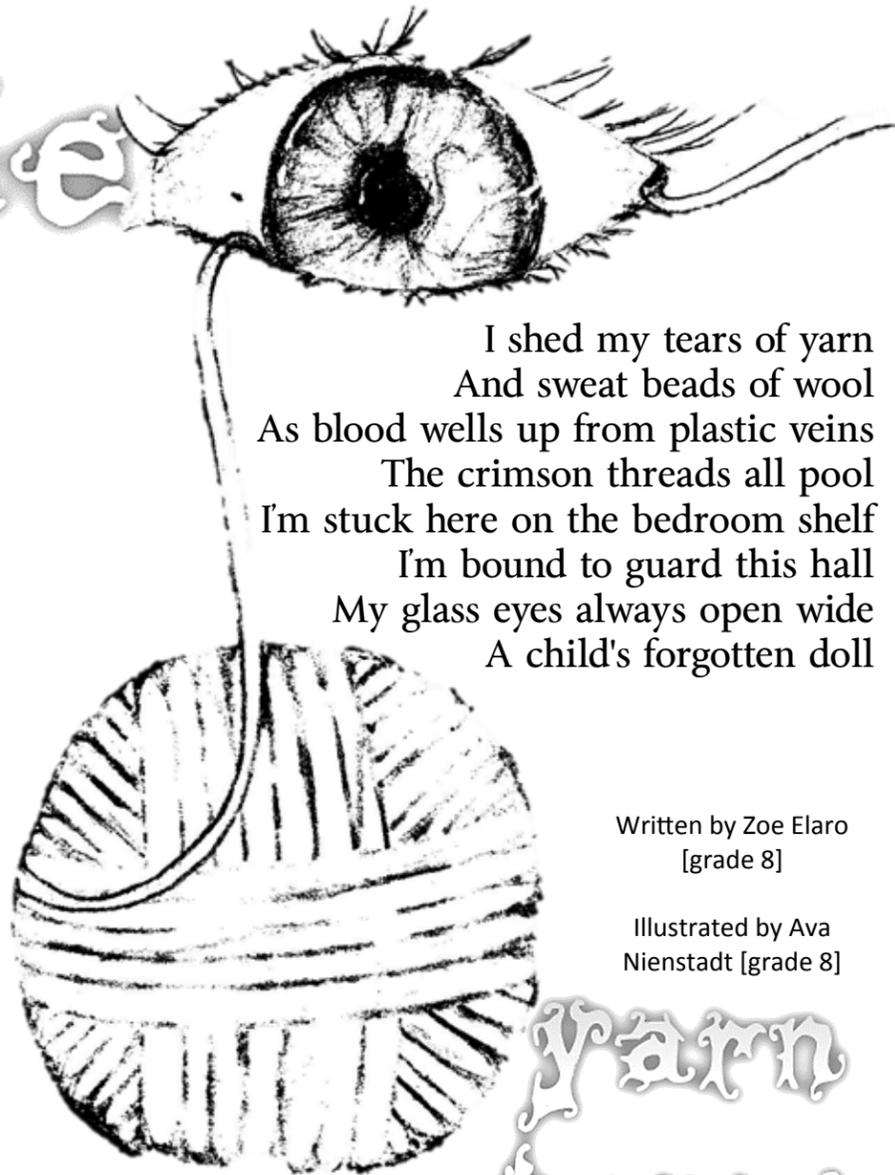


Ferry Tales & Lit Bits



Wild & Woolly Wit:
For The Shear Fun of It

Inside



I shed my tears of yarn
 And sweat beads of wool
 As blood wells up from plastic veins
 The crimson threads all pool
 I'm stuck here on the bedroom shelf
 I'm bound to guard this hall
 My glass eyes always open wide
 A child's forgotten doll

Written by Zoe Elaro
 [grade 8]

Illustrated by Ava
 Nienstadt [grade 8]

Yarn Tears

p1-2. Yarn Tears Poem, Sheep
 Puns and Wool Memes

p3-4. Baarber Sheep Quartet

p5-6. Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

p7-9. Troll Wool & Sweater Poem

p10-11. Shrunken Wool

p12-13. Bad Sweater Day;
 Wooly In Love

p14-15. A Snake in Sheep's
 Clothing; Deer, I Shrank the Kids;
 Wool Facts and Festival

Back Cover: Lady Liberty

this issue

BAAHHHD SHEEP PUNS

by Janice Healey [grade 8]



by Jayden Strzalka [grade 7]

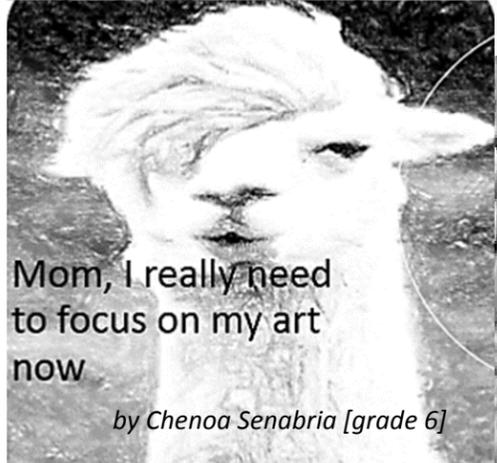


Thanks best friend,
 Thus which THEE sheep is
 wearing is very beautiful
 Yours Truly,
 BOB THE SHEEP



A coat of yours would really come
 in handy right now, I hate you
 don't call me best friend because
 you are now my arch nemesis.

Wool Memes



Mom, I really need
 to focus on my art
 now

by Chenoa Senabria [grade 6]



by Jackie Everson [grade 7]



Who loves my
 haircut, say
 BAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

by Chenoa Senabria [grade 6]



by Jackie Everson [grade 7]



by Nyla Salah [grade 6]

GRAND-
 MA?!? Is that
 you?!?!



