

ZOOPERIOR NEWS

March 2011

Superior, Colorado

Volume 1, Issue 4Sh

Superior Stats

Our students read
200,674
minutes during
Read-A-Thon!

That's more than...

- 3,344 Hours
- 139 Days
- 19 Weeks

**Our students
raised over
\$7,000**

*The fourth grade
classes read more than
749 hours!*

Fourth Grade Art Stars:

1. Tie: Wyatt Sales and
Maya Vought
2. Youngbin Yoo
3. Henry Rock

Fourth Grade Writing Stars:

1. Max Shen (4C)
 2. Maya Teaford (4C)
David Wait (4C)
 3. Laura Ruby (4C)
-
1. Jacob McGann (4B)
 2. Ian Greene (4B)
 3. Bridget Duncan (4B)
-
1. Oz Markman-Raffeld (4M)
-
1. Karen Zhang (4S)
 2. Austin Armstrong (4S)
 3. Tie: Nyree Christianian and
Peyton Cullaton (4S)
-
1. Wyatt Sales (4Sh)
 2. Youngbin Yoon (4Sh)
 3. Kyle Sylvester (4Sh)

The Hockey Coon

♦ **By Wyatt Sales**



"I throw my hands up in the air sometimes, sayin' ayoh, Baby let's go!" the speaker blares. My team and I get ready to jump on the ice. We were at the Boulder Valley Ice rink about to play CHC. The game was scoreless until we scored a victorious goal. It was very intense. The score ended up being 1-0. We were shaking hands with the mad CHC team when a raccoon fell from the rafters! It landed at center ice- about ten feet away from my dad. We crowded around it and found out that it broke it's leg and was unconscious. After the moms' freaking out, and the coaches slipping on their unpadded butts in shock; I volunteered to take him home. I promised the manager I would take him straight to the vet so they could check on its leg, see if it had rabies, and so on. We got into my car and drove to the animal hospital. I was so interested in its cute black fur, surrounding its closed eyes, its unusual black stripe down its nose, and its black paws resting on my hand. "It must have been climbing on the roof," I thought. It was sleepy like it had just woken up from a nap. It started to freak out as it woke up in my arms. It tried to climb away but I grabbed it before it fell again! "Mom, raccoons are nocturnal!" I remembered.

"He better get used to the daylight," my mom told me. When we got the vet, I wrapped some blue cloth around its wounded leg and waited to be seen. The vet was named Dr. Socan and she was very nice. She confirmed that the cloth should stay firmly wrapped around the coon's leg since it was broken. She said that the raccoon would need some resting up for about two months. We paid her and said, "Thank you!"

The next two months I spent all my free time with the tired coon. I was mostly thinking about what I would do with it when its stiff leg healed. And THIS got me thinking....

I was watching the Colorado Avalanche play the Detroit Red Wings when I heard a loud scratch on the coon's cage. I took him out and started stroking his back softly. We walked back slowly to where I was watching T.V. His eyes were super-glued to the screen. When it was time for bed, I tried to pick him up from the couch and he started to panic. I laid him back down on the couch and he re-glued his eyes to the rest of the game.

I was freaked out about my raccoon's all of a sudden love for hockey. For the next two weeks that felt like two days, my mom brought him to every single hockey game and practice and he was just psychotic about it! For example, almost every evening he would nudge my hockey bag to me, or hide in my skates. It seemed that he was happiest at the rink. So after his leg healed I decided there was

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The Hockey Coon (Continued)

only one thing to do. The next bright morning I got up early and ate A LOT of breakfast. I refilled to coon's red bowl with raccoon food (don't ask me how I got it!) I went in the garage and cut my old, silver back-up hockey stick down to raccoon size. I taped it and woke up the coon. I was a bit freaked out about this, but I was going to teach it how to play hockey! I took the coon outside and taught him how to hold the stick. I fit his tiny paws into the grip and gave him a wooden stick handling ball. We played "pass" and when I thought he was ready I taught him how to stick-handle. He had surprisingly good hands (or paws!) Finally I taught him how to shoot the puck. His first shot hit "bar-under!" After two tough weeks of training, my raccoon was an expert. We went to the rink together and practiced there for hours. After awhile, I thought there was only one, troublesome thing to do. I was troubled because I knew it was close to saying "goodbye." He should be free, in the wilderness, where he belonged. His leg was healed and I knew that he should no longer be at my house, but with his friends. That night I couldn't sleep. I was devastated about what I was about to do. I ate breakfast with a cold sore in my throat. I woke up the coon and told him what I was going to do. I don't know if he understood, but he whimpered a little. I took him outside with salty tears in my eyes. The coon looked at me with those pleading eyes that just made me barf out all my tears. "Go-go on," I said, crying to the coon. He nodded his raccoon nod and ran off. And what I did all that day was just stare at his cage. Over and over again I would be mad at myself but then again, thinking it was the right thing to do. My heart ached every time I went to the rink. I saw that hole in the rafters and my heart sank. I wondered if he was thinking of me right now, or even if he was okay. I just couldn't look at that hole in the rafters so I begged the manager to fix it. About three weeks after that sad time of my life, I decided to

see who the Avs were playing.... and to my astonishment, it was a team of RACCOONS!!!! and MY coon, with the unique stripe pouring down his nose was wearing a big, white C (captain) oh his furry chest! And my coon scored a hat trick!! The fans threw down their hats and one was a Davy Crockett style- that made my raccoon sad! As soon as I had a chance, I called the teams manager and a voice answered, "Would you like to become Team Manager of the Wilderness Raccoons?" "I'd - I'd I-I-love to!!" I stammered. "Then you're up for the job!" I was more excited than I had ever been in my life!

