

Highlights®

**Making
Hard Times
Bear-able**



Fun with a Purpose®



**Games to
Speed Up
a Cleanup**

**SPECIAL
2-PAGE**

**Hidden
Pictures**

**Teeny-Tiny
Tortoise Babies**



**The Team
from
Planet Weirdville**



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?



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.)



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



August

August 2014

Highlights
for Children®

VOLUME 69 • NUMBER 8 • ISSUE NO. 754

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PARENT-TEACHER GUIDE

READING ★ Early ◆ Moderate ■ Advanced

▲ CREATIVE and CRITICAL THINKING

● SOCIAL-EMOTIONAL LEARNING

↗ Interactive Version on HighlightsKids.com



Visit our free Web site!

HighlightsKids.com

Hear the poem on page 5
read aloud in the
Poetry Player.

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



A bald-eagle chick.

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HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN (ISSN 0018-165X) is published monthly.

Designed for use in the classroom.

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Printed by RR Donnelley, Glasgow, KY.

Periodical postage paid at Columbus, Ohio; Toronto, Ontario; and at additional mailing offices.

U.S. Postmaster: Send address changes to Highlights for Children, P.O. Box 6038, Harlan, IA 51593-1538.

Canada Post: Publications Mail Agreement No. 40065670. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to P.O. Box 1255, Georgetown, ON L7G 4X7.

To order, make a payment, change your address, or for other customer-service needs, such as changing your contact preference, please contact us:

- Online: www.Highlights.com
- Call: 1-800-255-9517
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Think Green!

Finished with this issue? Save it to reread, or pass it along to a friend, classroom, or library. If it's too worn to be read anymore, please recycle it.

AWARDS *Highlights* has been given awards by The Association of Educational Publishers, Family Choice Awards, Freedoms Foundation, Graphic Arts Association, iParenting Media, Magazine Design and Production, National Association for Gifted Children, National Conference of Christians and Jews, National Parenting Center, National Safety Council, Parents' Choice, Parent's Guide to Children's Media Awards, and Printing Industry Association. *HighlightsKids.com* 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.



Covers: Diving for Rings by Robert Squier; What's Wrong?® by James Yamasaki

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Our Mission

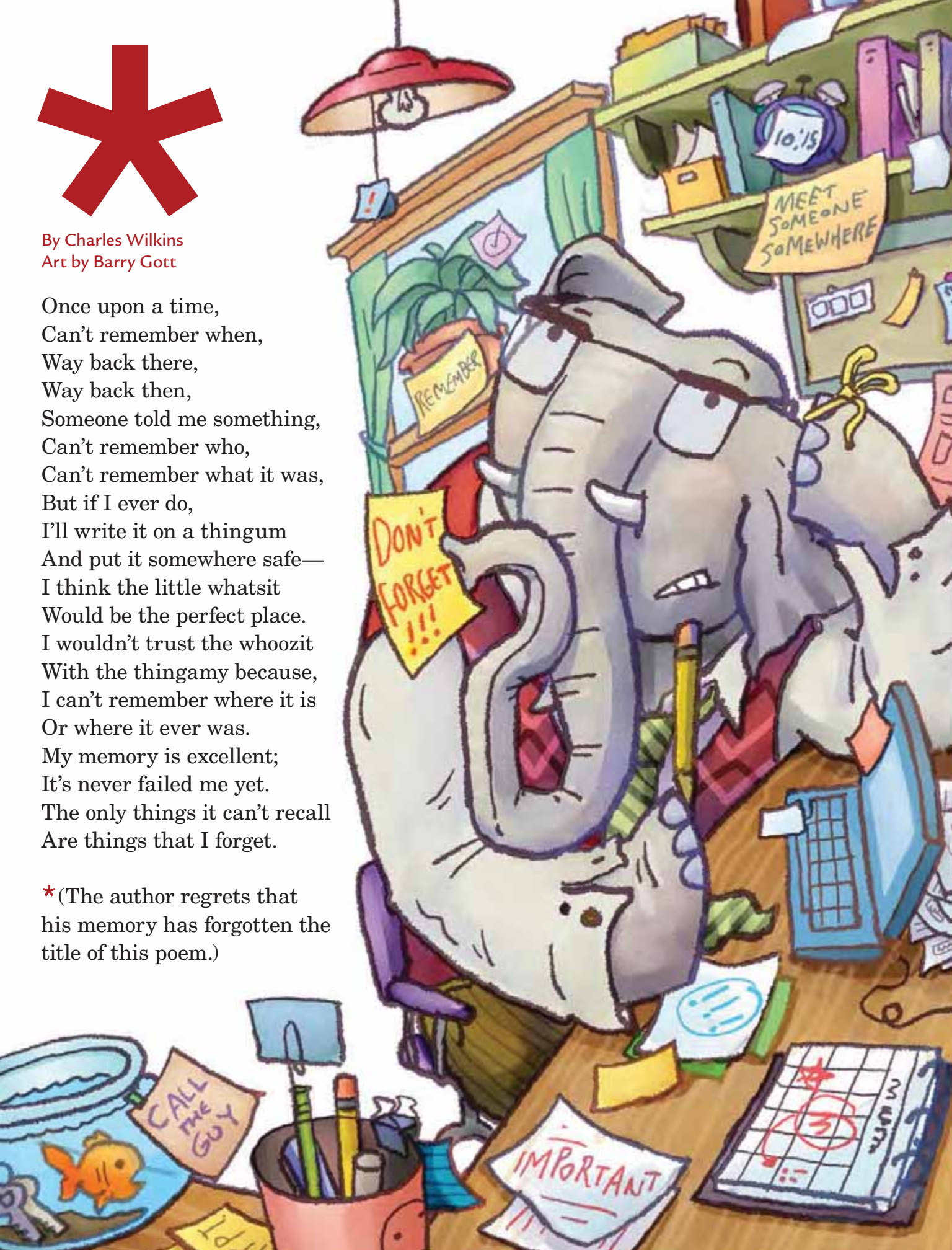
This magazine of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for children are the world's most important people®.



