

COVA Chronicle

MARCH 2010

COVA CHRONICLE

ISSUE FIVE



Saint Patrick

Drawing by Lauryn F.

St. Patrick's Day

By Abby W.

St. Patrick's Day isn't just a day to celebrate the color green but to celebrate the life of Maewyn.

Maewyn (MAY-WEN) was raised up in a Catholic family in Britain. But fourteen years after birth, he was captured by pirates and sold into slavery in Ireland. He became a shepherd. Even though Maewyn was in a land with different beliefs than his, he never turned away from God. Six years later, he escaped when he got on a boat and sailed home to Britain.

In his twenties, he became a priest and his name was changed to Father Patrick. One

night, he had a dream about the people of Ireland calling him back to preach them the "Good News" that God had sent a Savior, Jesus Christ, to earth and that Savior died and rose from the dead to defeat sin. Father Patrick went back to Ireland and taught them that God is like a shamrock for He is three persons in one God: God the Father; God the Son; and God the Holy Spirit. The Irish turned to God because of his preaching.

Father Patrick never lost his faith. He became a priest, went back to the place where he was sold as a slave, and preached the "Good News." On March 17th, 493, Father Patrick died and his name was changed, one last time, to Saint Patrick. The title of saint is given by the Catholic church to people who did great things for God. Now, every March 17th is the day that Saint Patrick's life is celebrated.

Here are a few of the legends about St. Patrick:

Saint Patrick and the Snakes: It is said that St. Patrick got rid of the snakes in Ireland by beating his drum and scaring them into the sea. Today, there are no snakes on Ireland.

Saint Patrick and the Fish: On March 17th, the fish rise from the sea and passed over St. Patrick's altar and disappeared back out into the sea.

Saint Patrick and the Poison: People say a wizard tried to kill St. Patrick by putting poison in his drink. But, St. Patrick turned the drink over and it had become ice!

When You Met The Leprechaun *By: Clarissa S.*

Once upon a time, you met a leprechaun at the bottom of a rainbow. He was looking very sad, so you decided to ask what the matter was. He told you that he was trying to hide his pot of gold, but he couldn't remember which end of the rainbow to hide it on.

"Well, why don't you go to both ends and see which one works better?" Said the leprechaun. "It can't be that hard." You answered him. The leprechaun perked up.

"Would you come with me? It would be a great adventure." He asked. You thought about it. It would be fun to help a leprechaun, but on the other hand, you needed to keep up with your schoolwork at COVA.

"I can help you, but I have to be back in time to finish my work." You finally answered. The leprechaun clapped his hands and jumped for joy. Then, he led you over to the rainbow and stepped onto it. You wondered what exactly you had just gotten yourself into...

Irish Sayings on St. Patrick's Day

Submitted by: Jacqueline M.

“As you slide down the banisters of life may the splinters never point the wrong way.”

“May you get all your wishes but one, So you always have something to strive for.”

“May your blessings outnumber The shamrocks that grow, And may trouble avoid you Wherever you go”

Sayings from: <http://www.history.com/content/stpatricksday/symbols-and-traditions/slaite>

Champ

An Irish Recipe Submitted by: Jacqueline



2 pounds russet potatoes, peeled, cut into 1-inch pieces
1/2 cup whipping cream
1/4 cup (1/2 stick) butter
1 bunch green onions, sliced (about 1 1/3 cups)

Cook potatoes in pot of boiling salted water until very tender, about 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, bring cream and butter to simmer in heavy small saucepan over medium heat, stirring often. Mix in green onions. Remove from heat. Cover and let steep while potatoes cook.

Drain potatoes thoroughly. Return potatoes to same pot and mash. Add cream mixture and stir until blended. Season to taste with salt and pepper. (Can be prepared 2 hours ahead. Cover; let stand at room temperature. Rewarm over low heat, stirring often.)”

Recipe from: <http://www.history.com/content/stpatricksday/symbols-and-traditions/irish-recipes>



May the road rise up to meet you, May the wind be always at your back, May the sun shine warm upon your face, May the rain fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again, May God hold you in the palm of His hand!

St. Patrick's Day History

By Jacqueline M.

What do we celebrate on March 17th? St. Patrick's Day of course! Yes, but why do we celebrate? What did St. Patrick do? Let's find out!

Who was he?

Patrick was born in the late 300's A.D. He was born into a wealthy British family. Ironically, he did not grow up in a very religious oriented family. At the age of 16, he was captured by a group of Irish raiders. They took him to County Mayo as a prisoner. He was forced to work as a shepherd. During his six years in prison, he grew lonely and afraid. It was then

that Patrick turned to his religion. It is believed that he started to dream of converting the Irish to Christianity while he was a slave.

According to Patrick's writing, a voice told him to leave Ireland and return to Great Britain. He believed that God was telling him to escape. After over six years in captivity, he escaped from Ireland. He walked hundreds of miles to the Irish coast. From there it was on to Britain.

When he returned to Great Britain, he reported that an angel appeared in a dream. It ordered Patrick to return to

Ireland to preach Christianity. It was then that he began his religious training. His studies lasted for a period of fifteen years. After he was ordained a priest, he went off to Ireland to begin preaching. He became the patron saint of Ireland. That is how he received the title of St. Patrick. On March 17th, we celebrate him and his teachings.

The First Parade

Many Irish aid societies combined to form the New York City St. Patrick's Day parade. It was the first parade celebrating St. Patrick. The parade became an annual tradition.

