

# Cricket

the realm of imagination



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the realm of imagination

April 2019 Volume 46 Number 7



PHOTO BY BEA CRESPO

## COVER AND BORDER

by Pep Boatella

"The Rise of Poseidon"

*Digital*

Pep Boatella is a Catalan illustrator and graphic designer born in 1983. From his studio in Barcelona he works for clients around the world, creating art for both children and adults. His personal style stamps each of his artistic works.

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Gold Award

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Dear Everybuggy,

I've been getting your mag for two years and I absolutely love it! Zoot, I have been playing the violin for five or six years and I am trying to convince my four-year-old sister to play cello. Right now she has her heart set on playing guitar. Who is your favorite composer? I can't decide between Mozart and Beethoven.

Ladybug, I know everyone says this, but I'll say it again. Try to be a little bit less bossy. How would you feel if someone bossed you around? Pussy-willow, you are the most adorable thing ever!

I love reading and I seem to devour books. Both of my parents are college English professors, so I guess it makes sense. My favorite books are Harry Potter, Harry Potter, and Harry Potter! Who else is a Gryffindor? Because I am.

Lizzy, age 11  
Attleboro, Massachusetts

Lizzy,

*Oh, I can't name one favorite composer!*  
Dvořák, Gershwin, Copland, Rossini, Johann Strauss, Mozart, the Beatles, ...

Play on!  
Zoot

Dear Cricket,

I love your magazines. I started getting them last year, and my mom has a lot of magazines from when she was little. My mom reads me the issues most nights. I love the October 2018 magazine, and I also love "Magnus" (October 2018–January 2019). I love Ladybug. Keep up the good work.

Jose, age 10  
Cochecton, New York

Dear Cricket,

I'm going to give you a short excerpt of my appreciation of your magazine by saying, frankly, your mag is terrific, stupendous, fantastic, and totally 100 percent awesome! My favorite character is—wait for it—Ugly Bird! George and Tail, give Ugly a break! He's only doing what all birds do. I also

SMELL  
EVERYTHING BEFORE  
YOU TASTE? I DON'T  
EVEN WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT THAT'S ABOUT.



GOOD TIPS,  
THOUGH.

like Ladybug. I understand; I'm bossy, too. I think Pussywillow would be really great if she developed her personality a little bit more.

My family has five-and-a-half cats. The "half" is this cat who we haven't really adopted but seems to have adopted us! My cats' names are Blacko, Emmet-Otter, Mama Kitty, Catfish, Lunar, and Timmo. We also have two seven-year-old chickens who still lay eggs. My absolute number one sport is soccer, and I play right mid. I also like swimming. I swim in a competitive swim club. I like all classic books like the Little House series, the Wizard of Oz books, and *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator*. I am homeschooled and have one brother, Tobias.

Sophia White, age 11  
Columbia, Missouri

Happy April Fools' Day!

What are some traditions you may have? Last year I made a pan of "brownies" (several letter E's cut out of brown paper) and put them on the counter. My mom found them and burst out laughing. Stage one of Operation Fool the Parents was complete. Little did she know that I spiked her coffee. ... \*evil laugh\*

Vyolette  
Down to Earth, Chatterbox

I'm not really a fan of April Fools' Day. No one's ever done anything that's traumatized me. I just find the whole thing an ordeal. So, I invented how to survive April Fools' Day: 1. Always look ahead of you. Push open doors before you walk through them, and check seats before you sit

down. 2. Smell absolutely everything before you taste it. Don't accept gum from anyone. 3. Be prepared for jumpscares when you open things. 4. If a remote or something doesn't seem to work, there's probably tape on it.

Alizarine  
Happy April Fools' Day  
Down to Earth

PUSS HAS HER OWN  
WAY OF DOING  
THINGS. RIGHT, PUSS?



Dear Cricket,

I enjoy reading your magazines. My favorite buggies are Ugly Bird, Cricket, and Weenie. Weenie, you are kind of like me. I used to get grouchy a lot.

Kaiden, age 9  
Louisiana

Dear Ladybug,

You're sweet and lovable, but you really need to relax sometimes. Could you go on a retreat or something? Maybe you could go to one in the Smoky Mountains, here in Tennessee.

My great-great-uncle was Great Uncle Lem, the last living resident in Smoky Mountains National Park! They gave him a lifelong lease when he was sixty, and he lived twenty more years. Hikers would hike up to see him and his pet bear. Yes, he had a pet bear. He chained him to a tree. Poor bear.

My favorite section of the magazine is Cricket League, but I also like the Letterbox. I think the name "Cricket Country" should be changed to "Ladybug Country" for one issue. Ladybug would get so happy and proud, she'd probably never be the same size again.

Vyolette, your riddle in the October 2018 issue was cool.

Lottie, age 11  
Nashville, Tennessee

I've wanted rats since second grade, however, I've never had the chance to talk with someone who owns any. Blue Moon, you have rats, right? What is it like to have rats as pets?

Micearenice  
CBer Q & A, This Month, Chatterbox

Usually I launch into a rat endorsement speech, but as you already want rats, I'll cut to what it's like to take care of them. They're very playful and mischievous. This make them really fun, but they also take a lot of time. I usually spend

A BEAR AS  
A PET? EEK!





about an hour a day with my ratties out of their cage, playing with them. They are pretty much free range, although someone is needed to be watching them, and there are a few off-limits areas. You do have to check the areas to make sure they are safe for rats and OK to be chewed a bit.

I really enjoy having them and love being with them. They're very affectionate, smart, and playful, and I think they are great pets.

Moon, age 11

Cber Q & A, This Month

Hi,

This is where you can just talk about your pets or other animals. I have a bird named Sky, but we call him Sky Bird. We named him Sky because he has a blue belly with white splotches like clouds. Sky is a parakeet/budgie. He talks. He say "cheeseburger," "pretty bird," "chirp chirp I'm singing," "kiss kiss kiss," "what ya doing?" and his all-time favorite, "baby bird." To teach him to talk, we chose a few phrases and kept repeating them always in the same voice. We also let Sky watch a ton of a bird named Disco online.

I also have a tarantula named Monique. She just sits in one place all the time except for about once every three weeks when we give her crickets. We also have three fish.

Squid

Michigan, Pets Are Awesome  
Down to Earth

*Yikes, Squid, not crickets! How about switching to spaghetti or chocolate chip cookies?*  
Cricket

Swift—I walk silently through passages, every once in a while checking the map the bears gave to me. I should be nearing the—*chirp, chirp, chirp*—What the heck was that? I run over to get a better look at . . . a bird. A tiny bird with blue bands on her legs. Looks like a snow bunting. She's chirping quietly to two other animals. I stalk over. The bunting notices me. . . . Frost shoots out from the bunting's feet and swirls around my paws. I don't budge.

Since I'm a leaflyt, magic can't touch me.

Night Whispers  
The Resistance  
Kynqdom  
Chatterbox

You play the bassoon, Gaby? That is so cool! I love how the bassoon sounds.

CHEWED A BIT?



In my community band, whenever the bassoon gets a solo—I kid you not—I get chills, because it sounds so cool. About being a musician: As somebody whose dad is a musician, yeah, it's definitely not easy. But if you're really passionate about it and if you're really good, you can usually make it work. Just don't expect to get paid a lot.

Autumn Leaves, age 14  
Calling All Musicians  
Down to Earth

I have too many favorite musicians and musical genres to count. I love jazz from a lot of eras, classic rock, movie soundtracks, Bach, and indie/indielectonica/alternative. Some of my favorite bands/performers include Fleetwood Mac, Frank Sinatra, the Sweet, David Bowie, Michael Jackson, Prince, Queen, Kaur, Oh Wonder, Electric Light Orchestra, Leonard Cohen, Eric Whitacre, Marvin Gaye, and U2.

Kyoto

Favorites Musicians and Musical Genres  
Down to Earth

I recently started a role model project at school. Some of mine are: Malala Yousafzai, Eliza Hamilton, Angelica Schuyler, Chelsea Clinton, and Tina Fey. List your role models here!

Secret

Role Models, Down to Earth

I don't have many people that I can, without concessions, say I look up to. In fact there's only one person I can admire without a shadow of a doubt. It's Malala Yousafzai, for being an absolutely amazing person and making so many big changes in the short time she's been alive. She is a hero, and I wish everyone could be more like her.

St. Owl

Ivy Manor, Role Models, Down to Earth

Lady Gaga, I cannot possibly list all the amazing things she's done. She inspires girls everywhere to be themselves, she's an amazing singer and a feminist, and she speaks up about things shunned or rarely acknowledged.

Selena Gomez and Ariana Grande for being open and supportive about mental health and other issues.

Abraham Lincoln. He stood up for everyone's rights and freed the slaves and made a huge difference. He was a humble giant.

Mandy Moore is an amazing dance and choreographer. And Eleanor Roosevelt.

Claaws

Role Models, Down to Earth

## CHIRPS FROM CRICKET'S LETTERBOX AND CHATTERBOX

I love birds! They are my LIFE. Literally, my room is filled with a ton of magazine cutouts with birds on them. I myself don't have a pet bird because my parents say they make too much of a mess. But I do have a guinea pig. She is da cutest thing ever. I made her a Tinkerbell outfit cuz I wanted to.

Kaleidoscope Gryphon, age 13  
Pet Thread, Chirp at Cricket

When I scroll through the Chatterbox, I reach a whole network of friends who are just like me: introverts, artists, creators, homeschoolers, ones who aren't afraid to stand up to or for others, the lonely, the popular, the dreamers, the inventors. If I had a million dollars, I would pay for each and every one of us to fly in from wherever they are to my millionaire mansion on a hill or by a lake. We would all have fun and get to know each other.

Jwyn, age 13

Longing, Down to Earth

FRIENDSHIP  
THROUGH LETTERS  
IS A MEETING OF  
THE MINDS.



Chatterbox is a welcoming internet forum full of people I hope to get to know. It seems to be the perfect place for me to make friends, even if I'll never see any of you face to face.

Pooki P.

Chirp at Cricket

Come one, come all, and submit whatever books you would like to randomly recommend. Please include title and author. Details and/or summaries of the books are not required, but useful for getting people interested.

Viola?

Random Recommendations  
Blab About Books

I really got into Greek and Roman mythology after reading the Percy Jackson series. I guess if there is one myth I like most it's the Prometheus myth: the stealing of fire.

Everinne, age 14

The Ancient World, Greek and Roman  
Myths and Gods, Blab About Books

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Letters may be edited for length.

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COOL SOUND,  
ZOOT-DUDE.  
BASSOON-Y.



# CRICKET COUNTRY

WHAT'S  
WITH  
ALL THE  
LETTER  
BLOCKS?

WE'RE  
GOING TO  
TEACH  
UGLY TO  
READ!

WITH THE  
BUILDING  
BLOCKS OF  
LANGUAGE...

SPEAKING OF  
SPEAKING—  
MAYBE IT'LL  
HELP WITH  
HIS VERBAL  
SKILLS!

THAT WOULD BE  
NICE. BUT THINK  
OF THIS—  
IF HE COULD READ,  
WE COULD OPEN UP  
COMMUNICATIONS.

IF HE GETS TO KNOW  
US, MAYBE HE'LL  
STOP TRYING TO  
EAT US!

REALLY!  
DREAM ON.

FROM A  
SAFE  
DISTANCE!

MEW!

## Awkward Greetingz!?

I  
SUPPOSE  
WE CAN  
BUT  
TRY...

RIGHT!  
HOW'S  
THIS  
FOR A  
START?

PREPARE  
TO FIND  
OUT!

NO! NOT  
"GRITTINGS"!

GREETINGS FROM THE BLOCK

GREETINGS!  
SOUND IT OUT:  
GR-EETINGS

DIVE, DIVE!

## Gr-Eating Buggeez!

NO EETING,  
I MEAN NO  
EATING  
BUGS!

WRITE SOMETHING ELSE! BUGS ARE  
YOUR FRIENDS, MAYBE?

IS "FRIEND" I BEFORE E, OR  
E BEFORE I...? I FORGET...

LET'S KEEP  
IT SIMPLE.

Nom!  
Nom!  
Nom!

## Boogeez Arr Nize... TO EET!!

THERE!

BUGS  
ARE  
NICE

NO! NO!  
NO!

ARGH!

HOW DID  
COMMUNICATING  
AT A SAFE  
DISTANCE BECOME  
A BLOCKADE?

LET ME SPELL  
IT OUT: WE'RE  
DOOMED!

YOU COULD SAY IT'S  
AN HONOR TO PERISH  
SPREADING THE JOY OF  
READING...OR TRYING TO  
ANYWAY.

PERSONALLY, I'D  
RATHER LIVE TO TRY  
ANOTHER DAY! OH,  
NO YOU DON'T, UGLY!  
BACK! BACK!

READ THIS  
AND WEEP,  
UGLY!  
(HEAVE)

chomp.  
chomp!

MEW!



