Making Hard Times Bear-able

Games to Speed Up a Cleanup

SPECIAL 2-PAGE Hidden Pictures®

Teeny-Tiny Tortoise Babies

The Team from Planet Weirdville
3 Secret Ways to Make Someone Smile

1. Make a colorful sign that says “Good morning!” then get up first and tape it on the bathroom mirror.

2. Leave someone’s favorite treat out with a note that says “Surprise!” if you know that person will soon be entering the room.

3. Use a toothpick to draw a cheerful picture on a banana’s peel for the next person to find. (The lines of the drawing will turn brown.)

Fun This Month

August 26 is National Dog Day!

Where, Oh Where?
These dogs hid some bones—but forgot where! Can you help them find 12?

Find the Pictures
Can you find each of these 14 pictures at another place in this magazine?

Grocery Game
The next time you’re shopping with your parents, find three foods you’ve never seen or tasted before. See if you can discover what they are, how they taste, and how they’re prepared or cooked. If you think they sound good, ask your parents if you can give them a try!

Mystery Photo

Tongue Twister
A snake! It shakes!
A rattlesnake!
Fun to Read
5 * (poem) ◆
6 Goofus and Gallant® ◆◆
7 Gallant Kids: Making Hard Times Bear-able ■◆
8 Best Camping Spot Ever ◆
13 Faraway View ★
16 Ask Arizona®: The Team from Planet Weirdville ■○◆
18 Walking Stick ◆
20 Nadine’s Circus Day ◆
22 Say “Awk!” ■
28 No Translation Needed ■
31 The Timbertoes® ★◆
32 Daisy Low Grows the Girl Scouts ■
36 Helping Tiny Tortoises Feel at Home ◆
38 Your Best Self ★◆
40 The Winning Recipe ■

Fun to Do
6 Fold Up, Splash Down ▲
10 My Sci ◆■▲
12 Riddle Me Some Rhymes!; Picnic Puzzler ▲
14 Hidden Pictures® Puzzle ▲◆
18 Check . . . and Double Check ▲
19 Thinking ▲
25 Games to Speed Up a Cleanup ▲
26 Crafts ▲◆
30 Word Mash-Up! ▲
39 BrainPlay ◆■▲
43 Picture Puzzler ▲

Fun Things from You
18 Jokes ▲◆
24 Your Own Stories ▲
30 Pet Stories ▲
34 Your Own Pages ▲◆
38 Riddles ▲◆
42 Dear Highlights ■◆

Visit our free Web site!
Hear the poem on page 5 read aloud in the Poetry Player.

PARENT-TEACHER GUIDE
READING ★ Early ◆ Moderate ■ Advanced
◆ CREATIVE and CRITICAL THINKING
○ SOCIAL-EMOTIONAL LEARNING
Interactive Version on HighlightsKids.com
Admiring Bald Eagles

Now and then, I see Tim Gillner, an art director here at Highlights, standing in the parking lot, looking up at the sky. He is good at spotting the bald eagles that sometimes grace us with a fly-by. Our offices are near the Delaware River, a favorite nesting place for bald eagles.

Once, I spotted an eagle’s nest near the river. The nest looked like a big straw mattress high in a tree. But the closest look I’ve ever had of a bald-eagle chick is the photo in this month’s issue (page 23). I was glad to read the article “Say ‘Awk!’” and learn how scientists and volunteers are helping to keep the bald-eagle population healthy.

Not too long ago, a bald eagle flew low, right down the center of the road we were driving on. It landed on a tree in front of us, and we pulled over to get a good look. It really is a magnificent bird—a perfect choice for America’s national symbol.

Have you ever seen a bird or other creature so wonderful that it took your breath away? I hope you’ll write and share your experience with me.

Your friend,
Christine
Christine French Cully, Editor in Chief
Christine@Highlights.com


Highlights Kids is a participant in the Kids Privacy Safe Harbor program of the Children’s Advertising Review Unit (CARU) of the Council of Better Business Bureaus.
Once upon a time,
Can’t remember when,
Way back there,
Way back then,
Someone told me something,
Can’t remember who,
Can’t remember what it was,
But if I ever do,
I’ll write it on a thingum
And put it somewhere safe—
I think the little whatsit
Would be the perfect place.
I wouldn’t trust the whoozit
With the thingamy because,
I can’t remember where it is
Or where it ever was.
My memory is excellent;
It’s never failed me yet.
The only things it can’t recall
Are things that I forget.

*(The author regrets that
his memory has forgotten the
title of this poem.)*
Cubby folded the shape shown here into a cube... then it fell into his soup! Since the letter B is on top, which letter landed face down in the soup?

“Goofus and Gallant”

“A lily pad is OK, but I like my mobile home.”

Zoe, Age 8, Illinois

Fold Up, Splash Down

By Anthony Poulton-Smith

“Give me the green one!” says Goofus.

“‘Give me the green one!’ says Goofus.”

Jowayne, Age 8, Canada

“I finished weeding, Dad. Do you need help with that?” says Gallant.

“I felt like Goofus when I didn’t share with my brothers.”

“I felt like Gallant when I tried a new food.”

Zoe, Age 8, Illinois

“Goofus tries to get out of doing work.”

“I’d like a slice of chocolate, please,” says Gallant.

“A lily pad is OK, but I like my mobile home.”

6 AUGUST 2014
There’s some of Goofus and Gallant in us all. When the Gallant shines through, we show our best self.

Gallant Kids

Making Hard Times Bear-able

Fourth-grader Jessica Carscadden has a special teddy bear that her grandma gave her. She says she “huggles”—hugs and cuddles—it every night. The bear makes her feel safe when she’s scared or sad. Jessica wants to help other kids feel safe, too. That’s why she started a stuffed-animal collection project called We Care Bears.

It began when Jessica was cleaning her room. “I had some stuffed animals that I didn’t need anymore,” she says. Then she thought of the fire station across the street from her house. “I realized that if I gave the stuffed animals to the firefighters, they could give them to kids they meet who are scared or injured,” she says.

