

Stone Soup

the magazine by young writers and artists



"My Village," by Maria Santay Juarez, age 13, Quetzaltenango, Guatemala

THIS IS THE LIFE

Brandon thinks life in the present is tough, but just wait . . .

KISSES FROM CÉCILE

Friendship blossoms in 1919 between Ruth and her French pen pal

Also: Another amazing fantasy from Max Strebel, author and artist
Illustrations by Valerie Thompson

MAY/JUNE 2002

\$5.50 U.S. \$7.50 CANADA

Stone Soup

the magazine by young writers and artists

Volume 30, Number 5

May/June 2002

STORIES

Little Mango Tree *Hilary Miller* 5

There must be something Jiraporn can do to help her family

Patches of Sky Blue *Lucy Lumsdaine* 11

Elle can't keep her anger and sadness bottled up any longer

Feelings Towards a Bear *Max Strebel* 19

Ann is only three when she forms a bond with the bear cubs

This Is the Life *Rebekah Carbajal* 26

Brandon learns to appreciate the conveniences of modern life

Lost Friendship *Zhang He* 32

Can the damage caused by a false accusation ever be erased?

Kisses from Cécile *Marie Agnello* 36

Marie's great-grandmother had a beloved pen pal in France

Saving Frizbee *Lyra Mulhern* 44

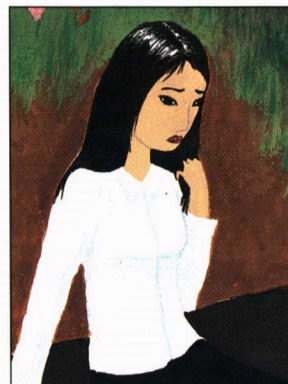
Fern and her father share a love for animals

POEM

Grandfather *Alexa Bryn* 42

BOOK REVIEW

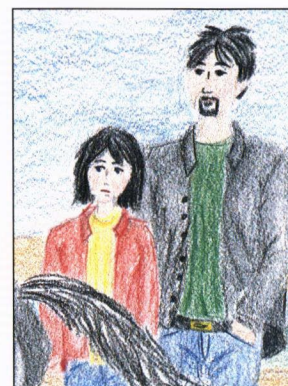
One Eye Laughing, the Other Weeping *Cassy Charyn* 16



page 5



page 19



page 44

♻️ *Stone Soup* is printed on recycled paper

Available from the Library of Congress in braille for visually handicapped readers

Call 800 424-8567 to request the braille edition

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.



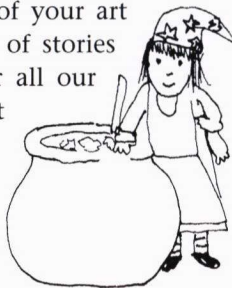
Contributors' Guidelines



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.



Jessie Moore, 12

Cover: "My Village" was loaned to *Stone Soup* by The International Museum of Children's Art in Oslo, Norway. Established in 1986 by Rafael and Alla Goldin, the museum is a wonderland of floor-to-ceiling art by children from over 150 countries. Don't miss it if you are ever in Oslo! Special thanks to Angela and Alla Goldin.

Gerry Mandel
William Rubel
Editors



Laurie Gabriel
Subscription Director

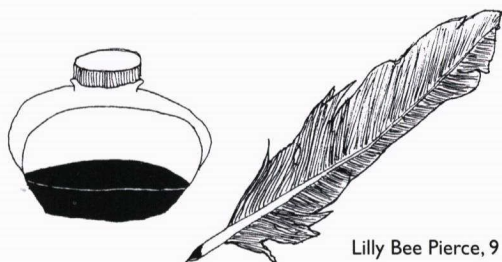


Stephen Pollard
Production



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 30, Number 5. Copyright © 2002 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

When I first read *Stone Soup* a few months ago, I was completely taken aback by all the illustrations, especially Jane Westrick's paintings for "Baby" [September/October 2001]. "Baby" was also a great story to match the paintings. I wish I could have seen more of Jane's work.

Eve Asher, 10
Auburndale, Massachusetts

You can see all 24 of Jane Westrick's illustrations for Stone Soup in the Art section of our Web site: www.stonesoup.com. Eve's story "Guts and a Few Strokes" appeared in our March/April 2002 issue.

I was extremely impressed by your March/April 2002 issue. Alicia Betancourt, your art work is amazing! I love the freshness of the paper "cutting out" of it. It's so different from all the others, although they are also fabulous, I love it! I must also give my compliments to Andrew Shannon (author of "Rosalino's Dog"). The story and illustrations were superb. The way the story was told was just like you would hear around a campfire in Mexico. I will be turning 14 this month, so I will still be able to enjoy *Stone Soup*, but not in it! Thank you for all your hard work!

Kelly Sweet, 13
Kanab, Utah

You can hear Andrew read his story aloud on our Web site: www.stonesoup.com.

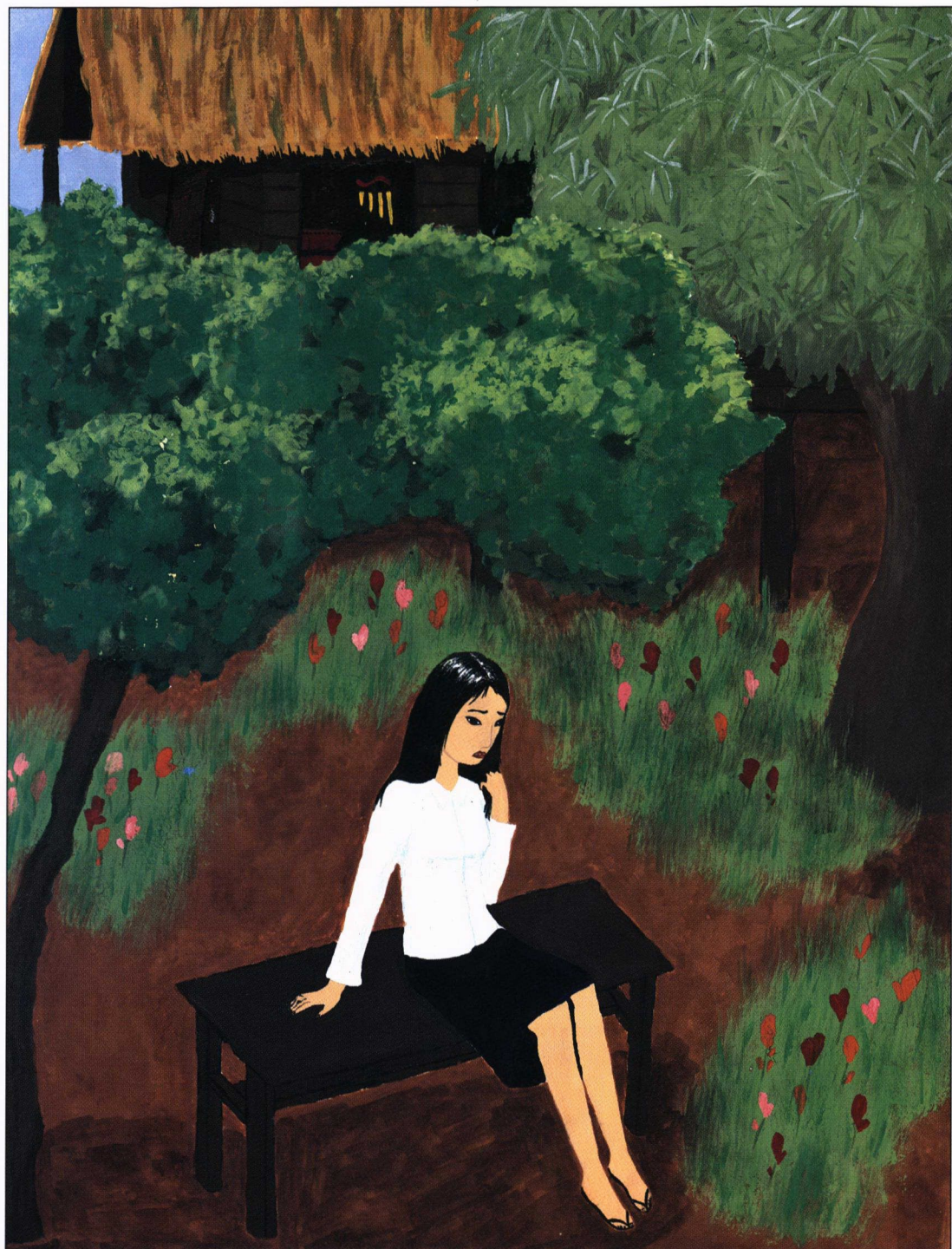
In the year 1994 in the November/December issue of *Stone Soup*, you published a story called "Good-bye to a Friend" by Derrick Seaver. Derrick is now the youngest person in the state of Ohio to be elected to be a state representative and has done an excellent job in Congress supporting the needs of the people of Ohio. (Derrick was eighteen years old when elected.) He still remembers when his story was published and I think it was a beginning toward building his own self-esteem.

Beverly Bruns, teacher
Minster, Ohio

My brother plays baseball. A lot of the kids in my class are either athletic, or popular because they're "cool," or something else. I am a ten-year-old who has always loved stories. But I still wasn't really anything until I found writing, or maybe writing found me. Anyway, just writing stories wasn't enough. I would write them and put them away in my desk where they just became dusty. Then I found *Stone Soup*. With renewed hope, I wrote a story and sent it in. It wasn't published. But I didn't care; I just laughed and continued to write. It isn't just writing I enjoy though. I like looking at other kids' work. Every time I get an issue I sit right down and read everything through carefully, and then I read it again. Though I like every single story published by *Stone Soup*, the one I can relate to the most and I think holds the most power with words is "That Small Whisper" by Neva Pederson from the September/October 2001 issue. I have a brother with whom I have arguments exactly like the one in "That Small Whisper." Thank you for showing the world that kids can write and illustrate too!

Eve Bernhard, 10
Elizaville, New York

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.



Jiraporn's eyes grew moist and shiny, and she clenched her fingers in her loose black hair

Little Mango Tree

by Hilary Miller

illustrated by Valerie Thompson

JIRAPORN LOOKED UP. Mother was approaching, shaking her head. "Bad news, Little Mango Tree. I talked to Bouchar. He says we lose the house unless we pay the remaining mortgage in one month."

"But so much money!" Jiraporn protested, hugging herself. "We can't harvest enough rice to pay that, let alone feed ourselves and the spirits."

Mother nodded dismally, and sat down next to Jiraporn. Gently, she pried the knife and half-peeled, slightly ripe mango from her daughter's fingers. "I don't like to see you with a knife, Jiraporn. You might cut yourself."

Jiraporn's soft, dark eyes restlessly watched her mother's hands wield the knife, sliding the dull, silvery blade across the scarlet-gold fruit in a peeling motion. "But Mother, I must help somehow. You let Vichai work the plow."