By Charles Wilkins
Art by Barry Gott

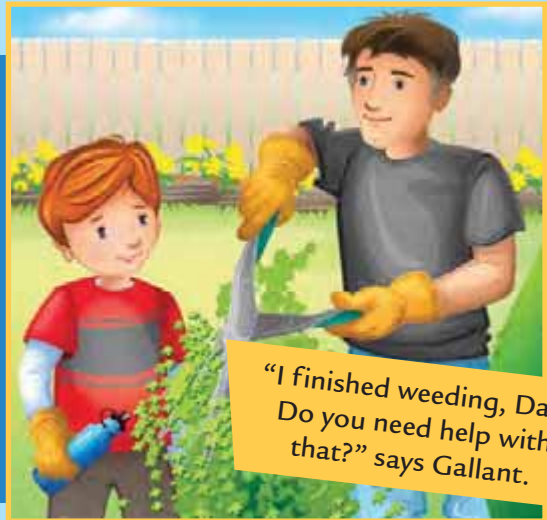
Once upon a time,
Can't remember when,
Way back there,
Way back then,
Someone told me something,
Can't remember who,
Can't remember what it was,
But if I ever do,
I'll write it on a thingum
And put it somewhere safe—
I think the little whatsit
Would be the perfect place.
I wouldn't trust the whoozit
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.)





Goofus tries to get out of doing work.

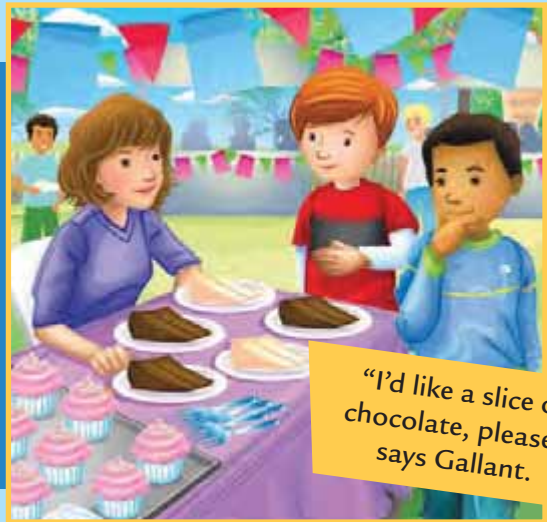


"I finished weeding, Dad. Do you need help with that?" says Gallant.

Goofus and Gallant®



"Give me the green one!" says Goofus.



"I'd like a slice of chocolate, please," says Gallant.



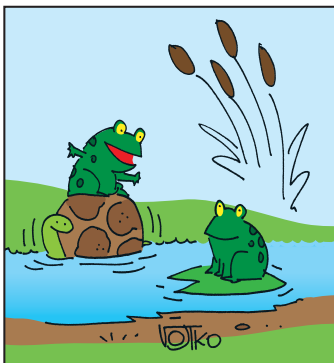
"I felt like Goofus when I didn't share with my brothers."

Jowayne, Age 8, Canada



"I felt like Gallant when I tried a new food."

Zoe, Age 8, Illinois

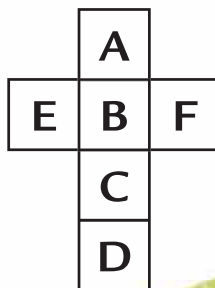


"A lily pad is OK, but I like my mobile home."

Fold Up, Splash Down

By Anthony Poulton-Smith

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?



Answer on page 38.

*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!



Jessica Carscadden wants every child who needs comfort to have a stuffed animal to hug.

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

BEST CAMPING SPOT EVER

By Jason O'Hare Art by Brendan Kearney

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 video games."

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.

Later, Henry got out bowls for dinner while Ryan sat on a log.

"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."

After a moment, Ryan put it to his lips and started playing quietly.

Henry pretended to ignore Ryan's playing at first, then he said, "Fun, right?"



"It's boring," said Ryan. But he played a few more notes before putting the harmonica down.

Finally, dinner was ready. They ate chili and washed it down with root beer. After dinner, Henry sat next to Dad. Hundreds of stars filled the sky. This really was the best camping spot!

But then Henry saw Ryan frown.

"I wish I had some jelly beans," Ryan muttered. "What's for dessert?"

If Henry could help Ryan one more time, maybe Ryan would like camping.

Henry sprang to his feet. If he could help Ryan one more time, maybe Ryan would like camping. Henry went to a bush and came back with his hands full. "Try these," he said, dumping wild raspberries in Ryan's lap. Henry sat down and sighed. He had done his best. He stared up at the stars.

Then Dad said, "Henry, look. I think your brother is getting the hang of camping."

Henry looked over and saw his brother gobbling the berries. Ryan tried to frown again, but he broke into a raspberry smile.

Henry smiled, too. Now it really was the best camping spot ever. 4





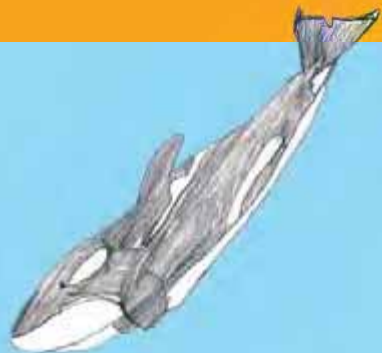
Our Planet

If Earth is round, why does it seem flat to me?

Syantika 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.



MingMei Szymanowski, Age 7
Washington

SILLYSAURS



STEGOWALRUS

MY SCI

Dinosaurs

Ichthyovenator

ICK-the-OH-ven-ay-tor
"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 spinosaurs.