The Journey Across the Arctic ♦ By Youngbin Yoon

It was the beginning of spring when a baby seal was born. His name was Satski, since he had been named after his father. Nothing could have ever made his mother happier. As Satski grew, he became more beautiful than before. His fur grew whiter, his flippers grew stronger, and his small tail grew into the most handsome tail you could ever imagine. Satski's mother was proud of him, especially for being handsome, like his father. But she had never let him go outside of the cave yet. Satski grew terribly excited when his mother let him outside. He grew happier and happier each time that he slid on the slick ice.

4 years later.....

Satski, now a big, strong, 5 year old seal, glided onto the crisp ice with his friends Tanti(a penguin) and Kika(a polar bear). They yipped and played, pouncing and prancing. Satski's mother stayed inside the cave, however, for she was tired and needed a rest. Even so, her eyes darted around cautiously from side to side, looking for hunters. But when Satski's eyes drifted on to her, she just smiled and barked. But as she did, 2 hunters snuck up behind her and SNAP!!! They forced down a heavy wire net over her. They put her to sleep and threw her into the back of their snowmobile. The hunters each gave out an evil cackle and rubbed their hands as if money were in them. Then, they rumbled away with Satski's mother. Meanwhile, the children were in the middle of thinking whether they should go back into the cave or play a bit more. They all agreed on going back, for they expected Mother Seal to have a snack for them.

Kindergarten Art Stars:

1. Shawn Chin
2. Yasmin Felfli
3. Rushil Ghirmire

Kindergarten Writing Stars:

1. Pushupman Brar
2. Prerana Vishwanath
3. Yasmin Felfli

First Grade Art Stars:

1. Kristen Sheng
2. Annika Holecek
3. Luke Tobin

First Grade Writing Stars:

1. Deepa Sunkad
2. Divya Sunkad
3. McKenna Selby

Second Grade Art Stars:

1. Siddharth Bharthulwar
2. Chloe Smith
3. Maddie Fox

Second Grade Writing Stars:

1. Ferial Felfli
2. Blythe Sales
3. Jamie Zhang



Third Grade Art Stars:

1. Avery Conaghan
2. Josie Fox
3. Maddy Bridge

Third Grade Writing Stars:

1. Etyan Markman-Oz
2. Maddy Bridge
3. Katy Sun

Fifth Grade Art Stars:

1. Tie: Rachel Fu and Sahba Setareh
1. Emily Gallegos
2. Makayla Jacobsen

Fifth Grade Writing Stars:

1. Rachel Fu
2. Reilly Ernst
3. Emily Smith

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The Journey Across the Arctic (Continued)

As they entered the cave, Satski barked for his mother. There was no reply. But it only took them a few minutes to realize that his mother was gone. Satski's eyes became glassy and his whiskers drooped. Suddenly, Satski felt a pang of bravery and anger strike him. His friends stared strangely as he wiggled to the icy shore. Satski himself felt strange also. Why was he on the ice? How come his mother was gone? Why was he leaving his friends? These questions burned inside him but the urge of finding his mother got the best of him. He left. Of course his friends followed him. The three animals trudged through the snow for about five days with only the fish that Kika caught and water from the river that they followed. It was a terrible trip for them, for they were only children. But, they tried their hardest and did their best. They succeeded in making the trip more comfortable, by putting Satski and Tanti on Kika's back for 2 days, then putting Tanti in the river while Satski rode on Kika. Even though she did most of the carrying, Kika didn't complain once. Her soft and brave heart was longing to find Satski's mother. On the 16th day of

their journey, the group collapsed altogether into the deep snow. They hadn't been able to find any fish in the pond, and they were sleeping while listening to each other's stomachs growl. Satski buried his nose into the soft snow and dug around for any scents of people. Suddenly, his nose started bursting with pain. He cried out loud and flung snow everywhere. His friends turned around to look when...SNAP! They all felt their sides sear with pain as they landed roughly in the back of a black snowmobile. Just as Satski recovered and opened his eyes, he realized that that was the reason that the smell that he had sniffed up was so familiar. He would be with his mother again, but not in a good way. Satski and his friends woke up in a large, freezing room. It was pitch black, and they couldn't see a thing. Satski sniffed, then smiled. Then they all heard the familiar barking sound.

Satski's mother was sniffing too, and when she caught her son's scent, she wiggled over. It was the happiest moment of Satski's life. He hugged her, kissed her, nuzzled, and even rubbed the happy tears off of her with his face. His friends stared, not in a mean way though. They were happy for Satski and his mother, and they were glad to have helped him. And just as if it were on cue, the cave door opened and light streamed in. And to make it even better, they saw the 2 kidnappers in the police's snowmobile. The animals happily ran out and jumped into the police's vehicle. But then the police officer in the blue parka said: "No, no. You animals deserve a special ride with us in the car." And out slid a sleek, black and white police car. Satski rode with his mom the whole way home. And that was how Satski and his friends proved that they really were brave animals.

