

Stone Soup

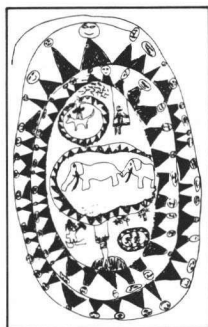
the magazine by children



"Picking Dates," by Ilham Mouhamad Al Abd, age 6, Oman

Volume 20, Number 1
September/October 1991

Price: \$4.75



Stone Soup

the magazine by children

Volume 20 Number 1 September/October 1991

Stone Soup, founded in 1973, is a literary magazine containing stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children through age 13. It is published in September, November, January, March, and May by the Children's Art Foundation, a nonprofit educational organization devoted to encouraging children's creativity. In addition to publishing *Stone Soup*, the Children's Art Foundation operates a Museum of Children's Art and a Children's Art School. Work from the Museum's international collection and from the Art School appears frequently in the pages of *Stone Soup*.

Editors: Gerry Mandel, William Rubel

Administrative Assistants: Laura Shafer, Amanda Sears

Board of Directors: David Craig, Ruth Hanson, Gerry Mandel, Mark Primack, William Rubel, Brion Sprinsock

Special thanks to Stephen Pollard for his help in redesigning the front cover of *Stone Soup*.

Copyright © 1991 by the Children's Art Foundation, 915 Cedar Street, Santa Cruz, CA 95060. All rights reserved. Reproduction of the whole or any part of the contents without written permission is prohibited. ISSN #0094-579X. Second class postage paid at Santa Cruz, CA 95060. Address all correspondence and subscriptions to P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Stone Soup*, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063.

Membership Information

Stone Soup is published five times a year, in September, November, January, March, and May. It 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 \$23, two years \$40, three years \$55. Rates to Canada and Mexico are an additional \$5 per year. Rates to all other countries are an additional \$15 per year.

Information for Contributors

Stone Soup is made up of stories, poems, book reviews, and art by children through age 13. We encourage our readers to send us their work! To get an idea of the kind of work we like, read a few issues of *Stone Soup*. Be sure to read the Activities section, too. You'll notice that we have a preference for writing and art based on personal experiences and observations. If you feel strongly about something that happened to you or something you observed, use that feeling as the basis for your story, poem, or picture. Writing need not be typed or copied over. Art work may be any size, in color or black and white. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope with your submission, and we will respond within approximately four weeks.

Stories: A good story is interesting to read and has a point to make. Characters, places, sounds, and smells are described in detail, and dialogue sounds just like real people talking. Give your story a clear beginning, middle, and end.

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

Art: We like pictures that use the whole page. Think about all the details that make up a complete scene.

Book Reviews: If you are interested in reviewing books for *Stone Soup*, write Editor Gerry Mandel for more information. Aside from telling her your name, age, and address, tell her a little about yourself and what kinds of books you like to read.

Illustrations: If you would like to illustrate stories for *Stone Soup*, send Ms. Mandel some samples of your art work, along with a letter saying what kinds of stories you would like to illustrate.

Contents

STORIES

Mystery Girl / Christopher Zanti	4
Grandpa Nate / Carrie Apsel	9
The Ice Cream Man / Joanna Calogero	14
Threatened Family Mosaic / Tara Polansky	18
The Batam Market / Benjamin, Jedi, and Daniel Bethea	22
Scenes Out of the Darkness / Lyen Huang.	25
A Lucky Accident / Lori Aileen Roberts	29
Sanibel / Erin Peters.	34
More Than You Know / Ogechi Njoku	38
A Black-and-White House Guest / Emma Pollin	42
A Summer Memory / Kimberly Arnold	44

POEMS

Sands / Laura Ranger.	8
The World / Stuart Abel	28

BOOK REVIEW

<i>The Long Way Home</i> / Carrie Margulies.	40
--	----

COLOR ART

Three Constructions / Steven Ujifusa.	12 and 13
Animals / Lily Ruderman.	36
A Winter Landscape / David Beecher	37

BLACK-AND-WHITE ART

Water Splash / Dion Johnson	20
Girl on Street / Carissa Etheridge	21



Mystery Girl

JEFF SMILED AT the girl who sat next to him. Only a few minutes ago they had been playing against each other, now they were becoming good friends.

The girl was about twelve years old. She had blond hair and beautiful deep blue eyes. Her name was Stephanie, she went to Dorval Elementary School, and a while ago she had been playing for their handball team. Now she sat resting on a bench nursing a swollen knee. She had on a light pink shirt with the number fifteen on the shoulder, and white shorts, also with the number fifteen. Her legs, arms,

and face were tanned from the sun.

Stephanie looked over at Jeff and smiled back. He pushed his brown hair out of his eyes and looked at her. She was beautiful. At least Jeff thought so. They exchanged looks and smiles for a few more seconds, but their daydreaming was interrupted by the coach who came over to Stephanie with an ice pack for her knee. He apologized for taking so long and handed her the ice pack. The coach was in his mid-forties with a few gray hairs on his balding head. Jeff had seen him before when he had come to play games at Dorval. After a minute or so, he walked off and left Jeff and Stephanie alone on the bench.

Stephanie held the ice pack on her knee as she talked to Jeff, but when they turned to watch a play in the game, it slipped off her knee and hit the floor. Jeff leaned over and picked up the ice pack for his friend. He replaced the pack on her knee and they continued to watch the game together until it was his turn to go back in.

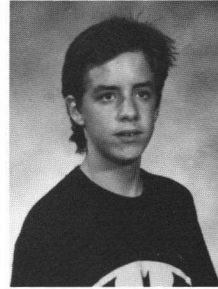
Jeff kept thinking about how he had met this girl. Only a few minutes ago they had been involved in a very big game. The score had been tied at ten to ten. Stephanie had been tending the goal for Dorval and Jeff had been a forward for the Christmas Park team. Once the coach had blown the whistle, the game started up again. When one player from Dorval had fumbled the ball, Jeff had gotten hold of it and passed it to Jill, a teammate. She had then passed it to a big bully named Gary. (Bad mistake!) Gary wasn't just your type of guy who ate footballs, he was the type of guy who ate the people who ate

footballs! He was a sports jock who just loved to show off and now was a good chance to! Gary took the ball and whipped it at Stephanie with all his might. When the ball came at her, she dove for it. She had jumped to one side and caught the ball, but when she put her leg down to regain her balance, it dislocated from being so tight from the jump lift-off. Jeff and some people from both teams came over to her when the whistle blew. Jeff looked at her knee and helped her up. He knew how much it must hurt for he too had problems with his knees and wore a brace for sports. Gary had to make some cheap shots, but Jeff ignored him. Some of the audience applauded to see someone from another team helping an opponent. Stephanie looked at Jeff and smiled, "Thank you." Then Jeff and Stephanie had sat on the bench together, talking about the game and other things. It looked as if Christmas Park was going to win this one with only a few minutes left.

