

LINE



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An Adventure on Pit's Head Island

Clara and Edward Bock dashed to the seaport near their house. The fresh salty air hit them as they ran to the largest ship that was docked, *The Juvenile*. The crew was scurrying to and fro loading boxes and crates aboard. The boat rocked with their motions. Captain Juvenile, after whom the boat was named, was barking orders. "Trim the sails. Get that crate below deck. Don't dilly-dally we have a tight schedule. Move, move, move!"

Clara and Edward ran up to him. "Sir, can we come with you on your journey? Father and Mother said yes if you give your permission. Please!" cried Edward.

"I don't know. Got very little extra space for children to play in." answered the captain shading his eyes. "Besides you'd complain when the sea got rough. And taking a girl along?" He shook his head.

"We won't play on board. We'll work and not complain. As for Clara, she's been on the ocean before." Begged Edward.

"Fine, fine," consented the captain. "Be here at eight sharp. Good afternoon!"

The siblings strolled home.

"What do you think of that, Clara? We're going to go on an adventure." Said Edward.

Clara swung her basket side to side. "Great. I just hope I don't get seasick."

Edward laughed. "No sailor gets seasick. Only the passengers."

Clara didn't seem so sure. "We could be called passengers or sailors," she replied.

Edward kicked a pebble. "I'll beat you to the house," he called.



The next day Edward and Clara moved into their cabin below deck. Captain Juvenile had agreed to pay them fifty dollars each for their work. "And," he had added, "to start your adventure I thought we'd go on a picnic."

This sounded great to the Bocks, but what they didn't know was the captain had called a meeting last night to get rid of them. He hated kids, but they had implored so much he finally consented. The crew agreed to take a picnic on Pit's Head Island and leave the children there.

As soon as they landed, Clara and Edward raced off the boat to explore. "What land lovers they are," observed one sailor.

Clara slipped off her shoes and ran her fingers through the sand. "It feels so warm and so nice. I could stay here forever, I think," remarked she.

Edward was busy searching for treasure in the thickly wooded area. It looked like a jungle except no wild animal noises. He tore some moss away and looked underneath. He saw insects. Nothing special. Just then he heard Clara shriek his name. He ran out of the forest.

"They left without us," she said.



"Who?" inquired Edward.

"*The Juvenile* set sail without us, on purpose I think," said Clara. She clenched her shoes.

A sudden growl disturbed the Bocks.

"It's a wild animal," cried Clara.

"Ruuuuunnnnn," shouted Edward

proceeding the word with the action, but Clara grabbed him.

"Wait. If we run it will follow," said she.

"Okay. Rrrruuunnnn!" exclaimed Edward. "No, no, no. Grab a stick and get ready to poke at it, whatever it is, when it attacks," instructed Clara. She pulled down a dead branch.



Edward did the same.

The low growling noise grew louder as the animal drew closer. Edward kept backing up and Clara kept dragging him forward. The animal sprang forward. Clara despite of her shown courage was equally afraid, and when she saw the animal, it was too much for her therefore she screamed and fled after Edward.

They plunged into the water and swam for anywhere away from the tiger. The tiger did not care to follow. He sniffed before stalking back into the jungle.

Clara and Edward were more cautious and stayed in the shallower water.

Clara tossed her wet hair out of her face. "I lost my shoes when we were escaping from the tiger." She sprinkled some water back into the sea." They're probably at the floor by now." She sighed.

Edward glanced around. "Oh no," he said, "look, it's a pirate ship. They see us! they're coming!"

Edward dove underneath, but Clara had heard the warning to late, and the pirates grabbed her.



Edward held his breath. The water was dark and murky. *Hopefully they can't see me. I wonder where Clara is. I didn't see her when she went under.* Edward thought. He swam in the direction he thought was land. His breast yelled for air. He floated up.

He looked around. He was in a cave like area. A piece of land jutted out and thick vines and branches covered the opening. He felt the ground underneath him. The sand was wet, and the water was shallow. He peeked out the hole in between the vines. He saw the pirate ship. It was not leaving but sailing towards the land. *Probably looking for me and Clara,* he thought.



Edward walked out of the cave. He had to find Clara. He began to get into deeper water. Slowly he cut through the water like a fish. The ship grew larger and larger as he drew close. Suddenly he was grabbed and hauled on to the craft.

He glanced around. Clara was standing a few feet away from him. She went and hugged him. "We're safe!" she exclaimed.

He stared at her. "Huh?"

"They are making a film for a movie company and thought we were drowning," explained Clara.

The End

Fastest Hairdryer in the World

Having trouble with wet hair? Good news for you. The fastest hairdryer is your hero! It dries your hair in two seconds. It can be plugged into the car and doesn't mess up your hair. Buy now at our website before they run out!



