

Homeschool Herald

The Newsletter Created By
and For Homeschoolers

The place to share your creative creations.

Spring is here!!



We hope you enjoyed the past issues of the *Homeschool Herald*. The April issue is here!

As usual, the *Homeschool Herald* is filled with fantastic submissions. Thank you to everyone who's shared their creative creations!

Folks often ask what they can submit to the *Herald*, and we basically accept everything! However, this newsletter is sponsored by Homeschool Excursions, which is an inclusive organization. Families of all colors, religions, and cultures are

encouraged to participate in programs and activities. To make everyone feel welcome, an effort is made to organize events that are 'religiously neutral.'

This policy is extended to the *Herald* as well. Submissions with religious overtones are generally excluded, though the word 'God' is occasionally accepted if used with moderation. The original *Herald* committee decided to contextually accept this word since it doesn't refer to a specific religion, but is a concept shared by many different cultures.

Welcome!

Homeschool Excursions hopes you enjoy the April issue of the *Homeschool Herald*.

Homeschool Excursions is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization established to provide a valuable resource to homeschool families in Georgia. The *Homeschool Herald* will serve to build community and support since it's available to all families.

Our homeschoolers possess a wealth of creativity, and we hope this newsletter provides an accessible outlet for their expression. All contributions are welcome including pictures, stories, articles, and more. We invite everyone to share ideas, suggestions, and submissions.

*-Vered Kleinberger
Program Coordinator*

Please let us know what you think of this policy...if you agree or disagree and why. This is a newsletter for you! Your input is important!

We look forward to seeing what you have to share! Send us your creative creations! We want to see what you've been up to!

Submissions may also be sent via e-mail or snail mail. Please contact us with any questions, comments, ideas, or suggestions.

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING?

A shrimp's heart is in its head.

A chameleon's tongue is twice the length of its body.

SU DOKU

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The numbers 1-9 must be in every column, row and box

DOGGIE, DOGGIE, DOGGIE

Waggle, waggle says the tail
 Sniff, sniff, Sniff goes the nose
 Ruff, ruff, Ruff here come the mail
 Rip, rip, Rip go the clothes

Click, click, Click shout the nails
 Snore, snore, Snore says the nose
 Walk, walk, Walk along the trail
 Oh no, Oh no here comes the hose

Squeak, squeak, Squeak the toys wail
 Dig, dig, Dig up the roses
 Chase, chase, Chase the snail
 Love, Love, Love to all those a Dog knows

Written by Alexandria Young from Bradenton, FL

A SONNET FOR A SHOE

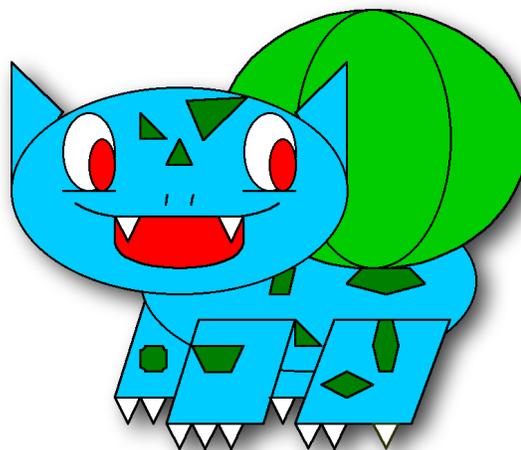
My shoe, how I wish I hadn't lost you
 I'm sorry you got stuck in a bog,
 Right next to a puffed up frog.
 But now I don't know what to do?
 There isn't much you can do with just one shoe.
 Oh, how I wish I could brave the fog
 And go find you amongst the smog.
 But alas I must leave you.
 Tomorrow I will go get another sneaker.
 But I will not forget you, you were the best,
 You kept my sock dryer than all the rest.
 And surely the new shoe will be much bleaker.
 No I will not forget you, my shoe that was lost,
 For though I kept my sock dry it came at a cost.

Written by David Crowder

SONG BIRD

This bird that flies in the air
 The bird that flies without a care
 He sings a song while in flight
 A song to be heard late at night
 In the sky with wings spread apart
 The song you hear will touch your heart
 What song will this bird sing next
 Certainly one, no one expects
 With colors so bright and cheerful
 This bird seems not the least fearful
 You'll see him fly on by
 And know it's the song bird in the sky
 This bird that flies in the air
 The Bird that flies without a care
 He sings a song while in flight
 A song to be heard late at night

Written by Leah Sunderman



WHY IS THE COLOR BLUE ASSOCIATED WITH BABY BOYS? WHY IS THE COLOR PINK ASSOCIATED WITH BABY GIRLS?

The association of colors with babies undoubtedly started as an attempt to identify the gender of that one group of humans to whom the cliché “the all look alike” often applies.



But why blue for boys? In ancient times, it was believed that evil spirits lingered over nurseries and that certain colors possessed the capability to combat evil. Blue was considered the most powerful color, possibly because of its association with the sky and, thus, heavenly spirits. Since boys were then considered the most valuable natural resource to parents, blue clothing was a cheap form of insurance.

Evil spirits apparently couldn't bother with pestering baby girls. Not only were girls not dressed in blue, but they had no color to call their own until centuries later. Our association of pink with girls stems from European legend, which professed that baby girls were born inside of pink roses.