The Big O ♦ By Kyle Sylvester

The count was 3-2. We were down by three, two outs. It was the ninth inning in the pennant game. Bases were loaded. I was up to bat. Intense lights were blaring in my face, fans were cheering. Everybody was focusing on one bright orange Orioles jersey with the number 1 on it. Then the pitch. I hit it! "Going, Going Gone!!!!!!!!!" yelled the announcer! My first career walk-off grand slam! We were in the World Series! We had a giant celebration! Fans were jumping up and down, I was in the middle of a giant huddle. As I took my hat off and waved it, a real oriole flew on to my shoulder and I said "fly off buddy" but he didn't. He stayed put on my shoulder. I ignored him and walked into the clubhouse. He was with me the whole time, even when I got home. I wondered "what's up with this bird?" Then he flew over and landed on the case holding my favorite little league bat in it. My black and red Easton Rampage. I said "I'll teach you baseball if you want." I thought that I actually saw the bird nod! First I went and got a ball. I rolled it to him gently. This oriole was a natural at fielding. All that I had to do was teach him to field a ground ball with his wings like an alligator's mouth. Next, he learned to throw. He was naturally pretty good at throwing, but I had to remind him to pull his wing all the way back when throwing. Batting was the toughest part for this little bird. I lobbed some pitches in, but they were all too high. I was puzzled. How was I going to teach this oriole how to hit a ball? I thought for a bit, and then decided to teach him to fly up and then hit the ball. I drew a picture with



The Big O (Continued)

arrows to show him what I wanted him to do. It took him a couple of tries to get the hang of it, but he could really hit hard! Then I thought it would be best to take a short break from all the baseball skills. A couple nights later we, the Baltimore Oriole's, began our series with the San Francisco Giants. We won the first, forth, and 5th games. We barely lost the 2nd, 3rd, and the sixth game. The series was tied at three games each. Finally, the big night of game 7 arrived. The stadium was a sea of orange and black. The fans were going insane. The whole game was back and forth. By the end of the 8th inning, the score was 5-5. The Giants were up to bat first in the 9th inning. We easily got them out 1-2-3. Now it was our turn to finish this game off. The first two batters popped out. Now, I was put in as a pinch hitter for the pitcher. Before I stepped up to the plate, I said to the oriole, "I am going to let you hit for me. I know that you can lead our team to a win here, you just have to believe in yourself!" I handed my special bat to the bird, and urged him up to the plate. When he stepped up, a low mur-mur swept over the crowd. The oriole got in the batter's box and waited. Tim Lincecum, of the Giants, threw a high fast ball. The oriole flew up and hit it. It was whacked hard. Everybody was so shocked! Even the announcer couldn't say a word. The ball seemed to hang in the air. When it dropped, everyone went wild. HE HIT A HOME RUN TO WIN THE WORLD SERIES. The oriole had won the series for the Orioles. The bird flew the bases, touching each one of them. When he flew into home, all the Baltimore players stormed the bird. The oriole was presented the World Series trophy, and a ring, that he wore around his wing. We were overwhelmed by the press, with them asking many, many questions. When the oriole and I got home to my house, I said "Welcome home champ. We could sure use an Oriole like you on our team!" Then I smiled, and I think he actually smiled back at me.

THE END

Surprise at the Plate ♦ By Noah Messman

It's a beautiful day in Superior, CO at the baseball fields. Everybody takes the field as the little league world series is just about to begin. The lead batter (which is me) steps to the plate. I feel great being the first batter on our team to set foot on the crumbly dirt, bat in hand. As the pitcher started his wind up, I adjusted my grip on the baseball bat. Then the throw came from the pitcher. "THWACK!" I crushed the ball to the left, then the shortstop picked it up with his glove and hurled it to first. As I watched the ball sail to the first baseman, I didn't spot the small, black/gray rodent cross the first base line. Before I knew it, "WHAM!" I was on the ground—face in the dirt. When the coach (my dad) came running over to help me up, the only thing I had in mind was...*did I just trip over a raccoon?!* Sure enough, I could see the little fur ball cooped up on the baseball diamond. OH NO! The other team's coach was already calling animal control! I couldn't let that little guy get shots and everything! So secretly I went into the dugout, grabbed my gray/black sweatshirt, and replaced the raccoon with my sweatshirt. Then I snuck the raccoon in my backpack. When animal control came, all they found was my jacket. "Looks like you mistook this sweatshirt for a raccoon," said the head person, and left. The game was canceled and we went home. When we got home, I went inside and said, "Back in 20 minutes," and went into the garage with my baseball bag. I went into the safe part of the garage so no one could see me. Then slowly I removed the little raccoon out of my baseball bag and set him on my bag. After that, I found some cloth and wrapped his wounded leg. I also got a blanket which I wrapped him in and lay him on the ground. Then I went inside, had dinner, and went to sleep. When I woke up, I rushed into the garage. All I could see was my blanket on the ground. I searched the whole garage but the raccoon was nowhere in sight. Finally, I peeked into the trash can and there he was, rummaging through the trash. When I got the raccoon out of the trash, my mom burst through the door and said, "Hurry! Hurry! The game is rescheduled!" An hour later, we were at the ballpark. The game went by quickly and before we knew it, it was the bottom of the 9th inning—full count, bases loaded and I was up. All of a sudden my leg was in pain. I could barely walk but I made it into the dugout. Then I pulled out the raccoon (which I secretly brought to the game) and urged him to go to the plate with the smallest bat we had. Before the coach could respond, the pitcher had just thrown the ball. The raccoon must have watched baseball before because he whacked the ball high in the air. IT'S GOING, GOING, GONE! HOME RUN! By the time the raccoon crossed the plate, we all cheered, "HIP HIP HOORAY!" After a full minute of cheering, we all left the field with happiness in our hearts. Then I took the raccoon to the place where I first met him and said, "Goodbye, little buddy. You are meant to live in the forest." And with that, I said, "Thank you."

