

SKYTALKING



with



ARISTOTLE & BURGEOO

A Newspaper for 2nd and 3rd Graders

Volume SIX -- Early Spring 2014

CONTEST WINNER(S)
for the
MONTH of FEBRUARY, 2014

THE OFFICIAL TOTAL SNOWFALL
during February in WICHITA - 13.1 inches

FIRST PLACE: Janine McGlachlin's 2nd Grade Class
@ St. Elizabeth Ann Seton - 6.0 inches



Vladimir
Villiam
Vulture III

SECOND PLACE: Judy Rinehart's 1st Grade Class
@ St. Jude - 5.7 inches

THIRD PLACE: Susan Thoman's 2nd Grade Class
@ Maize Central - 4.7 inches

KANSAS ANIMALS

WHAT IS IT CALLED???

WHAT IS THAT ANIMAL,
THAT LIVES on the KANSAS PRAIRIE?
AND IT RESIDES WITHIN BURROWS,
and OFTEN SEEMS SO WARY?

HE'S a MEMBER of the RODENT FAMILY,
And ABOUT FIFTEEN INCHES LONG;
HE RUNS QUICKLY on ALL FOUR FEET,
YES, HE CAN REALLY SCURRY ALONG.

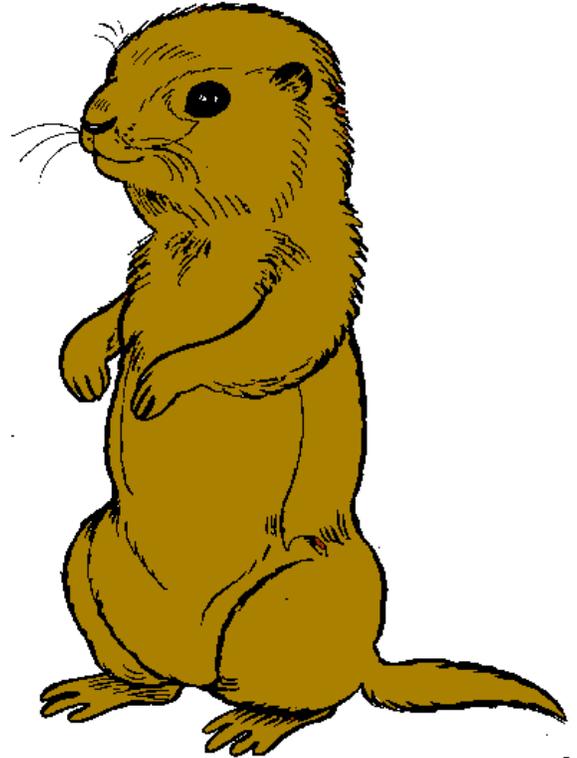
HE WANTS HIS FAMILY AROUND HIM,
SO THEY ALL MOVE IN TOGETHER;
THEY LIVE in TUNNELS THAT are VERY LONG,
AND THAT PROTECTS THEM FROM the WEATHER.

THE NUMBER of ANIMALS THAT LIVE TOGETHER,
CAN BE VERY, VERY LARGE;
The "TOWN" MAY HAVE OVER FIFTY ANIMALS,
AND ONE MALE is USUALLY in CHARGE.

THEY EAT MOSTLY SEEDS AND PLANTS,
AND SOMETIMES an INSECT or TWO;
THEY NIBBLE LIKE A CHIPMUNK,
THEN SWALLOW WHEN THEY'RE THROUGH..

WHAT ARE THESE ANIMALS?

PRAIRIE DOGS



PRAIRIE DOGS
OCCASIONALLY ARE
SEEN "KISSING,"
WHICH SCIENTISTS
BELIEVE IS THEIR
WAY TO INTERACT
WITH OTHER MEMBERS
OF THEIR COLONY.



NEW WORDS:

INTERACT - To cooperate with another by actions or messages
(Verb)

WARY - Carefully watchful. Not trusting what is seen.
(Adjective)

SCURRY - To move quickly or hurriedly.
(Verb)

The ADVENTURES of MORGAN P. MOUSINGTON

THE CONTINUING STORY of an ADVENTURESOME MOUSE and HIS FAMILY



In our last episode, the Mousington family had agreed that lowering Morgan's sister into the hole was the best way to get Morgan out of that hole. Melanie's small fingers could retrieve the key from the bottle that Morgan had found. Mr. Mousington was walking over to get some rope from his backpack, when, suddenly, the backpack was carried away!

A rather grumpy looking marmot had been walking past the Mousington family, and he noticed the bright blue backpack. He reached down to grab it and then took off rapidly down the mountain trail.

Mr. Mousington immediately chased after the Marmot, to try to retrieve the backpack.

"Hey...that's not yours!" yelled Mr. Mousington. "You put that down and then get away from here."

The marmot turned around and looked at the mouse.

"Are you talking to me?" asked the marmot.

"Yes, I am!" replied the mouse.

"I believe this is MY backpack now," replied the marmot. "I just found it on the ground."

"You found it on the ground because I just put it on the ground. It's mine!" said the mouse.

Uh...have you ever heard of FINDERS, KEEPERS, LOSERS, WEEPERS?" asked the marmot.

"No, no, no!" answered the mouse. "You cannot claim FINDERS, KEEPERS if the someone that owns the backpack was near the backpack. That's just not right."

"How do I know you own this backpack?" asked the marmot. "You didn't have it on your back."

