

SKYTALKING



with



ARISTOTLE & BURGOO

A Newspaper for 2nd and 3rd Graders

Volume ONE - Early Fall 2013

NEWS from the CLASSROOMS

We will reserve this portion of our newspaper for "NEWS" from the various class rooms that we visit (there are over 40 of them). We will suggest that each teacher select a few students each month to write a news story about something interesting or news worthy that recently happened in the classroom or happened to one of the students in their class.

(Maybe the entire class helps write the news story as a class project???)

WHAT MIGHT THE TOPICS BE?

Was there a recent contest in the classroom? A spelling bee?

Did the class go on field trip? Did a fellow student receive an award either at school or somewhere else?

We plan to print several news stories each month that are submitted from the various classrooms.

"NOW THAT'S A FACT !"

FACTS ABOUT WEATHER IN KANSAS

from
**VLADIMIR
VULTURE**
(Burgoo's favorite weatherbird!)



- The **highest** temperature ever recorded in Kansas was **121 degrees!**
(In 1936) **ONLY FOUR OTHER STATES HAVE HIGHER RECORD HIGH TEMPERATURES!**
- The **coldest** temperature ever recorded in Kansas was **-40 degrees!** (In 1905)
24 OTHER STATES HAVE COLDER RECORD LOW TEMPERATURES!
- **MOST INCHES of SNOW FALLING DURING ONE WINTER SEASON in KS. - 102 inches**
(that's over 8 feet...I said over 8 FEET of snow !!!)

WHERE DID THAT HAPPEN? - GOODLAND, KS. - WHEN ? - 1979-80

Do you think those Goodland school kids might have had some "SNOW DAYS"????



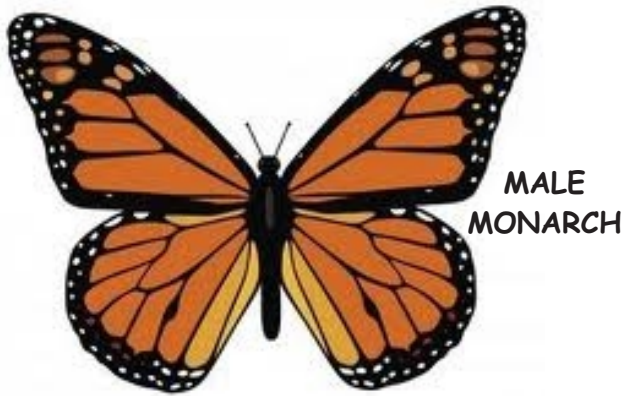
KANSAS INSECTS

THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY

MONARCH
CATERPILLAR



SOMETIMES IN THE AUTUMN,
YOU'LL SEE SOMETHING FLUTTER BY;
THIS THING THAT YOU'LL SEE,
IS A BIG, BOLD BUTTERFLY.



MALE
MONARCH

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL MONARCH,
COLORED ORANGE AND BLACK;
AND AS IT FLUTTERS AROUND,
IT MIGHT STOP FOR A SNACK.

MONARCHS SNACK ON THE NECTAR,
FROM A VARIETY OF FLOWERS;
THIS NECTAR PROVIDES ENERGY,
SO THEY CAN FLY ON FOR HOURS.

WHERE ARE THESE MONARCHS GOING,
ON THIS SUNNY, FALL DAY?
THEY'RE GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER,
DOWN MEXICO WAY!

THEY WERE HATCHED IN THE SUMMER,
ON MILKWEEDS, TALL AND GREEN;
AND FIRST, THEY WERE CATERPILLARS,
AS CUTE AS YOU'VE SEEN!

THEY WERE STRIPED IN THREE COLORS,
IN BLACK, YELLOW, AND WHITE;
AND BIRDS WOULD NOT EAT THEM,
BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T TASTE RIGHT!

THEN THEY FORM A CHRYSALIS,
AND EVERYBODY KNOWS WHY;
'CAUSE THEY'RE THROUGH BEING CRAWLERS...
THEY NOW WANT TO FLY !

