would always joke with him how he got so caught up in the game.

As the parents slowly started to drift toward the other room, Abbie's mom suggested they play a game of chess. Abbie didn't particularly like chess, but had unusual skill. She knew she was pretty good. But, as she began to notice, so was Dong-suk. They played for a while and didn't really get anywhere. Then it was time for dinner. Dong-suk didn't seem to mind being interrupted

and began to clean up the game, but Abbie was eager to play more, interested by the challenge this boy held.

THE NEXT DAY, during breakfast, Abbie's parents introduced their new idea to her. She would be tutoring Dong-suk. They had basically already made up their mind and would not be moved, but they did allow for one minor compromise. If she did this, her mom would take back one of the book reports. So the deal was made.

SO THE NEXT morning, Dong-suk biked over to Abbie's house and they began their lesson. Everything went pretty smoothly until Abbie insisted Dong-suk repeat a list of words back to her. They were easy words, Dong-suk knew them, but he felt his mouth shut, it suddenly just froze up. He felt the words coming up his throat, but then they just disappeared. He was scared.

What if he did talk and they came out wrong, or he didn't know them? She would know he couldn't do it. She would call him stupid and make fun of him. She would laugh at him. She might even tell his father. Then his father would know he would never be a true American. He really wanted to be an American and Dong-suk couldn't bear the thought of disgracing his father. No, he decided that it was just better to not say the words and pretend he didn't hear.

He looked out the window, hearing the sound of the thousands of footsteps

that Seoul's pavement felt all day in his head. He knew if he was in Seoul, he would be able to speak, so why couldn't he now? Toward the end of the lesson, they started a new chess game while they waited for Dong-suk's father. Dong-suk soon forgot his anger.

"DONG-SUK, how did it go?" asked Dong-suk's father when he arrived home.

"Good," answered Dong-suk as he shut the door. He had hoped his father wouldn't ask him any questions about the day, but soon gave way to his father's constant questions and told about his lesson, cleverly skirting around the fact that he hadn't actually said anything.

He had been thinking about it on the bike ride home and he thought that maybe if he knew more of the language, he would talk. He had decided to look through his Korean-English dictionary that night. Then tomorrow he would speak. He had to.

After dinner, Dong-suk lay on his bed, flipping through the pages of his Korean-English dictionary. He came to a familiar word: *jangkoon*. His eyes moved over to the English side. Check. He whispered the word into the unbroken darkness, only shattered by his reading lamp. Liking the way it rolled off his tongue, he said it to himself as he closed his eyes, feeling it slip across his brain.

Dong-suk went back to Abbie's house, but again found the barrier of speech. He could not speak. Dong-suk was upset, but focused on the other activities,





There was no English, no Korean, only chess. The language he would always speak

perfecting the shape of his alphabet. Then they returned to their unfinished game of chess. He was persistent and patient. She was daring and sly. They were a good match.

The lessons became a pattern, a routine, almost. Dong-suk would return to Abbie only to find himself unable to speak again. His anger would fly through him, burning and harsh. He would be hurt easily, so disappointed with himself. He wondered why he could not speak, why he could not be a true American. Abbie would quickly move on, seeing Dong-suk's expression. She wondered why he would not talk.

He is definitely smart enough, she thought. One day.

But Abbie's troubling thoughts of Dong-suk were forgotten as they reached the end of the lesson. Both minds were imagining the smooth marble figures and the square spaces. Abbie almost loved the anxiety and thrill she felt. She couldn't help getting excited, she was just competitive, always had been. She played soccer and softball, but those were team sports. This was just her . . . and Dong-suk. She wondered if he felt the same way, as she felt the adrenalin racing and tearing back and forth through her.

ONE DAY, Abbie had set up an activity. She would say a word and then he would write it down on a sheet of paper. Dong-suk seemed to like the game. It was going pretty good, too. Then she decided to raise the bar a little.

"Mouth the words," she told Dong-suk.

He did as she said, not thinking very much of it.

"Say them."

He started on cocoon, feeling his hopes rising. Abbie was holding her breath.

"Co . . . Co . . .," he couldn't do it.

He felt his strength crumble. He hated himself. Abbie looked downcast, too.

That day, Dong-suk's dad was coming to pick him up. So they started to pack up. Then the phone rang. It was Dong-suk's dad. He was going to be pretty late.

So Abbie's mom suggested they play some chess. Dong-suk was relieved to find the familiar marble figures waiting in their spaces. They picked up where they left off and after a short time, the game was in full swing.

Abbie moved her knight. Already, Dong-suk was breathing, living, and knew only chess. There was no English, no Korean, only chess. The language he would always speak. Slowly, Dong-suk began to pull ahead; he accepted this fact and kept playing. Then the moment came. He saw his move. The game would be over.

He moved his queen and cried out,

"Check." Then he waited for Abbie's reaction. But to his surprise, she blinked at him, only looking astonished for less than half a second. Then her face split into a smile and she broke out laughing. Her eyes were gleaming like the sun on the Han River. Dong-suk waited for an explanation, confused. Why didn't she try to make a move? Why didn't she look upset?

"You did it! You spoke! You said check!" Abby interrupted his thoughts. She was still beaming.

Dong-suk laughed. He had done it. He was truly American, now. He felt confident that he could speak English. Abby ran back to get a vocabulary list she had made for him, and he sat, quietly reading them to her. He was bursting with pride and couldn't believe it. He wanted to dance.

Soon, they heard a car pull up in the driveway. As Dong-suk went to the door, he turned around. He looked down at the ground and lightly whispered "thank you." Then he looked up quickly and pulled something out of his pocket. He grabbed her hand and opened it. She felt something drop into it, and looked down to see a small stone. Perfectly smooth and black. It reminded her of an eagle's eye.

"For you. You help me. I give to you," he said softly, stumbling through the words. Abbie smiled and Dong-suk looked down at the ground again. Then he was out the door and running toward his dad's car. ❖



# Silver Blue

by Karina Emilia Palmitesta  
illustrated by Lainey Guddat

**T**ICK. TICK. TICK.

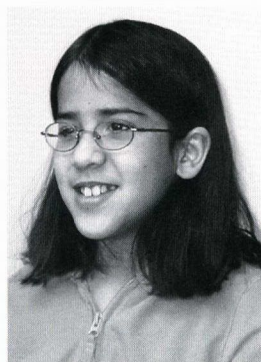
I lay on my bed on Saturday morning, flat on my back with my watch pressed to my ear. I listened to the patient, steady ticks.

*Tick. Tick. Tick.*

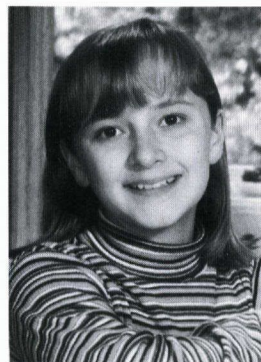
The house was empty except for my dad and me, and he was down in the basement, working in his studio. Mom was out on one of her short trips from the house, grocery shopping. Dylan, my older brother, was hanging out at the mall with some of his more distasteful friends. I was glad he was out of the house—he could be incredibly annoying at times—but without Mom and with Dad practically nonexistent in his studio, I was all alone except for Emilia.

Emilia was my new baby sister that was just born a few weeks ago. I had been frequently assigned to watch over her. I wasn't used to a baby in the house. She made me nervous and cried at night so that I hardly got any sleep, and I hardly got any sleep already. That was because of Silver Blue.