Today, the parade is one of the United States' largest parades and has over fifteen hundred thousand participants.

Places such as Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and Savannah also have major parades. Bagpipes and drums march down the street. The parades helped soldiers of Irish ancestry connect with their Irish roots. Irish patriotism among American immigrants flourished.

St. Patty's Goes Global

Wear green or get pinched! Many people all around the world wear green on St. Patty's Day to show their Irish heritage, even if they are not Irish!

Even though it is a tradition in many parts of the world, wearing of the green does not exist in Ireland. They instead wear a shamrock. The shamrock is a symbol of St. Patrick's teachings.

To sum it all up, St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, is remembered, and always will be remembered, as a British missionary who brought Christianity to the Irish people. His death is celebrated all throughout the world with dances, feasts, parades and so much more!

Remember the teachings of St. Patrick on March 17th!

Sites used:

<http://go.grolier.com/>

<http://www.history.com/content/stpatricksday/who-was-st-patrick>

Limerick's by Ferris F.

PATRONUS

Harry Potter
His Patroness is not an Otter
It's a Stag
So he can brag
That his Patroness is not an Otter

Dr. Seuss

Dr. Seuss, he told such lies
So pitiful I sometimes cries
I looked and searched for the Star-belly Sneetch
I looked high and low and on the beach
Dr. Seuss, he told such lies

MISS PLINX

My cat Miss Plinx
She sometimes thinx
That she's the queen of all the world
And being pampered like she is she wishes her whiskers were curled
Sometimes, my dear Miss Plinx not getting your way: STINX

SPRING

The flowers have sprung like spring
Oh and the air, it smells so clean
The birds are about making their nests
And the Robin is wearing its best red vest
And everything will grow in a kingdom of spring

SWIMMING

Into the water I splash
And the water makes such a loud CLASH
I swim cause its fun
But now I must be done
Boy swimming sure is a blast!

CSAPs

CSAPs really aren't much fun
I'd much rather be playing in the sun
All week they will last
I hope time goes fast
"HOORAY!" I will shout when

CSAPs are done!

ROSES

Roses are sweet
Flowers that look so neat
The red ones I love
The white ones are like a dove
Roses: they just can't be beat

FRIENDS

Friends they are great
We play until eight
Then it is time for bed
"See you tomorrow," I said
"And don't you be late for our regular date!"

Irish Shortbread Coins

Submitted by Lauryn F.

Makes 28 cookies.

Ingredients

- . 1 cup (2 sticks) unsalted butter, softened
- . 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- . 2 tbs packed light brown sugar
- . 1/4 tsp salt
- . 2 cups all-purpose flour

Beat butter, sugars, and salt in large bowl with electric mixer on medium speed 2 minutes or until light or fluffy. Add 1/2 cup at a time, beating well after each addition.

Form dough into a ball, shape into 14 inch log. Wrap log tightly in plastic wrap. Refrigerate 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Cut log into 1/2-inch-thick slices, place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake 20 to 25 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool 5 minutes on cookie sheets. Remove to wire racks to cool completely.

Taken from Irish Fun, food, and crafts.

Earth Day Word Search

Try to find all of the hidden Earth Day words in the word puzzle below. Remember, words can be diagonal, vertical, horizontal, frontward or backwards.

F S U A R B L L I K O T J N V
 J T Q O J C U N V I R P K N J
 K N Y X E E R G I E U O V U T
 W A T E R E C Y C L E L L C N
 V L L B U X O A T T R L C O E
 I P L S O I L D G E G U I H M
 J G E C F I I H T E I T C T N
 X N Z O G J I T A E A I R Z O
 W O W T P Z I R E V N O P M R
 G L O B A L W A R M I N G K I
 H F T L X J E E E T M T X Y V
 M H N Y N N S T D N A F N E N
 G X Q D Q N L O U H L V B B E
 R C I N O X X S C G S O U T H
 Z B M C N D D W E W X T R U K