Emo Wool Trio

Woolified quotes by Emily Herold [grade 8];
Illustrated by Janice Healey [grade 8]



TØP:
Sometimes shearing is
violent

Sometimes to stay
alive you gotta shear
your wool

BRENDON URIE:

If ewe love me, let me dyeEeEeEe.
Cause these men hold shears, and often leave scars
The fear of my wool falling off
And truth be told my wool was never yours
The fear, the fear of my wool falling off

This is gospel for the fallen wool

HALSEY:

"Ewe' were red and 'ewe' mixed with me
cause I was blue, but when we mixed
suddenly we were a lilac dye, and 'ewe'
decided purple just wasn't for 'ewe'."

"I'm a wool dress. I'm a one piece suit.
Don't belong to no woman.
Don't belong to no man.
I'm the blanket on your bed.
I'm a piece of wool."

"My wool where'd you go? I can't find
you anywhere on my body. My wool

where'd you go? What happened to all
your fluffiness?"

"You can't shave me, this is not a game.
You're a fur stealer, and you can't have
my wool."

"If you wanna shave my fur off, you're
gonna get bruised."

"All we do is shave. All we do is think
about the fluff we left behind. All we
do is grieve about the wool that's on
the ground. Sick of feeling cold. All we
do is shave."



by Megan Martel [grade 8]

BAAAARBER SHEEP QUARTET

by Angie DeTroy, Emily Herold, and Megan Martel [all grade 8]

Curly hair covers the floor
We notice it as we come through the door
Everyone knows we came to sing
They start to listen as our bells ring
The buzz of the razors stop
The scissors drop
Everyone turns to watch us
And then we belt our song!
That goes by the name of Ba

"BA BA
BA BA BA BA BAAAAAAA!"

Let's Talk About WOOL

by Nicole Martel [grade 6]

Everyday a certain goddess was worshiped.
She got all sorts of gifts, she even got a Horn-tip.
But she never got what she really wanted,
A woolen sweater that wasn't too cotton.
Since she was royalty, she didn't want sheep wool,
Athena wanted dyed llama wool, that wasn't gold.

So she told an Athena prophet to send out a quest,
The man or woman who got the wool would be the best.
Many people set out, but only one came back,
with large llamas eating out of his pack.
He was deemed king of the wool, from llamas,
Making sure all of the babies were with their mamas.



Wool

by Zoe Elaro [grade 8]

Curly hair tumbles down
Meeting with the floor
Smooth, soft, white, brown
Always room for more
Polyester, cotton, silk
Nothing can compare
To what the sheep can give,
not milk
But wool, fine and fair



by Krishna Kahar [grade 8]

Sheep Raaampage

by Olivia O'Grady [grade 8]

My nose is flared and my eyes are wide,
I'm waiting patiently to go outside.

Sheep are slapping their hooves,
While they are all dancing to their grooves.

I peek through the curtain,
And finally start to become certain.

This costume is itchy,
And the sheep's screams have started to become pitchy.

The producer says, "You're on in five."
Is when my nerves start to arrive.

I take a deep breath and count to three,
Soon my hunger will be set free.

I push the curtain, my eyes set on the prize,
I may look like them, but there's fire in my eyes.

My costume is already a pure, bright white,
But it is even brighter in this light.

I take off my mask revealing who I am,
This is when sheep start to scam.

"This is no sheep! This is a wolf!" proclaims my helpless prey.
I don't think they realize this is what they all start to say.

I snarl and get ready to pounce,
They notice and get ready to bounce.



I run and catch one of them in my mouth,
Their red, warm blood is dripping
and running south.

I have my dinner in my tight grasp,
Just as everybody starts to gasp.

I was too fast, too quick,
They were too slow while I was too slick.

I run off as fast as I can,
I am the wolf, the wolf with a plan.



When my Grandmother Gave Me Sheep's Clothing

by Andre Phillips [grade 7]

Hello, it's the lonely wolf again. My real name is Ralphus Augustus Wolfstien III, which you will need to know for this story from my past. When I was, hmm let me think, 12 I believe, my grandmother gave me a wool sweater, a wool hat, and some boots. I had to go to her house for, I forget, I think for some celebration. Or maybe it was just one of my once a month visits. Yes, yes that's it. Now, where was I, oh yes, I was going to my grandmother's house for one of my annual once a month visits.

My mom reminded me to wear the clothes my grandmother made me. I started to complain, and she said to me, "Now Ralphus, you must wear those clothes your grandmother made you or else she may get very offended and never speak to you again."

I replied to this by saying, "Ok, well as long as we don't have to be out in the open. I don't want my friends to see me ya know," and I gave a little wink and cough.

She agreed to this and so we set off.

Brring Brring! Oh please excuse me, my phone is ringing. "Hello." *Wa wah wah wah.* "Ok." *Wa wah wah.* "I'll do just that." *Wah Wah.* "Alright, good bye."

Sorry about that. I think I was at the part where we were getting into the car.

So we got into the car and set off. We stopped at a Wolfy's and got some Sheeponators. Then I spotted him, Hank Wolferbergentionsinboom. His last name is such a pain to pro-



nounce. He was a bully at my school. "Hey, Wolfstien, what are you wearing," he said in a very obnoxious voice. This is exactly why I told Mom that we shouldn't come here. I just ignored him.

Knock Knock Knock. Oh my gosh, please excuse me, there is someone at my door.

"Hello."

"Hi, Rufus."

"Oh, hi Hank! I was just telling this lovely cameraman about when we were kids."

"Very interesting! I just dropped by to give you the cupcakes you ordered."

"Thank you very much. Uh, we are still doing tea on Wednesday, correct?"

"You're most definitely welcome, and of course."

"Goodbye, Hank."

"Goodbye."

My apologies, as you can see, Hank has changed very much. So Hank seemed to get angry when I ignored him. "Hey Wolfstien, I'm talking to you," he said.

"And I don't care," I replied in my calmest voice.