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

Spotlight

Cave of Crystals

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

Crystals formed underwater over many years.

Some crystals are 36 feet long and 3 feet thick.

Visitors wear suits lined with ice packs.

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

Flying Insects

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.



Try This!

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.

Ask a science question! Include your name, age, and complete address, and mail to

Highlights

My Sci
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Riddle Me Some Rhymes!

By Robert Scotellaro

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.

Highlights

Rhyming Riddles
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Answers on page 38.

Picnic Puzzler

By Guy Belleranti

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.

FARAWAY VIEW




By Clare Mishica Art by Rob McClurkan

One day,  and  went to the  lake.

 said, "I see  swimming on the  lake."

"I see only a  brown , said .

"I see a , said . " is sailing it."



 frowned. "I see only a  yellow .

"I see a  log floating on the water," said .

"I see only a  brown .



"Try these," said . He handed

 his .

 looked through the  binoculars. Now he

could see far away, too! He looked down the shore.

"I see someone selling , said .

"Let's go!" said . "I want to see those  up close."




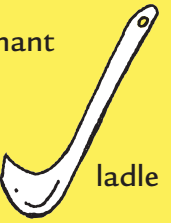












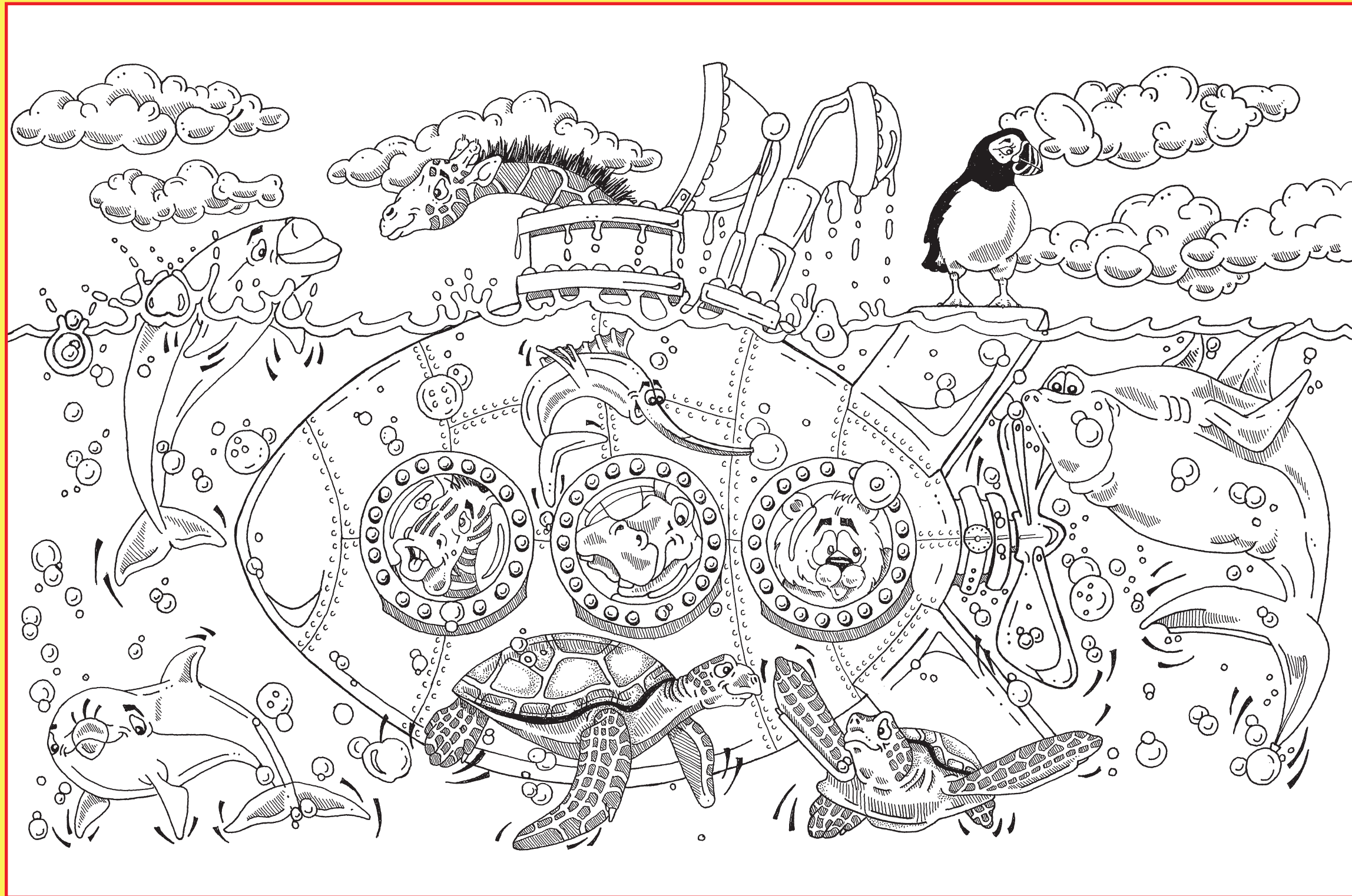
Hidden Pictures®















In this big picture, find the objects shown below.

Seeing the Sea from a Submarine

By René Mitchell-Mills

-  button
-  ring
-  pennant
-  ladle
-  fried egg
-  bowling ball
-  boomerang
-  mitten
-  toothbrush
-  mug
-  wristwatch
-  dog bone
-  comb
-  slice of toast



-  drinking glass
-  piece of popcorn
-  doughnut
-  pear
-  egg
-  hat
-  crescent moon
-  cherry
-  lollipop
-  acorn
-  sailboat
-  candle
-  baseball cap
-  balloon



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

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 is different, so you can’t follow another team.”