Dear Isabelle,

There are many things to see in Brazil.

One of the greatest things is, the Amazon Rainforest. A vast jungle of trees, brambles, and animals. Most of the Amazon is in Brazil.

Mount Roraima, a flat mountain that takes seven to ten days to climb. The views off this mountain show many waterfalls and other lovely sites.

There are many festivals in Brazil. Dancers dress in gaudy clothes and many people come to watch.

If you like steak, try a steakhouse. They serve food and give you a green and red circle. When you are done, you flip the coin to the red side.

I think it's a great idea to go to Brazil.

Truly,

GEORGE HARTS



Dear Sir,

I HATE your books. You choose the most boring topics ever. Such as, *How to Deal with Noisy Kids* or *Constellations in the Sky*. These books contain too much information and little interestingness. How do you find such horrible topics?!

Truly Your Least Favorite Admirer,



Anna Bell Jomar

P.S. My last name is pronounced Joe. Mar.



Miss Jomar,

Thank you for addressing a big problem. These topics you call 'boring' are simply written for adults and, therefore do not have many stories to perk your interest.

You must not have heard of other stories I have written. Some of these are: *The Turtle kid*, and *the Eagle Kid*, *The Journal of April May June*, and *Short Tales*. These are stories for all ages. Perhaps you will like my personal favorite, *The Mud Eater*.

Sincerely

John Hot,



Dear Sir,

I am very pleased to say that your first book is wonderful. Are you making more? If so, I wish to be the first to read them. Here are just a few ideas for new stories: a boy hiding in a cave from a band of robbers, a child going to camp, perhaps a blue whale meeting people.

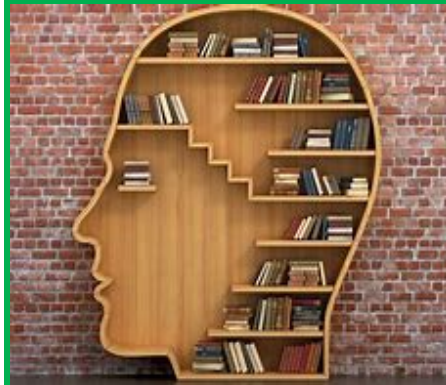
Truly,

Thomas Fanley

Mr. Fanley,

I am happy you want more books. I am working on another book and your suggestions will be helpful. My favorite of your ideas is the boy hiding in a cave. I could (will) use your suggestions in my story. I will send you a summary of the story and you pick a good title.

Sincerely J.O. Turtle



7



The Proud Wind

Once there was a wind.
He decided he didn't want to blow.
"I'm tired of it and nobody thanks me."
But somehow his air just seemed to flow.

He knew not to give up.
His mother would be proud, never!
She would mock and say,
"Wind should not give up ever."

The wind knew he couldn't stop.
Unless he could, now don't get excited,
Call his uncle from China to teach him.
"Yes, that's what I'll do," he decided.

Uncle Wind came with his air-blowing skills.
"That lung problem we're going to kill,"
He shouted. "Watch and learn."
"I don't need help but learn I will."

Uncle Wind soon found,
Little wind refused to yield,
Not even a small finger,
To his uncle he refused to yield.

That uncle left that little wind,
And never again saw,
The little wind or his friends
Ever learn their pride to thaw.

That little wind cannot be found,
Because he instead,
Did not listen to his elders,
So now he's dead.



Causes for Eye Aches

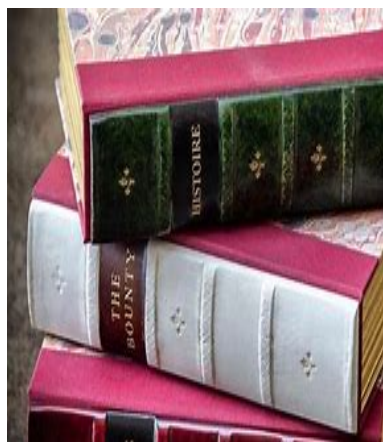
Many people hurt their eyes when they move them around too much or too little. Eye aches are created when tendons become strained.

People often read stories that keep them on edge. Sometimes the strain of looking at something close causes headaches. If you read for 3 to 5 minutes, then put the book down and walk around or something else. Also adjust how far the book is from your face. This lessens the strain.

When a person moves their eyes too much the muscles begin to hurt, and they tighten up. Instead, slowly turn your head to look at one thing then the other way.

If you do get an eye ache laying down and applying cold water will help or rub the temples.

These methods should prevent many eye aches.





Delicious *A*pple *P*ancakes



Do you want to try something different than waffles and eggs for breakfast? Try apple pancakes, a delicious recipe of fruit with breakfast.

