

Animalzanian Times

September and October 2013

News of Interest

~Interesting Reading for Animals

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~Interesting Reading for Humans

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Bible Verses of the Month

“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”

-Ecclesiastes 12: 13-14

Flying Saucer Scares Humans!

In his new “flying saucer,” Roddy J. Russel set off on his journey through space on the first of September. He decided to flyby various planets in different solar systems on his journey, including Planet Earth.

Now, the Humans of Earth have very strange ideas in their heads. One of which is that a “flying saucer” means an alien attack. Mr. Russel, not knowing that they have such ideas, flew past Earth on the twenty-eighth of September. This caused much panic and uproar on the planet and was reported by the Animal ambassadors to Animalzania.

The King of Animalzania told the ambassadors to explain the cause of the “flying saucer” to the Humans. When they explained, the Humans freaked out again.

It seems to us that the Humans of Earth have always thought that “flying saucers” are the transportation ships of aliens. This idea seems to be supported and spread through science fiction stories and movies. We, of course, do not understand how people can think this way; but anyways, they are different people with different ideas – they are not like us.

Next time an Animal wishes to fly in a “flying saucer,” they must *not* pass by the Planet of Earth or enter the Milky Way Galaxy!

-Miss Elyzabeth McDunn

The President's Little Speech

My dear fellow county men,

I want to greet you as we begin on the month of October. In October and November, we hold a couple of festivals. In October, we hold the Pumpkin Festival which has recently added the Great Pumpkin Chase to one of its many attractions! Many of the children are very interested in the Pumpkin Chase.

There will be a pumpkin pie contest and a homemade jam contest. I will see you all at the Festival! God bless you!

Sincerely,

President Mr. Peter Fir (Josiah Riojas)



~Town News~

Weddings

There was one wedding in September. Luke How and Marget Spencer were married on the thirty-first! May they have a wonderful marriage which is lasting and happy.

-Pastor John Glenn

Missing Children Are Found

There was a small advertisement in August's newspaper which declared the following:

"On the thirteenth, Jake and Korn Killman were around town. They haven't been seen since. Please let Mr. Killman know if you have seen the two boys."

The two boys were found in September returning to town along Bye-Bye Road. When asked where they had been, they replied, "We just went camping for a few weeks in the Magical Charm Forest. We left a note in our dad's bedroom... We had a fun time."

The police then asked Mr. Killman if he had seen the note they had given him. He said that he had never seen any notes left by his sons. After examining his room, the police found a small note taped to the bedstead just behind the pillow which said: "Don't worry about us, Dad. We have gone on a camping trip in the Forest. Will be back in September. Your loving sons, Jake and Korn."

So the boys were telling the truth and that is why the Killman boys were missing for a whole month. Praise God that they have returned safely!

-N.R.

Fire in Pearl County

A large fire is sweeping through northern Pearl County. It is said to have been started when a sheep got lit on fire and fled into the forest. Thus the fire began. Who is responsible for lighting the sheep on fire is uncertain (though it is said that a two year-old giraffe did it).

Please pray that the heavy snow and rain that is expected any day will come and stop the fire before it burns more towns and kills more Animals.

-N.R.

The Great Pumpkin Chase

The weather is chilly, and the pumpkins are ripe. The Pumpkin Festival is going to be celebrated this month. Farjay is known for its delicious pumpkins and melons, and we celebrate every year by having a fair, contests, games, food, and dancing.

The Festival will be on the second and third week of October. A Ferris wheel, pumpkin judging, food competitions, and the Great Pumpkin Chase are just a few of the attractions of this year's festival.

The Great Pumpkin Chase will begin on the fourteenth and end on the last day of the Festival. The winner will be announced on that day, but details about the chase will not be given except on the fourteenth.

Come to the annual Pumpkin Festival!

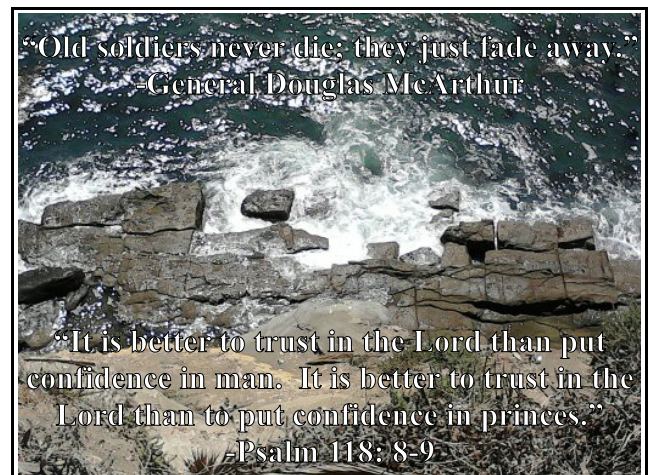
-N.R.

