



HONEYCOMB

Volume 4, Issue 2

March, 2008

Honeycomb

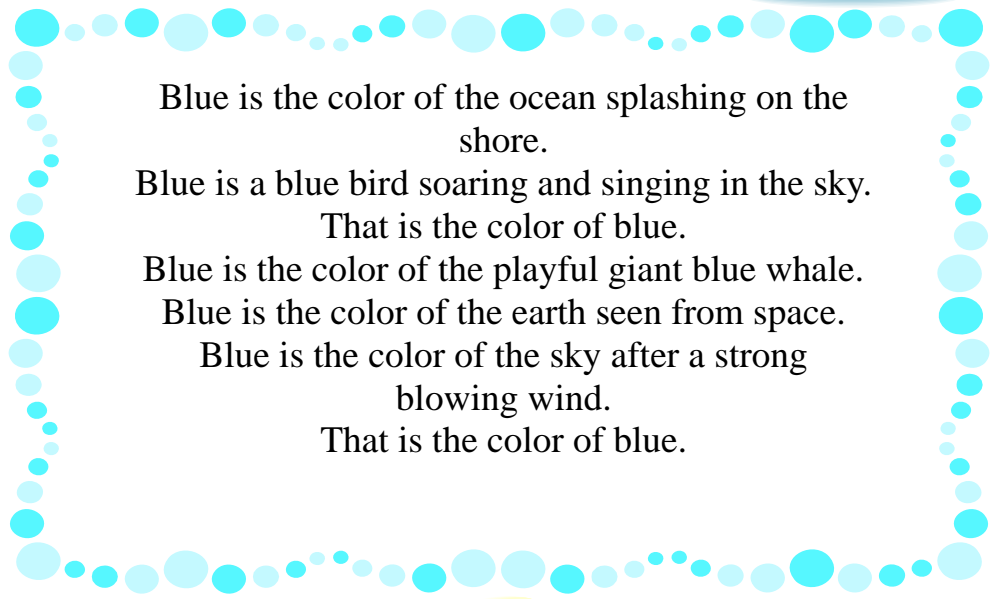
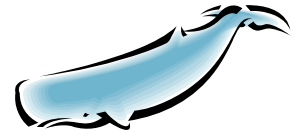
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Blue Is...

Andrew D.
First Grade
Miss James



Blue is the color of the ocean splashing on the shore.

Blue is a blue bird soaring and singing in the sky.
That is the color of blue.

Blue is the color of the playful giant blue whale.
Blue is the color of the earth seen from space.

Blue is the color of the sky after a strong blowing wind.
That is the color of blue.



The Editors' Corner

About a Good President and a Special Boy

It's evident that Abraham Lincoln was a very popular president. After all, there are five student pieces in this issue focused on him! You will also find several stories about animals - especially cats and dogs. A story about igneous rocks and a letter requesting a land grant are wonderful examples of writing across the curriculum.

We have a special tribute to Michael Haley from his classmates. Michael passed away in February. We have included messages written to and about him for his Someone Special Day in Miss James' class.



I Am a Famous Person

Jun Y.

Second Grade
Ms. Dane

I am Abraham Lincoln
I live in Kentucky in a log cabin, February 12, 1809
I move to Indiana in 1816
I lose my mother in 1818
I learn to read and do arithmetic
I am young Abraham Lincoln

I work at the farm making rails
I borrow a book about George Washington
I find a new house in Illinois to live by myself
I become a surveyor
I marry Mary Todd
I am Mr. Lincoln

I win the presidential election when I'm 51
I grow a beard because Grace sent me a letter
I cry because my son Willie dies and the Civil War starts
I speak at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania
I die on April 15, 1865, after I'm shot at a theater in Washington, D.C.
I am the 16th President of the United States

Lincoln



My Dog Kahlua

William K.
Third Grade
Mrs. Gramata



My dog is the best in the world. Kahlua is lovable and likes to lick people in the face. She knows some tricks, like “shake the paw.” Kahlua can swim in the pool at our house. She only does it on hot days. She is brown like chocolate when the sun hits her furry body. She is so friendly and she loves people. We play games like hide the treat, tug-a-war, and hide-and-go-seek all the time. She has a nick name, Chocolate Panther. I always hear her loud bark in the morning. I love it when I hear her bark! She loves my parents’ bedroom so much. She sleeps there all the time and likes to make a den in the carpet. She sometimes sleeps on the pillows. She loves to watch T.V. and she barks at the animals on the T.V. screen. She is a very special dog and I love her very much.





Cats

Angelica I.
Fifth Grade
Mrs. Hoegh

A Note to the Reader: Cats, to me, seem to be mysterious, and so they give me thoughts of fantasy, and sometimes odd stories.

"Ugh! I told you to bring a map!" I yelled at my friend, Maple, who was driving while pretending that she knew the way to the national forest we were trying to get to. "Is that a - cat?" I asked in a shocked voice. A white cat was strutting across the road. But this cat was different - it seemed to have feathery wings, and a glow worthy of the moon. I was too stunned to yell something like, 'Stop the car,' so I leaned over Maple, and pressed the brake with my hand. We crashed into a giant redwood tree, and the white cat stared, mildly interested in the wreckage.

"Dude, you have to pay for this car," Maple said. Then, a crack appeared in the windshield with an ominous crack, and caved in, little glass fragments raining down on me and Maple. We got out of the car, and Maple wasn't watching, so she said, "That cat has to be very special to -" she suddenly broke off, turning around to see the cat.

The cat looked offended and said, "I most certainly am special," Then, the cat straightened itself up, and said in a confident voice, "Are you lost? If you are, follow the road. It takes you to town." But right then, a net landed on the beautiful cat, and Maple and I gasped. The cat hissed and thrashed, and flapped its large wings. Its glow disappeared, and some people jumped out of the bushes.