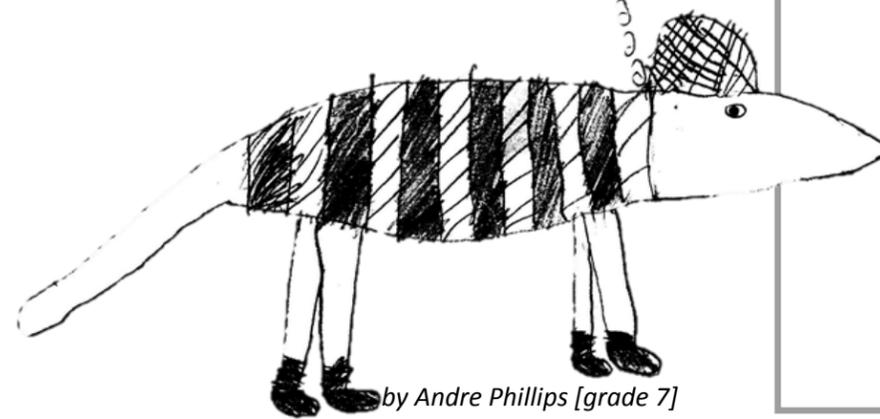
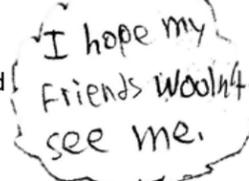
"Well you better or that coat of yours will be in the toilet, if you don't listen up. You need to buy me a Deluxe Double Cheese Sheeponator, you hear me." I give out a sigh and agree to buy his burger for him. "Thanks *Woolstien*," he said.

This made me furious, I just walked a way not wanting to start anything. When I walked onto the bus after the wonderful weekend I had at my grandmother's, everyone was laughing at me. I remembered I was wearing my sweater, boots and hat. They were all calling me *Woolstien*, and that's when I snapped. I started screaming and punching kids. I got suspended for three days and Hank got nothing. It wasn't worth it. I now have the nickname *Woolstien*, but now I merely just laugh when my friends call me it.

And that's my story! Thanks for watching "The Wolf Daily: Talk Show."

Later...

Man what a day. I got interrupted so many times during my talk show. I hope my fans won't think of it too much.



by Andre Phillips [grade 7]

The Lonely Wolf

by Andre Phillips [grade 7]

I'm the wolf.

What a lonely way to live.

I only can take.

I have nothing to give.

When I'm cold

I go to the sheep.

Did I mention I'm old?

I don't say a peep,

But they still hear me

They all gang up.

Though they don't get near me.

The one on the phone hangs up.

I talk in a voice that is impossible

to hear thee.

I forgot that sheep have good

hearing

And I said something naughty.

The one in the front tried to

spear me.

Ok what I said was real

haughty.

I ran away.

Wishing they'd just feared me.

All I wanted was wool.

But I can only take,

Not give.

TROLL WOOL

by Zoe Elaro [grade 8]

I shivered and pulled my heavy blanket tighter around my shoulders. The fire was fading into embers in the hearth.

"Hey, kiddo," said Troll Mother, seated next to me on the rickety old couch, knitting away with her big needles.

"Yes, Mother?"

"Do you know how I learned to knit?" She gestured towards the pile of wool her needles had turned into half of a sweater.

I shook my head.

"Well, it was nearly two-hundred years ago, just outside of the Great Forest we're in now, on a winter day much like this one," she began, looking out the window at the ice-covered trees.

"I was collecting firewood, and my search led me to the fringes of the Forest. I had gathered almost all that I needed, when I saw a human collapsed in a snow bank. I'll have you know, back then, there weren't any human villages within one-hundred miles of the Forest. I was so shocked, I dropped all of my firewood into the snow! I ran over to the human and lifted it out of the snow. I looked at its face closely. It appeared to be male and fairly young. He was breathing, but very faintly. His face was blue, and I was sure that's not a natural shade for humans.

"Hello? Are you alright?" I tried prodding his face to wake him, but he was out cold.

I realized the only thing to do was take him to my house. I picked him up and ran through the Forest. It was snowing, and the human was shaking in my arms. I finally arrived home and burst through the wooden door. I placed the young man on my table and threw the rest of my firewood into the hearth. He was still pale blue. I grabbed an empty pot and filled it with snow from out-

side. I hung it over the fire.

"Nnghnen." I heard a quiet groan behind me.

The human had woken up. His face was no longer blue, but bright pink. He looked at me and screamed.

"W-what are you?! Where am I!?" He tried to get up, but collapsed onto the table.

"Please calm down, you are safe. You were unconscious in the snow, and I brought you here."

He was breathing rapidly and looking around, terrified. I sighed and went to the now boiling water. I soaked a rag with it and walked towards the human. He yelled again, and I could see tears in his eyes. I placed the rag on his forehead and rubbed his frozen arms and legs. He eventually stopped struggling and yelling, and let me explain what had happened.

I was sitting next to the table while he sat on the edge of it, sipping tea I had made him.

"Thank you," he said. "There must be some way for me to repay you."

"Nonsense," I replied. "It was nothing."

"Please, there must be something."

"Alright," I gave in and thought about it. "Teach me how to make that." I pointed at the knitted scarf around his neck.

"Wonderful!" He pulled out two needles and asked me for yarn.

Two hours, and a few failed scarves later, the human and I parted ways as friends.

"And that," said Troll Mother. "Is how I learned to knit."