Earth Day
 Environment
 Conservation

Reduce
 Reuse
 Recycle

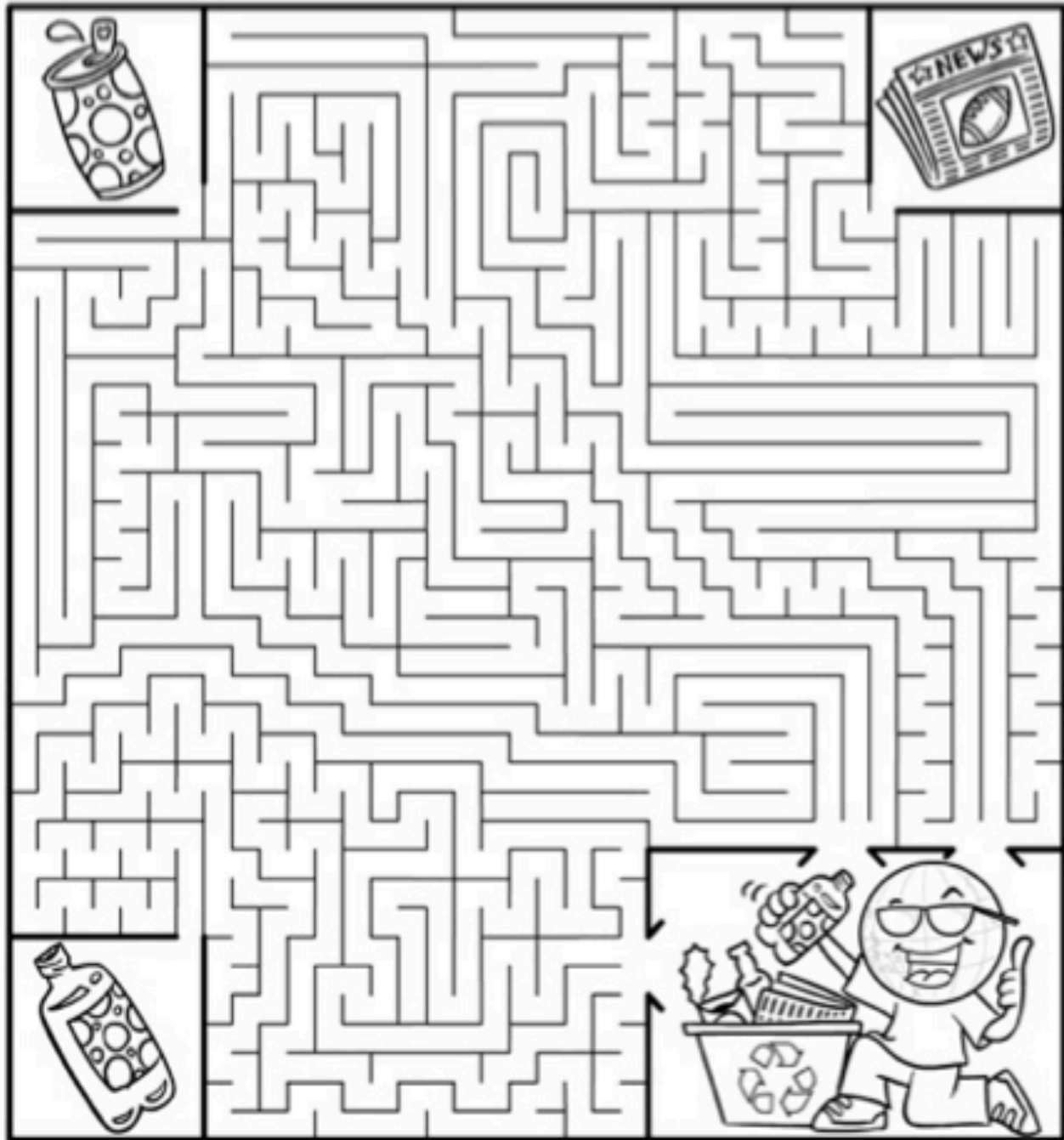
Air
 Soil
 Water

People
 Plants
 Animals

Litter
 Pollution
 Global Warming

a-MAZE-ing Recycling!!!

Help Globe Boy find his way through the maze to recycle his bottles, cans & newspapers.



Starfire

Chapter 3

Written by Aspen D.

For previous chapters, check out archived editions of the Chronicle

“Cassy? Where are we going?” I asked, as she drove, seemingly aimless on the highway and way faster than the speed limit, I might add. “I don’t know.” she replied, but then hearing my gasp, she said “James has to tell us.” I sat back into my seat, and turned to James. “Anywhere in particular?” I ask. “No. Just out of town, and as far away from the apartment complex as possible.” I sighed, thinking about fall break, and how Cassy and I were expected home. Digging out my phone, I ask Cassy to pull over, so the engine was not running in the back round when I talked to my mom. “Mom? I have to ask you something.” “Yes, honey?” my mom replied. “Could I stay home from school to take care of Cassy tomorrow? She is really sick, and couldn’t go to school, and her mom is sick too, so she couldn’t come over to help.” I said. I shocked myself for lying that much. “Sure, honey!” she said, and then “Honey, I have to go!” I heard a beeping in the back round, and I assumed she burned dinner again. “Ok! Bye Mom, I love you!” I hung up the phone, and realized that Cassy and James were ducking down. “Hu-oof” I said, as James pulled me down too. “What’s going on” I whispered. There is a car behind us. A black jeep.” Cassy said. “So?” I replied. “They could think we are stalled, and want to help!” “No.” James said. I start to sit up to look, but he pulled me down again. “It’s, as you call him, the ‘tuxedo guy’” he said, urgently. “Oh.” I reply. “I’m going to sit up and start the car again. You guys stay down. He needs to think I am alone.” Cassy turned the key, and the small bug’s engine putted to life. She got back onto the road, and was once again going way faster than the speed limit. Suddenly, I realized James had tensed beside me. “He’s following us.” He said. Cassy increased her speed just a little more. Suddenly, the jeep was next to