"Well, he is much older than you," Mother stated primly. Vichai was seventeen, three years older than Jiraporn. She paused a moment in her peeling, then stood abruptly and strode away across the smooth dirt. "Go work on your math homework, dear," she added over her shoulder.

Jiraporn's eyes grew moist and shiny, and she clenched her fingers in her loose black hair. Yes, she could go do her algebra while her whole family starved and lost their house and rice field. She tilted back her head and looked up into the shady branches of the kiwi tree. "But I would rather die than



Hilary Miller, 13
Moraga, California



Valerie Thompson, 13
Barry's Bay, Ontario, Canada

be idle and useless," she murmured to their rustling, sunlit leaves. A cicada chirped nearby, and a large cricket alighted on her navy blue skirt to rub its silken wings. "Next," Jiraporn confided to the cricket, "she'll be locking me inside."

Sighing, Jiraporn stood up, brushed off her clothes, and hopped onto her brother Vichai's bicycle. Pedaling with her feet, she gripped the handlebars and steered it over the dirt in front of her house to the narrow path that led to the market. The wheels spun slowly, bumping over loose stones and gravel, jostling Jiraporn from side to side. Yet she was relaxed and confident. It was not the first time she had taken her brother's bike while he was away in the fields. And she had pinned a note to a banana tree so her mother wouldn't worry any more than she always did.

"Jiraporn!" Visit exclaimed when she pulled up beside his stand and got off her bike. He grinned. "Off on your own again?"

Jiraporn shrugged. "I need help, I guess. What are you selling today?" she asked suddenly, avoiding the subject. "Scallops?"

"Nah, carp. Got the best here in all of Thailand." He gestured to the wooden bins of fish. "You must really be distracted to mistake carp for scallops."

"So I'm blind," she said carelessly. "Just one more thing to worry about." There was a brief silence and a man walked by, selling cotton and banana bunches. At last she said heavily, "The

truth is, Visit, Bouchar is taking our house away if we don't pay by next month. We promised two months ago to pay, but we just don't have that much money."

Visit's wrinkled face was grim. "Nasty landlord. How much?"

She told him. "I need a plan. A good one. I do all this schoolwork that's supposed to make me smart since Mother won't let me work, and now I have a chance to put it to use and I can't think!" Jiraporn buried her face in the white cotton sleeve of her blouse.

Visit sighed and patted her back. "Maybe I can cheer you up. It's not much, but . . ." he wrapped two fish in some greasy brown paper. "Take this home to your mother. By the way, that Anna Kuankaew came by the other day."

Jiraporn nodded absently, stuffing the fish into a wicker basket nailed to the bike's handlebars. Anna Kuankaew was a rich lady who had come by once, wanting to buy their mango tree, but Jiraporn wasn't really interested. "Thank you!" she said with sincerity, pedaling off.

"Wish I could help!" Visit called after her.

"It's outrageous!" exclaimed Mother in anguish when Jiraporn slipped quietly into the kitchen. Mother set a dish of steamed rice and prawns on the table and put her hands on her hips. Jiraporn stood, still and solemn, for a moment before going to place the parcel of fish on the table.

"Explain yourself," Mother commanded angrily. "How dare you ride a bike, you could have been overturned and died!"

Calmly, Jiraporn said, "Visit gave us some fish."

"Take it back," snapped Mother. "I'll not be accepting charity."

"It's not charity, Mother," put in Vichai from the corner, sitting down cautiously on a low stool, "it's a gift."

Shaking her head, Mother sighed and placed a pitcher of coconut milk and some sliced mango beside the prawns and rice. Seating herself, Jiraporn poured coconut milk into her cup and put food on her plate. They ate glumly, in silence, except for one point when Mother, wiping her mouth on her apron, muttered, "If your father was alive everything would be fine."

Lying on her mat that night, staring at the filmy gray mosquito netting that floated beneath the dimly burning lantern, Jiraporn wondered sleepily what it was like to make a difference.

The next morning was hot, and Jiraporn opened the door to let some fresh air in as she cooked a simple noodle soup with mushrooms. Mother entered with an armful of bananas. "Sorry about yesterday, Little Mango Tree. I 'spect it's on account of that money." She dabbed at red eyes and sniffed. "Fraid I cried a great deal last night."

Dropping her spoon, Jiraporn bent over and comforted her mother, hugging her. At least that was one thing she could do.

As she drew back, Mother set the bananas down and started making tea. After a moment, Jiraporn begged, "Please let me harvest rice, Mother."

Mother stopped, her hand above the ceramic teapot which she had placed, full of water, on the gas stove. Jiraporn stared into the smooth, milky, light brown broth, expecting to hear only heavy silence. But her mother took a deep, shaky breath, and whispered, "I'm going to tell you something, Jiraporn. It was a year after your father died of cancer, and you were playing outside. You were four. Perhaps you remember."

Of course she remembered. Oh, Jiraporn remembered all too well. The stifling morning heat, the shade of the banana leaves swaying. She had been stripping bark with a knife when the knife, in her chubby, untrained fingers, slipped on the slick bark and grazed her shoulder. It was a serious cut. It kept bleeding and bleeding, no one could stop it . . .

Her mother's trembling voice cut the painful memory short. "I was so afraid I'd lose you too. After that I just . . . couldn't bear to feel that fear again, that . . . I couldn't bear it." She turned abruptly and left, leaving Jiraporn alone with the soup, the tea, and her thoughts.

A MONTH LATER, Jiraporn turned off the black-and-white television and went out to the rice fields where Vichai was hacking at the crop with a scythe. He had stripped off his shirt and his

forehead was beaded with sweat. Jiraporn kicked off her thong sandals and let her bare feet sink into the soft, moist, cool mud in which the rice thrived. Squatting in the field to watch her brother, she wondered again how she could help. Probably it was no use: Buchar came today to take away everything they owned.

Shading her eyes, Jiraporn took a last look at their house. One story, small, built of thin wood that smelled of sawdust with high small windows. Banana, guava, and kiwi trees grew at the sides, next to the pen of water buffalo they kept, and two palm trees grew in the back. When warm rains fell, inch-long red ants crawled from those trees and she and Vichai would gather them to fry for dessert.

Her favorite tree was an old mango tree, reaching gnarled but healthy, strong branches up to her bedroom window. When she had been recovering from her near-fatal cut, she ate so many mangos that Vichai said, "Is she going to turn into a mango tree?" That was how her pet name began.

Jiraporn went over to the tree and, a few yards away, buried a mango seed. Then she walked to join her mother at the spirit house.

Her mother was teary-eyed, placing a bowl of pork and cucumber salad with sticky rice on the altar inside the semi-circle of flickering candles, meant to please the spirits of the fields. "At least," she gasped in a muffled voice, "we were always good Buddhists."

"I wish I could help," whispered Jiraporn, hugging Mother. If only she could think of something worthwhile, instead of doting over mango trees.

Mango trees! That was it! Running outside, she leapt astride Vichai's bicycle and pedaled with all her might. The bike whizzed over the rocky path, across the market, down to Anna Kuankaew's house.

"Anna Kuankaew! Anna Kuankaew!" She shouted the woman's name desperately, pounding the polished door with both fists. It finally swung open. In the doorway stood a short, smiling, dignified lady, practically white-skinned, with gray hair twisted into a bun held by chopsticks. "I'm Jiraporn," said Jiraporn breathlessly. "I own the mango tree on the other side of the village."

Recognition lit up the woman's sparkling black eyes. "Ah yes! Are you selling it?"

Jiraporn nodded eagerly and offered a price.

"Well, that sounds reasonable," agreed Anna Kuankaew. "Come in and have some tea."

"I'm in a hurry," protested Jiraporn. "Please can I have the money, and we'll work out the details later."

To her surprise, the old woman nodded and vanished into the interior. Peeking inside, Jiraporn saw a table set with delicate china dishes and a gold statue of Buddha.

Anna Kuankaew returned and handed her an envelope. "So glad you stopped by, dear," she added kindly, but



"At least," she gasped in a muffled voice, "we were always good Buddhists"

Jiraporn was already on her bike and down the road.

She was almost home when she heard bleating ahead. Jiraporn slammed on the brakes, but a sheep in the road knocked into her. There was a smell of damp, muddy wool and the bicycle swerved, flinging Jiraporn off the road and down a hill, knocking her head against a rock. She struggled for breath, but her head ached and spun dizzily. Her last glimpse of the envelope was a sliver of white, borne by the hot wind into a nearby river.

JIRAPORN OPENED her eyes. She was in a white-walled room that smelled sickeningly of soap and detergent. This was a hospital outside her village.

The door creaked open and Mother and Vichai walked in.

"I'm so sorry, Mother!" Jiraporn cried, trying to sit up. A needle was taped to her arm and her head throbbed. "I got the money but it floated away—I lost it!"

"No, no, Little Mango Tree," Mother crooned, stroking her hair back soothingly. "Anna Kuankaew accidentally gave you the wrong envelope. That was a letter to her son in America. She came by immediately with the money and we paid off the mortgage. The house is ours!"

"She also found you by the side of the road and paid for your hospitalization. We have much to thank Anna Kuankaew for."

Jiraporn nodded. "Can I go home now?"

"Yes, you can go home."

Back at their beautiful house, Jiraporn sat outside, wrapped in blankets. Mother had made her promise to rest. Looking about, listening to the birds' musical chirping, she noticed something. The mango seed she had planted had grown into a tall green shoot, freshly sparkling with morning dew.

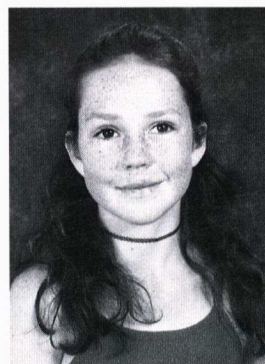
"Mother!" called Jiraporn, smiling. "I think the first sprig of hope is putting down its roots." ❖

Patches of Sky Blue

by Lucy Lumsdaine

illustrated by the author

WHEN MY MOTHER DIED the summer I graduated seventh grade, the first thing I did after silently returning home from her funeral with my father was dig through my trash bin in search of a previously ignored leaflet distributed by our local Parks and Recreation. I then signed myself up for every class, workshop and camp they had listed. If my father was mystified or annoyed by my actions, he kept it to himself. Perhaps he was so overwhelmed by his own grief that it didn't strike him as odd at the time. I also plastered my bedroom walls with the activity schedules for each class until there wasn't a square inch of wall that wasn't completely covered. It became an obsession. I attended each class religiously, never missing a beat. It took me from sunup to sundown every day and gave me a reason to get out of bed in the morning. I stayed up late into each night working on this or that small class project. The classes I took covered a whole range, from kayaking to keyboard to cheerleading to modeling. In art I painted pictures of daisies and smiling fairies. I wrote poems in a kind of singsong rhythm about balloons and happy cows. There was nothing I was doing that even hinted at my loss. Something would have to break me and my newly focussed life because it was all an act. I lived like an actor who can't get out of character and leads a kind of half-life. No one seemed to understand me anymore, myself least of all.