Ollie and this kid Mike and I decided to be a team. We got our list and our scavenger-hunt bag.

“Ready, set, go!” Connor yelled.

I pulled the first clue out of the bag and read it to Ollie and Mike.

“You’ll find that I am the best place to have a little rest.

A box of buttons is under me. Find the box; take out three.”

“How about under that big tree?” Mike said.

Day camp started off great. Then came the scavenger hunt.

We all ran to the tree, but it didn’t take long to figure out that it was the wrong resting place.

“Nope,” I said. “Definitely no box of buttons here.”

“What about that bench?” said Ollie. “You could rest on that.”

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.

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

I 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!”

“Is lollygag like lollipop?” said Mike. “Because, if so, I’d like one.”

“I don’t see any 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.”

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

“It’s different when the game has a grand prize,” I said. “That prize could be huge! Besides,



Ollie high-fived Mike.

Ollie and Mike just looked at each other in silence.

“I feel like I’m the only one who’s even trying!”

Visit HighlightsKids.com to hear this story read aloud.

you’re usually one of the most competitive people I know.”

“Yeah, I guess,” said Ollie. “What’s the next clue?”

“OK.” I read:

“My two big hands are attached to my face. Check the basket beneath me to get on with the race.”

“I seriously have no idea what has hands on its face!” said Mike.

“Um, a creature from Planet Weirdville?” said Ollie.

“Excuse me,” I said. “Can we please spend a little less time making jokes and a little more time solving the riddle?”

“I actually thought it was kind of funny,” said Mike.

“Right?” Ollie high-fived Mike.

“Ugh!” I groaned. “I feel like I’m the only one on this team who’s even trying! I might as well do this by myself.”

Ollie and Mike just looked at

each other in silence. My voice echoed in my head, and I realized how un-fun I’d sounded. Then I had a wacky idea. Crouching down, I tucked my elbows in close to my body and made it appear that my hands were attached to the sides of my face. “Eep a deep dop!” I squeaked.

“Eep a deep dop?” Ollie said.

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.

“What’s a clock?” said Mike. “A clock has hands on its face.” Mike jumped up. “There’s that big clock by the front office!”

And before I knew it, we were all running toward the office.

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

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



ha ha hee hee Jokes hee hee ha ha

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

"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Gorilla."

"Gorilla who?"

"Gorilla me a burger, please. I'm hungry!"

Adia Feil, Kansas

Ray: Do you want to come over today?

Rafael: Sure, but first I need to do some school shopping.
Several hours later . . .

Ray: Where did Rafael go to get his school supplies, Pencil-vania?

Ray Grauer, New York

A book never written: *Doing a Good Job* by Will Dunn.

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

Highlights

803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Check . . .