# The Finch



BY LAUREN ORME

**Not everyone considers** their classrooms at night. When the bell rings, the final backpacks clear away, and the teachers wearily lock their doors and pull cars, headlights sweeping, from the lot, a school becomes a quiet, lonesome place. Dull, mute corridors contrast with the echoes of daytime shouts and chatter. Sinks in darkened bathrooms drip quietly, and solitary bits of trash drift listlessly over lunch tables in the dying evening breeze. The life of a school goes out with the sun.

But in the darkened classroom with the number 268, there *was* a little sign of life. A small reminder of the animated day. A tiny bird, a finch, was hopping methodically across her cage.

Room 268 was a science classroom, and the teacher who occupied it kept finches. She liked them because they were tough, not needing all the special equipment a fish or reptile requires. She liked the birds' brave and curious nature, and appreciated that though they always had something to say, they said it quietly enough.

This particular finch was hopping in and out of the single beam of yellow illumination coming from outside. Every few hops she would stop and squint down at the newspaper that covered the floor of her cage. Her head would move slowly, and then off she'd go again, bouncing along, shifting position. It looked exactly like what was truly happening. The finch was reading.

Nimbus was a zebra finch. She was a dusty gray color with black and white bands on her tail and eyes. Her beak was the fiery orange of a sunset she had never seen. Had she known what they were, Nimbus would have loved sunsets. Sunsets meant evening, and evening meant she could learn



IT MIGHT BE  
UNUSUAL FOR BIRDS  
TO READ, BUT NOT  
CERTAIN BUGS!



BOOKWORMS COME  
IN ALL SHAPES!



Illustrated by Clara Anganuzzi

text © 2019 by Lauren Orme, art © 2019 by Clara Anganuzzi

more about the world. The dim light cast by the lamp outside was a poor substitute for the daylight during school hours, but Nimbus dared not read then. Daytime was for absorbing as much of the lessons as she could, trying hard not to sneak glances at the tempting words below.

Nimbus was two-thirds through the real estate page when a wet *Splat!* spoiled the rest of her reading. She furrowed her brows and glanced into the shadows of the hollowed-out coconut that hung at the top of the cage.

“Do you *mind?*” Nimbus chirped.

A chuckle came from the coconut’s opening. “Not at all!”

Zephyr was in her usual mood.

Nimbus fluttered to the coconut birdhouse and perched on top, causing it to swing wildly. She poked her head inside and frowned at her assailant. If Nimbus was small, Zephyr was tiny in comparison. Half the size of a normal zebra finch, Zephyr was very light brown, almost white, with delicate stripes along her back and eyes. But she more than made up for her size with her audacious spirit. Like the true rascal she was, Zephyr wasn’t sorry for her actions.

Nimbus’s frown deepened into a scowl. “I was *reading* that. It was *interesting.*”

“So?”

“So, you *pooped* on it!” Nimbus fluttered her wings, causing the coconut to swing more wildly still.

Zephyr giggled. “Faster, Nim!”

Nimbus started giggling, too. She couldn’t help herself. Soon, the birds were whirling and bouncing, twittering with glee as the coconut whizzed around. As usual, just as the pair was having the most amount of fun, an irritated voice erupted across the cage.

“Stop that maniacal swinging at once! Really, you’d think it was a spring day the way you two are whirling about.” Luna, the oldest and largest finch, fluffed her snow-white feathers indignantly. Nimbus peeked into the coconut just in time to see Zephyr puff her feathers and waggle her beak in secret imitation as Luna continued, unaware of the mockery.

“It’s bad enough being subject to incessant noise by those *insufferable* children during the day, and their dreadful cage rattling is enough to shake my feathers right out. Just when a poor bird thinks she can get some quiet solitude, you two start beleaguering my ears with your silly acrobatics!” Luna concluded with a “Humph!” and a punctuating feather fluff.

INCESSANT  
MEANS  
UNCEASING,  
WITHOUT END.







The grump of the finch trio, Luna only craved peace. Nimbus immediately felt sorry. Luna's size often made her the subject of extra attention during the school day. And her reactions to noise were entertaining to the children, who would rap the sides of the cage to watch her flutter.

Nimbus glided to the perch next to Luna and began to groom her neck feathers. "Poor Luna, I'm sorry you had a bad day," Nimbus soothed. "Would you like me to read to you the funnies?"

"Humph! Indeed not. Reading is a dreadful habit that should be kept to humans. It is absolutely unnatural to get information from cage lining the way you do."

Nimbus knew this would be Luna's first reaction. It usually was. Nimbus gently disagreed. "I hear you, but just think of all the information we've learned from those papers! And about the world outside! We'd never know there were such wonders as sky and trees and starlight if it wasn't for reading."

The coconut began to bounce and twirl again as Zephyr joyfully chattered, "The world! The world! Tell us more about the world, Nim!" A burst of song exploded from the coconut.



DO YOU  
THINK ALL  
BUGS CAN  
READ AND  
WRITE?



JUST BUGS  
LUCKY ENOUGH  
TO HAVE OLD  
CRICKET AS A  
TEACHER.

The birds had never known about the world outside until the day Nimbus discovered words. She remembered when understanding had hit her like a thunderbolt.

*B-i-r-d*. A word written on the teacher's whiteboard. "Bird," the teacher had said, along with a string of other words. But her human finger had stopped at the word as she made the sound. It was a word Nimbus had seen before. It was on the cage. People had looked at her and said it. *She* was a bird.

In time, the teacher's simple habit of pointing to words on the board and saying them aloud helped Nimbus discover more. Before the month was out, she had learned a bit of geography, weather, and astronomy, gobbling up the information like millet seeds. Most important, she had learned about the sky, flight, and a world beyond the school door filled with many other birds. This information jolted Nimbus's brain like electricity. It meant there was more to discover. More to life. It answered a question in Nimbus's heart she had always possessed but could not name. Something *more* was out there.

In time, with practice and patience, Nimbus could read the newspapers. She was never able to choose the information, of course, but there was enough about weather and geography to build her knowledge and keep her thirsty for



more. Hoping to encourage new paper changes, Nimbus would shower her cage lining with water from the container and dance in the birdseed, scattering husks everywhere. Zephyr found this to be great fun and redoubled her mischief-making. “I’m supporting your education, Nim!” she’d say, yanking out one of Luna’s feathers.

Luna pretended to be above it all. She huffed and hooted with indignity. “Birds we may be,” she scolded, “but birds we shall also remain. We are safe and well fed in this habitat, and I shudder to think of the trials and tribulations lying in wait outside.”

Though Luna and Zephyr never learned to read, Nimbus read to them. Luna loved the principle of long and important-sounding words. Zephyr liked the sports.

“Coming in from the outfield . . .,” she would screech while flying madly about the cage, “. . . the five-time world champion . . .” *Zoom!* “. . . tournament cup winning . . .” *Zoom!* “. . . all-starrrrr quarterbaaaaaack makes aaaa GOAAAL!” *Zooooom!*

“The world. Out there.” Nimbus loved the sound of the words. As she began to speak, Zephyr fluttered from the coconut down to her favorite spot—sandwiched between Nimbus and Luna.

Nimbus talked of air that moved, of different temperatures in the sky, of swirling clouds, of trees, and nights filled with stars.

“I wish I could go,” Zephyr whispered.

“I would take us all if I could!” Nimbus promised.

As was often the case, Luna was cautious. “The world out there is big, and we know very little. What we do know comes from words, which aren’t a part of nature, and only one of us understands them. We are safe and comfortable here. Be grateful.” She shuffled on her perch as if settling down forever.

“But are we happy?” Zephyr asked.

Nimbus’s brain didn’t know the answer to that question, but her heart did. Only, how do you share what there are no words for? She knew the best chance they would have “out there” was together. They were a team of brave, brain, and caution. And they loved each other. Alone was not the answer.

It didn’t matter anyway. Without the ability to escape, they would never have the choice of leaving. So Nimbus continued to read and to listen, hoping one day she would discover the words that described the thought in her heart.

TRIBULATIONS  
ARE TROUBLES  
AND  
HARDSHIPS.






The right words came one day in late spring. The yawning teacher shuffled in, carrying heavy-looking bags and her daily cup of horrible-smelling brown liquid. After the first group of students arrived, it was clear they were beginning new lessons. Normally, new subjects were filled with different words she didn't understand, and Nimbus would despair at the learning she was missing. But "Physics" was different. It sounded interesting, and Nimbus leaned forward eagerly on her perch.

"Physics" was filled with words that were familiar, like push, force, pull, down, air, up, action and reaction. Movements and ideas went with the sounds in new ways, teaching Nimbus what it was that finally changed everything. It took several class periods with the same lesson on "Simple Machines" for the words and motions to make sense. But it wasn't new! She had seen them somewhere. Memory tugged at Nimbus's mind the way Zephyr yanked on her feathers.

That moment, Luna, dozing in a ray of sunlight, shifted a bit in her sleep. The light around her changed and suddenly illuminated words faintly etched in the bottom corner of the cage. Nimbus had seen the words a hundred times before. She even knew what they were individually. But that day, in the glowing shaft of afternoon sunlight, Nimbus read what the words meant, and that idea in her heart, that instinct, burst forth into a possibility, an option of freedom. She read, "To Open Cage Turn Latch and Pull Up."

And Nimbus understood.

That evening, after school had ended, the janitor opened the door to Room 268 to wheel in the cleaning cart. It had been a warm and windy day. The sunset glowed pink, yellow, and the same fiery orange color of a zebra finch beak. On top of the school roof, feathers ruffled in their first spring breeze as the sinking sun in all its colors was viewed by three new pairs of eyes. 





# THE EAGLE

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



Illustrated by Mary Sanche

art © 2019 by Mary Sanche





### Across

2. Stairs
6. Brown, sparrow-size North American songbird
7. Mud, grime, or dust
9. Paper tablets
12. Girl's name
13. Long-legged, long-necked wading bird
14. Time period
15. Automobile
16. Solemn promise or pledge
17. Type of heron, usually white with long plumes
19. Church seat
20. Person or thing that's beyond help: \_\_\_\_\_ duck
21. Simple
22. Very large crow
24. Upright

### Down

1. Energy
2. Active and brisk
3. Small, gray woodland bird: tufted \_\_\_\_\_ mouse
4. Small, slender-billed shorebird: sand \_\_\_\_\_
5. Black songbird with iridescent feathers: \_\_\_\_\_ ling
7. Challenged
8. Reflection in a mirror
10. Birds of peace
11. Large, white bird of prey: \_\_\_\_\_ owl
13. Cap, head covering
15. Grayish brown crested bird: \_\_\_\_\_ waxwing
18. The whooping crane is extremely \_\_\_\_\_
19. Breathe fast and hard
21. European Economic Community (abbreviation)
23. Nickname for animal doctor

Solution on page 47



# Papa G'Ho: ONE GRUMPY GREAT HORNED OWL

by Dionna L. Mann

## CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

Papa G'Ho puffs out his feathers and claps his beak. He's angry. *Get back, human! This baby is mine!*

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! Baby owl puffs out its feathers and claps its beak, too. *That's right, human! Back off!*

Papa G'Ho, with his flattened "horns"—tufts of feathers that look like ears—is one grumpy owl. As a surrogate father he's teaching the little owlet to be wary of humans. And that's a good thing. Without this wariness, the baby owl, even when an adult, would not be able to survive in the wild.

The owlet, patient #16-0097, was brought to the Wildlife Center of Virginia when it was about three weeks old. Loggers clearing trees had destroyed its nest. One of the loggers found the baby great horned owl, just a bundle of fluffy down, and brought it to the center.

Patient #16-0097 and Papa G'Ho



### Did You Know?

Great horned owls adapt to many habitats, living from the Arctic to South America, in deserts and swamps, in grasslands and woodlands.



A SURROGATE IS A  
STAND-IN OR SUBSTITUTE.



Once there, Dr. Dana Franzen Klein, a wildlife veterinarian, examined the baby bird. She could see that its wing was bruised. She could feel a fracture in its left leg and hear a crackling sound in its lungs. The wing would heal on its own. The leg needed a splint. And the owlet would have to be placed in an oxygen chamber. But Dr. Dana was confident that, with proper treatment, the young raptor would fully recover.

After Dr. Dana completed her procedures, another rehabilitation specialist, disguised in a grass-netted hat to not look like a human, hand-fed the hungry bird a meal of chopped mice. The owlet, not given a name in the hope that it would someday be released back into the wild, then dozed off to sleep. Owlet #16-0097 was on its way to recovery.

A few days later, the little bird was hopping about and making noise. Its health was improving! Until it fully recovered, the owlet was kept in a pet carrier

Feeding a recovering owlet without looking human

in the center's intensive care unit. Papa G'Ho was placed in a crate nearby. Those caring for the owlet knew how important it was for the baby to imprint on a bird of its kind. The owlet needed to know what a great horned owl looks like, what it sounds like, how it moves, how it acts. That way, the baby would be able to do the same. Watching Papa was key.

After several weeks, the Wildlife Center staff moved the growing baby to an outside flight enclosure—a caged area large enough for the owls to take short flights. Inside the enclosure, Papa was waiting.

The owlet had much to learn from Papa if it would ever be released back into the wild. At first, Papa gathered food for the baby bird and dropped its meal in front of it, just as a wild great horned owl papa would do. Papa

### Did You Know?

Great horned owls swallow their small prey whole, later regurgitating a pellet made of undigested fur, claws, feathers, skulls, and bones.