us. We speed up as high as the small engine could go and pulled ahead; however, Cassy had an old Bug, and the Jeep looked as if it was brand new. “Ugh!!!!” Cassy cried, as the Jeep began to push us into the shoulder lane. She floored it, and still the jeep was closing in. In the thrill of the moment, I sat back up and noticed an exit up ahead. “Cassy! Take this exit!! NOW!!” I screamed. Cassy swerved onto the exit. We were then hurtling into a small highway-stop town, with a small grocery store, a motel, and some fast food places. Cassy stops, but just a little too late. She ran head on into a cop car that none of us saw. Oh shoot! I thought. We are done for. I just stared at the damage, as the cop got out of the car and came up to Cassy’s window. The entire back of the police cruiser was totally caved in and so was the front of the bug. We certainly weren’t going anywhere in a hurry! Cassy was rolling down the window, that amazingly still worked, and the cop began to ask her questions. James and I were brought out of the back by interrogator-cop’s partner, and led to the police station, which happened to be the building that the crash occurred not one block away from. “Are we going to jail?” I asked fearfully. “No. Your friend might. She’s the one who hit our car.” The cop leading us replied and was referring to Cassy. “If she goes to jail, so do we.” James said. For a moment, my eyes got wide, and then I made my decision as well. “Yes. I am not leaving my sister to her doom.” I said. “You are sisters?” the cop asked. “Um... yes! Danielle and Nicole Summers. And this is our brother, James Summers.” James’s eyes got wide as I said this last bit. “We were running away from our... abusive...father and he was chasing us, and he almost got us, but we turned onto the exit, and then we couldn’t stop, because the engine of our bug was too old and we hit and—“ James put his hand on my shoulder, and I realized I had been babbling. “Sorry.” I said, and sat down in a chair that was in front of a desk I didn’t notice. The cop, Officer Zach Browning (that’s what it said on his desk plate, anyway), sat on the opposite side of the desk but stood up seconds later. I turned around and saw Cassy being brought to us in handcuffs. Officer Browning looked at us, and we realized

what we had said about jail. We got up and went to stand next to Cassy. I hugged her and whispered in her ear, “You name is now Nicole Summers, okay? And, mine is Danielle and James is our brother. We were running away from our abusive father, who followed us and forced us into this town.” She gave a small nod, as we were led into a cell. “You will have to spend the night, and we will question you tomorrow.” Officer Browning’s partner said locking the door. “Good night.” And he left.

Firebrand

Part 5

Written by: Clarissa S.

For Firebrand Part 1-4, Check out archived editions of the Chronicle

What happened before...

Joan and the group have outrun the soldiers, but no longer does their homeland feel safe. New measures had been taken to ensure that another encounter does not happen. Night had fallen, and Joan was waiting at the camp for everyone else.

The rest of the group arrived not long after. The unicorns weren’t with them, but Joan didn’t worry herself. She knew Samuel would have told her if anything had happened to them, and if those uppity horses didn’t want to spend the night in the protection of the camp, that was their problem.

They had a cold supper then settled in for the night. Dean and Noah were on first watch. Joan curled up under her blanket, Dusk lying against her back. She was probably the warmest person in the camp.

The night was old when she woke with a start, cold fear gripping her. Dusk was growling so low she wouldn’t have been able to hear it at all if he hadn’t been lying up against her. It looked like the rest of the group also felt the fear.

They gathered together and stared out into the darkness.

“Where are the horses?” Joan asked suddenly. She hadn’t heard them for awhile. Usually, they stayed right around the camp. It was what they were trained to do.

“They ran. There was no stopping them.” Hope answered. Joan decided not to mention that if anyone else had been on watch, they could have stopped the horses, or at least managed to keep one or two back. Now was not the time to fight though.

Dusk stopped growling and instead pinned his ears flat to his head and huddled by Joan, terrified. That’s when she really started to feel afraid.

A blast of fire lit up the night, scorching the ground a few feet away from the group. As her light-dazzled eyes adjusted, a monstrous form was revealed in the sky above them. Several people screamed, and Joan couldn’t be sure she wasn’t one of them. The shape plummeted towards them, spewing fire. Joan threw herself flat, expecting every breath to be her last. The creature flew away after one more pass though, and disappeared into the night. The fear faded with it. It was a long time before anyone dared to stand or even sit up though.

“What was that?” someone asked.

“An ancient fear. It’s been over a thousand years since they’ve appeared even in legend. There’s no mistaking it though. That was a Devourer, a dragon.” Noah said. They all shivered at the name. The Devourer crept through their darkest tales and haunted their nightmares. It was said that once the beast’s wrath was up, none could stand against it. The Devourer had the capability to ravage a continent, or so the legends went. After tonight, no one was apt to disbelieve them.

“That was a warning. We could have easily been destroyed, but it just flew over. If Sordan controls it, all free peoples are in danger of extinction.” Dean said. Samuel stood up and took command.

“Let’s get this place packed up. I want to be ready to march at first light. If things turn out well, the horses will have come back by then. Joan, come with me.” He started walking away from everybody else. She rose to follow him, Dusk pressing against her legs.

He turned to her once they were out of earshot of the camp. In the dark, it was hard to see his face clearly, so she couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“Joan, you need to get back to the tribe. When you get there, speak to your mother. Tell her it’s time. She’ll know what to do. But you need to move fast.” Joan didn’t question him. He was next in line to be tribal chief, after her own aging father. Out here, his word was law.

She ran back to the camp. Danielle had already packed her bag for her. Joan thanked her, then took off running, the wolf by her side.

The sun was just cresting the horizon when she was forced to stop or collapse from exhaustion. She stood with her hands on her knees until she got her breath back, then figured out where she was. It wasn’t nearly far enough.

She whistled shrilly, then waited for a response. It was a long time in coming, but finally, a whinny answered. Not long after, Ranger appeared, looking none the worse for her midnight escapade. Joan pulled herself on her horse’s back and gripped tight with her knees. A saddle would be safer, but she didn’t really have the option right now. Joan kissed Ranger into a canter and set off for her tribe.

She sighted the tribe by noon. Ranger was breathing heavily, and it was getting harder for Joan to grip her sides. Even Dusk, who probably had the best endurance of any of them looked exhausted. She had pushed too hard, but the urgency she remembered in Samuel’s voice drove her to ask her valiant horse for one final effort.

