



HONEYCOMB

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Honeycomb

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Lemonade War Money

Abby N.

Third Grade
Miss Diaz



I earned 100 dollars selling lemonade in the blazing sun, and I think that it is wisest to save this money. One reason I want to save my money is because I might want to buy something in the future, like a toy or my car! I don't want to have to walk everywhere or work really hard to earn a lot of money. And I really don't think that Mommy and Daddy would be too happy if I asked them to pay for, like, a \$1,000,000,000 car.

Next, I think it is smart to save my money because if I do feel the urge to donate, I want to be careful and make sure that all my money is going to a good cause. My money could go down the drain if I don't be careful! If I accidentally donate to somewhere and I want my money back, I don't think they will give in! If I were trying to raise money and somebody said they were giving me 100 dollars, I would jump for joy! Then, if the people said they changed their mind, I would be pretty mad!

My third reason is, if I do see something that catches my eye, I want to "sleep on it," which is something that my very wise and talented Mommy and Daddy told me about. They taught me this for circumstances like this, where I have a lot of money on hand, are

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The Editors' Corner

The Power of Youth's Voice

If there is anything we have learned in the past months, it is the power of the voices of the youth in our country.

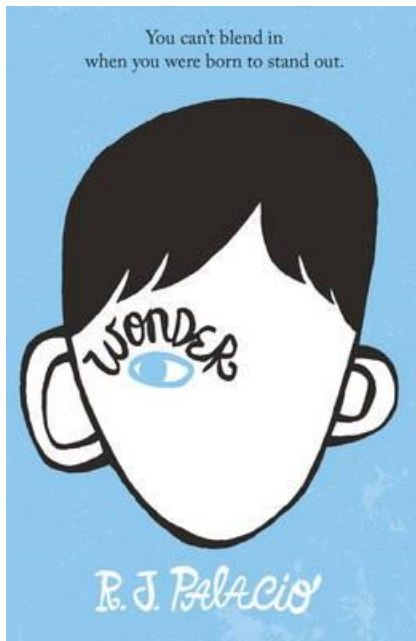
Please take some time to read these pieces, and hear the voices of just a tiny fraction of the writers at Bonita Canyon School. Realize that these are the leaders of our future. We, who are in education, feel blessed to be able to work with these developing young people.

Kindness

Leora S.

Fifth Grade

Mrs. Wu



The author, R.J. Palacio, wrote a fictional story titled Wonder, which took place in present day Manhattan, New York. In the story, the main character, August, is a 5th grader who goes to school for the first time. He was born with a facial deformity and had to deal with everyday bullies at school. The theme of the story is kindness.

To begin with, an example of kindness in the story is when Summer gained the courage to sit with August during lunch on the first day of school. On page 51, Summer asks August, "Hey, is this seat taken?" Summer was extremely brave and courageous to voluntarily sit with August during lunch. She did this, not because a teacher or adult told her to, but because she felt sorry for him. On that first day, August was stared at and felt very lonely. She wanted to be kind and helpful, and that's exactly what she did.

Another example of kindness in the story is when Justin protected Jack from the school bullies, Julian, Miles, and Henry. He told them to knock it off and be kind to Jack. On page 199,

Justin said, "Don't mess with Jack." He warns them of this, because Jack has been picked on by these boys and Justin stood up to them. He did a very kind thing for Jack.

Last, but not least, an example of kindness is when Amos, Miles, and Henry helped August and Jack at the Nature Retreat. August and Jack were in trouble with some big seventh graders. On page 267, Amos said, "Leave him alone, dude." This was a big surprise to the reader because these three boys have been very unkind to August and Jack all year long. They were extremely kind to protect August and Jack from getting seriously beaten or injured.

The convincing evidence proves that the theme of the story Wonder is kindness. Once I finished the book Wonder, I realized that sometimes you don't realize you are being mean or disrespectful, and that you should always think about your actions first. This story made me feel extra motivated to be kinder than necessary, and to always bring other people up before myself.