The Depressed Elephant ♦ By Sidhant Puntambekar

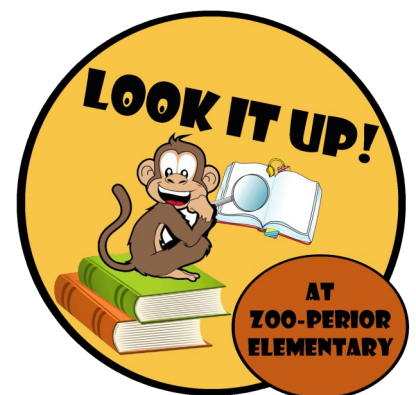
"Mom" I yelled, "I'm going on a walk". "Okay, but be back by nightfall" my mom said. I started off down the boardwalk. While I was walking, I heard the wailing of an elephant. I ran to where the sound was coming from. I screeched to a halt and there he was a gigantic elephant. It had a tack stuck in his foot. I helped pull out the tack. Now, he was calming down like the passing of a storm. I asked him, "Where did you come from?" All he gave was an ear-piercing hrrumph. "I don't think this is going to work out", I mumbled. Suddenly, like a loud speaker in my head, the hrrumphs translated into words. "From Africa", I said in amazement. "Wow".

"Come on I'll take you to my place", I said. By nightfall I had reached my house. "You be quiet in the backyard while I tell mom that you are here", I said. As if a mute on radio was turned on, the elephant went in quietly. "Mom I'm home", I yelled. "Oh, your back" mom replied. "Hey Mom, there is an elephant in the back yard", I said. "Eeeek", said mom. "D-did y-you s-say th-there i-is a-an e-elephant i-in th-the b-back y-yard". I nodded. "Ahhhh" she said and then passed out cold.... 20 minutes later, mom came around. "Oh my" she said. "Okay, we need to keep the elephant. His family and friends are in Africa". "Fine, but only for a day". "Yahoo!!!" I hollered....

A day had come and gone. At 4:00 pm, my mom said that we had to go to the airport. "We got to put your elephant back in the wild" she said.... 45 minutes later we were at the airfield, which was crowded like a busy city. "Do we really have to set him free?" I asked. "I will give you two choices – 1) We set him free or 2) We get the rest of his clan and come back here ", she said. I thought for a while and then said "I am going with the second option, let's go", I said.... 12 hours later we landed in Dar-e-salaam, Tanzania. On our elephant we traveled 20 miles, till we reached a vast plain, about a thousand miles wide. My elephant and I got into telepathic communication." Well, go find your family and friends", I said. "Okay" and he took off in the dust. "He'll be back in 30 minutes", I said. In 30 minutes the whole elephant clan was here. "Okay, let's go home I said. We took the whole route back to the airport and boarded the plane. "Finally, we are going home", I said. 13 hours later, we landed in Denver, Colorado and drove home with the entire elephant clan "Hey guys, come on lets play some basketball". We played day and night non stop. In a few days we became really skillful and decided to take on the big league. On June 7th, 2011, I signed a contract with the NBA (National Basketball Association), to play the best team in the league, the Miami Heat. The day of the big game arrived- "Dar-e-Salaam Elephants" vs. "The Miami Heat". It was a close game and very tiring (I was the coach of the elephant team). The final score was Elephants 129 / Heat 109. We had won! An excitement flowed through me, we had won. We went home and decided to keep playing basketball as long as we could. Soon we beat all the teams in the NBA and we were immortalized in the Basketball Hall of Fame.

Almost Licked to Death ♦ By Gigi DeFranco

Ka, Ka, Ka, Ka, the sound a bird made. We were in South Africa the year 2005. In South Africa we were at Kugar Park, a wildlife rescue center. We just finished visiting a bird the rescued. It loved hats hats so if you had a hat on he would jump or fly onto your hat. My sisters were wearing hats so they had the bird jump onto their hats. We moved onto the next exhibit, this was a cheetah orphan they found. It was 2 years old. When we moved on I was thinking, "I love this place I have learned so much." But of course I was just 4 years old and thought that but I didn't learn alot like I thought I did. I started to get hot because I didn't have a hat on. I asked my dad, "Daddy, I'm hot take me under the tree.... please." I said. Since we went with 2 other families the dad of the first family went to keep my dad company. His name was Mr. Phillips. Mr. Phillips started talking and said," Did you know if you start to take a few steps back the cheetah will not keep its eyes off of your daughter because she is not protected?" "Really?" my dad replied. So they took a few steps back and I didn't know they did so I was just standing there looking at the cheetah. Then my mom and dad saw it just zap at me it would not take its eyes off of me! Then all of a sudden CRACK! The Cheetah zipped to me but before it jumped on me my dad and Mr. Phillips stepped right in front of me. I was safe and the cheetah was smart also jumpy so it stopped right away. I was happy also surprised. But it was a fun day!