"Thought you could get away, Sencar? We are going to get a million for a cat angel!" Sencar was

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I Am a Rock

Claire C.
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Derby



Hi there! My name is Patricia Pumice. I am an igneous rock, and I am pretty small. Compared to my dad and brother, I'm tiny. My mom is petite, so I probably followed after her. We belong to the rock family called igneous which means, "fire made." I was born a long time ago after a volcanic eruption.

You see, I was created with my igneous rock relatives who form when melted rock, more commonly known as magma, cools and hardens. I don't remember which volcano I came from. (But I bet you don't remember the hospital where you were born, either!)

I bet you wonder how I got my holes and how I became so light. When I was a baby, I had a lot of gas. Every time I burped, the acid or gas popped holes into my body. Why am I so underweight, you ask? I don't eat much. Just kidding! It's because of my many holes.

Now if you are wondering what I do, I tumble and explore with my best friend, Plumpy. Over time, my other friends have disappeared. They were either A) washed away by a river, or B) kidnapped to be rubbed against some old lady's foot. When I'm not playing, I'm washing up in the river. Even though I'm constantly on the move—

Hey! What are you doing? Put me down! Don't touch me! Daddy! Mommy! Help! Huh? What's that huge pink fleshy thing with five toes? Ouch!

Well you can rub me against your old, wrinkled foot, but you can't take away my dignity! After all, I am an igneous rock which means I'm strong even if I am tiny! That's my story! I hate being pumice!



A Man Named King

Ben G.
Kindergarten
Miss Desai



Ben 1-17-08
I like King BCUS he is
a guy man. He wantd dark
any lit skin pepi to be
the same. I like Dr King
BCUS he Chang the
world.



Cats

(Continued from page 3)

apparently the cat's name. Its pupils turned to slits, and wicked sharp claws slid out. The cat no longer looked graceful, now it looked deadly. Sencar hissed, and bared his teeth, but the net was too thick. That cat put up quite a fight, and through gritted teeth, the human yelled, "This cat is dangerous. Get away before he kills you!"

Now Maple and I were confused. Who do we trust, we wondered. We trusted the cat now because he had a trustworthy glow about him. So I told Maple my plan, and then I said, "1... 2... 3!" Maple jumped on the men, and I untangled Sencar from the thick rough net. Together, Maple, Sencar, and I fought off the men.

"How could I ever repay you?" Sencar said, regaining his glow.

"You don't have to do anything but point us to the Sequoia National Forest," I said.

"I'll come with you." said Sencar. And so the angel cat guided us through the forest, and showed us other magical creatures that had been hiding from other humans. And he came to live with us, coming and going as he pleased, but always returning.

Later, Maple and I were talking. "So Sencar really is an angel."

"I guess so, but I think some things are left untold."

"I think so, too," said Maple contentedly.



A Miracle in the Desert

Sarah B.
Sixth Grade
Mrs. Pipp



"Yeah, I'll meet you on Saturday. See you there!" Harry said to his friends, Tom and Dick. He was planning to meet them near Las Vegas, Nevada, where the group would go camping for several days at nearby Lake Mead. Harry loved camping. He was also very interested in nature. After all, he was currently studying in college to earn his masters degree in biology. It was his lifelong dream to become a professor; to one day teach everything that he knew to his pupils. His skills in understanding and surviving the many challenges nature might throw his way would be especially valuable. As a former Boy Scout, Harry knew how to prepare everything. He knew how to skin a fish, scale a tall tree without getting a scratch, and he even knew how to protect himself if danger threatened. He never suspected that many of those things he learned would be necessary for his own survival during the next day.

Harry had begun to think about what he should pack in his camping backpack nearly a week before he departed. Among many items, he had a flashlight, sleeping bag, tent, dehydrated food, water, a Swiss army knife, clothes, a first-aid kit, journal, hiking boots, hat, thick socks, sun block, bug spray, toiletries, and some money: everything he needed in order to go camping. No matter how prepared he was, Harry always seemed to keep on thinking to himself thoughts like, *What if I forgot something I would most definitely need, or, Oh, wait. I don't recall if I packed this or not. I had better go check.* He was so overly-conscious about this that by the end of the day his back pack was usually as heavy as forty-five pounds.

In any case, Harry had plenty of time to agonize over his packing as he drove south across the desert from his home in Salt Lake City, Utah. The highways were mostly two-lane roads; black ribbons of asphalt that cut across the brownish sands and tumbleweeds of eastern Nevada. His cell phone stopped receiving its signal soon after his last conversation. There were no cars in sight traveling in his direction, and even cars zooming by in the opposite direction were few and far between.

Most of the good highways in Nevada seemed to run east to west. Traveling from north to south was more of a problem. Harry would have to go a long distance out of his way in a saw-tooth path to get to the major highway that runs south to Vegas. His map indicated that there might be a shortcut: a less-traveled road that ran along the border of one of Nevada's many military reservations.

For the first hour in his detour along the mostly dirt road, the shortcut seemed like it was a good idea; at least until his car hit a large pothole. With a heavy thud, the sedan bottomed out. A few minutes later, the oil pressure gauge dropped to zero. Harry knew he had to shut off the engine before it was ruined. The sudden bump must have put a hole in his oil pan.

As Harry turned off the ignition, he remembered the item he had forgotten to pack: a mirror. It was always good to have mirror for signaling. He had no idea how long it might be before someone else came along the road to find him. He knew it would be at least an hour, but it could be many hours, even days or weeks. That would be a problem. Harry only had enough water for a day or two of resting in the desert, or less than a day's worth for walking in the heat. He could probably sweat out a quart an hour. No biologist can turn sand into water, and Harry could not possibly walk sixty miles before he dehydrated. This was hardly the shortcut he had planned.