Lemonade War Money

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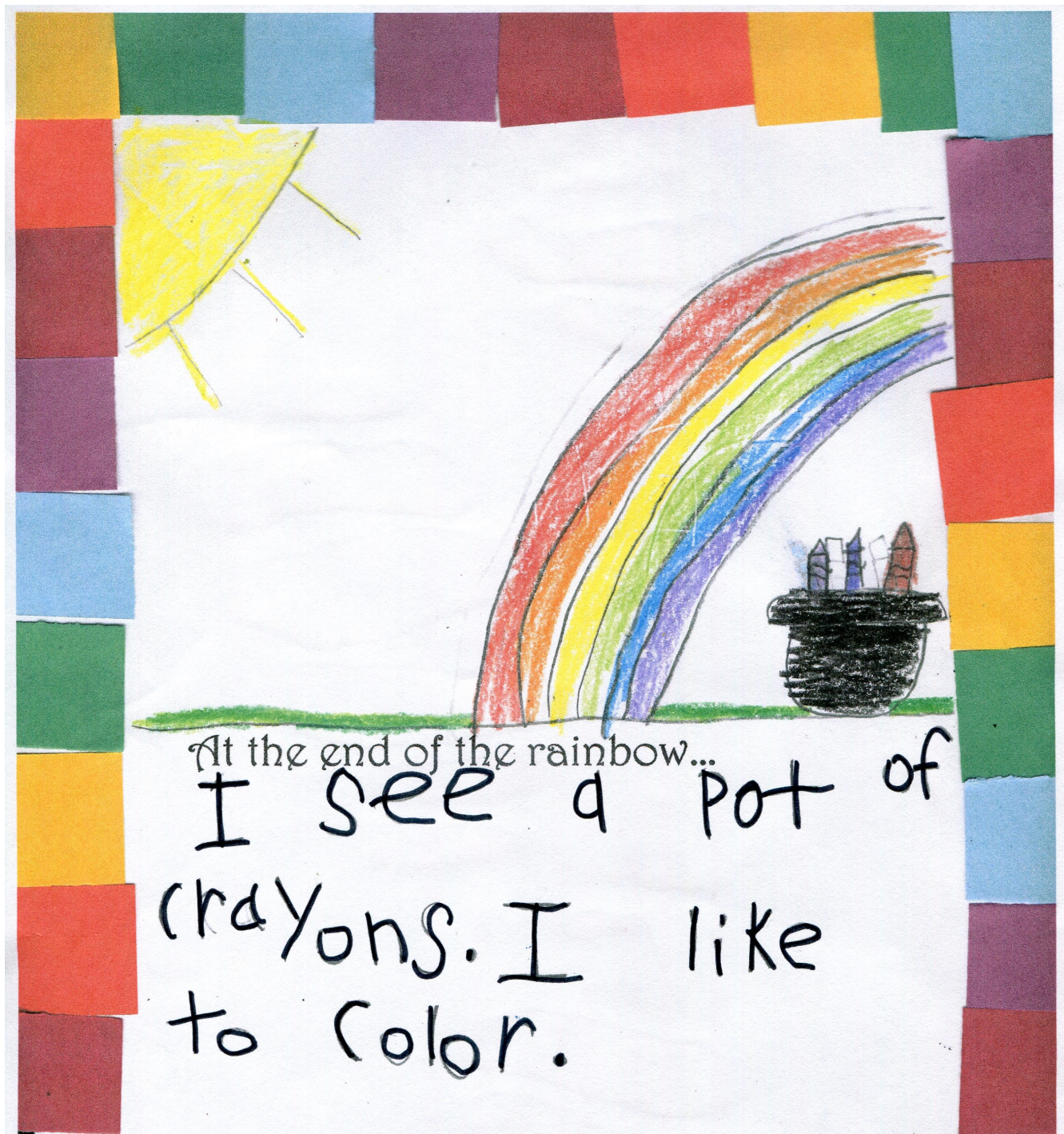
thinking about spending some, see something that catches my eye and want to buy it. I use this technique by simply sleeping one night, then getting up in the morning to see if I still want that thing. It really works! Anyway, if you ever somehow end up with 100 dollars, I hope you save it, because I know I would!



At the End of the Rainbow

Ella V.

Kindergarten
Mrs. Watson





The Crab Chase

Kyle C.

