

City Kidz World

Volume 2:Issue 9:

September, October, November, December 2010

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Aditi Laddha of India Wins the Purse Drawing contest!

Salta! Coloring Contest Inside! Enter to win a free Spanish Class!

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Meet two of the Writers From the

City Kidz World Summer Writing Camp Colleen McConnell and Rahul Ubriani

Read Their Stories Inside!



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City Kidz World magazine

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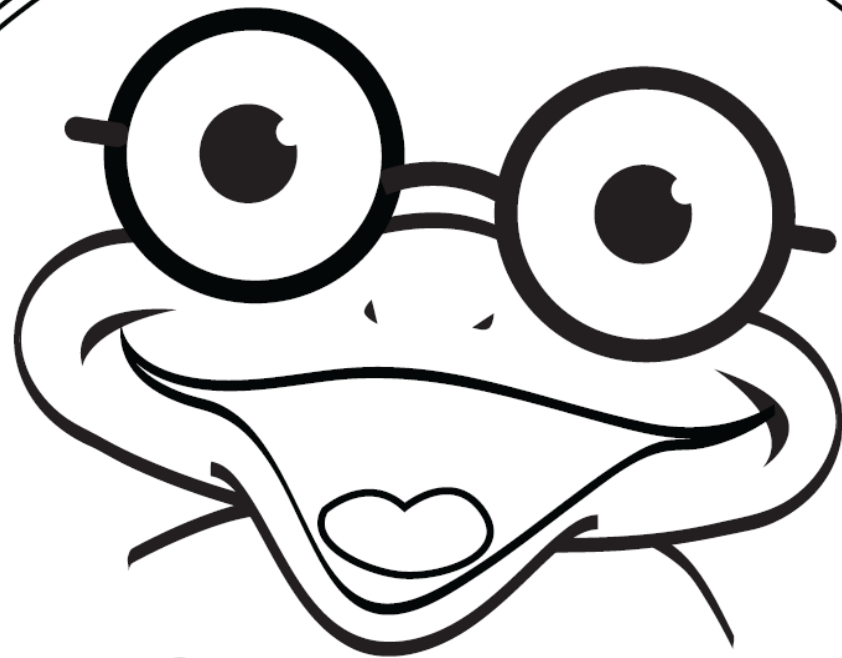
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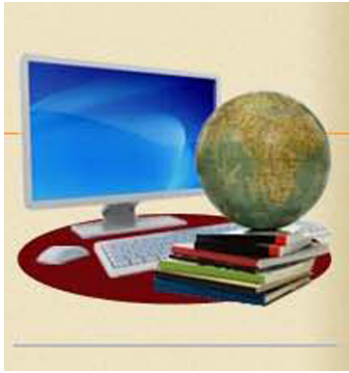
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Meet our Winner:
Purse Drawing Contest and
the Summer Drawing Contest!
**Aditi Laddha of
India**



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Fiction Corner:

Short Story from a Young, Local Writer

Hope

By Colleen McConnell

Uh-oh. I see a shark coming my way. My twin brother, Sean, panics. He gets confused and swims towards the shark instead of away. My Mom calls to us. I swim quickly to her, but my brother can't. He is battling the shark. There's not really anything that either my mother or I can do for him. All we can do for him is swim really fast and hope. Hope that he's O.K. Hope that we can escape. Hope, hope, hope. But honestly, I think it's hopeless.

As we swim we see another whale coming our way. It's another female: good. A male would undoubtedly kill me and then mate with my mother.

This whale, however has no intentions of killing me. In fact, she is my Mom's twin sister. Her name is Maria. She obviously already knows my Mom's name, Whilma, but I had to introduce myself ("Hello my name is Serena, how are you?").

Apparently her twin children, Jena and Mark, were killed by a huge shark. She tried to fight, but it was hopeless. When she's done crying my mother says quietly, "Would you like to join our little group?" For a second, I

thought that Maria hadn't heard her but then she said, "Yes. Thank you." Now mother says the words that I have been hoping she wouldn't say- hoping that they weren't true. "My son, Sean's brother, was attacked by a shark. We don't think that he survived." We are silent for a while, but inside I'm screaming in agony. Sean was my kindred spirit. We did everything together. I feel lost. Maria breaks the silence by suggesting that we rest a bit so we proceeded to a shallower area. But I'm not afraid that humans will see us because of our skin design. When things (human or animal) look down on us from the surface we blend in with the darkness below (our backs are dark), but when they look up from below us we blend with the light that is overhead (our stomachs are lighter colored). All fish and other underwater creatures have some sort of camouflage: this is ours. It doesn't always work 100%, but it usually helps.