Harry made a decision. He would stay with the car until sunset. In the dark, cool night he could walk farther back toward the highway while drinking less water. Harry would spend the rest of the day trying to get someone's attention. For a short range signal, Harry unscrewed one of his side-view mirrors from the door of his car. He could use it to flash sunlight in the direction of anyone he might see. However, he needed something to get better attention from someone he couldn't see. Using all the knowledge he had gathered, he realized that lighting his spare tire on fire might send out a tall, black pillar of smoke. After unfastening one of the many rubber tubes from under his car's hood, Harry was able to siphon some gas from the fuel tank to use in lighting the blaze. With some matches, the former Boy Scout lit the small pool of gasoline that surrounded the spare tire he had placed in the sand. It wasn't long before a large plume of

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Halloween Letter to Michelle

Agnes H.

Third Grade

Mrs. Watson/Mrs. Hellewell



A Miracle in the Desert

(Continued from page 5)

really smelly smoke rose into the sky.

The tire burned for maybe an hour, and smoldered longer. As the dark cloud began to fade, Harry heard the unmistakable whacking sound of the rotor blades on a helicopter. He grabbed the mirror and started moving it to reflect the afternoon sun in the direction of the pilots.

Without much trouble, the men in the big Navy helicopter saw the smoke and the brief flashes of light. In a few minutes, they settled down for a landing near Harry's disabled car. Harry, the survivalist, was saved.



Snowman, Snowman

Noah C.

Second Grade

Mrs. Sarracino/Mrs. Marquand



Snowman, Snowman how do you feel?
I feel great..like doing a cartwheel!

Snowman, Snowman what do you know?
I know I am made of cold, white snow.

Snowman, Snowman you're standing so still.
I stand real close to a red windmill.

Snowman, snowman what do you hear?
I hear a blue bird tweeting so near.

Snowman, Snowman what do you wish?
I wish I had a slippery goldfish.

Snowman, snowman what do you like?
I like to see a child riding a bike.



The Story of Abraham Lincoln

Olivia M.

First Grade

Mrs. Hinkle



Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809 in Kentucky. When he was little he lived in a log cabin. As a young boy, Abe chopped wood, plowed fields, taught himself how to read and read books by the fireplace. His mom died when he was nine years old. Abe was very sad. When he grew up he became the 16th president and wanted people to be free. Before that, he had many different jobs like a store clerk, a lawyer and a postmaster. He got his new name Honest Abe because he was fair and honest. And of course he loved to make people laugh by telling wonderful jokes. Abraham Lincoln was my very favorite president.



The Fight That Caused the Weather to Change

Rachel C.
Fourth Grade
Ms. Kayashima



A long time ago the animals, Robin, Bear Cub, Rabbit, and Coyote had a fight with Sun and Cloud and the climate changed severely because of this fight. This is the story of why and how the climate changed oh so severely because of the fight.

One sunny morning in an animal village close to the Indian tribe Tongva Bear Cub, Coyote, Rabbit, Robin, Sun and Cloud had a race.

"Okay," said Sun, "The start is at Silver Creek and the finish is at the maple tree next to Rabbit's house."

Bear Cub started the race, "On your marks, get set, go!" And off the friends ran all the way to the maple tree next to Rabbit's house. Bear Cub, Rabbit, and Coyote ran and ran as hard and fast as they could with Robin trailing behind them with her little feet going as fast as they could. She wasn't allowed to fly.

But, when Rabbit and Coyote got there, Sun and Cloud were already there leaning against the maple tree huffing and puffing.

"What took you so long?" Cloud questioned with a sassy tone in his voice pretending to check his watch although he didn't have one, "We got here almost ten minutes ago."

"I um I um umm," Rabbit scrambled to pick up words on the floor of his brain that would put together an excuse to give Cloud and Sun.

"Exactly," Cloud said "You are just sooo slow."

"You guys cheated!" Coyote blurted out.

Robin heard the clatter and instead of running on her little feet she just took off and flew as fast as she could over to the animals. Soon Robin got into the fight on the side which Rabbit, Bear Cub, and Coyote were on. She felt bad but convinced herself she tried to help at first but the words running through her head convinced herself that they cheated no matter what Sun and Cloud had to say. They fought and fought and ignored each other for a very long time. In fact, whenever they would see each other they would bring up the argument and two seconds later they would be howling and barking at each other saying things like "You cheated and you should just admit it so we can get things over with!!!!!" The reply would go something like this, "I did not cheat and I will not admit it because it is not true!!!!!"

One day Robin, Bear Cub, Rabbit and Coyote saw Sun and Cloud whispering and giggling near Silver Lake.

"I smell trouble," Coyote said "We better watch out for anything unusual."

"I bet they are making a plan to get us back." said Bear Cub sounding worried.

"I am a little scared," murmured Robin.

When the animals woke up the next morning it felt different. Something was wrong. The heat was as scorching as Death Valley and if you held up a thermometer in the air, the mercury would shoot out the top of the thermometer. The ground was so dry that a one day old baby could crumple it with bare hands. That night the animals expected rain, but when they woke up there was not even dew on the grass. Finally the animals found out what was going on. Sun used more power in its rays to make it hotter and Cloud wouldn't give off a single drop of rain. The animals begged for water and less heat and yet they did not stop. One night they sat around the fire. After they finished dinner they were very thirsty and tired of the sun and rain doing what they did. Not late after they sat down, the water started whirling and twirling at the speed of light.

"Wow," said Rabbit, "it is the great water spirit Kowamami!"