Second Grade
Mrs. Moghaddam

A long time ago there were two nice brothers named Kyle and Owen. Owen was happily building a sand castle and Kyle was trying to find shells. Finally Kyle found a big shell. When Kyle got near the shell, he heard something weird.

It was a big crab! Suddenly, the crab turned around and saw Kyle. Then the crab started chasing Kyle, but Kyle crashed into Owen's realistic sand castle and sand dropped onto the crab. Now the crab couldn't see.

Then the crab was walking closer to the ocean and the crab did not know he was walking toward the ocean and a gigantic wave hit the crab. Now the crab is gone deep in the smelly sea!



Survivor

Hannah H.

Sixth Grade
Mr. Dodge

It was July 13, 1941, in Frankfurt, Germany. I was standing, suitcase in hand, on the front steps of what would be my home for the next few horrific years of history. My father was standing beside me on the doorstep. He was dressed in a gray coat with black pants, the mandatory yellow star on his chest. Though it was many years ago, I remember it as though it were yesterday, the last time I saw my father. I remember begging him not to leave me there, though I knew it was both for his safety and mine. I wondered why it had to be this way, but knew that this thought would not change the reality of all of this. Now, looking back, I know that our final parting was just as hard on him, and my begging had only made it more challenging for him.

My father quickly glanced at me before rapping on the wooden door before us. It was only a matter of seconds before the door was opened by a tall dark-haired man with a beard, who I later came to know as Mr. Fischer.

"Evening, Mr. Hoffmann. Ernst, we've been waiting on you," he said. "Please come in." The two of us stepped inside, and Mr. Fischer closed the door behind us. Inside, three more people awaited us: two boys, one older, probably in his teens, the other one looking about my age, which was ten at the time, maybe a bit younger. A woman stood in the doorway between the room we were in and the next, which I assumed was the kitchen, judging by its scent. I figured she must be the mother of the two. The two boys introduced themselves. The older one was called Rolf, the other was Werner. During the time I was in hiding in their home, they both felt like brothers to me. Next, the woman stepped forward and introduced herself.

"I am Mrs. Fischer. You may address me as that or 'Auntie' while you are living here." I always called her Mrs. Fischer when I was there. It seemed improper to call her something that she was not, though she was like an auntie to me in every respect but by blood.

Soon after the introductions had ended, my father left in order to reach home before our curfew, and I was left at the Fischer's to stay. Mrs. Fischer led me into another room, a bedroom which I would be sharing with Rolf and Werner. I set down my suitcase there and followed Mrs. Fischer out of the room and into the main room again, when I was instructed by her.

(Continued on page 5)

Survivor

(Continued from page 4)

“Come,” she said, gesturing me into the kitchen. I followed her in there, and she began to speak about what I should do in the event of their house being searched. “You will come here to the kitchen and go down into our basement.” She pulled aside a rug with her hand revealing the entrance to the basement below. “You will stay there, because we do not look related, until one of us comes to let you know it is safe to come out.”

I didn’t sleep a wink that first night. I had never slept in a new place before that night, and I missed my family and my bed. I tried to imagine that I was there with them in my own bed, but I couldn’t. I could hear Rolf snoring from his bed near to mine, the only sound in an otherwise silent, pitch black night. I lay in bed with my eyes wide open that way for most of the night, waiting for morning.

When morning finally came, Rolf and Werner got up, dressed and got ready for school, but not me. I could no longer go to school, nor leave the house. I had brought my school books with me, but I only stared at them disinterestedly, feeling no need to study, but lacking another way to keep myself occupied throughout the long solitary hours I spent inside every day. When the boys returned home from school every day, the house became a little livelier, but I still wished I was not confined to the interior of that small and, as I perceived it, gloomy house for four years of my life.

Each day seemed much like the last to me, and as weeks became months, and months became years, I wondered if the war would ever end. The radio told both good and bad news and many, including myself, wondered how life would be when the war finally ended, for better or for worse. I wondered where my family was, whether they were safe, or together, or even alive. Every day I heard tales of those who were less fortunate than myself, as Hitler built more and more camps and took more and more people to put in them. A couple of times when I lived with the Fischers, I wondered if the neighbors suspected my being there and if I too would be sent to the camps filled with so many other unfortunate souls. Luckily for me, that did not happen. If it had, I might not be here telling my story now, when the time of the war is decades in the past.