Lucy Lumsdaine, 13
Santa Cruz, California



"Elle, you've never had trouble getting started. Why the exception today?"

It happened in poetry class. I had been just about to hunker down for another three-hour session, and had a particularly sugary first line in mind when Mrs. Tucker, the instructor, made an announcement. "Today we're going to have a special assignment, we're going to write about some things that make us sad. Any examples?" She looked around cheerfully, her watery blue eyes slightly magnified by rectangular glasses. She was the typical well-meaning but clueless teacher. She didn't seem to see the irony in her merry expression as she repeated the assignment: "Write about something that makes you sad" . . . smile . . . something that makes you sad . . .

She had started to pass out the papers when I asked numbly if I could be excused to go to the bathroom. She smiled. "Yes, you may." I slipped out the door into the main hall of the YLC or youth learning center where the class was held. I didn't go to the rest room, though. I just leaned against the wall and stared at the ceiling. I had been there longer than I had thought because suddenly my teacher was there, bending over me, and looking anxious. "Elle, are you all right? I thought you were just going to the bathroom . . ." She looked at me as though expecting an answer; an answer to what? Did she think I knew *every little thing* about myself?!

Wait, I was being stupid. This was a simple question. The answer wasn't simple but at least I could give the answer she was expecting to receive. "Yes, I'm

fine," I said.

"Good." She looked satisfied as I followed back to the classroom, noting how her walk resembled that of a duck's. Ducks seemed like a good subject for a poem. Then I remembered. My assignment was to write a poem about something sad. Instead of writing, I drew a cartoon-like duck wearing a purple vest (not unlike the one she had on). Then I sketched a cartoon of the *actual* Mrs. Tucker.

Mrs. Tucker wandered aimlessly around the room, every so often saying things like "Good job!" and "A nice beginning." Even when she criticized, she beamed as though she were saying something nice.

When she stopped by my desk, her smile flickered and she drew her penciled eyebrows together in a look that might have been annoyance if she hadn't maintained a partial smile. "Elle, you've never had trouble getting started. Why the exception today?" How could I answer that? "Ummm," she peered closer at me, "yes . . ."

"It's . . . hard," I offered thickly.

She relaxed her expression and sighed. "You should have said you were having trouble, I could have helped you sooner." She got down on her knees so her face was level with mine. "Write down five things that make you sad," she said.

"I don't know."

"I'm *sure* you can think of something; everyone is sad sometimes."

"Not me." After I said this I realized

both how childish it sounded and how utterly untrue it was, but I kept my mouth closed.

"It's not a *bad* thing. Everyone . . ."

I cut her off. "I *said* nothing makes me sad, and I mean it, OK??"

She suddenly became uncharacteristically crisp. "I *don't* believe it. You were sad when you forgot to do your homework that one day. You said, 'Mrs. Tucker, I'm very sad that I forgot my homework.' You said it, I *heard* you! I remember- . . ."

Then it burst. All the fury and fear and grief and even guilt that had been silently smoldering inside me these past months burst. "*Do you think that's what real sadness is?!?*"

She looked taken aback. "Well, I . . ."

"*Do you??*" My voice rose to a pitch. The other students started turning on me, looking annoyed, and alarmed and even . . . sad. Suddenly my pen flew to the paper and my hand started scribbling down words faster than my mind could take them in. I wrote about metal screeching against metal, muffled screaming, flashing red light reflected on water-drenched pavement, dark silhouettes being carried past on stretchers. Then there was fluorescent light shining on bare white walls. A naked light bulb, bathing everything in a blinding glow. Though the light never really ceased, somehow, in that empty timeless void calling itself a hospital room, the real light did fade . . . as my mother's life slipped away from her. Everything became dark. Dark like black

ink . . . dark like a polished oak box . . . dark like a bottomless hole in the ground . . . and dark like my life since my mother died.

As I wrote I shook violently. I was only dimly aware that Mrs. Tucker was still standing over me. Suddenly I collapsed on my desk. All that was left for me to do now was sleep. The faces above me swam strangely . . . and I slept like a baby.

When I opened my eyes I saw that I was no longer in the classroom. Where was I? The walls around me were covered in faded gray newsprint. Why though? Slowly I remembered . . . the poetry class . . . Mrs. Tucker . . . the assignment. But more vividly than that, I remembered my mother's voice. I remembered her last words to me: "Now that it's summer, maybe you should look into taking some classes, honey. I think it would be a good thing for you to try." Then she had blown my father a kiss, backed out of the driveway and sped off to work . . . I never saw her again. Somehow the memory of her last words had been painfully branded into my memory, driving me on, believing I was doing what she wanted me to be doing.

I heard footsteps on the staircase leading to my attic room. I choked. Only my mother ever came up those stairs, but of course it wasn't her now. Also, my father had always been irrationally frightened of the rickety staircase leading to my room, saying it couldn't possibly support his weight, so

his coming up here was a sure signal of something missing all over again. He came through the purple beaded curtain that hung across the entrance. He was carrying two cups of fragrant rose tea. I cupped a hand over my mouth to stifle a sob. Rose tea was one of my mother's old specialties. She had always made it when I was upset, whether over a bad grade or a guy refusing to give me the time of day. I tried hard to keep the quaver in my voice down. "Hey Dad," I said, "watcha doin'?"

He didn't need to answer. "Elle . . ."
He waited. "Elle . . . I read your paper . . . I wish I could help you . . ."

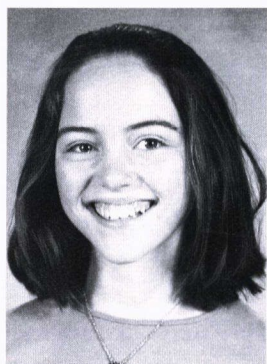
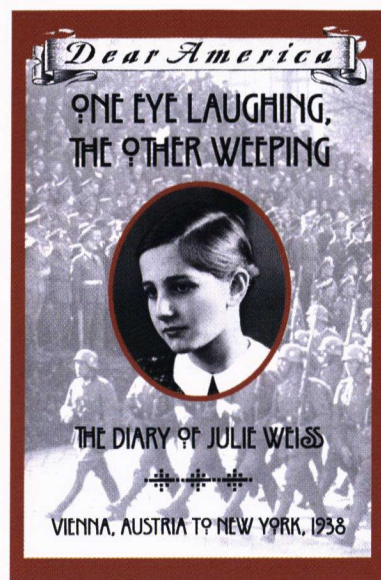
I felt a red-hot surge of cruel cynicism rise in my throat. "*Well, you can't . . . unless maybe you could bring Mom back to life . . . could you do that?!?!'*" Instantly I regretted my words. He ignored it. He must have known only too well the kind of anger I was fighting, and so he couldn't really blame me for my harshness.

He pushed the magazines on my nightstand aside and set down the mug of rose tea. "I'll let you finish this

alone." He rose and headed toward the door, but stopped halfway and turned back to me. "I love you, sweetie. So does she." Then he walked through the doorway to the sound of clicking plastic beads. I lay back on the pillows. I could smell the tea wafting over the room, and as I lay there, breathing deeply, I remembered my mother's voice, felt her hair tickling my cheek as she bent to kiss me good-night. I longed with every single fiber in me for her to live again, but I knew that even though I would never stop missing her, I would be able to move on and be happy. That was what she really wanted. I would laugh again . . . soon. I would be able to do the things that used to make me happy again. The storm had passed over. I extended my hand toward the wall and peeled away a single weathered schedule sheet. That was all. I wasn't ready to let go yet, but staring at the pale blue square of empty wall, I felt like a small weight had been lifted from my chest. It would be a long, often painful process, but in time my pain would heal, one sky-blue patch at a time. ❖

Book Review

by Cassy Charyn



Cassy Charyn, 11
Bainbridge Island, Washington

One Eye Laughing, the Other Weeping: The Diary of Julie Weiss by Barry Denenberg; Scholastic, Inc.: New York, 2000; \$12.95

WHEN SOMEONE SAYS the word "Jewish" do you feel a sudden rush of hate, a thrill of fear, or does it even stand out enough that it makes you feel anything at all? For Julie Weiss, a Jewish girl who is about twelve years of age, that word means fear and confusion. *One Eye Laughing, the Other Weeping* is a book about the Holocaust. A book about the astounding measures the Nazis took while trying to banish the Jewish culture. Julie experiences the horrors of the Nazis, firsthand.

This author does an amazing job of creating a young girl that is just like the children today. Julie worries about growing up, making friends and going to school. But then one day her world is shattered. The Nazis take over Vienna and suddenly there is more to her life than just fun and games. Now, she has to worry about whether or not her life and her family's lives are in danger. Friends turn into enemies and respect turns to hatred. The Nazis chant in the street, "*Kill the Jews, kill the Jews!*" Is it possible that they could kill Julie?

Julie is immensely confused. Why is it that suddenly Jews are thought to be terrible monsters instead of just human beings? Before Hitler had entered Julie's life she hadn't thought anything of her religion. Her family never went to the synagogue, never prayed and never thought very much about God at all. So, why is it that suddenly she is thought to be this disgusting thing that everyone hates? Could it be that the only reason that she is considered Jewish is because Hitler says she is?

This book is portrayed to you in fascinating diary entries. One night Julie writes about when the Nazis barge into her home. As the Nazis go through her family's house, throwing things out of windows and destroying everything in sight, Julie sits silently in fear. Then, suddenly her brother and father are yanked out of the house. Outside, they are forced to scrub the sidewalk to rid it of anti-Hitler signs. Eventually, the men and boys realize that the liquid they are scrubbing the sidewalk with is not water, but a kind of paint stripper that burns their hands. If they stop scrubbing they are punished severely. Many other events like that one are referred to in the book. One man who refused to do as the Nazis ordered had gasoline poured over him. Then, they lit a match and as the man protested and screamed that he would do anything the Nazis wanted, he was burned to death.

The author, Barry Denenberg, tells the truth, plain and simple. Although I cried at many times throughout this book I am glad that I have finally found a children's book that tells the unvarnished truth. *One Eye Laughing, the Other Weeping* will tell you what really happened in those years so long ago. It will not hide the story behind curtains of lies. I have read many books about the Holocaust, but none were quite as moving as this one.

Thankfully, I have never experienced the constant fear that Julie must have lived with every day, but when three buildings were attacked by terrorists in the United States I experienced as much fear as I have ever felt in my entire life. Though no one I knew was hurt or killed there, the thought of all those who were chills me to this very day. The fear that most American citizens felt on September 11, 2001 was a small taste of what so many people who lived during the Holocaust had to survive with day in and day out.