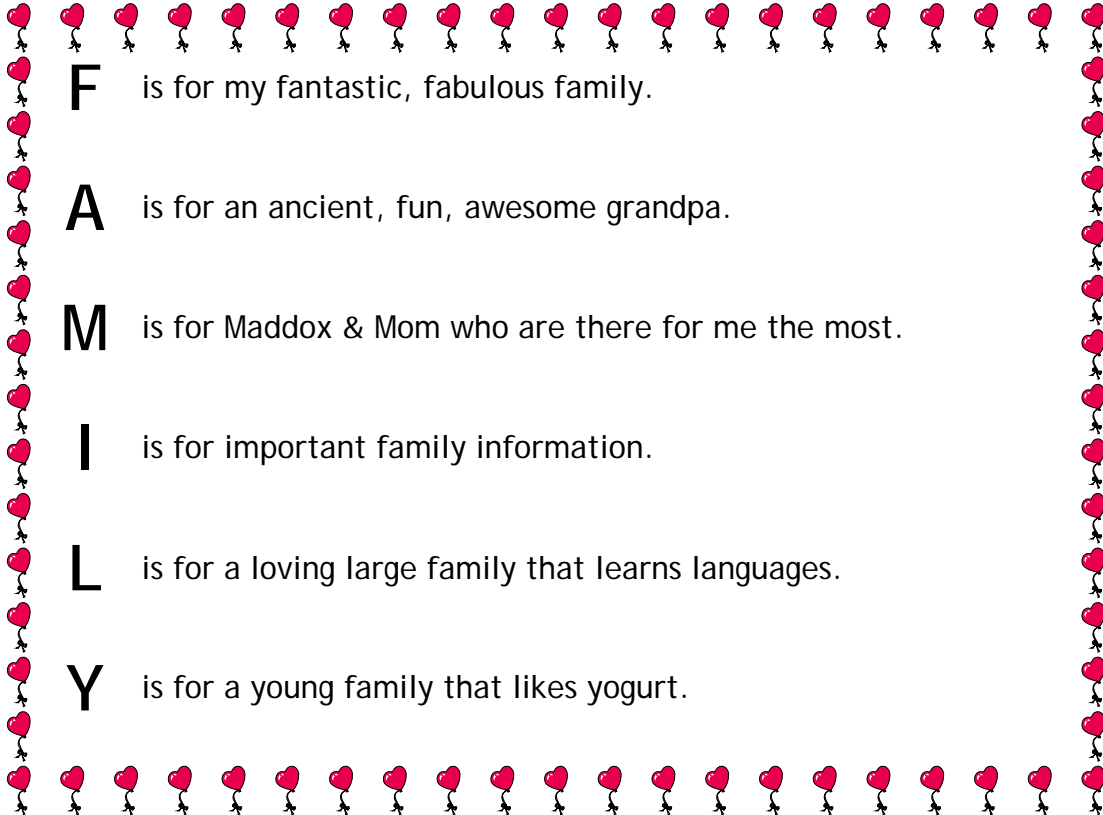
"I saw your sad face around a fire which probably means trouble. I want to help you," Kowamami exclaimed.

"You can do that?" Coyote questioned.

"Someone smack me I want to know if this is a dream or not." Robin demanded.

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Family
Arianna F.
Second Grade
Mrs. Clumpner



F is for my fantastic, fabulous family.

A is for an ancient, fun, awesome grandpa.

M is for Maddox & Mom who are there for me the most.

I is for important family information.

L is for a loving large family that learns languages.

Y is for a young family that likes yogurt.



The Fight That Caused the Weather to Change

(Continued from page 8)

"This is not a dream Robin. I really do want to help you. What are you moping about because I can help," Kowamami said.

"Well Sun will not let a single breeze go by and Cloud won't give off a single drop of water," chirped Robin.

"Then I will help," said Kowamami. Those were the last words Kowamami said before he swirled back to Silver Lake.

The next night Kowamami came back. He said to the animals, "I have terrible news for everyone. I tried and tried to bribe and I did what I could. Did y'all ever think of saying you are sorry to one another and get it over with? Hey and maybe they didn't cheat after all."

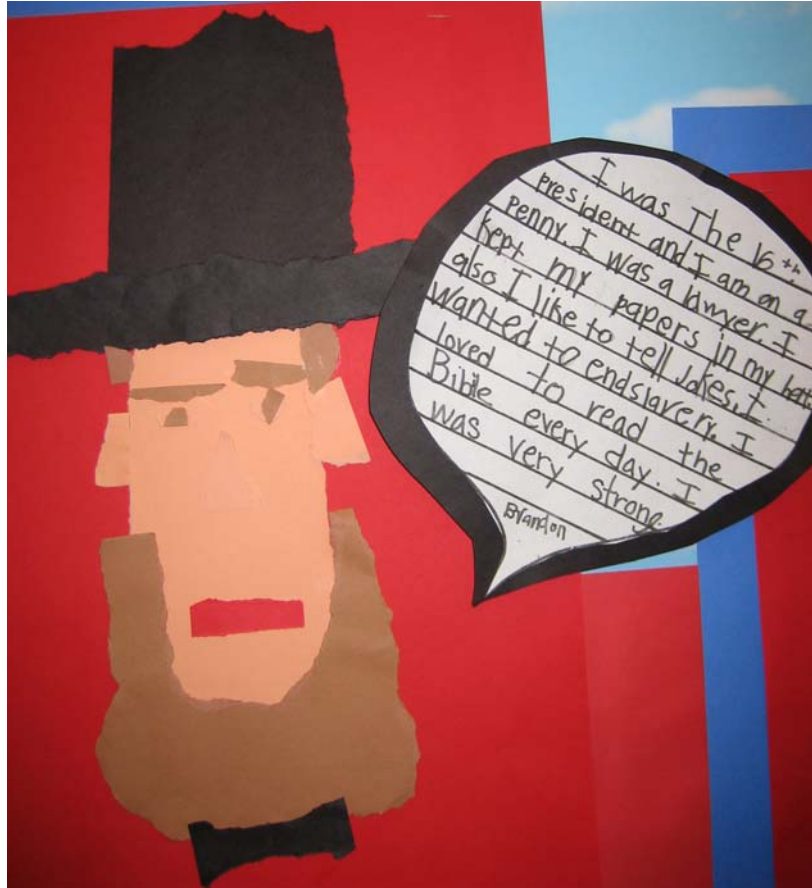
"They did cheat but maybe we could say sorry and try giving them many good things to use and eat. Maybe make a deal or something like that," Robin suggested nicely.