1. Dice the apple into small chunks.
2. Put all the ingredients into a bowl and stir.
3. Heat up your pan or griddle. Add a slab of butter and spread over pan.
4. Put a nice-sized glob of batter onto the pan.
5. Let it cook till golden brown.
6. Enjoy!

Ingredients:

1 cup flour	1 egg
1tbs. sugar	1 apple diced
2tsp. baking powder	
¼ tsp. salt	
2tbs. oil	
1 cup milk	

The first time I made this recipe I cut the apples to big. My family was wondering what the big chunks were. "They couldn't be bananas," they reasoned. Then Dad asked, "They are apples are they not?" He had guessed it!

My family gobbled down the pancakes.

The third time I made them Mom ate the apples and left the pancakes. I learned from my experiences that next time I should cut the apples smaller.



AN ICY ADVENTURE

"I'm hungry," wailed little Beth.

"Mom!" shrieked Eliza. "Timothy spilled his milk on me."

"Can we have pizza for dinner?" asked Caleb.

"Where is my phone?" demanded Joshua.

"Mom look out!" squealed Janet.

I spun around too fast and slid on Timothy's milk. The food I was carrying flew into the dog bowl. The dog gulped it down. I sat up." Quiet!"



Everyone stopped moving.

"We are going out to eat," I announced.

“YAY!” screamed the kids. They rushed to the car. I slipped into the passenger seat. Joshua was going to drive.

“Be careful,” I warned him before handing over the keys.

I hoped everything could possibly get better. But it didn’t. Halfway down the road Joshua hit a trashcan. After he righted it, Caleb was appointed driver.



I would have rather been driver for the road was icy, but Caleb needed some practice, so I let him. He wasn’t any better. He hit a garbage can five streets down.

I had had enough. “I’m driving.” As soon as I began to drive, I knew it was really icy, but it was too late to turn back. My kids were hungry.

Up ahead was a light. It was green. For a moment. It turned red.

I slammed on the brakes. They didn’t work. We slid right into a parking lot.

The kids were enjoying it. “Weeeee!” they shouted.

I hit the curb. The car tire deflated. The other tire



car,
tired to
away.
went
lunch.



popped. When I surveyed the damage, I saw I needed a new but I was too fix it right Instead, we into the restaurant for

Trapeze Swing

My friend at the park,

Twists swing into a super-good
trapeze,

However, cannot change it back.



Janet Linden's Life

Janet Linden dried her hands and swept the last of the crumbs from breakfast onto the floor. She leaned against the counter and closed her eyes thinking back to when she was a little girl growing up on the farm.

Galloping on the back of a horse, Janet with her siblings, herded the cattle in from grazing. *It was a good life except for the smelly pigs.*

Her thoughts drifted to when she was visiting Israel. Bethlehem, Mount Carmel, the Sea of Galilee, and the Dead Sea all swirled in her mind. And of course, the chief who tried to buy me for nine camels she thought.



When she came back from her trip, she began to bake cakes and sell them to pay for expenses. It was enjoyable. She soon began to teach others how to make and adorn cakes. On one occasion she tried her hand at making a Thanksgiving cake. A cornucopia lay on top of the festive cake.



She continued to think about her life. In England staying with relatives and watching two plays. She traveled to France, where she climbed the Eiffel Tower, ate French fries, missed her train, and got overcharged. She headed to Germany where she ate a braut in a roll with both ends sticking out. She went to a Christmas shop that stayed open all the time. Inside were nutcrackers, wooden ornaments, and other Christmas decorations. In Holland she went on a tour of the cheese mill. There were huge wheels of cheese.

Oh yes, and the wave that hit my dress. Once, while watching the Northern Sea, when she had turned around to look at someone, something wet and cold brushed her long skirt. She had gotten to close and now a wave had hit her. *Janet laughed at the remembrance. She had a soaked skirt the rest of the day. Thinking of the sea made her think of something in the sea.* She ate a squid. It was horrible. The rubbery taste was not enjoyable.



Once more her thoughts turned to later in life, looking at many houses in the country. “Sorry,” said one person, “I can’t sell my land. My children won’t let me.” *The scene switched to a different house.* Janet wrinkled her nose. The stench of smoking was terrible. She and her husband decided that this house wasn’t the right one with that stench in the walls. Finally, they found land and began constructing a house. There were many choices to make. Faucets, windows, and door to be picked out and bought. Their children all helped. She remembered the time when Todd, the youngest of the boys (her children were all boys), was working on the door where the porch was going to be, the machine that was holding him up backed up slightly. It tilted a bit. He grabbed onto a board, steadied himself, then kept working. They moved in before Thanksgiving of the same year.