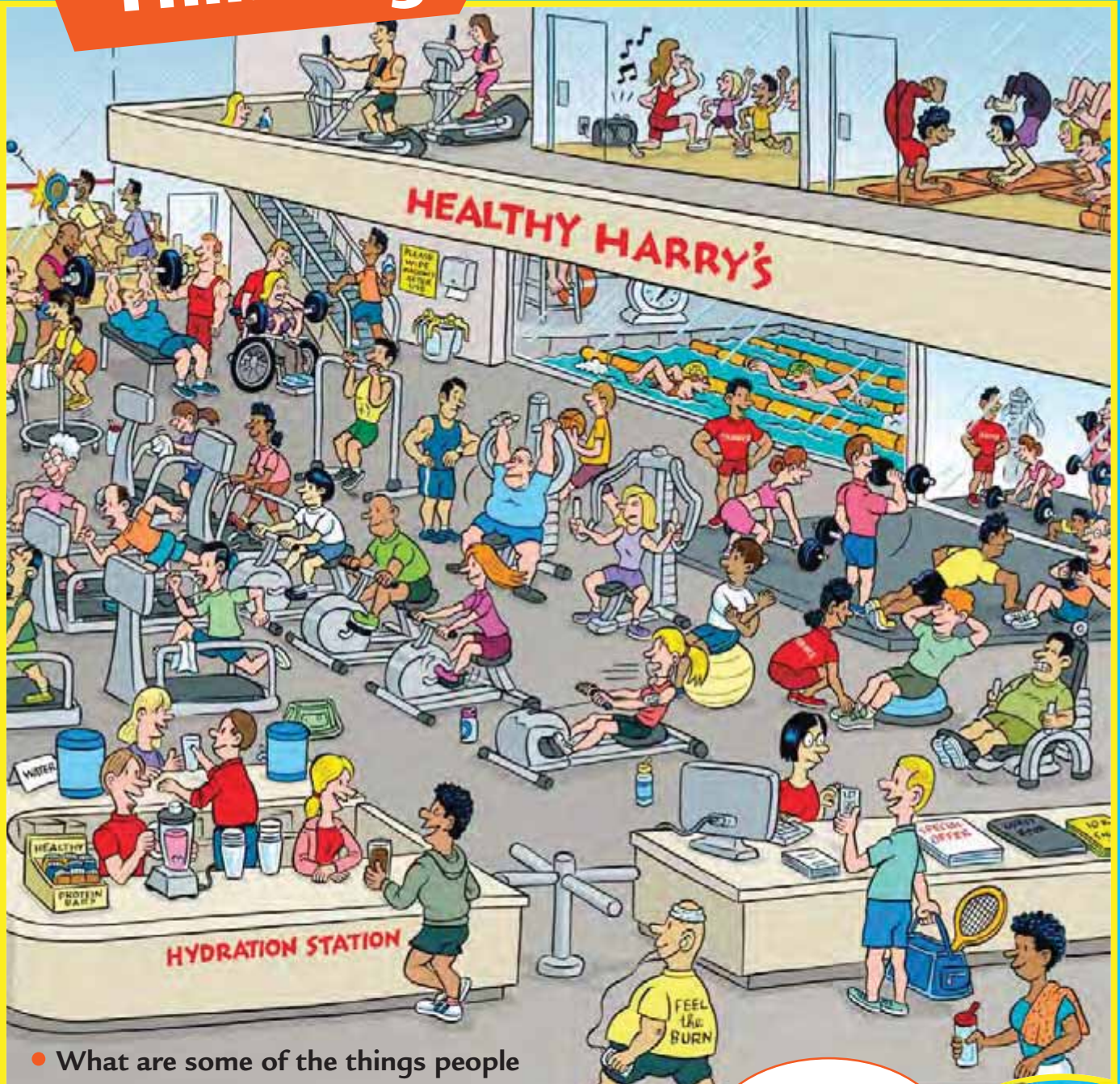
and Double Check



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

Thinking

Working Out at the Gym



- 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?

Where can I go to play fetch?



NADINE'S CIRCUS DAY

By Tim Lehnert Art by Claudia Venturini



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

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.

“You know the circus is supposed to start soon, right?”

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.”



“Let’s see what I can do.”

“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.



“That will hold long enough to get you there,” said Nadine. “If you hurry, you can still make it.”

“If you hurry, you can still make it.”

“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. “Ladieees 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.”

Say “Awk!”

A bald-eagle chick gets a checkup.

Story and Photos by Bob Michelson

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 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.

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.

The adult eagle has white feathers on its head that make it look bald.



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.

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



Your Own Stories



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
Nebraska



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

Send us your stories! We'd love to read them.
All stories must have fewer than 200 words and include
your name, age, and address. Send them to

Highlights

Your Own Stories
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Anna Grant, Age 9
Texas



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 blubbering 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.

Games to Speed Up a Cleanup

By Jenner Porter
Art by Mitch Mortimer

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!

Cleaning your room is a piece of cake when you mix in some fun!


SONG STOP

What you'll need:
Catchy tunes and people to help you clean

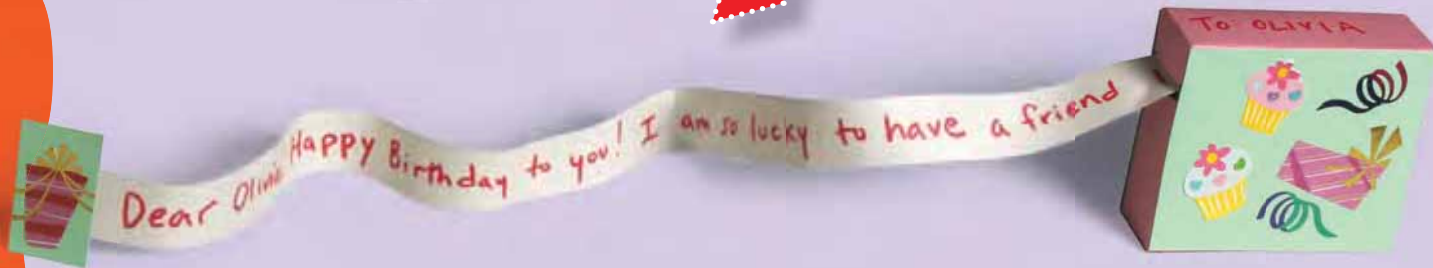
One person (the DJ) starts the first song. As the music plays, the others clean as fast as they can (while still using care!). When the DJ pauses the music, *freeze!* When the DJ starts the music again, start cleaning again! At the end of the song, someone else takes a turn as the DJ. Keep playing until 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.

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.



Make a rain stick! Find out how on HighlightsKids.com



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-1½-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.





No Translation Needed

By Maria Nollezzi Ross Art by Michael Byers

The scent of fresh bread wafted around Steven when he entered the kitchen. His stomach growled. He watched Mrs. Gambini reach into the stone oven with a long-handled wooden tray and slide it under a loaf.

Steven and his parents were in Florence, Italy, visiting some of his mom's college friends, including Mrs. Gambini. Today, his parents were going to a few museums, but it had been a long day yesterday and Steven asked to stay behind. The translation app on his dad's smartphone would help him communicate.

Turning to put the bread down, Mrs. Gambini saw Steven and jumped, then laughed. She said, "Buon giorno. Vuoi un pezzo di pane e una tazza di latte?"

The translator on the phone said, "Good morning. Would you like a piece of bread and a cup of milk?"

"Yes, please," Steven said, smiling. "Thank you."

The translation app on his dad's phone would help him communicate.

Mrs. Gambini handed Steven a slice of steaming bread. He closed his eyes as he bit into the crispy crust and airy dough.

A doorbell rang. Mrs. Gambini said, "Scusami, un attimo." The translator said, "Excuse me, one minute."

Mrs. Gambini fixed her hair in the mirror before answering the

door. A lady walked in, and the two women began speaking Italian so fast that the translator produced only a garble of words.

Steven turned off the phone and left it on the table. He popped the last morsel of bread into his mouth and drained the milk.

He wandered out the back door to enjoy the sunny morning. A thumping sound came from around the corner. He followed it and found a girl wearing a sports uniform and kicking a soccer ball against a wall. She turned to him and said, "Buon giorno."

Steven patted his pocket for the phone, then remembered that he'd left it in the kitchen. He didn't know what to say, so he repeated, "Buon giorno."

The girl kicked the ball to him.

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."

Fortuna sounded like fortune. Fortune means "luck." Yes. "Buona fortuna!" he shouted.

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.

Fortuna sounded like fortune. Fortune means "luck." Yes. "Buona fortuna!" he yelled.

Rosabella and her friends yelled back, "Molte grazie!"


The bus rolled away.