Jessica and her dad took a bag of stuffed animals to the fire station. “The firefighters were happy to get them,” she says. After that, she wondered if other kids had unwanted stuffed animals that were in very good condition to give away. She shared her thoughts with her school principal and the members of the student council. They thought the idea was great. So Jessica talked to the entire school at an assembly.

Students brought stuffed toys to school and placed them in collection bags. At the end of two weeks, Jessica’s friends helped her load about 300 stuffed animals of all kinds into her mom’s van!

Bags and Bags of Bears

Jessica carefully sorted the donations, making sure all the stuffed animals were in good condition. Her parents drove her to local fire stations to deliver them. Soon, news of her We Care Bears project spread. Several more schools and a restaurant held collection drives to help.

Since she started We Care Bears, Jessica has delivered hundreds of bags of bears and other stuffed animals to fire stations in Southern California—about 3,000 stuffed toys in all! Lynette Round, who works for the Orange County Fire Authority, says, “The firefighters use the stuffed animals to help children in crisis.”

Jessica is glad that so many kids will have a teddy bear or other animal to “huggle” during a difficult time. She says, “If I was hurt, I’d want somebody to help me.”

*Highlights* is proud to know this Gallant Kid.

—Sara Matson
Henry stepped off the trail and picked wild raspberries from the kind of bush Dad had pointed out earlier. As he munched, he dropped his backpack and looked around.

The pines went on forever. Gray boulders poked out of the ground. He heard a stream nearby. It was the best camping spot! Henry knew Dad would love it.

But would Ryan?

Ryan was Henry’s younger brother. This was his first camping trip. So far, Ryan had complained about everything.

Henry saw him coming up the trail with Dad.

“Can we stop now?” Ryan moaned. “Yes,” said Dad. “This is where we’ll set up camp.”

“Finally!” said Ryan. “My feet are killing me!”

Henry and Dad got out the cooking supplies while Ryan sat on a rock. “This is boring,” Ryan complained. “I wish I had some jelly beans.”

So far, Ryan had complained about everything.

Henry knew how he could help. He grabbed a pair of binoculars from his pack. “Here, Ryan,” he said, handing them over. “Try these. Maybe you’ll see something cool.”

Henry went back to work. After a few minutes, he turned around and saw Ryan looking through the binoculars. When Ryan noticed his older brother watching him, he scowled.

Henry got out bowls for dinner while Ryan sat on a rock.

“It’s too quiet,” Ryan said. “I wish we had a radio.”

Henry was sure he could help. He pulled his harmonica out of his pocket. “Try this.”

Henry pretended to ignore Ryan’s playing at first, then he said, “Fun, right?”
If Earth is round, why does it seem flat to me?
Sayantika Roy, Age 11 (by e-mail)

Imagine Earth as a three-foot-wide beach ball. If we bury the ball and then uncover a spot the size of a dime, that small part of the curved surface will look flat. If a person were shrunk to size and placed on that spot, the person would be able to see only a small part of the spot, and it would look even flatter. So to a tiny person standing on a large ball, the ball, or planet, looks almost perfectly flat.

What do butterflies do when it’s raining?
Hailey Markham, Age 8
Georgia

When rain comes, butterflies go to their nighttime roosting sites in shrubs, under leaves, or in other sheltered places.

Cave of Crystals
In 2000, a cave of giant crystals was found under Mexico’s Chihuahuan Desert.

MingMei Szymanowski, Age 7
Washington

Some crystals are 36 feet long and 3 feet thick.

Magma below heats the cave to more than 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

Crystals formed underwater over many years.

Visitors wear suits lined with ice packs.

Our Planet

Ichthyovenator
ICK-the-OH-ven-a-toeR “fish hunter”

Separate sails

Possible bright sail colors used for signaling

By Dougal Dixon

So far, no one has found a skull for Ichthyovenator. Scientists think its head looked like those of other spinosaurus.

Big claws, used to catch fish

How Long: 30 feet
How Tall: 6 feet at hips
What It Ate: Fish
Where: Laos
When: 120 million years ago

Flying Insects

What do butterflies do when it’s raining?

Watch for Meteors

From August 9 to 14, hope for clear nights, then watch for quick, bright streaks of light—the Perseid meteor showers! They’ll peak on the night of August 12. With an adult, go to the darkest place you can visit safely. Give your eyes 10 to 20 minutes to adjust to the dark. The ideal time will be the hours before sunrise.

Look for them every year on these dates.

Try This!

Ask a science question! Include your name, age, and complete address, and mail to My Sci 803 Church Street Honesdale, PA 18431

My Sci
AUGUST 2014

Highlights
10

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Each of these riddles has a rhyming answer. For example:

**What do you call a clam who won’t share?** A selfish shellfish!

How many can you figure out?

1. What is a happy father?
2. What do you call a squished baseball cap?
3. What is an animal doctor in the rain?
4. What does a king become after he buys an air conditioner?
5. What do you call a dancing baboon?
6. What do you call a rooster who takes longer to cock-a-doodle-doo?
7. What is Tinker Bell when she imitates T. rex?
8. What does a farmer call grass?

Make up rhyming riddles of your own, then send them to us! Mail your riddles (along with their answers) to the address shown here. Include your name, age, and address.

Rhyming Riddles
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Answers on page 38.

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Isaiah and his sister had a picnic at the park. They invited Tara and her brother and Daniel and his sister. Ben and his sister couldn't make it, but Hannah and her brother could. Emily and her brother were glad that two people could join them at their picnic. Name:

- who was there.
- who wasn’t.
- the sister-brother combinations.

Answers on page 38.
One day, Moose and Bear went to the lake. Bear said, “I see Goose swimming on the lake.” “I see only a brown circle,” said Moose. “I see a sailboat,” said Bear. “Raccoon is sailing it.” Moose frowned. “I see only a yellow triangle.” “I see a log floating on the water,” said Bear. “I see only a brown line.” Moose sighed. “Try these,” said Bear. He handed his binoculars. Moose looked through the binoculars. Now he could see far away, too! He looked down the shore. “I see someone selling ice-cream cones,” said Moose. “Let’s go!” said Bear. “I want to see those ice-cream cones up close.”
In this big picture, find the objects shown below.