They said they were sorry but the selfish Sun and Cloud didn't budge. They did what they did to torture the animals but every once in a while they would bust and it would get cold, windy, and rainy. So on a hot summer day when you are so hot, just think of the fight the Sun and Cloud had over millions of years ago.



Abraham Lincoln

Brandon Y.
Kindergarten
Mrs. Hunsicker



The Three Little Kittens

Madeleine D.
Second Grade
Mrs. Pursley

Once upon a time there were three little kittens. Their mother said, "You are old enough to live alone." They set off.

The first kitten made a house out of sticks. The big bad dog came and said, "Little fish, little fish, let me in!"

"Never!" said the little kitten, "and I am not a fish! Although, they are quite tasty!"

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down," growled the dog. The house shattered into pieces when he blew. The kitten rushed safely to the second kitten's house.

The second kitten made his house out of bricks. Unfortunately, the bricks were not dry yet. When the big, bad dog came he said, "Little fish, little fish, let me in!"

(Continued on page 11)



Imagine

Giana T.
Fifth Grade
Mrs. Michelena

I feel superior
As I soar
Into the sky
Through the clouds
I do not know why
It releases the doubt
That was bottled up inside me

The steps of my feet
Are in silence
On the jungle floor
Loud sounds of running water
Fill my ears
With the softest compact
Than ever before

In the sea
A colorful scene
Of a school of fish swim
As I do the same
Bubbles rise to the surface
And so do my worries
To leave my body forever

On my bed
I lay in deep thought
Of all of these wonderful places
With two eyes closed
And a mind wide open
See what you can imagine
Go farther than the basics



The Three Little Kittens

(Continued from page 10)

"Never!" said the second little kitten.

"And stop calling us fish!" said the first kitten.

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down," growled the dog. He blew and he blew, but he couldn't blow the house down. He realized that the bricks were still wet so he got his water buckets and poured. The house melted.

The kittens ran off to the third kitten's house, which was made with rocks and boulders. When they got there they asked if they could stay with him. Then the big, bad dog came and said, "Little fish, little fish, let me in!"

"Never!" said the third little kitten.

The second and first kittens said, "For the last time, WE ARE NOT FISH!" The dog tried blowing and pouring water but nothing worked. So he went down the chimney.

The kittens ran out and got a huge tennis ball and a huge sling shot. They shot the ball all the way to Australia. The big, bad dog chased the ball all the way to Australia where he saw a lion eating the ball. The big, bad dog said, "Darn it!"

The big, bad dog was too tired to go chase the kittens. Instead he would try to catch some rabbits. First, he would build a house out of grass. He got to work. When he was done he saw a lion eating the same rabbits he wanted to eat. The dog was sad that the lion got his dinner first, and that the kittens were so far away. The dog decided not to eat meat for a long time.

So, he lived in a little grass house with a comfy couch, a little refrigerator (with not a speck of meat in it), a cool TV, a comfy chair, a bed, a bathroom and stairs. The kittens and the dog lived happily ever after.