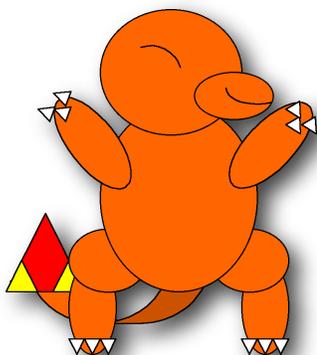
European legend also holds that baby boys are born in blue cabbage patches - yes, the same patches that spawned the doll craze of Christmas 1983.



Feldman, David. Imponderables: The Solution to the Mysteries of Everyday Life. New York: William Morrow, 1987. page 29.

Index of images:

<http://www.alloccasiondisplays.com/>



ICED MOCHA LATTE

6 - 8 Packets of Splenda (or other no-calorie sweetener, stevia, etc)

1 - Tablespoon unsweetened cocoa powder

1 - Tablespoon instant coffee granules (regular or decaf)

1 - Cup of boiling water

1 - Cup of fat free half and half

(Optional: 1 - Tablespoon of sugar-free vanilla syrup)

*Combine Splenda, cocoa, and coffee in a small bowl.

*Gradually whisk in boiling water, stir until blended, allow to cool.

*Stir in half and half.

*Fill 2 glasses with ice

*Divide mixture between the two glasses.

*Top with 2 tablespoons of sugar-free or low-fat whip cream.

IT'S REALLY TASTY!

120 Calories per serving, including whipped topping.

Contributed by the McDaniel Family

A COOK IN THE KITCHEN

Now and then I have this itchin'
To turn on the oven and fire up the stove.
I'm unstoppable in the kitchen
Because cooking is what I love.

Oh, what to eat? Oh, what to bake?
The possibilities are unseen.
I could create a spicy marinade for steak,
Or whip up some authentic Italian cuisine.

Watch me grill, flambé, or sauté,
I know the secret to cooking mussels just right.
Enthrall your senses with the aromatic bouquet,
I guarantee it will be love at first bite.

Fennel, garlic, parsley, oregano, and rosemary
Promenade upon my lamb shank at dinner hour.
As my tiramisu's irresistible flavors intermarry,
Resist the temptation to completely devour.

Right this minute I have an itchin'
To turn on the oven and fire up the stove.
I'm unstoppable in the kitchen
Cooking is my passion; it is what I love.

Written by Kali Gall



RAGE NOT STORM

Rage not Storm against thy foe,
 What harm has he done thee?
 Flowers cower at thy glee
 For thou doest enjoy thy show.
 When thou command the wind to blow
 A crashing gale at stormy sea,
 The sailors pitifully plea
 For mercy from thy angry glow.
 Why art thou so menacing?
 Storm, thou will not forever last,
 Thy final rearing rage will pass,
 Thy shrill scream so appalling
 Turns to soft whispers in a tree,
 Storm, thou hast not conquered me!

Written by Lydia Fisher

THE STRUGGLE

I struggle through things I don't understand,
 Where I am lead it does not seem real fair.
 But there is something in the thinning air,
 I see myself lying in others hands.
 It is my soul, which is like the sand
 I find that this is all too much to bear,
 I wish there was someone to care.
 If only I could take a stand.
 I am the apple of my own eye.
 I need help my mind is twirling,
 Like a spindle on a wheel it is swirling.
 My mind itself cannot deny,
 The conflict in the depth of my soul
 I need Someone to make me whole.

Written by Calah V. Smith

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE

Global warming! Greenhouse gas emissions! Temperatures are on the rise! Glaciers are melting! Polar bears are dying! E85 ethanol is the solution! Does this sound familiar? Is global warming true, or is it just a myth? And if it is true, is it a natural cycle, or is it actually manmade? If what you currently believe to be true is in error, would you want to know it? If so, read on...

From recent studies, documented in a scientific peer-reviewed article, we actually learn that CO₂ is not contributing to earth's warming but actually has beneficial effects:

"increases [in CO₂] during the 20th Century have produced no deleterious effects upon global weather, climate, or temperature. Increased carbon dioxide has, however, markedly increased plant growth rates. Predictions of harmful climatic effects due to future increases in minor greenhouse gases like CO₂ are in error and do not conform to current experimental knowledge." ⁽¹⁾

In all probability Al Gore did not read the above before making his popular movie. This could have contributed to the many well-researched errors and omissions in his "documentary":

- He promoted the now debunked "hockey stick" temperature chart in an attempt to prove man's overwhelming impact on the climate
- He asserted that today's Arctic is experiencing unprecedented warmth while ignoring that temperatures in the 1030's were as warm or warmer. ⁽²⁾
- He failed to mention that, though correlated, increased CO₂ is actually *caused* by increasing global temperatures, not the other way around.