When the final buzzer sounded, the players shook hands with each other. Jeff walked back to the bench. The coach came over and shook hands with him and patted Stephanie on the shoulder, saying something about being good sports. Stephanie struggled to get up from the bench and Jeff could see her knee was really swollen so he let her lean on him and they walked slowly to the gym doors. As they approached, and as the crowd had begun to thin out, Jeff could see his mother talking to another woman. It turned out to be Stephanie's mom. The two women walked over to the two kids. After they finished talking, the four of them went outside to the

parking lot. Jeff helped Stephanie into the back of the car where she could rest her leg on the seat. The two mothers shook hands. It looked like they were going to see each other again. Stephanie leaned over and put her arms around Jeff and hugged him. She whispered, "Thank you," again. Jeff stepped back and smiled at his friend. She reached into her knapsack and pulled out some paper and a pen, scribbled for a minute and handed him the piece of paper with her phone number and address. This was the beginning of a good friendship.

*Christopher Zanti, 13,
Beaconsfield, Quebec, Canada*



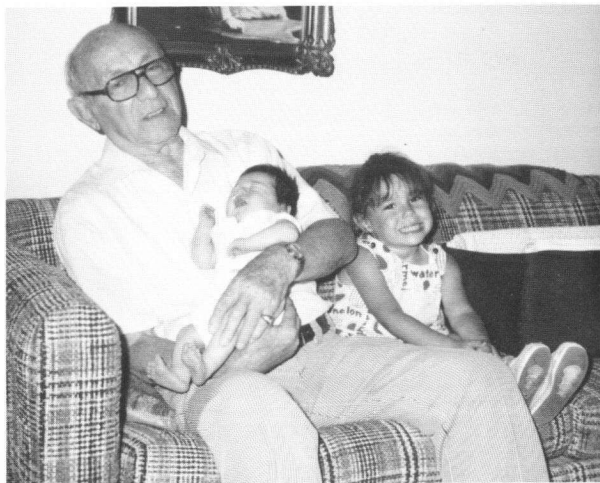
*illustrated by Lilly Bee Pierce, 10,
Fallbrook, California*

Sands

My skin is as smooth
as polished wood.
When my mother strokes me
She sands me with her hands.
My skin is as smooth
As a piece of driftwood
on Otaki beach.
Waves smashing
And sand makes it smooth
as seagull feathers.



*Laura Ranger, 6,
Wellington, New Zealand*



Carrie with her grandpa and her little sister.

Grandpa Nate

DEALING WITH DEATH is painful—like an excruciating pain. I know because when I was seven my Grandpa Nate died. A caring, funny man, Grandpa Nate would always play games with me. When I'd sleep over, I would tippy-toe into the room, and he'd be lying with his eyes closed. Though I approached him as quietly as a whisper, he'd jump up and startle me. Then, before I could respond, he'd grab me in a warm bear hug and we'd giggle and laugh about our private game. I would sometimes ride on his back feeling like a rodeo rider, or I would concentrate on a deck of cards in an intense game of gin rummy.

I remember when my mom explained to me that my grandpa had heart problems. "He has to go into the hospital," she added at the end. And so he did, while we all worried about him. My grandma stayed with him day and night until they released him to recuperate at home. He was still very ill, and my dad helped by supporting him as he walked, taking him to the bathroom or moving him back to his bed.

About three days later I went to visit him. He was struggling to breathe. My dad became concerned and dialed 911 and told the man what had happened. Thoughts were filling my head, fears and anxieties I didn't understand. I was frightened by my father's reaction.

The next day we went to visit Grandpa Nate. It was so scary seeing him there tied up to all those tubes and an I.V. machine with a chart that showed his heartbeat. The railings on the hospital bed felt cold when I leaned over and awkwardly tried to give him a kiss. When I cried, "I love you," he tried to respond, but it was too much of a struggle.

Two days later it was before his birthday, so at daycamp I made him a birthday card and brought it home. As I undressed for bed and was brushing my teeth, I heard my mom on the phone. All of a sudden there was a funny tone in her voice, and then I heard my mom crying. I wanted to run to the kitchen, but I was frozen in place. Then my mom came into my bedroom and told me my grandpa had died. I felt anger creeping into my stomach. How could he do that to me? I had made a card for him, coloring all my love into the intricate design. I ripped

up his card and started to cry.

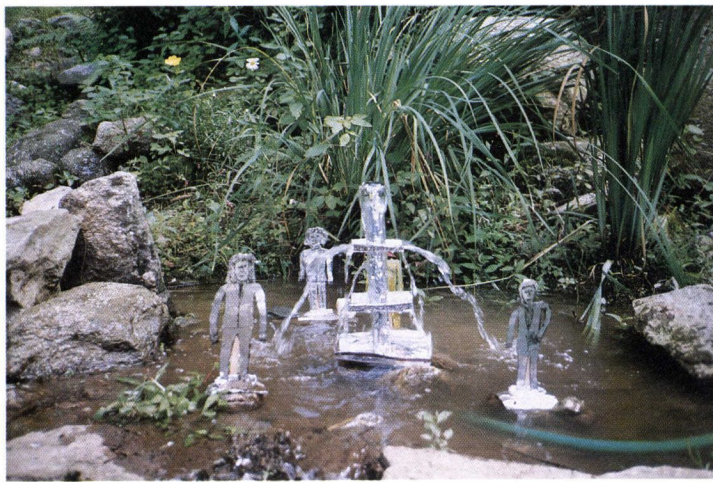
The next day my family went to the chapel to learn about the plans for his funeral. We sat in the somber, wood-paneled room, and it seemed scary as I thought about it. After a long, painful conversation, the funeral director asked if there were any questions. As I tearfully told him about the ripped-up card which was pasted together and placed carefully in my desk drawer, he gently suggested that I put it in Grandpa's casket. So I did just that, kissing my grandpa who lay in this velvet box looking calm and rested. I thought about the good memories when he bounced me on his knee and then snuggled and kissed me goodnight.

