



HONEYCOMB

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Honeycomb

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A Lost Pet

Anita T.

Second Grade
Mrs. Pursley



When I was four years old, my favorite thing to do was play fetch with my dog, Daisy. She was a great catcher. My mom and my dad let me buy her because I was alone. Every day, my mom would take me out and play. I could smell so many flowers all around me. My mom and I heard birds singing at the tree. Every day was beautiful.

Suddenly, the wind blew and the rain splashed down the floor. I just forgot about my dog. So I ran inside my house, but it was time to go to bed. The next day when my mom went to work, I was wondering, "Where is Daisy?" I asked my friend to come to my home to find Daisy. After that, my friend and I saw Daisy in the tree. She was up high. We thought a little, but I had no idea at all how to get her down. I started to cry, and I had a plan. I climbed up the tree and I tossed Daisy to my friend. When my mom came back I told all the things that happened when Daisy was stuck in the tree.

I learned a lesson that I never leave any things behind me. My mom and my dad are proud of me. Daisy thought if someone left her somewhere she would bark out loud. I got to eat ice cream and I also got to skate. It was a wonderful day.



The Editors' Corner

Honeycomb is back for another year (though a bit later than usual). What always amazes us is the progression in skill you can see in the students' work from Kindergarten to sixth grade. Enjoy!

Pueblo Time Machine

Matt B.

Fifth Grade

Miss Reeser



The date on the time machine's screen changed. I slightly smirked. I had landed in the year A.D. 1050, in a village of the Pueblo People. I stepped out of the time machine, but then I remembered that I had an item to show the Pueblo People. I stepped back into the time machine and I grabbed my metal detector. I heard crickets chirping in the distance and I smelled the fresh air surrounding me.

I was shoeless, so the rough desert sand felt like glass on my feet. I looked around, and I saw at least ten

adobe brick pueblos and a square in the center of the village. Then, fifteen raggedly dressed Pueblo People came out of their pueblos, charging at me with spears as long as boats. About three yards in front of me, they just stopped. I think that they were ... amazed, the time machine being the only source of light in the cold, dark desert night. I was sad that I could only stay a day; then the time machine would come back and pick me up again. Then, the time machine abruptly disappeared, leaving me in the darkness with the fifteen Pueblo People and my metal detector.

The Pueblo People weren't very interested in me, just what I had. They snatched the metal detector out of my hand, but they didn't hurt it. They just ran their fingers over its smooth surface, but when one of them licked it, that took it WAY too far. I reached for the metal detector, but I accidentally flipped the power switch, turning it on with a very loud BEEP. The Pueblo People just stood there, eyes wide, screaming. I thought that they were going to explode or something like that, so I ran for cover. They didn't explode, but they ran for their pueblos. All of them, except one. Then, he slowly walked to his pueblo, while... motioning for me to follow? I couldn't tell, but I followed him anyway. He offered me a place to sleep by pointing to it, so I lay down. They obviously didn't speak English. I was exhausted, so I went right to sleep.

In the morning, I woke up and instantly ran out the door. When I set foot outside, I stopped running. I looked to my right and I saw the Pueblo People using the metal detector to find stones that looked like silver. I smiled. It was time to go. The time machine appeared and I stepped in, all the while waving to my Puebloan friend.

YEAR: A.D. 1050-ERROR-2017



A Turkey in Disguise

Emeline W.

First Grade
Mrs. Oehlman

Thanksgiving would be here soon, and Aya the turkey was getting nervous. Aya was a thin brown turkey who lived in a tree lot. One day, when Aya woke up, she saw a hungry farmer and got worried! First, Aya ran out of the tree lot. Next, she saw a costume store and she put on a costume. Last, Aya went back to the tree lot and got in disguise. She was now a tree with ornaments. It was the best turkey Thanksgiving ever because Aya the turkey did not get eaten!





Emergency Room

Leah S.

Sixth Grade

Miss Kreher

“Ahhhhh!” My mom came dashing into the playroom in our old house and screamed. She picked me up and raced into the kitchen putting paper towel after paper towel on my face. All I could feel was the searing pain and the wet, bloody towels on my head. Luckily, my grandparents were there, but my dad was on a business trip. My grandpa and mom zipped around me with more towels and my aunt/cousin held my baby brother and dialed 911. Everything was a blur as we raced to the hospital in an ambulance.