Similarly, controversy surrounds the advocacy of using E85 ethanol as a "greenhouse friendly" alternative to pure gasoline. General Motors is promoting E85 ethanol through their "LiveGreen GoYellow" campaign. They claim higher horsepower and lower emissions. However, Road and Track magazine finds substantially *lower* power and *worse* mileage. They cite other problems as well: First of all, it has a

"meager energy content, perhaps 73% that of gasoline. Briefly, if gasoline gets your car 300 miles, an equal volume of E85 will run out in 220 miles. Another shortcoming of E85: Unlike gasoline or diesel, ethanol is hygroscopic. That is, it readily absorbs the moisture in our fuel delivery infrastructure of pipelines, tankers and storage facilities. This trace water now lies dormant—and harmlessly at the bottom (being heavier than even diesel fuel). But it would play havoc with ethanol and especially with E85. The ethanol portion of the blend loves water; the gasoline portion abhors it. It's no longer a blend; it's a stratification of the two. What's required are dedicated barges, railcars, tank trucks and storage for each stage of production. This alone is sure to complicate any hopes of inexpensive E85." ⁽³⁾

Another quote from *Road and Track*: "For instance, suppose your nice frugal car gets 30.0 mpg on gasoline. You'll likely not notice the difference at 29.1 mpg on E10 (90% gasoline, 10% Ethanol). But what about E85's 21.9 mpg?" ⁽⁴⁾



Another consequence of using E85 ethanol, then, is that you must refill your car about one-third more often. This will lead to longer lines at gas stations and ultimately to higher prices.

For the past century, climate change and its perceived effects have, from time to time, captured the imagination of the American press and people. Take these quotes, for example, from mainstream publications:

Newsweek, 1975: "There are ominous signs that the Earth's weather patterns have begun to change dramatically and that these changes may portend a drastic decline in food production— with serious political implications for just about every nation on Earth."

New York Times, 1975: "Climate Changes Endanger World's Food Output."

Time Magazine, 1974: "As they review the bizarre and unpredictable weather pattern of the past several years, a growing number of scientists are beginning to suspect that many seemingly contradictory meteorological fluctuations are actually part of a global climatic upheaval."

"All of this sounds very ominous. That is, until you realize that the three above quotes...weren't referring to global warming; they were warning of a coming *ice age!*"⁽²⁾

Similar headline trends can be identified, warning of both global warming and global cooling, for much of the past century.

The correct question to ask, then, might be, "Just what *is* correlated with global warming and cooling? (except headlines) The surprising answer actually turns out to be not CO₂ at all, but rather the sun, and its effects on the greatest greenhouse gas of all, water vapor! You can see it for yourself in a recent UK documentary entitled "The Great Global Warming Swindle", currently building towards 5-stars at video.google.com...

(1) <http://www.oism.org/pproject/s33p36.html>

(2) <http://epw.senate.gov/speechitem.cfm?party=rep&id=263759>

(3) *Road and Track*, Volume 58, No. 3

(4) *Road and Track*, Volume 57, No. 21

Written by Michael McMahon from Beaverton, OR

LOST IN THE DARK

Searching for light,
Finding none,
An everlasting night,
Never seeing the sun.

The moon was gone,
Creatures lurked nearby,
All humans had gone,
They left me to die.

Never finding an exit,
Crying for light,
Not able to bear it.
I gave up the fight.

I sat on thorns,
I slept on nails,
I ate the thorns,
I swallowed the nails.

On a normal night,
I saw a figure,
Whose eyes were bright,
I approached the figure.

It screamed with fright.
I calmed it down.
It showed me light,
In the shape of a crown.

I asked it what it was,
It did not reply,
I asked it who it was,
It began to cry.

It grabbed my arm,
And took me out of dark,
It released my arm,
And I was free from its mark.

All was bright,
Which made me squint,
I had found the light,
I needed a hint.

Where was I,
Why did it go?
Tell me why,
Why does the wind blow?

Written by Spencer Kent Picksley

**SPRING IS A TIME WHEN LOTS OF
BABY ANIMALS ARE BORN. CAN YOU
FIND THEM?**

P	I	G	L	E	T	C	A	L	F
K	D	L	O	P	E	H	T	I	P
I	R	U	W	S	R	I	K	G	U
D	P	E	C	O	G	C	I	O	P
L	I	P	S	K	T	K	T	S	P
T	A	D	P	O	L	E	T	L	Y
Y	K	L	P	R	S	I	E	I	T
J	M	B	O	Y	N	I	N	N	O
F	A	W	N	T	Y	E	R	G	D
S	R	K	Y	L	J	O	E	Y	P

There are nine words hidden in the puzzle above. They can be found up, down, across, diagonal, and backwards.

Word List:

Kid	Fawn	Gosling
Chick	Puppy	Pony
Kitten	Tadpole	Calf
Piglet	Duckling	Joey

LOVE AND LEUKEMIA

Every time I see her smile
Tears fall down my face
My heart beats at a fast pace
I forget the pain for a while
God choose this path for us to race
The pain in this world makes us long for a better place
She has to finish this last mile
Someday she will live in a place of peace
I cry when I think of her pain
The sun will shine at the end of this rain
My prayers for her healing never cease
Dear God, I need you to put me at ease
Please heal her from this disease!

Written by Tyler Currie

THE DRAGON

Dragon, Dragon, in your Lair,
Your mouth spouts fire; your eyes cast fear,
Any man who beholds your face,
Won't live long in that wretched place!

You deal out death, your claws like hooks,
Your story's told in many books,
Your fame has spread, your strength's renown,
You bring panic in every town.