Remembering the good memories helped keep away the bad and never lets me forget this special person—my Grandpa Nate.

*Carrie Apsel, 12,
Southfield, Michigan*



Fountain with Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart



Chartres Cathedral



A 17th Century City Built on Water



Steven Ujifusa, 11, Chappaqua, New York

Steven (right) makes his constructions out of paper and foil.

The Ice Cream Man

THE FAMILIAR SONG of "The Entertainer" is heard coming down the street. But it's not the song that makes you run to find money wherever you can, it's because the song means—the ice cream man!

You must know the round, jolly man, who's obviously eating more of his product than he's selling, who sells you cheap ice cream while he's playing the same song over, and over, and over. Or don't you?

I'm thirteen years old now, and it's five summers since Chuck was the ice cream man. In the three years that Chuck was our ice cream man, when I was four to seven, we had become great friends.

Chuck was very funny and friendly. He was on the short side, and on the fat side. And on the lovable side. He always looked the same, with short, regularly cut hair and a pudgy face. And he was always laughing and smiling.

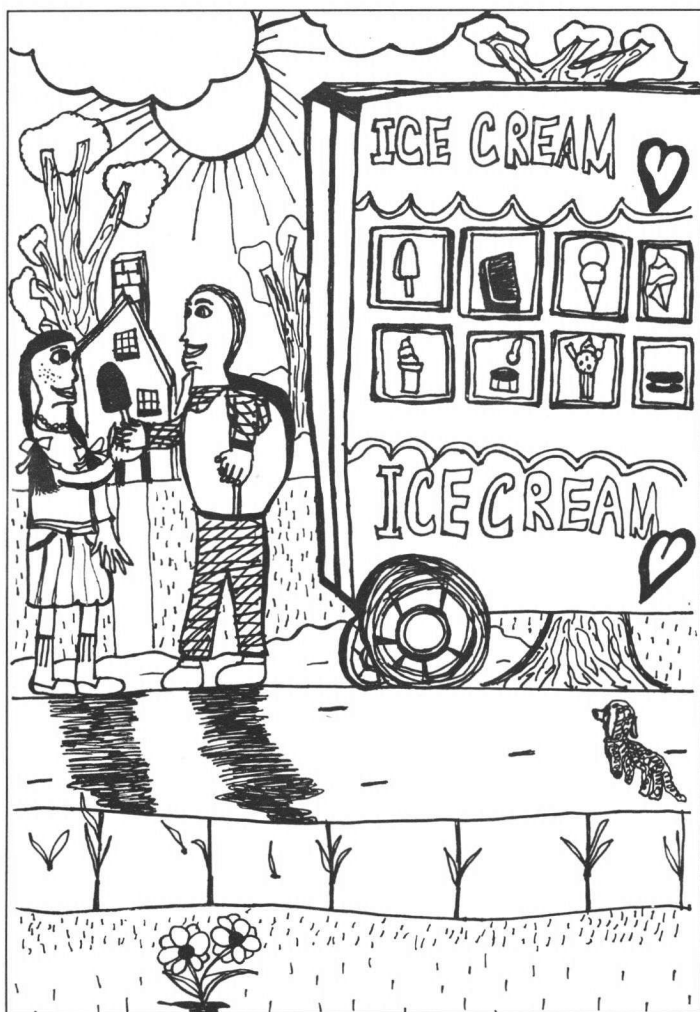
"That one?" he'd ask, pretending to be confused and pointing to the wrong one.

"No," we'd giggle, "that one!"

"Oh!" he'd say, as if he'd just understood. He'd hesitate, then say, "You don't want that one."

"Uh huh, it's the best kind, I always get that kind," we'd say innocently.

"O.K.," he'd finally agree, but still a little reluctantly, and get it for us.



Once when I was seven I ran after Chuck for three blocks, following his song. When I finally got my ice cream, Chuck said, "Well, Sally, that's forty-five cents." Sally wasn't really my name. It's really Molly, but he called me Sally anyway.

I gave him the change my mom had given me, like I always had done, and ran off with my ice cream.

"Watch out!" I heard from the truck, too late, since I had already tripped over a branch on the sidewalk and fallen. I looked down, saw my scraped knee, and started crying. I heard footsteps behind me, and when I turned around to see who it was, I saw my dirty, melty ice cream on the sidewalk.

"Come on, let's get you home," Chuck said and picked me up. Once we got to the truck, he put me in the passenger seat and went around to the back of the truck. He came back to the driver seat with another ice cream bar, which he handed to me. He then started the truck and drove me back the three blocks to my house, trying to cheer me up the whole way, which he did.

"Now when you get inside, wash that off and put a bandaid on, O.K.?" Chuck told me.

"O.K.," I said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, Sally!" Chuck said, smiling. "And be careful next time," he warned me.

"Goodbye," I said after he had lifted me down from the seat, which had seemed very high at the time.

"Bye, Sally!" Chuck said.

The next day, when I heard Chuck's song, I ran out to meet him. "Hi!" I shouted before reaching the truck.

"What do you want?" I heard a deep voice say.

That isn't Chuck, I thought. When I got to the truck, I saw a bearded man who seemed very scary

to me at the time.

"You're not Chuck," I said, confused.

"Chuck was fired, for driving kids around on working hours," said the new ice cream man.

"But Chuck was my friend! I'm never buying ice cream from you!" I shouted and ran back home.

When I got home, I told my mom all about what had happened. "Well, why don't you write a letter to Chuck," my mom suggested.

"O.K." So, in my messy handwriting with most of the letters backwards, I wrote this note to Chuck.

Dear Chuck,

I miss you. I had lots of fun, and your ice cream was good. Please come back, the new man is mean.

From,
Molly (Sally)

I put my letter in an envelope and wrote "Chuck" on the front. I gave the letter to my mom, and I'm not sure how she addressed it, but I didn't really care either.