Snowy's Adventures ♦ By Delaney Hartmann

"Snowy, SNOWY," yelled Hooters. "What?" said Snowy, sleepily. "Time for breakfast," said Tweety. "Let's go." The owls made their way down to the kitchen tree for breakfast. The kitchen tree was a sort-of owl cafeteria, which was part of a forest where the owls lived together, as if in a hotel. Snowy was eating her rats, but she felt strange. Maybe it was because her stomach was growling. Or maybe it was because she woke up early. Whatever it was, she felt something was different. Snowy was right, because right then Evil Owl Fluffy flew in. Owls screamed and hooted. Some even hid under tables! When Evil Owl Fluffy was young, he had the pointiest ears ever. They looked like horns, and he got teased. The other owls chanted, "Devil Horns. Devil Horns" at him and put their wings up like little horns. That hurt his feelings, so he decided to be mean to them, because he felt like he didn't have any friends. As he grew older, he became in charge, and some owls even sided with him and became his evil guards. Back at the kitchen tree, Evil Owl Fluffy yelled, "If you don't give me all your rats, I will take one of you and put you in prison!" "No! We will not give you our rats!" the owls yelled. Then Fluffy swooped down and grabbed Tweety. "Tweety!" the owls yelled, but it was no use. They couldn't do anything because Fluffy was already flying back to his evil lair. "We have to go and save him!" said Snowy. They packed Hooter's favorite Jack-in-the-box and some rats. Then they flew into the falling snow. After awhile, the snowfall became more severe, so they flew to the ground. "Hello," said a low, but kind voice. They looked around, and there was a big furry moose. "Do you know where Big Black Cave is?" Hooters asked the moose. "It is right up Chilly Mountain behind those bushes," said Moose. They thanked him, and flew off. "The cave entrance is right here," said Snowy. "Let's hide behind this rock and use the Jack-in-the-box to distract them." Hooters took the Jack-in-the-box to the cave and turned it on. "Pop!" went the Jack in the Box, and the guards started laughing, rolling on their backs it was so funny! "Come on," said Snowy, and they snuck by the guards into the cave. "Tweety!" they gasped when they saw him flying around in a cage looking scared and nervous. Hooter used his beak to pick the lock. "Follow us!" said Hooters, and they all flew out of the cave. When Snowy, Hooters and Tweety were almost home, Evil Owl Fluffy flew up behind them and started pelting them with rats until they fell to the ground. Fluffy followed them down to see if they were hurt. "Why did you do that Fluffy?" Snowy asked Fluffy. "Why are you so mean?" A tear trickled down Fluffy's feathers. He said, "I have no friends. When I was young, I was bullied." "That's sad," Snowy said. "How about, if you promise to not steal any of our rats, we will be your friends and play with you." Then Fluffy promised to not steal any more rats. From then on, everyone called him Fluffy, not Evil Owl Fluffy. **The End**

Lucy the Cheerleading Dog ♦ By Carly Peterson

One day when Carly was watching TV, Lucy (her dog) started to cheer. Then Carly took Lucy on a walk. When they sat down Lucy started to cheer. So they went home. "What in the world is up with you?" Carly wondered. The next day Carly had cheerleading practice and Lucy came there too because she was with Carly. Then the squad let Lucy join. Practice went on and on until the cheerleading competition. Lucy was frightened about the competition. So she quit. Carly tried to get her back on the squad but she refused. Even though Lucy wanted to get back on the squad she couldn't because she was too scared. She was so sad she ran away. Carly was heartbroken. She couldn't rest until she found Lucy. She put up fliers, she asked everyone in town, and then she checked the pound. Carly found her in the pound but they would not let her go. Then at night Carly snuck into the pound and got all the dogs back to their homes and they went home proudly. Even though the pound had video cameras, they were broken. Back at home Carly said to Lucy, "Come on we need you on the squad." Lucy got back on the squad because she didn't realize how important she was before. Two weeks before the competition was just enough time to practice. All day they practiced as hard as they could. They thought they would lose. Then at the competition they won. They got as a reward \$2,000 and since there were 10 people each person got \$200. The things Lucy bought were some new chew toys, bones, a new dog bed, and Lucy gave the rest to the dogs that couldn't get the stuff that she could. Carly used the money to buy food for herself and Lucy. Carly gave the rest to charity. But the judges saw Lucy and they gave the squad a ribbon because no other squad has a dog. Lucy realized that competition wasn't as scary as being captured by a dog catcher and being put in a kennel until your owner found you in the next hour or two. All the cheerleaders were happy and they decided that Lucy would be their mascot forever because she was truly amazing and wonderful. "Wow you are truly wonderful," Carly said happily. Then Lucy was not scared to do competitions any more.

Wooden Grizzly

◆ By Jake Zickerman

The myth had been going on for years. No one knows where it came from or why it chose to haunt Montana but everyone knows that whenever you find a piece of petrified wood in the forest of Montana something happens. Well everyone but one. A grizzly bear was stalking its prey in the dark forest of Montana. His bold eyes and sharp claws were ready for anything that may lie ahead of him. He had a growl on his face and was feeling the determination to catch something big. He heard the rattle of something plummeting into a bush. The bear sprinted to the bush where the noise was coming from. Then he jammed his mouth quickly into the bush. His head was going up and down. His mouth was opening and shutting. Suddenly his mouth hit something hard. Billy B. Montana, the bear, thought, "Could I have hit bone?" He unplugged his mouth from the bush with the unidentified object in his mouth. It was small and very stale for food. "Maybe it's a mouse," Billy thought. He spit it out and saw a piece of petrified wood. "Man I thought I had caught a mouse," Billy announced to himself. Just then the wood began to have a luminous green glow. "Maybe it wasn't that bad of a find at all," Billy considered to himself. He decided to take the rock with him while he was hunting. He stored it in his mouth. After Billy was done hunting he started to stroll home with the piece of wood and fish he had caught. In the middle of the walk it was as if a weight was on his back. Billy began to slow down. Now you would think that this would get better but it actually got worse. The weight on his back got heavier and heavier, as if the weight went 5lbs., 10lbs., 15lbs. When he got back to his den the weight was so heavy that he toppled over. The trip was so hard the bear took a doze. When Billy woke up he freaked out. He had become a bear made out of petrified wood. He had also shrunk in size. But worst of all he couldn't move at all. Then he noticed that there were storm clouds in the sky. They were all dark and gloomy. In no time at all it was pouring. The water was building up and Billy was starting to get carried away. About 5 minutes later Billy was sliding down the steep mountain. The ride went on for hours and hours until Billy landed in a playful play ground/park. He was left there for days unable to do anything. Until one day a little girl found him. She brought him to her house and left him in the front yard. The yard had a beautiful bush with an assortment of flowers surrounding it. Billy was put on one of the big rocks near the bush. Billy was there for months until one day a miracle happened. A mouse crawled into the mouth of the bear to find the luminous green petrified wood. The greedy mouse said, "OOOOOHHH a piece of petrified wood, another thing for my collection." The mouse took the wood and scampered off. The bear started to grow and became able to move. Then the bear knew this was his chance to get back home. He galloped past the cities, towns, and houses until finally he reached his relaxing home. He went inside and then he was finally able to chillax. "Happy to be back" said Billy.

