

EBERWHITE KIDS' COURIER

Pet Polls II

This week, I interviewed people who weren't interviewed last week. It was really fun!



Marley, Cole Shepherd's dog

Cole Shepherd and his dog

Marley:

EKC: What is your favorite thing about Marley?

CS: Um . . . when she's at the dog park and she runs around and she likes it.

EKC: What is your least favorite thing about Marley?

CS: O um . . . That when I'm trying to do something with my toys and she tries to eat my toys.

EKC: If Marley were a person, what would her job be?

CS: Umm . . . to take me for walks.

Lena Hathaway and her dog

Riley.
EKC: What is your favorite

thing about Riley?

LH: Mmmmmm her ears and like around her throat are really soft.

EKC: What is your least favorite thing about Riley?

LH: . . . She sheds too much.

EKC: If Riley were a person, what would her job be?

LH: . . .

Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm . . . uh since she doesn't really have any trait that marks her out for a job, I'm going to say she'd be an author because she sits around all day.

Daniel Hathaway and his cat

Jenny.
EKC: What is your favorite thing about Jenny?

DH: . . . She's cuddly.

NOVEMBER 15, 2009



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"True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice." - Ben Jonson

EKC: What is your least favorite thing about Jenny?

DH: huuuuuuuh Sometimes she scratches me.

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

DH: . . . I don't know, I never really

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Pet Polls (continued)

asked, I don't speak her language. I don't know, because I can't answer.

Devin Vaillant and his hamster Ebony:

EKC: What is your favorite thing about Ebony?

DV: Uhhh . . . she's . . . cute?

EKC: What's your least favorite thing about Ebony?

DV: Umm . . . she killed her sister?

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

DV: Umm . . . I don't
. She'd be a supermodel.



Riley, the Hathaway family's dog

Why the Cat Hates Water: A Fable



Cat is shown here. How many other characters are there in this fable?

A long, long time ago, before there was anything but animals, almost all creatures liked water. The animals would play in it every day. Even Cat was especially fond of it. One day, Wolf was chasing Cat. Cat just ran to the nearest tree. She was smarter and faster than Wolf was. She climbed right up the tree.

"Cursed Cat!" cried Wolf, exasperated.

"What did I just hear?" said Squirrel incredulously. "Do you hate her too?"

Squirrel had a fear of the water, and he despised Cat for having so much fun in it. Longing for his fear to be dispelled, he had turned bitter towards Cat.

"Yeah, I do hate Cat!" cried Wolf.

Squirrel, wishing to spite Cat, said, "Wolf, I

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The Journey – Part 2 (continued from November 8, 2009)

Scannon, dozing on the living room rug, woke around 7:00 to see Mr. standing above him with a broom. He wondered what Mr. was saying, but Mr. was speaking Human. Then, Mr. raised the broom. Scannon knew what that meant. Scannon bolted into the next room. Why would Mr. want to hit him?

Then, Kath came up to Scannon. She brought Scannon to the back door and opened it. He ran out to the middle of the yard and saw a siamese cat.

“Hi. I’m Sima,” said the cat, “And I heard from Lupis, who heard from Marisa, who heard from Brokefang, that Brokefang found you. You’re the black lab Scanno, right?”

“Scannon, actually,” said Scannon, perplexed, “But who are you?”

“A reasonable question, Scannon,” said Sima, “I’m from Lupis’s group of runaways. Lupis started it, and Brokefang was the second of us. Lupis is a real Wild One! Then Lupis found Marisa, who was being badly treated by her owners. (Marisa is a German shepherd). Then Brokefang ran away from a place where if you stay long enough humans KILL you! After that, they got me. What’ve these humans done to you?”

“Well, Mr. nearly hit me with a broom,” said Scannon.

“Oh no!” cried Sima, “Here comes a tail-puller!!!!!!”

Kath had just come out to call Scannon in. It was now or never. Scannon ran after Sima, saying, “I’m coming with you!” Scannon glanced back and saw Kath going back inside.

Soon, Sima stopped on the edge of the woods. “Scanno,” she said, “the camp’s over there.” Scannon saw a bunch of trees with a bunch of thorny bushes at the bottom. There was a little hole in the bushes, just about the right size for a fully-grown dog, at the base.