A week later I got a letter back from Chuck.

Dear Sally,

Are you better now? I hope so. They didn't like me to give rides I guess. But now I've got a job as a mailman, on your street! That's all year, too. You'll see me soon, I'm sure. Bye!

Your friend,
Chuck

And now I have to go because the mailman will be here soon!

*Joanna Calogero, 12,
Manlius, New York*



*illustrated by Hilary Carere, 10,
East Aurora, New York*

Threatened Family Mosaic

MY MOTHER IS good with words, so my sisters and I listen eagerly to her stories of the past. I know all about that little apartment, in Brooklyn, that her family squooshed into for so many years, and about the time her sister threw her clothes out the window, to drop so many stories. I know of the unfortunate death of my grandmother when my mom was thirteen and my aunt ten years old. I've heard the story about a hundred times how my great-grandmother stood on a quarter all day because they were

so poor. She was a very religious Jew and not allowed to touch money on certain days.

Now my aunt lives in Israel, and though I've only met her two or three times, I know her as well as I know my neighbors. Every once in a while my mom will say to me, "You are just like my sister."

So when I first heard those cold, harsh words telling us that Saddam had sent missiles to Israel, and I thought about what those words really meant, a shiver ran down my back. I got the chills thinking of my two-year-old cousin screaming in a big black gas mask. His brother, just bar-mitzvahed, riding along the bumpy mountain road, coming home from school because his teachers didn't want to be responsible for the class when the warning bell rang. I cannot tell you how I feared for the life of my aunt's daughters, as well as my aunt herself. I could just imagine her light, usually dancing blue eyes, with big salty tears dripping from them. I would never forgive the Iraqis if all that was left, for us, were sweet memories.

*Tara Polansky, 11,
Longmeadow, Massachusetts*



Water Splash



Dion Johnson, 12, Washington, D.C.

Girl on Street



Carissa Etheridge, 9, Washington, D.C.

These two photographs were produced in workshops offered by Shooting Back, Inc. Shooting Back is a nonprofit organization that offers workshops in photography, writing, and other media to homeless and at-risk children living in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area. The photographs are copyrighted by Shooting Back.

Batam Market View One

WHEN YOU GO inside the pasar in Batam it stinks. But that's where we get our vegetables. At two o'clock in the afternoon my mom and I go with my brother. As we hurry back and forth, I help carry the groceries.

The meat smells like old lamb. But the vegetables have a nice clean smell compared to the drain full of rotten banana peels. Also the dried shrimp stink so I don't want to ever smell them again.

The bright red tomatoes will taste delicious when we add mayonnaise and salt. The curled okra looks like little green elves' shoes. After a big day buying fresh food we go to our sweet home to eat some of it.

*Benjamin Bethea, 7,
Batam, Indonesia*

View Two

ON SATURDAY AT one o'clock my mom and I drove in our noisy yogurt-white car to the pasar in Nagoya. I saw muddy bits of lettuce, meat fat, and cabbage covering the brick floor. Small shops

proudly stood in rows with corn, white sugar in crystals, brown beans, and silver dried fish. Once in a while red hairy coconuts half filled a shop like orangutans rolled up in balls to sleep. People hurriedly bustled to and fro with large bumpy pink bags.

Meanwhile, I heard a huge butcher knife cutting through frozen beef and chicken. Women and men made a constant buzzing sound like bees bargaining. A man in stormy black boots pushed down the aisle a creaking cart full of light green cabbages. Nearby, men shouted orders to each other, some voices high and shrill and others deep and low but always happy. Certainly the pasar is untidy and poor, but liveliness and happy people always fill it.

*Jedi Bethea, 10,
Batam, Indonesia*

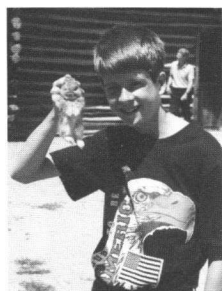
View Three

ON AN OVERCAST Friday afternoon last week I accompanied my mom to Nagoya to buy copper wire. As usual, the whole place was filled with millions of multi-colored taxis dodging street vendors who pushed carts loaded with candy and cigarettes. I had to watch where I stepped or my foot might end up on a squashed banana covered with flies or some other exotic form of refuse. The blue-and-white tarpaulins hanging in front of the shops kept us from

seeing inside, but they offered shade from the blazing sun once you stood behind them.

The incredible noise made the shop owners deaf to my request for wire. Taxi horns blared at each other from every corner and lane. Small children yelled and laughed on the sidewalks. Some howled when their mothers set them down, or because nobody bought them ice cream from the persistent man who kept ringing his bell like a galloping cow to attract them. Overhead a Boeing 147-B roared off to Australia or some other far-off country. Consequently, I thought, What a different world Batam is from wherever that jet is going.

*Daniel Bethea, 12,
Batam, Indonesia*



Ben and Jedi



Daniel

Scenes Out of the Darkness

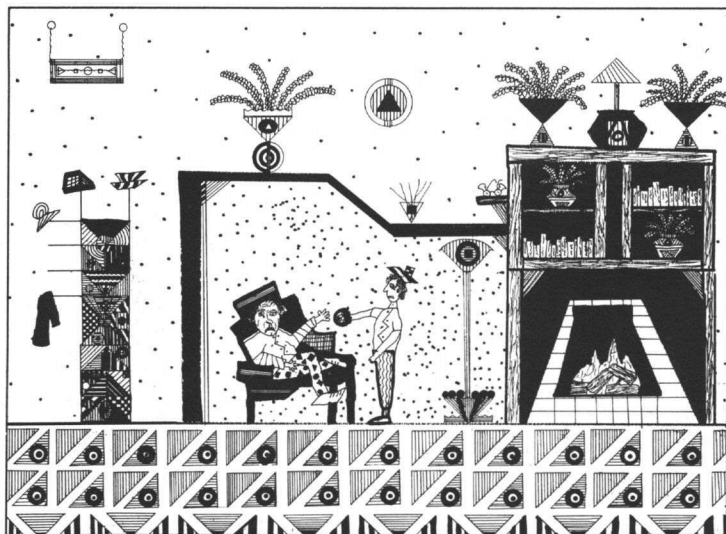
I STEPPED OUTSIDE into the boiling heat as I heard the airlock close behind me. Glancing up at the black foreboding outlines of clouds, I shivered. I wondered how I could have felt secure inside just a moment ago, and yet the moment I stepped outside, as always, a shiver of fear passed through my body. Sometimes I would become concerned with myself. Were those feelings real? Or was I going insane as so many others had from the exposure to the harsh lands? Despite the heat, I pulled the synthetic-fabric jacket around myself tighter as if to afford me protection. Almost no light filtered down and the land beyond ten feet was cloaked in eternal darkness. Perhaps Mother Nature was hiding herself from probing eyes so as to protect the last remaining vestiges of her power. My eyes flew across the sky again. I thought of all the stories Grandpa had told; was it truly possible for all those scenes to have existed? My mind just refused to form the image Grandpa painted for me. Sighing, I gazed around me a last time before going inside.