I remember the day the war was finally declared over in 1945, and the days leading up to it. I was so hopeful that my life after nearly four years could return to normal, or as close to normal as I had ever experienced. I thought about my family living together again under one roof, and not worrying about what tomorrow would be like the way we did during the war. I did not know where my family was or what condition they were in, knowing that most had not fared as well as me, nor been given the kind of opportunity to hide that I had been. I did not know family’s plan for what they would do or where they would go, if they were ever able to come up with one. Our plan at the beginning, when I was first left with them, was that my father would return for me when the war was over and it was safe. But after nearly eleven months of waiting, he still had not come, nor any other of my family members who knew where I was.

The country after the war was nothing like before. Many cities had not fared well through all of the warfare, and many were left dead or homeless. Even more were dead in the camps, and I feared, not without reason, that my family was among them. The Fischers had been kind to me, but I still viewed myself as a burden to them, though they disagreed, or so they told me. I decided it would be best to leave them and find refuge somewhere else. Since most of Europe was far from its best, I thought about traveling across the seas to the United States. Though still damaged by the war, it was in better condition and had a sounder government. By way of a family friend of the Fischers, I was able to make immigrating a reality, though I will not disclose the details. From studying English during my time in hiding, I knew a fair portion of the language. At the age of sixteen, I managed to find a way to America, a wonderful opportunity which was not open to many.

I was told that the ship I took in order to reach the North American continent would stop in New York where I would get off of the ship. Another man, known to me as Mr. Muller, who had also previously come from Germany, had been notified on the subject of my arrival and had offered to lend me temporary housing upon my arrival until I could find a steady source of income for myself. I was grateful for this, but promised I would not stay long in his home as I did not want to intrude and would soon find a way of employment.

I got off of the ship to a crowded dock. I had no idea what Mr. Muller looked like and could not recognize him. He had previously been shown a picture of me, so he would come and find me at the dock when the ship pulled in. I was holding the same suitcase I had used six years ago when I was left at the Fischers’ home. I

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A Tidal Tale Assessment

Zachary M.

Fifth Grade
Miss Reeser

The theme of this story is always thinking of the consequences of something before you do it. In the story, a twelve-year old girl named Sarah, gets a new boat on her birthday that she calls *Whisper*.

One day when Sarah's mom wasn't home, Sarah went sailing, even though her younger brother, Jimmy, warned her of the rule that no one could sail if the parents weren't home. That just added fuel to the flame of rebellion, in proving to her eight-year old brother that she could go sailing alone.

"Just one quick sail around the cove," Sarah thought as she swiftly glided on the water. "I can't tell mom if she's not home," she thought as she tried to hide the guilt of breaking the rules. Suddenly, the wind weakened down slowly to a stop.

"Uh-oh," Sarah thought as she got out the paddle and tried to push herself ashore. A couple minutes later, when she was exhausted, she realized that the wind had turned on her and was blowing out to sea! Just then, at 0.1% optimism and 99.9% despair, she saw a colossal red boat coming towards her. When it got closer, she could see her brother, Jimmy, and their next-door neighbor, Mr. Garner, driving the boat. Sarah attached her boat to a hook and was towed ashore. As Sarah left the shore for her boat, she didn't think of the consequences first.



Survivor

(Continued from page 5)

walked into the crowd and a man caught sight of me and approached me.

"Ernst Hoffmann?" the man said once he was close enough to speak.

"Yes," I said in English. I figured it was a good time to begin practicing the language even with a man who could converse fluently in German.

"I am Mr. Muller. Follow me, I'll take you to my home." I followed him silently as he led me away from the dock and down a street for a few blocks, until we turned down another. He led me into an apartment building and up a few flights of stairs. On the third story of the building he led me out of the stairwell and unlocked the fifth door down the hallway. He ushered me inside and shut the door behind him. I set the suitcase down and looked up at him.

"You hungry?" he asked. I declined and he handed me a newspaper. "There are a few job ads on the back. Maybe you can take a look."