Finding the Sea from a Submarine

By René Mitchell-Mills

Find the answers to this puzzle on 14 AUGUST 2014

BONUS! Can you also find the heart, needle, apple, and cane?
Dear Trying,

I learned something about team players recently. It happened while my friend Ollie and I were in day camp together. Ollie and I have known each other since we were babies, and we almost always get along unbelievably well. Note: the important word is almost.

Day camp started off great. I was having so much fun, I never wanted it to end. Then came the scavenger hunt.

“OK,” our counselor Connor announced. “You are going to get into teams of three and follow clues to collect objects. The first team to get everything on its list wins the grand prize. Each list has hands on its face!” said Mike. ““You could rest on that.”

We all ran to the tree, but it didn't take long to figure out that it was the wrong resting place. We ran to the bench, and Ollie was right. We put three buttons in our bag, and I read the next clue. “I'm yellow, red, or green and round. I grow on trees and fall to the ground.” I crunch but make no other sound.

“Hey! It’s a clock!” said Ollie.

The snack table's where I can be found.”

We ran to the snack table, put an apple in our bag, and started to read the next clue. “Hold on, ‘Zona,” Ollie said, peeling a banana. “We might as well stop and have a little snack as long as we’re here.”

“Just bring the banana with you,” I said. “We don't have time to lollygag around!”

“I see no lollipops,” Ollie said. “But these granola bars look pretty good.”

“Guys, we’re not relaxing at a restaurant. We're trying to win a scavenger hunt!” I cried. “You just lost us at least three minutes.”

“Whoo,” Ollie said between granola-bar bites. “Isn't it the one who’s always saying it’s not important if you win or lose?”

“I’m the wise one from Planet Weirdville,” I squeaked. “Arizona apologizes for being cranky.”

Laughing, Ollie and Mike crouched down, tucked their arms in, and put their hands by their ears. “Eep a deep dop glock!” said Mike. “Hey! It's a clock!” said Ollie.

As you probably guessed, we didn't win the grand prize, which, by the way, was the most delicious-looking triple banana split I'd ever seen. But we got yummy ice-cream cones just for playing.

So, dear Trying, as far as getting your teammates to do their share of the work, I've learned that being positive works better than being pushy and negative. Give it a try, and let me know what happens!

Ciao for now,
Arizona

Ask Arizona®

The Team from Planet Weirdville

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“I’m yellow, red, or green and round. I grow on trees and fall to the ground.”

“I’m the only one who's even trying!”

I realized how un-fun I sounded. Then I had a wacky idea.

“I'm the wise one from Planet Weirdville,” I squeaked. “Arizona apologizes for being cranky.”

Laughing, Ollie and Mike crouched down, tucked their arms in, and put their hands by their ears. “Eep a deep dop glock!” said Mike.

“Hey! It's a clock!” said Ollie.

Dear Arizona,

My teacher put us into teams for a science project. I keep telling my teammates to start working, but I end up pulling all the weight. How do I get them to be better team players?

—Trying in Trenton

The Team from Planet Weirdville

By Lissa Rovetch       Art by Amanda Morley

Visit HighlightsKids.com to hear this story read aloud.
Walking Stick

If it looks like a stick, and it acts like a stick, chances are good that it is a stick. On second thought, YOU touch it!
—Carol Murray

Teacher: If you had $2.00 in one pocket and $4.00 in the other, what would you have altogether?
Tom: Someone else’s jeans!
Madeline Gerland, Texas

Bone: I’ve been asked to be in a movie.
Body: Did you say yes?
Bone: No way! Who wants to be in a cast?
Cai Bardsley-Cutler, Pennsylvania

Lydia Stout, Indiana

Ethan: Why do soccer players like spicy food?
Shannon: I don’t know. Why?
Ethan: Because it has a kick to it.
Ethan Welt, Washington

Sarah: The cowboy went into town on Friday. He stayed in town for three days and left on Friday. How is this possible?
Max: I don’t know. How?
Sarah: His horse’s name is Friday.
Sarah Parrish, Massachusetts

Send the funniest joke or riddle you’ve ever heard, with your name, age, and full address, to

803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Check...

There are at least 16 differences in these pictures. How many can you find?

and Double Check
Thinking

Where can I go to play fetch?

What are some of the things people are doing here?

How might different exercises help different parts of the body?

Why might people choose to work out at a gym? Where else do people often exercise? What’s your favorite way to exercise?
Nadine woke early, got dressed, and gobbled her breakfast. Circus day had finally arrived! The circus hadn’t come to her town in many years.

“I can’t be late,” Nadine said as she hurried out the door.

She was the first one at the circus grounds. *Where’s the circus tent?* she wondered. She looked down at her ticket. She was here on the right day.

Nadine found the parking-lot attendant. “Excuse me,” she said. “Where’s the big top?”

The man shrugged. “The tent guys haven’t shown up yet.”

“Do you know where they are?” Nadine asked.

The man pointed to a nearby trailer. Nadine knocked on the trailer door. A man opened it. Five men in overalls were watching TV behind him.

Nadine smiled. “Um, you know the circus is supposed to start soon, right?”

The man looked at his watch. “Not again! My watch stopped.” He turned around and yelled, “Time to get going, guys!” They rushed out the door.

Nadine watched the men put up the tent. “Nice job,” she said. She looked around. “Shouldn’t the acrobats be here by now? They’re supposed to go on first.”

“Probably slept in,” said one of the men. “I better see what they’re up to,” said Nadine. She found the acrobats’ trailer and called, “Hello, acrobats. Time to wake up!”

A woman wearing a nightgown opened the door. Behind her, acrobats slept while standing on their heads.

“ Aren’t you supposed to be getting warmed up?” asked Nadine.

“I’d better make some coffee,” the woman said, yawning.

“I can do that for you,” said Nadine.

Nadine met the acrobats in the circus tent with a tray of coffee. She looked around. “I wonder where the clowns are.”