You guard your hoard of wealth by day,
At night you steal children away,
Villages destroyed—burnt to the ground,
You pillage and take without a sound,

It seems that in the very end,
You always die without a friend,
How can this be? You are so strong,
You die because you're in the wrong!

Dragon, Dragon, in your Lair,
Your mouth spouts fire; your eyes cast fear,
Any man who beholds your face,
Won't live long in that wretched place!

Written by James Biswell

THE DENTIST

I walked from the waiting room to the chair, unsure of what was going to take place. The dentist, putting on some plastic gloves, glanced into my mouth. Though I was petrified, I tried not to show it. He put something into my mouth that made my teeth hot pink. Picking up a scary looking tool, he brought it close to my mouth. I screamed, not knowing what else to do to prevent it from coming closer. Someone peered in from the waiting room, a horrified look upon her face. I knew exactly how she felt. Setting something in my mouth that felt like it would suck my guts out, he went to work. The dentist then said, "Don't worry." and put something shiny and pointed in my mouth. It seemed to go on forever. Just when I thought he was done, the polish came. Augh! Talk about gross! Putting something that tastes like shoe polish into *my mouth!* Last and certainly least was the Fluoride, blah, four whole minutes of persecution, and then *no* food for an entire half of an hour! Talk about torture! Then the best part—the *end*.

Written by Abigail Hempel

THE EAGLE

I see him fly majestically to and fro.
 As he circles over the heartland with a sense of ownership,
 He brings his talons down low.
 I look on as he is using his God given skill as he flies onto
 the tip.
 On the edge of the mountain he looks down without a
 whoa,
 For it is his territory. He is the captain of his ship;
 Master of his fleet. No one doubts his control from their
 head to their toe,
 But he does not use a whip.
 I take a photo, and then he turns and looks at me
 capturing his earthly glow.
 Then he squawks to the other eagles, even more
 demonstrating that he is equip.
 His presence reminds me of the guidance that America
 used to be in the know,
 But then ask him, 'do you, the Eagle, really represent
 America's present leadership?'

Written by Moranda Hern

WEEDS? WHAT WEEDS?

Summer is almost here...the season of bounty in the yard.
 Remember, don't pick those weeds! Learn about them
 and use them!

As you stroll through the woods, be sure to look in the
 sunny patches. You may notice clusters of 12-16" tall
 umbrella-like leaves. If you glance under the leaves, you'll



probably see a delicate white flower. You're looking at a Mayapple! The fruit of these plants have been harvested for generations for their medicinal properties.

However, caution must be used with Mayapples. The leaves, flowers, green fruit, and roots are poisonous!

But don't let this scare you from further researching this useful plant. It has many beneficial qualities, including:

- The large pale yellow berries ripen as the plants begin to wither and die. The pulp around the seeds can be eaten

raw, or cooked and made into jelly. The juice can be added to lemonade.

- American Indians and early settlers used roots as a strong purgative, "liver cleanser," worm and expellent. They also used it for jaundice, hepatitis, fevers, and syphilis.
- Etoposide, a semisynthetic derivative of the plant, is FDA-approved to treat testicular and small-cell lung cancers.
- The resin is extremely allergenic; it exhibits anti-tumor activity.
- In Appalachia, a tea of bark and roots is used to treat constipation.
- Externally, Mayapple is used as a treatment for warts and skin eruptions.
- The Native Americans may have used a powdered root preparation as an insecticide on their crops and soaked seeds in a decoction to protect them from pests.



Please research all plants before using them, and NEVER pick and eat anything without first consulting an herbalist or a qualified plant guide. Always be aware of whether the area you are gathering from may have been sprayed with chemicals.

Index of images and information:

Peterson Field Guides: Edible Wild Plants and Eastern/Central Medicinal Plants

<http://www.scienceviews.com/plants/mayapple.html>

http://www.usi.edu/science/biology/twinswamps/Podophyllum_peltatum.htm

<http://2bnthewild.com/plants/H29.htm>

http://www.appalachianforest.org/ptw_mayapple.html

Please consult your physician before making any medical or dietary decisions.

Compiled by Plant Enthusiast, Vered Kleinberger

GEORGE

Within a humble abode there dwells
A friend I love so dearly,
He finds no fault within me; he loves me back sincerely;
He captivates me with a “mew” that casts a magic spell.
What’s that tinkle that I hear? About your neck, a bell;
When’ ere I beckon, you hear me clearly,
Your ears perk up; you come trotting to be near me.
And when we are together, it is then our two hearts swell.
When I gaze into your glistening emerald eyes,
I am sure there are no secrets between us;
You tell me to think twice, dear puss,
I know you are so wise.
This is for you, sweet George, for even as the years go by,
Forever you will be, my Georgie Porgie Pudding ‘n Pie!

This poem was written about my dear cat, George. He has a variety of nicknames which include: Georgie Porgie Pudding ‘n Pie (from the nursery rhyme), Curious George (that adorable monkey), and simply George. My family also occasionally calls him “the rat” because he’s rather small.