Bella The Ballet Bunny

◆ By Camryn Hill

It was a warm summer day and Camryn was taking Mrs. Megan's ballet class. It was her favorite. "1,2,3,4", Mrs. Megan counted. The classroom door was open a crack. "5,6,7,8, Mrs. Megan repeated. All of a sudden, a fluffy white bunny with pink ears hopped through the door. "Where did the bunny come from", wondered Camryn. Shockingly, the bunny started dancing ballet. "Mouse," screamed someone. "Where?" asked Camryn. "Over there in the corner!" shrieked a student. Ring! Class was over. Camryn scooped up the bunny and the mouse and gently put them in her ballet bag to take home. "Hey, I'll name you Bella the bunny and Murray the mouse," said Camryn with excitement. But Bella and Murray were scared and a little bit shy. "Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. Besides, we will have fun dancing together. Let's dance!" said Camryn. Slowly Bella and Murray came out of the ballet bag. Camryn put on music from The Nutcracker and all three began to dance. It was time to go to Mrs. Megan's dance class. Bella and Murray were excited to go and raced into Camryn's ballet bag. Murray and Bella were making so much progress that even Murray moved up a ballet level. Bella started to get jealous. She tried so hard during her class that she sprained her ankle and burst into tears. Camryn rushed Bella to the vet. The veterinarian said that Bella could do nothing but rest for 4 months. Bella was very sad and so were Camryn and Murray. Thoughts of Bella dancing in her pink tutu brought smiles to their faces she still went to class but sat out. 3 ½ months had passed and Bella's ankle felt better than ever. So she started dancing again in Mrs. Megan's ballet class. "Class we will be dancing in a show!" Announced Mrs. Megan with excitement. The class was filled with joy except Bella. She didn't like to perform in shows because in shows because she was shy. At the end of class Camryn went to talk to Mrs. Megan. "Mrs. Megan, Bella isn't really very comfortable dancing in front of crowds," said Camryn "Well can she at least perform for 10 seconds of the dance?" asked

Listen ♦ By Trinity Turner

While I was strolling along the east side of Northstrum Park, I heard a faint whisper that grew louder with in every second. It told me, "Don't walk the path, wander towards home." The final, but loud whisper screamed, "Don't do it! You know what to do. Listen." I screamed in terror and frustration, then sat down, waiting for another whisper. Nothing spoke and nothing moved and nothing did anything until another voice crept towards my ears. "Amber, listen!" Was I going insane? I spoke out loud, "Who are the voices shrieking in my head?" I felt miserable. I couldn't escape a trap, when out of the depths of the wind, a lion was visible right in front of me, staring dimly into my golden eyes. His orange fur gleamed against the sun. Was I dreaming? No. This was no dream. This was a nightmare. I spoke out loud once more and asked the lion that I beheld, "Are you The Whispers?" "No, but these people are." Two lines of people in a triangle formation drew out of the wind and looked as if they were trapped for 1,000 years. Their clothes were filthy, their skin was tormented by scars and scratches and bruises and bumps. They looked at me disgustedly and turned around as quick as they could and wandered off. The lion, named Scar, announced, "Those people were your ancestors. You and your ancestors are the only family that contains The Whispers. They went through the exact same event as you are going through at this moment. Don't be afraid, I will guide you through this event like I did with your ancestors. I have dealt with this happening for 1,000 years. And I am only 1,245 years old." I sprinted off racing as fast as I could towards home, but Scar was chasing me, tracking me down, and watching my every move. I turned the corner of Pearl Street and Skye Avenue towards 487 Pearl Street. I slammed the door once I entered my house and faced my mother. "Where have you been? You missed dinner and you were supposed to be home three hours ago." I told my mother the truth. "Am I going insane? What's happening? Are you real?" I was losing my mind, my mother started to fade away slowly and the Earth started to spin, when I fell and hit the ground and my brain was pitch black. I suddenly awoke by an awakening thunder and lightning. I stood up as fast as I could and faced the opposing direction. I was facing Scar and all of my ancestors again. I was trapped, I couldn't escape, and I was in a nightmare. I decided to listen like the voices earlier. 'Go forwards.' Slowly, I walked my way through the swinging vines and entered a mystical forest with hundreds of tall oak trees with little elves walking inwards and outwards between them. The trees were their homes. Swaying rope hung down from the strong branches as an elevator to get from layers of different oak trees. I turned to face the left; there were millions of orchids swaying back and forth due to the powerful wind. I turned and faced to the right; gorgeous petunias were scattered across the flower garden. Maybe this wasn't a nightmare; maybe it was "a dream come true." I was directed up the rope elevator to my apartment. It looked like my house on Pearl Street. I thanked the elves and chewed down some pasta, or in what they call Pearl Forest vines. I was surely bloated and I was passed out on my sofa until morning came. At 8:30, my little elf helpers directed me to Scar. He was standing there, depressed, staring up into the sky, gazing curiously. "Is there something wrong, Scar?" "We need to keep moving." "Come on," said Scar. I exclaimed, "We're having so much fun!" "Let's go." Scar was irritable. After several hours of traveling through the depths of the green and colorful forest, we heard a screech up in the air. Scar and I witnessed a forty-foot tall hawk fly down from the clouds aiming his long talons toward us as a target. "DUCK!!" Scar shouted at the top of his lungs. I did as he said and hid under a 20 foot tall mushroom that had dripping black goop falling down towards the Earth. I saw a knife under a small weed. I grasped it, aimed it towards the hawk, and chucked it as hard as I could, not aware what would happen if I missed. Luckily, the knife dug into his flesh, killing him with out a spare second to lose. I had done it! I killed the hawk! I ran over to him to assure him that I was still in existence. He was still alive too! We raced each other towards an endless cave. Scar and I crept forwards, hoping we wouldn't be killed by anything, and entered safely. The cave was dim and dark with no light. I knew this was a dream, so nothing could possibly injure me or endanger me. Scar, my guide, led the way. He crept towards the opening of the cave. I tagged along, waiting for something to jump up behind me and take me as prisoner. And that's exactly what happened. A plump figure took me by the throat and threatened Scar if he dared to inch closer. I followed his directions and he took me to his evil lair. Once I entered, the 40-foot-tall hawk was there, right in front of me! Midget took me to my prison cell, where I would have no contact with the outside world. (It's just a dream, right?) I was tossed into the rusty, old, and disgusting-looking prison cell. "Who are you and what do you want?" "I am Plump, an odd-looking Gnome, who has come to imprison you for 25 years." "Why me?" "You're the only human in Pearl Forest." Dinner finally came. It felt like four hours of waiting hopelessly for some sort of rescue or escape. "Amber, come down here!" He's treating me as if I were his own daughter.