“They just called,” said a woman who sipped coffee while hanging from a trapeze.

“ Their car broke down out on Route 6.”

Nadine borrowed a unicycle and pedaled out to Route 6. She found a tiny car at the side of the road. Seven clowns were in the field next to the highway, juggling hubcaps.

Nadine said, “Are you aware that the circus is about to start?”

“Oh, we know,” one clown said, “but we have a flat tire. I don’t think we’ll make it.”

Nadine pulled a bicycle pump from her backpack. “Let’s see what I can do.”

She pumped up the tire while the clowns started piling into the car.

“Thank you!” the clown-car driver called. He honked the horn as they sped away.

Nadine pedaled back to the circus grounds as fast as she could. The parking lot was now full of cars. In the tent, spotlights shone and music blared. The ringmaster stood in the middle of the ring with a microphone. “Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, prepare for an afternoon of spectacular entertainment from the world’s finest circus troupe!”

Nadine sprinted to her seat and sat down. She turned to the boy next to her.

“You know how people say that you only really appreciate something when you have to work for it?”

“Sure,” said the boy, crunching on popcorn.

Nadine leaned back in her seat. “Now I know what they mean.”
The bald eagle, America’s national symbol, was once nearly wiped out of the continental United States. People worked together to rescue the eagle. Today, the bird is now also a symbol of our ability to live with wildlife. Researchers study the eagles to make sure the birds are having healthy chicks.

A bald-eagle chick gets a checkup.

Story and Photos by Bob Michelson

A researcher climbed up to the nest, more than 80 feet above the ground! He has placed the chick into a bag, which is being lowered to the rest of the team. A bald-eagle chick sits in its nest by a lake in Massachusetts. It does not yet have the white head feathers of an adult. The parents screech nearby while U.S. and state researchers study the chick, with the help of volunteers. After the research is done, the adult birds continue to take care of the chick.

The team places a metal band around the chick’s ankle. The band stays on the leg as the bird grows and has chicks of its own. Wherever the bird goes, scientists can see the band’s colors and numbers, which tell where the bird was born and how healthy it was when it was banded.

By quickly spotting any changes in the birds’ health, we can keep bald eagles flying for many years to come.
Teddy Bear Forest

Once upon a time, in a kingdom in Trompalomp, there lived a bear named Jhon Maple Leaf.

Jhon was very different from the self-centered rich bears. He gave food like fish to all the animals that were poor.

One day, Jhon went to the animals but found that they were in their homes, hiding from something. He asked a small bird what the problem was. The bird shakily pointed to a burning tree and told him the fire had been started by the Tromp-king himself.

Jhon rushed to the king and begged him for mercy. The king told Jhon that the animals had been stealing food from the kingdom.

Jhon forced himself to tell the king about giving some food to the poor. The king told his guards to arrest Jhon, so Jhon bent his head down and walked to the cell.

He spent one day in the cell, but then he heard a cracking sound. In came some birds and a hippo. They told Jhon they had overthrown the bears and he was the only one they spared.

The bears were thrown in jail, and all the poor and Jhon lived happily ever after.

Ian Coleman-Hull, Age 12
Utah

Cupcake Medicine

Once upon a time, there was a cupcake that was magic. It was a rainbow cupcake. But a sick dog and a sick cat both needed it to get better. So at 12:00 at night, Jenna and Jack found the cupcake. Then Jenna said, “Let’s split the cupcake.” So they did. Then their pets got better and they lived happily ever after.

Lindsey Rowley, Age 10
Utah

The Yeti Who Loved Ballet

Once upon a time, there was a yeti who loved jellybeans and ballet. He was the biggest in dance class because, well, he was a yeti. He walked into dance class eating jellybeans, and he felt left out because it was a class full of humans.

One day, he made strange blubbery noises, so the teacher asked him why. He said, “Two reasons. One, I miss my home in the Himalayas. And two, all of my jellybean packs are there.” So a dancer named Roxanne had an idea. Roxanne told her idea to the teacher, who told it to the yeti. He loved the idea.

The next day, Roxanne brought a catapult into class. On that day they were doing gymnastics. The students helped Roxanne push the catapult to the trampoline by the window. Roxanne felt so happy that she jumped on it. So Roxanne catapulted with the yeti to his cave. They saw his lifetime supply of jellybeans and they ate jellybeans for weeks. They lived happily ever after.

Anna Grant, Age 9
Texas
BEAT THE TIMER
What you’ll need: A timer and some fast feet
How long do you think it will take to clean your room? Five minutes? Ten minutes? Take a guess! Set your timer for whatever time you guessed. Start the timer, and go! See if you can finish before the timer beeps. It may take more than one try. Keep guessing until you do beat the timer!

SONG STOP
What you’ll need: Catchy tunes and people to help you clean
One person (the DJ) starts the first song. As the music plays, the others clean as fast as they can (while still using care!). When the DJ pauses the music, freeze! When the DJ starts the music again, start cleaning again! At the end of the song, someone else takes a turn as the DJ. Keep playing until the room is clean.

“PICK UP” STICKS
What you’ll need: Craft sticks (or slips of paper), a pen, and a cup
Look around your room. What needs to be spruced up? Books? Toys? Maybe your bed? Write each thing on its own craft stick. Put all the sticks in a cup. Then pick a stick to see what you’ll clean first. When you’re done with that stick, grab another! When all the sticks are gone, your mess should be gone, too!
Crafts

Message in a Box
By Tara M. Woods
1. Ask an adult to cut a 1-inch slit on one side of a pudding box.
2. Cut long strips of paper less than 1 inch wide. Tape them end to end to make a 3-foot-long strand. For a pull tab, tape a paper rectangle to one end. Starting at the pull tab, write a message on the paper. Leave a few inches blank at the end.
3. Open the side of the box opposite the slit. Slide the blank end of the message through the slit. Tape it to the inside of the box. Tape the box closed.
4. Loosely push the message into the box, keeping the pull tab on the outside.
5. Decorate the box with paper and stickers.