Written by Kali Gall

A SONNET OF LOVE

Love is something that never fails
Something that has been heard of in many tales
Love has a tendency to always be true
An emotion with a very true hue
Love always has many details
Sometimes love feels like it does when it hails
Love always feels like it’s new
Yet it also always feels like it’s due
Love is forever faithful
In any time of need
Love is sometimes wanting
But at all times is hopeful
Love forever plants a seed
Love is never ranting

Written by Abigail Hempel



THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF AN ENGLISH SETTLER GIRL

My name is Julia Fay, and I am an English settler and we have just set foot on a promising new land that you might know as Carolina. Allow me to tell you of my adventures. There was excitement in the air when at last -- we, meaning myself and the other Englishmen and ladies -- reached our destination in the exciting New World of America. We could finally feel the dry land under our feet. It wasn't swaying back and forth, like the ship on which we had journeyed so very far! I was glad; I had become sea sick many times during the adventure on the



Lady Anne. The cry of a majestic Eagle echoed over the vast forests and mighty mountains. It was stunning, so unlike the endless sea I had seen for too long. The camp seemed to be bathed in a

honey light as the sun set below the mountains. I couldn't help but think though...were we really alone? Soon this land would be just like home, but I didn't *want* it to be destroyed. This place was too beautiful for words. Nothing in my past, in busy London, prepared me for this. The sad truth was that this forested land would be eventually stripped bare and towns would pop up everywhere, leaving the natural beauty of nature scarred. With these thoughts echoing through my head, I wish my father a good night, stroked my horse, Belle's fiery coat, and kissed her on the cheek. I climbed into my tent and fell into a satisfied sleep, knowing that soon we had begun the new life of our dreams.

I dreamt of wandering through the forest, birds chirped peacefully overhead. I heard crashing, and turned to look in that direction to see a family of deer looking straight at me. I heard something else, but it didn't sound like an animal...what was it? I was just about to walk up to where I heard the sound, when I felt a hand clasp my shoulder. I gasped and bolted straight up, only to find myself in bed; my father looked at me with a strange expression in his brown eyes. “Julia?” He asked, concerned, seeing that my face was beaded with sweat. “Huh? Oh... Good morning, Father,” I responded drowsily while I wiped the perspiration from my brow. “I came to wake you up; we have to leave soon.” “Is that so?” I slowly pulled myself out of bed, my arms and legs like jelly, and my vision temporarily blurred. I had a foul headache, I wondered if the seasickness I'd felt on the *Lady Anne* would ever subside.



I wobbled over to get to my velvety blue dress from my drawer. It was quite uncomfortable, especially in a humid climate, but girls are not allowed to wear britches. I crawled out of the tent, leaning on my makeshift tent until my eyes adjusted to the morning light. In front of me, people were gathering to claim their share of food. I joined them. Person after person dipped a ladle into a pot of stew, poured it into a wooden bowl, and walked away. Now it was my turn. I stuck the ladle in the pot and pulled up a spoonful of stew. It smelt rancid! When I poured it into my bowl, I gagged. Floating around in the snotty green, thick liquid were some chunks of tough looking meat. Beaver stew? I scrunched up my face to show my displeasure, and walked up to a cliff that overlooked the beautiful land. This is where I sat down and started to eat my meal of rodent stew. It tasted awful, but I didn't care, I was hungry.

My friend Robert joined me on the cliff, but his voice was muffled by my thoughts as I continued to gaze across the lush Carolina land. I thought I saw something in the woods... a dog? I couldn't be sure from here. A sigh interrupted my thoughts, followed by the voice of my childhood friend: "I'm sorry, Julia, I know it must be hard, as it is for all of us, but we need to keep going if we want to survive". Robert lowered his head and looked at his feet for a moment. I didn't know what to say, but I supposed Robert understood my feelings because he smiled slightly and hooked his arm around me reassuringly. Changing the subject, I hoisted myself to my feet. "I believe I would enjoy a ride in the forest?" I left Robert and my empty wooden bowl and walked toward Belle.

"Hello, my friend." I cooed to my equine partner, knowing full well what I was about to do to the only clean dress I had left from the voyage. I grabbed my saddle, put in on the mare's sturdy back, tightened the girth, slipped on the bridle, and pulled myself on. We set off together through the unknown land. The horse kept a slow canter as I had prompted, for she was a responsive horse. I had gone a fair distance from the camp when Belle gave soft, warning knickers, then stepped wildly around, ignoring my orders to halt. Belle's snorts grew into shrill neighs. "Belle? What's wrong? What is it?" I knew Belle would never act like this unless danger was imminent. Then I saw it: two feline eyes boring into us, a fearsome mountain lion I'd learned of from uncles who were first to journey to this New World.

A low growl rumbled from the big cat's throat... then silence... those eyes seemed to pin me down, I couldn't move. Belle reared and bolted away. I tumbled off her back, onto the ground. I was terrified, so alone and vulnerable. I scrambled to my feet, but was tripped by my cumbersome skirt. The cat crouched, gyrating his back muscles, ready to spring down from the tree branch. I only had time to shield my face with my arms when I felt

the overwhelming pain of razor-sharp claws ripping into them. I wanted to scream for help, but I couldn't. My pitiful attempt was drowned out by the growling and hissing of the beast. *Is this it? Am I going to die? Will I never see the new life where we can practice our religion without fear? Where we're free from the harsh rule of the Crown? What will Mother and Father do when I don't come back?*

As I felt another trio of claws rip across my arm, warm blood streamed down. I had lost all hope. I heard the barking of dogs and saw something streak forward and hit my attacker in the shoulder. It was an arrow. The puma yowled painfully and looked around to find the source of the attack, when a number of dogs came rushing through, barking and snarling viciously. A gray-hued dog sank its teeth into the cat's flank. Three other dogs came rushing up, but the mountain lion retreated into the forest. Everything went black.