The next thing I knew, I was on a white bed with curtains surrounding me and doctors peering at me. There was a breathing tube in my nose and a huge ice pack on my head. I lay on top of my mom who was calling my dad and saying, “Oh...everything’s okay. We’re in the hospital. Leah got hurt and we’re about to go into surgery.”

A thin blanket was on top of me and I wailed, “No! No, no, no!” I kicked the thin blanket off and my mom hung up with my dad.

“Honey! Is everything okay?” my mom said in alarm.

“No,” I said my face all pouty. I wanted everyone to see my beautiful princess costume. I had come to the hospital in it because I was going to a Halloween party, but that definitely changed after I had my BIG accident and ended up in the hospital. So this is how I ended up in the hospital for the third time. I was running because I was so excited for the party that I tripped and...BAM! I landed head first into the corner of our art table.

“Okay sweetie, drink this,” a doctor cooed to me and gave me a small cup of medicine. I gulped it down and I was out clean. The doctors took it from there, stitching me up. It wasn’t just the outside though, it was from the very inside of my head and to the top. They didn’t do the very outer layer because soon enough, another doctor would do that. There were many doctors in the room operating on me. One of them kept his hand on my chest the whole surgery to make sure I was breathing. After the surgery I woke up and threw up because of the anesthesia. An ice pack was resting gently on my head and I fell into a deep sleep.

We didn’t have to stay overnight, so we headed home. There was a huge band aid on my forehead because the very outside still needed to be stitched up. I was exhausted. I touched my head where I had stitches inside and out. That day, I rested.

We went back to the hospital the very next day, so another doctor could stitch up the last layer of my head...my forehead. I didn’t even know what was happening. When we arrived, a cheerful, plump woman greeted us and walked my family and me into a room with a hallway of mirrors. She sat me down in a chair that made kind of stand up and said, “Okay girly, let’s rock and roll!” She picked up some strange tools and went for my head. I screamed. I kicked. I howled. I cried. That woman kept me awake the whole time! Hands down one of the worst experiences of my life!

“All right girly, you’re done,” the woman said. “Despite all of the crying, screaming, and violence, you were good!” I screeched. I was furious she kept me awake for the stupid surgery. She could have knocked me out with medicine...it’s not that hard. “I’ll go get you a lollipop. Do you want a lollipop? I’ll go get you a lolly,” the woman said. She slowly made her way back to me with a lollipop in her hand. I was still bawling. She stretched her hand out and offered it to me. I grabbed it from her grubby little fingers and took one look at it. Then I threw it at her. That woman looked stunned, but she picked it up and put it on the tray in front of me, then she hurried out of the room.

We went home and I had to keep a band aid on my head for a while, but then eventually, the colored string that stitched up my head turned to my skin color and just left a mark on my head. The good thing was I got better and I never ended up in the hospital after that!



Over the Break I

Griffin W.

Kindergarten

Mrs. Piesik



Over the break I pla

with my friends. we

Went to AZ to see my

omi. We went to the aquarium and see

sharks. It was fun



Angel Game

Andrew S.

Fourth Grade
Miss Kayashima



The day that I went to an Angel game, was a day that I'll never forget. I couldn't wait for the game to start! I was going with my dad, my friend, Jack, and his dad. We were going to get picked up by them about an hour before the game started. We drove with them to the stadium in Anaheim, California. The game was against the Detroit Tigers. The Detroit Tigers were not that good of a team, but they did have some star players.

We had really good seats by the Tigers' dugout, and a great view of the field. After we got to the stadium, we got

some food at a restaurant inside the stadium. I got a hot dog with ketchup. Then, we went to our seats and ate our food while waiting until the game started. It finally started. In the first inning, when the Detroit Tigers were up to bat, they didn't score a run. Then the Angels were up at bat. The Angels' leadoff batter was Kole Calhoun, who is a lefty right fielder. He is one of my favorite players on the Angels.