One Thursday, according to our atomic timepiece, I finally contrived a chance to explore Grandpa's attic undisturbed. Climbing the stairs, the only item of the house left from before the Long Night, I reached the wooden-paneled door. I tapped in the access code; the door slid open.

Within the room lay dusty boxes piled on other

dusty boxes of old stuff, no doubt of little use or value now. Reaching for the nearest container, I opened it. The only item that lay inside was a green cloth bundled around an oblong shape. A book. Opening it carefully, I flipped through several pages of what must have been Grandpa's old diary. Just then, a glint of gold color caught the corner of my eyes. As I completely unfolded the green felt it revealed itself to be a pennant. Across it lay row upon row of small pins. One grasped my eye. Gingerly removing it from the pennant, I studied it. "Hall Memorial, 1990" was emblazoned on the top and bottom of the shield-shaped pin. An intricate carving in the middle depicted a scene that seemed direct from Grandpa's stories of life before darkness fell—a blue sky and water with ornamented green trees and hills. Everything was outlined in gold, while stars ornamented the white border. It was then that something inside me snapped. I had to find out whether I was right.

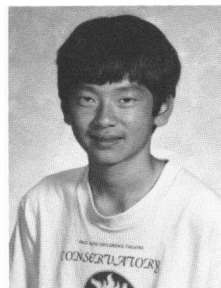
Running downstairs to the living room, I found the person I sought, staring with a far-away look at the fire, which cackled pleasantly. We all knew the fire did little now except remind the older members in our families of merrier days. "Grandpa, I found this in the attic. Is this how it was?" The old weather-worn face looked up startled. My trembling open hand stumbled forward, the gold pin coruscating in the dim red light. Grandfather's hand glided slowly to my open palm and pulled the pin close to his chest, held tightly within both hands, with his head bowed low. It seemed years passed before he looked



up, this time his eyes glossed with tears. He was biting on his lower lip and he nodded sadly.

His voice came out as a small whisper. "Yes, that was how it was. That was how it was."

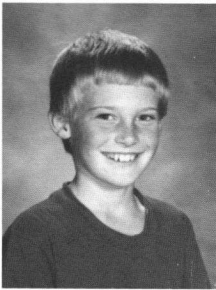
*Lyen Huang, 12,
Palo Alto, California*



*illustrated by Jeff Weishaar, 12,
Fallbrook, California*

The World

The ocean roughly roars,
and breaks on many rocks.
The mystical moon makes a beautiful reflection
on the calm lake.
The green trees sway back and forth
in the whirling afternoon wind.
The fresh and wet grass swishes
across the green meadow in the breeze.
In the warm day the sky is blue,
and in the night the blue sky goes away
and on comes the
biggest mystery of them all,
space,
with the shiny stars.



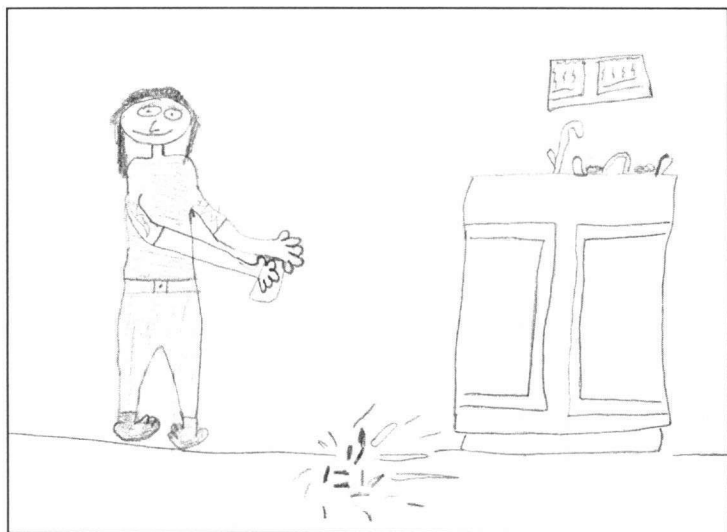
*Stuart Abel, 9,
Santa Cruz, California*



A Lucky Accident

MY GRANDMA AND I were at the kitchen table talking about my dad not having a job while she was stirring up some banana bread. She let me spoon the delicious left-over batter out of the bowl and eat it. We had to move in with her and Grandpa after my dad lost his job in Kingman, Arizona, and we ran out of money. We moved in with Grandma and Grandpa about a month ago. I told her, "I don't really care if my dad has a job or not, but I still love him."

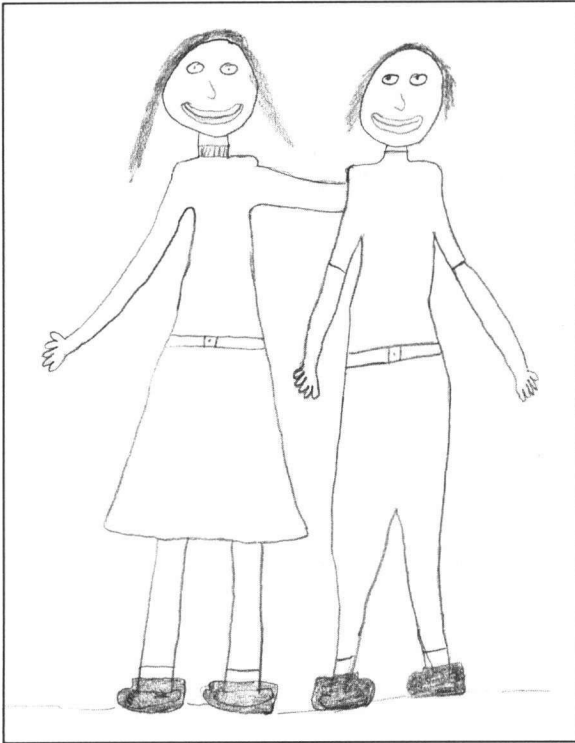
Grandma agreed Dad is looking hard for a job in Laramie or here in Rock River. "Your dad is a hard-working fellow and something will come up. He has a special license and can drive any size truck or equipment."