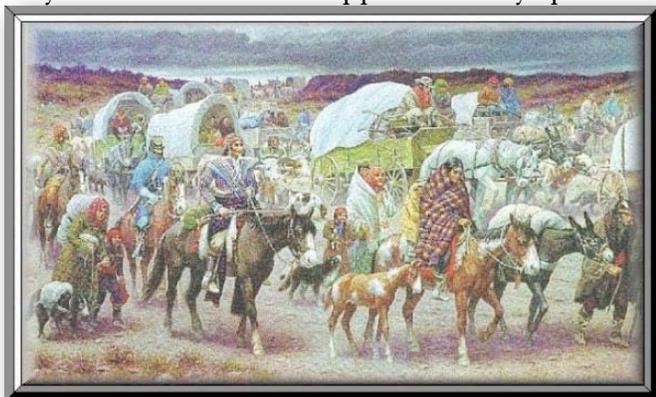
I awoke in some sort of bed made of animal fur, in an odd, pointed room made of what appeared to be animal skin. I bolted upright in a panic, but was quickly put down again by a fierce pain in my arm. I saw my wounded arm wrapped in a cast, and remembered my terrifying encounter with the mountain lion. Where was Belle? I heard voices outside, speaking in a language I didn't understand.

Someone entered the building, a young boy about my age. "Hel-lo." He whispered shyly to me. "Umm... Hello? Wait, how are you able to understand me? Where am I? Where's Belle? Who are you?" I hammered him with questions. "Did you save me?" The boy seemed overwhelmed by my flurry of questions, and did his best to reply. His English was halting, but I could understand well enough. "My... name...is...Run-ning Wolf. You are safe. I not know "Belle." We find horse. You talk like white man from boat. He give tool for to grow food. He learned Running Wolf to talk like white man. I am one he teach." He pointed to himself, seeming to be proud that he was chosen to learn the white man's language. "Who you name?" "I am Julia Fay," I responded. "I good meet you, Joo lee ah Faa," my new friend said with a smile. My troubles seemed to melt by Running Wolf's warm manner. Then, I remembered my family. Oh no! They must be worried about me by now, seeing that I had disappeared without telling them. "Listen, Running Wolf, I have to go as soon as possible." "No go. You not well. Cat will get Joo lee ah." I realized that he was right, I was in no shape to return to my family. I hoped I would be healed in a few days because I knew the oath we took to forge ahead, whether or not someone was left behind. I sighed and slumped my head down on the ground, turning away from Running Wolf. That night, though my arm was fractured, I had an oddly relaxing sleep.

A fortnight passed, and I made a full recovery because of the poultices the Indians applied to my arm. Every day they would pound certain leaves and berries with rocks, apply them to my wound and wrap it with large leaves, tying it tightly with vines. Though we did not understand each other's spoken words, I became fast friends with the gentle Cherokees in the village.

Belle got along well with the Indian's many pinto horses. Running Wolf became my voice as he interpreted my wants and needs to his people. He approached me with a grieving look on his face. "What is troubling you, my friend?" "Joo lee aaa, you are healed. It time to go again to white people." I was shocked, something was different about him, like our trust had been broken. Even though it had been a short time, the Indians had become family to me. My heart heavy with sorrow, I walked to the stables to tack up my horse. The chestnut mare sensed my sadness. Running Wolf tacked up his horse Tala, a fiery blue roan given to him by the white man. I rode behind him, neither of us spoke.

Only a twist of fate would reunite me with the tribe. I approached our camp, surprised to see that my parents had, in fact, waited for me. They were crying, and my heart sank further, knowing I was the source of their pain. I dismounted my steed and led her forward, looking back to see that Running Wolf and Tala did not follow. *Goodbye...* I mouthed, and walked forward into the strong embrace of my parents' arms. Robert was smiling; he had stayed behind as a support to my parents.



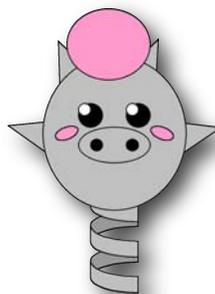
Years later, towns were growing quickly all over America and Carolina was becoming more populated by the Scots and Irish. Everyone was happy except me. I knew the Cherokee were suffering, the people who had nursed me back to health were being treated inhumanely, forced to leave the only land they knew. I wondered if Running Wolf would think badly of me the way they thought of all white people. Was he angry because they were suffering at the hands of my people? They had no concept of "owning" land, in contrast to the English who were pre-occupied with territory and borders. I was torn

because I never told my family of the Cherokee's kindness and my fondness for their peaceful ways.