The Tigers' pitcher was Buck Farmer. I couldn't wait for my favorite player, Mike Trout, to be up to bat. Mike Trout is a star center fielder for the Angels and he also hits a lot home runs. Later in the game, Albert Pujols, the designated hitter for the Angels, hit a home run. When players hit a home run for the Angels, fire comes out from somewhere by the waterfall out in center field. It is really cool! Next, I saw something that I had never seen at a game before: a grand slam! It was hit by Chris Iannetta, the catcher for the Angels. Everybody went crazy in the stadium when Chris Iannetta hit the grand slam! The pitcher for the Tigers was not off to a very good start.

After that, I got a pretzel. It was as delicious as an ice cream sundae! Next, J.D. Martinez, a designated hitter for the Detroit Tigers, hit a home run. The Angels scored more runs after that and also another home run or two. The Angels went on to win 12 - 1! I was as happy as a kid on Christmas when the Angels won. It was definitely not a close game, but at least the Angels won.

At the end of the game, we walked out. Our friends then drove my dad and me home. After that, we said goodbye to Jack and his dad, and we went inside our house. My dad and I talked about the game. I had a blast at the Angel game, and I couldn't wait to go back there again sometime soon. I will never forget the time my dad and I went to an Angel game.



Summer Vacation Disaster

Ava D.

Third Grade

Miss Diaz

I was packing everything I needed for my trip to San Jose, like my emoji pillow, my swimsuit, a fan, and some colored pencils to sketch with. Once my brother, my dad and I were ready, we waited for my mom to get ready. It felt like forever! At last we started the car and drove to San Jose.

While we were driving, we listened to podcasts like, “The Real Story of Red Riding Hood,” “Snow Queen,” and some other frightening tales. When we got on the Grapevine, a freeway, it was burning hot. I felt like I was a pack of popcorn popping in a microwave. “Can you put on the A.C., Dad?” I asked while wiping the sweat off my forehead.

“Sure,” my dad replied, while pressing the button for the air conditioning. I waited and waited and waited. “OK, that’s it! I’m burning hot and there’s no A.C. in this car!” I complained while taking deep breaths.

“Ummm, I think it broke,” my dad finally admitted. “We have to open...” I gagged. “The windows.”

We opened the windows and smelled cow pies all over the car. “P.U!” my brother yelled. Then out of nowhere, there was a fire on the side of the road and a bunch of smoke in the air. We closed our windows and decided to stop for lunch at a hotel. There were creepy paintings everywhere. For lunch I got a cheese, tomato, lettuce, and ham sandwich. Then, we headed back to the car.

Once we got to the hotel, a lady told us, “Your room is 459. Keep going straight, then turn left when you see the painting of a vase with flowers in it and there you are!” She handed us the card to our room. We opened the door to 459 and it smelled like fresh cupcakes. I was so tired, I face planted into the bed.

“Finally,” I sighed.

“Let’s go to the pool!” my brother begged. It was a hot day, so my mom and dad agreed. We got our suits on and headed to the pool.

It was more crowded than I expected. We looked around and there were no seats, not even one! “I guess we’ll have to head back,” my mom sighed. My brother whined. We got back to the room and decided just to go back home and eat dinner. So we checked out of our hotel and put our stuff in the car. I was relieved. When we were back home, I kissed the walls and hugged the floor. I realized that there actually is no place like home.





Time Machine I

Winner O.

Fifth Grade

Mrs. Wu

It was the evening. I was playing with my phone and there was a blinding flash of light outside my house. I crept out of the house and approached it. I couldn't believe my eyes! The words "Time Machine" were printed on the side of the object. But I knew not to touch it. Who knows where I would end up? Could I go back to the Mesozoic era? Or even go back when Jesus was alive? Or maybe this was a fake time machine. Suddenly, I heard a movement in the grass behind me. It was a rattlesnake! Having nowhere to go, I jumped into the Time Machine, as a big white light enveloped me.