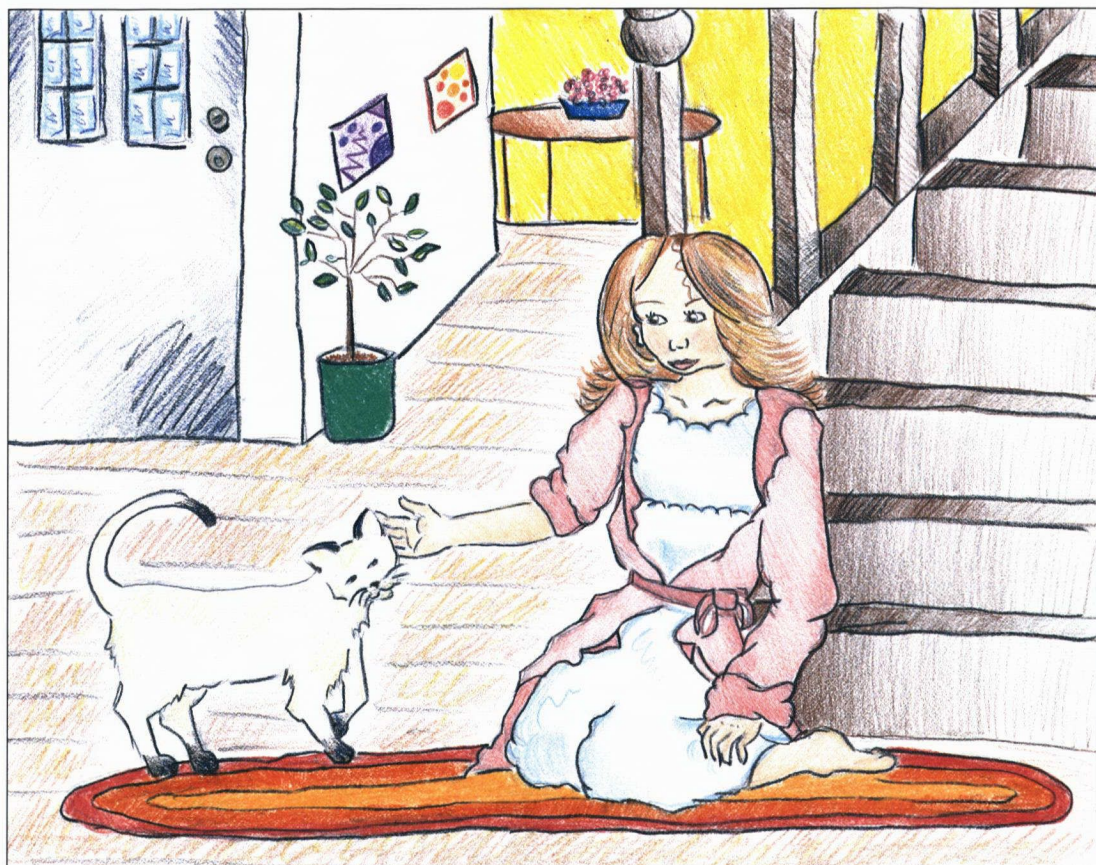
Silver Blue had been my cat, my beautiful Siamese cat with her big blue eyes and delicate wedge-shaped face. She had started out as just Blue in the beginning; her brilliant blue eyes deserved a name, my whole family agreed, but I decided she would be Silver Blue. Silver Blue's eyes were special. They were blue, of course, and big and curious; but they had odd little flecks of silvery here and there. I had loved her. I still



Karina Emilia Palmitesta, 10  
Mississauga, Ontario, Canada



Lainey Guddat, 13  
Covington, Washington



I stooped and rubbed behind Silver Blue's ear with the tip of my finger; she liked that

loved her.

Silver Blue had been a house cat. She almost never went outside, but Dylan had opened the door . . . that morning was emblazoned in my mind. Unwillingly, in my mind's eye, I saw it happen again.

I STEPPED DOWN the stairs in just my nightgown, tousle-haired and yawning. The carpet felt rough under my bare feet. It was early, almost five o'clock in the morning, an especially cold, brisk morning in the middle of winter. The

house felt icy; I was going to make some hot chocolate for myself before going back to bed.

A flash of creamy white fur materialized at my feet, and a familiar mewling filled the heavy, morning-like silence. I stooped and rubbed behind Silver Blue's ear with the tip of my finger; she liked that. Purring, she nipped my toes lovingly and wove around my cold feet, warming them up. And asking for food. Smiling, I made my way past the door and to the kitchen, talking to her as I went.



"Sorry, Sil, not this early. Better luck later."

Silver Blue mewed again and trotted beside me hopefully as I entered the kitchen and poured myself a glass of milk. Her empty food bowl was on the opposite wall, but I walked purposefully away from it. Clearly she did not understand, but Silver Blue the Siamese had a reputation for being patient. She sat on her haunches, watching unblinkingly with those big, silver-flecked eyes, and mewed. Then she sauntered over, butted her head against my ankles, set her claws into my nightgown and stared up at me. I looked right back at her until it got unbearable. I laughed as quietly as I could and tossed her a cat treat.

"Here you go, Sil, I think you could weasel a treat out of a hungry fox." Silver Blue wolfed down the treat and was back at it again, her odd eyes just shouting for another.

"Krista!"

Someone thundered down the stairs, calling my name in surprise. Silver Blue's creamy, dark-tipped ear twitched around toward the noise and back again. She did not turn, but kept watching me. I detached her claws and coolly started to work, getting the chocolate syrup from the pantry and squeezing it into my glass of milk. It was Dylan, not my mother or father; I wasn't in trouble. I pretended to ignore him as he raced partway into the kitchen, causing Silver Blue to leap out of the way, mewling.

"What," Dylan burst out, "are you

doing up so—oh, well, I don't care anyway. I have to be up early!"

"Why?" I asked, mixing my milk with the chocolate syrup.

"The newspaper, of course!"

I hid my surprise; Dylan wasn't one to read the newspaper. In fact, he almost never read at all of his own free will.

"Why?" I repeated, taking up my glass and turning to the microwave.

"The hockey game, stupid!" Dylan sneered, "Mom and Dad didn't let me stay up to watch it because I have a science test tomorrow and they said I need my sleep. Ha! Well anyway, I need to see the results in the newspaper! I bet it's front-page!" He leapt for the door and wrenched it open; a flurry of snow blew in as he sprang outside.

"Don't let Silver Blue . . ." Still holding the not-so-hot chocolate, I hurried over just in time to see Silver Blue bounding out. "Silver Blue! Come back, Sil!" I leapt over to catch her, spilling milk and chocolate on the tiles, staring out the door and not caring. What I witnessed next made my heart nearly stop.

Silver Blue, looking exultant and mewling excitedly, the sound I knew so well, was in the middle of the road. "*Silver Blue!*" Heartbeats, that was all, and then a car careened straight into my cat, my faithful companion for years that I loved so much; and then she was gone. The glass slipped from my numbed fingers and crashed to the floor; I didn't notice my alarmed father

rushing down the stairs because of the noise, or Emilia wailing upstairs. Still barefoot and in my nightgown, I raced out the door and onto the street, ignoring cars screeching to a halt as I came running. The car who had hit Silver Blue had stopped, sideways across the road, and someone was getting out of it. I looked around wildly and my eyes fell on a limp, huddled figure on the ground, creamy white and unmoving. I was beside it in an instant, turning it over and feeling it and caressing the fur that had felt so warm when I had rubbed it just a few minutes earlier. I knew she was dead; not only by how her little perfect nose didn't flare and wrinkle as she breathed, but by the wide blue eyes, silver-flecked, that were staring off listlessly into space as if surprised. I shook with sobs; I cradled my cat in my arms, begging her to breathe, to make the little mewl I knew I would never hear again. I didn't even look up as the man in the car hurried over . . .