It was the year 1853. One day I found myself in need of flour and sugar from the market. I walked up to the side of the road and waited for a carriage to pick me up. One soon did, driven by a pair of shiny black horses. I climbed into the cart and paid the gentleman. "To the market, please sir." I told him, and off went the cart toward my destination.

We were almost there when I saw a long row of people crossing by. I looked closer and saw that they were all Cherokees! What was going on? "Sir, would you mind explaining to me the situation?" I asked politely. "Oh, very well m'lady. President Jackson has ordered the Indians to move west." "Out west? But where will they live?" "In Oklahoma, my lady. In a fine place called a reservation." said the carriage driver nonchalantly. "It's for the best, everyone is saying." I felt angry, and consumed with guilt. I clenched my fists tightly. I was in disbelief as I looked back out at the long line of Indians on the move. Was that Running Wolf?! Could it be? My eyes were not deceiving me. Though he was older, I recognized his face. I called out, but my voice was drained by the humming of their songs. He, along with the Indians who saved my life, was headed on a historical trek. *The Trail of Tears.*

Written by Emma Sapp



SONNET 2

For as the earth has made its shape a sphere,
 For as the wind doth blow waves o'er the trees;
 The sun shines light upon all we hold dear,
 There are but few constant things such as these.
 The pale light which doth govern the dark night,
 Although the man within remains not fain
 To stay whole and full as he takes his flight,
 Constant he yet stays though he waxes; wanes.
 Death still comes to collect his dreadful dues,
 Seas rise up and cast themselves back down.
 Bows of light, post rain, still yield their bright hues
 Grass grows green; the dust of earth still lies brown.
 All these I have named have been and shall be,
 Brief! They are, compared to my love for thee.

By Lord Nicholas Cummins

NATURAL POOLS

Natural pools are eco-friendly pools that do not use chlorine or salt to keep the water clean. Natural pools (or natural ponds, as they are sometimes called) use plants



and helpful bacteria to clean the water and prevent algae. These pools have been in Europe for over twenty years, but they have just started being built in the US.

There are many benefits to the natural pools. They do not use any harmful chemicals, and they provide beautiful landscaping. The plants that clean the water often live in a stream that the water flows through. This stream can be designed in any way possible, including waterfalls. That is definitely something you can not do with a standard swimming pool. The water is forced through the cleaning stream by a high powered pump.



Natural pools are not for everyone, though. If you do not like the idea of swimming with aquatic creatures (bugs, frogs, and birds) then you probably do not want a natural pool. Also, natural pools are cleaned by live, growing plants, and it will take a while for the plants to grow big

enough to prevent algae. Plus, the bacterium comes naturally, so it will not start to form for a while. Even when the plants are full grown, the pools still go through an algae season, according to owners. However, the water passes European standards for algae content (lack of algae, that is), so you do not have to worry about swimming in unsafe water.

My Opinion

Natural pools sound very exiting to me. When I started reading the article from the New York Times on the natural pools, I automatically wanted one. I would love to have a swimming pool that was that close to the nature

God made. Plants clean the water that flows through the swamps and other wetlands, so why can't those same plants clean swimming pools. Plus, I would like the ability to create a complete ecosystem with the stream and the waterfalls. It would be fun keeping up the plants that live in the water. Also, there would be a lot of birds that would come a spend spring and fall months playing in the water. Besides that, our pool we have now attracts frogs, so a natural pool would not be much of a change.

http://www.nytimes.com/2007/04/05/garden/05pools.html?_r=1&oref=slogin
www.caledoncitizen.com

Written by Zack Jordan

FRIENDS 'TILL THE END!

You are always there for me
Whenever life seems rough
I turn around and sure enough
You are there as you always will be
Helping me through life's rolling seas!
Then when my life does not seem so tough
We talk on and on about all sorts of stuff
Late in the night all full of smiles and giggly!
Now, always remember when you are down
That I am here, ready to help you in any way.
I am right here, and will be on any kind of day
Ready to smile when you smile and frown when you frown.
And now listen to me my dear friend,
We will be friends 'till the end!

Written by Mary Broughton of Roanoke, VA

ASK ELIZA

Ask Eliza is a advice column!
An advice column is where you e-mail questions and she answers them back!
To e-mail her it's: AskEliza@gmail.com !!!
She wants to hear from you so Ask Eliza!
She will NOT put our questions in the Home School Harold if you say so at the end of your e-mail!

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Staring out the window in the middle of the night
I find myself sleepless, and wonder why
Seeing a shadow I can't help but fell fright
Looking up I see that there are bright stars in the sky
Its nights like this that I can find the light
Just sit and talk with myself, no hiding, or lies
When I talk to myself, man how the time flies
Before I know the sky is a bright sight
Many times I have over thought my troubles
So at day break I still don't know what to think
Yet other times I feel as if on a brink
The next day I'm so tired I'm seeing doubles
But, it's all worth it to know where I stand
Every time I find it's right in the middle of Gods hand

Written by Alexandria Young of Bradenton, FL

**HOMESCHOOL EXCURSIONS
UPCOMING EVENTS**

Our calendar is always changing. Continue checking our website or join our e-mail list for updates.