Target Toss
By Anne Bell
1. For each disk, cut out a 2-inch circle from corrugated cardboard. Decorate it with colored paper and stickers.
2. Create three disks for each player.
3. To Play: Use chalk to draw a target on a sidewalk. Mark the outer circle 5 points, the next circle 10 points, and the center circle 30 points. Players take turns tossing disks at the target. A disk must be more than halfway in a circle to receive points. After all the disks have been thrown, add up the points. The player with the most points wins.

Beach Treasures
By April Theis
1. Cut off the top of a snack box. Trim the box’s sides and front shorter than the back. Decorate the box with colored paper, cotton balls, and markers.
2. Cut out a surfboard from poster board. Decorate it with stickers. Glue the surfboard to the box.
3. Fill the box with mementos from summer.

Balancing Bear
By Clare Mishica
1. Fold brown cardstock in half. On the top half, draw a 6-inch-by-4-inch X shape for the bear’s body, as shown. Cut out the two X shapes from the folded cardstock.
2. On one X, glue a penny on each of the two ends that will be the bear’s front paws. Glue the other X shape on top.
3. Use a marker to draw the bear’s head. Glue on a pompom tail.
4. Balance the bear on your finger or a pencil.

Who, Who, Who’s in That Picture Frame?
By Sheila M. Hausbeck
1. For the owl’s body, cut a cardboard tube so it’s 6 inches long.
2. Ask an adult to cut out a 4-inch-by-1/2-inch rectangle from the center of the body.
3. Cover the body with colored paper. Cut out the owl’s head, wings, and feet from paper. Tape them to the body.
4. Place a photo in the rectangular opening.

Craft Challenge!
Create a model park with cardboard, felt, pebbles, twigs, and string.

Make a rain stick! Find out how on Highlights.com.
Steven needed no translator for that. He kicked the ball back. For a while, they passed the ball and shot imaginary goals. The girl said “Bravo!” each time Steven made a tough shot.

Breathing hard, she stopped the ball with her foot. “Fermati.” She reached for a water bottle in her bag and held it out. “Acqua?” Steven politely shook his head. She said slowly, “No grazie.” He repeated, “No grazie.” They grinned at each other.

“Mi chiamo Rosabella,” the girl said, pointing at herself. “My name is Steven.”

A deep rumbling came from the end of the alley. Rosabella said, “Arriva l’autobus.”

Steven understood the words that sounded like “bus” and “arrive.” Sure enough, a bus appeared and hissed to a stop. He ran with her toward the bus. Kids in soccer uniforms shouted from the windows, “Ciao, Rosabella!”

Steven said, “Good luck.” Rosabella didn’t understand. So Steven thought and said, “Buon . . . buon . . .” He pointed to Rosabella’s teammates and then to the soccer ball in her hand.

Rosabella suddenly shouted, “Fortuna! Buona fortuna!” She stepped onto the bus.


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Rosabella suddenly shouted, “Fortuna! Buona fortuna!” She stepped onto the bus.

WORD MASH-UP!

By Linda Hayes

How many of these compound words can you guess?

EXAMPLE:  

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By Linda Hayes

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How many of these compound words can you guess?
The doors creaked.
The walls had cracks.
The faucet dripped.

“Do we need a new house?”
“No—just a fix-it day!”
Pa oiled the hinges.

Ma patched the cracks.
Tommy and Mabel painted the walls.

Pa stopped the drip.
“Good as new!”
“I love our house.”
As a young girl, Juliette “Daisy” Gordon Low, founder of the Girl Scouts in America, loved being outdoors. By Natasha Wing

Daisy Low had barely arrived home in Savannah, Georgia, in 1912 when she called her cousin Nina bubbling over with news. “Come right over,” Daisy said. “I’ve got something for the girls of Savannah and all America and all the world and we’re going to start it tonight!”

Juliette “Daisy” Gordon was always full of surprises. When she was young, her parents never knew what she’d come home with—a stray kitten, an injured bird, or a project to sew clothes for the poor.

As a teenager, Daisy entertained people with her acting and her poetry. Her brother called her “a brilliant eccentric and . . . funny.” Her older sister just called her “Crazy Daisy. But everyone loved Daisy and thought her charming. Always full of energy, Daisy had been searching for years to find a purpose in life. Now at 51, she was ready to make her mark in the world.

She had no children and was widowed. She was deaf, but she never let that slow her down. She traveled and studied art, but still felt unsatisfied.

Then one day she met General Sir Robert Baden-Powell in London. He told her about a program he had formed for boys that taught scouting skills—how to survive in the wilderness. Thousands of girls had signed up, so his sister Agnes started the Girl Guides in Great Britain.

As a young girl, Daisy loved being outdoors with her family. She wrote to her father about the Girl Guides, “I like girls and I like the organization and the rules and pastimes, so if you find that I get very deeply interested you must not be surprised.”

Daisy Forms Her First Troops

After Daisy met General Baden-Powell, she invited seven Scottish girls over for tea. It was her first troop of Girl Guides. She taught the girls knot tying, first aid, and flag signaling so they could send messages to each other.

Daisy also arranged for a teacher to show them how to spin wool, which they could sell at market.

It wasn’t long before Daisy started two more groups in London. Then she set her sights on the United States. Daisy gushed about the Girl Guides to her cousin Nina. Nina introduced her to a group of girls in Savannah who had been hiking and studying the stars, plants, and wildlife. When the girls heard about Daisy’s plan, they were eager to become Girl Guides.

Daisy Starts the American Girl Guides

Daisy swore in the first two American patrols of Girl Guides on March 12, 1912. The girls hiked, played basketball, camped, learned how to tell time by the stars, and studied first aid.

Daisy turned her old carriage house, or garage, at her Savannah home into their headquarters.

Copying the Guide Uniform from England, the girls made their own blue middies (sailor tops) and skirts from duck cloth. They added light blue sateen ties, black stockings, and giant hair bows. The uniforms were a hit. Soon, all the girls’ friends wanted to be Girl Guides.

Daisy traveled the United States tirelessly, talking up the Girl Guides to anyone who’d listen. She wrote to her sister Mabel: “I am too keen about the movement to leave here until it is firmly established. You mustn’t be bored with Girl Guides, as I can’t think of anything else.”