Tickle Your Funny Bone



Question: What school did Lancelot attend?

Answer: Knight's School!



National and World News

The Third Anniversary of Animalzania

Animalzania is now celebrating its third birthday! The *Animalzanian Times* has gone from being hand-written to being printed to being posted on the Internet. It has been fun working on the *Animalzanian Times*, though some years it has been challenging.

We all hope that this newspaper has been a blessing and comfort to its readers. We know it has been a great help to our Grandma, also known as Gramano. Thank you for reading this newspaper, and please pray for us to use it for God's glory and the spreading of the Gospel.

This newspaper has been read by over forty-four different people, and we have a grand total of eight members. We hope it has reached countless more individuals also.

God has blessed us very much, and we hope the three years of having the *Animalzanian Times* has been a blessing for you all. Thank you for all of your support!

-Courtney Riojas (the Editor and Writer)

Two Animals Found In Space

(This is was done for Gramano)

Early in September, there were two talking animals found in space. Their spacecraft seemed to have crash-landed in the moon, and when the rescue party from the Lunar Base arrived on the scene, they were almost dead. But God allowed them to revive.

The two animals are both similar to lions (lioness and lion), and they are brother and sister. They do not remember where they were from, but their names are Leo and Leola. The Rose family has kindly adopted these strangers and are making them feel comfortable even though they are aliens.

-Miss Elyzabeth McDunn

Civil War Breaks Out In Irisland

Unexpectedly, a civil war has broken out among the Irislanders. This peaceful nation has suddenly turned into chaos in less than a week. Though the cause is unknown, we suspect it has to do with the northern and southern Irislanders.

There has been major fighting in the cities of Lampum, Kimpur, Johnston, and Hirlockoma. About one hundred lives have been lost on either side, and fierce combat is still continuing.

Animalzania has decided to not become involved in this war.

-N.R.

Spies in Greenland County

Though terms between Spainaba and Animalzania have been under tension, there is no doubt that the nation of Spainaba will never be friendly with us.

On the 23rd, the Intelligence Agency discovered, located, and captured two Spainabaian in Greenland County. They confessed that they were spies and Animalzania is sending them to Spainaba.

The Spainabaian government replied saying that it was an insult of Animalzania to send back their spies (i.e. It would have been a complement if the Animalzanian government had killed them?). Animalzania replied politely that they were only returning them to the Spainaba people that way there would not be any cause of war. Apparently, the Spainabaian opinion of kindness is not the same as the Animalzanian.

-Miss Sarah Trotter





Written By Miss Elyzabeth McDunn

“Far From Home”

The blue, green, and white ball
Is home to me in this black void.
Surrounded by the stars and nebulae,
It gets lonely here to see
It spinning, like a top
'Round the sun,
And me alone up here.

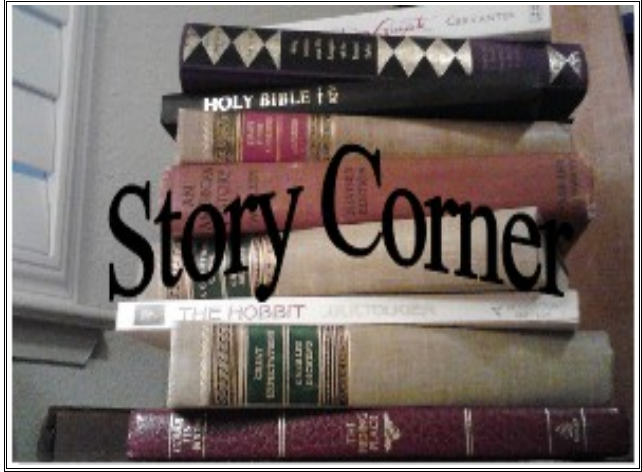
It makes me wish for home.
O, just to be on that Northern dome
And be satisfied to look up
At the stars, with my feet
Firmly on the spinning top's ground;
Than to look down
And see my world spin slowly 'round
The sun, with me in this large, black void
Far from home.

“Fog”

On mornings when the fog
Comes in,
I see a friendly bird
Standing on the wall.