Listen (continued)

Spaghetti and meatballs were given to me in a polite matter. More like worms and dirt. I pretended to swallow the whole bowl of food down my throat, when I was actually dumping it into the dog's bowl, named Hyper. "Time for bed, Amber." "But why? I've done all of the hard stuff already." "Go upstairs!!" "Fine, Grouchy." "What was that?" Out of nowhere a voice crawled to Plump, "She was telling me to not eat the scraps off the floor." "Hyper, what are you doing?" "Trust me; you don't want to see Pump's evil side." "Thanks, I guess." Plump shrieked in my ear, "Upstairs, the both of you...NOW!! We both dragged ourselves up the stairs from exhaustion and hunger. The second I plopped myself down on my soft, velvet, padded bed, I passed out, without any aware of what Plump was saying to Hyper, something about waking up at 5:30a.m. I didn't really care what they were arguing about anymore, since I was too tired to care about the rest of the world. "Scar, what are you doing?" "Scar? Who's Scar? I'm your mother! Amber! WAKE UP!!" "Mom! I had the strangest dream. I thought I was in a trap of dangerous creatures and monsters and strange places." The ambulance took me to the hospital since I stopped breathing for a few hours. Luckily, it was all over. The doctor took me by the hand and said, "Listen, Amber." Oh, not again.

Hockey Monkey ♦ By Joey Parsons

"Mom, I want a pet." "Well you are going to have to buy it yourself. Now, Joey get ready for hockey." When we got to the hockey rink I got dressed then waited by the door. "Tweet!" goes the whistle as the signal to get on the ice. Our first drill is called the butterfly drill. Then we did another drill. When I was half-way done I heard a sound. It was getting louder and louder. Then it burst through the roof. I realize that it is a monkey. It was brown with little green eyes and a hairy tail. It looked at us like we were aliens or something. It was trying to find an exit but there were people blocking all of them, he didn't care. He thundered away within a second. When I got home I saw something laying on the street. I walk over to it. It is that same monkey. He was sleeping and snoring very loudly. I pick it up and take it home. He woke up and looked at me like he did at the hockey rink. When we get in the house he goes crazy like he got a mansion made out of bananas. Now I have a pet, and it didn't cost me a dime, now I just hope mom likes it.