“Whoa,” breathed Scannon.

Scannon followed Sima through the hole and into the clearing beyond. It had a dirt floor, with two dens dug into it. Sima had found a cleft in the burrs and thorns, and had dragged a lot of leaves in there. In another cleft . . .

“Brokefang!” cried out Scannon.

“Hello Scannon!” yelled Brokefang.

Then, Scannon saw a big, female German shepherd head poke out of one of the dens.

“Be quiet!” said the head.

“But Marisa,” complained Brokefang, “Sima just brought in Scannon!”

“WHAT?!” exclaimed Marisa. She wiggled her way out of her den and sniffed Scannon.

“LUPIS!” yelled Marisa, “We’ve got another recruit!”

Then, Scannon saw a magnificent creature come out of the other den. This creature was similar to a dog, but, if it was Lupis, Sima’s word “Wild One” did Lupis justice.

“Hello,” said the creature, “I’m Lupis. So, did you run away?”

“Umm . . .” said Scannon.

“Brokefang!” said Lupis, “You’ll get a real den for finding another one of us. I’ll dig you a small one (for your size).”

Brokefang led Scannon to a private part of the camp. There was a place in the thorns where you went through an opening, and then turned left. Then, you were in between two walls of thorns.

“Here’s how it goes,” said Brokefang, “You start out wherever you can find a place. Then, when you find your first member, you get a small den. Medium den for your second. Large den for your third. If you get another, you get a large and a small second room. Etc., etc., etc. If you do a deed of valor, you get a room in Lupis’s den!”

“Cool!” exclaimed Scannon.

“Of course, we move camp every three

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days. We're on our second night here."

"Why do you move?" asked Scannon.

"Well, we can't just comb one area. We have to get all the areas! We can't just let animals suffer," replied Brokefang.

"Am I your first find?" asked Scannon.

"Yes, you are. Marisa got a small den because she found Sima."

Then, they heard Lupis call, "Of the wild!"

Brokefang hurried out, and Scannon followed. Sima, Scannon noticed, had just retreated into his thorn cove. Then, he saw Lupis raise her head, and music poured from her muzzle like water. Brokefang and Marisa joined in. Soon, before he even knew what he was doing, Scannon joined in. The chorus was liquid, gaseous, solid, waving bliss.

Then, it was over. It seemed as if it had just begun to Scannon, although it might have been hours.

Brokefang said, "You can have my old cove. Tomorrow you might be picked to go searching! Searching is most fun, of course, and if you actually get a taker you get a den. But arriving is also fun. That's what Sima did tonight. You see, two of us go out searching during the day, and if one of us doesn't find somebody, he or she does the arriving later at night. If the searchers both find somebody, then one of those who stayed behind does the arriving. Today I went out searching with Sima. Marisa and Lupis stayed back. They hunted, and we've got some racoon meat now!"

Just then, Lupis dragged the raccoon meat from her den, and everybody ran to eat it. Scannon thought it was quite good, actually.

"It sure beats Cat Kibbles!" he heard Sima mutter.

Scannon was really excited for tomorrow. He wanted to find somebody. It was almost addictive!

The next morning, Scannon awoke with the sun. He could hear the rest of the

camp stirring. For a second, he wondered where he was. Then, he heard Lupis call out, "Announcing! To go searching are Marisa and Scannon!"

Marisa and Scannon stepped out. Scannon was really excited.

"To stay behind and hunt: Brokefang and Sima!" cried Lupis.

So, Marisa and Scannon ran out the front, Scannon accidentally flopping onto his belly at one point.

Scannon heard Brokefang whisper, "Good luck!" Running down by the woods and out into the neighborhood, Scannon felt two emotions at once. One, he had never felt this free! And two, oh, how amazing it was to be so wild!

When they reached the street, Marisa said, "I'll go down by where your place was. Don't want you to get caught!" So Scannon went up the street, and Marisa went down it. Scannon went to the first house he saw.

"Pssst! Anybody home?" he whispered at the back door. But no one answered, so he kept on going. At one blue house he found a female persian, but she was too comfortable where she was. Then, he saw a small, ranch house. From the back, he heard a frantic dog voice calling for help.