**M**EMORY SWIRLED. Angrily, I brushed tears that had been forming in my eyes. Silver Blue had died almost a month ago. There was no reason to think about it still. But I had to. I loved her so much; now that she was gone, I kept having to remind myself that no warm purrs would welcome me home in the afternoon after a long day of school; no more would there be a cuddle under the covers on cold nights, or soft fur to pat and stroke when you were stressed. Never again.

Never, I thought fiercely, not even with . . . I had been so sad and despondent that Dad had bought me a new cat, a cute Siamese kitten that we hadn't named yet. He had said it was beautiful. No, my mind snarled, not cute. Not beautiful. Not as beautiful as Silver Blue. I refused to like the kitten. I shoved it away when it came near. I stepped out of its way when it asked for food. It didn't have eyes like Silver Blue; it wasn't special like she had been. No cat would ever be as special as her. When Silver Blue died, I decided to give up liking cats altogether, and that's exactly what I was doing.

A wail from Emilia broke my thoughts; I scrambled off my bed and hurtled to her room. She was on her back, awake from her nap, her red face wrinkled with screaming. I smiled foolishly at her and made funny faces; she screeched louder. I fetched her rattle and shook it in front of her face; she batted it away with surprising strength and I ducked as it was knocked flying from my unsuspecting grip. I yelped. As soon as that happened, Emilia's wails cut off and she actually giggled. I glared at her, and her lip trembled. Uh-oh.

Three blind mice,  
Three blind mice,  
See how they run . . .

I patted her near-bald head and started backing out of the room. Emilia seemed to quiet down immediately at nursery rhymes; I tried to think of another.



There once was a woman  
who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children  
she didn't know what to do . . .

Emilia smiled like the sun and chuckled in her baby way. Free! I retreated back to my room to resume my position on my bed. As I went, I pressed my watch to my ear again, listening to the reassuring ticking. It was the only way I could be completely calm and content since the accident. I liked the ticking. It was so steady, so continuous. I rounded the corner to my room and made to go in, but I took one look at my bed and stopped dead in my tracks, framed in the doorway and staring. There, perched jauntily in the middle of my bed, sat the kitten, looking for all the world like she owned the place. Exactly the way Silver Blue used to. Anger bubbled up all at once, hot furious waves rushing over me. I leapt into the room and swept the kitten into my arms.

"No!" I cried fiercely, right down the kitten's black-tipped ear, and it yowled. I tossed it out, not too gently at all, and slammed the door shut. Then, sobbing with rage, I threw myself upon my bed and beat at the covers. How dare that kitten do the same as Silver Blue? How dare she even try to take her place? I hated the kitten, hated my dad for bringing her. I stayed in my room all afternoon and didn't come out, even when the kitten scratched at my door at its feeding time. Let it be hungry, I thought to myself, I don't care.

It was five-thirty when I heard footsteps, murmurs from down the hall and Emilia's familiar gurgles and chuckles. A few seconds later, Mom poked her head in the door. Her face was gentle.

"Krista, honey?"

I grunted.

"It's dinnertime."

Grunt.

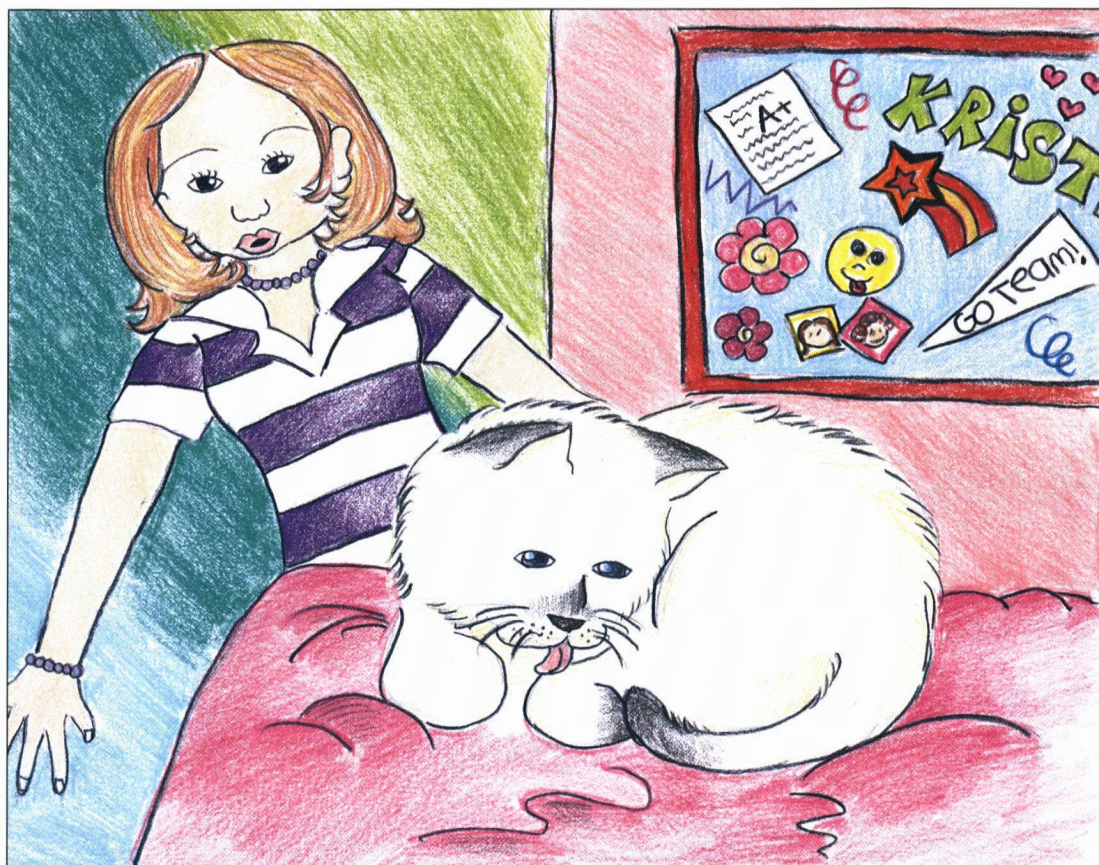
"Are you still sad about Silver Blue?"

I jerked my head violently; it might have been taken for a nod. Mom came in all the way, revealing Emilia slung around her neck.

"Would you like to be left alone, then?"

Another grunt, another jerk. "All right," came the quiet answer, "I'll bring your dinner up." The door closed gently. In a few minutes Mom came in, delivered a plate of stew and mashed potatoes and left. I hardly touched the food, though it was my favorite kind of meal. Instead, determined to put my mind on something else, I got my big book of short stories and tore through the first ones. I was just starting on the fifth when Mom came and said it was lights out; it was a quarter to eleven.

After grumbling a bit, I got under my covers and put out the light. It was still January, and very cold; I shivered under my blanket and wished Silver Blue was here. It was one of those nights where she would come and curl up under my arm and warm me up. But not anymore. I fell asleep after some time and dreamed of Silver Blue coming back as I came home from school; there she was,



There, perched jauntily in the middle of my bed, sat the kitten, looking like she owned the place

peering out of the glass on her usual vigil on the windowsill every day, watching and waiting for me to come home. Her delicate wedge-shaped head, her dark little paws and ears and tail-tip, her creamy white fur and, most of all, those big bright blue eyes with their silver flecks. Oh, how I loved her. I ran to meet her, burst through the front door, but as she came running to greet me, she faded away, wisping to nothing in my arms . . .