Programs are winding down for the school year, but we're working on an exciting course for the summer. A group of students aged 14 and older will attend a series of classes to research alternative building options. They will then use the information they've learned to help design and build a new office for Homeschool Excursions. Renewable energy and sustainable building are the focus of this program, emphasizing the reality of building and living responsibly. Let us know if your kids are interested in participating.

Join us for our final day program of the 2006-2007 school year:

May 17 Outdoor climbing day in Lafayette with the staff of Adrenaline Climbing Gym; come challenge yourself!!

See you soon!!

THE PENGUIN

Penguin, penguin, black and white
Findeth thyself in a sorry plight?
Wisheth thou, that thou couldst fly,
With eagle and falcon, way up high?

Hath God wrought thee, with His hand?
And hath He not placed thee on the land?
God doth love thee, so ne'er forget,
He hath given thee this home, so icy and wet

Bouncing, waddling, round about
Take care! Thou followeth a slippery route,
For bound from flight, thou hast been made
God gaveth His command, and gravity obeyed

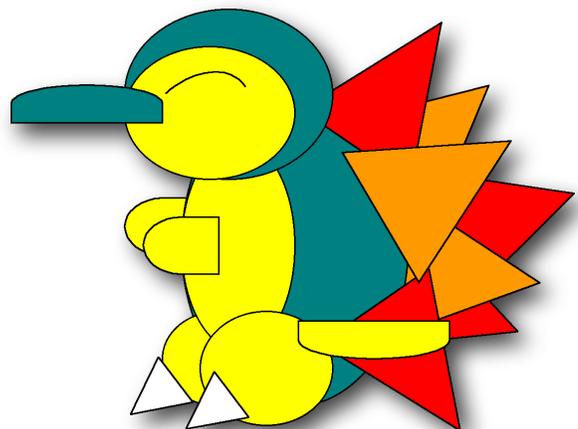
Though on the land, thou teeters and totters,
Didst thou know thou canst fly, underwater?
Soaring through seas with feathery wings,
Not through the air, canst thou do these things

Searching for food in the ocean wide
From enemies, at times must you hide
Would seals and whales befriend thee?
Surely only their teeth they would lend thee

But then, why wearest thou, such a suit abnormal?
And why hath God fashioned thee so formal?
With names such as Gentoo, Macaroni, and Galapagos,
Surely God's humor is obvious

Penguin, penguin, black and white
Findeth thyself in a sorry plight?
Wisheth thou, that thou couldst fly,
With eagle and falcon, way up high?

Written by Kali Gall



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The Creative Mind

The Creative Mind is the brainchild of Phillis Bostar. As a Homeschooling mother, she understood the need for a creativity based learning program that would help her children learn and enjoy the journey. Over the years, she developed a program using discovery, curiosity, & imagination for children ages 4 to 13 years. Ms. Bostar has enjoyed the popularity and success of her classes through the eyes of her own and many other children.

Look for Creative Mind classes offered through Homeschool Excursions.



Touring the Roswell Fire Station and Fire Museum.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Many families have asked if their homeschoolers can submit contributions even if they can't attend the planning meetings in Pickens County. Of course they can! You are welcome to e-mail or snail mail their creative contributions to Homeschool Excursions.

A SPECIAL THANKS TO...

- All the homeschoolers who contributed to the production of each issue. This couldn't have been done without you!
- Janis Kleinberger for all her assistance and generosity.
- The Daniels Family for their support and encouragement.
- Teri Verhine for her relentless devotion to provide a fantastic Enrichment Program for our homeschoolers.
- Our advertisers for their help in making the newsletter possible.

IMAGES AND WORKS CITED:

Clip art created by an anonymous 10 year old boy.
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**Thank you for your support!
We're looking forward to a fantastic year!!**

Mail form to: Homeschool Excursions
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The April Issue

Do you have an opinion?? I'm sure you do! We want to hear it! Don't be shy! (Like these little turtles found by one of our homeschoolers are Earthskills Rivercane Rendezvous this spring.)

Future issues of the *Homeschool Herald* will have a 'Letters to the Editor' section. We want to hear from you.

Let us know what you think about the *Herald*, about your take on the state of the world today, your reaction to a story or article you read in this newsletter, or anything else you have to say.

The majority of the submissions to the *Herald* are

stories, poems, and artwork. These are fantastic! And we thank you for your help in making each issue great! But we also want to give you an opportunity to share your opinions. Our world is changing so quickly. You see and learn new things every day. Let us know your thoughts.

Send us your 'Letters to the Editor' today! We want to hear what you have to say!

We look forward to continuing to expand the *Homeschool Herald*, so let us know what else you'd like to see included. Thanks for all your help!!



What's Inside?

Natural Pools

Everyone likes to take a dip to cool off from our hot summer days. Natural pools are much friendlier (to the environment and to our bodies). Read all about it!

Weeds? What weeds?

Spring and summer are Mayapple season. Learn all about this useful plant, though it must be used with caution!

Ms. Gaines' English Class

Once again, Ms. Gaines' English class has substantially contributed to this issue of the *Herald*. Included are stories, poems, and articles. Enjoy!

Songs, Poems, Pictures, Stories, Articles, Games, and More

See what the homeschoolers have created this month. Each *Herald* is very different, so explore this issue, and we hope you enjoy the creativity of these homeschoolers!