Down Maddie ♦ By Sydnie Leeson

"Jessie watch this!!" Jean shouted to her sister, she did a back flip on the trampoline. Jessie applauded, suddenly, their big, black, horse, Maddie, came trotting across the yard. "Come on girl!!!" the twins shouted to her and with a big leap, Maddie was on the tramp. Yes, actually on the tramp. "Aw, Maddie" Jessie exclaimed and got off then Jean shouted, "WooHoo!!" and Jessie whipped around. Jean was sitting on Maddie, who was jumping!! Jessie blinked, and in a moment, Jean was sitting on the tramp looking up at Maddie who was now on the roof!! "Don't just sit there!!" Jessie yelled and the twins rushed inside to their parents. When their parent heard, everybody rushed out inot the front yard and looked up, and sure enough there on the roof, looking down at them was Maddie. "Jump Maddie!!" called Jessie and her dad, Jack, while Jean and her mom, Jade, were screaming. "Maddie! Come down!" finally Maddie leaped and with no sound at all, she landed safely in the air as the beautiful unicorn that she had never seen before. Everyone was astonished, in two ways. One was that their horse-ish barn animal was actually in the air and two, SHE WAS A UNICORN!! This was bad, very bad. Finally they had a solution. Jean would climb up using the ladder on the side of the house and lure Maddie down into the backyard with an apple. When Jean went inside to get an apple a bird flew up and landed on Maddie's head. Maddie blinked, then said to the bird, "What are you doing on my head?" The bird simply replied, "cheep, cheep!" "oh , come on bird, I know you can talk." Another "cheep, cheep!" "Bird!" Maddie demanded. "Okay, what?" said the bird. "I need to know how to get down!!" exclaimed Maddie. "Really?" asked the bird. "YES!!" yelled Maddie. "Okay, I'll tell you. The magic holding you up only works one way" he explained. "What is that supposed to mean?!" Maddie screamed at the bird, who rolled his eyes and said, "The only way to get down is to jump off the other side of the roof!" Maddie looked down at her family, they were all staring at her, open mouthed, and Jean had an apple in her hand. "Okay," said Maddie and the bird flew off. Maddie spun around, ran, and jumped!! Boom! She landed on the ground and the whole family rushed to meet her. There was a small celebration that night and they all learned a very valuable lesson to never let your horse on the trampoline!

Bella The Ballet Bunny (continued)

Mrs. Megan. "I'll ask her." Camryn said with a sigh. As Camryn and Bella strolled down the street, they had a conversation. "Hey Bella!" said Camryn. "Yeah!" Bella squeaked. "Mrs. Megan was wondering if you could be in the show for 10 seconds?" Camryn asked. "Umm. Okay. As long as you are in all seven minutes of the dance of the show!" Bella squeaked. "Of course I will. Remember, we love to dance," said Camryn. "Besides, that's what friends are for!"

On the day of the performance, everyone showed up on time and the excitement was building. The costumes were hanging on the rack, the set was beautiful and Camryn, Bella, and Murry showed leadership by helping others overcome their nervousness. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Pretend it's just us out there and let's have fun. The show must go on!" exclaimed Bella. Camryn winked at Bella and gave two thumbs up. "Places everyone!" announced Mrs. Megan. Camryn, Bella, and classmates approach the stage, the music begins while the curtain goes up and the lights turn on in a shade of blue and green. Bella and Camryn were so proud and joyful to do what they loved most, **DANCE!**
THE END

Going Over The Fence ♦ By Claire Muckle

The zoo is a wonderful place to visit. Mr. David is the zoo owner. When guards lock down the zoo for the night who knew the animals would talk..... "Spot, Spot, did you know that Ray went over the fence?" said Jay Jay the monkey. Everyone instantly stopped talking and listened. "Ray, such a silly koala," peacock exclaimed. The border of the zoo is what we call the fence. Ray isn't the first to go over the fence. Kanga the kangaroo went over a year ago. The zoo is like home to us. That's why I don't understand why they were the first to leave. BEEP! BEEP!

"I almost got hit by a bus," said Ray. The city is amazing but there are lots of cars and so many shops. Loud noises were everywhere. Then I heard a faint yelp. "A koala!" said a stranger in the crowd. Everyone stared at me. An Animal Control Officer picked me up and brought me into the animal shelter truck. I had to think fast once they got me in the truck. I used a paper clip that I had found on the street and bent it out and used it to pick the car door lock. I stumbled out of the truck. Then I was on my way home to the zoo. When I made it to the zoo I felt adventurous but good. The reason I went over the fence was to have fun, but I needed to see family again. I climbed over the fence and went to my cage. It was still night so I went to sleep. I was awakened to the normal zoo. I was happy. It was a blast going over the fence, but I won't do it again. The End

Thank you...

This year's Read-A-Thon focused on Zoo themed activities with an emphasis on Colorado State Animals. Each class contributed their reading minutes into blocks to shape a grade level animal across from the office. The kids were entertained each day with an animal mishap (ie: snakes in the cafeteria, trout in the toilets and scat on the playground!) Literature was planted in the library each day for the students to "LOOK IT UP" in efforts to show the kids how many resources exist to help them solve any curiosities. We had visits from Gary Gorilla each morning, and the energy at SES for reading went ZOO-ey! Be sure to ask your child about the state animal names they can recite with 5 fingers (Rocky Mountain Big Horn Sheep, Green Back Cut Throat Trout.) The art and writing submissions were terrific displays of all the creativity that abounds in SES and the reading efforts were a new experiment in "appropriate times" of reading opportunities that could be hopefully be repeated in weeks to come! Thanks for all the support and energy for another successful FUNdraiser! We would like to thank the sponsors, volunteers and supporters of our annual Read-A-Thon. Special thanks to: ♦ Catherine Davis of the Davis Financial & Insurance Group who sponsored The Canyon Critters' wolves (Harper and Lupa) who were the special guests at our celebration on February 10th. ♦ Jen Tucker and Tami Fox for the beautiful animal incentive wall, Michele Muckle and Lisa Kyle for all the fun animal prizes, Kathryn Messman, Jenn Barsky and Stacey Hartmann for the art and writing contests coordination.

We are already thinking about themes and ideas for next year's Read-A-Thon. If you would like to help or have suggestions, please contact Kate Sales (katebsales@comcast.net) or Beth Robertson (bethr1997@comcast.net). We would love to hear some fresh, new ideas!

Sincerely, Kate and Beth