A RAPTOR  
IS A BIRD  
OF PREY.



AREN'T  
THEY ALL?  
(SHIVER)







Papa G'Ho with one of the thirty owlets he has mentored

preened the owlet, straightening its maturing feathers. While the owlet was growing strong, Papa taught it many important lessons, like how an owl catches a live mouse, and how it hoots and hisses and clucks and claps its beak when in danger.

According to Dr. Dana, "In captivity Papa has retained his great horned owl behaviors and attitude, especially regarding humans. That makes him the perfect surrogate for our baby great horned owls. Papa teaches the babies exactly what they should think about people, and the babies are just as feisty if not feistier than Papa."

Over fifteen years ago, Papa was found on the side of a road. He had sustained a traumatic wing injury, most likely the result of being hit by a vehicle. The last digit from the tip of his right wing, sort of like a human thumb, was amputated in the accident.

After being treated by veterinarians at the Wildlife Center, he quickly healed. Unfortunately, with his wing injury, he was unable to be released back into the wild. Great horned owls have a serrated fringe along the front edge of their wing feathers, which makes for near-silent flight. But on Papa's injured wing, air no longer flowed smoothly across his serrated flight feathers. His wing now created aerodynamic noise when he flapped, and that wouldn't do at all. Owls need to be completely silent when hunting for prey. Since Papa's flight was now noisy, he had to remain at the Wildlife Center.

However, the center could not use Papa as an educational animal in programs for school children. He was just too wild. Still, the center

was happy to have Papa G'Ho. Linda McDaniel, a Wildlife Center staff rehabilitator says, "It's

### Did You Know?

The average great horned owl is about 20 inches tall with a 55-inch wingspan.



Owl wing feathers have a serrated edge for silent flight.

**AMPUTATED**  
MEANS CUT  
OFF.



**TRAUMATIC**  
MEANS  
SEVERE AND  
DISTRESSING.

### Did You Know?

The eyes of the great horned owl are too large to move in their sockets. Instead, an owl can twist its head 270 degrees to the left or right to see what's around it.

actually adorable when Papa has an enclosure full of chicks that he is teaching to keep away from humans.

Imagine a row of owls—one Papa and several puffballs—all clacking and puffing! Without his paternal instincts, most of these chicks would not be able to make it in the wild.”

At one time, the rehabilitation specialists at the center thought Papa was a Mama. At first, they called their injured owl Mama G’Ho! (“G’Ho” stands for great horned owl). It’s not easy to know if a great horned owl is a male or a female, but usually females are larger than males, and Papa G’Ho was big, so the assumption was made.

But when the new Critter Cams were installed, center staff discovered a clue that Mama G’Ho was really a male. In the wild, great horned owl parents raise their young as a pair. The mother owl sits on her brood, while the father brings her prey. The mother tears the food into small portions and feeds it to her chicks. At the wildlife center, Mama G’Ho wasn’t doing that. The parent owl was bringing the food to the owlets and dropping it in front of them. The wildlife center had DNA testing done and discovered that Mama G’Ho was actually a Papa! A name change was in order. Mama G’Ho became Papa G’Ho.

Over the years, Papa G’Ho has been a surrogate father to at least thirty owlets like #16-0097. Almost all of these young owls, once they have passed “mouse school,” where they learn to hunt live prey on their own, have been released back into the wild. It was the first of November, around the time most baby owlets leave their parents, when owlet #16-0097 was released, right near where it was found.

Now, thanks to Papa, that little ball of fluff is a mighty tiger of

### Did You Know?

The pupils of an owl’s eyes can dilate to almost the full diameter of its eyeballs, giving owls keen night vision.

Whooo’s there? Papa and two young owls on the alert for humans








Papa G'Ho "pineconing"—  
puffing up his feathers to  
look big and scary

*hoo-h-hooo*, looking for a  
mate, and once it finds one,  
it will locate an abandoned  
nest, perhaps one of a squir-  
rel or eagle or another large  
bird. Or maybe it will choose  
to raise its owlets in a tree

hollow or a cave. But no matter

where it nests, if you dare get too

near its babies, it will clap its beak and hiss  
and fuss. It may even come after you with  
its talons. It is a great horned owl, after all,  
taught by one grumpy Papa G'Ho. 

NOCTURNAL  
MEANS  
ACTIVE AT  
NIGHT.



the night sky, a nocturnal hunter that swoops  
through the dark forest on silent wings.  
The pupils of its large eyes dilate, giving it  
very keen night vision. And the disc feathers  
around its face collect the smallest of sounds,  
helping the owl to hear its prey from  
a distance.

And so, our grown-up owlet will catch  
unsuspecting mice, birds, rats, rabbits, hawks,  
snakes, raccoons, woodchucks, squirrels, and  
maybe even a skunk. It will call *whoo-who*

Since 1982, the Wildlife Center of Virginia has  
treated more than 70,000 injured wild animals.  
You can view the center's live Critter Cams,  
sometimes featuring Papa G'Ho, and read patient  
histories of rescued animals like owlet #16-0097,  
at [wildlifecenter.org](http://wildlifecenter.org).

## Nesting

by Jennifer L. Raudenbush

*I gather scraps of bric-a-brac,  
along with feathers, mottled black,  
and bits of ribbon frayed at ends,  
with moss and grasses nature lends.*

*I weave these treasures through my nest,  
repurpose objects found by quest:  
a home to lay my eggs and rest.*



# Fox Wedding



by Tim F. Myers



**THE SKY,** OF course, clouds over when it rains. But every once in a while, the sun shines even as rain is falling. When Japanese people see a sun shower, they say, “Look—the fox bride is going to her husband’s house!”

Here’s why.

Long ago, two fox families arranged for their children to be married when they grew up. But the families lived far apart, and the daughter and son never even saw each other—only the four parents had actually met.

The fox-son’s parents were noble but poor and wanted to be paid a big dowry. The bride’s parents wanted their daughter to marry into a noble family so other foxes would look up to them. So the parents lied to each other. The son’s parents said he was handsome beyond words. The daughter’s parents described her as breathtakingly beautiful. In fact, the boy-fox and the girl-fox were both plain-looking.

“But on the wedding day they’ll all see how plain I am!” both the young foxes objected. Their parents, however, said they should just use fox-magic to make themselves

seem perfect. And the young foxes had to obey.

Finally the wedding day came, and then the newlyweds went off to their own house.

The parents were satisfied; they’d gotten what they wanted. But life was hard for the new couple. Fox-magic takes a lot of concentration. The young husband feared his wife might discover the truth about him, and she was afraid he might learn *her* secret. Each had to concentrate to keep looking right—even in their sleep!

At first they used the magic because their parents had ordered them to. But as time passed, they slowly grew to love each other. The fox-wife cherished her husband’s gentleness, his hard work, and his sense of humor. And he began to love her for her kindness, her intelligence, and her great

Illustrated by Seo Kim

text © 2019 by Tim J. Myers, art © 2019 by Seo Kim

TRADITIONALLY, A **DOWRY** IS THE  
MONEY AND PROPERTY A BRIDE  
BRINGS TO HER MARRIAGE.





spirit. In time they forgot about their parents' trickery. But each still feared being revealed. "If she finds out how plain I am, she won't love me!" the husband mourned. And the wife thought that only her beauty kept him near her.

But the strain of the magic had begun to wear on them. One morning the wife went to the water bucket, saw her reflection—and gasped. She'd forgotten to strengthen the magic when she woke up! She quickly transformed herself into a beauty again, glanced at her still-sleeping husband, and with a heavy heart went to light the fire.

And one night, when the husband returned with firewood, he forgot his magic and stepped into the house as his true self. He didn't even realize it until his wife screamed—and then he quickly pretended to be one of her husband's friends repaying a favor.

A few days after the O-bon festival, the two of them were sitting in the house. Each felt restless and irritable. Suddenly the wife said, "Oh, I wish it would rain! I love rainy days."

"Rainy days are terrible!" her husband answered.

"Husband," she replied tartly, "you are in error. A sunny day is too hot."

"And I say it isn't!" the husband insisted.

This was too much for his wife. "It is!" she shouted.

"You can't talk to me like that!" the husband roared, jumping up. But just then thunder broke high above the house and rain began to fall.

The wife looked out the window. "Ah!" she suddenly cried, pointing.

"I don't see anything," the husband grumbled. But she rushed over to him, then pulled him out the door.

Once outside he saw that, though the sun still shone, rain was falling everywhere, bright over the land.







"It's so beautiful!" the fox-wife said. "A rainy day and a sunny day—at the same time!" Then she pressed her lips to his paw and said, "Dear husband, forgive my anger!"

He looked around. Brilliant sunlight lit the plummeting drops; it almost seemed to be raining light. He turned tenderly to his wife.

"How can I have been so stubborn? Please forgive me, too."

They embraced and, still holding each other, watched the rain.

But in their delight at the sun shower—and their relief at ending the quarrel, and their weariness at keeping up the false magic for so long—they suddenly lost all their magical concentration. When they looked back into each other's eyes, each saw a stranger. And both realized instantly that they'd resumed their true appearances.

"Oh no!" the husband cried, stepping back.

"But you're not . . . !" the wife sputtered. "So we've BOTH been pretending!"

"Yes," he said, hanging his head. "My parents insisted I change my looks because I'm so plain. They said you wouldn't have me."

"Mine said the same," she murmured.

The rain drummed down around them in big bright drops.

"But wife," he said quietly, looking deep into her eyes, "I think you're beautiful just as you are."

"Oh husband!" she cried. "And I would have you—just as you are!"

So they held each other close and laughed a long laugh, the kind that comes from deep happiness. And they were still laughing as they walked arm and arm back to the farmhouse.

That's why when a sun shower comes, the Japanese say the fox bride is going to her husband's house. 🦊







An 1876 woodcut of Ida Lewis rowing to the rescue

# Ida Lewis, *the* Heroine *of* LIME ROCK LIGHTHOUSE

BY TIMOTHY TOCHER

**ON THE AFTERNOON** of March 29, 1869, Zoradia Lewis was doing what she did many times each day, gazing out a window of the lighthouse on Lime Rock Island in Newport, Rhode Island. Choppy waves leapt to meet sheets of rain. The sun struggled to light the sky over Narragansett Bay. And yet, she could swear she saw an overturned boat with two men clinging to its slippery sides. Zoradia called her daughter, Ida.

Ida ran outside without pausing to grab a coat or boots. She and her younger brother Hosea pushed their lifesaving skiff into the surf. Again and again, the waves forced the little boat back to shore. Ida would not give up, and finally pulled the oars hard enough to launch. Despite the rough seas, they made steady progress. Though Ida weighed just over a hundred pounds, her arms were incredibly strong from years of rowing on the bay.

text © 2019 by Timothy Tocher





This historical painting from a Coast Guard collection commemorates Ida's rescue of the two soldiers from Fort Adams.

When they neared the overturned sailboat, Ida maneuvered the skiff so that the back, or stern, faced the men. While Hosea held the boat steady with the oars, Ida extended a pole to one man and pulled him over the stern. While he flopped on the floor, gasping for air, she reached for the second man. Once he also was safely on board, she struck out for the lighthouse.

Ida had rescued two soldiers, Sergeant James Adams and Private John McLaughlin. She and Hosea helped them into their home, where Zoradia had a roaring fire waiting. The soldiers could not believe that a woman

had saved them. Once they recovered and returned to nearby Fort Adams, they spread the word. Newspapers and magazines took up the story. Suddenly, Ida was famous.

Ida's father, Captain Hosea Lewis, had been named the keeper when Lime Rock Lighthouse was created in 1854. Its purpose was to prevent ships from running aground on the rocky little island as they sailed toward Newport Harbor, only a few hundred yards away. A cottage was later attached to the lighthouse so the Lewis family could live on the island.

Captain Lewis allowed fifteen-year-old Ida to help with his duties. She learned to handle

A SKIFF IS A  
SMALL ROWBOAT.





the lifeboat as skillfully as her father. Ida loved hearing his stories of adventures at sea. Her favorite was about a lighthouse keeper's daughter named Grace Darling who, in 1838, helped rescue eight people who had been shipwrecked during a storm off the coast of England. Grace's father had hesitated to attempt a rescue while the storm raged, doubting that he would be able to control a small lifeboat on the wild sea. But Grace, overwhelmed by the pitiful plight of the survivors clinging desperately to the rocks, begged him to try—convinced that, if the two of them rowed together, they could save lives. Grace's resolve to risk her life for others made her a symbol of female compassion and courage around the world.

The Lewis family had lived on Lime Rock for only four months when Captain Lewis suffered a stroke. No longer able to work, he depended on his wife and daughter to tend the light and offer aid to those shipwrecked in the harbor.

Wearing a linen apron to protect the lens from scratches, Ida climbed the steps to the light, fourteen feet above the water. She filled the lamp with oil, trimmed its wick, and polished the glass so that the beam could be seen for miles. It was Ida's job to light the lamp each evening, check it at midnight, and extinguish it at sunrise.