I washed the dishes for Grandma and accidentally dropped the bowl, slippery with soapsuds, on the kitchen floor. It broke with a loud crash on the floor and it splashed water and little splinters of glass. After I cleaned the mess, Grandma said, "Oh, that's O.K., we can always get another one." Then I didn't feel so bad.

Just before the banana bread was done, my dad got home and we all sat down at the kitchen table and ate the delicious banana bread and drank cold milk while we were talking about my dad not having

a job. He had applied earlier at Hardee's, McDonald's, and Animal Kingdom. Today he'd applied at Burger King, the post office in Laramie, and First Interstate Bank. He said it looks hopeless on finding a job until spring when the recession gets better.



Mom patted him on the back and said, "Don't worry, you'll find a job soon." After that we went out to dinner at Pizza Hut on my grandpa's expense, and we talked about the possibilities of a job. After that we all came home and went to bed.

My dad was still awake and he heard a loud crash from the direction of the railroad tracks, so he got up to see what it was. He went outside to see what had happened. There was an accident involving a train hauling a tank of toxic waste.

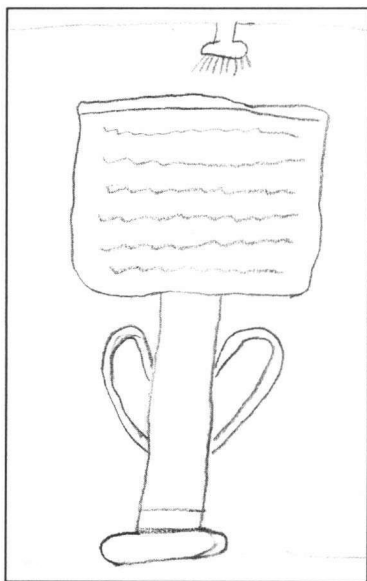
The train wrecked because someone put a big rock on the track and the toxic waste spilled all over. We could see toxic fumes spreading like a cloud over



the town. Dad evacuated the whole town by knocking on doors and telling people that they had to leave quickly. He took the elderly people out of town.

A big semi that had an empty trailer helped to haul people out of town. Some of the younger people drove out of town in their cars. They wrapped their babies in warm blankets in order to take them outside to the car.

All during the night my dad was rescuing people and animals, especially dogs, cats, and birds. He woke up all the people by knocking on the door, pounding on the door, and yelling, and telling people they had to leave town right now. Then the firemen cleaned up the spill as fast as they could in their heavy and protective suits.



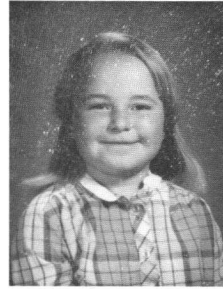
The next day my dad and the firemen were awarded for their bravery and courage that awful night. Dad got a trophy that said, "Congratulations for Your Bravery and Courage, and for Cleaning Up the Toxic Waste." The trophy weighs three pounds. It is one foot high and is eleven-and-a-half inches around, and it's gold-plated with a silver rim at the top and bottom.

After that, the town hired my dad as a policeman and a fireman. He was hired for his bravery the night of the spill and for his quick thinking in saving the people.

Now that Dad had income, we moved into our

own place. There was money to meet our needs like food, shelter, and medical care. For our family, the toxic spill was a lucky accident!

*Lori Aileen Roberts, 11,
Laramie, Wyoming
illustrated by the author*



Sanibel

THE RAYS OF light peer mischievously over the horizon. Thin ribbons of glimmering water come into sight. I hear the water gently rolling to the shore. I smell the fresh air with salt accents in it.

The sun rises calmly over the ocean, slowly, barely noticeable, sparkling as far as I can see. Red, gold, and orange spill out on the clear, calm water. Black turns into purple, then blue.

Near the horizon the sky is on fire. Darkness dissolves to make room for the light. The sun is warming as I lie on the cool, rough sand. I feel the radiant beams of light escaping from the other side of the earth.

The sea becomes alive as I walk on the shell fragments that once were full of life. A cool breeze whispers through the air. I hear seagulls chattering among themselves. Palm trees wave at me as the gentle wind sifts through the branches.

As I wade in the water, I see a minute hermit crab tiptoeing like a spider toward me. I pick up the small nomad. Wading deeper in the cool, clear water I see a tiny colorless fish. The clear, jelly-like fish is searching for food with its feathery tentacles.

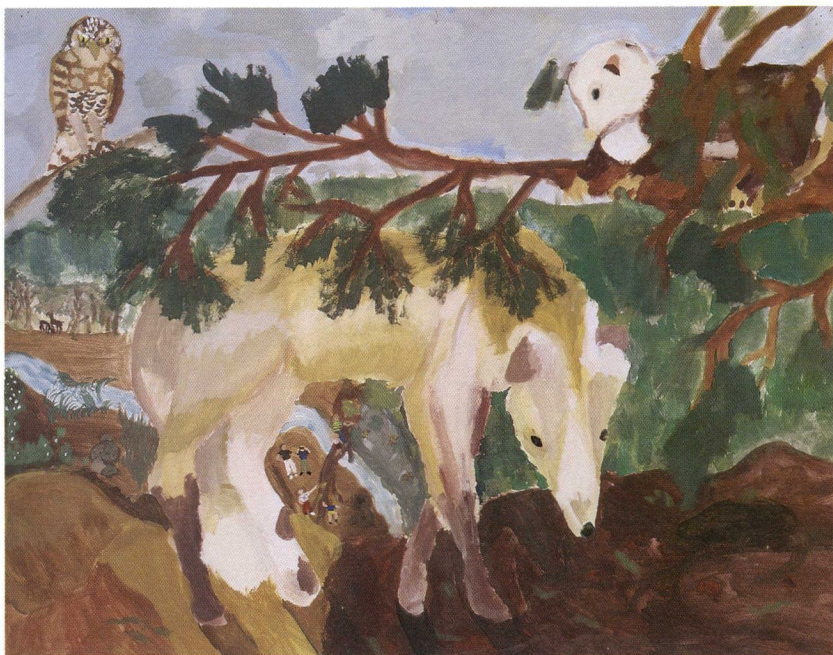
Contemplating what is living in the great sea, I feel a prickly object under my foot. The boy starfish allows me to pick it up. It is a gold color that gets darker toward the center. The small suction-cup legs tickle my bare hand. The beautiful starfish slowly sinks to the bottom of the huge, majestic ocean.