He always stands looking
At the house
Nestled in the fog.

I love his presence there,
Standing on the wall alone
Like a sentinel in the fog.



Title: Is Not That Love?

Author: Miss Elyzabeth McDunn

Moral: Forgiveness

I heard that afternoon that the woman's husband was dying and that she was gleefully setting the table to have a party with her friends. My mother, being one of them, had received and invitation that day to celebrate with her that evening.

“Gretchen,” she told me as I sat upon the couch that evening, “I want you to go down to her house (she didn't have to mention her name because everyone knew what *her* meant) and tell her that I will not come to the party she is hosting tonight.”

“Must I?” I asked – more out of dislike for the woman than for doing a chore.

“Yes, I have to see to your pa's lunch. Go, Gretchen.”

Wearily, I got up and left the house. As I walked down the street toward the woman's house, I found myself thinking of how hate-filled her life was. How bitter, this woman was, of her husband who now lay dying and was at death's door. “Oh, God, how can You change this woman's life. It is so full of misery, hate, and bitterness. Can You change it?”

I ascended the wooded steps of the woman's house and knocked on the door.

“Come on in,” greeted a happy voice.

“Come right in, the party is – oh! Gretchen!”

The old woman paused in the center of the living room with a tray of china in her hands. Her eyes sensed that I had something to say. “What is it?”

she ordered sternly.

"I... well, my mom wants me to tell you that..." I couldn't continue with those eagle-eyes of hers staring fixedly upon me.

"Out with it, young girl! I don't have all day. Speak up!"

"My mom wants you to know that she cannot come to your party tonight." I blurted those words out quickly and hoped that would be all I had to say.

"Why does she not wish to join me?" she asked looking at me keenly.

I faltered. She had not said why she didn't want to come, but knowing her well-enough, I knew why. "Out of conviction that a celebration over the death of one's husband is wrong." I braced myself for a torrent of words.

"Your mother!" The woman set her tray down upon the side table with such force that one of the china cups fell crashing upon the floor. "She is a fool!"

"She is not! You..." I stopped my lips before I could continue speaking.

"She has a good husband. She knows not what tortures I go through with that man." She looked in disgust at the door behind which the dying man lay. "She is a fool. Today I am celebrating the death of a man who never truly loved me."

"Still you can love him," I insisted softly. "What has he done that has made you so cruel... so, so merciless and unfeeling?" I couldn't stop myself.

"How can one love a man who daily belittles you, taunts you, and hates you. How can one live knowing that the man you married and swore an oath to live with 'till death do us part' hates you? Is it human to love such a man?" She stared at me. Her eyes flaming in passion. "Is it? Can one find love in the bottom of their heart for such a man? No! From the day I gave up the hope of his ever loving me to this day, I can find not one ounce of the heavenly love in my heart with which I promised him that spring day to be his wife! Is it possible for me to love that man!" Her voice rose shrilly as she continued. "Is it possible!" She lifted her gnarled finger and pointed at the door across

from us which, I knew, contained the dying man. "Is it possible to love that man! The man whose every word shows the hatred which he has poured out upon me these thirty years. How can you say it is possible to love him! I have no love for that man! Tell me, Gretchen; tell me truly if you could love that man if the things I had happen to me happened to you? Tell me!"

I confessed that I might not. "But," I added, "there is One who has gone through such abuse and yet loves us."

"Who?" cried the woman in anger. "Can someone go through what I have gone through and yet find it in their heart to love?"

"Yes," I replied slowly. "The Lord Jesus Christ." I saw her eyes light up in confusion and wonder. So I continued swiftly. Stumbling as I went, I tried to explain the story of His love. "God created us long ago, and we fell into sin when Adam and Eve ate the fruit from the tree God had told them not to eat. We have all sinned and hurt God so very much with what we do. Yet... yet God so loved the world and the fallen sinners in it, that He sent Jesus, God Himself, and suffered, paid atonement for our sins by dying on the Cross for us. We who have rebelled and hurt God, have now a gift of salvation paid for by God Himself. If that is not the epitome of love, I know no other which can be compared to that. He loved us, and we hated Him. Yet He died for us – still loved us though we are rotten! Is not that love?"