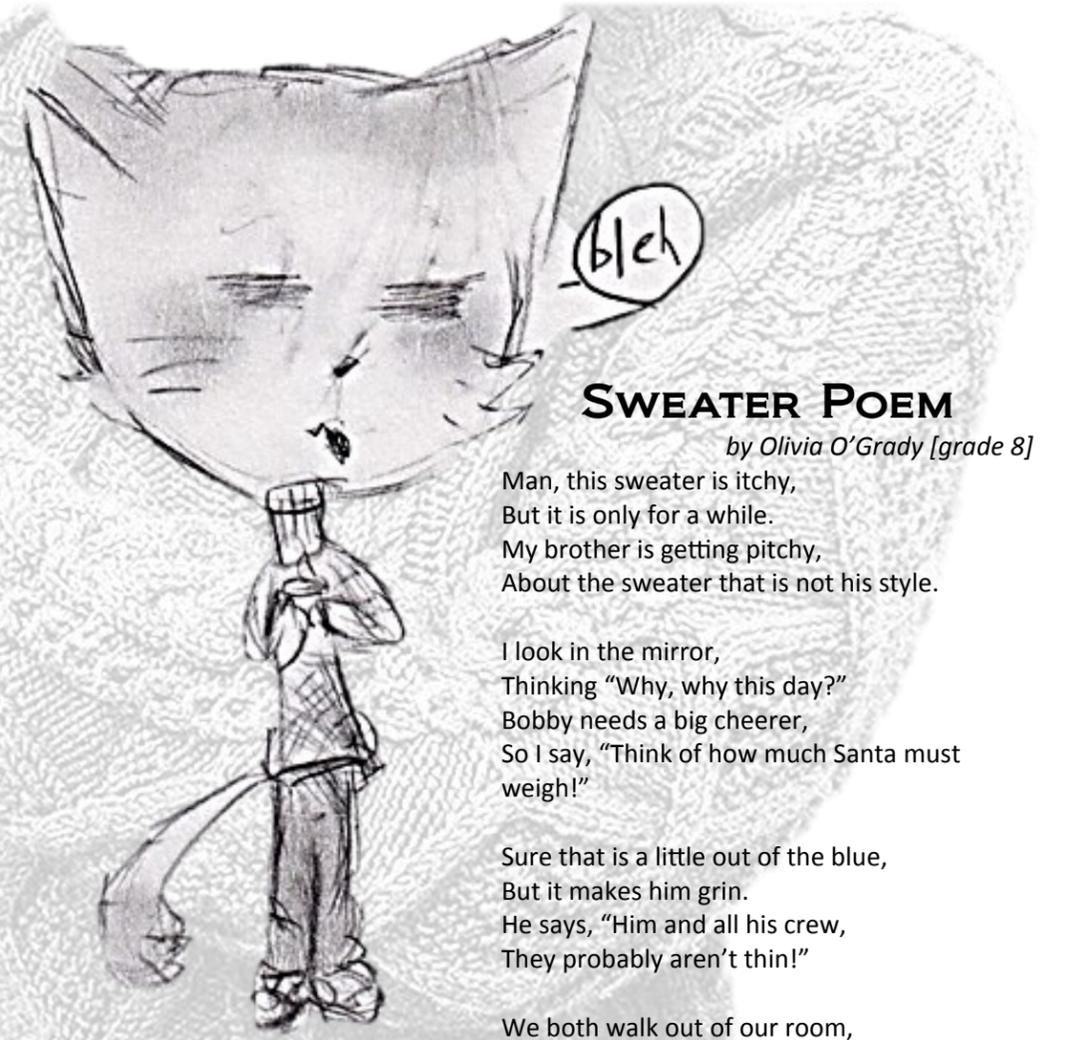
She held up the ruby red sweater she had finished while telling her story. She handed it to me.

"Here you go dear, this is yours."

"Thank you, Mother!"

"Nonsense, it was nothing."

We smiled at each other, and laughed.



SWEATER POEM

by Olivia O'Grady [grade 8]

Man, this sweater is itchy,
But it is only for a while.
My brother is getting pitchy,
About the sweater that is not his style.

I look in the mirror,
Thinking "Why, why this day?"
Bobby needs a big cheerer,
So I say, "Think of how much Santa must weigh!"

Sure that is a little out of the blue,
But it makes him grin.
He says, "Him and all his crew,
They probably aren't thin!"

We both walk out of our room,
Staring down the stairs.
I finally get the courage to go with a boom,
So I walk like nobody cares.

Bobby follows slow behind,
Scared to be a fool.
He acts like he never whined,
Trying to play it cool.

Grandma smiles as she sees our apparel,
Mom takes pictures with the flash on bright,
I try to seem like I'm singing a carol,
While Bobby stands in absolute fright.

The photo session is soon over,
With dots all in my eyes.
Bobby seems like he found a clover,
Which has covered all his cries.

He is now very happy,
Comfortable in his skin.
He thinks he is quite snappy,
And has more than just a grin.