The sun has completely risen. The great flame reflects on the water as I wade back to shore. As I stare in extreme wonder, I doze off into a light, dreamless sleep.

*Erin Peters, 12,
Elmhurst, Illinois*



Animals



Tempera

Lily Ruderman, 11, Davenport, California

These two paintings were made in Celeste Baross's classes at the Children's Art Foundation's Art School.

A Winter Landscape



Tempera

David Beecher, 13, Santa Cruz, California

More Than You Know

IN THE COOL peace of a calm October afternoon, I sat and mused. Nature was plunged in deep silence, the whole chorus of life that had chirped and sung during the radiant summer was heard no more. Everywhere the dying autumn splashed against the dark background of the green pines and firs on the hills, the brown and yellow of the beech, the dark purple of the ash tree, the brilliant scarlet of the maple. But my salty tears were hot on my blotchy skin.

My tears had been ever present since Mom died. It's not the fact that she left us so suddenly or the fact that soon after that we had to leave to a new neighborhood, it's just that since then things have changed with a startling rapidness that left me dizzy, detached, and alone.

Alone? No need to ask that rhetorical question. I am alone. Of course, Dad is here, but not the Dad of five years ago. This Dad is cold and unalive. The only thing that seems to keep him going is his work. One would hardly know that I was his daughter and I regret it's that way. I've even deliberately started conversations that should have ended on a lively note, but to no avail. It was only, "Good morning," "Back from school?" and "Good night." Were we always going to be strangers?

As I cried uncontrollably over these thoughts, I heard soft footsteps behind me crisp on the dry

leaves, and a hand fell on my shoulder. "Joan," my father's rich and quiet voice filled the air, "I know why you're crying and I'm sorry; sorry beyond words. I've not been a good father, actually, I've been the worst. When was the last time I asked you how you were doing in school or how you were doing with your new friends? When was the last time I really talked to you? I owe you an apology. You know, to be perfectly honest, I suppose that after your mother died I withdrew into my work more than ever. It was easier to deal with than the present and my own pain. I was trying to forget her and in that process I forgot about you." His words were choked with emotion. "But it's no excuse. Nothing in the world is more important than my daughter. I love you, Joan, and it's time I started finding out more about you."

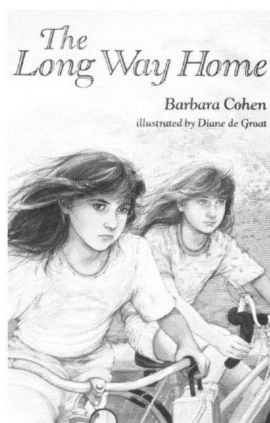
Joan felt more tears streaming down her face. She turned around and threw her arms about him. "I love you too, and Dad? I really understand. More than you know."

*Ogechi Njoku, 12,
Owerri, Imo State, Nigeria*



Book Review

The Long Way Home by Barbara Cohen, illustrated by Diane de Groat; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Books: New York, 1990; \$12.95.



The Long Way Home is about the Berg family, who has to cope with the fact that Mrs. Berg, the mother and wife, has cancer.

Emily, Sally, and Lisa (the Berg sisters) all worry about their mother's cancer because they were told that cancer was a dominant trait. This means that there was a strong chance of them having cancer as well. So

they began to worry about themselves, too.

Sacrifices had to be made in order to make their lives a little smoother and easier. Emily and Sally, who are twin sisters, had to go to day camp instead of going to their summer house with their best friends. Even though they're twins, the two girls handled their mother's illness very differently.

Sally was very sad about her mother, but it made her angry and sometimes a little selfish. Emily was sweeter and always seemed to be more of a comfort to her mother, which made Sally angry and jealous.

The family still suffered when their mother came back from chemotherapy, worn and tired. It really

was a much too sad sight to bear.

I know how it feels for a family to worry about one of their loved ones. I have been in the hospital quite a few times, and I've seen my family go through the stress of seeing the person they love go through a scary and uncomfortable experience.

This book is very true-to-life in its portrayal of how the mother's illness affects each member of the family differently. This story is a very serious one. It is unique in its own special way because cancer is not something we read or talk about every day. Unless it's *your* family that's going through it.

I suggest that sensitive readers read the synopsis on the back before reading the book, as this book is also very sad. There is a wonderful aspect to it which I won't mention. I hope that you *Stone Soupers* will read this book. It is excellent!

*Carrie Margulies, 11,
Brooklyn, New York*



A Black-and-White House Guest

MY FAMILY AND I truly have something to give thanks for every Thanksgiving. Last spring we were slightly shook. One night, a very average night, we said good-night to our parents, and Hannah, my sister, and I went to sleep.

We have three cats and they like to go in and out during the night, so my parents leave the screen door in their room open for them. This was convenient because this way my parents could sleep without having to constantly get up and open the door. This night was no different, and the door was open.

I woke up suddenly when I heard my father call from his room, "Sigrid, there's a skunk in the house!" (My mother was awake, although it was two-thirty at night, and was in the kitchen.) Upon hearing this she made a barrier so that if it came her way it would go straight out the door.

I, however, was much too stunned to do much of anything. Hannah was barely awake until my father called, "It's in the girls' room!" I looked at a black shirt lying on the floor, thinking it was the skunk. Just then the real skunk walked in. Two skunks! I thought, then realized what an idiot I was being.

It was coming closer to my bed. I started to inch away onto Hannah's bed, parallel to mine.

"Make a noise Emma!" my mom called. I did *not* want to do that for fear it would spray.