Suddenly Janet glanced at the clock. It was time for her to get to school and teach! She hurried to get ready, leaving her thoughts and her house at the same time.





Found Poem

A girl pretty and charming,
Had been devastated of her,
State she wished to be in.
Instead of being rich and happy,
Stranded-sad, unloved, and robbed of good,
A miserable slip of fate.



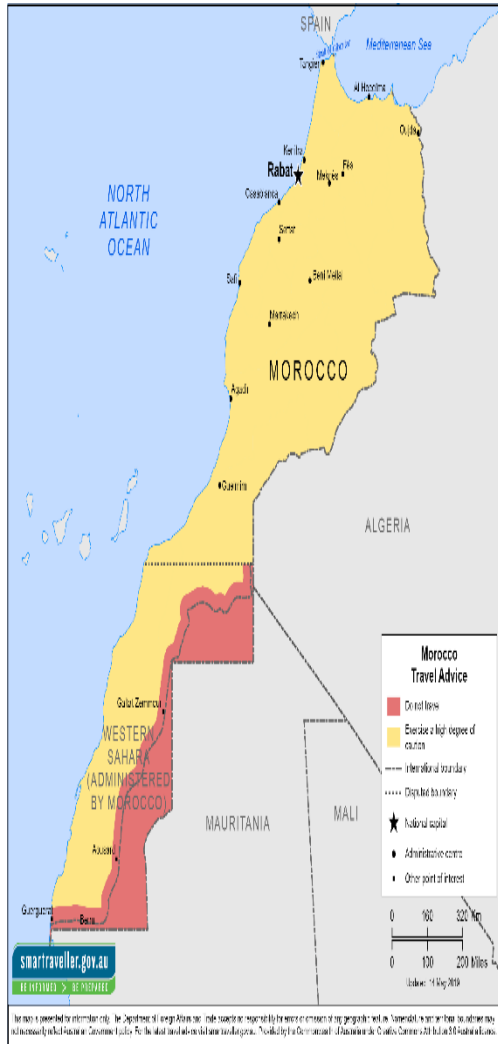


I Spill Nail Polish
I held in my hand,
A bright new brand of
nail polish, it
Fell to the new floor.





The Five-Star Strangest Restaurant



In the hot sands of Ancient Egypt, I, Molly Sidon, discovered the strangest restaurant in the world.

“This is outrageous! I hate doing old history and N24 knows it!” I exclaimed.

Shelly, Hannah, and Edward stared at me. “What an opportunity to learn history,” said my sister, Shelly.

“Molly doesn’t like history, but I do,” remarked her brother.

“Perhaps we could all go,” suggested Hannah, my mother. That settled it. The next morning, at five o’clock we boarded the airplane and flew from New York to Morocco, Africa.

We arrived by mid-day. Edward was famished. Hannah pointed to the closest restaurant: **Jungle Outdoors Restaurant**, a sign read. Many people crowded under a large tent were

feasting on some unusual food.

As we entered, a woman wearing a green dress and many golden bracelets greeted us. “Welcome,” she said in broken English, “I am Nancy. I will be your host today.” She snatched a notepad off the desk behind her. “What would you like?”

“Something Egyptian,” said Shelly.



“Anything,” sighed Edward.

“Some meat, please,” requested Hannah.

“Maybe a dish of seafood,” I said.

I sniffed the air. Tempting odors of rice and beans and odd smells drifted by. My mouth watered. Edward directed us to a booth to wait.

The booths were brightly colored couches with fluffy pillows and a table of boards placed on bricks. The colors dazzled my eyes. The couches were red, but animal skins that were arranged on the back, had been dyed blue, purple, yellow, bright orange, and many other



colors. The pillows were white and when I touched them, they sank down. The tables were dark brown and grey. Everything was lovely.

Without warning, I felt queasy. I collapsed. Nancy and another girl showered me with water from two pitchers.



When I was well enough to eat, I devoured the fish with eggs and cheese. The gooey cheese melted on my tongue. The fish was fresh, and many interesting spices were on it. The eggs were a little more under cooked than I liked but salty and buttery. It was better than wonderful. It was so good I can't describe it by any words.

Then we watched the animal show. Cats leaped through rings made of snakes and monkeys did flips on the beams. Three dogs balanced on each other while camels stood on their hind legs and touched the canvas. But what I liked best was the grand finale. All the animals took ten bows at the same time. I clapped and cheered and applauded for them.



I recommend **Jungle Outdoors Restaurant** five-star.



Unbreakable Pencils



Introducing the cool unbreakable pencils. They come in all different colors and you never need to



sharpen the tip. Call 324-800-4695 to get your own set today!

