

EBERWHITE KIDS' COURIER

Transformer Busted near Krogers



The Zion Lutheran Church steeple at night – Note: This photo was not taken at the time of the transformer explosion.

Wednesday night Zoe Crane and Daniel Hathaway went up to the Zion Lutheran Church to watch the snow blowing around like spirits in the parking lot. Zoe looked up at the maroon sky and the church steeple, camouflaged.

“Look at the church steeple, Daniel,” said Zoe, pointing.

Just as Daniel looked up, the sky flashed blue and then yellow. After a brief pause the sky flashed again. After that there was a boom. Zoe got scared and began to run for home. Daniel stared at the sky, transfixed.

“Go home, Daniel!” said Zoe. Daniel went home fast. When Zoe got inside she told her parents.

“Yeah, right,” they said. Then her dad looked out the door just as the sky flashed again!

“Zoe’s right!” he said. Zoe stayed inside. Then her dad and mom went out onto the back porch for the last flash, this one red.

What Zoe, Daniel, Zoe’s mom, and Zoe’s dad saw was part of the explosion of a transformer near Krogers. The transformer exploded because it caught on fire. That means all the power was out around Krogers! We’re lucky we don’t live any closer to Krogers. But don’t worry about the frozen food, Krogers saved it all.

- EKC Special Correspondent

December 13, 2009



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*“True happiness consists not
in the multitude of friends,
but in the worth and choice.”*

– Ben Jonson

**News Flash:
Riley Hathaway re-
elected as President of
the Eberwhite dogs on
December 12, 2009!**

Domestic to Wild – Part 2 - by *Matty Hack*

The little tiny human was more than simply a problem. Jakey, as he was called, was horrible. When he first saw Buttercup, he thumped her, automatically pushing a bark out of her. This got the little tiny human cracking up, and he did it repeatedly. Then, he tried it with Tori and Kaleidoscope. Before long, Jakey was making ‘woof’ and ‘meow’ noises.

One day, when Tori was napping, she was woken up by tickling. “Stop it, Kaleidoscope,” she moaned, accusingly. But Kaleidoscope was lying next to her, whimpering. The little tiny human was tickling them. Once he finally stopped, he began wiggling their ears.

Tori watched fury build up in Kaleidoscope by the moment. Realizing what Kaleidoscope was about to do, she started to warn, “Don’t do it, Kaleidoscope!” Kaleidoscope had done this to company once, and received a punishment that locked herself and Tori in the bathroom for the whole night.

Too late. Kaleidoscope opened her jaws and gave Jakey a sharp chomp on the arm.

Instantly, Jakey stopped laughing, and began sobbing, so loudly, making piteous noises. “Run!” Kaleidoscope whisper-yelled, and the two cats darted next to a sleeping Buttercup in the living room, where they hid behind her.

This thumping, tickling, ear-wiggling, biting continued. Each time, Jakey would rat out the, “Ah at!” Which for Jakey meant, the bad cat. Then, the humans insulted Kaleidoscope, saying her, “temper was brighter than her colors,” or some nonsense like that.

One week later, the three pets were quietly sleeping. Jakey somehow had gotten out of his crib, and pushed himself along in a crawling position (his parents said he was a “fast-learning baby”). When he approached Buttercup, he picked up her tail, and yanked.

“AROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” Buttercup shot out. Jakey didn’t let go. The longer he pulled, the louder Buttercup got. Eventually, the humans carried the amused baby off the whimpering puppy.

“Okay,” Kaleidoscope panted. “I cannot take this anymore! We are leaving this place forever, and not coming back!”

The Death of a Star

It’s the winter of my day,
It’s the night of my heart,
It’s the china shattered on the kitchen floor,
It’s the death of a star.

The dawn is just as dark as night,
Money isn’t all you need,
Baubles are not the lily in the garden,
A dagger can kill.

It’s the rising dawn of my mind,
It’s the fortune in my knowledge vault,
It’s the bauble on my Christmas tree,
It’s the birth of a jeweled dagger.

It’s the death of a star,
It’s the birth of a jeweled dagger.

You can play in winter,
You cannot have day without night,
You can fix shattered china,
A star can be reborn.

Bird of the Week – KILLDEAR – by Matty Hack

“KILL-DEE! KILL-DEEEEE! KILL-DEEEEEEE!” Have you ever been in an area with plentiful grassland? Did you wonder what this was? Was it even bird? It certainly was. In fact, it was a small plover (a shorebird) out of all birds, the *Charadrius vociferus*, or as people say in America, the Killdeer. Common questions: Wait! You said it’s a shorebird! What’s it doing in the grassland?” Actually, Killdeers are among five or so shorebirds that live solely in grassy areas. It is close to impossible to find one on the shore.