I teleported to a place with sandy dust flowing across my face. The bright, shining sun blazed across the sky. There were very old houses very far from me. Where was I? Then I realized that I had my phone with me the whole time! But I couldn't just ask Siri to answer the question. I needed to find out myself. I slowly trudged down a road to get to the old houses. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a man with a spear came out from the bushes beside me and charged. It looked like he never saw a person with an electronic gadget. I did the only thing I could do--- I ran. I sprinted toward the houses. When I got in, I realized it was a terrible mistake. I took my phone's flashlight out and shined it at the man's face. He stumbled and fell to the ground. I ran into a house and peeked from the window and several people were now chasing me. But when I saw the old buildings around me, I realized I was with the Pueblo Indians from 1025 A.D.! I couldn't believe it!

I saw from the window that the Puebloans were gone. It was night. I ran out the door and into the forest and bumped into my friend, Brennan. He had an arrowhead, so he decided to help me, too. We both agreed that we were hungry and we went into the village. I looked at my phone and found that the time was 10:36 P.M. We crept into a house and there were 87 baskets of corn on the table, as well as a lot of bread. We stuffed the food into our mouths like a lion who hadn't eaten in 2 years. I snapped a photo of the house, as Brennan and I left the house. With our stomachs full, we went back into the forest. We planted ourselves on the ground and we dozed off.

We woke up with the birds chirping and the sun shining into our eyes. I said goodbye to Brennan and thanked him as he walked off. But still, I had a burst of excitement from meeting the Puebloans. But how could I get back? I searched everywhere for the Time Machine. I saw no sight of it. Then I was worried. I ran toward the village and heard a lot of noises near the far right corner. I took a jog toward the noise. Hundreds of Puebloans were crowded around something. Then one noticed me as I took out my translator. He said, "Get out of here, you stranger, we are not going to let you see this new magic object we found." Ahh! What a meanie! I ignored him as I pushed people out of the way. I stomped toward the "magic object" as they called it, and saw that it was the Time Machine. I quickly jumped into it as a flash of light teleported me to a different place. But I realized that I was still with the Puebloans! I had just gone back one millisecond and was still in the village. I snapped a lot of pictures and as I jumped into the Time Machine, I thought about home.

My parents were relieved to see me. They asked me where I went, and I told them about the Puebloans. They told me I was full of baloney, but at least I learned something new and something from thousands of years ago.



An Historic Moment

Rowan O.

Sixth Grade
Mr. Dodge

“Wow,” I said softly, staring at the sight before me. Tens of thousands of people were surging up the concrete stairs, carrying posters, chanting, laughing, talking and shouting. It was an overwhelming sea of humanity wherever you turned. I could feel the power of all these people.

“This is crazy!” my sister, Lila, exclaimed. “There are soooooo many people!”

“Yes!” my mom said excitedly. “And we’re here with them!”

We flowed with the river of people coming down the stairs and into the street, lining up for the march to begin. Men, women, and children all around me sported T-shirts that bore the words ‘Women’s March LA.’ Some people were chanting, others talked to each other. Noise bubbled up everywhere.

After a while of standing, with legs that were already starting to ache, the march finally began.

We were going pretty slowly, due to the amount of people. It was like an LA traffic jam at rush hour! It wasn’t all bad, though. We met some really nice people. They really liked Lila’s and my signs. Mine read “Love makes the world go round”, and Lila’s read “I stand for my rights, my future, and puppy dogs!” Hers especially was a big hit.

We talked with them for a little bit longer until the crowd around us surged in and separated us.

We had been walking, or marching, I guess, for a bit longer when we arrived at a row of booths and food trucks. There I got a rubber bracelet, a much needed bag of Popchips, and a sticker that bore the message ‘This is what a feminist looks like.’

Finally, all the marchers from all the various routes began to gather together at a large square. We had finished the march!

Though there were going to be many speeches at the square, we were all hungry, so we painstakingly made our way out of the crowd and went to scope out a nice place to eat.

We ended up at a cute little Italian restaurant, and from the decor, the service, and the smells coming from the kitchen, you could tell that everything was homemade. The food was great, and we sat and talked while we ate.

“Well, guys, did you enjoy the march?” my mom asked cheerily.

“Yes!” I immediately replied.

“Yeah,” Lila said, “the only thing is your legs get really tired.”