Her father was easy to find. He was leading the procession on his stallion. She rode up next to him.

“What terror induced you to drive your horse so hard? She needs a rest.” He told her.

“There wasn’t time. The Devourer came upon us in the night. Everyone is fine, but Samuel sent me back. Where’s mom?” Joan gasped out. Her father pointed. She left Ranger with him and walked over. Her mother, a lithe woman who looked younger than her years, was driving the family’s wagon. Her little sister, Ariaah, and brother, David, were both walking next to it. Joan fell into step beside the wagon.

“Mom! Samuel says it’s time. He said you would know what it meant.” Her mother looked Joan up and down, then stopped the wagon.

“Ariaah, drive the wagon. Joan, come up here in the back.” Joan climbed up. Her mother was already rooting around in the back.

“What do you know of Silva?” she asked.

“She was the last queen before the tribes dispersed. She won our land from King Crispin. Just what everybody knows.” Joan answered.

“What about your own tribe, the Wandering tribe?” her mother asked. Joan was starting to think she shouldn’t have ridden quite so hard for a history lesson.

“Wandering tribe is a name given to us by the Celteks that we’ve adopted.” Joan answered.

“The original name was the Wand Vung. The royal line. We are the descendants of Silva and her brothers. You are a direct female line descendant, and thus, the only one who can rightfully claim this.” Her mother came back up with a box about the length of her arm and bound with leather. There was writing on it, but it was in the old language, which Joan had never bothered to learn.

“A box?” Joan asked when her mother made no move to open it.

“Take it.” Joan did and opened it carefully. Laying inside was a strip of

leather embossed with forms of horses running against a backdrop of mountains. A river ran along the bottom. In the center of the strip a horse of gold reared. She took it out carefully.

“The Gwida Insignia. The crown of queens. It is rightfully yours. The tribes will follow the one wearing this. You must gather them. Only untied can we ever hope to stand against Sordan.” Her mother gently took it from her and placed it on Joan’s head. She felt the weight of responsibility settle on her shoulders. She also relished the challenge.

Gemstone Dreamer

By: *Katie J.*

Chapter 7

Running Away



Over the next couple of days, my body and my spirit were being healed. I could now get up and move around for short periods of time, with help from a crutch Daniel had carved.

He also continued to teach me all about my new-found faith.

I was having a good time, but it had been five days since I had left Jade and Opal, and I was worried. So one day I contacted Opal to find out what had happened while I was gone.

Hey, Opal? Are you there?

Is that you Ruby? I thought you were dead! I was so relieved to hear his voice.

I was a close call, but I'm doing fine now. How's Jade been doing?

She's real bad, Ruby. She's been getting weaker and sicker by the day. I don't know what to do. I grew serious in an instant.

I don't know what to do either I said. *But I met someone who might be able to tell me.*

Ok... hey Ruby?

Yes?

She probably won't live for another week.

I sighed, looking back on my many wonderful memories of Jade.

I know.

And Ruby?

What is it?

While you were gone, I went out to look for you.

What did you see?

I saw five Bull Riders. But Ruby, they were looking for something. And they were right where you had last contacted me.

Oh, no.

What's wrong?

Nothing, I'll tell you about it later.

After my conversation with Opal, I started thinking about how to approach Daniel about Jade.

That night, Daniel and I were sitting at the dinner table eating hot bowls of soup, and I decided that this was the best time to bring up the subject.

“Daniel?”

“Yes”

“Do you know much about horses?”

“That depends on what do you need to know.” His deep brown eyes looked at me in a penetrating way.

“I have a horse back at home that is sick, well at least she was last time I heard about it.”

“How sick was she?”

I went on to explain all of Jade’s symptoms, leaving out where we lived, and who we were. And I didn’t mention Opal at all.

Daniel explained to me what to do, and I passed on the information to Opal.

It was later that night, Daniel, when I couldn't sleep. My mind was reeling with thoughts of worry; for if Jade didn't recover, I didn't know what I would do. So I did what I thought was best, I prayed. I prayed like I had never prayed before. It felt good to talk about all my worries with somebody I knew I could trust. But after hours of praying and thinking it over, I knew what I had to do. Grabbing my crutch, I limped over to your cabinets to pack some food. After I was all packed, I found some paper and something to write with, and wrote this letter of thanks. I didn't want to leave you, but it was my only choice. I left to protect you and to get back to Opal and Jade. I hope, no I pray, that we will see each other again someday.

Thank you again for all of your kindness.

Your friend,

Ruby.

Dr. Seuss. Written by Alysa R.

The rhymes and the facts, presented in poetic verse and prose. (The rhymes are in red, the facts in gray.)



*There once was a boy named
Theodor Geisel*

Theodore Geisel was born in Springfield, Massachusetts in 1904. His middle name was Seuss

*He was kind, and nice, and
never a weasel*

Theodore first used his pen name in college, when he was suspended from extracurricular activities.

Theodor's great love in life was rhyming

Theodore wrote many humorous articles and ads for newspapers and television,

*Yes, Rhyming. Not diving or running or punning or
whining, but rhyming*

Theodore wrote his first children's book, "What I saw on Mulberry Street" in 1937.

Theodor was a great rhyming man, one of the best,

After the war Theodore began writing children's books- including "If I ran the Zoo" and "Super away!"

But no one would take him serious

Theodore didn't write "The cat in the Hat" until much later when his friend asked him to write a book using basic words first graders needed to know.