We continue swimming, eating when we can, and mourning these untimely deaths. I think about Sean constantly – about the time we snuck up on our Mom and how he could always cheer me up. I thought about how he always asked Mommy for stories to pass the time and how he would always brag that he was born 30 seconds before I was born. I thought about how he was always asking me to race him and how he was petrified of . . . SHARKS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I felt a sudden surge of anger toward that species. They killed my cousins AND my brother. How could I not be angry?

For the next few days I had the distinct feeling that we were being followed. When I told my mother about my suspicions she laughed: "Oh don't be silly, I'm sure it's nothing."

But I noticed that she became more alert and cautious. I hadn't heard, nor seen anything - just felt it. But a few days later Mommy said that she had been looking, but hadn't seen anything and that I should stop worrying. She smiled reassuringly, and in that low, soft voice of hers she whispered, "And if there is anything out there," she motioned to the ocean with a sweep of her fin "Maria and I will protect you with our lives." The next night we discussed where we should go next. I made no headway into finding out whom or what was following us.

Whenever I see a shark in the distance I feel an intense mixture of hate, anger and fear.

Sometimes, when I'm swimming, my thoughts start drifting off to unknown, uncharted oceans. It's at times like this that I don't know what to feel. I've stopped thinking about Sean all the time. I mean, I still miss him. I just don't think about the fact that he's -you know- dead. It's weird to call him that. Sometimes I wonder what it would be like with him here. He probably would have badgered Maria with questions, but I don't think that she would have minded. I just hope that wherever his spirit is, he's thinking of us.

The Whalers

The days are filled with silence. I have heard of things that float on the water called boats. They hunt us with small sharp things called harpoons. Once the harpoons hit us, the outer shell explodes (killing the whale) while leaving a hook there in order to reel up our



Watch an interview with
Colleen McConnell at
www.citykidzworld.com/citystories.php
Colleen is a 10-year-old local writer. She participated in the City Kidz World Writing Camp during the summer of 2010. She enjoys writing stories about animals.



Fiction Corner:

Short Story from a Young, Local Writer

The Mythical Animals

By Rahul J. Ubriani

One day in the heart of a mythical jungle in the Himalayan mountains in India, there were three tigers. In that jungle there was a mist that gives animals the power of speech. About 50 feet away there was a campsite where a group of hunters were looking for animals to kill. Then one day one of the tigers named James went out to hunt. Suddenly James saw a hunter and the hunter's gun was pointed toward him. What happened next was lucky, since James' reflexes were good he was saved. What he did was he made a U turn with his body - barely escaping a bullet, but then he and ran back to where the other two tigers were sleeping to wake up Lily (his wife).

"Lily," he said. "Lily!" The next biggest tiger woke up.

"What?" she asked.

"I've seen a hunter. I'm going to try to fight him off," he said frightened. "I want you to take Harry (the littlest tiger) and run," he said.

"Okay," she said and she was off. Then the next thing James knew, he was shot. Meanwhile another hunter was ready for Lily. Lily carefully put Harry in a safe place and fought with the hunter. She put up a brave fight, but she was still shot and killed. As soon as his mother was killed, Harry woke up. Seeing his mother and father's dead bodies, he started defending himself. Although he was young, he was nearly full grown and weighed nearly 200 pounds. He swiped at the weak bodied humans and killed them with his strong sharp claws. Soon he had killed all the hunters. And that is how Harry's adventure began.