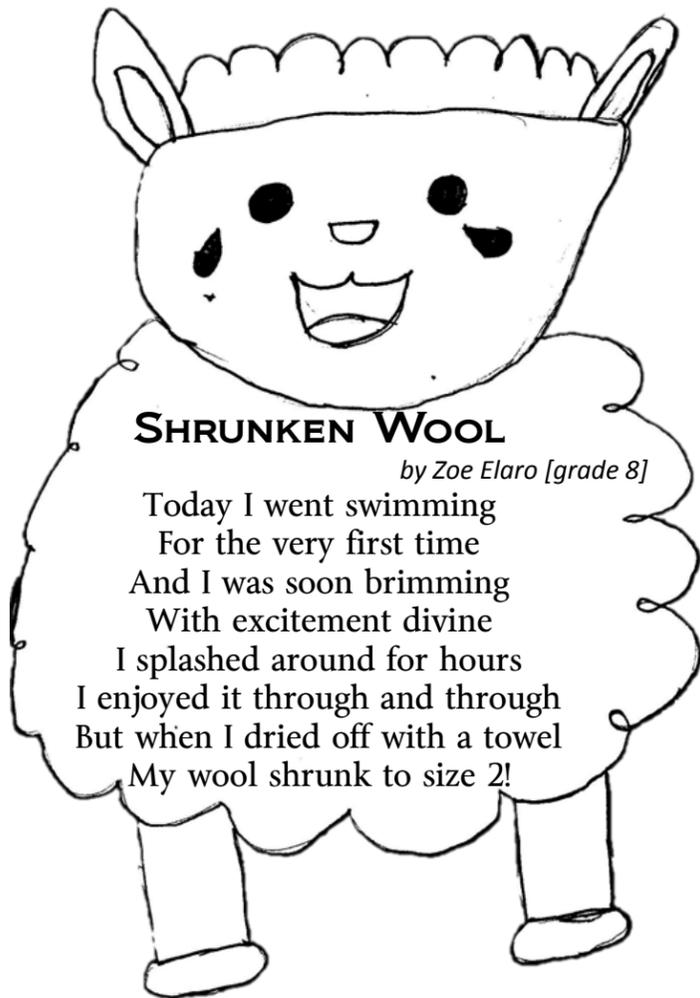
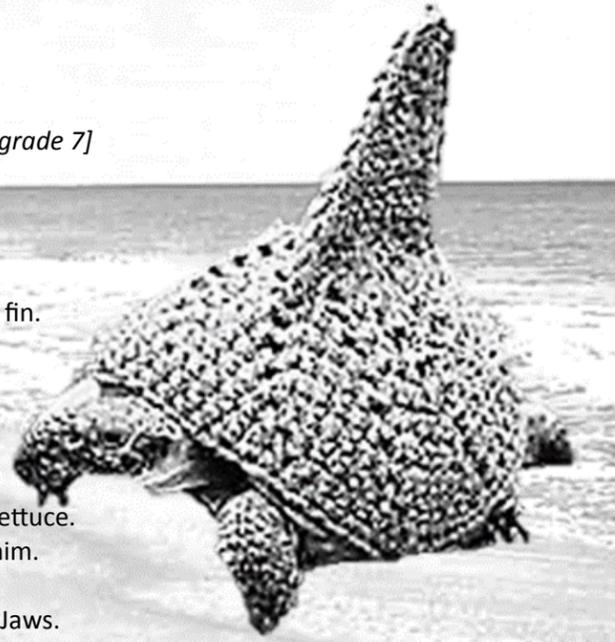


Illustrations by Emily Toro [grade 7]

JAWS: Fear the... Turtle?

by Lucas Tusinean [grade 7]

I walked across the beach with friends,
And suddenly heard a low tune,
DUN, DUHN.
“No,” I say to myself. “It’s him!”
A small head popped out from behind a rock, as well as a woolen fin.
“JAWS!” Screeched one of my friends.
Jaws was a turtle with a wool shark fin,
But don’t be fooled by the innocent appearance!
“Just take it!” Another yelled as he threw his scarf at Jaws.
I saw Jaws advancing, but not really in our direction.
“Come on Jaws, Over here!” Someone was playfully yelling, holding lettuce.
“Stop, you fool!” I tried to warn him, but Jaws was already upon him.
The man picked up Jaws and said, “Let’s go home buddy.”
I stared in disbelief at how such a simple person tamed a beast like Jaws.
Maybe lettuce was the secret? I thought as I walked away with my friends.



SHRUNKEN WOOL

by Zoe Elaro [grade 8]

Today I went swimming
For the very first time
And I was soon brimming
With excitement divine
I splashed around for hours
I enjoyed it through and through
But when I dried off with a towel
My wool shrunk to size 2!

Laughing Sheep Emoji by Chenoa Senabria [grade 6]



Sheepishly Shrunken

by Andre Phillips [grade 7]

One day, our farmer decided we all needed a bath. I’m not exactly sure why, but it was relieving because it was like 200 degrees out. Little did I know how much I would change from this bath, but I’m back to normal now. Somehow, some way.

It was a steaming day, literally. There was steam coming off the ground. It was really bad. Anyway, we are chillin’ under a tree, when the Farmer came with his dog. Whenever he has his dog, it means something annoying is going to happen. Last time, we got our wool shaved off. I mean, what kind of farmer does that!

His dog was herding us in a line of droopy sheep, which was completely unnecessary, because, you see, sheep are actually quite dignified. If humans didn’t shout and yell

and bring these drooly, yappy dogs, we would cooperate just fine. But humans always treat animals like this.

The Farmer was taking us to a place I’ve never been before. Some odd rectangular hole with water in it. In the water, there was some odd white and bubbly substance. It smelled great though!

One by one we dropped into the wonderful smelling water. Then, the Farmer started to scrub us with this squishy and scratchy thing. We all got out and our wool was soaked. All of the sudden, I started to shrink!

There was this odd tingly feeling as it happened. And there I was, small as a baby mouse. I was so embarrassed that I began to run back to the barn. But for some reason it was taking forever. I reached the farm late in the afternoon.

There was a lot of bleating. I climbed up on a sheep and listened intently to their conversation. It was about me! I thought nobody would miss me!

“Where is Isaiah?”

“I don’t know.”

“I was so excited to play with us after the bath.”

“Me too.”

What’s a bath, I thought as I went to the spot where I usually sleep. I came to ponder how to get back to normal size. You see, I really love playing with my herd, but the other sheep always ignore or respect me. It stinks and this is why I thought they wouldn’t miss me, but apparently they do. I decided to take a walk.

It was a forest outside. There were these big green stripes that towered above me. It resembled the color of grass, so I bit into one. It tasted exactly like grass! Actually, it was grass! A whole forest of grass! Yum! The trees were a different story. They were beyond imagination. I can’t even describe them.

Suddenly I heard a rustling noise. I turn around to see the Farmer’s cat. Suddenly, I remembered that I was the size of a baby mouse. I started to run as fast as I could, which was pretty fast for a sheep the size of me. *Gosh darn it, why does the Farmer have one of these*, I thought as I ran through the grass forest. Finally, I found a prickly bush, which I dived into and hid from that huge beast.

It walked away and I started to wander around some more. I came upon a weird looking hole in the ground. Since I was small enough, I walked in. Inside the hole, there was a lot of berries, crumbs and other odd bits. It was like the stuff my mouse friend told me about.

“Hello Isaiah,” a voice literally squeaked. I was so startled that I screamed like those annoying goats. Then I saw Munchy. Munchy is my mouse friend who I was talking about. Now we could have tons of adventures together. “What’s up,” I shouted.

“A lot of things, now that you’re the size of me.”