By some lucky miracle, I found a job rather quickly as a waiter for a restaurant I came to manage years later. I soon moved out of Mr. Muller's apartment and into my own nearby. The years passed quickly, each one like the last. I became a legal citizen of the United States and got married. I am 72 now and have carried out all of my adulthood in the United States. Now, in 2003, I chose to write down my story after the Holocaust is over and Germany has changed so much. Terrible things still occur, even here. 9/11 is still fresh in people's minds. But I believe we are indeed on track to a better world.



Lia the Leprechaun

Jiwoo Y.

First Grade
Mrs. Hinkle

Once in a rainbow lived a leprechaun. It was right before St. Patrick's day.

That Leprechaun was named Lia. Lia was small. She had a red suit.

She had a gold hat, shiny red hair, and black pointy shoes.

Written by: Jiwoo



shoes. Lia was a wish maker who was very sneaky.

While Lia was making wishes to deliver, the hunter saw Lia's house. Then he spied the gold. The hunter planned to steal Lia's gold. A little while later, Lia left her house to deliver the wishes to the fairies.

The hunter went to Lia's house giggling. But Lia had left fake gold. The hunter didn't realize that. When Lia came home she was happy to see real gold.





The Unknown Pass

Lila O.

Fourth Grade
Miss Kayashima

Kylie and I were sitting atop our horses. Saddlebags were packed full of food, extra clothes, and much water. We each were riding a horse. The sun was just barely rising. We would set out soon. We were laden with many bags, as were our strong horses. We were lucky to have them.

Kylie, my partner, had fiery orange hair that glimmered in the light. Her eyes were a greenish hazel. She had a fair skin tone, with many freckles. She wore her hair in a high ponytail. She had nice knee-high leather boots that were light brown leather. She sat on a pure white horse. They looked angelic.

I, on the other hand, looked a little rougher. My knee-high leather boots were a dark, dusty brown. My slightly tangled hair was in a ponytail tucked away at the nape of my neck. I wore a hat so wide it provided shade for my entire head. It was the same color as my boots, if not lighter. My horse was a smooth dark brown with a glistening white mane and tail.

We stood in front of a porch. We were leaving from Santa Fe. We hoped to trap a few animals in California. But our main goal was to find a pass. If we found one, we would be remembered and help many others. Although the Mexican government was reluctant to issue permits to most, we heard it was possible to earn their trust. We hoped that this is what we could do, for all would benefit.

We took many supplies, other than food and water. We had one gun each, in case of an attack. We also brought a few reusable traps. For our route, we would go at an angle. First, through the Great Basin, and then over the Sierra Nevadas into California. We knew the trip would be difficult, but we would go on.

We started the journey. "Ready?" I asked Kylie.

"Yeah," she replied strongly.

And we were off in a cloud of dust. How good the wind felt against my skin! Hours later, it was time for rest and a meal. I signaled Kylie to stop, thinking of how good pork sounded. We fed and watered our horses first. After that, we ate quickly. And off again, for hours further into the Great Basin.

When we finally stopped, it was past midnight. Our horses needed rest, and so did we. We were so close that we were sleeping at the foot of the Sierra Nevadas. The next day we would look for a pass.

We were very excited that morning. We found a path in between a tall mountain and a medium one. We must climb a small amount. Nobody had been that way before! The pass might take a few days to get across. Maybe two.

We had been riding our horses for about 5 hours. Our horses suddenly stopped. We turned a corner slowly, after coaxing them. A family of bears was asleep on the cold grass. Our horses started to run. Just in time. The bears were starting to wake. And for feeding, too!

The weather was very hot that day. I was sweating like crazy! Thank goodness it was night. We were resting. The next day we would finish the last leg of the journey.

We had arrived in California. It had gorgeous, rich farmland. All of the native people looked at us suspiciously from their pueblos or ranchos. The ranchos were festive and colorful. It seemed there was never a dull moment. We were now going to the mayor to get permission to trap in California.

He thought and replied. He said yes! He was very kind. We would trap beaver, then leave California after about four months. We would come back, and hopefully, not meet the bears again!



Snake on a Stick

Nathaniel K.