“True that!” I exclaimed.

“It’s very important that you got to experience this,” my dad started to explain. “Think about it, when you’re in high school, this event will be in the textbooks, and you can say, ‘I was there!’”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “I definitely feel like I’m a part of something that people will look back on a century from now and say ‘Wow! I wonder what that was like!’ Like I’m a part of something bigger, like I made a difference.”




Over The Break II

Katherine B.

Kindergarten

Mrs. Watson

WEEKEND MORNING REPORT



Words I can use...

went my
the we and
with of family
saw for had
was trip

Over the break I went
to Big Air
I had fun I went with
my family.



The Journey

Cole P.

Fourth Grade
Miss Porter

Do you know what energy is? It is the force that powers all life forms and I am energy. I came to Earth from the Sun knowing that I was responsible for giving life to all the living I came across. I first came across a majestic oak tree. I stretched my arms as I coursed up and down its chocolate brown trunk. But soon enough I felt myself being drained into a grasshopper who was nibbling on a leaf.

I felt so free, I flew wherever I wanted. I set down on a rock, only to be eaten whole by a lizard. It was a weird sensation, being swallowed. I was then absorbed into the lizard. I wanted to test out my new body as a lizard. Let me tell you, it was wild! As the sun went down I heard a “hoot-hoot” from an owl.

All of a sudden, the owl swooped out of nowhere and grabbed me. I was immediately absorbed into the owl. I then explored the night sky, and caught a few mice. It was a wonderful feeling to be flying, but that feeling was quickly ended as I was eaten by a fox. It was a slow and painful death. The fox dug his teeth into my neck.

Soon enough, again, I was absorbed into the fox. I had years of fun in the fox’s body. I had a wife, children and many happy moments. At the end of my life, I lay in my den and closed my eyes. My wife buried me a couple yards from the den. A year later my body was fully decomposed. My energy was soaked up in the dirt. Almost immediately, I found the roots of an oak tree. There I waited for the next organism to nibble a leaf or dig up a root.



Time Machine II

Aava G.

Fifth Grade
Mrs. Derby



"I am so tired!" I said, throwing my backpack onto the carpet. I took off my shoes and socks and catapulted them on the floor along with my backpack. I was starved, and my mom was calling me to eat, but I was not in the mood to do anything. I snatched my pink, leather iPad and was searching up pictures of emojis. One of them really stood out. It was a spiral staircase, and it was super realistic. I stared closer at it, and it had a tiny picture of maize and a pumpkin. Even smaller, it said "TAP HERE." I tapped the words. It couldn't do any harm, could it? Suddenly, that itty bitsy pumpkin grew larger and came out at me. It consumed me and my iPad. The inside was metal and with buttons and numbers. It was a pumpkin time machine!

"Time of the Ancient Puebloans," the pumpkin said in a monotone voice.

"Let me out!" I yelled.

The machine shook, rumbled, jittered, tumbled, and vibrated for about five minutes. I was rattling inside it, and even my iPad looked stressed out.

The door to the time machine opened, and I arrived somewhere so hot that one could bake a cake on the ground. My feet burned terribly because I had no shoes on. I saw some people in the distance. "Ok, a nice modern civilization," I commented. I started hopping toward them because my feet were singed. All around me were canyons, rocks, bushes, and more canyons. Then I saw a woman; she was sunburned very badly, had dry, crackled skin, and did not wear many clothes. I wish I had brought some fabric, a spool of yarn, and a sewing needle. Suddenly, more people arrived. They were looking at me like I was an alien. But I was not the alien in this situation, no siree! They were! Their houses lacked doors and roofs, so they had to climb ladders to get into their homes! They spoke in an odd language, so I had no idea what they were saying. The person gathering food suddenly grabbed my hand. He dragged me into one of the homes, and then he made me sit on the floor. A skyscraping woman came in, wearing woven, plant-fiber sandals. She plopped down on the floor, and then she grabbed some weeds and shrubs behind her. She started weaving a basket, string by string. I was impressed and melting hot at the same time. She tapped me on the shoulder, and I looked at the finished basket and smiled. She went into another room and came back with a pitcher of water. She poured the water into the basket, and it didn't leak! I was flabbergasted!