After Harry killed the hunters, he had nowhere else to go. So then he went to his friend named Joe to ask him if he could stay there. Joe is Harry's best friend and he is a lion. Joe was so surprised to find out that Harry's parents had died that it took him about a minute to realize what Harry was saying. Then as soon as he understood, Joe invited Harry inside and explained everything to his parents. Joe's parents said that they would love to have Harry as a son and then Joe told Harry what his parents said. Harry was so happy that he hugged Joe in joy. Then Harry's new parents showed him his room and told him to settle down. After Harry settled into his room, he decided to get the hunters' supplies and use them in his daily life. Soon he had all the stuff in his room in proper places. Then he thought about how he was going to put the supplies to use. Such as: brush teeth (toothbrush), eat breakfast (bowl and spoon) etc. After that he started reading a book. Soon he had dozed off. He had a very strange dream. First he was falling through midair and then something started screaming. He started to get up to help, but suddenly he woke up. "What was that thing screaming?" he thought. That question remained in Harry's life for a while.

After four years another hunter named Bill comes along

looking for animals to kill. By that time Harry was eight years old and was living alone. Bill does not notice the mist that he enters while he is looking for animals. Nothing much has happened in Harry's life except a drought that happened about a year before. He started living alone about two years ago too. He had also held a funeral for his mom and dad. He had been living off of a few vegetables and a few birds too. He kept on having that same weird dream when he first entered Joe's home. In fact, sometimes he even had longer parts of that same dream. He would hear a male voice shout, "Lily, run!" A female voice would answer, "Okay, Okay!"

Sometimes he still wondered, "What was the thing that was screaming?" He had not seen any hunters in the past years or heard of any. He was delighted to hear that they are starting to ban hunters from forest and jungles. But he was still afraid that hunters would not listen to the laws. Harry wanted to know as much as he could about banning hunters. He even started making friends with owls because they know what humans do. Harry was collecting so much information that he was sure that he would find out what hunters were doing.

While Harry was sleeping, Bill got closer and closer to where Harry was. Soon Bill had spotted Harry and just loaded his gun when Harry woke up. They stared at each other for a long time. Meanwhile Harry's heart was racing.

"What should I do?" he thought. "This could be my only chance to find out what hunters are up to."

Meanwhile Bill was thinking of something else. "What should I do?"

"This is a matter of life and death. If I miss it's sure to kill me." Then Harry thought of something.

"If I communicate with him, he will be shocked and I can get information from him!" he thought. "I guess it's worth a try! But if I can't get information out of him, I'll have to try something else."

Meanwhile Bill decided to back away slowly. "It's better to live than die isn't it?" he thought.

"I don't want to take the chance do I?" Then Bill stopped backing away. "What if this tiger is gullible though?" he thought. "What if I can lure him into a trap and then shoot him? That might work right?" Then Harry thought that Bill must be thinking that he was gullible like other animals. And they just stood there for about two minutes before anybody did anything.

After two minutes Harry started to speak.

"Please don't shoot me," he said. Bill was so surprised that a tiger could



Rahul J. Ubriani is a 10-year-old local writer who participated in the City Kidz World Writing Studio Writing Camp during the summer of 2010.

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bodies. Once our bodies are safely on the surface, they tow us away. They call themselves whalers. When Maria first mentioned them I looked to my mother in disbelief. Is it true?

She nods her majestic head sadly: her white throat grooves rippling. "That's how your grandmother died." She sniffed and for the first time I noticed that her beautiful dark eyes sparkled with tears. "We were 8 months old, your age, when it happened. We had just gone up for air and were about to dive when a harpoon tore through the water. It scraped my stomach, but landed on mother. She told us to flee. She knew that we couldn't help: knew that she was done for." I looked at Maria. "Where were you?" I demanded of her. "On the other side of your grandmother." She replies calmly, but I can see tears leaking out of the corners of her eyes. "Oh I'm so sorry; for a minute I forgot that you and mom were twins." "It's all right; it seems to run in the family though." And so we continued our silent swim, each of us brooding upon the separate deaths. Finally I suggested that we go up for air. We swam to the surface, did some flips and were about to dive when suddenly a harpoon rips through the water aimed at Maria and I. I start to move, but I'm too slow. It scrapes my body, leaving a small gash and blood starts streaming out. It continues straight to where Maria had been just seconds before. The harpoon is reeled back up, but just as fast as it left, it came back. This time it was aimed at my mom. She doesn't see it coming because she's swimming further ahead. I yelled; "Look out!" But it's too late. As it made contact with her stomach it only gave her time enough to say this; "Maria, take care of her and Serena I love you!" And then she was dead. They dragged her body up to the surface and towed her away. I was bleeding like crazy, my heart was torn in two, and my body was numb with anger. But I allowed myself to be led down to a deeper place. Maria tended to my wound. Time dragged on. I see no point in life. Once I'm well enough we go up for an air break. My mind is filled with the unpleasant memory of just an hour before. I shall bear the mark of the evil men who did this as a reminder that they are killers and that

we should never forgive them. I believe that Maria thinks that it is her fault that my mother died. Her brooding silence drags on and on and it just sobers me even more. I don't think it was her fault. I mean, there was nothing she could do. She probably thinks that she should have sacrificed herself, but I know Mommy wouldn't have let her. They would have fought and then they both would have died.