And I came awake in the middle of the night, stiff and cold with my blan-

kets all twisted up; from thrashing around in my dream, I supposed. It was one of those times when you wake up after sleeping awhile and you can't move at all; you'd be stiff and frozen and so dozy and droopy; I could hardly keep my eyes open. I listened to the raindrops pattering hard on the roof and listened to Dylan snoring in the next room over; I listened as Emilia gave a faint wail and fell silent. Oh, I was so lonely, so lonely. Effortfully, I put my arm up against my ear and tried the watch trick, but, to my shock, no



ticking came from the watch. It was broken—it had to be broken! Oh, I knew it could be fixed easily in the morning, but now, on this cold night when I needed comfort the most, the watch was broken. No calming ticking; no reassuring steadiness. Nothing at all.

"Oh, Silver Blue," I whispered, tears in my eyes, "Oh, Sil . . . I miss you so much . . . why'd you have to go out, Sil? Why? Why?" All at once, I burst out crying, and the harder I tried to stop myself, the harder it came. I muffled my sobs with my blankets; I didn't want Mom or Dad coming in now. I wanted to be alone. Oh, Silver Blue . . .

And then, something—something furry and soft and warm—slipped up under the covers past my leg, and slid under my elbow just the way Silver Blue used to do. My heart skipped a beat. Had my dream come true? Was Silver Blue . . . ? I lifted the covers and for a second I thought it was true. Gazing back at me were big eyes glowing in a wedge-shaped, creamy-furred head, with delicate black paws sticking out underneath, but it was too small for Silver Blue. I was faintly disappointed, but, to my surprise, I felt a rush of pleasure as I stared down at the kitten that I had come to hate so much. Was the little thing such a nuisance? Did it deserve to be disliked so? It was cute—it was very cute, in fact. And that was when the rush of pleasure turned to a rush of love.

"Pussy pussy," I whispered to it, just

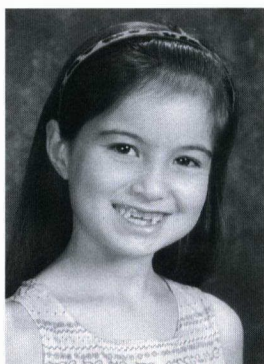
as I used to do to my old cat long ago, "pussy pussy under my covers, who are you?" It mewed back, and remembrance tingled. I couldn't stop myself; I burst into silent tears again, but tears of happiness.

The kitten, which I have named Blue because of her eyes, became special to me all at once. She reminded me of Silver Blue all the time, the way she looked and did things, but in a good way. I laughed when I saw her do something that my cat had done before and said, "Why, she looked just like Silver Blue then!" I sat talking to Blue for long hours about Sil, recalling the times she and I had spent having fun and even telling her about the day Sil had died.

To this day Blue and I are best friends. I know that she could never equal up to Silver Blue, for Sil was the best of the best, but Blue was good enough. She may not have had silver-flecked eyes, and she may not have been as special, but she had done something miraculous to me. For on that cold, rainy night in January, she won my love and showed me that all things had to pass on. I let Silver Blue pass on. I remembered her with love and joy, not sadness and gloom. I recalled her capers laughingly to my family and friends. But never once in all my years did I ever forget an inch of the creamy-white cat with the big blue silver-flecked eyes. ♦

# Friday Night at Miss Farida's Piano Lesson

by Tae Kathleen Keller



Tae Kathleen Keller, 8  
Waipahu, Hawaii

Miss Farida loves  
vanilla-smelling candles  
which flicker  
against the sleeping couch.  
I place my sandals  
beside the spill  
of shoes and slippers strewn  
across the plastic mat  
in the hallway to her room.  
I see the Sesame Street stickers propped  
near the electric piano,  
tangled in a hoop  
of dreaming dust,  
and the pedals, wrapped in a layer  
of fine metal.  
Miss Farida takes my stack  
of weary books  
that whimper as she turns to "Stepping Stones."  
My delicate hands  
look like tiny mice skittering  
across the keys.  
I play to a beat from the metronome  
fast as a hummingbird's heartbeat,  
slow as a whale's.

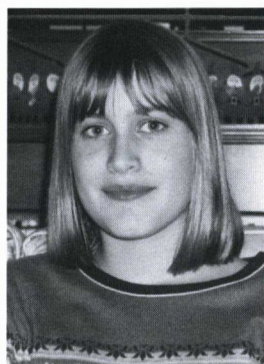


Miss Farida takes a pencil  
from her hair and writes  
in my notebook.  
"Tonight you will write a song  
about New Year's."  
I pick up my denim  
bag and dump  
my books into it.  
Already, I begin to hear  
the notes of endless  
possibilities for my composition:  
The orchestra of 10,000  
fuchsia fireworks exploding  
in the air,  
the symphony of sparklers,  
the dropping ball of melody,  
the score of the night,  
filled with new beginnings.

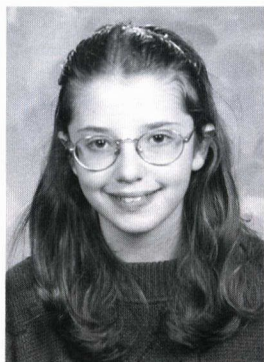
# Jenny

by Ingrid Johnson

illustrated by Isabel Kimmelfield



Ingrid Johnson, 12  
Batavia, Illinois



Isabel Kimmelfield, 13  
Portland, Oregon

**T**HE NEW GIRL STOOD over by the jungle gym, not climbing or talking to the other girls, but just standing there, peering into a brown lunch bag. She pulled something out of it, but I couldn't see what it was from the distance.

Matt, a skinny boy with round glasses, was talking about a scary show he had watched on television. "I wasn't scared," Matt boasted. "I thought it was stupid."

We all looked in awe at Matt, and told him of our own bravery stories. Still, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the new girl.

She was now examining the object taken from the bag earlier. The new girl had come to our class at the beginning of the week, and Miss Emily, our kindergarten teacher, had introduced her, but I couldn't remember her name.

My curiosity got the better of me, and I walked over to the girl. I was too shy to say anything, however, so we just stood there, looking at each other.

Finally, the new girl held out her hand, holding out the thing she had taken from her lunch bag, offering it to me.