*So he cried, "A pen name. That's the ticket! That's
what'll get me into the biz!"*

All of Theodor's books were published under his pen name

He thought and thought, 'till his brain was in a whiz!

The pen name, of course, was Dr. Seuss.

Finally it hit him, that glorious name

His middle name was Seuss, and was also a play on the other beloved children's character, mother goose.

*The one that would make Children's
books never the same.*

Theodor died in 1991 at the age of 87.

*"I'll be Dr. Seuss "He cried ecstatic with
glee.*

He received many posthumous awards.

Then stopped to write his first title

The University of California at San Diego renamed their library the Ted Geisel Library.

"What I saw on Mulberry Street!"

A statue of him was erected in his home town of Springfield, Massachusetts.

And that dear children, is how Dr. Seuss was born,

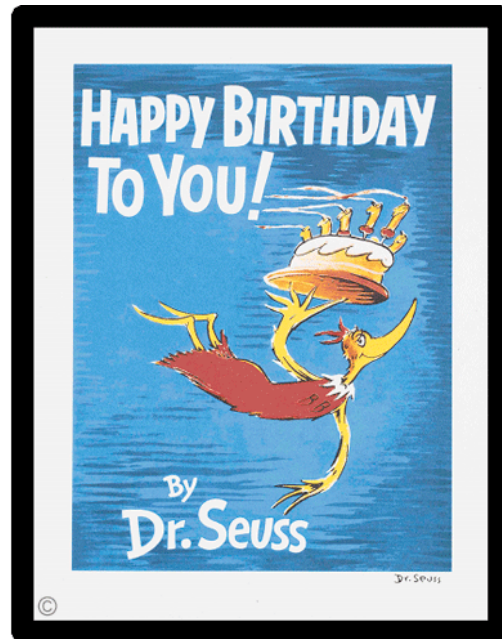
His works have improved literacy for many children, allowing them to learn to read in an enjoyable manner.

So act quick, don't delay,

This reporter's personal favorite "Yertle the Turtle" was published in 1958, and is listed #125 on the list of bestselling children's books of all time." The Cat in the Hat" has sold ten million copies since its publication in 1957

pick up a "Cat in the Hat" And read away!

It's SEUSSASTIC!!



"I like nonsense, it wakes up the brain cells. Fantasy is a necessary ingredient in living. It's a way of looking at life through the wrong end of a telescope, which is what I do, and that enables you to laugh at life's realities."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DR. SEUSS!

By: Catalina B.



Dr. Seuss' real name is Theodore Seuss Geisel. He was born on March 2, 1904, in Springfield,

Massachusetts.

Dr. Seuss wrote his first book, "And To Think I Saw It on Mulberry Street.", in 1937. He wrote, "The Cat in the Hat", in 1957. His books were printed in 15 different languages. There have been over 300 million copies sold! Some of the books I like are Green Eggs and Ham, Yertle the Turtle, Horton Hears a Who, and Wacky Wednesday just to name a few. I would recommend all of his books. Dr. Seuss passed away on September 24, 1991 at the age of 87. People still enjoys his books today, and I

think they will for many years. Check out this website: <http://www.seussville.com/> for fun times online with Dr. Seuss and friends!



Drawing By Catalina B.

Newspaper Team's Dr. Seuss Story

Based on the Dr. Seuss Book

I Can Read with My Eyes Shut

Written during the February Elluminate Session

I can read in pools. I can read in buses. I can read in schools too.

I can read in classes and in glasses and in molasses. I can read in a train and in an airplane. I can read with my left eye. I can read with my right. I

can read outside with my left eye shut tight. Inside, outside and around-side too. I can read with my computer eye shut tight. That is very easy. But it is bad for my site. (Catch Spelling

☺) And it makes my nose get red so reading with one eye shut I don't do any backflips about. And when I keep my eyes open, I can read with five more rat power. You have to be a fat cat

because there are so many classics for young readers. You can read about cold ice and heaters and liters and toads on loads and coes. You can read about lumps and all about bumps. You can read about lies, drums and magic carpet rides.

You can read about history and how to ride a whale and what you should do about monkeys on tails. Young students, if you keep your eyes open, Oh the spectacles you will see. The most amazing spectacles. You

will learn about the history of cats and weirdness of bats. You will learn about rats too. You will learn about koko the weird bird and all about the kangaroo.

You can learn about puppies and about guppies on puppies and puppies on guppies. You can learn about the COVA of guppies, peace guppies for pie, forty cents a ton. You can learn about subtraction and fractions and contractions. There are so many fantastic things you can learn about, but you will miss the best splendtastic things if you keep your eyes shut. The more things you read, the more things you will learn. The more that you learn, the more

smarter you will grow! You might learn a way to scare a few monsters or how to make candy or learn algebra. You can learn to draw ponies and play a banjo if you keep your eyes open but not with them shut! Read with your eyes shut and you are likely to hear that the pathway you are going is crashing. So, that is why I tell you to keep your eyes elluminate! (catch spelling again! ☺) Keep them wide open at least on one side! The end.

Pictures by Aspen D.



Puppies on Guppies



Guppies on Puppies

Theodore "Dr. Seuss" Geisel

Written By: Daiquiri P.