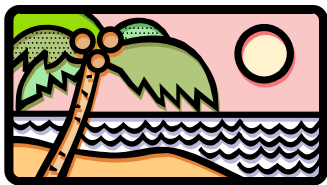
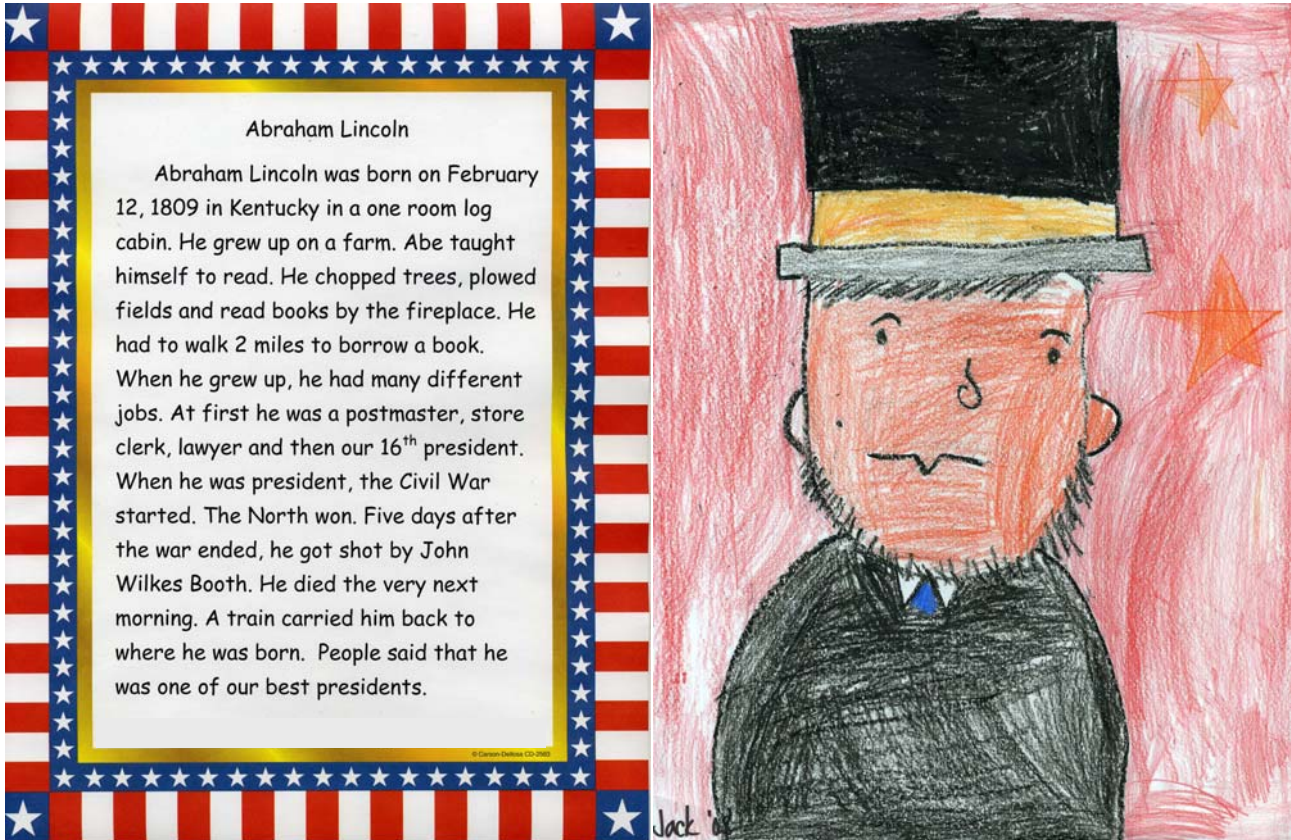


Abraham Lincoln

Jack P.

First Grade

Mrs. Bohannon



Catalina Island

Edel A.

Sixth Grade

Mr. Dodge

Have you ever been to Catalina Island? It's a site that will last in my mind forever. The blue waves bashing against the steep rocks, the towering mountains, and the remains of a fire that destroyed part of the island were all so astounding to explore. During sixth grade, I went to Catalina Island with my fellow sixth graders and teachers for a five day field trip. The five days went by so fast. I went snorkeling, hiking, and even touched marine creatures!

I went snorkeling three times during my trip. It was an amazing experience. Under the water fish, like blacksmiths and garibaldi, live in gigantic green and brown kelp forests. Some rays camouflaged with the tan sand were hard to spot. My counselor had to dive down and chase the rays to help my group see them. If you were really lucky, you could even see a black bat ray or a gray sea otter! While we were out in the ocean, I swallowed what seemed like gallons of salty, disgusting sea water. The snorkel gear took a

(Continued on page 16)

The Three Amigos to the Rescue!

Katelynn K.

Third Grade
Mrs. Dent



It was a beautiful day in Bee-fornia...or so thought the bees. But they were wrong. For at that very moment, the old, grumpy Grants pulled into the driveway next to the bees' flowery field. They had just bought three cans of "Bee Begone." As they were getting out of the car, Mrs. Grant put her hand on the dashboard and screamed, then silently fell back in her seat. Her husband, hearing the scream, ran to her shouting, "Are you all right? Are you okay?"

"No." Mrs. Grant said quietly. "One of those very pesky bees stung me again."

"Well, as soon as I spray this "Bee Begone" all over the field, they will all be dead in 10 seconds."

"Do you really think so, dear?" Mrs. Grant asked. "There are an awful lot of bees out there."

"I know so." He replied, his booming voice getting louder with each word.

"Then hurry up!" ordered Mrs. Grant, and so Mr. Grant hurried to start spraying.

Meanwhile, Katelynn Bee, Honey Nut and Johnny Bloom overheard the Grants' conversation and rushed to warn the town. As they hurried through the flowers, they heard the psh...psh...psh... of a can spraying something. Suddenly, Johnny fell to the ground. When Katelynn and Honey reached him, he was turning blue. While falling, his left wing broke and he couldn't fly, so Katelynn and Honey carried him to his house where they explained what happened. Mrs. Bloom was shocked! But it didn't last long. Soon she was dialing numbers faster than you can say flower. Two minutes later she said, "I called the doctor and the Mayor and they were as worried as a mouse getting ready to be devoured by a large cat." Just then the doorbell rang. It was the doctor to examine Johnny. So, Katelynn and Honey flew to their homes for the night.

At 6:00 the next morning, a large bell rang. It meant danger. Everybody scurried to Hollyhock Village. Seeing the crowd, everyone made room for another family in their homes.

Now the Grants thought they had killed the bees, but little did they know the bees would soon take revenge. Back in Hollyhock Village, the new families were just settling in. That night there was something poking Honey in her bed. She slowly rolled over and found a small black envelope where her head had rested. She opened it and inside were two words, "Come out!" and a signature. It was signed, "Katelynn Bee." Right away Honey knew this was important, and she silently slipped out the front door. In the moonlight she could just make out Katelynn's face.

"Honey," Katelynn whispered. "Remember the six sisters of the world?" Honey remembered. Last summer they had met Bee Safe, Bee Respectful, Bee Responsible, Bee your Best, Bee a Friend, and Bella. They made sure everybody in the seven Beelands were safe, respectful, responsible, their best and were a nice kind friend.

"The closest one to us is Bella. We'll leave tomorrow, Katelynn," whispered Honey. She yawned. "But now let's get some sleep."

"Okay, Honey," Katelynn said with a laugh.