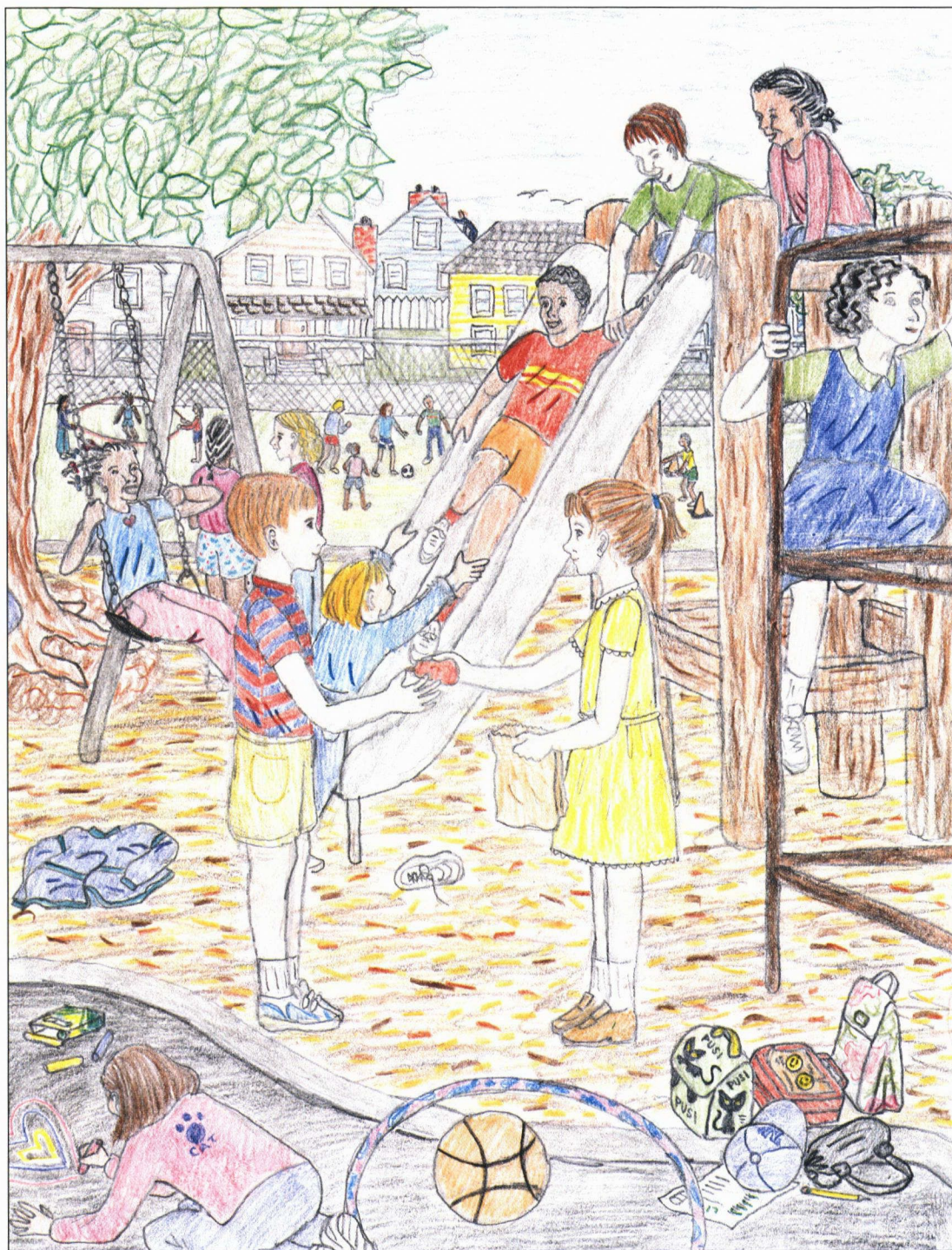
It was a pear. A red one.

"Thanks," I said, softly.

I took the pear from her, and the girl giggled. "I'm Jenny."

"I'm Jason," I said, and a little pear juice dribbled down my chin.





I took the pear from her, and the girl giggled. "I'm Jenny"



"That's funny," said Jenny, giggling again. "Our names both start with 'juh.'"

Then, both of us broke into unexplainable fits of laughter, and whenever one of us began to calm down, the other one would continue to giggle. This would result in even more laughter, making it harder for either of us to stop.

"Class!" Miss Emily called from outside the school door. "Time to come back inside!"

Jenny and I swallowed our laughter, and separated into our groups, me with the boys, and Jenny with the girls. However, even in our different groups, we smiled at each other before naptime.

**"I'M GOING** to Jenny's! I'm going to Jenny's!"

Thank goodness my seatbelt was tightly fastened; I was practically bouncing off the walls of my family's minivan. My mother, up in the front seat, was begging me to keep calm.

"We're almost there," she told me.

But I didn't listen, because I was going over to Jenny's house.

"I have lots of fun stuff to do," Jenny had told me earlier that week. "Legos, roller skates, and . . ." Jenny's eyes grew wide ". . . Barbies."

I had frowned. "Barbies? I don't like Barbies. They're for girls."

Jenny shrugged, not seeming hurt in the least. "That's OK. There's my dog, Max, and . . ."

Our van pulled up in front of a nice,

brick house with a colorful flower garden in the front. It was a small house, but it fit so well with my imagination's former version of the house. On the porch, in the front of the house, there was a porch swing and on the swing sat a young girl.

"Jenny!" I ran out to greet my friend.

"Hi, Jason!" Jenny smiled, then waved at my mom, who was walking up the walk.

A friendly-looking woman came out of the front door of the house, and smiled at me. "Hello, Jason. I'm Mrs. Weber, Jenny's mom."

"Hi," I said, growing shy.

Our mothers began talking to each other about very motherly things, so Jenny took my hand and led me inside. "You can meet Max now."

We played all afternoon. We played with Legos, built castles in her sandbox, and played hide-and-seek.

Once we got exhausted from playing, we went back to the kitchen, where our mothers were now talking at the counter. Jenny's mom smiled at us when we walked in. "My cookies are almost out of the oven."

Jenny squealed with delight. "Mom makes the best cookies!"

The timer rang, and Jenny and I greedily ate the chewy chocolate-chip cookies. "Mmmm!" I exclaimed.

There were several more visits at Jenny's, and I enjoyed every second I spent there.

Then the inevitable teasing began.

"Hey, Jason, is Jenny your girlfriend?"



the boys would say. "Stay away from Jason, he's got cooties, too!"

That's when I stopped playing with Jenny.

Without me, Jenny was friendless. She had given me her friendship, and had trusted me, but, even in kindergarten, I had my reputation to look after. I often saw Jenny sitting on a swing, alone, swaying a little, but not attempting to go over the top of the swing set, like she used to.

Sometimes our eyes would meet, and when that happened, I would quickly look away.

I WAS SKATEBOARDING to school that day. It was my first day of the eighth grade, and I had spiked my hair just for the occasion.

One girl I passed obviously didn't care how she looked on the first day of school. She was wearing an ugly brown sweater, and her long, brown hair was wet. I snickered as she tripped over her untied shoelaces.

At lunch, after I was reunited with my old friends, our conversations got off the subject of how we spent our summer vacations, but on the other people in the school.

"Who's that?" I asked, motioning toward the girl I had seen on my way to school.

Alex turned around to look at her. She was eating a sandwich at an empty

table. "That's Jennifer Weber," he said. "Her dad gets transferred a lot. She was here, back in the old days." Alex chuckled.

"She's really weird and depressed and stuff," Matt said.

They kept talking about Jennifer's abnormality, but my mind was elsewhere. Jennifer Weber. Jennifer Weber. Jenny Weber. Jenny.

A picture of a red pear and chocolate-chip cookie came into my mind. Then an image of a little girl, sitting alone on a swing.

This image stayed a long time in my mind, not like the cookie or the pear, which vanished as quickly as they came.

"Don't you think so, Jason?"

I glanced up. "What? Oh, yeah, sure."

Alex looked over his shoulder at Jenny, where I had been looking. "I know what you mean, man."

I started feeling around in my lunch bag, and pulled out a red pear. My mother had put it in my lunch, against my will, for "something healthy."

"Yeah, and he said—man, where's he going?"

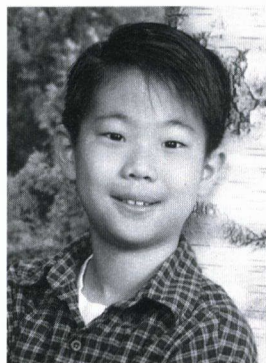
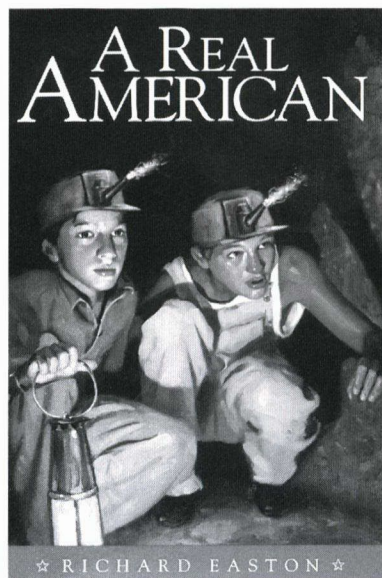
I had got up from our table, pear in hand, and was walking toward Jenny's table. Jenny looked truly shocked when I sat down in front of her.

"Here," I said, and I held out the pear to her.