A great writer, cartoonist, and animator has created many funny and crazy characters and wonderful stories. It all started in Springfield, Massachusetts, on March 2, 1904 which is the day Theodor was born. He went on to create stories such as the famous The Cat in the Hat, Horton Hears a Who, and Green Eggs and Ham. Using many pen names, the most common was Dr. Seuss, but he also went under Rosetta Stone. A man of many characters and each with their own personalities his many works got him inducted into The California Hall of Fame in 2008. In 2002, he was honored in his hometown with a Dr. Seuss National Memorial Sculpture Garden. This honorable memorial includes Geisel and some of his characters. A wonderful author and cartoonist, Theodor Seuss Geisel took rhyming to many new and great levels! We will always be opened into the world of fiction while reading his books. Although he has many wonderful stories, what's your favorite?



"Say what you mean, and act how you feel, because those who matter don't mind, and those who mind don't matter."

OH, THE PLACES YOU'VE BEEN, AND THE THINGS THAT YOU'VE DONE!	WHEN?
Theodor Seuss Geisel was born in Springfield, MA	March 2, 1904
Graduates from Dartmouth College	Year 1925
Marries Helen Palmer & begins freelance cartoonist career	Year 1927
AND TO THINK THAT I SAW IT ON MULBERRY STREET (Published)	Year 1937
THE 500 HATS OF BARTHOLOMEW CUBBINS (Published)	Year 1938
THE KING'S STILTS (Published)	Year 1939
HORTON HATCHES THE EGG (Published)	Year 1940
Serves in the US Army Signal Corps for three years	Year 1943
Wins Academy Award for documentary "Hitler Lives" with wife Helen	Year 1946
Wins Academy Award for documentary "Design for Death" with wife Helen; McELLAGOT'S POOL (Published)	Year 1947
Wins Academy Award for animated cartoon "Gerald McBoing-Boing"	Year 1948
THIDWICK, THE BIG-HEARTED MOOSE and BARTHOLOMEW AND THE OOBLECK (Published)	Year 1949
IF I RAN THE ZOO (Published)	Year 1950
SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPER! (Published)	Year 1953
HORTON HEARS A WHO! (Published)	Year 1954
ON BEYOND ZEBRA (Published)	Year 1955
IF I RAN THE CIRCUS (Published)	Year 1956
Becomes founder/president of Beginner Books, Random House, Inc. THE CAT IN THE HAT and HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS! (Published)	Year 1957
THE CAT IN THE HAT COMES BACK! and YERTLE THE TURTLE (Published)	Year 1958
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! (Published)	Year 1959
ONE FISH, TWO FISH, RED FISH, BLUE FISH and GREEN EGGS AND HAM (Published)	Year 1960
THE SNEETCHES AND OTHER STORIES (Published)	Year 1961
DR. SEUSS' SLEEP BOOK (Published)	Year 1962
HOP ON POP and DR. SEUSS' ABC (Published)	Year 1963
(with PD. Eastman) THE CAT IN THE HAT DICTIONARY BY THE CAT HIMSELF (Published)	Year 1964
FOX IN SOCKS and I HAD TROUBLE IN GETTING TO SOLLA SOLLEW (Published)	Year 1965
"How the Grinch Stole Christmas" airs on CBS-TV	Dec. 1966
THE CAT IN THE HAT SONGBOOK (Published)	Year 1967
THE FOOT BOOK (Published)	Year 1968
I CAN LICK 30 TIGERS TODAY AND OTHER STORIES (Published)	Year 1969
I CAN DRAW IT MYSELF and MR BROWN CAN MOO, CAN YOU? (Published); "Horton Hears a Who" airs on CBS-TV	Year 1970
THE LORAX (Published); "The Cat in the Hat" airs on CBS-TV	Year 1971
MARVIN K. MOONEY, WILL YOU PLEASE GO NOW? (Published)	Year 1972
DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW LUCKY YOU ARE? and THE SHAPE OF ME AND OTHER STUFF (Published)	Year 1973
THERE'S A WOCKET IN MY POCKET! (Published)	Year 1974
OH, THE THINGS YOU CAN THINK! (Published)	Year 1975
THE CAT'S QUIZZER (Published)	Year 1976
I CAN READ WITH MY EYES SHUT! (Published)	Year 1978
OH SAY CAN YOU SAY? and THE DR. SEUSS STORYBOOK (Published)	Year 1979
HUNCHES IN BUNCHES (Published)	Year 1982
THE BUTTER BATTLE BOOK (Published); wins special Pulitzer Prize for his contribution to children's literature	Year 1984
YOU'RE ONLY OLD ONCE, THE TOUGH COUGHS AS HE PLOUGHS THE DOUGH, and EARLY WRITINGS & CARTOONS (Published)	Year 1986
OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO! (Random House); SIX BY SEUSS: A TREASURY OF DR. SEUSS CLASSICS (Published)	Year 1990
DAISY-HEAD MAYZIE (Published) - Seuss dies on September 24	Year 1991

March is Red Cross Month

Be a part of a life changing experience!

Each year, the president of the United States proclaims March "Red Cross Month"

How did this tradition come about?

Since Clara Barton created the American Red Cross in 1881, it was largely dependent for publicity and funds on the spontaneous support of people who learned of catastrophic events and the Red Cross response to them. When news of an event broke, the American Red Cross rushed to the scene with help. People around the country came forth with outpourings of volunteer assistance and donations of funds and supplies.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared the month of March 1943 as "Red Cross Month." The Red Cross set a goal of \$125 million, the largest amount ever requested in one campaign by any American organization. The response was overwhelming. It took less than six weeks to reach the target. By June 1943, donations totaled nearly \$146 million. Roosevelt called it "the greatest single crusade of mercy in all of history."