The next morning, the two bees flew to the Honey Hive where Bella lived. When Bella saw them coming, she opened the big leaf door and shouted out a warm welcome. As soon as they stepped into the house, Bella asked what had happened. They told her and her smile turned upside down. "Oh no!" she cried. She quickly said, "The only way to fix this is to take a satchel of each of the girls in my family's powder. I have some of each, but you have to be super careful not to spill it. When you get to your home, blow out the powder and in a few hours, it will be more than safe for you guys at your home again."

The girls said, "Thank you," and hurried back to Hollyhock Village.

They told their parents about the powder and they said, "Let's try it!" So they all hurried back to Bee-fornia to try out their plan. As they got there, they found Johnny and his parents. The Bees and Nuts were overjoyed to see them. Then they asked why they weren't in Hollyhock Village.

"We couldn't come because Johnny couldn't fly," they replied. Katelynn and Honey quickly took Johnny aside and explained their plan. Johnny loved it! So, a few minutes later, as the parents watched,

The American Girl Place

Rebekah N.

Third Grade

Miss Kotsiopoulos

Do you know my favorite vacation spot? It is at the American Girl Store. The moment I walked in the door, I saw SOOOO many people. It was absolutely, positively, crowded! The place was so packed that I could hardly get to where I wanted to get to. There was like, what...300 people there? I got pushed and shoved millions of times. But, I remember there was only one room that didn't have as many people. It had dolls and accessories for the dolls everywhere I looked. I saw the silkiest, most beautiful blonde hair in the whole world on the lovely doll Kirsten. Her cheeks were so red like cherries.

I almost heard a doll say "hello" in the open space in the room.

Then, all of a sudden, a bunch of people came in the room. "Look over here!"

"Hey, look what I found!" I heard them call. And that's all that they said. But, then I remembered someone turned on the soft music that entered my ear.

I smelled the lovely rosy smell of perfume because some people sprayed it in the midst of the air. It smelled like millions of roses had taken over the room.

I could almost taste the swift breeze coming from the wide open window. It tasted like air falling from the open sky.

Then, I touched a doll's hair again and almost drifted away to sleep.



Michael is Someone Special

Miss James' First Grade Class

Michael is special because he is nice and honest and fair and he always smiles and he is always happy and always considerate on his work and always shares.

You are special, Michael, because you are nice and friendly. You are also a very hard worker. Michael, you are also funny and a very good friend. You also follow the Bonita Bees.

You are the best student in our class. I like you. You are someone special because you are nice and very responsible. I like you.

You are nice because you play fair. I like you because you are a nice friend. You are someone special because you are a hard worker. You have a nice smile. You are funny and a great friend. You are so cheerful.

Michael is special because he always is nice to me and fun. I enjoy him and I like him.

I like Michael a lot. He is a good kid. He is nice, too. He is helpful. He is a good friend.

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I Am a Famous Person

Aidan Y.
Second Grade
Mrs. Jones



I am Abraham Lincoln
I live in Kentucky in a tiny log cabin
I move to Indiana to find cheaper land and to build a new cabin
I lose my mother at the age of nine to milk sickness
I learn arithmetic by practicing at night on the back of a shovel
I am young Abe Lincoln, the jokester

I work at farming, splitting rails, and as a ferryman on the Mississippi River
I borrow a book about George Washington that gets ruined by the rain
I find_ slaves in New Orleans chained together and being sold
I become a good writer and speaker by studying at night
I marry Mary Todd from Kentucky whom I met at a dance
I am "Honest Abe" and "Tall Abe"

I win the Presidential election against Stephen Douglas, "The Little Giant"
I grow a beard because a little girl named Grace said my face was too thin
I cry when my 11 year old son Willie died during the Civil War
I speak at Gettysburg and say, "The government of the people shall not perish"
I die in 1865 because John Wilkes Booth shot me with a gun
I am the 16th president, Abraham Lincoln



Michael is Someone Special

(Continued from page 14)

Michael is a very nice friend because he shares. He listens in class and he is a good student. He is a really good star.

You are nice because you are nice to have in class. And you are fun. You follow the Bonita Bees.

He plays with everyone in the classroom. He is funny. He shares with everyone. He is a kind kid.

You like pizza like me.

You are smart and funny. You are a good friend.

He doesn't complain when he doesn't get what he wants for himself.

I think you're a shining star and a great friend.



Night Noise

Brian C.
Third Grade
Ms. Dane

"Beep, cree-eek, beep-beep beep-beep-beep beep."

One dark night, when I was trying to sleep, there was a scary noise that seemed to be coming from the bathroom, my closet, my sister's room, and under my bed. I was trembling and shivering and felt goose bumps from head to toe. I thought it was the end of me. I carefully got a flashlight from my desk next to my bed. I was so scared. I didn't want to look at the places that made that quiet, but scary noise. I wanted to run to my mother's room. I had to go past the bathroom where the noise was coming from. My teeth were chattering. I had to lean back on the wall and walk sideways. I was on tippy-toes and inched my way down the hall. I made it safely across the hall and into my mother's room. But still that noise kept "beeping" and "beeping."

I told my mother to wake up. It looked like my mother read my mind and said, "There is nothing dangerous. Go to sleep."

I decided to be brave, so I went to my room and slowly opened the closet... "Cree-eek" I felt my heart pounding. It was beating way fast. I couldn't believe my EYES! It was just the massage machine! My mother just forgot to turn it off! My heart slowed down. I felt mad. I was going around the house for nothing! Still I was happy that I figured out what was making the noise. I went to my room and went to sleep. "Zzzzzzzzzz."