In 1858, when she was only sixteen, Ida saved her first lives. Four boys dared each other to climb the mast of their small sailboat as they crossed the bay. When one of them took the dare, his weight atop the mast overturned the boat. The boat flipped upside

down, and the boys could not right it. Ida rowed out and saved all four.

Other rescues followed, but the soldiers brought Ida recognition for her heroics. *Harper's Weekly*, a magazine with over 100,000 subscribers, put a full-page drawing of Ida on the cover of its July 31, 1869, issue. Inside, a story entitled "Ida Lewis, the Newport Heroine" was accompanied by illustrations of Lime Rock and the interior of the Lewis home.

Ida's newfound fame brought throngs of visitors to Lime Rock. As Ida put it, "Boatloads of men and women . . . all talked to me at once and treated me as if I were a kind of real queen."

Many of the richest families in the country owned summer estates in Newport. The Astors, Vanderbilts, and Belmonts brought their guests to meet Ida. Civil War General William Tecumseh Sherman came to pay his respects. Also visiting were Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, leaders of the National Women's Suffrage Association, a group determined to earn women the right to vote. They left with autographed photos of Ida.

When the President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, asked to meet her, Ida worried that he might ruin his shoes on Lime Rock, so she rowed to the mainland. Grant was quoted as saying, "To see Ida Lewis I'd get wet up to my armpits."

The townspeople of Newport were so proud of Ida that they declared July 4, 1869, Ida Lewis Day. They presented

SHE WAS IN  
HARPER'S  
WEEKLY,  
AND NOW  
CRICKET!  
COOL.



SHE  
DESERVES  
IT!

A STROKE IS A SUDDEN, DISABLING  
ATTACK CAUSED BY BLOOD-FLOW  
PROBLEMS TO THE BRAIN.



her with a lifeboat carved from oak, cedar, and walnut as part of their Independence Day celebration. It had copper oarlocks and red velvet seat cushions.

Ida was too shy to make a speech. A friend thanked everyone on her behalf. Though Ida kept the boat polished and on exhibition for visitors to admire, she continued to use her little skiff for work. It was lighter and easier for one person to operate.

Attention annoyed Ida. Captain Lewis, confined to a wheelchair, took charge of entertaining guests. He kept a log book listing visitors and told anyone who would listen about Ida's adventures. One summer 9,000 people came to meet Ida.

Captain Lewis died in 1872. Ida's mother was named lighthouse keeper, but it was Ida who performed the duties. When Mrs. Lewis passed away in 1879, Ida was officially recognized as keeper at a salary of \$750 per year.

In 1881, Ida crawled across thin ice to save two men who had fallen through. That heroic deed earned her a silver medal from the Humane Society of Massachusetts and a gold medal from the United States Life Saving Service. In 1890, Andrew Carnegie,

----- in -----,



A young Ida Lewis strikes a pose.

awarded Ida thirty dollars a month for life in recognition of her service. Ida deposited the money in a bank as a legacy for her brother, Rud, who sometimes worked as her assistant. In 1907 the United States Congress presented Ida with the American Cross of Honor. She was the

first woman to win the award.

Ida's last rescue came in 1909, when she was sixty-seven years old. Four girls were sailing in the bay when a steamship named *The Commonwealth* passed by. The wake from the large ship washed over the sailboat and swamped it. Ida was able to drag the panicky girls into her skiff and bring them safely ashore. Over her career, Ida was credited with saving eighteen lives. She may have saved more, as she never sought publicity.

Ida was at work in the lighthouse on October 21, 1911, when she suffered a stroke. Rud found her and brought a doctor, but nothing could be done. They put Ida to bed where she died a few days later.

Ida was buried in a simple grave in the Common Burying Ground in Newport. A local high school student, fifteen-year-old Mary Jane Dewick, thought Ida deserved better. ney from



her schoolmates and bought a tombstone engraved with an anchor and two oars. Installed in 1913, it bears this message:

*Ida Lewis  
Grace Darling of America  
Keeper of Lime Rock Lighthouse  
Newport Harbor  
Born Feb 25, 1842  
Died Oct 24, 1911  
Erected by her many kind friends*

Since her death, the United States Coast Guard has also paid tribute to Ida. They christened a search and rescue ship the *Ida Lewis* and have taken over the task of preserving her resting place. In 2018, a road through Arlington National Cemetery was named Lewis Drive in Ida's honor, the first of the park's forty roads to be named for a woman. The keeper known as "the bravest woman in America" will not be forgotten. 🐞

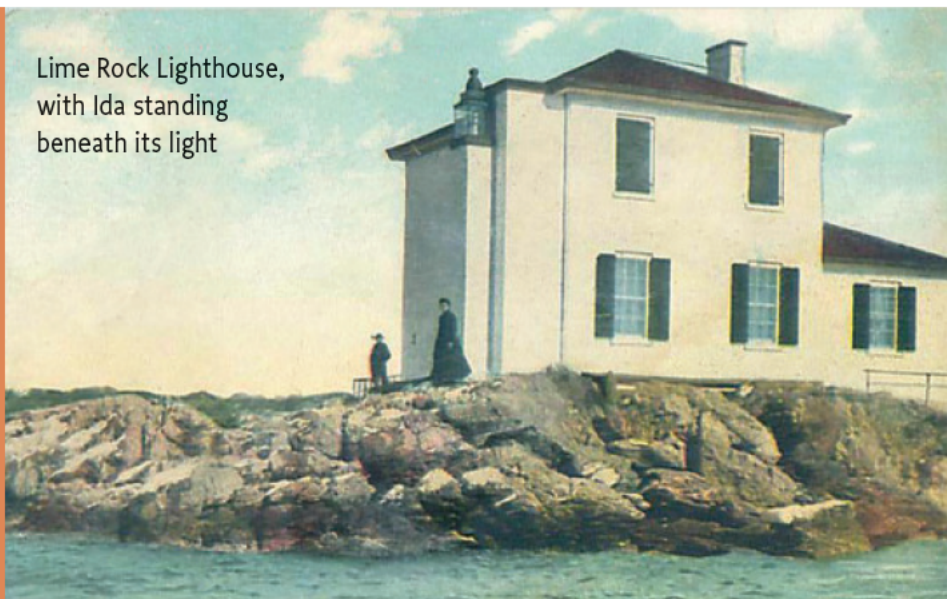
## Lighthouses

Until the twentieth century brought modern aids to navigation such as radar and sonar, ship captains used the stars to map their course. In fog or stormy weather, they sailed blindly. Lighthouses were placed in spots where ships could easily be wrecked because of shallow water, rock formations, or treacherous currents. A shining lighthouse beacon was often the only warning of danger a captain would get.

Many lighthouses were far from land. Loneliness was said to be the most difficult part of the job. The Lewises were fortunate in that Lime Rock Lighthouse was only a few hundred yards offshore. In good weather, Ida's younger brothers and sister could attend school. The family could participate in church and holiday events in Newport.

Some lighthouses are still in use, but few have live-in keepers. Electric lights operating on timers eliminate the need for constant attention.

Lime Rock Lighthouse,  
with Ida standing  
beneath its light





# IN THE CLOUDS

by Roxanne Troup

*CRAACKKKKK!*

Remember the sound of thunder—that ripping, booming, crash that makes your bedroom window rattle? It’s usually preceded by a flash of lightning that dances across the sky. Have you ever wondered what a thunderstorm looked like up close? Really close? Can you imagine meeting a thunderstorm where it lives—in the clouds? One man did. And he lived to tell about it.

Lieutenant Colonel William Rankin is called “the man who rode the thunder.” He was a U.S. Marine Corps pilot who served in World War II and in Korea.

On July 26, 1959, while on a training flight over Norfolk, Virginia, something went terribly wrong with Rankin’s jet fighter. Its single engine shuddered, then stopped in midair. Warning lights flashed. The experienced pilot knew he needed to get out of the plane—fast. He pulled the eject lever. The top of his airplane ripped away, and his seat shot into the sky. He said the jolt felt like “a huge bull elephant had kicked me in the rear.”

He cleared his airplane, but Rankin was nearly nine miles high. Outside the cockpit, the temperature was minus 70°F, so cold that Rankin’s skin hurt. His abdomen swelled hugely from the sudden change in air pressure. Blood spilled from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Ejecting at 500 miles per hour had sent Rankin “tumbling, spinning, and cartwheeling through space.”

He was whirling so fast that he could not pull his arms in to his body even to reach his parachute cord. His jet had been flying above a thunderstorm at 47,000 feet. But his parachute wouldn’t open automatically above 10,000 feet. Rankin was in for a wild ride!

He fell seven miles in about seven or eight minutes, hurtling toward the earth at 100 miles per hour. As he descended into the thunderstorm, hailstones pounded his helmet like “it was raining baseballs.” Rankin knew he would freeze to death or run out of emergency oxygen if his chute opened too soon. But his training told him he was nearing 10,000 feet. He reached for his parachute cord. But before he could pull it, his body jerked. The parachute had opened! “Overjoyed to be alive and going down safely . . . I thought the ordeal had ended. But it hadn’t.”

Rankin felt his body lift as he went through a dark cloud. Then fall. Then lift again. He was caught in the air currents. Then, *C-R-A-A-A-C-K-K-K-K-K!* Thunder exploded all around him. A blinding flash of light burned his eyes. Another boom shook his body and made his teeth vibrate. “I didn’t hear the thunder,” he later said, “I felt it.”

Lightning slashed the sky all around Rankin. Sometimes it came very close—huge, bluish sheets, several feet thick, that seemed to cut through him “like the blades of a scissor.” Rankin shut his eyes. But he

Illustrated by Ned Gannon

text © 2019 by Roxanne Troup, art © 2019 by Ned Gannon



could still see the lightning! “After each flash of lightning, everything turned completely black. I was lost in a pool of ink . . . Even when I kept my eyes closed the lightning [was] blinding.”

All the while, it rained. But instead of rain simply falling down on Rankin, it surrounded him. The parachuting pilot felt like he was in a swimming pool. He held his breath. He gasped for air. “I thought I would drown in midair,” he recalled. Again, Rankin felt his body lift. Then fall. Then lift again. One blast of air lifted him under his parachute. He felt it cover his body like a wet blanket. Seconds later, his body fell, and the parachute opened back up.

Rankin rose and fell in the clouds for more than half an hour. But eventually the storm blew itself out, and he slowly drifted toward earth. “It was an enormous relief, seeing a little bit of green . . . I forgot instantly about my aches and pains.” Blown by forty-mile-per-hour winds, Rankin prepared to smash into the ground. Thankfully, his parachute caught in a tree. It slowed him down. Then he was on the ground. “I simply could not believe that I was on the earth—that I had survived.”

Rankin untangled himself and got up. He stumbled to the road and flagged down a car to take him to town. His body was covered in ugly bruises from the hail. At the hospital, he was treated for frostbite and other injuries. He had been in the air for forty minutes and come down sixty-five miles from his point of ejection. But he was alive. He had met a thunderstorm where it lived—in the clouds. 🌩



# ARION: THE GREATEST MUSICIAN IN GREECE

BY JAMES LLOYD

## THOUSANDS OF YEARS ago,

when Boreas blew against the ancient shores of Greece, there lived a musician whose renown was greater than that of any who lives today. His name was Arion, and he came from Methymna on the island of Lesbos. He sailed from island to island and traveled from city to city, playing in the courts of tyrants and kings and composing songs for the people. He sang while playing his cithara, which in today's Greek means a guitar but back then meant a big wooden lyre.

Arion's main patron was Periander, the tyrant of Corinth, who was a plutocratic and superstitious man. In early spring, Arion left Corinth to tour the shores of Italy and Sicily, and Periander saw him off with his best wishes. For months, Arion's fame (and wealth) grew as he performed in all the famous Italian temples and theaters. Despite this, Arion missed Periander, who had grown to be his friend, so after a season on the road, he decided to return to Corinth.

As Arion searched the port of Tarentum on the heel of Italy for a ship to ferry him back, he heard a group of men and women singing a song that he had composed, about Poseidon's wedding with the sea nymph Amphitrite. Arion approached these fans

of his and asked where they were heading. Luck was with him that day (or so Arion thought), for in the group were five sailors who were not only heading to Corinth, but they were Corinthian, too. And if his time in Corinth had taught Arion nothing else, it was that Corinthians were a reliable people. He boarded their small boat and promised that he would pay these sailors well when they landed safely in Greece.

After a week at sea, they were still a few days from Corinth when Arion came out on deck to watch the rolling waves and tune his cithara. His thoughts drifted to Greece, to its olive groves, bubbling streams, and wild horses running over the plains. Suddenly, the five sailors surrounded him, swords and daggers drawn. They were pirates, not honest sailors at all! In a menacing circle, they yelled at him to hand over all his money.

Arion told the pirates that he'd hand over his money without a fight if they promised to spare his life. But the pirates were having none of it. They told Arion that he had two options. He could either kill himself, and they would bury him when they landed, or he could jump overboard to a watery grave. Doubting that the pirates would change their minds, and resigned to his fate, Arion asked if he could play one

BOREAS  
WAS THE  
GREEK  
GOD  
OF THE  
NORTH  
WIND.