THEY EMERGE AS BUTTERFLIES,
AND THEY PUMP UP THEIR WINGS;
THEN THEY BEGIN THAT FIRST FLIGHT,
AND THEY FLY LIKE THEY'RE KINGS!

AND THEN IN THE AUTUMN,
AS I MENTIONED BEFORE;
THEY HEAD SOUTH FOR THE WINTER,
IN HUGE NUMBERS GALORE.

THEY NUMBER IN THE MILLIONS,
AS THEY FLY SOUTH FOR GOOD REASON;
THEY WANT TO LIVE THROUGH THE WINTER,
SO THEY CAN COME BACK NEXT SEASON!



HERE ARE DOZENS & DOZENS OF MONARCHS,
ROOSTING ON TREES IN MEXICO.

NEW WORDS:

NECTAR - The sugary liquid that plants produce in their flowers that attract insects.
(noun)

CHRYSALIS - The hard shell or covering of the pupal stage of caterpillars as they transform into butterflies.
(Noun)

The ADVENTURES of MORGAN P. MOUSINGTON



THIS IS A STORY (SERIAL) THAT WILL BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUES

It was a beautiful morning in the Millikan Mountains. The air was clean and crisp. The sky was a spectacular blue. The wind was not blowing. It was a perfect day for a hike.

The Mousington family had just begun a day-long hike. They were going to the very top of Mount Snowmore. They had planned this hike for the last several weeks and now they had a perfect day for it. What could make the day any better?

Mr. Mousington was the leader of the hike. He loved to go hiking with his family. He loved to show them the beautiful sights as well as show them how to avoid trouble on these ventures. He wanted them to be SAFE as well as ENJOY themselves.

"Don't get too far behind," he would yell back to Mrs. Mousington. "If we get separated, that makes it easier for something to try to get us."

Mr. Mousington was always worried about the wild animals, particularly hawks, that would watch for mice along the hiking trails.

Mrs. Mousington always walked at the back of the line during the hike. She would make sure that the two children would keep up and not get distracted. Melanie, the oldest, rarely would get distracted. Morgan, on the other hand, was constantly stopping and looking at things and slowing the hike down.

On this hiking day, Morgan was being the typical Morgan. He would stop and pick up certain rocks he would find along the trail. He would stop and stare at a grasshopper that was perched on the leaf of a bindweed. He would stop and listen to the chatter of a

squirrel, high up in the pine tree that swayed very slightly overhead.

"Morgan Pierpont Mousington," his mother would yell, "Would you TRY to keep up? If you continue to dawdle along, we will never get to the top of Mount Snowmore before it gets dark. You know that your father wants to get to the top before the sun goes down."

Well, nothing really changed about Morgan's behavior after his mother talked to him. The little mouse continued to move very slowly and stop often to look at those things around him.

Mr. Mousington was getting concerned that the family was not getting along very quickly.

"We will never get to the top by sundown at this rate," he muttered as he looked up at the sun. "This is just ridiculous!"

As Mr. Mousington turned around to discipline his young son, he saw Morgan looking into what appeared to be a gopher hole near the edge of the hiking trail.



"Don't you even think about getting into that hole," shouted Mr. Mousington, very sternly. Whether Morgan heard his father or not we don't know. What we do know is this....Morgan crouched down on his knees to look into the hole. Then he lost his balance and fell! Morgan had fallen into that hole and **DISAPPEARED!**

TO BE CONTINUED !



YOUNG WRITER'S DIGEST

We are reserving this portion of our newspaper for our young writers to submit stories they have written. We suggest that, if our teachers provide "writing times" for their students, some of those stories created during those sessions could be "proofed," and then submitted to us. We would then select from those submittals from all of our classrooms a story for each issue and that story would appear in this section of our newspaper.

We would suggest that these stories that the students would write would be between 500 and 750 words.