

EBERWHITE KIDS' COURIER

Pet Polls

Asking people about their pets is fun. I asked the same three questions to each person about one of their pets. Each person chose which of his or her pets to talk about. It was a blast!



Here are Piper and Callisto, the Hack family kittens.

Benjamin Hack and his cat Piper:

EKC: What do you like most about your pet?

BH: She likes to be around humans, and she doesn't have any pressure around them.

EKC: What do you like least about your pet?

BH: Umm . . . She gets crazy, and she'll scratch you. That's just one thing that might be a problem.

EKC: If your pet were a human, what would her job be?

BH: That's a good question. Since she's young, I can't really tell. She might be good at soccer, yes, she likes to play with balls.

Matty Hack and his cat Callisto:

EKC: What do you like most about your pet?

MH: How sweet she is. She will literally curl up on the bed near my neck and start purring.

EKC: What do you like least about your pet?

MH: Um I don't dislike anything about

NOVEMBER 8, 2009



Take Me! Take Me!

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Volume 3, Issue 1

Callisto.

EKC: If Callisto were a human, what would her job be?

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Take Me! Take Me!

I woke up sweating. I'd had the dream again. Running down the hall. Opening the door. The cages. The howls and yowls. I can only open one door! I disobey. I have the keys. In my mouth. I run to the first cage. Just before the lock clicks . . . Here I am. Out of the Dream. In my own cage in the Misery Place. On the tag on my cage door – a false name. A date (I think I came here then, but I can't be sure. You lose track here).

Someone's here; I can hear the harsh noise in the human lingo. I see someone come in. Pauses at each cage. Then, he's HERE! He's looking. He looks nice. Everybody looks nice – yet they don't take me. They take the

little ones, who don't know anything. I look away – but Oh, I'm interested.

He looks at me, and he says something in his tongue. I recognize the false name "Gold." I think he's leaving. I can't stand it. Maybe he's gone!

I roll over. Tongue lolling. "Please, me! Take me! Take me!" I shout in Dog.

He turns.

"Noooooooooooo!" I howl in my language.

He's back. The cage is open. I bound out. He, you, Master! You take me to the machine on wheels! Away! Away! Away! When we get where I recognize



to be my home (it smells of you), I wag my tail and say, in Canine

Thank you thank you thank you!

Book Review: *Encyclopedia Horrifica*

Are you a lover of horror? Do you wish vampires, ghosts, werewolves, and other creeps were REAL? Well, after reading *Encyclopedia Horrifica*, you'll know they're real!

The truth behind these spooky things is revealed in an all-fact book. (Everything in the book is fact, except for the doll-house, Joshua Gee office). Part one shows you about all the monsters: vampires, sea monsters (including the Feejee Mermaid), UFOs, and werewolves. Part two, "That's the Spirit," tells you all about ghosts. Part II includes information about the Bell Witch, Bloody Mary, real-life ghostbusters, some spooky secrets about Thomas Edison, the Brown Lady of Raynam Hall, ghost animals, and more! Part Three (you Halloween fans are going to love this), "Every Day is Halloween," discusses stuff like the Evolution Store (a neat store in New York City), telepathy, psychic spies, superstitions, and more!

Last but not least, Part four, "Fearsome Fates," discusses zombies, curses, an innocent murderer who police love, and more!

I age this book ages 7+. I rate it:

✓✓✓✓✓ (five stars)

The Journey – Part 1

Introduction: Hello, my name is Zoe H. Crane, and I'm the publisher of the Eberwhite Kids' Courier. This story came to my attention when a copy was sent to me by someone called Cathleen Witgar. She merely accompanied it with a short letter saying she had gotten this story via email from Lizzie@yahoo.com. I can't wait to get Part 2. Happy reading!

Scannon looked at his metal food bowl longingly. When was someone going to feed him? He wondered where they had all gone. Scannon had been in this place for three days. He was eight weeks old, and he was a black lab mix. He had been adopted from the shelter by the three humans: the small one with long fur sometimes called Katharine, sometimes called Kathy; the big one with long fur sometimes called Mrs. Freedman, sometimes Mom, and sometimes Beth; and the big one with short fur which was sometimes Mr. Freedman, sometimes Pop, and sometimes Ben. On the first two days the small one had petted him and had pulled his tail, and the large one with short fur had been gone until dusk. Mrs. (that's what Scannon called the big one with long fur) would feed Scannon when the sun was just up and let him out of his crate, feed him when the sun was high overhead and Kath (that's what Scannon called the small one) was just being called in to eat herself. After Scannon ate his mid-meal, he'd beg for (and get) scraps. His best bet for getting scraps was Kath, he'd learned. Later, Mrs. would feed him some puppy food when Kath had to come in again, and he'd beg for scraps again, and then he'd go to his crate, and Mr. (that's what Scannon thought of the big one with short hair as) would come back.