As Barry Denenberg weaves history and the life of an ordinary girl together, this story comes alive. Suddenly, you're reading much more than the diary of an ordinary, young girl. You're reading a book about human cruelty and human kindness. You're reading a book about something real that may have happened to your ancestors. Read this book to find out what will win in Julie's story, evilness or goodness? ♦



I was playing with them, actually playing with them

Feelings Towards a Bear

by Max Strebel

illustrated by the author



WAS PLAYING WITH THEM, actually playing with them. They were just like Dad's rug, but my size, and alive! I cuddled in their soft black fur. Their padded leather paws threw me and I fell, laughing. We rolled into each other and onto each other. And their big round eyes looked at me, comfortingly. They felt the same way towards me as I felt towards them. Their claws gently played with and tangled my long brown, curly hair.

"Ann, Ann! Where are you hiding this time!?"

I gave each of them a big hug, which they returned with licks that filled my whole face.

"Ann, Ann! Come out, come out, wherever you are." Where could such a small three-year-old girl be hiding?

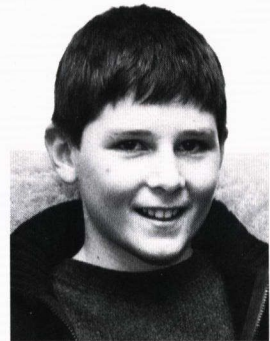
"Here I am, Daddy."

Where was that from? Oh, from over there, all the way across the valley, right outside the big forest. I ran to her as she ran to me. She gave me the biggest hug she could.

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, Daddy, it was so much fun. I was playing with black furry animals, like your coat and rug."

"Wow!" I said, laughing. "You've got a great imagination. Well, Daddy's going hunting and he wants you to go with him, do you want to?" I asked her for the first time. Her face lit up brighter than the sun.



Max Strebel, 12
Thun, Switzerland

"Really, can I?"

"Yes, this time you can." She was unaware of what hunting really was, but she knew I did it for a living, and it had to do with animals, that she then could keep forever.

THE CLEAR, blue sky slowly shifted into green and yellow leaves. The long valley changed to brown evergreen trunks. I hadn't ever been in the woods except this morning when I went a few feet into its shadowy depths. I was a little frightened so I clung to Daddy's legs. But he acted very different. He was calm and blended in with the trees. I did anything but that. I was like a baby bird struggling to get the first worm from its mother. Suddenly Daddy froze. I froze as well. He tiptoed lightly off the path and into the dense forest. I stayed frozen from fright, unable to move. I saw Daddy's head tilt cautiously from behind the tree trunk. His hand gestured for me to come.

My young girl stalked towards me, her eyes open like two full moons. We walked a little further into the forest. I could hear something very distinct. It was a buzz accompanied by scratching and patting. I stopped and cleared away the branches of an overgrown shrub. I saw a big mother bear picking out the honey from a bumblebee's nest. Quietly, I lifted Ann so she could see the big animal. I set her down, while raising my rifle to eye level. Slowly, I pulled the trigger. There was a loud bang and Ann fell over into the mud.

"Daddy, what was that about?"

"Come," I said.

WHAT HAD happened? I wanted to see the big beautiful animal more. But obviously the loud noise had scared it away.

"Come," he said again. Then he walked through the shrubbery.

I followed. Without looking around I said, "I want to see it again."

All he said back was, "Look."

I raised my head to see the bear lying there with its eyes closed. One small part of its thick black hair had turned slightly red.

"Did it fall asleep?"

"Of course it did."

The bees were still humming around their broken-up nest. The bear still had honey around its mouth. Daddy ran up to the bear.

"Won't you wake it?" I whispered.

"Of course," he said, "I forgot."

I wish I could just tell her the truth, but I couldn't, she wouldn't understand. "Do you remember how to get back home?" I said to her.

"Yeah, Daddy, you just follow the path back until you see the house."

"Well why don't you go back, I'll be here awhile, to see if the bear gets up."

"Can I stay with you?"

My mind was racing my words, but losing.

"It's getting late. I think you should go back."

"OK, fine."

I STARTED walking back, but turned behind a pine tree to wait and see what Daddy was really doing. I could still hear him even over the sweet songs of the birds and the chirping metronome of the crickets. My eyes closed and I was lulled to sleep.

Taking such a young girl hunting with me was not such an easy feat. She had too many questions that she would regret asking and I would regret telling. I was almost done carrying the bear on the new but old-looking sled that I had made out of old sticks from the forest. The sled was brittle and I would probably burn it in tonight's fire. I couldn't wait to give Ann the stuffed bear for her fourth birthday. I reached the valley that was glazed by the full moon. Now I could see our house that was just across the valley. The heavy sleigh jerked across the dry grass, and before I knew it, I was home.

I crept inside, past Granny who was sleeping in her old wooden rocker with her knitting in her lap, past our room where I could hear Janet, my wife, snoring, till I came to Ann's room where I quietly opened the door to look into the darkness. Faintly, in the murky light I could see her bed, with no one in it!

I WOKE UP to the hooting of an owl. The crickets were still chirping and I could feel the warm breath of an animal. I looked to the side to see one of the bears I played with that morning. I looked away to see the two other bears on top of each other both with frowns

on their faces. I looked behind the tree. But the bear was gone. The big one. It must have woken up, I thought. Then I felt a drop of water on my jeans. I looked down. Coming out of the eye of one of the bear cubs was a path of salty water. The small bear was crying. What shall I do? I thought. What happened? I couldn't think now. I had to go home, Daddy must be worried.

I opened the front door. Where could she be? If Janet finds out, Ann wouldn't be able to go hunting with me again. I looked out on the valley. My nervous body was soothed when I saw Ann running towards me. "Ann, where have you been? No, don't tell me, just go straight to bed. You frightened me."

"But Daddy . . ."

"Now!" I yelled, pointing into the house.

TWO MONTHS LATER . . .

EVERY DAY I visited the bears. They were always right inside the forest. I loved them and thought they loved me too. But now I knew they did not. Ever since the first snowflake fell on the forest floor, they had left me. When I went to meet them I didn't even see a footprint. Only the snow. The cold horrible snow. But I had to get myself off the bad feelings that I felt. So I decided to think of my birthday, which was always my favorite day.

It was my birthday! Mama had given me a toy doll that said "I love you" when you squeezed its stomach. And Granny gave me a striped scarf that she

had made herself. And now it was Daddy's turn, he said it was a big present, so he had set it up in my room, and now I was walking to my room where I would find my "big" present. I turned the corner into my room. There, standing in front of me, was a bear, a big black bear. It was in a position that looked like it was about to jump on me.

She loved it. She walked around it, with her smile reaching her eyes. I felt proud to have made her such a great present. It was easier to recreate this bear than any other animals that I had made in my free time because I had the Christmas break to work on it. I just had enough time off to finish the project, for the museum was very strict and only gave me four days off. Suddenly Ann looked up at me and asked, "Why aren't the bears here when it snows?"

"They're sleeping in big caves to keep warm," I replied.

SNOW ISN'T that bad after all. It doesn't take friends away from you, at least not forever. When the snow leaves, my friends will come back. "Thank you, Daddy."

"For what?"

"For telling me that my friends aren't gone forever."

"What? Your friends? Which friends?"

"The bears that I met the day we went hunting together."

"Oh, those bears," he said questioningly.

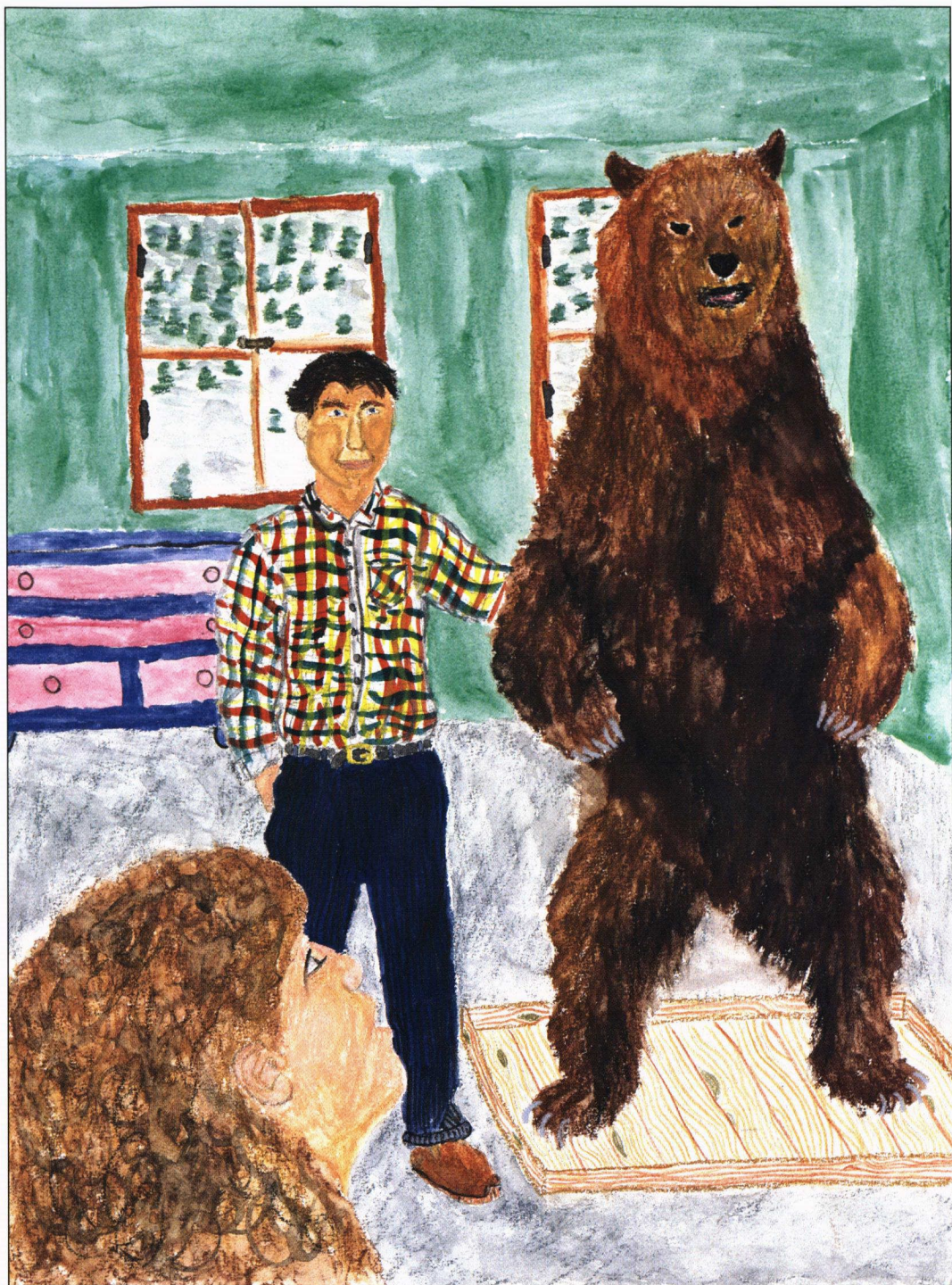
"Yeah, those bears, but you haven't met them before."