The woman looked at me; her eyes were full with tears and sorrow. She began to speak but choked on her words as two tears trickled down her withered cheeks. At last she said in a broken voice, "Aye, that is love! If God Himself did that for me and forgave me of my sins, then I must do so to my husband no matter how badly I have suffered under his hands." She looked at me and smiled as she took my hands in her aged ones, "Thank you, Gretchen. Thank you." Turning slowly from me, she walked to the closed door where her husband lay, opened it, and went inside.

Standing alone in the middle of that disordered living room, I pondered the amazing hand of God which I had seen in that hour.

There, before my eyes, I had witnessed a one hundred and eighty degree turn in her life. For this I was happy. Through the door I heard the soft muffled voice of the couple as they talked together for the last time. Sadly, I turned and left the room knowing that though her life had changed, the man was going to die. "Let them be together for at least an hour so that they can make things right with one another, dear God," I pleaded within my heart as I walked down the porch steps.

The next morning, I learned that she and he had been able to speak together for two hours before he died and passed into the Father's arm (for he accepted Jesus Christ into his heart an hour before he died). That woman was saddened by her husband's death for many months and finally found a joy to live for a year after his death. As I write, I can see her knitting away in her living room for the orphans of our town. She has opened up her home to me when my family died six-months ago, and together we live very happy lives, praise God!

THE END

~The Opinion Cubbyhole~

This is a section of the newspaper which is to be devoted to letters sent to the *Animalzanian Times*, and it is for those who enjoy writing funny, comical letters full of nonsense or facts. Please send us some letters and we will put them in here and the Editor will reply to them. Make sure they are appropriate and funny.

To the Editor,

I would like to complain about your terrible, utterly terrible, news articles. There is not one spark of laughter in them and sometimes I think I find tear drops on the pages of the *Animalzanian Times*! Your newspaper is utterly, terribly serious! I can't find one joke that will make me laugh, and, let me tell you, I am cutting off my subscription to this newspaper!

I find laughter and such happy articles utterly demoralizing. Make people cry and moan not sit there laughing fit to kill! I am utterly, unsatisfiedly upset about your newspaper.

From Mrs. I-don't-smile

To Mrs. I-don't-smile

We are sorry that you can't find our newspaper funny, and we are sorry that you can't find our newspaper serious. We are having a tough time deducing what you meant in your letter, and I apologize if my reply is rather 'short.'

The *Animalzanian Times* strives to make people laugh and not be serious as tombstones. Thus, we make the articles have a funny twist in them which causes people to laugh at how stupid people (or Animals) seem to be. We are sorry that you cannot enjoy this newspaper, but we will not and cannot change it to being both serious or funny (which ever you meant).

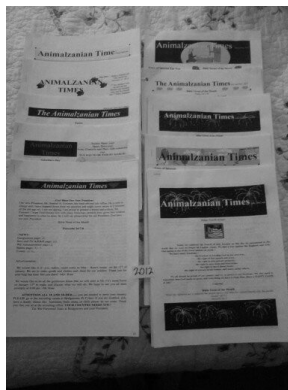
From the Editor.

P.S. Next time, could you be a bit more explicit in your explanations for disliking our newspaper because at first I thought you disliked

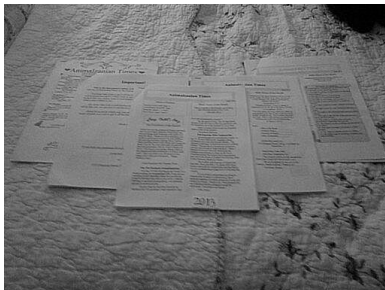
the seriousness of our newspaper (I don't think we are very serious) and then I really began to wonder if you disliked the funniness of the newspaper. Which did you mean? -The Editor



The Animalzanian Times in 2011



The Animalzanian Times in 2012



The Animalzanian Times in 2013

In honor of the *Animalzanian Times*' third anniversary, we have decided to tell how we make the newspaper. It has been fun slowly developing this newspaper and making it more advanced in its ways of communicating to the readers. We wish to thank you for everything you, readers, have done for us which is reading this newspaper.

In 2010, Courtney and Josiah decided to create a club which was based upon stuffed Animals and an imaginary world. Obviously, a club ought to have a newspaper, and Josiah and Courtney wrote articles, pasted them on sheets of paper, designed illustrations, and stapled the finished product together for the enjoyment of their family.

This they did until June 2011 when Courtney wished to give out the newspaper to her friends and great grandma, Gramano. The problem which they faced was the same problem that the people in the olden days faced before the invention of the printing press. They would have to copy and paste by hand many, many copies of their newspaper; and she knew it would be weary, hard work to do that.