So life goes on, but a day doesn't go by where I don't wish I could relive that moment and not have asked for that untimely air break.

On one of those days I asked Maria if I was supposed to be dead, but had somehow survived. She shook her head, "You were meant to survive just as much as..." she took a deep breath- "as Sean, Jena, Mark, your Mother and your Grandmother were meant to..." here she stopped, unable to continue and I finished her sentence - "To die."

Life

We continued to swim in silence. For the first time since Sean, I found myself crying. Really, actually crying. I didn't try to hold it back or stop the flow of tears that were streaming down my face. I just let the tears fall down onto the ocean floor. I looked at Maria and saw that she too was getting emotional. "I'm s-sorry, it's all my f-f-fault!" she burst into tears, sobbing harder than I'd ever seen her before. "I s-should have taken t-the h-h-harpoon-n-n for h-her." I told her that it was ok, that there was nothing she could have done to stop my mom from dying. She continued to cry, but not as hard. "Thank y-you f-for forgiving m-me, it means a lot. You are just like your mother."

What Maria said was probably one of the best things that I had ever heard and ever will hear in my life. Suddenly- "Look out!" she screamed! A shark! I swam away as fast as I could. She followed, all the while fending off the shark to the best of her ability. "Stop!" I skidded to a halt and turned around. Maria was facing the shark down. "Please Maria, come on, I need you!" But Maria merely ignored me and glared at the shark. "You're the same shark that killed my kids and her brother!"

Maria said.

"Maria, let's go, ignore the shark!" "Your mother or aunt or whoever is right," said the, shark addressing me.

"I also killed your brother." He smiled, licking his lips, no doubt thinking about how I would taste. "Maria, let's go!" he said rudely and poorly mimicked my voice. Quickly Maria spun around, hitting him in the face with a powerful sweep of her huge tail. She swam away with an air of superiority worthy of a queen leaving me to trail behind her like a servant following their master.

Finally, I said, "What you did back there was sooooo brave. I think Grandmamma would have been proud of you". "Thank you. That means more to me than you will ever know, Serena. I love you." "I love you too, Maria." That night, I learned something that I will never forget: Love is a gift and a treasure. Love is freedom. Love is the key that frees you from the shackles of hate.

I think that standing up to the shark helped Maria. She was much more talkative and seemed to enjoy life instead of thinking that it was pointless. At times, I would stop and cry. I had lost too much. Sometimes I wonder if it would have been better to have never known happiness. Would it have hurt as much? When I asked Maria, she said that when I am happy, at least not all of my life is terrible.

She says that when times are tough, look back on those happy times and smile. I'm glad Maria is here to help me. Without her, I would have gone crazy with grief. And so life goes on. I'm not sure about a lot of things, but I know one thing: Live in the moment. I know that for each person, that means something different, but for me, that means: leave the past in the past, let the future become future and live in the present. Don't dwell in the past; wishing you could have changed things. What happened happened, and there is nothing you can do to change it. The future will come soon enough, so have patience. Wait, watch, and learn. Those are skills you will have to learn eventually and will help you in life.

to be con't on page 11

Hope

con't from page 10 By Colleen McConnell

I'm Sorry

My name is Steven and this is the story of what happened at an important turning point in my life. I am coming home from a long, tiring voyage. I have worked very hard for the money in my hand, but now it is time to rest and catch up with what's going on in my family.

I have caught a whale, a large one too. It shall add to the already fair amount of money in my hand. My daughter and wife will be waiting for me to come home, knitting socks and scarves for when winter comes. I hope that the news I hear shall be good.