His eyebrows raised.

TWO MONTHS LATER . . .

I followed Ann every day since the snow melted away. But I hadn't found any trace of bears. What was she talking about? One day she left particularly early. I got out of bed and started to follow her. By the time I reached the door, she was all the way across the valley and looked only an inch tall. I ran quietly, trying to catch up. But by now she was already out of my sight. Finally, I reached the edge of the evergreen forest. Slowly, I crept into the blooming woods. The forest floor was carpeted with flowers. The new pine trees sent a refreshing fragrance through the air. I quietly followed along the gravel path, listening for any sound of my daughter, or any signs of bears! Faintly in the distance I could hear a small giggle. I strode quietly towards the laughter. I cleared away the intertwined branches of two pine trees; through them I could see a small girl. My small girl. She was chasing after a butterfly that flew wobbly through the air. Behind her, something so extraordinary my eyes could barely take in the picture, were three small bears.

WALKING HOME that afternoon was nice. A light breeze waltzed through the air and passed my forehead. I was wearing the scarf Granny had made me for my fourth birthday. Being four made me feel big. I could go all the way into the forest without Daddy even caring. I opened the gate to the house and knocked on the door. Mama opened it. Before I could say any-



There, standing in front of me, was a bear, a big black bear

thing, she said Daddy wanted to talk to me. I could tell this wasn't good because of her tone of voice. She had her hands on her hips and the sides of her mouth were tense and curved slightly up. I walked into his office. He was displaying the skins of an elk onto a mannequin. "Hi," I said. I pulled up a chair to where he was working.

"You've been getting up really early, I don't think you're getting enough sleep."

"But Daddy, with my nap, I do get enough sleep."

"Yes, but those bears are very, very dangerous. So I'm sorry, but you are not allowed to go see them any more."

"But, Daddy . . ."

"No buts about it."

I wasn't going to cry, I was a big girl, and big girls don't cry. But I had to; you can't make a dam hold in water forever. Tears poured out of my eyes and onto the floor.

"I hate you, Daddy!" I screamed.

"You come here, you little rat!"

"No!" I mumbled. He grabbed me by the shirt and laid me on his lap. In the dim light, I could see him take off his working gloves and start to unbuckle his belt. I punched and kicked and wiggled and bit, but I couldn't get free. He raised the leather over his head, and then he froze, and I stopped crying.

I could hear something else over her yelling. A sobbing that really meant something. I lowered the leather and laid Ann on the floor. Curiously I looked around the door

and into the living room. Janet was on her knees, with her head on Granny's lap, weeping. Granny had her eyes closed and wasn't moving. "She's dead," Janet forced out of her mouth.

Ann crept up to me, bewildered. "What happened?" she whispered.

"Granny died," I said. A teardrop managed to fall out of my eye. Then everything was quiet.

MOMMY HAD explained everything to me in the car drive to the church where we were now. The rocking chair was old and had broken. Granny fell and had an accident with her knitting needles. She had a red spot just like the big bear. Daddy had killed the bear with the noise, just like how the rocking chair had killed Granny with the knitting needles. And the baby bears were sad that their mommy had died, just like how we're sad that Granny died.

TEN YEARS LATER . . .

"Honey, I need to go hunting! It's my livelihood!"

"Dad, don't call me honey, I've been a teenager for two years!"

"Why don't you want me to go hunting?"

"I don't like killing. Imagine if you were those animals."

"But it's different. Humans are humans. And I'm not the only one going hunting."

"OK, fine. You can go hunting. But I get to pick flowers for Robert," she yelled back.

Ah, teenagers are so complicated. This

boyfriend thing is really getting on my nerves, I thought. "All right then," I said, agreeing.

I had been hunting for a half hour and had still found no signs of bears. I put down my rifle and went to the stream to fill my water bottle. Suddenly I heard a roar and a big black bear appeared behind me. It was standing on its two hind legs about to attack me. I started to run but it gashed me in the right arm. I focused on the rifle, but it was behind the angry bear. Even if I could get to it, I wouldn't be able to lift the gun. I knew not to run and only to stand still, but I had never been face-to-face with a mad bear that was almost twice my size. I staggered to my knees and yelled, "Help!"

I HAD FOUND a rose bush on the edge of the field, and the first red buds had just entered the sun-filled world of spring. I gently snipped off three young flowers. As I smelled the sweet fragrance, a man's voice echoed across the valley. "Help!" I dropped the roses and started to run into the woods, where the yell was coming from. I ran through the tightly woven trees and leaped over the bushes and logs. Finally I reached a place of terror and fright. A bear had attacked my father.

"Help me, Ann," he cried. "My rifle, give me my rifle." The weapon was right in front of me. It would be easy to pick it up and hand it to Dad, if it weren't for the bear. But now it was up to me. My father or the bear. I had held Dad's rifle before, but never used it. I picked up the gun and pointed it towards the bear.

"Ug!" Dad moaned. And as if this was the magic word, the bear turned to look at me, its nose twitching. It looked in my eyes and I couldn't shoot. Its eyes had shot into my soul and I could not fight it. The bear's gentle face hypnotized me.

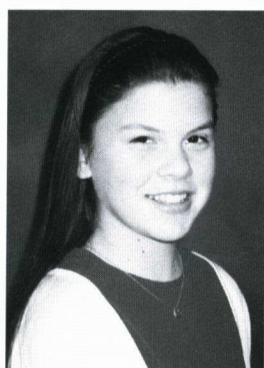
"Shoot, Ann! Shoot!" Dad's voice was like an alarm clock you want to turn off. This bear's face shot me down to my childhood, to a day where I saw that same face, but small. When I was playing with him, actually playing with him.

I had been in the hospital for two weeks. And Ann had been seeing the bears ever since I got here. I had a cast over my broken arm, which disabled me to go hunting for a few months. But that didn't matter, for I wouldn't go hunting ever again. I would keep my work as a taxidermist for the museum, but I could no longer kill my daughter's best friends. ❖

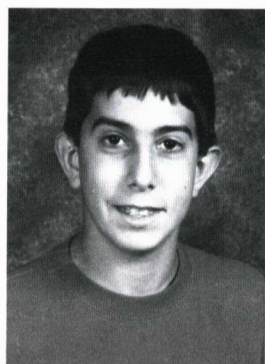
This Is the Life

by Rebekah Carbajal

illustrated by Joe Lobosco



Rebekah Carbajal, 12
Mission Viejo, California



Joe Lobosco, 13
Kinnelon, New Jersey

“**B**RANDON! BRANDON, CAN YOU weed the flower bed in the front yard?” Mom called from the kitchen.

I let out a groan. “Aw, Mom, please don’t make me! I had to go with Dad to the store in that stupid back-firing car. Can’t I rest a little?”

“But it looks sloppy, and Mrs. Kelly is coming over for coffee and a chat this evening,” my mom pleaded.

“Can’t Chris?” I asked in my most faked tired voice.

“Brandon Newton, you are the most self-centered boy in the world! You know just as much as I do that your older brother is doing college homework. Now you get out there, and do what I tell you!”

“All right!” I cried out angrily, bouncing out of the soft leather couch. In a fuming rage, I slammed doors and yelled at my sister. To make matters worse, when I grabbed the hoe I scraped the side of the car. This only added to my anger because I knew my dad was not going to let me off easy. My anger began to lose its steam as I pulled weeds and stacked them into piles.

After a few minutes, I felt better. I surveyed my work with pride. Since I had learned to walk, there had always been something inviting about warm, soft earth. Even though I was nearly thirteen, I dropped the hoe and sprawled myself onto the ground being careful not to damage my mom’s tulips. I let out a sigh and closed my eyes. Gosh, I thought.



Since I had learned to walk, there had always been something inviting about warm, soft earth

Wish I'd lived in the old days; then I wouldn't have to wash cars or weed gardens. Well, at least not wash cars or have to ride in ones that backfire. I grinned sleepily. That ride was such a joke! I started to laugh.

"Hey! What are you laughing at? Get up. Mother wants us to weed the potato patch with Sarah."

"Eh . . . what?" I mumbled in disbelief, staggering to my feet. Potato patch? Where in the name of sense did a potato patch spring up in the middle of town? Then I looked around in bewilderment. Where was I? What had happened?

Everything seemed vaguely familiar, only where were the cars, sidewalks, and manicured lawns? Instead, there was a large farmhouse and a barn with two draft horses tied out in front. My older brother Chris stood in front of me.

"Come on. Mother wants us to weed the potato patch."

"All right, Chris," I mumbled, picking up what I supposed to be my baseball cap. Instead, I stared in disbelief at a floppy felt hat like the type you would see in an old Hollywood western.

"Come on. Quit gawking and get to work!" Chris growled, pulling me around the barn and shoving me in the direction of a field. "Here, take this and start weeding," he ordered, handing me a hoe. In a daze, I began to work the hoe and dig weeds out of the moist earth.

"Let's see who can weed the most,"

my little sister Sarah suggested.

In disbelief I stared at her. Her sturdy little legs stuck out of a faded blue dress, and a white sunbonnet dangled from her neck. It was then that I noticed Chris wore boots that went up to his knees, brown pants, and a coarse cotton shirt. I, also, was dressed like him, only I wore a faded red shirt and suspenders. What's happened? What's wrong? I cried to myself. Everything is so different!

For the next two hours, I worked my way down the rows of the patch. Soon my hands blistered, and my back ached from bending over. The hot sun beat down, making me think I was the most ill-treated boy in the universe. My hands smarted. I was never so glad to hear the dinner bell in my life. We all trooped into the house.

I was startled. The house was changed like everything else. There was no dishwasher or freezer but nothing seemed unusual to the rest of my family. I began to get scared. Was the life with cars, freezers, and dishwashers all a dream? Was this a dream? Would I ever wake up? Would I have to do work like this all my life?

My dad's voice interrupted me. "After dinner, Chris, you and Sarah go and keep weeding the patch. Brandon, you can clean the wagon because tomorrow I'll be heading into town, and it squeaks something fierce."

For a split second my heart leaped when I heard I wouldn't have to weed potatoes. It fell, though, when I heard I would have to clean the wagon. I had

never done it, but something inside told me it was no easy job.

"OK, Father," I answered. Then I wondered why I had called him Father. I glanced at him, but nothing seemed amiss. Strange, I thought. I had called him Dad forever, and now something possessed me to call him Father. He didn't even bat an eyelid.