Illustrated by Alida Massari

text © 2019 by James Lloyd, art © 2019 by Alida Massari

IN ANCIENT GREECE, A **TYRANT** ...  
WAS AN ABSOLUTE RULER, BUT  
NOT NECESSARILY A BAD GUY.



**PLUTOCRATIC** REFERS TO  
RULE BY THE WEALTHY.







final song. The greedy pirates *ho-ho*-ed among themselves. Not only would they take Arion's money, but they'd have the privilege of being the last people on earth to hear his famous music. They knew all of Arion's best hits, so they asked him to sing the story of how the god Apollo slayed the Delphic dragon, which had won Arion the competition at Delphi.

Changing into his finest robes embroidered with gold threads, which he always wore when performing, Arion picked up his cithara and played his heart out. The pirates had no chance to applaud. Before the last word of the song had left Arion's lips, his feet had touched the waves. He had jumped into the sea wearing his robes and holding his famed cithara, its strings still vibrating as the water sloshed around it. The pirates, a little surprised that Arion had jumped, and a little disappointed, too (they'd been looking forward to killing him), turned their backs and went below deck, chuckling among them-

• selves as they counted out Arion's money,  
• leaving him for dead in the choppy sea.

• If only he could make it to shore, thought  
• Arion, treading water and clutching at his  
• cithara for a float. Suddenly, he saw a row  
• of sharp teeth slicing through the water.  
• A shark? Or something worse? (Arion had  
• sung all too many songs about the dangers  
• of the deep.) Fearful for his life, he raised  
• up a prayer to the gods, but a cresting wave  
• carried his words away—and brought the  
• monster even closer. The menacing flash of  
• gray thrashed the waves. It was upon him!  
• Arion tried to cry out one more time, but  
• the water gurgled in his mouth. The monster  
• opened its fearful jaws, its teeth glistening in  
• a watery reflection. As Arion closed his eyes  
• and waited for the end, the monster hit him  
• with its nose. It was toying with its food! It  
• nudged him again. Arion peeked opened his  
• eyes. Why wouldn't the fiend get on with it?  
• Then it dawned on him. The creature wasn't

I LOVE  
MY  
CELLO  
BEST OF  
ALL,  
BUT THE  
CITHERA  
HAS A  
GOOD  
SOUND,  
TOO.





trying to eat him; it was trying to help him. This was no sea monster, but a dolphin!

Arion climbed onto the back of the dolphin, keeping one hand on its fin and the other around his cithara. With a whistle and a click and a big toothy grin, the dolphin carried him to shore, calling all its dolphin friends to join them. What a sight it was, a sparkling glimmer of fins dipping and diving and swooping and laughing, speeding over the cresting, bubbling waves. You see, many of Arion's songs were about Poseidon, and the sea god, understandably, was rather fond of them. So when Poseidon had seen what the pirates were planning, he had sent out his fastest dolphin to lend a fin.

The villagers of Cape Taenarum, who were fishing on the shore, looked on in disbelief as Arion rode in surrounded by dolphins. Some of them ran away in fright, while others helped Arion out of the sea, leaving the happy dolphins to gobble up their day's catch. Had

- the dolphins really waved goodbye, or was
- that a trick of the light? The villagers dried
- Arion's clothes and provided him with shelter
- and some food to eat. Despondent that he
- couldn't reward these kind people for their
- help, Arion was pleased that all they asked
- in payment was to hear him sing. After he
- rested, he sang a hymn praising the greatness
- of Poseidon and the grace of the dolphins. So
- surprised were the people of Cape Taenarum
- at what they had seen, that they dedicated a
- small bronze statue of Arion and the dolphin
- in their temple of Poseidon, that they would
- never forget the events of that day.

- Arion awoke early the next morning and
- thanked the villagers once more before hur-
- rying on his journey. A few days later, he
- arrived at Corinth. Periander was overjoyed
- to see his old friend. Arion told the tyrant
- everything that had happened to him, how
- the pirates had stolen his money, how he had
- jumped overboard, and how the dolphin had





carried him safely to shore. While Periander believed Arion's story, he was not too sure how to interpret the miracle, superstitious as he was, so he hatched a plan to put this bit of the story to the test. He gave Arion quarters in his palace and told him to hide away until he next called for him. Periander then sent his guards to find the supposed pirates and to bring them to his palace, making sure not to tell them about Arion.

When the pirates were brought before Periander, he asked them if they had heard any news of the famous singer. They said that they had last seen Arion in Italy, at Tarentum, where his performances were ever popular at the local dinners and festivals, and that by all accounts Arion had made lots of money. (They did their best to hide their knowing smiles when they said this.) As soon as they had told

their story, Arion burst into the room. The pirates almost perished with shock. The color bled from their sea-tanned faces. Arion stood before them, dressed in the same robes that he had worn when he'd jumped into the sea. It was as if they had seen a dead man.

After Arion told them that Poseidon had sent his dolphins to save him, the pirates begged for his forgiveness. They were clearly terrified that Poseidon would punish them for their evil ways; but they should have been more worried about Periander. He was outraged. Not only had these Corinthians tried to kill his friend, but they had lied to him, too! The tyrant of Corinth threw the pirates into his dungeon, yelling at them what a world it was when the sea had fish that were more just than men. The door to the dungeon slammed shut, and after Periander had





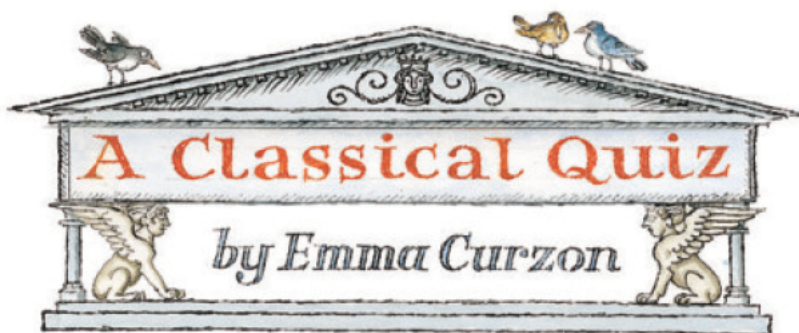
returned Arion's silver to him, the two friends shared a rich feast in the tyrant's banquet hall in celebration of his return.

As the sun set over the mountains and cast a warm glow over the sea, the sound of song filled Periander's court once more. From his home beneath the waves, Poseidon looked on and smiled, running his hand over the dolphin that had rescued Arion. As the moisture ran off the dolphin's back, the dewy drops twinkled like stars. And if you look up, after the sun has dipped its head below the horizon, you can still see the dolphin swimming in the wine-dark sea of night, and hear the words of Arion's song at Cape Taenarum echoing through the mists of time:

*Most high of the gods,  
Oceanic Poseidon of the gold-trident,  
Earth-Shaker encircled in the salt-water,  
With their bright gills swimming beasts  
Dance around you in a circle,  
Lightly swinging their nimble  
Tails to and fro, the flat-nosed,  
Ruffle-necked, swift-running puppies,  
Music-loving dolphins, who are children  
Of Amphitrite and sea-nurslings  
Of the Nereids, youthful goddesses;  
You ferried me to Cape Taenarum in  
The Peloponnese when I was  
Awash in the Sicilian sea,  
Carrying me on your bulging backs,  
Cutting through the furrows of  
Nereus' fields, an untrodden fording,  
Since treacherous men had thrown me  
From their water-covered hollow ship and  
Into the sea-purple swell of the water. 🐬*



**AUTHOR'S NOTE** This story is based on the myth of Arion, a famous Greek musician who was supposed to have lived around 600 BC. According to one ancient source, the song at the end was written by Arion himself, although its style suggests that it was likely composed several hundred years later. Around AD 150, the geographer Pausanias, who visited the temple of Poseidon at Cape Taenarum, said that the statue of Arion on the dolphin could still be seen. No one knows where it is now, but the dolphin that carried Arion to shore? Ovid said that it was turned into a constellation, Delphinus, and that you can still see.



**YOU'VE READ ABOUT** the gods and heroes of Greek mythology—their battles, triumphs, and tragedies. Now put your knowledge to the test. Do you know the identity of each item in Greek mythology below?

What could it be?



*Arcadia*

- a) a popular game   b) a path bordered by marble columns
- c) a contented land

*Calypso*

- a) a beautiful sea nymph   b) a romantic song
- c) a gentle breeze

*Titan*

- a) an old miser   b) a huge ocean   c) a member of a divine race

*Harpy*

- a) a bird with a woman's face   b) a nagging wife
- c) a musician



*Lyre*

- a) Greek money   b) a musical instrument
- c) a soft-spoken deceiver

*Muse*

- a) a court jester   b) a goddess of the arts   c) a cat-woman

*Castor*

- a) a person who rejects worldly goods   b) a sweet oil
- c) a twin



*Dryad*

- a) a desert wind   b) a tree nymph   c) a secret society

*Gorgon*

- a) a type of cheese   b) a monstrous woman   c) a sacred dragon



Illustrated by Fritz Wegner



*Cornucopia* a) a horn containing food b) a fungal infection of the feet  
c) an old joke

*Satyr* a) a stringed instrument b) a minor country god  
c) a verb meaning "to exhaust"

*Amazon* a) a series of misleading paths b) a woman  
c) a female warrior

*Atlas* a) a book of maps b) a Titan c) a mountain range

*Ambrosia* a) a young woodland goddess b) food of the gods  
c) a heavenly city

*Andromeda* a) a magical camel b) a princess  
c) a tool for measuring distances

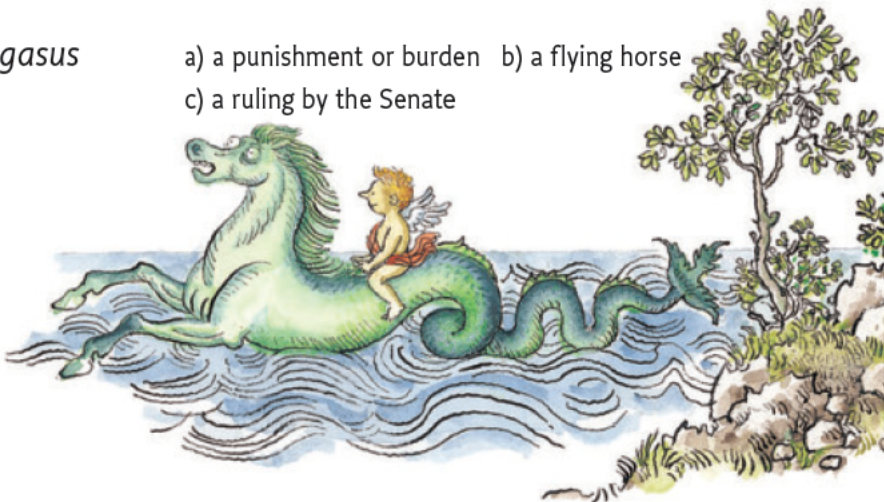
*Caduceus* a) a staff carried by one of the gods b) an exclamation or  
curse c) a rotten rogue

*Apollo* a) a poetic letter of apology b) the god of light  
c) a plump chicken

*Elysian Fields* a) the abode of the blessed after death b) fields of forget-  
fulness c) the entrance to the underworld

*Hades* a) the best days of one's life b) messengers of doom  
c) the god of the underworld

*Pegasus* a) a punishment or burden b) a flying horse  
c) a ruling by the Senate



Gorgon



## Solutions to "A Classical Quiz"

**Arcadia** c) A rural country in Peloponnesus, named after Arcas, son of Zeus. Its inhabitants, many of them shepherds, were the ideals of rustic simplicity and blissful contentment.

**Calypso** a) One of the Oceanids, who were sea nymphs. She ruled the island of Ogygia, where Odysseus was shipwrecked. Hoping he would agree to stay by her side forever, Calypso offered him the gift of immortality. But when seven years had passed and he still refused to comply, Zeus ordered that he should be allowed to return home.

**Titan** c) The twelve Titans (six male and six female) were the offspring of the goddess Gaia and the god Uranus.

**Harpy** a) A hideous winged creature with the face of an old hag and the body of a bird with long, hooked claws. Harpies would swoop down and grab food from tables, devouring what they could and spoiling the rest, causing chaos and famine.

**Lyre** b) A stringed instrument like a small harp with a sound box, often used to accompany a singer or poet in ancient Greece.

**Muse** b) The Muses were the nine daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne. They presided over music, singing, dancing, poetry, and all the arts and sciences.

**Castor** c) Castor and Pollux were twin brothers, known as the Dioscuri, meaning "young sons of Zeus." Castor was famous for his skill with horses, while Pollux was a celebrated boxer.

**Dryad** b) Dryads were forest nymphs who protected trees.

**Gorgon** b) The Gorgons were three sisters called Sthenno, Euryale, and Medusa. They were terrifying to behold, with writhing snakes for hair, and eyes that would turn any living being that met their gaze to stone.

**Cornucopia** a) A goat's horn brimming over with an abundance of fruit, flowers, and corn. This "horn of plenty" signifies prosperity.