Catalina Island

(Continued from page 12)

while to get used to. My slick wet suit kept me warm, but was very uncomfortable and hard to put on. It felt like I was stuck in a tube with the lid closed and was suffocating. I couldn't wait to get out of the wet suit, but at the same time I didn't want to get out of the water.

Hiking at night and hiking in the daytime are very different. At Catalina Island, my group and I went on a hike during the daytime to the top of a small mountain and learned how Catalina Island was created. During the hike, my counselor taught my group and me about the plants that were near our trail. I smelled the plants that were passed around and they smelled wonderful! One of my favorites had a scent like mint and had a refreshing aroma. I also saw small green cacti that were just beginning to grow. At the top, I looked out toward the sea and the sight was breathtaking. The ocean reached as far as my eyes can see and the indigo waves were mixed with white foam. My counselor used Oreos as an example of plate tectonics which caused the creation of Catalina. During our stay, we had an astronomy hike in the dead of night. I grabbed my flashlight and headed on the trail with my friends following a counselor who was at the front of the line. This trail was different than the other trail. It led through the burnt part of Catalina which had been destroyed in a forest fire. At the peak I sat down next to my friend and listened to the myths about how stars were created. After learning some constellations everyone headed back down.

At Shark Lab, my group had a chance to touch some marine creatures! I touched the glossy bat ray and hesitantly touched a few of the harmless sharks that were in the tank. I didn't want to pull my hand out. Another lab where we were allowed to touch marine mammals was the Invertebrate Lab. I touched a purple, spiky sea urchin and a bumpy sea star. For the first time, I touched and observed a slimy and

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My Dog Bogey

Amanda E.

Sixth Grade

Mr. Ngo

He was a strange dog. Big, fat, and fun is how I would describe him. I loved Bogey more than anything. One wag of his enormous tail and the whole house would come tumbling down. His soft floppy ears were as soft as a feather, and his muscular body walked proudly. Bogey was a unique dog. There are so many stories I could write about him; however, there's one in particular I would like to share.

The sun had come up and it was a hot summer morning. My family and I were going to Mammoth. I couldn't wait to hike, fish in the lake, and swim in the cool water. The car was fully loaded and ready to go. As my dad closed the trunk, a car pulled up. It was Mario. Mario was Bogey's babysitter. Mario would bring Bogey to his house and care for him. Mario has his own business babysitting dogs. So off they went and off we went.

Bogey loved going to Mario's. He also had a fun trick that he liked to do at his house. Somehow Bogey taught himself to open a screen door. What he didn't know was that someday that little trick could get him killed.

About two to three days into his stay, Bogey wanted to take a long relaxing nap. So he opened the screen door and went to go take a nap in the hot sun next to the pool. When Bogey was deep in his sleep, two ugly Akitas walked right outside. They started walking straight towards Bogey. Then, they jumped on his big stomach and the fight began. Bogey yelped and cried. He tried to bite the dogs, but he couldn't. Lucky for him, Bell, a black lab, started howling. Mario dashed outside like a mad man, pulled the Akitas off of Bogey, and hit the two monsters. Mario quickly ran into the house and called the ambulance. Soon the sirens could be heard and the ambulance took Bogey away.

When Bogey came home he had a shaved neck, stitches, and a cone. He looked tired and silly at the same time. I cared for Bogey like he was my own child. Whenever I brought him food or water he would lift up his head, whimper because of the pain, and lick me. He couldn't have been more adorable. Bogey was the best dog a girl could ever have had.



Catalina Island

(Continued from page 16)

squishy sea hare. I learned that the sea hare has a reddish tint because it eats red algae. I also viewed a lobster when suddenly it dived at me! I was so scared and surprised when I saw a red flash flying toward my face. My instincts told me to leap aside and the lobster missed by inches. Before my group left, my counselor showed the group a fantastic live scene of an octopus having a meal. The eight-legged octopus spread his legs wide apart and grabbed his meal. Then he brought it to his mouth and devoured it. It was fascinating!

I will never forget my trip to Catalina Island with my friends and teachers. It was a wonderful experience and I saw marvelous sights. If I had a chance, I would go back to spectacular Catalina Island.



Our Dream

Cassie C.
Fourth Grade
Mr. Jamison



Dear Mr. Governor,

I am writing this letter to kindly ask for a grant of land. I would like the land to be near fresh water, for if the land is granted to me, I would like to sell fish.

You see, my family and I have just moved a very long way from Mexico. My father died there in the war a few years ago, so we are looking for a new place to start our lives.

I have noticed that there is a lot of open land near the sea, so we would like our land there because my mother always loved the ocean. When I was a little girl, we often took trips to the ocean because we were deprived of it close to home.

We promise to convert ourselves to Catholics and gain Mexican citizenship. We will also bring five hundred cattle with us as another means of improving the economy.

Thank you for your attention. I have included a diseño to show the boundaries of the land we wish to be granted with this letter.

Sincerely,
The C. family



Honeycomb

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See the web version at
www.iusd.org/bc/honeycomb



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Irvine, CA 92604

Three Amigos to the Rescue!

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they put the plan into action. As the powder left the satchel, everything became a little bit prettier. And in a few hours, everyone knew their home would be as safe as safe can be.

The next day, everything was back to normal except one thing...a small glittering cloud was coming closer to Bee-fornia. When the cloud reached where Katelynn, Honey and Johnny were playing, it stopped and out of it, Queen Bee slowly flew. She said, "You three have done a great service for all of your friends and neighbors. I have come to thank you. So here, please accept these great glittering crowns that make you fly higher than anyone ever did before." Katelynn, Honey and Johnny gladly accepted the crowns. They thanked the Queen Bee profusely. As the Queen Bee flew off, they put on the crowns and took off to fly higher than anyone ever did before. It felt incredible! But best of all, they knew that together, they could do anything!