Somebody called some strange words. Everyone scrambled into the same room. It was time to eat, and there was not a great variety of food. The food was just beans, corn, and squash. But then they brought out something else. It was venison, and I did not want to try that. I ate some of everything except for the venison. There were a lot of leftovers, so someone took the food to a storage area. There was so much surplus food in there! I wandered around the place a bit and then I got really bored, so I played with my iPad, as it was fully charged. I felt so much better knowing there was a tiny bit of modern technology. Everyone was curious, so they crowded around my iPad not knowing why there was a bird going up and down on it. They seemed really interested and watched me play Flappy Bird.

The sky was turning gorgeous hues of pink and beige. I stood up to look at the sky, and when I wasn't looking, one of the Puebloans snatched my iPad and messed with it, turning on the flashlight. I just knew they wanted to invent one of their own. I looked down, and then I saw the time machine was fading. I grabbed my iPad and waved farewell. I wanted to make sure to keep this experience alive in my memories.

I hopped into the time machine and pressed the buttons 12-30-2017. I got teleported back home, and I plunged in front of the air conditioner.

"Where on earth were you?" my mom questioned.

"Not where," I replied. "When."



Frog Fiasco

Madeline K.

Third Grade

Ms. Dent

“Vroom! Vroom!” The shiny white car was ready to drive. My mom, sister Charlotte, and I were going to Petco to get some fancy fish. While my mom was driving, my sister and I were thinking about what fish to get.

“Mom, may we get a goldfish?” I asked.

“Madeline, I told you 1,000 times that we couldn’t, because remember what happened to the goldfish you got at the OC Fair? They now dwell happily in Grandma’s garden, and are about four feet down!” my mom said sadly.

“OK, OK,” I answered back.

When my sister and I came through the shiny doors of Petco, we both rushed to the fish tanks as fast as a racecar. Mom was walking very slowly. As I passed by, I saw a lot of pretty fish... but then I stopped. Right in front of me was a frog. A gray frog that can only live in water. “Mom, may I get that frog?” I asked sweetly.

“Fine,” muttered mom. Charlotte, my sister, got a ghost shrimp and a glow in the dark fish. She felt excited. It was salmon pink. My mom saw a loach (which is an eel) and bought it, too. It was almond brown.

Next, we got home and mom put the sea animals in the water. Then, I started quickly naming them. I named the frog, Hopcorn, because he hopped a lot. I named the loach, Speedy, because he swam as fast as a cheetah. I named the glow in the dark fish, Pinky, because he was salmon pink. And I named the ghost shrimp, Crystal, because we could see right through her!

Six weeks later, I saw something horrible ... Hopcorn was dead!!! I felt alone. He was floating on top of the clear water. I told mom that Hopcorn was dead. She scooped the frog out and threw the poor animal in the trash bin. The whole family drove to Petco so we could all choose a new fish together. I jogged through the store and went to the fish tank immediately and saw ... two cherry shrimp! I was as excited as a dancing cow! I called mom to get over there and she was pretty shocked, too. We bought both of them and took them safely home. My whole family decided to call the small one, Coco, and the big one, Cherry. Let me tell you, that new pets are so much fun!!!



Trip to Thailand

Daniel V.

Sixth Grade

Miss Reeser

Whoosh! An airplane landed in Phuket, Thailand. It was a little past 11:00 pm and I was dead tired, so I was mostly asleep during the drive to my hotel. A loud splish-splash woke me up and I saw an enormous fountain at the entrance of my hotel. We went inside. *This place is massive*, I thought as I sat in awe, while my parents were registering into the hotel. When we entered our room I did not even bother to change, I just flopped on the nearest bed and fell asleep.

The next day, my family could not find anywhere to eat. After what seemed like decades of starvation, we finally found a little corner bakery with the best croissants ever. The sweet smell of chocolate lifted in the air. We ended up eating there every single day of the vacation.