Pegasus



Lyre



Cornucopia



**Satyr** b) A demigod of the forests and mountains. Satyrs had pointy ears, short horns, hairy legs, a goat's tail, and cloven hoofs. Given to riotous behavior, they delighted in chasing nymphs and frightening unwary shepherds and travelers.

**Amazon** c) One of a race of female warriors who reputedly lived near the Black Sea. Their country was ruled by a queen and forbidden to men.

**Atlas** Trick question! b) One of the Titans, Atlas was a giant who had to carry the heavens upon his shoulders as a punishment for rebelling against the gods. His name was given to a mountain range in northwest Africa (answer c) and later to any bound volume of charts and maps (answer a) after pictures of him supporting the heavens became common in map books.

**Ambrosia** b) This extremely delicious food of the gods was said to impart immortality when eaten.

**Andromeda** b) Andromeda was chained to some rocks as a sacrifice to the sea monster who would otherwise destroy her country. The hero Perseus slew the monster, freed Andromeda, and then married her.

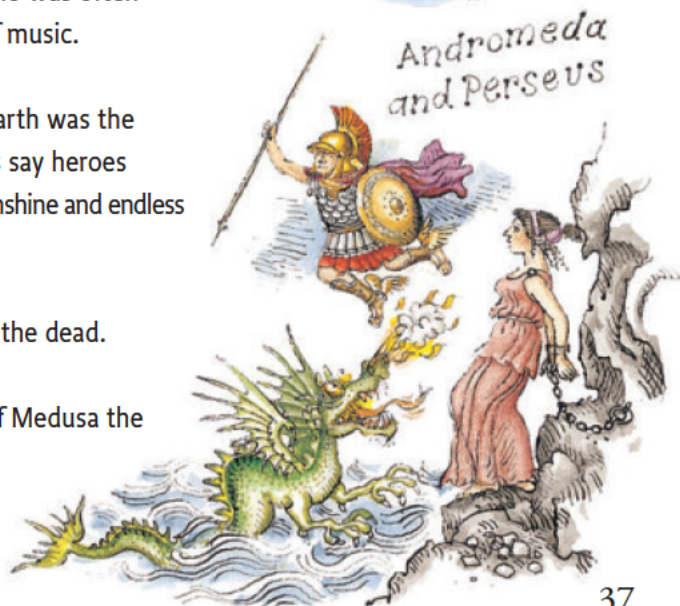
**Caduceus** a) A herald's staff entwined with two serpents. It was carried by Hermes, the winged messenger of the gods.

**Apollo** b) The son of Zeus. Besides being the god of light who was often identified with the sun, Apollo was the god of prophecy and of music.

**Elysian Fields** a) This blissful place at the western end of the earth was the home of the brave and the good after they died. Some legends say heroes became immortal when transported there, living on in eternal sunshine and endless days of pleasure.

**Hades** c) Brother of Zeus and ruler of the gloomy realms of the dead.

**Pegasus** b) The winged horse that sprang from the blood of Medusa the Gorgon when Perseus killed her.





# In Search Of . . .

by Joan Lennon

## Part 4

*Fifteen-year-old Tay lives on Rannoch, a distant planet covered with water, where undersea pods or living chambers provide life support for up to three people—usually two adults and one child. Tay learns that her parents are expecting another child and that she must marry and move into a pod of her own. Upset, she thrusts her portable breathing tube into her throat vent and slams out of the pod.*

*Swimming past the school, she remembers learning about the history of Planet Rannoch. One day the class viewed an ancient Video that showed the Survey Starship Macmillan arriving from Planet Earth. The starship smashed into a shock wave of radiation from the solar system's sun and disintegrated. The lucky ones whose escape pods landed on the planet engineered underwater homes and genetically adapted their bodies so they could live in the sea.*

*Suddenly it all comes flooding back to Tay—what she is swimming away from, the future that she can't escape—marriage to one of three available pod mates: Forth, Eden, or Esk. She powers off, kicking hard, her strokes fueled by anger and frustration. Swimming through the electrical barrier that marks the Perimeter, she finds herself outside the community's protective Enclosure. Suddenly, a net wraps itself around her. Terrified, she feels herself being hauled up to the Surface. . . .*

*Franck, a planetary surveyor newly arrived from Earth on the starship Nova Scotia, is startled to find a silvery blue alien in his net. He hauls it on board his one-person landing craft. To his astonishment, the creature looks like . . . "A mermaid?" The creature pants, "Don't be stupid. I'm a human. What are you?" Although her accent is strange, he realizes they are speaking the same language and that Tay must be descended from the original Macmillan crew. "You survived!" exclaims Franck. She smiles, revealing sharp little teeth. "Of course we did."*

*Franck is fascinated with Tay. He tells her about the hundred-year Planets War, and she tells him about the solar flares that destroyed the Macmillan and cause massive tsunamis on the planet's surface every two years. Another tsunami season is due to occur in three months.*

*Suddenly the sea is bobbing with heads as Tay's people swim to her rescue. One of them shoots Franck. Paralyzed, he sinks to the deck and loses consciousness.*



**WHEN FRANCK CAME** to, he was alone, and the first light of dawn was tingeing the clouds. His craft swayed gently.

Not dead, he thought dully. I'm not dead.

He felt sick and cold and he hurt all over. He got to his feet with a groan.

No blood on the deck. It must have been some kind of energy gun Tay's people had used on him, then.

I hope she's all right. He shook his head, trying to think clearly. Don't be stupid—they're not going to shoot *her*!

He staggered into the cabin to find that his Communications board had gone mad. As soon as he pressed one of the wildly flashing displays, a voice filled the tiny room.

"—able 5. This is the *Nova Scotia*. Come in, Landable 5—"

Franck winced and pawed at the volume control. Then he reached across to flick another switch. "Landable 5 here," he said, rubbing hard at his forehead.

The voice sounded relieved and cross at the same time. "Thank goodness! Where have you *been*, Landable 5? You should have reported in *hours* ago—"

Franck broke in on the lecture. "*Nova Scotia*, I have something to report *now*. I'm sending recorded material, but I think you had better wake up the captain. . . ."

The process of uploading his data-to-date was the work of a moment; what took time was explaining to the *Nova Scotia*'s captain about Tay, the *Macmillan* survivors, and everything he'd learned about starship-eating solar flares.

"The amount of energy they pack is phenomenal, Captain. Down here their arrival effectively scrambles Rannoch's magnetic field, causing earthquakes and sea surges unimaginable on Earth. But in *space*, with no atmospheric protection, it must be like hitting an invisible brick wall. . . ."

When he finally finished his report, there was a tense pause, and a scurry of voices in the background, before the captain replied.

"There's a problem, Landable 5," she said at last. "Due to the orbit of your planet and the trajectory of our—"

"You're too far away." He'd already figured that out.

He heard the captain sigh.



TRAJECTORY IS THE ANGLE AND  
DIRECTION OF FLIGHT. WHEEEE!



“So it’s a choice between getting me off or getting the *Nova Scotia* safely out of range of the solar flares. Not much of a contest, Captain, is it?”

She had no real choice, but he had to work to convince her, anyway.

Now all I have to do is convince myself, he thought as he switched off the Communications board and adjusted the autonavigator.

He wanted to go up on deck, to scan the sea for any sign of Tay’s people. Were they just going to forget about him? Or would they be coming back to finish him off? Tay—was she going to abandon him? Would he see her again?

But when he tried to climb the steps, his knees gave out. “Three months before tsunami season,” he muttered to himself. “Three months . . .”

He crawled over to his bunk and dragged himself up into it. As his head met the pillow, he heard someone enter the cabin. For a long moment, he was afraid to look. Then . . .

“Get yourself a towel, girl,” he said. “You’re dripping all over my floor.” Just before his eyes closed in sleep, he saw her smile.

A TSUNAMI IS A  
BIG, BIG WAVE.  
YOUR BASIC  
SLEDGEHAMMER  
SORT OF WAVE...  
DEFINITELY  
NO SURFING  
ALLOWED!  
(SIGH)



**OFFICER PERTH TURNED** to the new recruit.

“Ensign, check the Com.”

The *Nova Scotia*, returned at last after more than two years, had immediately sent a full-crew landing craft down to the surface. The ensign flicked a switch on the Communications board, and a continuous message blared through the cabin.

“Calling Landable 5. Calling Landable 5. Come in, S. Franck. Surveyor Franck, can you read me? Calling—”

“OK, turn it off.” Officer Perth sighed and returned to scanning the horizon.

The ensign looked at his friend, equally young and raw, working at the next monitor.

“It’s been well over two years,” he whispered. “They can’t seriously expect the guy to still be alive. I mean, that’s two sets of flare disturbance he’d have had to survive. Have you *seen* the computer simulations they cooked up from the data? The surface of this place goes like a giant Jacuzzi!” He made a thumbs-down gesture and shook his head.



Officer Perth closed his ears to their gossiping. Franck was just a name to them, a bit of history; they were recruited well after he'd been left to die on this wasteland. Wasteland! If only there were any land. Perth was up to his eyeballs in seasickness pills, but that didn't make him like the endless heaving vista any better. Everywhere he looked, it was gray, it was wet, and it wouldn't keep still—

"Sir? Sir! There's something big heading our way!"

Officer Perth stared around wildly at the horizon, but the ensign called again.

"No, sir, not out there. Down *there*. It's coming up *beneath* us, sir, and it's coming up *fast*."

Perth peered over the boy's shoulder at the monitor and tried not to gasp. "Weapons on line, Ensign. And you, get me a readout on indigenous predators—the *big* ones. What do we have that matches . . . *that*?"

"Too late, sir—it's closing!"

"Rising on the port bow, sir! Do I fire, sir?"

"NO!" bellowed Perth. "Not yet. . . ."

They could see it now, a spreading blackness that curved the surface of the sea like a dark bubble. The thing was as big as their landing craft. They could hear a sinister crackling coming from it, as if electricity were discharging from its hide into the air. And then it broke clear of the surface and settled—not an animal after all, but an alien craft. What showed above water was like a translucent turtle shell or the hardened bell shape of a jellyfish. They peered, open-mouthed—was there movement inside the dome? Then, with a hiss, it split lengthways, the upper halves sliding round to form a second hull. And there *was* something on its deck. . . .

More or less naked, with an odd gill-like slit in the front of its throat and the long-muscle body of a swimmer, it—*he*—dived into the sea and powered across to them.

"A . . . *merman*?" breathed Officer Perth, awe-struck.

The merman gave a cheerful wave from the water and started to clamber up on deck. "Hey, guys!" he said. "Franck here. What kept you?"

"*FRANCK*?"

There was a stunned silence as Franck vaulted over the railing. "Perth, my old mate!" He flicked his long, wet hair back from his face and looked about eagerly. "Got any coffee? Who are the new boys? Ensign!"

INDIGENOUS  
MEANS  
COMMON OR  
NATIVE TO  
A REGION.



SAY IT:  
IN-DIJ-  
UH-NUS



“Y-yes, sir?”

“Coffee all round.” He thumped Perth enthusiastically on the arm as the ensign scurried below deck. “This is a celebration!”

Officer Perth was having trouble catching his breath. With a brain full of questions, it was hard to know where to start. His gaze landed on Franck’s craft.

“*That’s*,” Perth pointed, “that’s Landable 5?”

Franck grinned. “We turned it into a submersible—good, eh? Then we worked out an underwater anchorage, pretty much midway between the Surface and the Enclosure. That was low enough to escape the worst of the tsunami disturbance, but not so low that the pressure would crush the craft. Electrifying the hull was just an extension of what they already do on the Perimeter—they tune it to the frequency of the major big predators’ electro-sensors, and hey presto! no unwelcome visitors with sharp, pointy teeth.”

“We? You had help?”

Franck gulped appreciatively at the hot mug he’d been handed. “You wouldn’t even be talking to tiny bits of me if I’d been on my own! I owe everything to the people here. Perth, there’s so much—you wouldn’t believe . . .”

Franck shook his head, remembering.

“It hasn’t been easy to find my place here.” He grinned and rubbed his chest ruefully. “Pretty much the first thing they did was shoot me! They

A SUBMERSIBLE  
IS A  
SUBMARINE.



RUEFULLY MEANS  
WITH A LITTLE  
EMBARRASSMENT  
AND REGRET.



assumed I was some kind of grisly alien. And it didn't get a whole lot friendlier when they realized I was human." He lowered his voice. "Rannoch's people had no reason to trust the universe we've come from. Some of them were sure we'd be sending in anthropologists to study them like freaks. Some of them figured it was the end of everything they'd ever achieved. As soon as the rest of the universe got here, they'd be knee-deep in overpopulation, pollution, overfishing, crime . . . It took me ages to convince them that Galactic Law would protect them. It's their planet. They're in control. And, Perth—they have so much to offer! The things they know how to do!"

He leaned forward.

"It's only since the modifications," and he pointed almost shyly to his throat vent, "this and the blood adjustments, that I've been able to *see* what they've achieved. It's . . ." Franck waved his hands about, lost for words.

"It's a lifetime's work," he said, eyes shining, "to learn what Rannoch has to teach!"

Then, unexpectedly, Franck laughed. "Speaking of work," he smiled slyly, "after two years of not showing up, I guess I can consider myself well and truly fired. But still, I'd hate to think of you being short-handed because of me. So I've found you a volunteer."