It didn’t take long for the Girl Guides, renamed the Girl Scouts, to grow. Daisy funded the Girl Scouts with her own money. She paid for travel, salaries, the national headquarters, the handbook, and uniforms. When she ran low on money, she sold her pearl necklace. She even adorned her fancy hats with parsley and carrots from her kitchen. When people looked at her vegetables, she’d say, “I can’t afford to have this hat done over—I have to save all my money for my Girl Scouts.”

“The Girl Scout movement caught on because it was what the girls wanted,” Daisy would say. “The girls will decide whether the plan is good or not, and reject it if it isn’t. You can trust them to know.”

The Scouts Go Worldwide

Once the Girl Scouts were successful in the United States, Daisy turned her attention to girl-scouting organizations in other countries. Soon more troops were formed and united under the International Council of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts. The council held world encampments, where delegates shared ideas and women and girls from everywhere met and bonded like sisters. Today, the Girl Scouts is the largest leadership organization for girls in the world—thanks to the spirit and energy of Daisy Gordon Low.

In 1924, Juliette Low chats with the American Delegation of Girl Scouts at England’s World Camp.

Above: Girl Scouts stand with Juliette Low and the “Founder’s Banner” in Savannah on February 21, 1925. Below: Modern-day Girl Scouts pose with cookies.
Poems and artwork on Your Own Pages are created by our readers. We’d love to see yours!

Art must be on unlined paper.

Poems must have fewer than 75 words and be something you made up.

Include your name, age, and address. Mail to Your Own Pages 803 Church Street Honesdale, PA 18431

Share Your Creative Work

We cannot return your work, so you might want to keep a copy.

AUGUST 2014

Michigan State Football Fan
Adrian Chandler, Age 11
Michigan

A Rocket Ship
Rithwik Aggarwal, Age 7
New Jersey

Bharatanatyam Dancer
Bharatanatyam is a classical dance from southern India.
The golden ornaments are entwined into her jet-black, thick hair.
The vibrant red-and-green costume seems to fit right in with the dance.
Every movement is so accurate and articulate, without a single glitch.
And the smile on her face seems to light up the whole room.
An offering of the art, from her heart.

Building
Here . . . you can hear Lego bricks clicking together.
Here . . . there are multiple colors.
Here . . . I am moving around, making creations.
Here . . . I feel joy and fun.
Here . . . is the Lego room.

Jeffrey Tan, Age 8
New Jersey

Rain, rain, so much fun. Here comes the sun. Now it’s done!

Will Shoemaker, Age 7
Colorado

School Play
Butterflies fluttering around practice lines change itchy clothes stressed parent frantic all ready seated clapping minutes pass my turn too nervous I go on finish wait clapping congratulate sweet treat home happy sleep.

Willa Larson, Age 9
Oregon

Louisiana
Louisiana was a tennis shoe
Who just wanted a little respect
So her pride puffed up Out her head
And she turned into a boot.

Hannah Rodrigue, Age 12
Louisiana

Road Trip
When the road becomes of less interest, Think about it this way: Your car is a jolly ship, Sailing in the bay. The trees go by in a flash, As many foreign lands you pass. Adrift on the great, gray sea, What better captain is there than thee?

Claire Cooper, Age 10
South Carolina

Looking Down the River
Sydney Pittman, Age 11
Georgia

I Wonder
I wonder if the fairies come out at night to play.
I wonder where the fireflies go when it is day.
I wonder why the groundhogs like to live underground, and why flowers stand tall, without making a sound.
I wonder why alarm clocks continue to always ring.
Oh, well, I guess I just can’t know every single thing.

Isabelle Aengenheyster, Age 10
Massachusetts

Owls
With wings built for silence, They cut through the night, Looking for a tasty snack.

Cate Wadge, Age 7
Utah

Aria Blanza, Age 6
California

Santa Fe Express
John Long, Age 12
Alabama

Dusk
The cooling night air, The lovely sunset. A breeze sweeps over, Which smells of lovely roses, Quite an intoxicating smell. A quickly darkening sky, The sun fades to black. A sleepy feeling overtakes people,
And then . . . . . .

Aaron Shih, Age 9
California

Willa Larson, Age 9
Oregon

Eiffel Tower
Lucas Lowe, Age 9
Tennessee

Joke Simonin, Age 10
Rhode Island

Horse Haiku Trio
Mane and tail flowing, Beautiful and powerful, Muscles rippling.
Bay, dun, roan, point, black, Beautiful horses running Under moonlit skies.
Blood bay, eighteen hands, Majestic, powerful, strong. Blinkly, I love you.

Micah Barkley, Age 9
Texas

Iowa

Giraffe
Rajit Samant, Age 3
Ohio

Jefferi Simonin, Age 10
Rhode Island

Bharatanatyam Dancer
Bharatanatyam is a classical dance from southern India.
The golden ornaments are entwined into her jet-black, thick hair.
The vibrant red-and-green costume seems to fit right in with the dance.
Every movement is so accurate and articulate, without a single glitch.
And the smile on her face seems to light up the whole room.
An offering of the art, from her heart.

Sibani Ram, Age 12
Iowa

Snickers the Cat
Jaida Zimmerman, Age 8
Pennsylvania

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Will Shoemaker, Age 7
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Now it’s done!
Zookeeper
Kristy Becka kept close watch on the tiny egg. The egg might have been little, but it was a big deal. It held a rare animal—a northern spider tortoise.

These tiny tortoises get their name from the yellow spider-web pattern on their black shells. They live in the desert forests of Madagascar, an island off the coast of Africa.

But the tortoises are in trouble. As people cut down forests, the tortoises are losing their habitat. Poachers steal thousands of them from Madagascar to sell as pets. Experts worry that northern spider tortoises could disappear.

Scientists put a baby tortoise on top of an adult to show the difference in size.

Hatching an Egg
At Cleveland Metroparks Zoo in Ohio, Kristy and other zookeepers try to breed the tortoises, but it isn’t easy. Ohio doesn’t have desert forests, and the tortoises wouldn’t survive the cold, snowy winters.