Then worse came to worst. In walked one of our cats. It walked toward the skunk. Don't do it Flour-nose, don't do it! I thought, trying to send her a mental message. The cat, Flournose, walked right up to the skunk, sniffed it, and just walked on in the opposite direction.

Finally the skunk decided to leave our room. I was relieved.

"Thud!" The skunk hit the wall in the hallway just outside our room. It scampered back into our room. Oh, brother! Nobody was ever quite so charmed by our room. The skunk finally decided to check out of his hotel for the rest of the night. He simply walked right out. We were so relieved that the four of us must have spent a half-an-hour relating the goings-on in each room.

The more I think about it the luckier I think we were that it kept its odors to itself. Our whole house would be unliveable. Our numerous shelves of books and my precious shelf which contained my miniature collection would be no more. What luck!

*Emma Pollin, 11,
Riverside, California*



A Summer Memory

ONE OF MY most favorite memories of all time was when I went back to Florida with my dad. We went a few summers ago with my little brother, Erik. I couldn't wait to go see my grandmother again, who took care of me when I was little.

I will never forget driving down the streets of Palatka, lined with pecan and magnolia trees. We drove down streets with two-story, white houses with lawns and foliage in front that looked like they had jumped out of a *Better Homes and Gardens* magazine. The days were hot and humid with a wet, sticky heat, but luckily there was a pool at our hotel.

For every house we passed, and for every bend in the road, my dad had a story or recalled a long-ago memory from his childhood. Slowly his southern accent began to return as he told of pranks played with his half-brother, Lou, and his uncle, Edwin. He also told of old girlfriends and school buddies.

Soon after we arrived and got settled at the Holiday Inn, supposedly the best in Palatka, we went to see my grandmother. She was living in an apartment complex for senior citizens. After I came out of the warm sunshine, her apartment made me shiver with cold. It was only one room but it was neat and clean, just as our house had been when she had lived with us. It was cool and inviting and smelled of ripe peaches.

My grandmother rushed over to us and gathered

us all in her soft, wrinkled arms. She sized up my father, her first born, and commented on his ample belly and graying hair. Then she told my brother how he had grown since the last time she had seen him, which was two years before. She hugged me last and called me "baby doll" the way only she can, in her soft southern drawl.

I guess I'll always be a baby to her. She brought me up from birth until I was four and she was about the only person I ever saw. She would have me help her do the laundry or dust, gently directing my small hands and offering encouragement. Then we would sit on the couch and she would sew and watch her soap operas. I would marvel at the pincushion and brightly-colored spools of thread in her sewing basket, and she would patiently explain what everything was. From the time I was five, up until now, she's only seen me about three times, so she'll always remember me best as a pudgy toddler with bruises on my knees who was always underfoot.

She started to worry if we were eating well and offered us sweet rolls and fruit. Then she asked if we needed our laundry done. She went about her tasks skillfully and quickly, like the experienced mother she is.

A few days later we went out to see the old house that our family had lived in for generations. Our car would take us only as far as the fields behind Uncle Edwin's house. We walked through the tall weeds that tickled my bare legs and were full of insects. We walked past the warehouses, filled with electronics for Uncle Edwin's electronics store, and his

spry, energetic hunting dogs that have chased many a deer whose heads now adorn Uncle Edwin's den. They leaped at the cage doors and we stopped to let the many breeds lick our fingers. We went on, under the shade of oak and pecan trees, until we reached a partial, old, brick road made out of bricks from Georgia. We were getting near.



Kimberly and her brother in front of the old house.

At last we reached the old, dilapidated house. It is now two stories tall with peeling white paint and a sagging veranda. It used to be quite grand in its day though, when it was the center of a busy farm. It is heavily shaded with trees that were full of squirrels and birds. The leaves overhead were so thick that there was barely a patch of sunlight on the ground.

My grandmother opened the door to the musty-smelling house and let us in. My dad looked through the rooms of his boyhood, stopping to notice a particular piece of furniture or a familiar object. My

grandmother told us exactly how things used to look when the house was part of a farm. She wistfully remembered every detail about the story she happened to be telling, from the year to the color of a dress.

Last of all my dad showed us an old bullet hole in the door that he had put there long ago. He told the story of how it got there and made it come to life. My grandmother jumped in and I felt as if I were there when it happened, about thirty-five years ago.

As we took one last look around you could feel the sorrow hanging in the air all around us, the longing for the way things used to be. You could almost hear them asking, "Where did all the years go to?" My dad took one last look and sighed, then regretfully slipped out the screen door. My grandmother sadly looked at the house, remembering happier days when she was young and her life was just beginning. Then she left too.

We began our walk back in silence, my dad and grandmother lost in potent memories that had come back again.

*Kimberly Arnold, 13,
San Bruno, California*



Order Form

To Charge By Phone, Call 1-800-447-4569

Membership in the Children's Art Foundation includes a subscription to *Stone Soup*. Orders to countries other than the U.S., Canada and Mexico are shipped via air mail. All checks must be in U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank.

RATES

	<input type="checkbox"/> 1 yr.	<input type="checkbox"/> 2 yrs.	<input type="checkbox"/> 3 yrs.	<input type="checkbox"/> Single Copy
United States	\$23	\$40	\$55	\$4.75
Canada/Mexico	\$28	\$50	\$70	\$5.75
Other Countries	\$38	\$70	\$100	\$7.50

PAYMENT INFORMATION

☐ Check enclosed. Please bill my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard.

Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____ Phone _____

Printed Name _____

SUBSCRIBER

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

☐ Please send a gift card signed _____ .

GIFT GIVER

Name _____

Address (if different from above) _____

City, State, Zip _____

Children's Art Foundation, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063



Photo: Tony Grant

Founded in 1973, the Children's Art Foundation is a nonprofit organization dedicated to encouraging children's creativity. In addition to publishing *Stone Soup*, the national magazine of writing and art by children, the Children's Art Foundation presents exhibits in its Museum of Children's Art and operates an innovative Children's Art School. We invite our readers to visit our facility, just a 90-minute drive south of San Francisco in the beautiful coastal city of Santa Cruz. Call ahead for our hours: (408) 426-5557.

Second Class Postage Paid at Santa Cruz, CA 95060