

SKYTALKING



with



ARISTOTLE & BURGGOO

A Newspaper for 2nd and 3rd Graders

Volume THREE - Early Winter 2013

NEWS from the CLASSROOMS

Mrs. Reed's Fall Party

by *Alani Leon*

Mrs. Reed's 2nd graders had fun at their fall party. Students and teachers dressed in costumes. First, we got to walk in a parade around the school in our costumes. Next we ate caramel apples, chocolate dipped pretzels, brownies and popcorn balls. Then we got to play games called mummy wrap and pass the pumpkin. Finally, we went home. We are looking forward to our next one!!!!

(Alani is in Mrs. Reed's 2nd Grade class @ Maize Central)

MCE's Fall Party

by *Noah Bothell*

Our school, MCE, had Fall Parties. Students and teachers dressed in costumes. Mrs. Reed's 2nd graders got to walk in a parade around our school and we were in our costumes. Next, we ate caramel apples, brownies, and popcorn balls. Also, we played games and had so much fun! And when the class went home, Mrs. Reed wanted to do it all over again!

(Noah is in Mrs. Reed's 2nd Grade class @ Maize Central)

THE WICHITA SNOW FORECASTING CONTEST

Vladimir Villiam Vulture I

(Grandpa)



Vladimir Villiam Vulture III



Burgoo's
Favorite
Weatherbird!

My grandpa has seen wild snowstorms in Siberia, big blizzards in North Dakota, huge mountain snows in Colorado, and even saw snow fall in Florida. He knows a lot about snow and what it takes to forecast snowstorms.

THESE ARE the GUYS THAT WILL BE COMPETING WITH YOU and YOUR CLASS

KANSAS ANIMALS

THE COYOTE

I'M a MEMBER of the DOG FAMILY,
BUT I'M NOT A VERY GOOD PET;
SO I MOSTLY LIVE OUTDOORS,
EVEN WHEN ITS COLD and WET.



I LIVE OUT IN THE WILD,
in the PASTURES and the PRAIRIE;
AND I HOWL IN THE EVENING,
(SOME FOLKS THINK I'M SCARY!)

AND JUST AFTER SUNSET,
I'M a CANINE ON the PROWL;
THAT'S A GOOD TIME for HUNTING,
and ALSO TIME to HOWL!

I SOMETIMES HUNT ALONE,
BUT MORE OFTEN WITH a BROTHER;
WE USUALLY HAVE MORE SUCCESS,
WHEN WE RELY ON ONE ANOTHER.

I AM THE WILEY COYOTE,
OUT LOOKING FOR SOME FOOD,
AND 'WILEY' MEANS I'M CLEVER.
AND SOME FOLKS SAY I'M SHREWD.

I LIKE TO HUNT for RABBITS,
or MAYBE a SQUIRREL, or a MOUSE.
or SOMETHING in the BIRD FAMILY,
LIKE a CHICKEN, or a GROUSE.

We RAISE OUR FAMILY IN a DEN,
WHICH IS a TUNNEL UNDERGROUND;
AND OUR CHILDREN ARE CALLED PUPS,
AND THEY LOVE to RACE AROUND!



SOME PEOPLE DON'T LIKE COYOTES,
THEY THINK THAT WE ARE CRUDE...
THEY DON'T LIKE THAT WE ARE HUNTERS,
BUT MY FAMILY MUST HAVE FOOD!

NEW WORDS:

SHREWD - clever or keenly aware of things.
(adjective)

CANINE - relating to dogs or the family of dogs.
(noun)

PROWL - To move about or roam around stealthily
when hunting or looking for food or prey
(verb)

The ADVENTURES of MORGAN P. MOUSINGTON



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

In our last episode, Morgan had just yelled up to his Dad that he had found something very unusual as he searched the hole for a way out.

"Dad, you won't believe what I just found. It is a doorway into the FLOOR! And it is marked: **"SECRET PASSAGEWAY - KEEP OUT"**

Mr. Mousington thought that was very interesting. He was quiet for a few seconds.

"How big is the door?" yelled Morgan's father.

"Oh, it's smaller than the average door. But it's big enough for me to get through."

"This Passageway might just be the way for Morgan to get out of there," the father thought.

"Oh, and Dad," yelled Morgan. "There's something else. There's a LOCK on the door."



"You mean the door is locked so you cannot open it?" asked his father.

"Yep," replied Morgan. "I pulled on the lock and it's really locked. I can't open it."

"Well," said his father, "I guess you need to keep looking for another way out."

"OK," said Morgan. "I'll look some more."

Just when Morgan picked up the flashlight again and started to point it toward another room in this hole, he heard a noise from that door marked "SECRET PASSAGEWAY."

He pointed the flashlight toward the door and he could see that the lock had suddenly opened.

"Dad," yelled Morgan, "there's something weird going on down here. Now the lock is unlocked and I did NOT even touch it."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Mousington. "You mean the lock suddenly became unlocked?"

"Yes!" yelled Morgan to his father. "I heard a noise and when I looked, the lock was unlocked."

"And you didn't see anybody or hear anybody?" asked his father.

"Nope. Zero. Notta. Nothing!" replied Morgan.

Morgan reached over and removed the lock from the latch and then he began lifting the door. The door hinges creaked very loudly as the door opened.

"Well, it sounds like this door hasn't been opened for a long time," said Morgan. "It squeaks really loud."

"Morgan. I'm not sure I want you to go into wherever that door leads you. We don't know what might be in there," exclaimed Mr. Mousington.

His father had a very worried look on his face.

"Well, Dad," replied Morgan, "What if this is the only way out of here? This may be the only way out."

"Yes," replied his father, very softly, "but it also might be the way to get yourself hurt... or lost, or...."

Mr. Mousington's voice trailed off into silence.

Morgan started shining his flashlight toward the area in front of him. He slipped through the door and then he saw a sloping wall of dirt that led to another dirt floor below.

"Wow," Morgan yelled. "I'm in this new room now, Dad, and I am looking around and I see a lot of boxes and there is a...wait a minute, that's not what I thought it was. **Hold everything, Dad!** This room has a... nope it's not one of those either. Dad this room has the darndest thing I have ever seen. Dad, you really should come down here and see THIS!"

TO BE CONTINUED !



YOUNG WRITER'S DIGEST

Burgoo asked his great Uncle, Percy Pichón the Pelican Author and Poet, to write something for this portion of the newspaper. Here is what Percy wrote:



**Guest Author:
Percy Pichón**

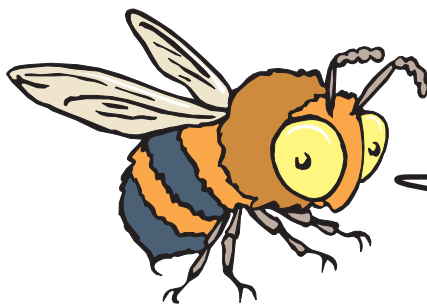
Hi, Students in Kansas! It is my pleasure to write something for your newspaper. Burgoo hopes that my writings will make you want to write something for this newspaper!

First of all, when Burgoo asked me to do this, it made me remember the great times I had when I was young like you! I remember when I was in Elementary Pelican School. I had so much fun in those days! There was a lot to learn. But, we sure had a lot of fun.

My school was in my home town, which was Houma, Louisiana. By the way, you say HOME-uh when you pronounce my home town.

The one thing that I remember the most were the “spelling bees” we used to have in our classrooms. They were so much fun!

I have a picture of one of our “spelling bees” right here.



CAT?
Yes, I can spell cat!
C -- A -- T

Okay, that was a little joke.
I hope you enjoyed it!

Percy