Madagascar is warm, which allows the turtles to live outside. There, the sun provides the type of light they need. Without this type of sunlight, called UVB, their shells won’t grow properly, and they won’t breed. To make the tortoises feel at home, the zookeepers created a desert forest inside a building. Spiny plants grow in the sand. A heater keeps the zoo habitat warm, and UVB light bulbs soak the tortoises in the light they need. “We have to do a lot of tricks,” Kristy says.

One day, a tortoise laid an egg. The zookeepers sprang into action. They knew they would have to help it hatch. They would have to imitate Madagascar’s weather.

The zookeepers put the egg in an incubator—a machine that kept the temperature at a toasty 86 degrees Fahrenheit. Every week, they misted the egg with water. If the egg got too wet, it could rot. If it got too dry, it could cave in. Either way, the baby tortoise inside would die.

In Madagascar, when the seasons change and the air cools, baby tortoises inside eggs stop growing. When the weather gets warmer, they start growing again. When the egg at the zoo was a month old, the zookeepers placed it in a cooler room to make it seem as if the seasons had changed. A month after that, they put it back inside the incubator.

Teeny-Tiny Baby
In March 2009, the egg started to move. After four days, a baby climbed out. The tiny tortoise could fit on a quarter!

The baby lived in a terrarium with its own UVB light. Kristy fed the baby greens and mushrooms. As a treat, it got a sliver of a grape.

When the new tortoise was four years old, Kristy finally could tell that it was a boy. The underside of his shell curved inward, and his tail grew thicker. Female tortoises have thinner tails, and the undersides of their shells remain flat.

“He gets to hang out with the adults now,” Kristy says. “The whole group gets to take a trip up to an outdoor enclosure in the summer so they can get UVB from the sun.”

Meanwhile, another baby has hatched, and a new egg rests in the incubator. Kristy works to make all the tiny tortoises—even the one inside the egg—feel at home.

Northern spider tortoises are tricky to breed.

A single egg is laid by a female.

This tortoise hatched in 2011.

Zookeepers help these rare animals survive.

By Jacqueline Adams

Photos courtesy of Cleveland Metroparks Zoo.
Fun This Month

Mystery Photo—Cat whiskers.

Fold Up, Splash Down
The letter D.

Riddle Me Some Rhymes!
1. A glad dad.
2. A flat hat.
3. A wet vet.
4. A cooler ruler.
5. A funky monkey.
6. A slower crower.
7. A scary fairy.
8. Cow chow.

Picnic Puzzler
Who was there: Isaiah, Hannah, Daniel, Emily.
Who wasn’t: Ben, Tara.
The sister-brother combinations: Emily and Isaiah, Tara and Ben, Hannah and Daniel.

Word Mash-Up!
1. Fishbowl.
2. Cupcake.
3. Shoebox.
5. Flowerpot.
7. Basketball.
8. Keyboard.

Page 30

Your Best Self

Hi, I’m Zach. You’re new at the art center, aren’t you?

Yes, it’s my first visit! I’m Ethan.

Let me show you around.

Picture Puzzler
Hey there, Pen Pal! Here’s how my week started: We saw a porcupine on the street with a balloon string wrapped around its leg! Needless to say, Dad called wildlife rescue. They combined forces and cornered it on a stack of firewood. One careful worker freed it without getting a bellyful of quills! Here’s what it looked like. Who’d think such a thing would happen in the state capital? The wildest thing I’d ever seen in our yard was a snail.

From Josh

Why couldn’t the skunk play baseball?

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Page 43

Pick-up Lines

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Answers:
1. Soup and quackers. 2. A BOTTLE. 3. I don’t know what your garden: I’ll be there. 4. Because he always throws foul balls.

1. What is a duck’s favorite meal?
   Matthew Rockwell, Pennsylvania

2. What kind of garden does a robot like to plant?
   Molly Wentworth, Rhode Island

3. What has 8 legs, 9 eyes, and 20 hands?
   Ming Hui Wu, New York

4. Which bug never does its chores?
   Max Kiehne, New Mexico

5. What do you call a book about a car?
   Laney Van Hoven, Michigan

6. Which way did the computer programmer go?
   Zandre Thompson, California

7. Why is there salt in the ocean, but no pepper?
   Bethany Westbrook, North Carolina

8. What did one hand say to the other?
   Avanni Gardner, Tennessee
BrainPlay

Start at the beginning
and see how far you
can go, thinking of good
answers from your
own head.

START

Would you rather climb
a mountain or ride to the
top in a cable car? Why?

What does it mean to
weave something?

“Let’s have spiral pasta
instead of spaghetti,”
said Reese. Why might he
want one kind of pasta
instead of another?

If you could do
just one thing
for an entire
day, what would
you do?

Is anything in nature like
a trampoline?

Name a vehicle you would
be surprised to see in
traffic.

Is there space between
your clothes and your
skin? Between a carpet
and the floor? Between
paint and the wall it’s
painted on?

Would you ever want
to trade places with an
animal? Why?

How do you remind
yourself to do things?

Why might people use
their hands as they talk?

What is the difference
between being kind and
being polite?

Do you know all there
is to know about any
subject? What makes you
think that?

“I had to sprint to get
inside before the rain
started!” said Andy. What
other sports skills do
people use in everyday life?

How many thoughts can
you have in your head at
one time?

Art by Erin Mauterer.

What do you think will
be different about cars
by the time you are old
enough to drive?

AUGUST 2014

39
"It's a cake that looks like a barn."

By Christine Venzon  Art by Karen Lee

Aunt May has been my baking partner forever. When I showed her the ad for the decorated-cake contest at Zumwalt's Bakery, I knew what she would say.

"That's right up our alley, Eve! We've made enough pancakes to stack to the kitchen ceiling and enough graham cracker s'mores to tile the kitchen floor. Making a cake should be as easy as pie."

"Making a cake should be as easy as pie," said Aunt May.