After dinner, I set to work cleaning and oiling the wagon. The axle grease smelled awful, but I smeared it on without trying to look disgusted. I cleaned the rust off the springs of the seat and wondered why Dad just didn't go and buy a car. It would be a lot easier to wash, I thought, forgetting I had once thought it would be fun to live in the old days when there would be no cars to wash. When I finished, I looked with pride at the wagon.

"Not bad, son," Dad remarked, coming up behind me. "Ride over to the Gilberts on Bess and get that new saw blade he promised me."

"Yes, sir," I answered.

As I saddled Bess, I wondered that I knew how to saddle a horse since the only ones I had ever ridden were at the county fair. In my mind, I tried to place where the Gilberts lived. Finally, I remembered they lived a few miles down the road near the park. Park? Where in the world would you find a park around here? Never mind. I'd just have to go where my instinct told me.

Mounting Bess, I trotted out of the yard. This is going to be great, I thought (that is, if I find the Gilberts' house).

Just ride Bess down to the Gilberts and pick up a saw blade. No work to it. Happily, I bounced down the road, but soon my lovely vision of riding down a pleasant country lane shattered with every jolt. Gee willakins! I thought. I would take a backfiring car any day instead of this jolty joyride! Relieved, I saw a farmhouse. I trotted in and prepared to casually swing out of the saddle. I succeeded in the swinging part, but as soon as I hit the ground I collapsed with a thud. A girl on the porch burst into a fit of giggles.

"Gosh, Brad. Don't you have legs?" she giggled.

"Well, if you hadn't ridden for a long time, you would fall too, Katie," I retorted angrily. Katie Gilberts, I remembered, always stuck her tongue out at me. Usually, it was colored from candy. Right now, she did just that. I was about to make a face back when Mr. Gilberts walked around the barn.

"Lost your legs, sonny?" laughed Mr. Gilberts, picking me up onto my feet again.

"Father told me to ride Bess down and get the saw blade," I answered, changing the embarrassing subject.

"OK. I'll go get it. It'll be a few minutes."

"Fine," I answered.

As soon as he left, Katie giggled and asked, "Lost your legs, sonny?"

I glared at her. Suddenly, she quit her teasing because Mrs. Gilberts stepped out on the porch.

"Well, well, isn't this just the work of



Would I ever cross the gulf of time and once again be in the world of modern luxury?

Providence. Brandon, would you be so kind as to help Tom plow the back field? The poor boy twisted his ankle this morning. He is working hard, but I'm afraid it's too much for him."

Something inside me cried out NO! But I swallowed hard and answered, "I would be glad to help, ma'am."

Tom Gilberts was a freckled, towheaded boy of some fourteen years. He handed the plow to me as soon as I walked up.

"I've been working ever so long," he said casually. "I'll just rest a bit while you do a little. Won't bother you none."

As I chirruped to the horses, I won-

dered if I would ever stop working. Work, work, work. It seemed the only time I ever stopped working was to eat. Soon it registered in my brain what an old fool I was to think I worked like a slave back home. Home? Would I ever get home? Would I ever cross the gulf of time and once again be in the world of modern luxury? My heart pounded in my chest when I thought perhaps this was where I always lived, and I had only *dreamed* of modern luxury.

A snort from the large horse brought my attention back to reality. We were at the end of the row. Turning the horse, I started on another. Like a machine, I thought. You just work like a machine. The hot sun scorched down on me. Sweat soaked my cotton shirt. I felt miserable.

By the time Mr. Gilberts came back with the saw blade, I had plowed a good third of the field. With the saw blade held tightly in my hand, I mounted Bess.

Katie stood on the porch and grinned. "Well, I reckon you could mount better then you can *dismount*."

I ignored her and tipped my hat politely to Mrs. Gilberts before leaving the farmyard. As I trotted down the road, I wished something would break the silence. Perhaps an airplane would fly over. Then I laughed outright. Fool! There are no airplanes these days! Gosh, I thought, I could beat the Wright brothers in making aircraft and rewrite the history books. As I rode into our

farmyard with this cheerful thought in my head, I noticed a patch of freshly turned earth. I walked Bess over and fell off the saddle right onto it. I fell into an exhausted sleep.

I awoke, rubbed my eyes, and stared around me. What was different? There was Dad's old car that always backfired, the sidewalks, and the manicured lawns. Of course, nothing was different. This was where I lived—or was it? I stood up and stared around. I was home! Yet, was this really home? Like a dazed kid, I stumbled into the kitchen. There stood the microwaves, freezers and dishwashers—everything that I was used to, everything that made life so easy. Life so easy. I burst out laughing. What an old fool I was!

"Brandon, is that you?" asked my mom, entering the kitchen.

"Yes," I answered.

"You looked so tired when you were sleeping by the flower bed that I hadn't the heart to wake you."

"Oh, thanks. Uh, I was asleep?"

"Yes, for nearly an hour."

"Oh, gosh . . . um . . . I mean . . . I heard Dad say he wanted the car washed. Want me to do it?"

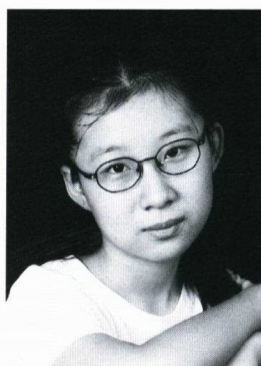
"Why, yes. If you want to," she said, staring at me in amazement.

I dashed out the door. Pausing a second, I watched the cars drive by. Kids rode down the street on their bicycles and roller blades. The neighbor next door mowed his lawn. Gosh, I thought, this is the life! ❖

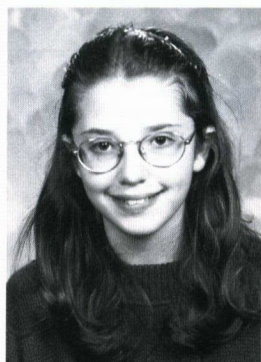
Lost Friendship

by Zhang He

illustrated by Isabel Kimmelfield



Zhang He, 12
Singapore



Isabel Kimmelfield, 12
Portland, Oregon

WHENEVER I SEE JOANNE, I always notice the red scar on her beautiful long legs. Although it was just a small scar, it seemed so noticeable on her feminine and beautiful legs. Joanne is the prettiest girl in my class. She has deep chestnut hair that she can flick about her face and shining crystal eyes glittering behind her little spectacles. We had been the best of friends, until one day . . .

It was my ninth birthday then. I threw a big party and invited tons of friends for a grand celebration at my house. I, of course, had not forgotten about Joanne. She was specially appointed as the clown of the show because of her comical face and humorous jokes which always bring us tears of laughter and leave us many happy memories. That day, she dressed up in a big clown costume and had colorful makeup blotched all over her face. She looked messy but funny at the same time. We watched her perform the magic tricks, and burst out laughing at her pretended clumsiness. After that, we played all sorts of games and enjoyed ourselves tremendously. The only time I felt a bit sad was when they reluctantly left one by one and could not sleep over at my house. Soon, there was only Joanne there to accompany me. I brought her into my bedroom and showed her the wonderful presents I got from my parents. All too fast, it was time for her to leave. I had to bid her a gloomy good-bye as her car slowly disappeared into the streets.



I threw a big party and invited tons of friends for a grand celebration at my house

The next morning, I was awakened by the mind-bursting yells from my infuriated mother. "Where's the watch I bought for your birthday? Do you know how expensive it is? And you just lost it like that? Your father and I saved every penny to . . ."

"Yeah, yeah, can you stop shouting and making such a big fuss? It's just in the drawer of my desk!" I murmured drowsily with eyes half open.

"I've looked, it isn't there!" my mother barked at me. Her news hit me with a pang as I jumped out of my cozy bed and ran helter-skelter toward the desk.

"It can't be!" I remembered so vividly that I had put it . . . "Oh no, it's gone!" My heart sank like a deflated balloon as I tried to recall where on earth I had put my precious watch. Suddenly, like a bolt out of the blue, a name that I refused to think of at the moment flashed across my mind. "No, not Jo, it can't be her!" I tried to convince myself but had to face the bald fact. She was the only one who entered my bedroom the night before and also the first one to see my watch. I remembered her face green with envy as I showed it to her. She must have wanted it so much that she couldn't help taking it. No, stealing it.

I felt the rebellion and fury at this thought and called Joanne to come at once. I dressed quickly and ate my breakfast. At about eight in the morning, I heard the doorbell ring. Joanne was standing on the porch. She waved happily to me as if nothing happened. I glared at her in a fierce, smoldering way

and she was intimidated by my coldness. I approached her and blared, "Give me back my watch, you thief!"

"Huh? What?"

"Stop acting as if you're innocent!"

"I didn't take it!"

"Yes you did, you stole it!"

"I really didn't take it!"

"Oh, so you want to deny it!"

"Please, I don't have it!"

"Right!" I felt my face going as hot as fire. Without thinking, I took the crystal photo frame she gave me yesterday with the photo of us in it and smashed it hard onto the floor. Broken pieces of crystal and splinters fired off in all directions. I heard a small scream from Joanne but I chose to ignore it and stomped back into my bedroom. I slammed my bedroom door shut and threw myself onto the bed. "I hope it hurts, she deserved it!" I muttered angrily under my breath. Then, I felt tears prickling behind my eyes, before I knew it, they flowed fast and free down my cheeks like scattered pearls. I impatiently wiped them away with my hand and closed my eyes. I'm supposed to be the victim but why am I crying?

The next day in school, I told everyone who would listen to me that Joanne had stolen my watch. At first nobody believed me, but they began to see the "true colors" of Joanne as I told them my evidence along with the details. Then, the news about "Joanne the thief" spread far and wide. Joanne, of course, was a total disgrace. No one talked to her the whole day in school. I

was happy to have my other good friends surrounding me during the break, listening to my explanation of how I found out that Joanne was a stealer. I was certainly delighted to see Joanne being left out of the conversation, feeling sad and miserable.

So week after week I had not spoken a word to Joanne and, when the weeks turned to months, Joanne had made a few friends (who doubted what I said about her) and I started hanging around with a new group of friends. I was enjoying myself so much with my new group of friends that I hardly noticed her.

But one afternoon, when I came home from school, I plopped my school bag down beside my bed as I watched my favorite TV show. After that, I decided to finish my homework first before I went roller-skating with my friends. As I took out my books, something shiny under my bed caught my eye. Being curious, I pulled it out and to my surprise, it was my watch! I wiped away the thin layer of dust and admired it happily. Then, Joanne's name hit on me like a ton of bricks. I stared hard at the floor, feeling the blood burning in my cheeks. It was me who had made the wrong judgment about Joanne. I dared not go to her house and apologize. I felt so ashamed of myself for being mean to her. After what seemed like an hour, I finally decided to pluck up my courage and show her how sorry I was. After all, I owed her an apology.