That made us both start to laugh.

“Yeah, I somehow shrunk. We were in this water and

the Farmer was scrubbing us with these scratchy things. I got out and then shrunk to the size of a baby mouse.”

“You’re bigger than a baby mouse if you’re the size of me.”

“I guess you’re right.”

We got out of the hole and started to walk. I sighed. “Is something bothering you Isaiah?” Munchy inquired.

“Yeah.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I miss being big.”

“Why, we can have tons of adventures together.”

“I know, but we can have the same adventures when I’m big. I just want to play with my sheep friends.”

“I understand, and I can help!”

He started taking me deep into the woods. We finally stopped near this odd creek in the woods. There was a big waterfall, at least to me. He took me behind it. There was this huge cave! In the cave there was an elderly looking mouse sitting on a stone. Suddenly Munchy is bowing, so I did the same. “Hello Munchy. Hello Isaiah. You may rise,” his deep voice bellowed.

I started to talk, but Munchy instantly cut me off. “Oh great one,” he said mysteriously. “Here are some gifts for you.” Suddenly they started to burst out laughing. Was it me, was it the way I looked? I looked sheepishly at the ground, because I’m a sheep. “Hi Grandpop,” Munchy chirped. “Hello Munchkin,” the old man exclaimed.

“Hey, Grandpop? I need you to help Isaiah here. He has a real small problem.” He winked after that last part.

“Sure thing, also, I’m glad to finally meet you Isaiah. I’ve heard many stories about you and Munchy’s adventures,” Munchy’s grandpop told me.

“Hello,” I awkwardly blurt out.

“So, a, what’s the matter?” Grandpop inquired.

I told him the story of how I shrunk.

“Hmm, interesting. Here’s what you’re going to do. I want you to drink A LOT of water. I mean A LOT! I also want you to eat A LOT of food. If you do this for three days you’ll be back to normal. Any questions Isaiah?”

“Yes, is there a quicker way? Also, what is your name?”

“I’m sorry, there is no quicker way, but my name is Meeskers, because of my abnormally large whiskers.”

“Thank you Meeskers, I’ll be sure to visit.”

And that I did. Right after I finished my three day diet of course. It did work, and I got to play with my friends. My parents and friends were delighted to see me, and wondered where I had been. I just told the the story about me shrinking.

Everyday now, I go with Munchy, down to Meeskers’ cave, which turned out to actually be huge, even with my normal size. Meeskers tells us stories about the adventures of when he was just a young mouse. They inspired Munchy and me. Any ways, I’m back to normal and never going to go into water with white, bubbly stuff again. Goodbye.



Lilo & Stitch Quote—Wool Remix
by Nicole Martel [grade 6]

“Ohana means
sheep—and sheep
means no, wool is
not made into a
shirt.”

THE BIG BAD WOLF’S BAD SWEATER DAY

by Nicole Martel [grade 6]

Everybody Knows the story of the Big Bad Wolf. He ate the two of the three little pigs. Of course he got punished, he got sent to jail for 5 years. He only got three meals a day, and he didn’t get any dessert! The Big Bad Wolf hated it there. That wasn’t even the worst part, though. He was forced to wear clothes made out of cotton! It made him even itchier than when he had fleas. Sometimes he itched himself so much, he started to bleed. On his birthday, his grandmother brought him a brand new outfit. A prison uniform made out of wool! He was so happy, he hardly remembered he was in jail. His entire attitude changed in a positive way. He was so nice to everybody, he got taken out of jail three years early. He made a cake for the third little pig to say sorry for eating his little brothers. They had a funeral for them, and they lived as friends, not best friends, because he ate his brothers, but friends.

I’m Woolly In Love With You

by Ariana DiGeso [grade 8]

It all started when I was magically turned human. I was a sheep, with soft, warm, wool. I was **BEAUTIFUL!** But no longer, for I have been cursed to walk the earth as a disgusting two legged *human!* They waddle around like fools on their two legs! Their bodies are disproportionate! Their faces are *weird!* And *worst of all*, they have almost **NO** wool! All they have is this odd floppy wool hanging off their heads! They wear the wool of *other* creatures! They *steal* it and claim it for themselves! This, is **UNACCEPTABLE!**

I awoke in a room filled with humans. They were all sitting in these odd metal contraptions and I almost freaked out when I realized I was sitting in one too.

In front of me on the metal contraption was a pile of floppy rectangles filled with... leaves?... food?

I looked around. The humans had little yellow sticks and were doing something to their food with them.

Suddenly a loud bell rang and they all stampeded out the rectangular hole in the wall, once they got out of the odd metal contraptions.

I followed behind them, gathering my floppy rectangles filled with food.

I followed them to a room that was filled with more, however larger metal contraptions, and the humans sat in them, eating human food.

One came up to me. He was wearing a green shirt with pictures of foods I used to eat on them. Grass and leaves.

“What is your opinion on the mistreatment of the environment,” he asked me.

Surprisingly enough, I knew how to speak like a human and said.

“Huh?”
“I wanted to know what you thought of how badly people are treating the environment,” he said.
“Oh,” I said, “I woolly think it’s horrible.”
“Did you say woolly?” he asked.
“Wha? No,” I stuttered, “I said really.”
“How about the unacceptable working conditions of livestock?” he asked.
“It’s just miserable! Do you have any idea how horrible it is when we only have disgusting water to drink? Or how we feel when our families are picked off one by one to be *slaughtered?* They think we don’t know what happens, but we do!” I said. Actually having experience being a livestock animal made me a lot angrier than any human.
“I can see you have a real connection with animals,” he said. “Come on and hang with us.”

I followed him across the strange place of metal contraptions to another smallish metal contraption where other humans sat, also wearing green coats.

“Are your coats made of leaves?” I asked.
“Not quite,” one of them answered. She looked to be a girl, “They’re made out of bamboo fibers, completely vegan, too.”

I nodded. So their coats were made of trees. I wanted one.