I was thinking the same thing. I showed her a picture and recipe that I found in a cookbook from the library. "It's a cake that looks like a barn. You put red frosting on the sides and chocolate frosting on top. Almond slices are the roof shingles," Aunt May nodded. "That's the winner!"

I smiled. The cash prize would be ours for sure.

The day before the contest, we bought a box of cake mix, cans of white and chocolate frosting, a bottle of red food coloring, and a little bag of sliced almonds. We washed our hands and got baking.

After reading the cake-mix directions, I said, "Aunt May, it says to divide the batter between two pans. We're putting it all in one pan."

"A bigger cake will catch the judges' eyes," Aunt May said. "It'll just take a little longer to bake."

"How will we know when it's ready to come out?" I asked.

"A cake is done when it rises, turns golden brown, and feels firm to the touch."

Sure enough, the cake rose high, just like a barn, and turned as brown as a baked potato. But when Aunt May touched it, her finger poked through the top and came out gooey with batter.

"It needs a few more minutes," she said, putting the cake back in the oven. A few minutes later, it was definitely firm to the touch, probably because that high, round top had sunk, as if someone had eaten out the middle and stuck the top back on.

"It's going to be a very low barn," I said.

"It will be a pig barn," Aunt May declared. "Pigs don't need high ceilings."

"They'll still have to watch their heads," I said. "The roof is caving in."

"It will be an old barn," she said.

"Old barns have sagging roofs."

"That's right," I said. "Anyone can make a new-barn cake. This will be the only old-barn cake!"

"Exactly!" said Aunt May.

We scooped the white frosting into a bowl and added a few drops of red food coloring. And then a few drops more, and then a few more. The frosting just wouldn't turn the deep red we wanted. It stayed rosy pink, like it was embarrassed.

"Old barns get that color," Aunt May said. "The weather fades and chips the paint."

"It will be more realistic," I agreed.

We painted the sides faded red and then frosted the roof with chocolate. Halfway through putting on shingles, we realized we would run out of almonds before we finished the job.

"I guess we should have bought the bigger bag," Aunt May said.

"Maybe if we space out the rest," ready to come out?"

"They didn't know they'd be competing against anything like this."

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"It will be more realistic," I agreed.

We painted the sides faded red and then frosted the roof with chocolate. Halfway through putting on shingles, we realized we would run out of almonds before we finished the job.

"I guess we should have bought the bigger bag," Aunt May said.

"Maybe if we space out the rest," we can still cover the whole roof," I suggested.

We tried, but chocolate frosting still showed through the gaps. I shrugged. "Maybe our barn lost some of its shingles."

"Well, of course!" Aunt May said. "Old barns lose lots of shingles. The wind and rain blow them off. And the tar underneath looks just like chocolate frosting. That's a brilliant idea."

We finished the half-shingled roof. Now our winning entry was complete.

"Breathtaking!" Aunt May proclaimed.

"A masterpiece!" I said. "It looks so real that the judges will want to knock it down and haul it away."

"It looks nothing like the picture," Aunt May said, pointing to the photo in the cookbook, "so you know it's a real work of art."

"It's the best thing we've ever made," I said.

We admired our creation. Then Aunt May frowned. "It doesn't seem right to profit from art. Art should be enjoyed for what it is."

I was thinking the same thing. "And it wouldn't be fair to the other contestants. They didn't know they'd be competing against anything like this."

"It's the best thing we've ever made," I said.

Aunt May smiled. She brought out two of her best plates and a cake cutter. "Shall I?"

"Please do!" I replied.

So we didn't win the contest. But we did have the winning recipe, as far as we were concerned. And better yet, we had each other, the best baking partners in the world.
We’ve had our red van since before I was born, but my parents want to sell it. I can’t let go!

Olivia, Texas

It can be hard to let go of things we’ve had for a long time. You probably have a lot of good memories connected to that van. Ask your parents to take a picture of you with the van before it’s sold, so you can always remember it. You might like to write a poem or story about the van, too. Even though it may not be easy to let go, you will always have good memories of it—and you’ll be able to create new family memories in another car.

My mom is afraid of the ocean. She only goes in shallow parts. What can I do to help her?

William, California

It’s thoughtful of you to want your mom to be more comfortable at the beach. She must appreciate that. When a person is afraid of something, it can really help to have others understand.

The best way to know how to help your mom is to ask her. Tell her that you want to help, and ask if there’s anything you can do.

Be sure to stay safe yourself when you’re near the ocean. That may help put her mind at ease.

And remember that there’s nothing wrong with staying in shallow water. Perhaps your mom enjoys wading.

I made plans with my friend to go to her house, but I have softball practice on the same day. What should I do?

A Highlights Reader (by e-mail)

Talk with your friend as soon as possible to let her know. You could say, “I’m sorry I forgot that I have softball practice on the day I said I could visit. Can we get together on a different day?” Your friend will probably understand. If not, perhaps you can explain to her that you need to keep the commitment you made first, to your coach and teammates.

My dad and stepmom recently got divorced. How can I be less upset about this?

Michael, Washington

It’s natural to feel upset. This is a difficult time for all of you.

As time goes by, you will adjust to this change. In the meantime, try to focus on positive things in your life. It might also help to express your feelings through writing, drawing, music, and other creative activities.

Be sure to talk to your dad and stepmom about any concerns and questions you have. Although they may not have all the answers right now, they love you and want to know when you’re feeling worried or upset. Talking with other adults you trust, such as another relative, a teacher, a school counselor, or a clergyperson, may also help.

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When you write to us, we like to write back to you. Please include your name, age, and full address. Mail to

Dear Highlights
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431
Or e-mail us at Letters@Highlights.com.
Hey there, Pen Pal!

Here’s how my week started: We saw a porcupine on the street with a balloon string wrapped around its leg! Needless to say, Dad called wildlife rescue. They combined forces and cornered it on a stack of firewood. One careful worker freed it without getting a bellyful of quills! Here’s what it looked like. Who’d think such a thing would happen in the state capital? The wildest thing I’d ever seen in our yard was a snail.

From Josh
What’s Wrong?
How many silly things can you find in this picture?