"Of course it wasn't on my back because I just put it down. I put it down because I was looking down that hole over there." Mr. Mousington then pointed toward the hole.

The marmot's eyes grew large. "You were peeping down that hole? Are you a 'Peeping Tom?' We don't care much for 'Peeping Toms' around here."

Now Mr. Mousington was flustered. "I was not peeping down the hole...I was looking down the hole."

"Same thing!" answered the marmot, smugly.

"It is not!" yelled the mouse. "I was looking at my son."

"Whoa," exclaimed the marmot. "That hole belongs to my brother. My brother lives in that hole. If your son was in that hole I am afraid I'm going to have to call the police. Your son has broken into my brother's home."

"My son did not break into your brother's home. He slipped and fell into that hole. He is still in that hole."

The marmot's eyes opened even wider. He started to walk back toward the hole.

"You mean your son is inside my brother's home, as we speak? Right now? Inside my brother's home?"

Now Mr. Mousington was getting rattled.

"Well, yes, my son is in that hole, but I was about to put my daughter into the hole so..."

The marmot gasped!

"What? You were about to do what? What kind of folks are you? Your son has broken into my brother's home and now you are trying to get your daughter into my brother's home, too?"

Mr. Mousington started to stutter, he was so upset. "Now, uh, listen, uh... we didn't know it was your brother's home. We didn't know whose home it was."

The marmot gasped again.

"So you and your family just wander around these mountains and break into homes of folks you don't even KNOW? I am calling the POLICE! Right now! RIGHT NOW!"

The marmot started searching inside the blue backpack.

"Hey," yelled Mr. Mousington. "Stay out of my backpack."

"I need to find a phone so I can call the police," replied the marmot, as he continued to search.

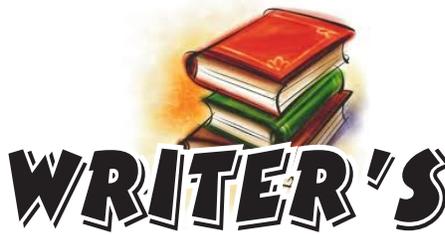
"I don't have a phone in my backpack," said the mouse.

"You don't?" asked the marmot. "Well, then, I guess I will just have to whistle... really loud."

The marmot then puckered his lips and whistled as loud as he possibly could. The whistling was extremely loud!



TO BE CONTINUED !



YOUNG WRITER'S DIGEST

Since there weren't any submissions from students this month, I put in an article from when I was 8 years old!

I will always remember the day of April 1st when I was eight years old. It was on a Saturday that year and I wasn't feeling very well. I think I had an upset stomach and a mild headache. Instead of the normal playing games with my brothers that Saturday morning, my mother had made a bed for me on the couch in the living room. I was reading a comic book as everyone else in the family continued their normal routine.

As the morning passed, I felt I was gradually getting better and better. About 11 o'clock that morning, someone knocked on our front door. I couldn't see who it was, but my older brother Larry said: "Thank You, Mr. Mailman." He then carried this brown paper-wrapped package (about the size of a loaf of bread) into the living room. My older sister Anita came into the living room and asked who the package was for. Larry replied that it was for Jim (me) and it was from my Grandma.

Well, it wasn't my birthday, so I asked: "Why is she sending me a package?"

"I don't know," replied my brother. "Maybe she heard you were sick."

Well, that sort of made sense to an eight year old, so I smiled and asked if I could hold the package.

When my brother handed it to me, it seemed rather heavy. I placed it in my lap.

"I'll bet it's some of her homemade fudge," said my sister.

"Wow, that sounds great," I said.

"But... you're sick," replied my brother Larry.

"Oh, I'm feeling better," I said.

"I don't know," replied my sister, with a worried look on her face. "You better ask Mother if you can have any fudge. I don't think fudge is good for an upset stomach."

"I said I'm feeling a lot better," I exclaimed.

Just then, my Mother came from the hallway. "What's in the package?" she asked.

Larry and Anita explained that it was for Jim, from Grandma, and it was probably homemade fudge.

My mother shook her head. "Too bad you don't feel so good," she said. "Maybe you can have some tomorrow."

"I feel a lot better," I replied.

"Fudge can be awfully 'heavy' for someone that hasn't eaten for awhile," said my mother. "I think you better take it easy and wait a day or two."

I frowned and I think I even pouted a little bit. I didn't want to talk to anyone. My mother rolled her eyes, and then she left the room to go do some chores.

My brother looked at my sister. "You suppose Jim would let us have a piece of his fudge?"

Anita nodded and said, "I'll bet he would if we gave him a little nibble for himself."

My eyes lit up. You bet I would share Grandma's fudge if I could sneak a small bite for myself. Waiting until tomorrow to taste that delicious fudge would be a real shame.

Larry sat on one side of me, and Anita sat on the other. They both watched as I unwrapped the package as quickly as I could. Occasionally they would say "Ummmmm, I can't wait to taste that fudge."

I finally pulled off the brown paper wrapper and I could see the cardboard box. I sniffed the box a little before I opened the top, but I couldn't smell anything. As I opened the box, my Mom cleared her throat as she appeared at the door. I knew I had been caught, but I still glanced down into the box... and saw that it was nothing but five small rocks from our own flower beds, placed on top of some Kleenex. Just then, the three of them yelled at the same time:

"APRIL FOOL!"