Sixth Grade
Miss Kreher

We remember my late grandfather as a kind, generous, and caring man. But he also had a mischievous sense of humor. My grandfather, in his day, took the public bus to his school. Usually he wouldn't get a seat on the bus. He probably would not get to the seat fast enough, but if he did, he would have to give it up to the elderly. My grandfather was getting really tired of standing all the way on the bus to school. Everyone who had a seat always had a smug look on their face... at least that is what my grandpa thought. Back and forth from school to home, he stood on the bus. The bus ride was around thirty minutes, so when you calculate the back and forth distance it's around one hour.



Think about one hour, surrounded by complete strangers, some who might smell, some who might constantly talk, and some who might just be plain weird. And probably my grandfather's legs were very tired after he got off. I can barely manage standing in one place for thirty minutes. From my experience on a public bus, it is not comfortable at all. I can't imagine what it was like in my grandfather's time when the roads were probably very rough.

One day, my grandfather was walking to the bus stop, when he saw something that stopped him dead in his tracks. He saw what looked like a black stick. But the sun was glistening off of it, so he took a better look. He pulled what looked like a black stick, and out came a three foot dead snake. He was surprised at first, but then a mischievous idea came to his head. He found a sharp stick and poked it through the snake from head to tail.

My grandfather walked to the bus stop and immediately he saw his idea come into action. The couple of seats at the bus stop were already taken. When my grandfather came in, the occupants immediately got up and moved away. This was the first time my grandfather had ever gotten a seat at the bus stop, but the real test of his idea was getting a seat on the bus. When the bus pulled up, the driver looked at him suspiciously but didn't say anything. The bus seats were all full, but that was no matter. My grandfather went over to the nearest seat and stood there, the snake's head a foot away from the passenger's head. In seconds, the passenger got up. My grandfather took the seat and rode comfortably to school for the first time.

Even though he sat comfortably for the first time, he threw out the snake after the bus ride. My grandfather would probably not get a seat on the bus for a long time. But the one time he did, the experience was totally worth it. I have inherited part of my grandpa's mischievous sense of humor. But I probably wouldn't do anything quite like that.



Shellington the Leprechaun

Gianna L.

First Grade
Mrs. Oehlman

It was the night before St. Patrick's Day and there, was a sneaky leprachaun who lived in a tree house. Her name was Shellington. Shellington was a tiny leprachaun with a green suit, red shoes, and



Written by: Gianna

brown hair. Shellington was a gold hunter who was known for being very sneaky. One day, a family came with their dog. They demanded

Shellington to give them all of her gold. Then, Shellington had a great idea! She rushed to her room and took out a sack. Then, brought a gold colored paper and wrapped it around the round chocolate. She ran out the door shouting, "Here is your sack of gold!" and gave it to the family. The family thought the chocolate gold coins were real gold coins. Shellington lived happily ever after!



The Theme of Respect

Yasmina K.

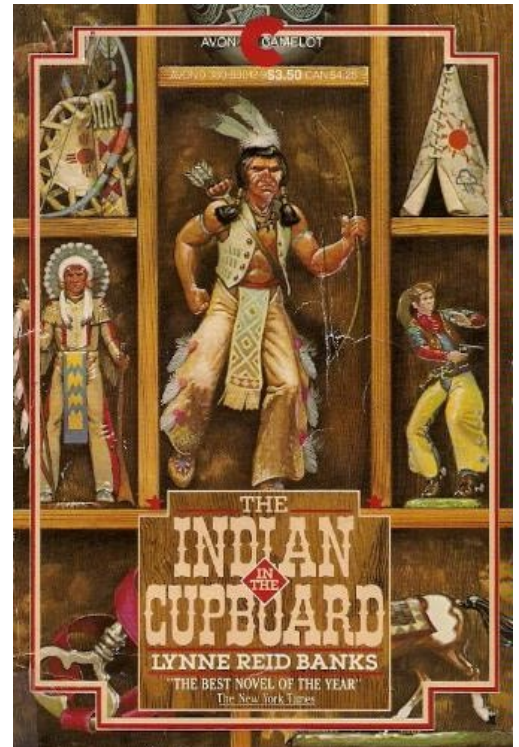
Fifth Grade
Mrs. Derby

In the novel *Indian in the Cupboard*, by Lynne Reid Banks, the main character Omri gets a plastic Indian toy from his best friend, Patrick, a cupboard from his brother, and a skateboard from his parents for his birthday. He discovers that if he puts the Indian in the cupboard with the magic of a key, the Indian would come to life! He goes through many rough challenges with the tiny Indian named Little Bear, and a tiny cowboy called Boone, and soon realizes that it is a huge responsibility to take care of people. The author is trying to tell the audience to treat people with respect no matter their size, age, gender, color, and religion.