I paused uneasily at Joanne's door

and debated with myself about whether to press the doorbell or not. Finally, I gave the button a push, telling myself that if I couldn't do this, I would be guilt-ridden all my life and lose a best friend forever. After moments of nail-biting anxiety, Joanne opened the door and I got a glimpse of her living room, but the emptiness of the place didn't bother me at that moment. "Err . . . look Jo . . . I found my watch and . . . I'm sorry about what I did earlier, OK?" I apologized sincerely.

Joanne glared at me angrily and shouted, "Sorry? That's it? Think about all the damage you have done! I've become the most unpopular person just because of your blabbermouth! And I thought you didn't need me anymore, not with your new friends!" Her cheeks were flushing with rage as she slammed the door, leaving me abandoned on the doorstep.

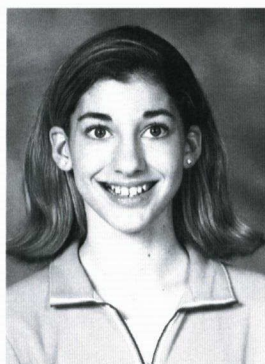
"I came here just to give you an apology and all I get is this? I'm sorry, OK, and if you don't accept my apology, good-bye!" I yelled at the closed door and stomped away, infuriated.

And that was the last time I had seen her. She had moved to Australia with her parents, that's what her friends said.

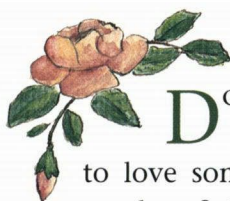
I felt ever so sorry and guilty on that unforgettable day. I was sorry that I had lost such a good friend and guilty that I had put the blame on her for the lost watch. I wanted so much to meet Joanne again and give our friendship another chance. ❖

Kisses from Cécile

by Marie Agnello



Marie Agnello, 12
Snellville, Georgia



DO YOU THINK THAT it's possible to love someone you have never met? Is it possible to love someone who lived and died before you were even born? Cécile Cosquéric, a sixteen-year-old girl living in Paris, France in 1919 is whom I'm talking about. I believe her life was meant to touch mine. I am a twelve-year-old American girl, living in Atlanta, Georgia in the year 2002. Cécile is not a famous girl, nor is she a relative of mine. Cécile is actually an ordinary girl. If I have never met her, then how can I know her?

Right now, I hold in my hand a letter—a fragile, discolored envelope, aged by time. This letter could fall to pieces in my hands if not held gently enough. A beautiful, flowing script graces the front, created by a hand well practiced. A pen dipped in an inkwell has addressed the letter, yet another giveaway to its age. The postmark is my clue as to exactly how old this letter is, and it's the postmarks that also help me put the letters into order. You see, I hold in my hand just one letter. But on the table in front of me are seventy-five letters!

A letter is hard to come by in today's world. I am an ordinary girl living in "the new millennium." Letters are no longer a popular form of communication. Since there is no need for letters, I have probably only written five in my entire life! E-mail is today's replacement letter. E-mail is easy

Paris le 14 Avril 1920



I put my letter
in the letterbox
the day of the peace

Paris the 27th of June 1919

July

Miss Ruth Calderhead

21 W. Moreno Ave
Colorado Springs
Colo.

S. A. (etats Unis)

a caricature of the



Melle Cécile Cosquéric

...ing two letters
... with a poem
... the 1000 time
... sure Island
... stand it.

... for the card of
yes, I think as you, it
... to be remembered! Lulu too
... has received your letter. The mimosa
... is very pretty, I already have many
... from you and so I begin to
... from Colorado Spgs, mimosa
... I don't know: mimosa
... igeria, pansy and myosotis
... foot from Yorkshire, and
... asses coming from the Poulle.
... think our characters
... so. You are perhaps
... than me, but we have



Cécile Cosquéric

and convenient. Why write a letter when it is so time-consuming, and not quickly received? E-mail is instantly received, and easily disposed of. Just a click of the delete button, and the computer will ask, "Are you sure you would like to delete this?" After the "yes" button is clicked, the e-mail is completely deleted, lost in cyberspace and never to be read again. The thought of writing seventy-five letters is so contrary to the "You've got mail" culture of today. The thought of saving seventy-five letters is even more contrary. Who would save the letters for so many years? Who were

these letters sent to?

Over a span of four years, there was only one recipient of all of these letters. Her name was Ruth. Like me, she was another twelve-year-old American girl. Each letter made the journey from Paris, France, across the Atlantic Ocean, to Colorado Springs, Colorado. The two girls were pen pals, and their friendship developed solely through their letters. They never met in person.

As I open the first letter sent to Ruth that was previously opened over eighty years ago, I feel excited. I pull out the faded pink paper and begin to read. A special note in the top left-hand corner says, "I put my letter in the letterbox the day of the peace." Cécile was referring to the end of World War I. Her letter describes herself as a French girl looking for an American girl to correspond with. She is sixteen years old and lives in Paris with her parents. She has a twenty-year-old brother, Lucien, (nicknamed Lulu) and a "pretty" cat named Bidart. Her letter gets somber when she describes in broken English, "There are many American soldiers in Paris. Near my house bombs are dropped in a house which have been demolished, many persons have been killed." I can't imagine the tragedy she has seen at such a young age. She ends her first letter with many questions about Ruth and her country. Her final salutation reads, "By waiting news from you, I kiss you, Cécile."

Cécile's second letter describes a historical site.

Monday was a fine day, July 14th, a large parade passed under the Arc de Triomphe, then American soldiers with their flags, the sailors and Pershing; English soldiers, Belgians, Italians, etc. . . . and at last French troops composed of several men from each regiment. Four-millions of persons have seen the soldiers pass.

Cécile describes the celebrations that continued after the parade.

On the grands boulevards there was thousands and thousands of people crying, running, dancing, singing, pushing [selling] guns that were taken on the front. I have seen an English nurse on the top of a gas lamp in the street, singing the "Marseillaise" and the "God Save the King." Round her was 500 more perhaps singing with her. Farther in the avenue de l'Opera an American soldier was singing too, while other American soldiers was making noise with the motor of their motor cars. What a jazz band!!!

Before I go any further, I would like to explain how these girls, separated by half the globe, got each other's addresses and began to write the letters that would grow into a loving friendship. After World War I, there were many children whose parents died in the war. Americans looked for ways to assist them. Money and letters from American schoolchildren were sent to cheer them. Ruth was one of those schoolchildren who wrote a letter to a war orphan as a class assignment. Louise Drogorn was the orphan who received the letter in Paris in 1919. She was a friend of Cécile

Cosquéric. Louise knew Cécile wanted an American girl to correspond with, so she gave Cécile Ruth's address.

Opening each letter, one by one, I feel as though I am opening pieces of lost treasure, because each envelope has a treasure inside. I feel so privileged to be given a window back in time. Cécile becomes very real to me because of the things she has enclosed in each envelope. I open up one letter, and a pressed flower falls out. This dry, brittle, lifeless flower once brightly adorned Cécile's hair at a party, as she went on to explain in her letter. Cécile was very interested in fashion, movies, and actresses, like many girls today. She sent newspaper articles about French actresses, pages from 1920s Parisian fashion magazines, and wrote of her favorite movies. She even wrote out, word for word, the script of a play she saw and sent it to Ruth. Cécile was very artistic, and would send paper dolls she made, drawings, and detailed watercolor paintings. To approximate where she lived and worked, she sent a map of Paris. She also sent a map she made herself of her neighborhood where bombs were dropped in World War I. I couldn't even begin to understand how she found the courage to live amongst war for so long. Cécile also sent more personal things, such as photos of herself, her family, her cat, and even a lock of her dark hair, tied with a thin silk ribbon.

In one of Cécile's letters, she made a very profound and insightful statement, saying,

Don't you think our characters are same? I think so, you are perhaps more vivacious than me, but we surely have the same ideas and heart. You ask me in one of your letters about your heart; oh! I know where it is.

Cécile also gave one of her most heart-felt and humorous comments in her next letter, which said,

Why is the world so large??? I wonder! I am sad when I think you are so far away from me. Oh! If I could enter the envelope I shall go and see you. But the envelope is so small. If you are thinner than me, come in your next letter . . . I only send in my envelope a kiss, but a large, large, large, large kiss for you, darling. My better wishes of health for you and your family.

I remain, your loving friend, Cécile.

It has taken weeks to read all seventy-five letters chronicling four years of Cécile's life. As I begin to read the last batch of letters, I find myself wishing there were more. I don't want them to end. I want to know what happens to Cécile. Does she go on and marry? Have children? What happens in the rest of her life? Will I ever know the whole story, or is this just going to be four years suspended in time? I've grown to care for Cécile, and I don't want to let her go.

The next letter I hold in my hand is tied with a creamy-colored silk ribbon. Out of all the letters I have read this is the only one tied in a lovely ribbon. Ruth must have wished this letter to be set apart from all the others. Unlike the

other letters from Cécile that have been several pages in length, this is a single card.

Paris, 29 September, 1922

My darling Ruth,

I am at home since a few weeks, not well at all. Though I am feeling a little bit better and I think I shall write you a long letter very soon. I had some letters from you and I wanted to answer them but . . . that awful fever did not allow me to do as I wanted. Write me always nice letters as you do, they make me feel so glad when I read them. Love and kisses, Cécile

After reading this letter from Cécile to Ruth, I stumble upon an unexpected letter from Lulu to Ruth. It's been an uncharacteristic two months since Cécile's last letter. This letter's tone is of a very sad brother.

Paris, 20 December, 1922

My dear, dear Ruth,

Please forgive my long delay because you have a good heart. The principal reason is, Cécile is so much ill, she is very ill and we despair to save her; she is abed since first days of September and is very thin and skinny and nothing interests her but your letters. In your next letters, don't say you know Cécile is so ill . . . so good-bye and I kiss you for Cécile and for me. Lulu.

I know the content of the next envelope before I read it because of the bold black border framing it. Printed in French is a message that I strain to decipher.

"Mademoiselle Cécile COSQUÉRIC



Cécile with her brother, Lucien (Lulu)

dies January 3rd, 1923." Smaller envelopes, framed in the same black border, are handwritten notes from Cécile's parents and Lulu. Lulu writes,

Paris, 20 January, 1923

My dear Ruth,

Cécile is dead. Like a very, very good Christian and is surely near God. Pray often for her. We received this morning your letter of the first for Cécile.

I kiss you strongly, Lulu.

As I read the notices written to Ruth, I also feel as though I have suffered a loss. I had connected with Cécile. Through all the letters, I had grown to love Cécile, and she had become a good friend of mine. Cécile was such a loving person, and taken at an age so young.

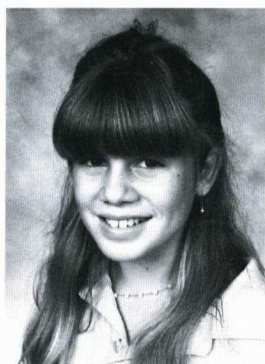
For a fleeting moment, I feel as though I am Ruth and Ruth is me, and I know why the connection is so strong.