Jenny took it and smiled. "Thanks," she said, softly. ❖

# Book Review

by Trent Kim



Trent Kim, 10  
Athens, Georgia

*A Real American* by Richard Easton; Clarion Books: New York, 2002; \$15

**T**HIS IS THE HEARTFELT story of two young boys becoming friends under some very adverse conditions. Nathan McClelland is a Pennsylvania farm boy whose neighbors have moved out, sold out to the coal company. He is lonely, with all of his friends gone, and his wish of a friend comes true with Arturo Tozzi, a young miner boy in the first wave of immigrants, the only child of the lot. Arturo wishes to see Nathan's animals, and have a friend in his new country. Nathan wishes to mold Arturo like his old and now gone friends Ben and Pete, and first tries to teach Arturo how to read. However, he acts too uppity, and Arturo shuns reading, wanting to be "a friend, not a student," or inferior. When Nathan's old friends, Ben and Pete, come back to visit, they accuse Arturo of being a foreigner, and Nathan tries to tell them that he is who he isn't, a boy named Arthur who's just like them. Arturo runs away, saying that he is who he is, Arturo Tozzi. Nathan, eating humble pie, decides to help Arturo, and assists in hindering troopers to convince Ernesto, Arturo's firebrand brother, to give up the strike. In this act of



faith, Nathan and Arturo's friendship is restored, and they go on as friends.

However, did Nathan and Arturo really resolve their friendship? If Arturo can't read, he can't communicate as well with Nathan as he could if he could read. The friendship is less powerful when Arturo and Nathan can't communicate in ways other than a pidgin English. It's like a Russian and an Egyptian trying to talk through Russian. The Egyptian can't use a full mastery of Russian, so the two don't know each other as well, and the bond is less potent.

In the book, Nathan rebels against tradition to become friends with Arturo; his father expects him to stick only with the people and things he knows best. (Arturo's father supports the friendship, for the good it could do his son.) In the book *Rocket Boys*, by Homer Hickam, Jr., a young boy defies his own West Virginia coal mining town's tradition of becoming a high-school football star, and going on to work in the local mine. He decides to become a rocket scientist, under the heavy hindrance of his father, a head miner who doesn't believe in rockets until the very end, when the boy wins the National Science Fair, like Nathan's father who didn't believe Arturo could be a good friend until he helped Nathan stop the strike.

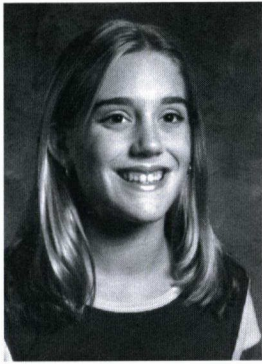
It was surprising that miners had to buy their own tools, blasting powder, and extra timber to hold up the mine. This may account for the destitution of conditions in the mine, with no protection from the poisonous gases inside, and not enough timber to support cave-ins, and the poverty of the miners themselves, living in company-built shacks, and with barely enough food bought with credit from the company store to feed a family. This penury is illustrated in *Growing up in Coal Country*, listed in the back of the book by the author as reference, which gives a detailed account of the day-to-day lives of Pennsylvania coal miners.

But, if Nathan wasn't lonely, if his friends Ben and Pete were still living right next door, and hadn't sold, would there still have been a friendship? That's doubtful, because the only reason Nathan agreed to be Arturo's friend was because he was lonely for Ben and Pete. Likewise, if Arturo had been in the second wave of miners, when they brought their kids, and Nathan was lonely, then Arturo wouldn't need Nathan, though Nathan would need him. It's sad that the only beginning fuel for this friendship came through the needs of Nathan and Arturo for a friend. If one of their needs had been fulfilled, there wouldn't have been a friendship. ❖

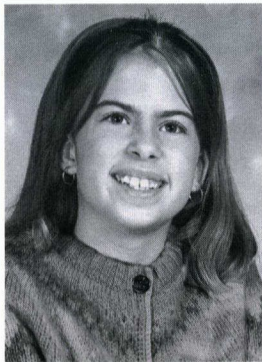
# Music Sown with Love

by Andrea Albertini

illustrated by Jessie Hennen



Andrea Albertini, 13  
Youngstown, Ohio



Jessie Hennen, 13  
Shoreview, Minnesota

**J**ULIA AROSE AT THE EARLY HOUR of four o'clock AM, fighting already bubbling nerves, and being careful not to wake her parents in the next room or her two younger siblings. She didn't want anyone to know about her endeavors, should they fail. And she didn't want to hurt her parents by going behind their backs. Due to their financial state, her parents planned for Julia to attend the community college while living at home. That being *exactly* what she *didn't* want to do, she had applied to more prominent schools and had finally won an audition space—hopefully she could earn acceptance and a scholarship.

Near silent, she dressed in comfortable jeans and a sweat-shirt, French-braided her hair out of her face and began packing her car up, that being a general term. Julia referred to her car as the junkmobile, but it would get her where she needed to go—four hours away. She loaded her business suit, which she would wear for her audition, her bag of application materials and references, and made one last trip to the house. Gingerly, she lifted up her most prized possession, her grandmother's cello. The case, earned by baby-sitting three mischievous monsters all summer, was new, but the instrument inside was not. Handled carefully for two generations, the relentless playing had rounded its tone, making it full, gorgeous. It was the one and only advantage she had on the harrowed road to her dreams.





She breezed through the pieces, eyes shut, feeling the music wash over her and the room



Like a crook, she stole out of the house, noiselessly locking the door behind her. As if handling fine china, she placed her inheritance in the back seat of the car and hopped into the driver's seat, praying for a quiet start-up—the car was as unpredictable as a green filly. Thankfully, her prayer was answered; she would be miles away when her family read the note of explanation.

The car pattered down the street, rolling over discarded belongings and refuse. The street cleaners never came to this part of the town. Yards on her right and left were furnished with the odd patch of crabgrass, and more prominently beige, dusty dirt oases. On her right, a rusted Red Flyer wagon lay overturned, with a mud-encrusted bucket lying beside it. On the left, the shutters of the house had fallen off and had been converted into makeshift skateboard ramps. Several dogs were chained outside, tongues lolling out of their mouths, panting. Coated in burrs and other muck they had found to roll in, they were badly in need of a grooming.

Car pulling into traffic at the end of the street, Julia thought back to her own small home. Although her parents didn't have an abundance of money, their house stood out like a diamond among coal. The yard was intact, with a coating of plush green grass, and the house shone with a fresh coat of paint. There were several neat flower beds, and when something needed to be repaired, it was, when the money could be found.

Reflecting on her past resentment of

her family's financial state, she realized that she could have had it much worse. Yes, she had worked extremely hard, but cello lessons cost money and to get the scholarships you had to be educated. Although they had lived close to poverty ever since the family business went bankrupt, she still had a roof, food, and loving family and friends.

For the first time in her life she was thankful, truly thankful for all that she had. It was as if the years of resentment, hidden hatred, and cynicism had worn off. Her body felt ten pounds lighter. She breezed down the road with this newfound appreciation for her life, and before she could recap the journey, she found herself looking at the map for the university's local town. She navigated through the manicured campus, dorm rooms, classrooms, and libraries until finally she approached the performing arts hall and offices. Checking her car, and paying the nominal parking fee with a few tattered bills, she maneuvered skillfully into a spot. Carefully opening the door and stretching taut legs, she slowly stood and removed her suit. She would change before checking in; first impressions counted here and she wanted hers to be one of maturity and preparedness.