Steven went back to the kitchen for a drink of water. Mrs. Gambini handed him his phone.

Steven said into the translation app, "It's more fun to learn from

people. Can you teach me some words, Mrs. Gambini?"

When Mrs. Gambini heard the Italian translation, she laughed and nodded.

Steven put away the phone, sat down, and waited for her to speak. 



WORD MASH-UP!

By Linda Hayes



How many of these compound words can you guess?

EXAMPLE:



= DOORBELL

1.



6.



2.



7.



3.



8.



4.



9.



5.



10.



Pet Stories

Has your pet ever done something funny, unusual, brave, or loving? We'd like to hear about it! In fewer than 75 words, tell us your pet story. You may also send a drawing or photo, but we won't be able to return it. Send your story to

Highlights

Pet Stories
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Please include your name, age, and address.

We must receive your reply by September 1, 2014, to consider it for publication.

The Timbertoes®

By Rich Wallace Art by Ron Zalme



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.



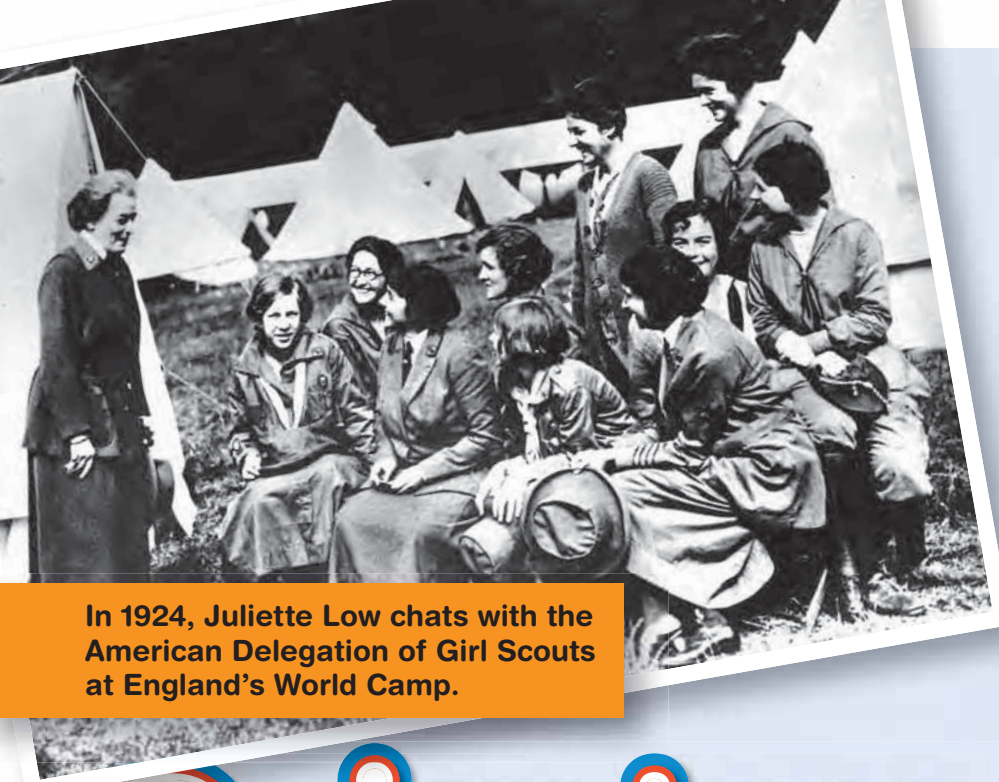
Pa stopped the drip.



“Good as new!”



“I love our house.”



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

Daisy Low Grows the Girl Scouts

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 with a naturalist and learning about 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 Girl 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


"The girls will decide whether the plan is good or not, and reject it if it isn't. You can trust them to know."



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.



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. 

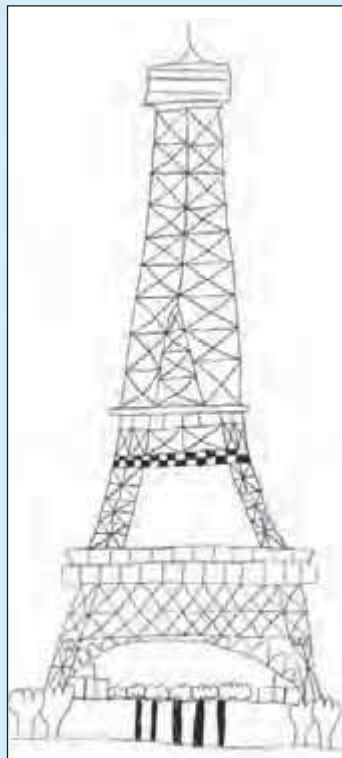
Your Own Pages



Snickers the Cat
Jaida Zimmerman, Age 8
Pennsylvania

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

Will Shoemaker, Age 7
Colorado



Eiffel Tower
Lucas Lowe, Age 9
Tennessee

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



Giraffe
Rajit Samant, Age 3
Ohio

Horse Haiku Trio

Mane and tail flowing,
Beautiful and powerful,
Muscles rippling.

Bay, dun, roan, paint, black,
Beautiful horses running
Under moonlit skies.

Blood bay, eighteen hands,
Majestic, powerful, strong.
Blinky, I love you.

Micah Barkley, Age 9
Texas



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.
Her hands and feet move so gracefully.
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



Jolie Simonin, Age 10
Rhode Island

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



**Michigan State Football Fan
on Game Day in the Summer**
Adrian Chandler, Age 11
Michigan

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

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



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 . . .
Zzzzzzzzz . . .