“Can I have a tree coat?”
“Sure,” said the other one, she was also a girl. She dug into a feed sack that had oddly bright colors, and pulled out a rolled up tree coat.

“Thanks,” I answered.
“So what’s your name?” the boy asked.
“Oh I’m Dolly,” I said, “named after Dolly the Sheep!”
“That poor sheep,” he muttered.

“Yes indeed. Sure, they gave it life, however it was a flawed life, not lived to the fullest,” I said.

“What’s yours?”
“I’m Shawn, and you and me, we get along awesomely,” he said.

I nodded.
He glanced back at his friends, “You know, the spring formal is coming up, and I don’t have a date. I think we were meant to be,” he said. “Do you want to go with me?”

Even though I was a sheep, I knew what he meant.
“Sure,” I said.

From there, things went great, that is until the Sheep Council (the ones who had turned me into a human) contacted me in a vision.

“We think you’ve learned your lesson. You’ve learned what it means to be a sheep. When we sent you here, you didn’t appreciate the things you had, but now you do. We will send you home now, back as a sheep,” the Council

leader said.
“Wait!” I bleated. “No, you can’t!”
“Why not?” the leader asked.
“Because I...I’ve fallen in love with a human! The dance in the human school is tonight, and I promised him I’d go with him,” I confessed.
“We know that. But you are a sheep, not a human. You can’t be with him,” they told me.
“Then I wish to be a human!” I told them.
“Nonsense,” she replied. “You know not what you say. You belong here, as a sheep!”
I felt tears forming. “I’m begging you! I love him!”
The Council members spoke amongst themselves for a moment.

“We’ve come to a decision. You may remain a human, as long as your loyalty remains with the flock. You must tell this boy what you really are and enlist his help along with his friends to protect the sheep flocks of the world,” the council leader said. “Do you accept?”

“Yes!” I said.
“Very well,” she finished.

To the dance, I wore a lovely green organic dress, and my date, a suit (also vegan).

Before we did anything, I explained to him the situation I was in. He was confused at first but he came to terms with it eventually, and said he didn’t care that I was a sheep.

We danced all night. It was lovely, and probably the best night of any sheep’s life.
I looked him in the eyes and said, “I woolly love you.”
He smiled, “I woolly love you too.”

So that’s my story.
The story of how I was an outcast sheep.
Of how I was turned into a human.
Of how I fell in love, and found my happily ever after.
And did things that no sheep before me had ever done.

That’s the story of how I discovered where I was meant to be.



by Ariana DiGeso [grade 8]

A Snake in Sheep's Clothing

by Tobias Shedd [grade 7];

background illustration by Krishna-Kahar [grade 8]

A snake slithered out of his burrow, his tummy rumbled.

"Oy vey, I'm starving! Time for lunch!"

He slithered off, down the hill, and off into the woods. It was a brisk day, and he couldn't be out long. As he slithered around the forest looking for herbs, he started thinking back many years, to an adventure much like this one...

George was shivering outside, waiting for a meal to come by. It had been ages, and not a single animal had walked by! He was about to give up, when suddenly, a sheep wandered on by. He couldn't believe his luck! Slowly, he slithered out from the pile of snow where he was hiding, and behind the sheep. Slowly, sneakily, he crept along behind the sheep. After a while, he managed to block it into a corner! The sheep turned around, and George reared up.

"I'm George, the ssserpent. And you're my next meal!"

The sheep screamed, and tried to run away, but it was trapped! "Please, don't eat me! I could be worth a lot more to you!"

The snake said, "Oh, really? What could you do for me?"

"I could... mow your front lawn!"

"I don't have a lawn. I'm a snake."

The sheep shivered slightly. "How about... I could make you a garden!"

"I only eat meat. LIKE YOU!"

The sheep jumped. "Eeek!"

"You've got one shot left to tell me the amazing thing you can do."

The sheep gulped, and said "I-I... I could make you a sweater!"

"What use would that be to me?" "Well, you're cold blooded, right? So you need warmth and the sun, especially in winter! However, you can't stay in your burrow forever, not eating because of the cold. So I'll make you a sweater!"

The snake nodded "Hmmm... That might actually be worthwhile! Sure, I won't eat you if you make me a sweater."

The sheep nodded, and as the snake began to slither away, shivering, it yelled out one last thing, "Also, if I make the sweater, there's another thing I'd like."

The snake did a 360 spin, and yelled "EXCUSE ME??!?"

"EEP! Sorry, there is one other thing I want."

The snake sighed, "Fiiine, what is it?"

"You have to never eat meat again."

"WHAT!"

"You heard me right, never eat meat again. Why, you might ask? Well, I'll answer you. You ate my Uncle Jerry!"

"But-but"

"No buts. Either you do it, or no sweater."

"Jeez, fine!" The snake slithered away.

...George sighed, and snuggled into his sweater. He licked up a mouthful of carrot, and sighed contentedly. It was a lot, to

give up meat, but it was such a cozy sweater! Well worth it. He smiled contentedly (as much as snakes can smile, anyway) and chewed. The perfect end to a chilly day.

Deer...I shrunk the kids...

by Angelleigh DeTroy [grade 8]

Once upon a time, there lived a family of goats. The wild-haired father whose inventions were frequently causing chaos. The rushed-mother who liked order. Then their quadruplets, Harry, Simon, Maryse, and Tessa. They were constantly getting themselves into all kinds of trouble, from lighting their neighbor's tree on fire with a firework, to accidentally putting their first grade teacher in the hospital during the science fair. They never seemed to stop running and always liked to be the center of attention.

One day their father finished his most magnificent invention ever. A time machine! He was sooooo happy, so he told his four kids playing in the yard not to go into the basement and went out to tell his boss of his achievement. His kids thought they would venture to the basement to see their father's new invention and, as they did a lot, mess with it.

Once they uncovered the "time machine" they hit the big red button on the side they suspected would turn the machine on. Just as Harry hit the button a flash of green light lit the room, and they all screamed in unison.