During Red Cross Month, we thank our supporters and urge everyone to continue to get involved with their Red Cross; **Down the street, across the country and around the world.**



"With unfailing resourcefulness, zeal, and compassion, Red Cross volunteers have proved equal to the challenges of our time. In peace and in war, they have reflected the humanitarian instincts of the American people."

*--President Ronald Reagan,
1981 Proclamation*



Down the street, across the country and around the world.

Who's there when tragedy strikes?

The Red Cross.

It was founded on May 21, 1881, by Clara Barton. From 1881 to today it has gone from a small group to its very own community. In times of need, such as the First and Second World Wars, the Red Cross grew rapidly and now every year March is declared Red Cross Month.

In the past, this month is a time when the Red Cross holds fundraisers in which they set a goal for themselves. Red Cross Month 2007 was the month when a proclamation was made by former President of the United States George W. Bush. In the proclamation, he declared that the Red Cross demonstrates the power of human compassion. Its organizations like this that motivate people to lend a hand and help others.

For more information about the Red Cross, please visit

<http://www.redcross.org/>

Article Submitted by Daiquiri P.

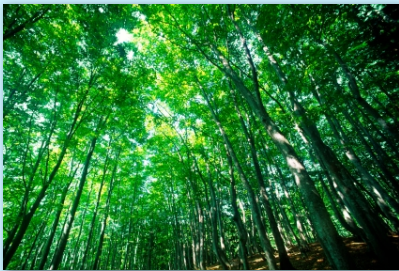
Saturday, March 27th

Why We Recycle

By Francesca G.

(Ms. Dible's 2nd grade class)

We recycle to help our environment. When we recycle, we take the stuff that we have used before to make brand-new things that we can use over and over. We put our materials



in the recycling bin and these are taken away to be cleaned and reused again. Old cans are flattened out to make new cans or cars and even airplanes! Plastic bottles are washed and cleaned so they can be used again to store our favorite milk or juice. It is especially important to recycle paper so that new trees will not be cut and we can preserve our forests.



We also recycle to make less trash and garbage to put away in landfills. This way we help protect our water supply that is under the landfills from getting dirty with germs so we don't get sick.

Recycling is easy and important. We should all do our part to save our environment and our planet.

Earth Day 2010



*"And this, our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."
~ William Shakespeare*

Earth Day

Written by Miranda S.

Earth Day is a special day for America. It is a day we remember how much the earth has done for us over the years, and we take a day to give things back to the earth. This Earth day is a special one because it is the 30th anniversary of the foundation of Earth Day. Earth Day was founded by a US Senator in 1970. There are also other days in which we celebrate the gifts of the earth and these include World Environment Day on June 5. It is held in different cities each year and the 2010 World Environment Day will be held in Pittsburgh. The week before Earth Day is called National Environmental Education Week which is April 11-17. Some things we can do on Earth Day are pick up litter, start a recycling station in your home, or walk or ride your bike instead of driving. Together, we can save the planet. For more information on Earth Day or other environmental information, check out the following websites: www.earthday.wilderness.org, www.ecweek.org

And remember,

Earth Day, Every Day!

Earth Day Craft

Submitted by & pictures of craft from **Aisha O.**

How to Make a Popsicle Puzzle

Materials:

1. Any number of leftover Popsicle sticks.
2. Markers/Crayons/Color Pencils/Paint.
3. Tape.
4. Scissors.

What to Do

1. Align the popsicle sticks.
2. Cut a piece of tape and lay it on the side of the Popsicle sticks you are not using.
3. Sketch what you want to draw on the side of the Popsicle sticks that don't have tape.
4. Color in with the markers.
5. When dry, pull off the tape and scramble the pieces of the puzzle.
6. Try to put the pieces back together and have fun!

Tips:

1. You may want to draw abstract on the puzzles to make it harder to put back together.
2. Another good way to reuse them, is to use the backside of the popsicle sticks to make another puzzle. (2 in 1!)



A Limerick by Clarissa S.

Once upon a time,
I thought up a really good rhyme.
But now it's forgot
I'm so distraught
Once upon a time.

Limericks by Aisha O.

There once lived a very fat pig,
He always danced in a wig,
Once he was so-o plumpy,
He was mistaken as Humpty-Dumpty.
Oo-oo! There once lived a pig in a wig

* *

A little boy,
Named Roy ,
Got away,
Today,
Have you seen, a little boy, named Roy ?

* *

Oh, there once was a scribblish pen,
Who liked to dribble the letter ten,
And doodled a very small horse,
And wrote the code of Samuel Morse,
Ohhh! There once was a scribblish pen.



Solemn or sassy, women have always had something important to say.

Written by Miranda S.

Women's History Month is a great time for all people to look back and realize the true impact that women have made on the history of the world. History has produced many great women, such as Eleanor Roosevelt, Sacagewea, and Harriet Tubman. Everyone knows the stories of these great women, but there are many people who haven't heard of Caroline Herschel, who was one of the first women

astronomers and an assistant to the man who discovered Uranus. She was also the first woman to discover a comet. Another little known female historical figure is Mary Harris Jones, who was at the head of many worker's strikes for better conditions. So although women barely had any rights in medieval times, and women weren't even allowed to vote in the US until 1920, throughout history, they have had a great and wonderful impact on the history of the world.