He leaned casually over the railing and banged the side of the craft twice. At once air bubbles began to come to the surface, and a shape could be seen rising from the depths.

"Allow me to introduce the first Rannoch recruit, Acting Ensign . . . Tay!"

She exploded out of the water like a leaping dolphin, did a handstand over the railing, and landed on the deck silvery feet first and grinning hopefully. The crew gasped as cold seawater splashed over them all . . . and then they stared.

Officer Perth cleared his throat. "Perhaps we should find the ensign a uniform," he murmured.

**TIME PASSED, AND** the universe continued to surprise, until one day . . .

"Katrine, be *reasonable*! You are not old enough to leave home!" said her father.

"Fyne's going off-planet next quiet season! And Stenness, too!"

"That's right. And that's because Fyne is *how* old? And Stenness?" said her mother.

"Oh, great. Now you're trying to use *facts* against me. It's not fair!" Katrine wailed.

"It *will* be. The tsunami season after this, you'll be—," began her mother.

"Agghhh! Do you have *any idea* how long that is?"

"Well, yes, actually, it's fourteen months and three days . . . ," started her father.

But she'd stopped listening. With a frustrated cry, the girl slammed a breather into her throat and, with unconscious grace, dived, disappearing under the choppy waves.

For a moment, Tay and Franck stood there, looking at each other. Then they let out their breath in a *phew*.

"We should have called her Gale," murmured Tay, but her husband was distracted.

"Wind's getting up," he said. "It won't be long before we'll be needing to submerge. Should I go after her?"

Tay shook her head.

"No, Franck," she said. "Leave her be. She'll be back. And you know . . . ," she looked up at him with a smile, "I remember feeling just the same." 🐛







## WINNERS JANUARY 2019 STORY CONTEST Transformation

### First prize 10 and under

Penelope Berkeley, age 9  
Mars Hill, NC

#### A Little Bit of Moonlight

Night had fallen, and Luna awoke from where she had been sleeping in a cornfield. She moved steadily through the stalks with barely a sound, keeping her eyes on the glittering glass rooftop of the greenhouse in the distance. When a centipede crawled up her leg, she shook it off and kept going.

When she reached the greenhouse, Luna looked around her. The moon glowed full and orange in the frosty autumn sky. The cornstalks clacked and rustled in the soft night breeze. Luna took a deep breath and pushed through the doors.

Inside the greenhouse a Venus flytrap snapped around a beetle. Luna crept inside. She found a small pot labeled "blue moon vanilla." Plucking a pod from the plant, she darted back outside.

Luna made her way through the stalks. She walked across the clearing where she had slept and up to a cauldron of water. Luna crushed the pod with her fist and sprinkled it onto the glassy surface. Then she reached into the pocket of her filthy brown dress and pulled out a sack of gray powder. She dumped it in along with some knobbly bark that she had cut into small pieces.

A silver cat padded out of the darkness and wound in and out of Luna's legs, rubbing her head against her knees.

"I'll be with you soon, sister," Luna whispered, stirring the mixture with a branch. She bent over the pot, lapping water from it like a cat.

Her transformation began. Her ears grew larger, black hair prickled up her arms and legs, and her nails melted into claws. Luna peered at her reflection in the clear water of the cauldron. Instead of seeing the round face of a young girl, she saw the face of a black cat.

"Restored to my true form at last!" she purred, and then the two cats slipped away into the shadows.

### First prize 11 and up

Mary Kalinski, age 14  
East Aurora, NY

Morning dawned gray, dreary, and dismal—a pattering of rain against worm-covered pavement. From the left side of an ancient four-poster bed, Carmella scowled. Always irritable was old Carmella, ever since her husband passed away three long years ago. She'd rather not remind herself of him, though—it would only add another wrinkle to her growing collection.

Carmella clonked down the stairs, squeaked across the floor, and withdrew a porcelain bowl from a tall cupboard. Just as she reached for the muesli, there came a *pat, scratch, tapping* at the door. She stiffened. Her last visitor had been a mischievous teenager on a dare, and she didn't care to revisit that episode.

Cautiously, Carmella slipped her hand onto the brass doorknob and peered out. At her feet sat a lanky calico cat, tapping his stubby tail patiently on her doorstep. Oh dear.

"Shoo, you little brute!" Carmella yelled, recoiling as the beast rubbed its fuzzy head against her slippers.

Shaking the animal off, Carmella scampered—as much as her rheumatism allowed—over to the bookshelf. Surely there was something here about pest control! Instead of a novel on extermination, however, her hand fell on one particularly dusty volume. Without even looking, she knew the sappy title: *Our Happily Ever After*. How ironic. Gingerly she withdrew it, letting a faded photograph fall into her lap. A windblown, rosy woman united with a tall, kind-eyed man, who was beaming with the joy of a child. Grudgingly, she let a smile dance across her lips. But then her gaze fell on a tiny detail in one folded corner. And her heart almost stopped with her eyes.

For there in the background lay a familiar tiny, spotted kitten with a stub for a tail.

Here was the closest she had been to her husband in three years, yet she couldn't stop crying. Even though Jonathan was gone, even though he would never again

fill the right half of the four-poster bed, he would never really leave her heart. And that was worth celebrating—maybe even with a new cat.

### Second prize 10 and under

Maliha Nadkarni, age 8  
Avon, OH

#### My New Hair

"Maybe you should get bangs this time," my mom suggested as we drove to my hair appointment. I wasn't sure if I wanted them. The thought of a new look made me kind of nervous, but as we drove I started to get excited about the idea.

When we got to the hairdresser, she asked me what I wanted to do with my hair.

"Can I get bangs, please?" I said quietly. I was feeling unsure.

"Sure," the hairdresser said, smiling at me. "I think bangs will look good on you! Let's go wash your hair first." We walked over to the sink, and I sat down, leaning my head back. The water was warm and soapy. I started to relax.

Next, we walked back to the salon chair, and she dried my hair with a black hair drier, leaving it slightly damp. After she combed it, she began to trim it.

I was starting to get nervous about my bangs again. I kept wondering what they would be like. What would I look like? Would my bangs be long or would they be short?

"Are you ready for the bangs now?" the hairdresser asked me.

I hesitated slightly before replying, "Yes, I'm ready." She turned me around in my chair so my back was to the mirror.

About ten minutes later the hairdresser stopped. I asked, "Are you done?"

The hairdresser said, "Yes. Your hair looks so good!" She swiveled me around so I was facing the mirror again. I was shocked at how different I looked, but I was



happy. In fact, even though the bangs now covered part of my eyes, I loved them!

"Thank you!" I told the hairdresser, smiling. My mom, who had been waiting in the waiting room, came over to see how I looked. She liked my new style as well.

When I got home, my brother and my dad both said they liked my new bangs. "You look cute!" my dad said, which made me feel more confident. I couldn't wait to show my friends.

### Second prize 11 and up

Clover Dietzen, age 11  
Los Angeles, CA

#### Matter Benders

It was nearing midnight as Lyani stretched herself across the cool grass. How she wished she could just be normal! She fought back tears, remembering the incident today in phys ed, when she won a footrace by transforming into a coyote.

Their teacher had simply pulled her aside and warned her never to do it again, which she didn't understand. There was nothing in the rules that said she couldn't, but the other students were livid. They'd yelled at her and called her horrible names.

"Rough day?" someone asked.

She turned to see her brother Ronn behind her. She nodded.

"Kids can be mean. I get it! But different isn't always bad!" he said.

She nodded. She and her family were matter benders, which meant they could bend the matter around them to alter themselves. They used to live with the Lakashmi, an entire tribe of matter benders, but a plague had chased them away from their mountain home and into the city of Philadelphia. It was a hard life for a matter bender in the modern world.

She plucked a mushroom out of the ground and twirled it between her fingers.

"I just want to be NORMAL!" she confessed.

"Yeah," he said, "we all feel that way at some point, but . . . how would you feel if you were normal?"

The question shocked her at first, but then she thought, How would I feel if I were normal? Being able to shape shift had always felt like a talent or gift. Who would she be without it?

"You're right," she said, "we're all different, but we are all special!"

"Darn right I'm right!" he boasted.

She smiled and shook her head at her silly older brother.

"Fly with me?" he asked.

"Anytime!" she responded.

They spread their arms wide. She could feel her arms growing larger, sprouting feathers, her face elongating into a sharp beak. And as two hawks, they soared together into the night sky.

### Third prize 10 and under

Ella Schneider, age 10  
Silver Spring, MD

#### Transformation Candy

"Give me some of your candy," Susie told her little brother, Roy, who was stuffing his face with his leftover Halloween sweets, "and I'll transform into a three-headed alien."

Roy thought for a minute. He didn't have much candy left, having made it last all the way from November to late March.

"Okay," he concluded and set down his candy on the table for her to take. She took a piece, chewed, and swallowed. Nothing happened.

"Maybe I need to eat another piece," she suggested. She took another piece of candy. Roy was getting increasingly suspicious, but he kept his mouth shut.

Finally, when Susie was chomping on a fifth piece of his candy, he asked, "Are you sure you're going to turn into an alien? This isn't just a way to eat all my candy, right?" Susie swallowed her piece.

"Roy, my dear brother, why on earth would I do that to you?" she exclaimed innocently. "I'm not the type of nasty person who might do that. I'm a good person. Also really humble. But I'm telling the truth. I'll turn into a three-headed alien!" And with that, she popped another piece into her mouth. Then she ate another piece. And another!





And after devouring all of Roy's Halloween candy, she still had not turned into a three-headed alien. In fact, her one head had a broad and mischievous grin on its face.

"April Fools!" she cried. "Ha-ha! I just ate all your candy!" Then she ran out of the room, laughing her head off.

Roy was fuming! He felt like running after her and kicking her hard. But he didn't, because he felt a bit embarrassed. He had trusted her about turning into an alien. Well, Susie hadn't transformed, but Roy was changed forever. Now he knew not to trust his big sister.

### Third prize 11 and up

Fiona Bergin, age 13  
Chicago IL

#### Shedding Memories

I stare at the sun. I'm disappointed about something. But, whatever it is, it's long gone by now, just like every other emotion I've ever felt. Only bits and pieces of who I used to be stay with me.

I like mint chocolate-chip ice cream, I like being poetic, I like . . . this. Everything around me is orange and bright and vibrant, and my luminous surroundings calm my soul to the point where I forget who I am and how I got here.

The calming state my mind relishes in is like sitting in a tranquil Zen garden in Japan, my sore back resting

against the base of a wide cherry blossom tree swaying in the wind. As soon as this thought enters my mind, I forget it.

I decide that what I do doesn't matter anymore. I slip out of the cream-colored dress I am wearing and float, naked, to wherever I'm going. I'm not sure I'm moving. But I seem to be shrinking. Sinking into my own being. It is a strange sensation that is oddly satisfying to my perplexed mind.

I watch as my fingers turn to sticks. Very small sticks. I curl up inside myself, and then everything goes black.

I am nothing; I remember that I am nothing. That is all I remember. Yet it feels so good to be a blank canvas. A beeping noise startles me out of my meditation, and the sound of someone groaning.

I kick and squirm with my tiny body that I am so unfamiliar with. Something grabs my little feet and pulls me out of the black cave I had been trapped in. I open my slit eyes. The room is full of stale air and flooded with light. "Maria!" a voice calls out to me. I do not turn. I am not Maria.

"Maria!" the voice says again. I am picked up and brought to someone's waiting arms. As I will soon learn in precisely one year, the person holding me is my mother, and I am her new child. My other life is gone.

## NEW STORY CONTEST: TO THE RESCUE

Lighthouse keeper Ida Lewis became famous for her lifesaving rescues. In Greek mythology, the great musician Arion was rescued from drowning by a dolphin. Nimbus in "The Finch" rescues herself and her friends from their classroom cage by learning to read. Even Papa G'Ho helps rescue injured owlets by teaching them what they need to know to be released back into the wild. For this month's contest, everybuggy wants to read your best story about a remarkable rescue.

Will you write about an ordinary person who unexpectedly comes to the rescue in a dangerous situation? Perhaps you'll invent a fantasy about being rescued from a wizard's spell, or a myth about defeating an angry dragon, or a science fiction story about a rescue that takes place on another planet. Maybe you will write about a rescue that doesn't involve physical danger at all—like a good friend who comes to the rescue when you forget your homework, or are having trouble making the soccer team, or feel stage fright before a performance. Perhaps in your story an animal (or even a bug!) will come to the rescue.