Matty Hack

Killdeers are surprisingly cute for their dull plumage colors. A Killdeer consists of brown upperparts and wings with a white belly. Killdeers have two distinctive black breastbands that are crucial to their identification, as most plovers have one band. They have a brown crown (top of the head), and a white forehead. There is a single black stripe across the head. Killdeer’s eyes are black, with a red ring around them. They have long wings and a long tail. In flight, look for their orange rump. Their range extends throughout all of the USA, the lower two thirds of Canada, and into Mexico and the Carribean. From about Missouri and north, the Killdeer migrates south after about October 1st. They will stay in their year-round and winter grounds until about February 25th to March 25th; the further north, the later the arrival date. Killdeers may resemble a few of their cousins, such as the Semipalmated and Common Ringed Plovers, but those two live on shores, and the habitat should be noted. A Killdeer is from 9 to 12 inches (22.9 to 30.5 centimeters), with a wingspan up to 22 inches (55.9 centimeters). Killdeers are technically carnivorous, consuming insects, earthworms and other annelids, and snails. A female Killdeer makes her nest by scraping the ground and lining it with grass, stems, and other materials. Three to five beige-spotted brown eggs will be laid and incubated by both sexes for up to four weeks. The downy young will actually start conversing by peeping a few days before they are born, comprehending the calls of their parents. The young leave the nest almost immediately after hatching, but are not independent for close to twenty-five days. Killdeers are probably the easiest shorebirds to sight in North America and are quite adept to human interference. However, they are still shy birds and should not be approached too closely.



A killdeer

Poetry Box: *Runaway's Secret Place*

*Run fast away!
Backpack bangs back.
Feet thud cement.
Fast to forest!
The grass muffles.
Forest draws nearer.
Almost - Finally there!*

*Slow down, because here
can't be seen. Pad down
snowy trails, feet crunching
the muffler.*

*What's ahead? A bridge.
Just a bridge.
No, not just a bridge!
THE bridge!*

*I know where to find it. I
pull off the backpack and
hang it on the well-known
Tree branch. I go to the
hollowed-out log and open
the bit of wood, a makeshift
Door. Out comes the
little leather bag. I pick
up the memory-filled bag
And feel the four popsicle
sticks inside. I pull out
each joke-stained stick
With our names.*

*Walk back
Head high
Backpack on back
Not leaving. Coming.*

The Journey – Part 5

Scannon was choking on the smoke, but he had the little black kitten in his mouth. He staggered outside to be enveloped in darkness.

Scannon woke up with Lupis standing over him.

"Thank the Wolf God!" cried Lupis exuberantly. Soon Scannon was swamped with all of his friends from the group and a couple he didn't recognize.

"Scannon!" cried Brokefang. Scannon sat up.

"How long was I asleep?" asked Scannon. "Is Emerald the kitten safe?"

"She's OK," said a calico cat.

Then Scannon saw Lyra, the Australian shepherd. She was pushing through the group toward him.

"Scannon! You saved my life!" cried Lyra.

"It was nothing," muttered Scannon. Then Lyra, Scannon, and Brokefang turned their heads, hearing a tiny cry asking to be able to see Scannon.

"Scannon!" said Emerald. She was the source of the voice.

"Let Emerald through!" said Scannon. The animals obeyed, and Emerald started licking Scannon's paw.

It turned out Scannon had been asleep a week. The newcomers were the calico cat, Callie, and a ferret named Gus. Scannon and Lyra became good friends, and they often went off into the woods together, sometimes alone, sometimes with Emerald or Brokefang. But one day this peaceful routine ended, just after a springer spaniel called Fido joined them.

"I need to go back to my pack" said Lupis. "We're splitting up into two packs."

To be continued . . .

Sophie's Answers

Question:

Is there really a tooth fairy? My kids say no, but I say yes. Thank you for weighing in on this.

- D. Hack

Answer:

Yes, of course there is a tooth fairy! But the Tooth Fairy was incorrectly named. The Tooth Fairy does not just take people's teeth. She also . . .

- is the patron saint of kittens
- is the wife of Jack Frost
- is the "cleaning up cow dung fairy." Ever seen your stable empty of cow dung and your compost bin full of it?
- the one who takes over when Jack Frost gets pneumonia (you can imagine he gets it all the time, going around creating frost without even a coat or boots!)

Names she likes are:

- Fairy Kitten Saint
- Kitty tooth Fairy
- Mrs. Fairy Frost
- Bobbiella (Bob) Smith Frost
- And her favorite: The Lady of the Cow Dung Inspection Deluxe Super Society with Fairies, Trolls, Gods, Etc.

Thanks for the question!

Yours, Sophie

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