Self-assured, she entered a side door, located a rest room and changed into her suit, a present from her aunt, her only confidant. The navy blue did wonders for her, brought out a gleam of sunshine in her mane, and a sparkle in her sapphire eyes. Displaying a true smile,



not one of the manufactured ones she was accustomed to wearing, she boldly exited the rest room and went back to retrieve her cello, stashing the travel clothes in the back seat.

Lifting her instrument, the music bag, and the paperwork, she began to think over the music notes she would soon have to execute with utmost precision and conviction of her true love for music. Then, more timidly, she entered the main doors and approached the desk. Facing a pickle-faced secretary dressed crisply in a linen suit, she heard her manicured nails tapping on the keyboard. Frames perched on her delicate nose; she glanced up through them and queried in a nasal voice, "Yes? What can I do for you?" as if her purpose at the building was not clear. After all, she was carrying a cello case. Curling short ragged nails into a fist, she fought the nervous waiver out of her voice.

"I'm here for the eleven o'clock audition spot," she proclaimed boldly, a little louder than necessary.

"Oh, you must be Julia Montgomery. They will be expecting you shortly. I'll have Robert take you to your warm-up room and from there an attendant will come for you when it is your turn." She then beckoned to Robert, a lively-looking boy with tightly wound obsidian curls and dancing emerald eyes. "Robert will take you to your audition room, without any of his tricks," she added menacingly. She punctuated her threat by pointing a magenta-painted nail at him. She then resumed the clack

of the keys, and the mischievously grinning boy came to stand by Julia's side.

"I will be your most formal tour guide to room 777, which is a fine, noble, grand room where I myself auditioned and was accepted. I do believe there is a good-luck spell on it."

"There would have to be, if you were accepted!" she bantered back, nervousness eating away at her usually polite demeanor.

"Ouch," he remarked, eyes laughing, "I hope you get in; we need a little life around here!"

"Thanks, I think," she replied. Finally they reached the door labeled 777. It was time to part. She looked up to thank him and found an encouraging smile.

"Good luck," he told her, meaning it.

"Thanks," she replied quietly before going in to prepare. Clenching shaking hands together, she nosed into the room and sat down at the practice chair, arranging her music. Before unpacking her cello, she pulled out the paperwork and applications that had been labored on for hours at the library. All the necessary materials were there, along with a financial aid form, the information weaseled out of her unknowing mother, and a letter explaining need for a scholarship. Then, she rummaged for her performance sheet and references.

So with her paperwork ready, it was time to rehearse one last time. The composition had consumed her, and she had labored over it for hours, learning each note's character, flaws, unique

makeup. She was prepared, but could her humming nerves be tamed? Slowly she breathed in, soothing tense muscles. Unzipping the case, she removed the bow, tightening its hair to perfection, and then removed the key to her dreams, the cello. The rich mahogany shade of the wood reflected her stormy emotions of nervousness and fear. With care, she tuned the strings and began warming up with scales, moving on to the more complex parts of the piece to be performed.

Finally the dreaded knock was heard. A short woman opened the door and came in with a swish of violet skirt. She looked at her and beckoned, motioning Julia to follow her. Gathering her belongings, they set off down the hall. The attendant then stopped, gave an encouraging smile and announced her arrival to the judges as she entered the room.

For a moment time seemed to freeze. In reality, it lasted only a second but it seemed as though it was a decade. Her mind whirled and thoughts stampeded through her ringing head as if on parade. The enormity of what she was about to do hit her; the pressure, the need to win a scholarship. Feeling woozy, she thought she would faint dead away.

Then she recalled the encouraging smile the attendant had given her and the friendliness of the green-eyed boy. These complete strangers had given her hope! Then she remembered her family and her newfound appreciation for them, knowing that they would love

her no matter what. Slowly the excess weight of apprehension began to melt off and the guilt- and anger-free self arose. She would be able to give it her all. She cleared her throat, and the fog encasing her brain began to clear. Gritting her molars, she strode over and handed the judges her application, then moved to the center of the room, where she set up her music and instrument. Finally, after what was perceived as an eon of waiting, it was time for her to do the job she had come to do.

The judges looked up, and the head murmured to the attendant, who moved to shut the door. When she returned to her chair the judge voiced, "You may begin when ready. Play your two prepared pieces first and then you will be given something to sight-read."

Swallowing hard, she picked up the exquisite bow, placed the music in proper order and checked the tuning of the strings on the cello. Warming up with several scales, she sensed the judges' attention on her more fully. Once her hands were warm she took a deep breath as if reassuring herself and began concentrating on making the instrument sing through both the lively and the mournful piece.

She breezed through the pieces, eyes shut, feeling the music wash over her and the room. The performance was near flawless; she could feel it in her soul. It was her greatest performance of the solo since the time she began learning it, and the last dying note still seemed to sing in the air. Next, she was





He grinned and handed her the mail, saying, "I take it this is what you're expecting?"

handed the sight-reading piece. Any new apprehension at having to play on the spot was diluted and washed away when she saw the familiar title. Little did the judges know, she knew this selection. She played the passage with ease, completing the tricks of the hand, and hitting every note just right, and it was soon over. Finishing, she was surprised to hear a spattering of applause; she had been so entranced the world had melted away.

Risking a glance at the judges, she saw blank faces without smiles, but when she made eye contact, she discerned the tiniest of nods. Perhaps it was a slight sign of approval. She shook their callused hands one by one and

hoisted the instrument. Outside, Robert waited, acknowledging her performance with a small bow, and led her back to the practice room to collect her belongings. Exchanging polite goodbyes, Julia left, hearing Robert call after her, "You'll hear from them by mail in two to three weeks!"

"Thanks!" she replied, already thinking of ways to pass the time.

Arriving home, she prepared herself for angry, creased foreheads and a firing squad of questions. Instead, Julia found a welcome, along with congratulations for auditioning. She felt silly, having imagined that they would be disapproving for not accepting their plans to go to the community college. She remem-

bered the lesson she had learned earlier; they would love her and support her no matter what. To the best of her ability, she answered all the questions and then went to sleep; the time had flown by without her even realizing it.

EVERY DAY she trudged doggedly to the mailbox after school, hoping for a big envelope embossed with the college emblem. Days became weeks, and then one warm Saturday, the mail truck pulled onto the street as it always did, but something felt different, even though she knew in her rational mind that the mail truck came every day. The mailman made his way slowly down the street. Finally he approached the house. Running down the drive to greet him, she noticed a large manila envelope in his hand emblazoned with the college's seal. Gulping, she nervously squeaked "hello" to him, and he grinned and handed her the mail, saying, "I take it this is what you're expecting?"

Receiving a nod resembling that of a marionette puppet, he then shook his head and continued on, leaving her clutching the envelope and the business mail in her profusely sweating hand. Mechanically, she walked back to the house and deposited the other mail on the kitchen table. Then Julia stared numbly at the envelope clutched in her fist.

Suddenly, an idea struck her. She would open it by her cello, her springboard into this adventure. Careful not to damage the envelope, she tiptoed up the

stairs, not wanting to arouse the interest of her parents and siblings. She knew that she needed privacy for this moment. Opening the door silently, she entered and grabbed the letter opener from the desk and went to sit by her resting cello. With shaking hands, she ripped the top of the envelope with the implement and drew out a crisp white piece of paper, also monogrammed with the seal. Forcing her eyes to look at it, she began reading. With disbelief in her heart she read the letter, a grin spreading over her face. After one sentence she made herself finish. She had been accepted on a full, four-year scholarship! And her parents only had to pay for supplies and book costs! Julia's smile was so wide, she thought her face would break!

Then, rummaging through the rest of the envelope, she found a map, additional information, and then her fingers landed on a smaller piece of paper. Quizzically, she drew out a handwritten note.

I asked them to let me put this in here. Congratulations on your acceptance! I'll be glad to show you around once you get here!

