

The Chicken Adventure

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By Krista Halbleib, age 9

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This is how my adventure began. In 2006, on

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Mother's Day we were looking for chicks and we went

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to a store. They did not have any left, so we went

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home.

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The next day my mom called all the places she

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could find; then she found a place with even the right

k ie ea ow ay s ea ie

breed we wanted, the Ameracuanas!!

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Later in the afternoon we went and got four

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chicks. They were two weeks old, and they were so

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cute!! We had to put a heat lamp over them so they

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wouldn't get cold. We also had them in a box, and

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they had food and water too. We had to give them

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fresh water and food every day, and we also held
o ea ea o oa
them a lot.

We joined a 4-H club, and the next year we got
ea oy k ks ea
more chicks. I had fun taking care of them and
oa ay kay uv
getting them ready for fair. For fair I had to wash
ea oa ay oa ay oo o
them, practice holding them right, and look for bugs.
k s oa ie ou oa z
I sold three chickens and two died, so I have seven
oa ea z oo oa
left. I still have the seven. I hold them a lot still, and
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they are very fun to watch.
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By Krista Halbleib, age 9

This is how my adventure began. In 2006, on Mother's Day we were looking for chicks and we went to a store. They did not have any left, so we went home.

The next day my mom called all the places she could find; then she found a place with even the right breed we wanted, the Ameracuanas!!

Later in the afternoon we went and got four chicks. They were two weeks old, and they were so cute!! We had to put a heat lamp over them so they wouldn't get cold. We also had them in a box, and they had food and water too. We had to give them fresh water and food every day, and we also held them a lot.

We joined a 4-H club, and the next year we got more chicks. I had fun taking care of them and getting them ready for fair. For fair I had to wash them, practice holding them right, and look for bugs.

I sold three chickens and two died, so I have seven left. I still have the seven. I hold them a lot still, and they are very fun to watch.

Blackberry, My Cat

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By Eero Halbleib, age 8

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We have a cat named Blackberry. When we got
ea k ay ea ea
her she was a little black kitten with a little spot of
ea uz ul ul uv
white. When we got home we played with her, and
ie ea oa ea

she was soft and furry. She is a fun cat.

When I feed her she follows me, and she plays
with dragonflies. She likes to catch mice and birds
and bugs, and sometimes she scratches us. This is
okay; she is a nice cat.

A long time after that when it was fall, Blackberry
played in the leaves. Some times she comes up with
us in our playhouse. We have chickens that she plays
with. Soon she will have kittens.

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The **Little Stray** Dog

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By **Brian Reese**

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The **little stray** dog **showed** up **one** day **as** Mom
ul wu z
pulled in the **driveway** **after** **work**. **She** **was** **young** and
ie u ea uz
skinny and her **ears** **were** full of **ticks**. **She** ran up **to**
ea z uv ea oo
Mom, **th**ough, **wagging** her **tail** and **licking** Mom's
oa ay z
hands **as** if **to** **say**, "Hi, Mom! Did **you** **have** a **nice** day
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at **work**?"
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Mom didn't **know** **where** the dog had **come** **from**
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but she instantly fell in love with her. "Hi there!" said

Mom, petting the dog. "What is your name?" And it

came to Mom suddenly that the dog was named

Naomi.

Mom kept the dog and fed her. She washed

Naomi and carefully removed the ticks from her

ears. Soon, Naomi was fat and healthy again.

When I was born, Naomi had been living with my

Mom for several years. I was born with two crooked

feet. As if understanding something was wrong,

Naomi was very gentle with me. When I started

learning how to walk, I had a lot of trouble standing

up. I would fall over a lot and get hurt. Naomi would

stand very still and let me pull up beside her by

holding on to her hair or even her ears. She never

complained that it hurt. Once I was up, she would
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take very small, slow steps with me, while I held on to
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her hair.
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Eventually I did learn how to walk. I had surgery
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on my feet that allowed me to walk on my own. But a
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few years later, my brother was born. He had crooked
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feet, too. And again, sweet old Naomi, despite her
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age, would be slow and gentle, never complaining
ayj ea oa j ul ku ay
that my brother would climb on her or pull her hair.
ie u k ie oa ay

Naomi was getting very old, though. She mostly
ayoa ea uz ea oa oa ea oa ea
liked to just lie wherever she could find a warm
ie t oo ay ea k ie o
spot. Now it was her turn to have trouble walking as
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old age made her bones hurt.
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Finally one day my Mom told me she did not think
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Naomi would live much longer. Mom sat with her and
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wrapped her in a warm blanket. Two days before
 Christmas, Naomi passed away. I woke up that
 morning and Mom told me the old dog was gone. We
 buried her out in the woods with her Christmas
 presents she didn't get to open. I cried.
 My little brother was too young to really
 understand what had happened and he probably will
 not remember how she had helped him and me learn
 to walk, but Mom tells us the story. She says it is
 important we remember that a silly stray dog became
 our best and most trusted friend for many, many
 years. Mom says Naomi was like an angel who came
 to us from out of nowhere -- hungry, dirty, and
 covered with parasites. Mom could have thrown rocks
 at the messy stray dog that day so many years

ago. Mom could have yelled, "Go away!" But instead

Mom took her in, and Naomi became our friend.

Mom says it is important to remember to love all

the creatures, great and small, and treat all the

creatures with love. And to remember, that like that

dirty stray dog, some people get down on their luck

too, and we should be just as kind to them. We never

know who might be another Angel in disguise!

Brian, Everett and baby Garrison who was born three

months after Naomi passed away.

Editor's note:

The name Naomi comes from the Bible story of Ruth.

Naomi was a widow who had also lost her children.

She came back home after 10 years because, like
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 this dog, she had no place to go. Naomi brought with
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 her Ruth, who became the great-grandmother of King
 oo oo l kay ay u uv
 David.
 ay

The Little Stray Dog

By Brian Reese

The little stray dog showed up one day as Mom pulled in the driveway after work. She was young and skinny and her ears were full of ticks. She ran up to Mom, though, wagging her tail and licking Mom's hands as if to say, "Hi, Mom! Did you have a nice day at work?"

Mom didn't know where the dog had come from but she instantly fell in love with her. "Hi there!" said Mom, petting the dog. "What is your name?" And it came to Mom suddenly that the dog was named Naomi.

Mom kept the dog and fed her. She washed Naomi and carefully removed the ticks from her ears. Soon, Naomi was fat and healthy again.

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Eventually I did learn how to walk. I had surgery on my feet that allowed me to walk on my own. But a few years later, my brother was born. He had crooked feet, too. And again, sweet old Naomi, despite her age, would be slow and gentle, never complaining that my brother would climb on her or pull her hair.

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