Aaron Shih, Age 9
California

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



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

Share Your Creative Work
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

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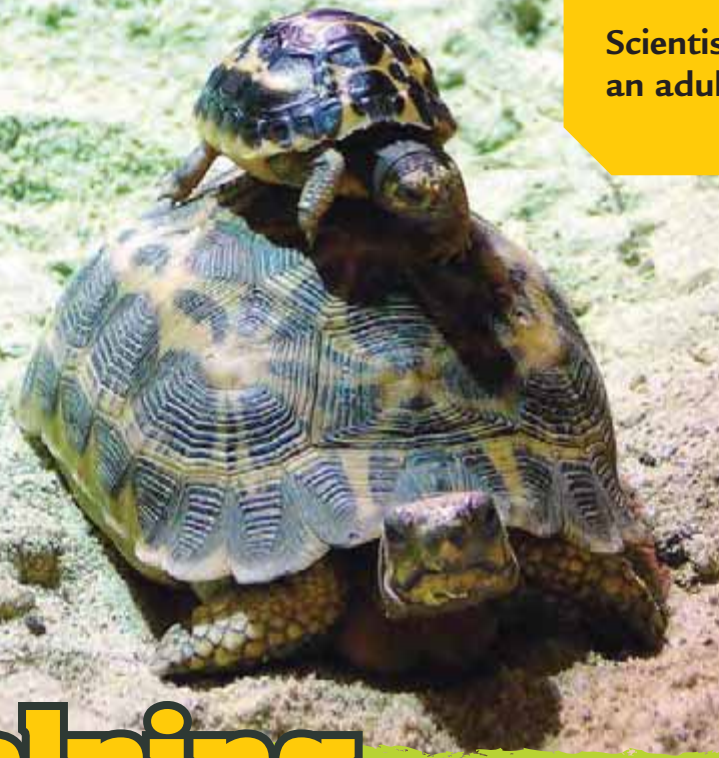
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We cannot
return your
work, so you
might want to
keep a copy.

Helping Tiny Tortoises Feel at Home Zookeepers help these rare animals survive.

By Jacqueline Adams

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



**Northern
spider
tortoises
are tricky
to breed.**

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.



Kristy Becka



This tortoise hatched in 2011.

Photos courtesy of Cleveland Metroparks Zoo.

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. **4**



A single egg is laid by a female.

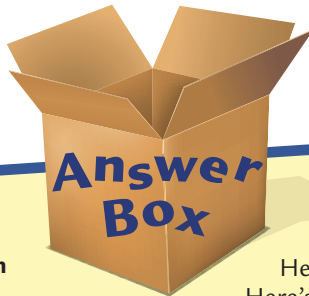
Your Best Self



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.



page 2

Fun This Month

Mystery Photo—
Cat whiskers.

page 6

Fold Up, Splash Down

The letter *D*.

page 12

Riddle Me Some Rhymes!

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. A glad dad. | 5. A funky monkey. |
| 2. A flat hat. | 6. A slower crower. |
| 3. A wet vet. | 7. A scary fairy. |
| 4. A cooler ruler. | 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.

page 30

Word Mash-Up!

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Fishbowl. | 6. Bookworm. |
| 2. Cupcake. | 7. Basketball. |
| 3. Shoebox. | 8. Keyboard. |
| 4. Moonlight. | 9. Rainbow. |
| 5. Flowerpot. | 10. Butterfly. |

page 43

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



Riddles

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 Why couldn't the skunk play baseball?

Sydney Moore, Texas

5 Which bug never does its chores?

Max Kiehne, New Mexico

6 What do you call a book about a car?

Laney Van Hoven, Michigan

7 Which way did the computer programmer go?

Zandrea Thompson, California

8 Why is there salt in the ocean, but no pepper?

Bethany Westbrook, North Carolina

9 What did one hand say to the other?

Avanni Gardner, Tennessee

Answers: 1. Soup and quackers. 2. A Botanical garden. 3. I don't know, but it's crawling up your leg! 4. Because he always threw foul balls. 5. A lazybug. 6. An autobiography. 7. He went dataway. 8. Because pepper would make the fish sneeze. 9. "You're so fist-icated."

BrainPlay

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

START



What do you like about summertime?

Which shapes do you see around you now?

Who comforts you when you feel sad?

How is a cat like a dog?

Name some things that swing.



When might you whisper?

“I always try to look for the best in people,” said Grandma. What do you think that means?

Name three things you use every day that would not fit in a shoebox.

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?

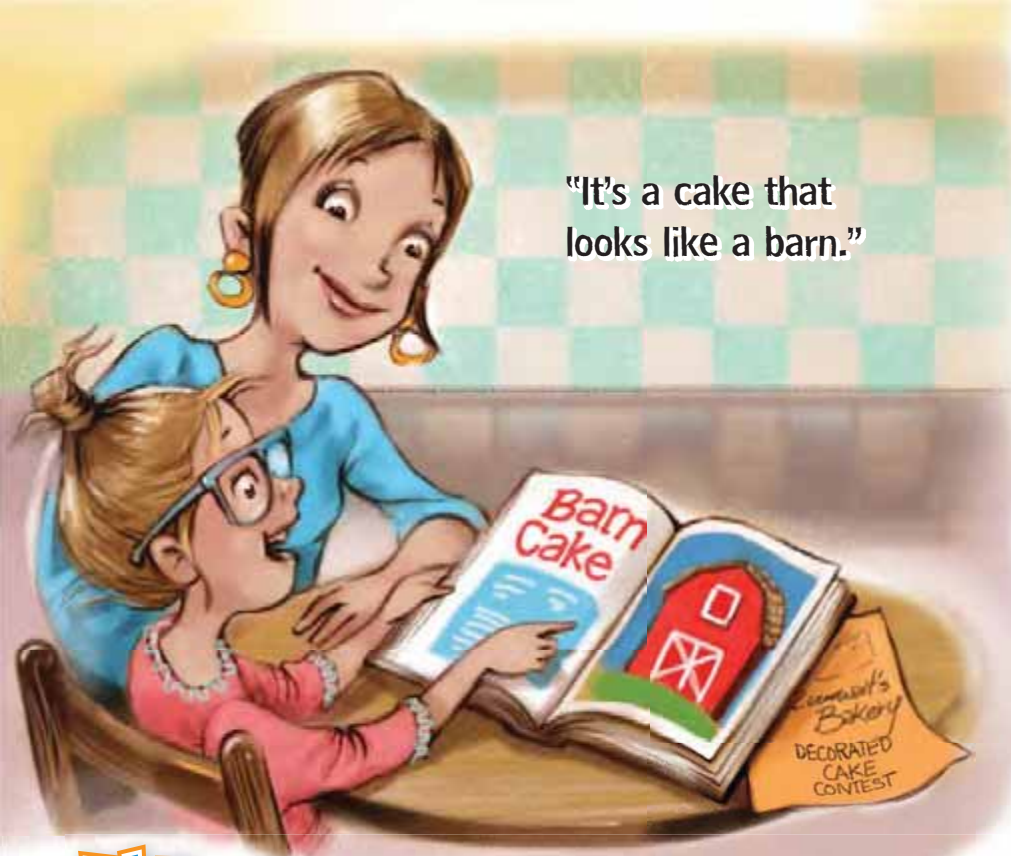
“I had to sprint to get inside before the rain started!” said Andy. What other sports skills do people use in everyday life?