Whatever you choose, hurry to the rescue of everybuggy in Cricket Country by sending your best story (of 350 words or less, please) about a remarkable rescue. *Help!*

#### Contest Rules

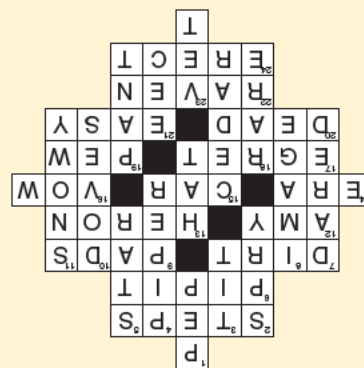
1. Your contest entry must be your very own original work. Ideas and words should not be copied.
2. Your entry must be signed by your parent or guardian, stating that it is your own work, that no help was given, and that Cricket has permission to publish it in the magazine and on our website.
3. Be sure to include your name, age, and full address on your entry.
4. Only one entry per person, please.
5. If you want your work returned, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for each entry.
6. Your entry must be received by April 25, 2019.
7. Send entries to **Cricket League**, P.O. Box 300, Peru, IL 61354. (No faxes or email submissions, please!)
8. We will publish winning entries in the September 2019 issue and on the Cricket website.

### Honorable Mention

Juliet Ashley, age 10, Culver City, CA. Blakely Bresee, age 13, Gresham, OR. Charlotte Gallivan, age 8, Tinley Park, IL. Samantha Kaefer, age 10, Chatsworth, CA. Anna Lowrey, age 12, Chesterfield, MO. Flynn M., age 11, Westfield, NJ. Caroline Maline, age 9, Cleveland, OH. Johnny Mulloy, age 10, Westlake, OH. Areesha Nouman, age 10, Westlake, OH.

To see more winning Cricket League entries, visit our website: [cricketmagkids.com/contests](http://cricketmagkids.com/contests)

### Solution to Crossbird Puzzle



Acknowledgments continued from inside front cover

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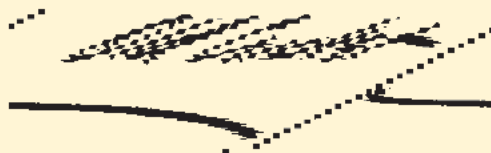
**WHEN I WAS** small, the big children's holiday after Christmas was April Fools' Day. I can remember saying to my father, "Mr. Fish phoned and left his number." And, of course, my father would return the call immediately, only to have the Aquarium answer. Big surprise! Then I shouted, "April Fool!" and my father smiled.

Other countries also celebrate holidays in the same spirit as April Fools' Day. In ancient Rome, the Saturnalia (a festival honoring Saturn) was the merriest holiday of the year. Slaves were given temporary freedom and were allowed to lie down at the table and eat the finest food while their masters served them. They were also allowed to joke with their masters and even insult them. At any other time, insults could cost the slaves their lives.

If you are in India during the Holi Festival, you will have to remember to wear your old clothes. Everyone, regardless of age or rank, is subject to a dousing of colored water or brightly colored powders. People dance in the streets, light bonfires, march in parades, and sing.

And if you read a play by William Shakespeare called *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, you'll meet one of the greatest tricksters of all—Puck, the fairy. Can you imagine falling asleep in the forest and then waking up to find you have a donkey's head on your shoulders? Or, pretend that you are the beautiful and majestic Queen of the Fairies and, to the amazement of your followers, you fall madly in love with this half-donkey-half-man. These are only two of Puck's tricks, and as he watches the victims of his jokes, he cries out, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Well, we mortals *are* fools sometimes, and it's a good thing to admit it—once a year on April Fools' Day.





# Uncover the history beneath the myth



Yu the Great was the eighth son of the Yellow Emperor and lived between 2200–2100 B.C. China was plagued by devastating floods that destroyed the lives of many people. Yu spent more than 13 years separating streams, clearing the courses of rivers, and leading them to the sea. After this, the people could cultivate the lands. Legend says Yu rode a dragon when he controlled the flood waters. What do you think?







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# Cricket

### THEME

This guide supplements three texts on the subject of birds from this issue of *Cricket* that were written by three different authors in three different genres. Explore the different ways that these authors write about birds.

### CONVERSATION QUESTION

How do different authors write about a topic?

### TEACHING OBJECTIVES

- Students will assess how point of view shapes the content and style of a text.
- Students will interpret words and phrases.
- Students will analyze how individuals develop over the course of a text.
- Students will obtain, evaluate, and communicate information.
- Students will analyze perspectives.
- Students will ask and answer questions.



In addition to supplemental materials focused on core English Language Arts skills, this flexible teaching tool offers vocabulary-building activities, questions for discussion, and cross-curricular activities.

### SELECTIONS

- **The Finch**  
Fantasy, ~850L
- **The Eagle**  
Poem, N/A
- **Papa G'Ho: One Grumpy Great Horned Owl**  
Expository Nonfiction, ~950L

## The Finch

pp. 5–10, Fantasy

Teach students about characters' perspectives by using this engaging story about three finches that escape from their cage.



## OBJECTIVES

- Students will read and analyze a short story.
- Students will assess how point of view shapes the content and style of a text.
- Students will obtain, evaluate, and communicate information.

## KEY VOCABULARY

- **listlessly** (p. 5) in a way that lacks energy or spirit
- **methodically** (p. 5) in a way that is very careful and organized
- **audacious** (p. 6) very confident and daring
- **indignantly** (p. 6) angrily
- **maniacal** (p. 6) uncontrollable or frantic
- **insufferable** (p. 6) very bad or unpleasant

## ENGAGE

Conversation Question: How do different authors write about a topic?

Ask students to identify bird characters in stories, movies, and TV shows (for example, Harry Potter's pet owl, Hedwig; Mockingjay from *The Hunger Games*; Woodstock from *Peanuts* comics). List the characters and where they come from on the board. Discuss whether the birds are main characters or sidekicks and whether they are realistic or human-like. Brainstorm a list of things that only fictional birds can do. Then tell students to think about how the birds in this story are presented.

## INTRODUCE VOCABULARY

Display the vocabulary words and review the definitions. Divide the class into six groups. Assign one word to each group. Then have each group write one context sentence for their word, leaving a blank where the word should be. Display sentences and have students complete them. Then remind students to look for these words as they read.

## READ & DISCUSS

After students read, use the questions below to prompt discussion:

1. Describe the personalities of Nimbus, Zephyr, and Luna.
2. How would this story be different if Nimbus hadn't learned to read?
3. What role do humans play in this story?
4. On page 8, find two expressions the narrator uses to explain that Nimbus suddenly understood something.
5. How is being safe and comfortable different from being happy?

## SKILL FOCUS: Compare Characters' Perspectives

**INSTRUCT:** Explain that a character's perspective is his or her attitude toward characters, events, or ideas in a story. Point out that story characters may have very different perspectives. Explain that students can learn about a character's perspective by paying attention to their words, thoughts, and actions. Have students reread page 6 to find details that show each bird's perspective on how to behave. Next, have students work in pairs to identify another event or idea that the characters react differently to. Have them describe each character's reaction and discuss responses as a class.

**ASSESS:** Have students imagine this story is the first chapter in a novel. Have students write the second chapter incorporating the characters' perspectives in their chapter. Review their work for understanding.

## EXTEND

**Science** Have students do some research on zebra finches to find a specific topic that interests them. Then have them conduct more research to learn about their topic and create a comic strip to convey what they learn. Tell students their finches may be realistic or fictional, but their comic strips should convey factual information.



## The Eagle

p. 11, Poem

Use this poem about an eagle to help students analyze imagery, personification, and simile.



## RESOURCES

- Imagery and Figurative Language Worksheet

## OBJECTIVES

- Students will read and analyze a poem.
- Students will interpret words and phrases.
- Students will analyze perspectives.

## KEY VOCABULARY

- **crag** (p. 11) a high and very steep area of rock on a mountain; a cliff
- **ring'd** (p. 11) formed a circle around
- **azure** (p. 11) the blue color of the sky

## ENGAGE

**Conversation Question:** How do different authors write about a topic?

Discuss with students the similarities and differences between poetry, fiction, and nonfiction in terms of form, content, language, and author's purpose. Ask how a poem about birds might be different than an article or a short story on the same topic. Then tell students to think about how the eagle in this poem is portrayed.

## INTRODUCE VOCABULARY

Read aloud the vocabulary words and definitions. Point out the 'd in the word *ring'd* and explain that this is an old-fashioned method of writing a past-tense verb. Challenge pairs of students to write a three-line poem about an eagle using the vocabulary words. Invite students to share their poems. Then remind them to look for the words as they read.

## READ & DISCUSS

Have students listen closely as you read the poem aloud. Then have them work in pairs to take turns reading the poem to each other. Use the following questions to discuss the poem:

1. What images and ideas in the poem stood out to you?
2. Write a very short summary of the poem.
3. What do you notice about the structure of the poem?
4. Do you notice any rhymes or repeated sounds?
5. What does the speaker mean by saying the hands are "crooked"?
6. What do you think the eagle is looking for or at?
7. What is the eagle doing in the last line?

## SKILL FOCUS: Analyze a Poem

**INSTRUCT:** Explain that poets use different techniques to help readers visualize the ideas in a poem. Display the sentences below one at a time and have students identify each as an example of imagery, personification, or simile. Discuss the sense each example of imagery appeals to, the human quality in the example of personification, and the two things compared in the simile.

1. We rode our bikes down the narrow dirt road. (*imagery*)
2. The road stretched out before us like a long ribbon. (*simile*)
3. The great oak trees stretched their arms across the road. (*personification*)
4. The moist odor of freshly mown grass filled the air. (*imagery*)

**ASSESS:** Distribute the *Imagery and Figurative Language* worksheet and go over instructions. Have students work in pairs to complete the worksheet and then discuss their responses as a class.

## EXTEND

**Social Studies** Explain that throughout time, humans around the world have been captivated by eagles. Have students research eagles in history, religion, folklore, and myths and present two examples from different regions in the world. Discuss the eagles' traits in each example.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

**Analyze Imagery and Figurative Language** Use highlighters of different colors to mark all the examples of imagery, personification, and simile in the poem. Make notes next to the poem to answer the questions in the chart.

Literary Elements	Definitions	Questions
imagery	description that appeals to a reader's five senses: sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell	What senses does the imagery appeal to?
personification	description that gives human qualities to an idea, object, or animal	What human qualities does the personification highlight?
simile	a comparison of two things using the word <i>like</i>	What two things are compared in the simile?

### The Eagle

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

### Discussion Questions

1. What did you visualize as you read this poem? How did the imagery and figurative language help you visualize?
2. What is the speaker's tone, or attitude, toward the eagle? Which details helped you understand the tone?



## Papa G'Ho: One Grumpy Great Horned Owl

pp. 13–17, Expository Nonfiction

Use this article about an owl that serves as a surrogate parent to orphaned owlets to help students recognize and use elaboration.



## RESOURCES

- Elaboration Worksheet

## OBJECTIVES

- Students will read and analyze a nonfiction article.
- Students will analyze how individuals develop over the course of a text.
- Students will ask and answer questions.

## KEY VOCABULARY

- **down** (p. 13) small and very soft feathers
- **imprint** (p. 14) to recognize another animal as a parent
- **aerodynamic noise** (p. 15) sound created by the flow of air around an object
- **paternal** (p. 16) of or related to a father
- **instinct** (p. 16) behavior that is not learned

## ENGAGE

Conversation Question: How do different authors write about a topic?

Display these two sentences: *I learned a lot about owls from my father. My father taught me a lot about owls, including how to identify them by their calls and what time of day to look for them.* Have students discuss which is more interesting and why. Point out that nonfiction authors use different techniques to make their writing clear and interesting. Tell students to notice the techniques that the author of this article used.

## INTRODUCE VOCABULARY

Display and read aloud the vocabulary words and definitions. Have students work in pairs to write two specific predictions about the content of the article, based on the title and the vocabulary words. Have students share their predictions and explain how the words and title helped them. Remind students to look for the vocabulary words as they read the article.

## READ & DISCUSS

After students have read the article, use the questions below to prompt discussion:

1. What makes Papa G'Ho a perfect surrogate for baby owls?
2. What might happen to a baby owl if it imprinted on a human?
3. Why wasn't Papa G'Ho released back into the wild?
4. Find three examples of how the author describes the fluffiness of baby owls.
5. Why did people think Papa G'Ho was female? How did they learn he was male?

## SKILL FOCUS: Analyze Textual Elaboration

**INSTRUCT:** Explain that the details and information a writer uses to develop a key idea is called elaboration. Authors use different elaboration techniques to make their ideas clearer, stronger, and more interesting. Read aloud the first paragraph on page 13. Ask students to explain how the writer made this introduction interesting and to describe their first impression of Papa G'Ho. Next, distribute the *Elaboration* worksheet and go over the information in the chart. Have students work in pairs to complete the worksheet. After students have finished, discuss responses as a class.

**ASSESS:** Display this prompt: *Write an essay describing a special person in your life. Use elaboration and dialogue. Include sound devices if appropriate.* Have students share their writing with the class.

## EXTEND

Science Have students learn more about imprinting. Help them brainstorm a list of questions using the five Ws and H. Instruct students to choose a question to research, and encourage them to share what they learn.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

**Analyze Elaboration** Find examples of elaboration in the article. Record them in the chart below.

Types of Elaboration	Example from Article (cite page number and first sentence)	What the Elaboration Helped Me Understand
<b>Sensory details:</b> Details that help show how something looks, sounds, smells, tastes, or feels		
<b>Examples:</b> Things that are mentioned to help explain an idea		
<b>Anecdotes</b> Very short and amusing or interesting stories that help explain something		



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