But today, day three, just after first meal, Kath had left with a strange case on her back. Then, Mrs. grabbed a large, metal case and departed. And now Scannon was here alone with a food bowl, a water bowl (which, luckily, was full), and nothing else.

Suddenly, he heard a sound from the down-door, which Scannon wasn't allowed to nose past.

Scannon heard a dog saying, "Pssst. Hey, bud. Come over here!"

He didn't know what to do. So, he pushed open the door.

He saw three stairs downward, and then a flat, smallish, square space. Carefully navigating to the space, he saw another door – a door to the out-of-doors space! There was a window at the top, and a window at the bottom! The window at the bottom had just a screen, so Scannon could see the dog on the other side! This dog, he noticed, looked no older than he was.

"Hi, I'm Brokefang," said the dog.

"I'm Scannon," replied Scannon.

"Look, what's up here? I've been watching the house since morning. Your pets have left you! Why don't you escape?" said Brokefang.

"Well, why don't we meet outside tonight? Mrs. lets me out every night to relieve myself!" thought Scannon aloud.

"Good idea!" exclaimed Brokefang.

"You'll be there?" said Scannon.

"Yup," replied Brokefang. Then he scampered off.

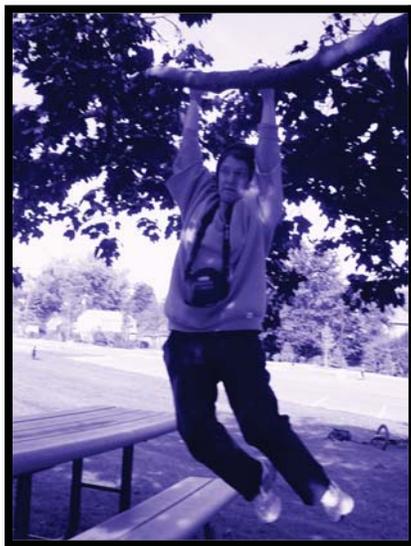
Scannon wondered about Brokefang the rest of the day. Brokefang had short white fur, dark green-brown eyes, and a curly tail. Scannon thought the puppy might have been a little more advanced than Scannon. Scannon had short black fur and blue-gray eyes. He couldn't wait until tonight. What was Brokefang going to tell him?

Why had Brokefang mentioned escaping? The family seemed to be perfectly nice. And where had Brokefang come from, anyway? Had he escaped? It was all too much for Scannon, who retreated to the living room and fell asleep on the rug. *To be continued . . .*



Mrs. Jefunsky

Mrs. Jefunsky is an old woman who has been absolutely cuckoo for ever and ever. She is shown here going down a hill backwards. She also has a cat, Mia. He (yes, Mia is a he) is not shown here. He was busy taking the picture.



Mrs. Bluebell

As you can see, Mrs. Bluebell is not very pretty. She is shown here dangling from a tree. She is a sort of eccentric scientist. She does alchemy and is dangling from the tree to figure out how it feels to be the lower branches of a tree. It obviously does not feel good! She was going to hire a kid to climb on her, but after this it seemed a bit much. Instead, she paid the kid \$1 to take the "scientific" picture shown next to this text (unintentional rhyme).

ANNOUNCEMENT BOARD:



November 10, 2009

No more jumping in the leaves! On November 10, 2009, there's a leaf pickup!

This is the last leaf pickup this year, so you'd better rake out your leaves.



Pumpkins

As the Squirrel reminded you last year, the squirrels like to eat your jack-o-lanterns. So if you'd like the squirrels to have your pumpkins, you can leave them out for the squirrels. If not, some people put their pumpkins in the leaf pile.

POET'S PAGE: TEA SET

I
I'm looking for the missing
homework,
Caramel, the orange tabby, at my side.
The homework-algebra-needs to be
Done. Everywhere I look.
Nothing.
Ascending to the lonely attic
Wind through the cracks
Caramel stays downstairs.
I see boxes and boxes
Dusty. By the door,
A small box.

II
Open it to find
A tea set for the dolls.
On top two linen napkins
Below them silver platter
And "fruits" and "pies."
Then the little limeade glasses
With "strawberries" in them.
After that a mound of "cookies,"
For the platter. Last two
China plates.

III
These plates and napkins
Platter and limeade glasses
Cookies and pies
Have been with me since when
I pulled Geronimo's tail

When I first went to school
When Geronimo died
When we moved here
From Maine. When I met
Jason, when Sebastian called
me "Pet of Teacher Cath."
When Mom's third baby,
Ana, was stillborn.
All my 13 years.