—Robert

Julia had achieved her initial goals, and had a friend waiting when it was time to tackle the rest of the hurdles on the way to success. She wished she could hug the world at that moment, but then remembered she could hug her parents!

"Mom! Dad!"





# The Stone Soup Store

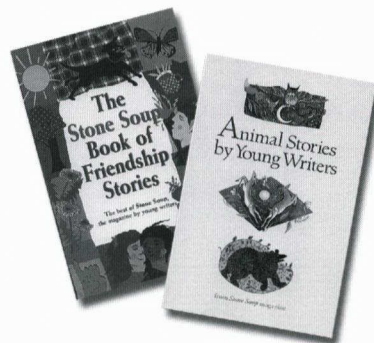
(See all our products in color on the back cover)

## Stories from Stone Soup

If you like *Stone Soup*, you'll love *The Stone Soup Book of Friendship Stories* and *Animal Stories by Young Writers*! These two 6- by 9-inch quality paperbacks present some of the best stories to appear in the pages of *Stone Soup* over the years. Published by Tricycle Press, the anthologies provide hours of great reading and make wonderful gifts.

#108 *Friendship Stories* \$8.95

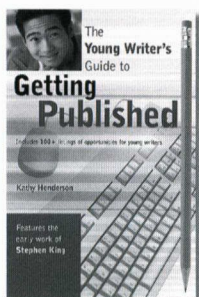
#109 *Animal Stories* \$9.95



## Getting Published

When our writers ask us where, besides *Stone Soup*, they can send their work for publication, we always refer them to *The Young Writer's Guide to Getting Published*. Now in its sixth edition, this excellent reference book by Kathy Henderson contains a wealth of information, including over 100 publications and contests, writing tips, how to prepare your manuscript for submission, and profiles of professional editors and young writers. Paperback, 250 pages.

#111 *The Young Writer's Guide to Getting Published* \$18.99



## Jessie Mug

Three of Jessie Moore's whimsical line drawings are a regular feature on page 2 of *Stone Soup*. Now you can brighten your breakfast table with our colorful mugs, each ringed with six of Jessie's drawings of girls in different outfits and poses. Sets of three can include any combination of colors. Colors: plum, rose, teal.

#103 *Jessie Mug* \$8

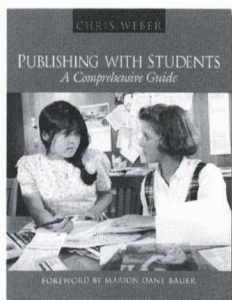
#104 *Set of 3 Mugs* \$20



## Publishing with Students

A great book for teachers and librarians! Longtime writing teacher Chris Weber discusses the value of providing your students with opportunities to share their work with a wider audience. He offers practical suggestions and models for how to publish a student-run magazine or newspaper, how to make hand-bound books, and how to publish student writing on the Internet. The book includes essays and case studies by other teachers, as well as an appendix full of resources. Paperback, 240 pages.

#112 *Publishing with Students* \$23.50



The order form is on the next page →

# Stone Soup

the magazine by young writers and artists

P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063, USA

**800-447-4569**

Orders taken Monday-Friday 9:00-5:30 Pacific time\*

Messages taken 24 hours a day, 7 days a week; fax: 831-426-1161

Order online at [www.stonesoup.com](http://www.stonesoup.com)

(To order subscriptions, use the cards in the center of the magazine, call 800-447-4569, or visit [www.stonesoup.com](http://www.stonesoup.com))

ORDERED BY		SHIP TO (if different from ordered by)	
Name		Name	
Address (no P.O. boxes)		Address (no P.O. boxes)	
City, State, Zip		City, State, Zip	
Daytime phone (      )		(List additional names and addresses on a separate sheet)	

QUANTITY	ITEM NUMBER	DESCRIPTION	SIZE	COLOR	PRICE EACH	TOTAL PRICE

**HOW TO ORDER:** Mail in this form or a copy of it with your check, money order, or credit card information; fax us your order with your credit card information; visit our Web site; or call us toll free. During non-business hours messages (but not orders) are taken by our voice mail system. Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

\***HOLIDAY ORDERS:** From November 25 to December 23, our staff works Monday-Friday 7 AM-5:30 PM Pacific time. We recommend special shipping for orders received after December 13.

Subtotal	
Sales tax	
For delivery in CA add 8%	
Regular shipping (see below)	
Separate charge for each address	
Special shipping (see below)	
<b>TOTAL</b>	

REGULAR SHIPPING	SPECIAL SHIPPING
<b>Standard Mail</b> US addresses only Please allow 2 weeks for delivery  up to \$25    \$4.50 \$25.01-\$50    \$6.00 \$50.01-\$75    \$7.50 \$75.01-\$100    \$9.00 over \$100    \$10.50	<b>Priority Mail</b> Add \$2 to shipping prices at left <b>FedEx Overnight</b> Add \$18 to shipping prices at left <b>Canada</b> Add \$2 to shipping prices at left <b>Other Countries</b> E-mail for rates to your country: <a href="mailto:lgabriel@stonesoup.com">lgabriel@stonesoup.com</a>

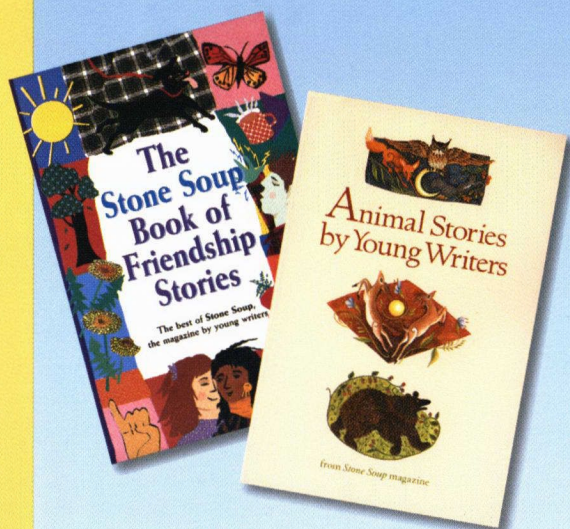
METHOD OF PAYMENT
<input type="checkbox"/> Check or money order enclosed (Payable to Stone Soup. US funds only)
<input type="checkbox"/> Visa <input type="checkbox"/> MC <input type="checkbox"/> AmEx <input type="checkbox"/> Discover
Card number _____
Expiration date _____
Cardholder's name (please print) _____ Sorry, no C.O.D. orders

**Thank you for your order! Visit our Web site at [www.stonesoup.com](http://www.stonesoup.com)**





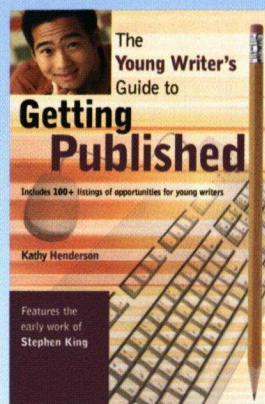
# THE STONE SOUP STORE



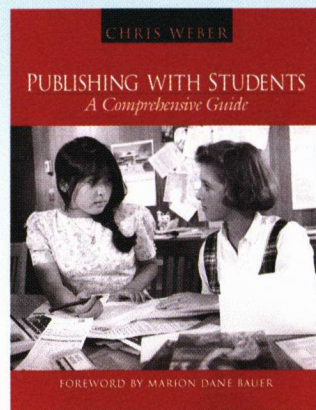
## ANTHOLOGIES



## JESSIE MUGS



## GETTING PUBLISHED



## PUBLISHING WITH STUDENTS

See pages 47 and 48 for more information and to place your order

**Visit our Web site at [www.stonesoup.com](http://www.stonesoup.com)**