The author's big idea is not to use people, even little people. You cannot use people to have fun, as Omri did during art class: "[Omri] suddenly felt he must--he simply *must* get a little fun out of this somehow" (p.162). Omri pretends that he has drawn a tiny picture of the west, but it is really Boone's miniature drawing of a western town. Omri's teacher orders him to show her the drawing. When she sees the drawing she is baffled and cannot believe anyone could draw so small. His actions put Boone in danger of being discovered.

In the story, all the characters are live people, so they should all be treated with the same respect. Patrick says: "I feel as if I were the same as them.... I wish we *were* all the same size, then there'd be no problems" (p. 220-221). That connects to the big idea of equality. Finally, Omri and Patrick realize that it doesn't matter what your size, color, gender, or religion is, everyone should be treated the same.

In this fantasy novel *Indian in the Cupboard*, Lynne Reid Banks does a very good job of showing respect. She makes the point that you should never use people; instead, you should respect them. You should not have to use people to have fun as Omri did during art class. Instead, have fun with them. You also should always try to find the similarities, not the differences in people you meet. Omri and Little Bear have many differences, but when they get to know each other, they realize how much they have in common. If our world could learn to respect each other's differences, the world could become a better place for everyone.



Playful and Perfect Penguins

Annabel M.

Third Grade
Ms. Dent

Have you ever heard penguins calling 'ree a ree a ree'? I think that and many other things are absorbing!

Penguins have a terrific type of fat called blubber! Blubber lets heat in, but keeps the harsh cold out. That's stupendous because it makes penguins look cute and chubby. However, that's not the penguin's only defense against coldness. Penguins also have delicate downy feathers. I believe if I slept with a downy-feathered blanket, I would be warm and cozy.

Another reason why I think penguins are interesting is that each mother penguin has its own unique call, so the baby knows where the mother is. The baby penguin calls back when he or she hears the mother penguin so they don't lose each other. With so many other identical penguins, it would be very difficult to find each other. It's like the penguins are speaking a different language. I wonder if that's their only way of communicating?

Do you know how penguins move? They move by waddling or belly sliding! I think belly sliding is the most efficient way of moving instead of waddling on ungainly feet. In my opinion, penguins can belly slide as fast as a racecar! Zoom Zoom! I think penguins are faster belly sliding because they are zipping on ice.

As you can see, penguins are slow when they waddle, but they have some stupendous features!



Worth More Than Gold

Catalina M.

Kindergarten

Mrs. Piesik



My Grandmother's Lost Ring

Baran D.

Sixth Grade

Miss Reeser

My grandmother and grandfather had gone to San Francisco to see how it was for living. They had come a long way from Iran, and this was their first time in the United States. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" said my grandmother.

"Yes, of course!" my grandfather answered. They roamed the streets and looked at all the restaurants and the buildings. My grandparents went to a restaurant to have some lunch.

"I'm just going to the bathroom to wash my hands," said my grandmother as she left the table. The food was delicious and, with a full stomach, my grandparents left to see Palo Alto for the infamous technological companies there.

Upon arriving, they received news from one of their great cousins. My grandmother had a few relatives who lived near the San Francisco region. In fact, they had been living there for a really long time. My grandmother and her cousin used to be very close when they were kids, but, eventually, my grandmother's cousin moved to America with her family and never came back. The news was certainly unexpected: my grandmother's cousin was in the hospital and she was in labor. Both my grandparents were shocked. In fact, my grandmother started crying from happiness and surprise; this was definitely not the way she expected this trip to go. My grandfather, however, remained calm and started thinking about how the course of their trip would be changed. They just had to go back.