Now their mother rushed down to the basement to check on them. She looked everywhere but she couldn't find her children anywhere. She gave up and went back to her room to work. Where were the four trouble makers you ask, well they were underneath the table. What they had thought was a time machine turned out to be a shrinking machine!

They tried to signal their mother to what had happened, but she couldn't even see them! They were going to be tiny goats forever! They tried to climb the stairs to get back to the first floor, but they were just too small. They decided to wait until their dad came home and hopefully put them back to the right size.

But when their dad finally did return he couldn't see them either. Only when he saw that the sheet covering his machine had fallen off, and the lack of screaming children, did he suspect something. He looked around and found his kids now shrunk on the floor next to him. He gasped and wondered how his machine had turned them tiny instead of transporting them in time like he had intended his creation to do.

A few hours later he had his tiny kids back to their normal size, and had given them proper punishments. Maybe now they will know better and won't mess with their father's inventions for they never want to be the size of an ant again.



Wool You Read This?: Facts About Sheep and Their Wool

by Kailyn Wood [grade 6]

People use wool to make nice and fluffy coats. It is really popular to see people wearing a wool coat in the winter. Other cool facts about sheep are that they don't have to worry about the cold because the wool on their backs will keep them warm, it keeps them warm because the wool keeps the body heat in and the cold out.



Wool Festival

by Tobias Shedd [grade 7]

So, wool! It comes from a lot of places. An example would be sheep, obviously. However, you can delve into the stranger side of wool production, such as rabbits with

enough... fur? hair? to make a pair of socks, and look like giant fluffballs, or alpacas, the (not) gentle kicking, spitting giants. Yes, wool comes from all of those! All of these animals, and more, are sold at Rhinebeck, a humongous yarn convention full of CRAZY PEOPLE that are absolutely NUTS about yarn. I'm just kidding, there's a lot more there than yarn. There's a ton of things to experience there. Some examples would be: watching a magic show, meeting a children's book author, sheep shearing contests, and much, much more. I go there every year, as my mom, grandma and aunt LOVE knitting. It's always a really fun experience, and I look forward to it every year. So, delving into it, there's always about two or three sections to it, with other stuff thrown in at random spots. The main spot is where you enter. (Just a quick side note, this is located on a fairground.) You walk in through the main gate, and are immediately dropped into the action. To your left, long, wide tents with sheep, alpacas, and such in them. Farther ahead, a big, paved clearing, with small cloth buildings set up. To your right, a small place to get food. Ahead of that, a bunch of grass, and a path leading to two fenced fields, where sheep dog shows and normal dog shows are held. If you keep walking past all this stuff, you'll come upon a HUGE paved clearing, with tons of food trucks, and buildings selling sheep and wool related paintings, pottery, blankets, spinning wheels, wool, and more yarn. Off to the right of that is the food hotspot, a stand called Aba's Falafel, and a museum and old church and train station. The museum tells about the farm and home life here many years ago, in the 1800's. If you go back from the museum, and down another path, you'll come upon the magic/science show, and usually a book signing from a children's book author. Personally, I would check out the museum, and the tents selling animals. It's always really cool to see them! This is a great experience for everyone

Info on where it is: <http://sheepandwool.com/essentials/getting-here/>



THE WOOL WE WEAR

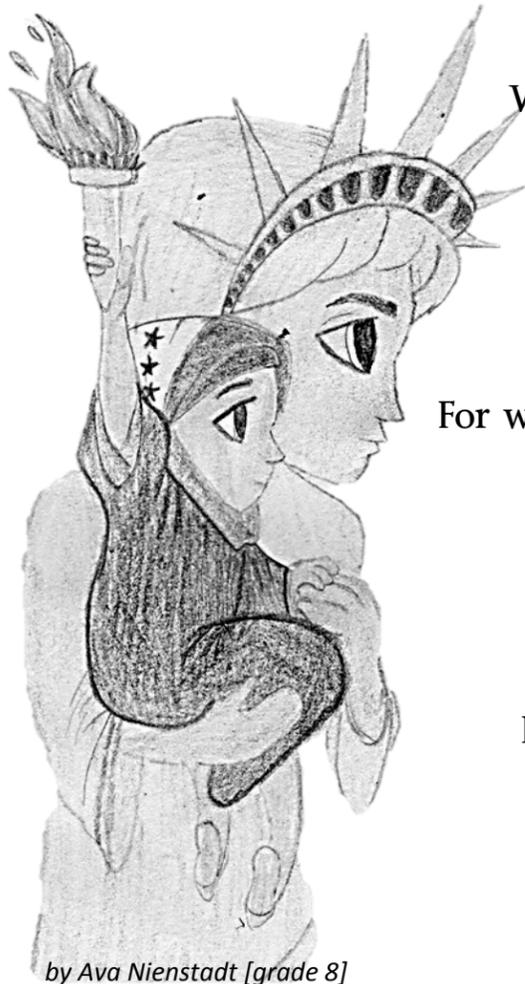
by Zoe Elaro [grade 8]

The wool we wear comes in many forms
Yamakas, communion robes, hijabs
Whether you seek nirvana
Or have no God
You are a human
With love and compassion in your breast
No matter who, where,
Or when you worship
No matter the shape
Of the wool that you wear
You are always welcome
At the hearth of those who truly care

LADY LIBERTY

by Zoe Elaro [grade 8]

Why do you exclude and reject your fellow man?
Do we not all deserve an equal chance?
To live and prosper in a peaceful home
That is the primal desire of most
Yet still you struggle and refuse
Abandoning those you deem unsafe
Families, children, all denied refuge
For what reason? The place they were born? The way that
they worship?
That is not justice, nor is it humane
It is what we should be against
It is what this country was founded against
To discriminate, for any reason
That is the opposite of freedom, of love
In this time that Lady Liberty herself is weeping
Reaching for the huddled masses seeking help
The answer is not to isolate, to close our doors
But to unite and find strength in our unity
For are we not all human?
Are we not all equal?



by Ava Nienstadt [grade 8]