Scannon ran to the backyard, and he saw a puppy, about seven weeks old, tied up to a pole. She was an Australian shepherd and had grey fur with patches of brown and reddy-brown. She was probably the prettiest dog Scannon had ever seen. She was wild-eyed with fear.

"Who are you?" she asked, panting. The rope around her neck was digging into the flesh as, maddened, she lunged to free herself. There was blood streaking her beautiful, lustrous fur.

"I'm Scannon! I'll help you get out of here! Don't worry!" But he wondered how he'd help her. But he knew he needed to help her - and soon, before she got seriously hurt!
To be continued . . .

Why the Cat Hates Water -- continued from page 2

have an idea!"

As Squirrel and Wolf plotted together, Cat snuck to her den and her kittens Ashy and Etha.

The next day, Cat went down to the water and saw Wolf. But Wolf did not begin to chase her, so Cat, who had a kindly spirit and believed in second chances, approached him.

"Good day, Cat," said Wolf.

"Good day, Wolf," said Cat.

"Cat, I have decided to turn over a new leaf. To prove it, I am granting you permission to enter the secret part of the river that is normally only for my mate, myself, and our pups," said Wolf in a soft tone. "It's really beautiful."

Cat, being who she was, agreed.

When they reached Wolf's little bit of the river, Wolf said, "Go on in!"

Cat jumped in.

"Brrr! I'm cold!" cried Cat.

"Just paddle around a bit. You'll get warm."

Then, Wolf turned and flicked his tail once . .

. . twice. That was Squirrel's signal. Squirrel came up to the top of the chasm and . . . BAM! Squirrel threw a weighted net over the river banks, trapping Cat in the river.

"Grrr! I knew something was wrong here!" cursed Cat. "I didn't think Wolf had a mate or pups!"

Cat could not leave the chasm to reach her den. So, she would stay up the whole night, trying to stay afloat.

In the morning, Bear, Cat's friend, looked for Cat in her den, but he did not find her at home. He thought this might have to do with Wolf, so he left the kittens with his mate, Baedra, and went looking for Cat. It was early morning and still dark. Bear came to Wolf's part of the river. After the sun had set the night before, the stream had frozen, trapping Cat in the ice at the surface. Bear chopped Cat out. Then Cat quickly collected her kittens, vowing never to go near water again.

This is how Cat stopped liking water.



Warning! These strange people have been spotted on Wakefield Ave., and it cannot be good! They include Skirted-up Sal (the one with the pink skirt and blue dress), Super-super Stan (the boy with his "Super" shirt), and Thorny-Horned Tootsie-Tate (you can guess which one she is)! Watch out for these WANTEDS!

Old Letters

If you want to, you can respond to this letter by emailing zoehrane@gmail.com. You'll get a reply back. This is not your only chance!!! I WILL BE PUBLISHING MORE OF THESE LETTERS!! IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A DIFFERENT TIME PERIOD, IT MIGHT BE PUBLISHED!!

October 2nd, 1767

To Whom It May Concern:

I have come here from the country of England and have reached this settlement with much difficulty. The Dreaded Pox is about, and my father, a doctor, is sent by the Crown to help those here. Farther East, the Indian Wars are going on, and we fear they may target Georgeville.

I have come here with my mother, Mrs. Mary Everston, my father, Mr. Donald Everston, my sister Martha (age 3), my brothers Michael and Ross (almost age 6), my brother George (age 9), my sister Jane (age 14), my brother Donald Jr. (age 16), and another baby is on the way! If the baby is male, he shall be James; if the baby is female, she shall be Virginia.

I am 11, and my name is Clara.

Please write back to me, and state your name and why you have come to the New World. I like it here (other than the mosquitoes). I hope all here will be safe from the pox, with Father being a doctor and all.

Ross has been itching lately, and because Father, being busy, has not yet had time to check for the pox, we will have Mr. Matthew Black, the Georgeville doctor from before we arrived, inspect him. Mr. Matthew has not yet come to our house, however, and I am running out of paper!

Yours,

Clara Rina Everston