With their dad's advise, they began typing it out on the computer, printing it, and sending it out to relatives and friends. This they have done and continued doing though the *Animalzanian Times* can now be found on the Internet.

The process of making the *Animalzanian Times* is basically planning, typing, and thinking. First of all, they plan the articles for that month's edition of the newspaper: what articles they will make continuations of, what articles they will add, etc. Secondly, they type it out. Courtney does the majority of the typing nowadays while Josiah sends in a few articles now and then. Thinking is the third and most important part. The most common mistake in the *Animalzanian Times* is typing errors which Courtney needs to pay attention to because she types too fast and doesn't catch them. The *Animalzanian Times* is made through planning, typing, and thinking.

The *Animalzanian Times* is fun to make and read, but there are many behind-the-scenes problems which have been encountered over the three years of writing, typing, and publishing.

**~How We Make
This~**

The one possibly least noticed is when the reporters have used up all of the ideas in their head and cannot find any articles to write about (I say this is possibly the least noticed because the *Animalzanian Times* “always” seems to published every month). But, praise God, the reporters still are able to think of some articles to make!

The second problem is timing, and this is the one problem which is most noticed by the readers of this newspaper. Some months, the newspaper is sent out at the beginning of the month, sometimes at the end, and sometimes it is even sent out a month later (for example: some editions are supposed to be sent out in June but are published in July). This is due to the lack of time the Editor has to prepare the newspaper or rather the lack of time the Editor spends on the newspaper. We apologize for any inconvenience this has caused to any of the readers.

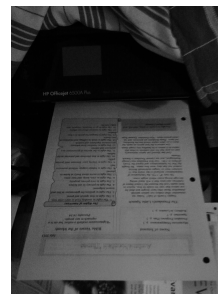
The third problem, and the one mostly felt by the reporters is the lack of the readers' (more importantly the members') involvement in the newspaper. We would love getting articles, poems, stories, and jokes from the readers, but few have ever done so. We would like to thank Ayla Williams for being the first member and reader to send in a poem for the newspaper. We would also like to thank the members who were in the Art Contest for their involvement in the newspaper. What we most wish for is that more of the readers, members especially, would get involved in the *Animalzanian Times*.

God has blessed the *Animalzanian Times*, greatly these three years, and we hope that you all have been blessed through it. May God bless you all!

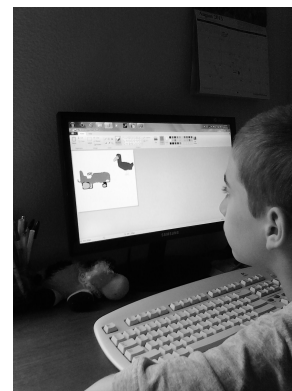
-Miss Elyzabeth McDunn



All of the Animalzanian Times 2010-2013



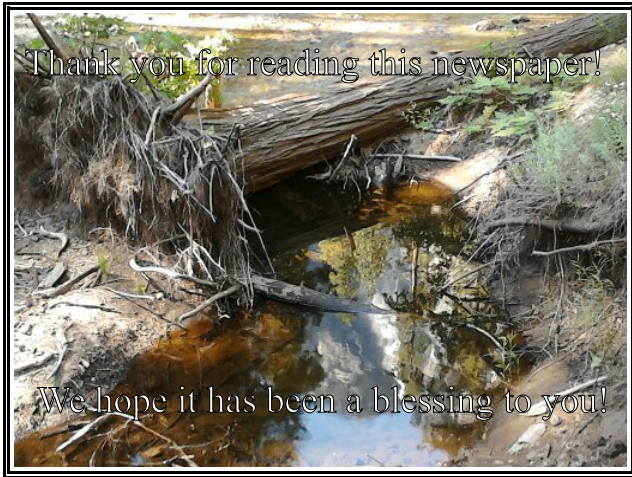
Printing



Preparing an advertisement for newspaper



The Animalzanian Times in 2010



Editor: Miss Courtney Riojas

Editor's Helper: Mrs. Riojas

Reporters: Miss Elyzabeth McDunn, Miss Sarah Trotter, and William Burghs

Printers: Mr. Riojas and Miss Courtney Riojas

Illustrator: Miss Courtney Riojas

If you would like to become a member, have a question or comment, or want to send in a fiction article, story (one with morals), or poem to the newspaper, please email:

courtney.riojas@riverleaves.org

www.riverleaves.org/AT



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