They were so close to San Francisco and both wanted to share an important moment with their cousins. Even though they were both tired, they started the car, which they had rented for their stay, immediately. The drive was around an hour long, so it took about an hour for my grandparents to get to their destination. Being new to the area, it was quite difficult to navigate their way through the narrow streets of San Francisco. So many questions were running through my grandmother's mind. Would it be a boy or a girl? What would be the name of the child? She also started to worry a little. Would both her cousin and her child go through it successfully? With nervousness and joy combined, my grandmother could not wait to get to the hospital in San Francisco.

However, the destination would not be reached as soon as was expected. Not only was there a great deal of traffic, but also they were lost for some time in San Francisco looking for the hospital. GPS devices were not common yet, so my grandparents had to do things the old-fashioned way. They decided to ask some local residents about the location of the hospital; a decision that was more difficult than it should have been because neither of my grandparents were fluent in English. Somehow, they managed to get their point across to a pedestrian and get directions.



My grandparents on my dad's side.

(Continued on page 15)

The Hole in One

Nicholas B.

Second Grade

Mrs. Pursley

One sunny afternoon, my step dad, mom and I went to go play golf. It was hot on my first swing. I was sweaty and thirsty. I felt like I would make it on my first try. I thought I'd get a hole in one. But just then, I heard a bird chirping. It was up in the trees. I looked at it when I was swinging, but I still hit the ball. Then, I saw that I hit the ball into a lake. I felt embarrassed. I tried again, and hit it onto the green.

We got in the golf cart to go to the second hole. Suddenly, we saw a hill just in front of us! We drove on the hill and I looked at our gas gauge, but it was just about to run out. I got scared! I knew we'd fall back down the hill. It happened fast. We rolled back down the hill. We crashed into a tree! It was so scary, I screamed. Luckily, we were still in the cart, and we were safe.

We had to call the golf club to get a new golf cart. They gave us a new cart and drove to the 18th hole. I got out of the golf cart. I took a few practice swings with my driver, then then I hit it. A hole in one! I made it on my first try! My dad and mom were so proud. It was a great day.



My Grandmother's Lost Ring

(Continued from page 14)

They decided to stop by the restaurant they went to and buy pie from the restaurant and celebrate this important moment with their family. Again, my grandmother went to use the restroom and freshen up. When washing her hands, she found something that somehow managed to surprise her even more than the news she received before. She found her wedding ring right next to her in the bathroom. She had not even noticed that she had not been wearing the wedding ring all this time. What was even more interesting was that her expensive wedding ring had not been stolen by someone else all this time. She was truly glad that she accidentally found her wedding ring, but decided not to tell my grandfather just yet. The experience of the witnessing the child of her cousin being born was truly memorable, but her luck in finding her ring was also very interesting.

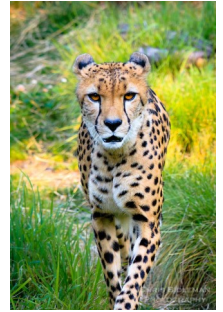




Wolf or Cheetah?

Naomi G.

Fourth Grade
Miss Porter



“Whoosh!” Two amazingly good runners zoom by with a cloud of gray dust, trying to keep up. When some of the dust clears out you can see on the right, a beautiful light gray wolf. Once all of the dust clears out you can see a fierce cheetah. Would you rather run long distances like a wolf or sprint like a cheetah? I’d personally rather run long distances like a wolf.

To start, wolves don’t run as fast as a cheetah, but they can run much longer. Their stamina is very high. In fact, they could run 22 miles without stopping! That’s like 132 laps around a whole soccer field!!! Their top speed is 40 miles per hour. That’s fast! “Whew,” if I could run like that I’d be amazing!!!!

On the other hand, wolves have many techniques to catch their prey. One way is by using their high stamina to wear down the weakest member of the herd. They could also devour 20 pounds in a single meal! That’s like eating a whole tire!!! In fact, they could last several days without eating!!! As you can tell, I personally still think I would rather run like a wolf than sprint like a cheetah.



HONEYCOMB

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Wolves and cheetahs both need to have a little of recovery time. For example, wolves are built for traveling long distances and like I said before, they can run 22 miles without stopping. A cheetah, however takes a long time to recover and could only run at their top speed for 20 to 60 seconds. A wolf’s recovery time is very short. Otherwise, a wolf can run for a super long time.

Now would you still rather run like a cheetah? To summarize, I would rather run like a wolf than a cheetah.