That day, my parents said that we were going to ride elephants. This was something I wanted to do since I was little! We met with my mother's friend that lived in Phuket and she drove us to a dusty place in the middle of nowhere. The smell of damp air and earth lingered in the air. The ground was squishy and I was glad I wore water shoes. There was a tiny shed and a fence with a bunch of elephants. I counted *one...two...three...four...five...six...seven...and eight. Eight elephants?! I could not see any babies*, though. My parents got registered, as always, and we got ready to ride the elephants. We had to wait what seemed like days until we got to ride the elephants. Finally, we boarded the lumbering giant. I felt its spiky hair and rough skin as hard as rock. I rode with my mother and my dad rode with my sister. My elephant made a little toot while the trainer drove it forward. Thump! Thump! Thump! Every thump sounded like explosions in my ears. It felt like I was in a different world. I felt taller than everything around me. Every couple of minutes my elephant huddled to a stop to eat some grass and tree leaves. We rode around a forest, took some pictures, and then went straight back to the dusty hut.

As we were riding back to the hut, I saw two adorable baby elephants. They were extremely tiny compared to the adult elephants, but still big for babies. There was so much more hair on it and it looked more spiky. My sister and I saw other tourists feeding some plant or vegetable to it. My mom later told us that it was sugar cane. We begged our parents to let us feed the cute and adorable baby elephants. We didn't need to beg a lot because they wanted to go picture crazy. So we approached the person running the baby operation. My parents got my sister and I registered for the third time, and got our sugar cane and a couple of bananas. It surprisingly smelled sweet, just like normal sugar, and the bananas smelled sweet and felt very soft. We strolled to the baby elephant and I went in and fed him the first cane. It honked with delight and sent my ears ringing for a couple of minutes. My sister fed it some more. My parents snapped pictures from all angles. Every time we gave a cane or bananas to the baby, he honked some more. Before we knew it, we ran out of sugar cane and our parents took all the pictures they needed to take. The registration hut asked us if we wanted three pictures; one of my mom and I, one with my sister and father, and one with me, my sister, and the baby elephant. We bought two of the three pictures and left the paradise in the middle of nowhere and back to civilization.

We went back to our hotel room and camped in there for the rest of the day until dinner. All I could think about was the wonderful honking of the baby elephant. I knew that the picture I got would be a memento of the entire trip. I knew this would be one of the best vacations of my life. The good croissants, giant elephants, and cute ones as well. I will remember this as an important and fun part of my life.

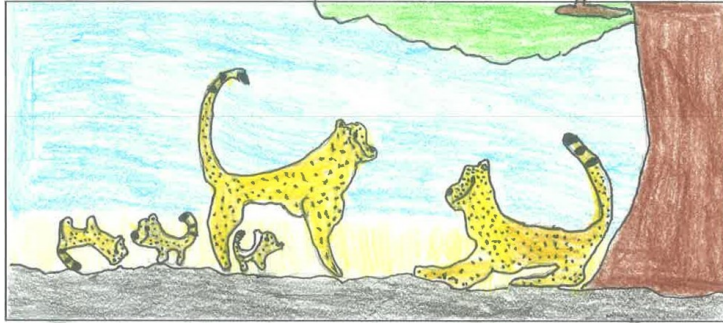


Mrs. Cheetah's Day

Kareena B.

Second Grade
Mrs. Moghaddam

Mrs. Cheetah was happy she lived in Africa. Mrs. Cheetah had two brothers, six sisters, and one mom. The two brothers were Jack and Rick. The six sisters were Violet, Roz, Lori, Maanya, and Parker.



One day, while Mrs. Cheetah was hunting, she heard something. She realized she was in Mr. Lion's territory. Mr. Lion didn't like the cheetahs! Suddenly he pounced out of the bushes! Mrs. Cheetah was shivering in fright. She was scared for her life. Just then, she noticed something in the distance.



It was her six sisters, two brothers, and mom!
"What are you doing?" said mom.

"Beat it, shrimp!" said Mr. Lion.

The cheetahs charged! Cheetahs don't have muscles, but they have sharp teeth. They bit and bit until Mr. Lion had nothing to do in the bushes but lick his wounds. So they went home and celebrated with their favorite dinner, gazelle!!



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