You see, my son is in the Navy and is currently a ship's mate. I constantly worry about him as he is presently fighting in the war and there is a new technology where whale oil is used to create fire bombs. They are very dangerous and while they increase my pay, they endanger my son's life.

As you probably guessed, I'm a whaler. We hunt whales for their oil. It's not a pleasant job, but I'm sure there are worse. Ah. Finally home. I knock on the door, fully expecting my wife, Mary to answer, but instead it is Rose, my daughter who opens it and ushers me in. Mary is sitting down, an uncommon act for her. Usually she is bustling around, making tea or cleaning the house. But now she is just sitting there, her eyes puffy, swollen and red. I sit down, not even wanting to hear what she is going to say because I already know. He's dead. And gone. And that it seems impossible to feel that much pain. But it's true. I will never see him again. I wish that he had never gone into the Navy. I'm sorry that I let him choose that path. Tears are welling up in my eyes and I fight to hold them back. I must be strong for Mary.

For Rose. Rose must be broken hearted. Her brother always played with her and helped her. He never teased her. She was only 7 when he left. Now she's 10. After he left she was silent for 2 months and her eyes were usually red from crying. But she never cried in front of her Mother. Never. She always tried to comfort her.

The Dream

I awoke, drenched in sweat, my body shaking with the heavy, burdening memory of what I had just seen in my nightmare. I reached over to my nightstand, grabbed a pen and my journal. I tiptoed over to the door, opened it as quietly as I could and walked into the kitchen. I turned on the light and sat down at the table. Here is the story of my dream:

I was a small whale in the ocean. Up ahead, on the deep ocean floor, was a big gray shape, similar to a battleship. What was going on? Then I realized what I was seeing. The ship where my son died. I swam closer to the wreck. Was it possible? Could I see my son's handsome face one more time? But when I found him I could barely tell that it was him except in his hand was a small, old picture of me, Mary, and Rose. I wonder how he knew that he was about to die. Then I realized that he was always a smart boy. That he knew he was about to die, yet he still stood strong, head held high, a sad but happy look in his eye and in that moment I knew that my son was proud to die for his country.

The scene changes. I'm the baby whale. My mother has just been dragged away and I am numb. I feel that there is nothing I wouldn't do to get her back. If I could I would kill those men. I felt what it was to be the whale.

It makes me sad to realize that whales also have feelings and I now regret killing that whale.

Not many people around here feel this way and if I share my feelings with anyone but my very imaginative young daughter I will surely become an outcast and be laughed at for feeling remorse. My daughter will understand. She gets her wisdom and fear from me and her beauty from her mother. Her mother is more spontaneous yet graceful and beautiful. She is brave and bold while gentle and kind. I am very cautious and scared. I always try to plan ahead and wait for the right time. But I am the shadow that hides behind walls. I would donate food to the war effort, but did not want to donate my son and maybe his life.

A Happy Life

Now I am a mother whale. My children's names are Whilma and Sean after my honorable mother and brother. Maria lived to an old age and died happily. I am strong and well. I still mourn, but quietly.

I have heard that fewer humans are hunting whales, slowly, person by person it is stopping. I am glad that someday my children will live in a ocean where they will not have to worry about being hunted. That my grandchildren will be admired by humans, not hunted by them.

Soon they will completely stop trying to kill us and they will see how magnificent we are. They will admire our beauty. We will not be frightened, nor scared to be who we are. We are the blue whales and we are the largest creatures in the sea.

I am grateful to be here and to not have been finished off by a shark or caught by whalers. Speaking of sharks ... many have attacked me and tried to get my children, but I will not allow that. I hate every kind of shark and in honor of Maria every time they threaten my family, I spin around and slap them full in the face with my tail. Often they recoil in surprise or they just plain old freeze in mid-water and stare.

I think that few female whales have ever been that bold to a shark. Many do what my mother did that fateful day- flee.

I am glad that my children will learn to protect their children the way I protect them. It is a wonderful feeling, becoming a mother.

I feel so much love towards my children and I now understand how it feels to really love someone. It is true, what I have said before about love and what life is about. I am proud to be who I am and I don't want anything else except for my children to live happy lives and for me to die (eventually) of natural causes. I am happy to say that I have very few regrets in my life. My childhood was a thunderstorm of sadness and tragedy, my adulthood one of brightness and beauty.