IV
Looking for homework, finding
a priceless treasure. Looking around
the attic, is that my crib? Geronimo's
puppy chew toy? Caramel's old collar?

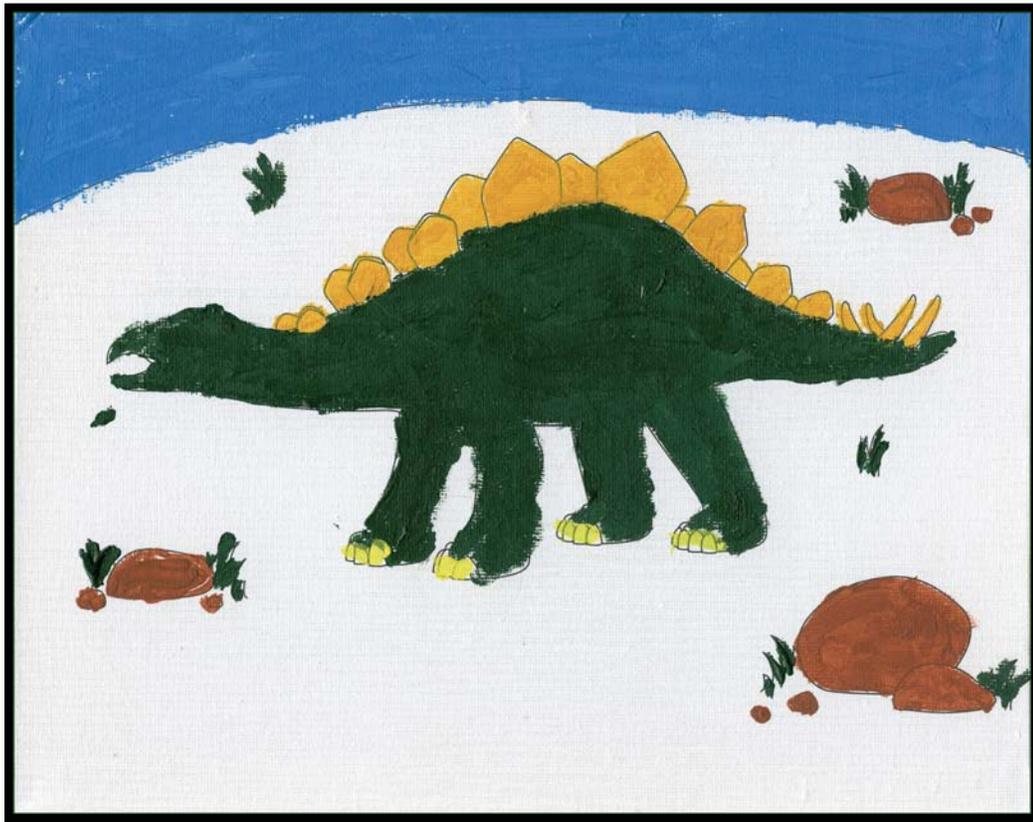
V
I need to find that homework.
Let the past fall off me
Like a veil.

SUBMIT TO THE EKC!!!

If you'd like to have your stories, artwork, photographs, news, poems, articles, musical scores, or comic strips published in the EKC, submit your work to zoehrane@gmail.com or call the publisher, Zoe Crane, at 1-734-369-2993.

The EKC can also be viewed online at www.selmaannarbor.org.

ART BOX



UNTITLED, BY COLE SHEPHERD

PET POLLS - continued from page 1

MH: She would be a princess, but a very nice princess and environmentally friendly.

Thomas Manley and his cat Oliver:

EKC: What is your favorite thing about Oliver?

TM: Oh. Umm . . . that he's so soft and snuggly.

EKC: What is your least favorite thing about Oliver?

TM: What? My least favorite thing is that he bites your nose

and tries to get away.

EKC: If Oliver were a human, what would his job be?

TM: If Oliver had a job? Umm Oliver would eat food because he does eat food. It [his job] would be to eat food. And he even has that job.

Jane Manley and her fish Rosie:

EKC: What is your favorite thing about Rosie?

JM: Umm um . . . be

cause he eats every day.

EKC: What is your least favorite thing about Rosie?

JM: Um . . . uh because he looks at me every day.

EKC: If Rosie were a person, what would his job be?

JM: He sometimes fires me.

I apologize to those others including the Hathaways, Kennedy-Vaillants, and Mary Claire Manley, who didn't get interviewed because there wasn't enough room in the article space.