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



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

Art by Erin Mauterer.



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

The Winning Recipe

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.

"It needs a few more minutes."



"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,

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



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. ♣

Dear Highlights



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.

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 clergyman, may also help.



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

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

Dear Highlights

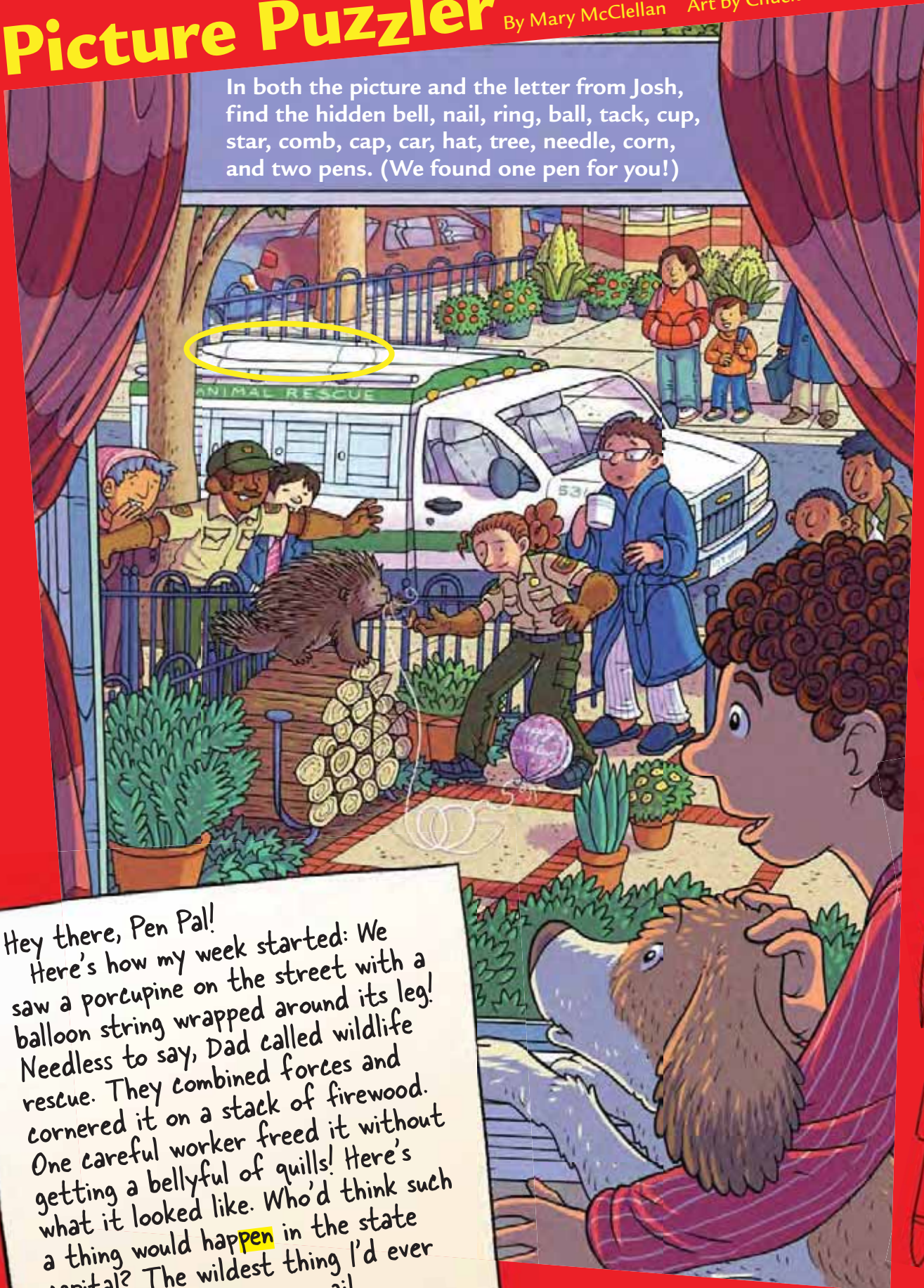
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Or e-mail us at Letters@Highlights.com.

Picture Puzzler

By Mary McClellan Art by Chuck Dillon

In both the picture and the letter from Josh, find the hidden bell, nail, ring, ball, tack, cup, star, comb, cap, car, hat, tree, needle, corn, and two pens. (We found one pen for you!)



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