I now have, in short, a happy life.

I HOPE YOU DO TOO.

Details about the Writing Studio can be found at <http://www.citykidzworld.com/writingcoach.php>

The Mythical Animals con't from page 9 By Rahul J. Ubriani

talk that he dropped his gun.

"Y-Y-You can speak?" Bill asked.

"Of course I can," Harry said. "All animals talk here. What are you are up to?" asked Harry.

"What?" asked Bill.

"Hunters, what are they up to?" Harry asked.

"Oh, why would you want to know anyway?" asked Bill.

"They killed my parents and relatives and are endangering tigers. That's why," answered Harry.

"Well that's the way we are and we can't help it! We just want to kill animals for money!" said Bill angrily.

"Well if you're not telling me, I guess I'll have to kill you," said Harry calmly.

"Okay, Okay, I'll tell you!" said Bill. Then Bill took a deep breath.

"We were deciding to not follow the laws and build an army of hunters and kill all the animals in the jungle," Bill said.

"WHAT?" asked Harry angrily.

"WE HAVE DONE NOTHING TO YOU AND YOU DECIDE TO KILL US?!" he said.

"Okay sorry. We'll not kill you or any animal and we'll all try to find new jobs somewhere else!"

"And what about the tigers that have already died?" asked Harry.

"We'll pay you back for that!" said Bill. And they stared at each other angrily for 5 minutes straight.

While Harry and Bill were shouting at each other Joe, Bob the Mouse, and Andrew the Elephant were sitting together chatting. Suddenly Joe heard Harry shouting.

"Is that Harry shouting?" asked Joe.

"Yeah, I think it is!" said Bob.

"Let's go check," said Andrew. So they all got up and set off for where Harry was.

"I wonder what Harry is shouting about," said Bob.

"Yeah, he doesn't shout much. It must be something bad, right?" asked Joe.

"I guess so," said Andrew. Soon they reached the place where Harry was.

"Hi Harry," said Joe.

"Hi Joe. Guess what? I just met a hunter that told me what the hunters are doing! Can you believe that?" asked Harry.

"No," said Andrew.

"Yes! There he is!" shouted Bob. Everybody turned toward the hunter.

"Oh, hello," said Joe. Bill's jaw dropped.

"Does he talk?" Andrew asked.

"Of course he does! How did he tell me what hunters are up to then?" asked Harry.

"What was he telling you?" asked Joe.

"Oh he was telling me that all the hunters would come together and kill all the animals in the forest," said Harry.

"WHAT?!" said Joe, Bob, and Andrew all together.

"Yeah, they were going to do that!" said Harry angrily. "He also said that they were breaking the laws while doing that!" said Harry.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!" screamed Joe at

Bill. And they all stared angrily at Bill.

Then, finally Harry said something that made everybody calm down.

"I was telling him that tigers are endangered because of hunters," he said.

"Oh were you!" said Joe.

"Yeah, I was. He wouldn't believe me so I had to tell him that it was hunters who killed my parents and relatives," said Harry.

"So now does he believe you?" asked Andrew.

"I don't know. Why don't you ask him?" said Harry.

"I'll ask him," said Joe. "Do you believe Harry now?" Joe asked Bill. Bill shook his head no.

"Why?" asked Andrew.

"I don't have any proof," said Bill.

"Proof?" said Joe. "That's all you want? I'll give you proof. His parents were killed by a group of six hunters on a Monday at exactly 3:45 p.m.!" said Joe. Bill's jaw dropped.

"How do you know all this?" said Bill.

"I know all this because that was the same day he came to me and told me everything that had happened and told me that he needed a new home!" Bill was amazed at how a lion could remember so much. But he didn't tell that to Joe.

"The tiger is this country's national animal for Pete's sake. Why doesn't anybody think about that before hunting? Why Bill?" Joe asked. And they all looked at Bill eager for an answer.

Finally Bill said something. "Maybe the hunters don't realize how bad the tigers are dying out," said Bill.

"Exactly," said Joe. "The hunters don't realize that tigers are endangered because of them," he said.

"Yeah, there won't be any national animal in this country if hunters keep on killing tigers," said Andrew.

"He's right," said Bob.

"What will India be recognized for then?" asked Joe.

"National animals are not that important," said Bill.