You see, Ruth is my great-grandmother. These letters still exist because they have been passed down from my great-grandma to my grandma to my mother and now to me. Each generation so loved these letters and was compelled to save them and pass them along. Over eighty years have passed since these letters were first penned by a lovely French girl to her American friend. So much has changed during all those years, but what hasn't changed is the excitement of opening each letter as the story of this French girl unfolds. I am the fourth generation to receive kisses from Cécile. ❖

Note: You can see more of Cécile's letters on our Web site, www.stonesoup.com. In addition, you can listen to Marie reading her story aloud. If you'd like to find your own pen pal, go to the links section of our Web site and click on "Find a pen pal."

Grandfather

by Alexa Bryn



Alexa Bryn, II
Hollywood, Florida

Behind your vacant stare,
Memories lie hidden,
Faltering and fleeting
The distant remembered,
The present, unrecallable.

Never afraid before
Shadows of freshly plastered seams
On my living room wall,
Now haunt you, transporting you
Back to the barbed-wire camps.

So vividly you recall
Your Nazi captors,
And your escape
Yet, it is my name that
Escapes you now.

Your smooth fingers glide nimbly
Over the piano keys.
You are at peace;
Lost in reveries,
Only to wake up
To a confused reality.

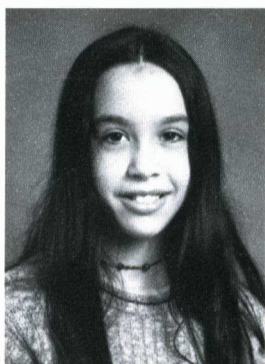
Although your memory is extinguishing,
On your delicate face,
A smile has found a permanent home.
Your gentle touch, warm eyes
Still illuminate my heart.

Hands joined, ancient and innocent
Float together on waves of love.

Saving Frizbee

by Lyra Mulhern

illustrated by Stephanie Andriulli



Lyra Mulhern, 13
Gainesville, Florida



Stephanie Andriulli, 13
Lockport, New York

DADDY HAD SAID TODAY would be our special day together. We would have gone to the movies and had pizza, but no, he was off rescuing yet another animal from its abusive owners. Couldn't he have waited until tomorrow?

I walked outside and sat on the porch. I guess he couldn't have waited. The poor animal was probably in terrible condition, judging by the rest of the animals Daddy and I had rescued. Daddy and I rescue abused pets and wildlife and bring them to our barn where we feed and heal them until they can be re-entered into their natural habitat or given new homes. Some of them have died, but most of them have survived. I always wonder what he's going to bring back. Usually a dog or goat that had been treated terribly.

The fall leaves were just turning and I listened to the wind rustling through them as I thought about the importance of rescuing animals. Sometimes I just wished Daddy had a normal job, like a lawyer or something.

Suddenly a roaring noise interrupted my reverie and Daddy's truck came hurtling into the yard with the horse trailer bouncing along behind. I jumped up and ran to the pickup as it slowed and Daddy jumped out. His hair stuck out at strange angles, and he seemed unusually flustered about it. I started to ask him about it, but he interrupted me.

"Fern! Go get a halter and lead rope and some hay. Go!



"Don't bother chasing him. He can't run very far"

Quickly!"

I ran, instantly recognizing the urgency in his voice. When I got to the barn I dashed into the tack room and grabbed Gypsy's purple halter and the first lead I could find and gathered up some hay from Ben's empty stall.

"Fern! I have to get this horse out!

Come on!"

"I'm coming!" I called as I sprinted back to the trailer. Panting, I handed Daddy the halter and lead rope.

"I don't need the hay right now, but I'll tell you when I do," Daddy said as he climbed up into the battered green trailer. "I may need some help up here."

I started to climb up but he motioned me down.

"No, in a second. Just wait."

I pulled down the ramp and looked inside. I could just make out the outline of a horse.

"OK, hand me the hay now."

I leaned in and handed the hay to Daddy. I faintly heard him murmuring to the horse. Coaxingly, he patted the horse on the neck. It calmed slightly, and Daddy, taking advantage of the moment, showed it the hay. It whickered faintly and began to nibble.

Gently, Daddy tugged on the lead rope. A big mistake. The horse shied and reared. It threw its head back, nearly banging it on the roof.

"Watch out, Fern! He'll bolt now! Move!" Daddy yelled to me as he flattened himself against the inside of the trailer. I jumped out of the way just as the horse came charging down the ramp.

"Don't bother chasing him. He can't run very far. Watch." Daddy had come down to stand next to me. But I was agape at the state the horse was in. He was barely discernable as a horse, covered in mud and caked dirt. A gaping wound on his hip slowly oozed blood. His emaciated body quivered as he slowed to a halt, chest heaving. His ribs showed through his hide. I couldn't believe that someone would do something that horrible to an animal.

"What's his name?" I asked Daddy.

"Who knows? You name him."

"Frizbee," I murmured to myself. I walked slowly toward Frizbee. He swung his head around and watched me warily. I whispered to him and didn't look him in the eye. The trick was to appear unthreatening. I walked up and slowly took hold of his lead rope. Wearily, he followed me to the barn.

I led him into Ben's stall and took off his halter. I filled the bucket on the wall with warm water from the tack room sink and grabbed a sponge and the grooming box from the shelf and returned to where Frizbee was, standing in the exact same place I left him in. This horse needed some serious help.

I curried off the muck and treated the wicked cut on his hip and gave him a tetanus shot, just in case. I sponged off the sweat and blood and rubbed him down with a rag. I dragged out the extra horse blanket we had had ever since Splash died. I carefully placed it over him and buckled it. I softly patted him and went into the feed shed to make him some hot bran mash. When I came back, Daddy was standing by the stall, looking in.

"Good job, honey," he said, hugging me. I glowed with pride.

As I fed Frizbee his mash, I knew that I had done something wonderful for him and that my whole life would be dedicated to helping animals regain the joy of life. ❖

The Stone Soup Store

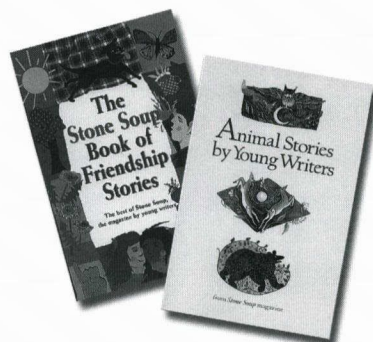
(See all our products in color on the back cover)

Stories from Stone Soup

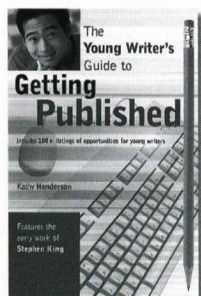
If you like *Stone Soup*, you'll love *The Stone Soup Book of Friendship Stories* and *Animal Stories by Young Writers*! These two 6- by 9-inch quality paperbacks present some of the best stories to appear in the pages of *Stone Soup* over the years. Published by Tricycle Press, the anthologies provide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

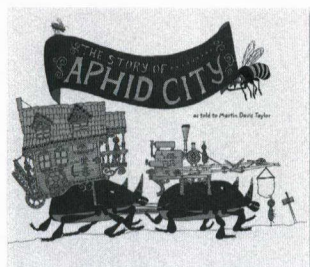
#104 *Set of 3 Mugs* \$20



Aphid City

Martin Taylor, a talented young artist whose work has appeared in *Stone Soup*, wrote and illustrated *The Story of Aphid City* when he was nine years old. This epic tale of war and peace in the insect kingdom is lavishly illustrated with over 25 of Martin's exquisitely detailed pen drawings. A large-format (12" by 10"), high-quality paperback book.

#110 *The Story of Aphid City* \$17.95



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

(To order subscriptions, use the cards in the center of the magazine, call 800 447-4569, or visit 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.

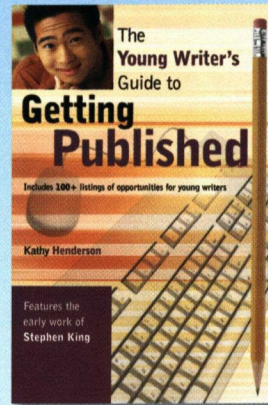
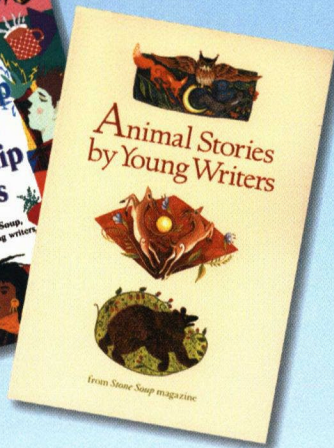
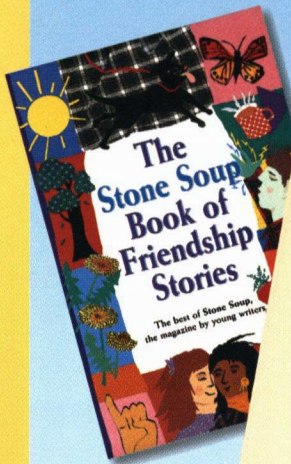
Subtotal	
Sales tax	
For delivery in CA add 7.75%	
Regular shipping (see below)	
Separate charge for each address	
Special shipping (see below)	
TOTAL	

REGULAR SHIPPING	SPECIAL SHIPPING
Priority Mail 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	FedEx Overnight Add \$18 to shipping prices at left Canada Add \$2 to shipping prices at left Other Countries Call for rates to your country 1-831-426-5557

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

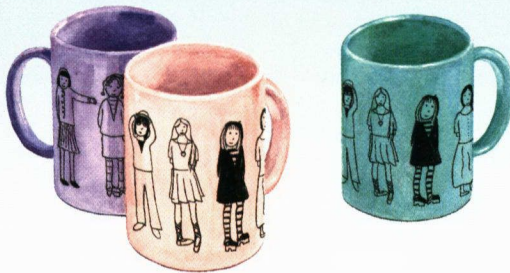
Thank you for your order! Visit our Web site at www.stonesoup.com

THE STONE SOUP STORE

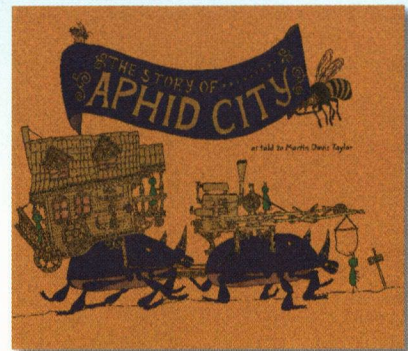


GETTING PUBLISHED

ANTHOLOGIES



JESSIE MUGS



APHID CITY

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

Visit our Web site at www.stonesoup.com