"Oh yes they are in India. India is not known for anything else but the tiger besides being the second most populous country in the world," said Andrew.

"Well he's got a point," said Joe.

"Well I've seen a lot of tigers in recent days," said Bill.

"Tell us when you have seen one," said Harry.

"W-W-Well fine. I haven't seen any," said Bill.

"That's what I thought," said Harry.

"Bill that proves to you that tigers are important to India," said Joe. Bill picked up his gun and rammed it against a nearby tree. It snapped in half.

"I am giving up hunting and I am going to try to convince others to do so too. Thank you for opening my eyes about this," said Bill.

"That's the spirit Bill," said Joe. Then Bill set off in another direction to start a new life.

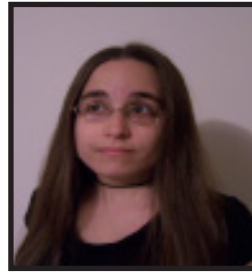
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Sewing is fun!

By Gina Giacobbe

Sewing is one of the oldest inventions of mankind. The earliest evidence that scientists can find to indicate the sewing craft is from prehistoric times. Primitive needles were made with sharpened bones, antler and animal teeth while thread came from various parts of animals. Sewing has many practical uses such as closing wounds and connecting fabrics to make clothing.



By Gina Giacobbe

Prehistoric humans also used sewing to make tents for homes. But did you ever consider that sewing is an art: one that can be as creative and fun as painting or sculpting?

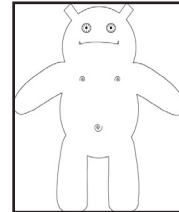
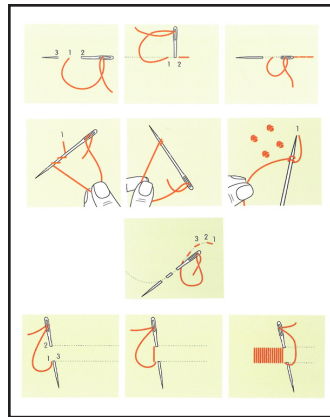
In today's world we still use sewing to stitch injuries. We also still use it to make clothing, but most of it is done with machines. Back in the day before electricity, sewing machines were powered by foot pedals that got tiring after a while. But that was an improvement from sewing everything by hand. Or so you may think.

For the purpose of being artistic, sewing by hand can be fun, relaxing and rewarding. I started out by making pillows and as I got better, I began making my own dolls and stuffed animals. I learned the basics in school when I was 11. The teacher taught me that there are different types of stitches you can make for different situations. You have to experiment to find out what works best and what comes easiest to you.

Sometimes you can use a particular stitch to make a pattern or design. This is called embroidery. Normally you would use a backhand stitch to make full lines of designs and letters. You can also apply techniques like the cross stitch (which makes an "X" pattern), the French knot (which makes dots), or a satin stitch (to cover an area with thread as if you were coloring within the lines of a drawing). If you're stitching up a hole, you would use an overhand stitch (also called whipstitch) to firmly attach the borders of the fabric together. Whatever the situation, you can apply these techniques and create some wonderful and endearing projects. The best part about them is that they don't have to be perfect. The fact that they are made by you instead of being store-bought will make all the difference!

(Explanation of pattern)

1. Trace the pattern on your fabric of choice using a special fabric marker. Cut out two doll pieces and pin them together.
2. Use whatever stitch you are good with to sew the fabric pieces together. Remember to leave about an inch open under the arm so you can turn the doll inside out.
3. Sew on a face to your liking. You can use buttons for the eyes or stitch on a cut out piece of another fabric. I use a dime to make a circle for the eyes.
4. Once the face is done, stuff the doll with polyester fiberfill until it's of huggable quality.
5. Stitch closed the spot you left open.



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T-Shirt Design Contest!



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i2- infinite imagination is a childrenswear line thoughtfully established in 2010. Inspired by travel and the "Everyday Kid," this jet-setting brand represents style, culture and comfort for children all over the world. i2 is for the everyday kid who is not afraid to exude their self expression and simply be him or herself. All children should have an unlimited passport to dream freely and be wherever they want to be. How do we come up with the inspiration behind the designs?

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See the Salta! Jump Into Spanish Coloring and Essay Contest on Page 3

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