

Taddle Creek

No. 33 \$5.95





Hi kids.

Welcome to *Taddle Creek*. It's a magazine you've probably never heard of before. That's because *Taddle Creek* is usually a magazine for grown-ups. But why should grown-ups have all the fun? Just between us, sometimes it seems like grown-ups are trying to have more fun than kids these days, and that's not right.

So *Taddle Creek* put together this special extra-fun issue just for you. It's filled with lots of stories and comics and games and things to make and do. Everyone involved had a great time putting it together, and they hope you have just as much fun reading it. In fact, maybe you'll like it so much that one day, when you're older, you'll send *Taddle Creek* eighteen dollars for a subscription of your own!

If you'd like to let *Taddle Creek* know what you thought of this issue, send a note to editor@taddlecreekmag.com. In the meantime—enjoy!



The **KIDS'** ISSUE

TADDLE CREEK.



FICTION

2 THE GIANT'S KNOCK
By Philippa Dowding

12 THE DICTIONARY
By Cary Fagan

POEMS

5 THE NOTAPOTAMUS
By Dennis Lee

18 THE MAZE
By JonArno Lawson

COMICS

10 TORONTO TUNNEL MONSTER
By Jay Stephens

20 LIKE A SPARROW
By Claudia Dávila

THE URBAN FOREST

6 NATURE'S WHITE WONDERS
By Ronit Novak

MUSIC

16 I AIN'T RACIST, BUT . . .
By Friendly Rich

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

22 SUBWAYS, BUSES, AND STRETCARS
By Conan Tobias

ART

26 IT'S A MONSTERPIECE!
By Conan Tobias

9 FUNGIRL AND GAMESBOY

19 FUN SCIENCE FACTS

25 FUNGIRL AND GAMESBOY

32 KIDS' COLOURING CONTEST



D.I.Y. CORNER
By Matthew Daley
(Insert)



COVER
"Under the Influence"
By Frank Viva



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts
du Canada



ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO
an Ontario government agency
un organisme du gouvernement de l'Ontario



FICTION

THE GIANT'S KNOCK

BY PHILIPPA DOWDING

What you have to know about this ghost story is that it's weird and more than a little scary. But this is how the story was told to me, so I really can't change it. You've been warned. Imagine if you will, a dark summer night, a swamp, a lonely cabin, and a mysterious TAP! TAP! TAP! in the woods.

Kate's flashlight bounced along the path. Jake struggled behind with Gus, his grandpa's hound dog. The woods were dark, and a little creepy. There was swamp all around, waiting to grab you.

"Where is this new cabin, Kate?" Jake asked.

No one would ever be able to find it if they didn't know exactly where to look. Jake gulped.

"Don't worry . . . the swamp creature hasn't killed anyone for a few years," Kate laughed.

Jake pulled Gus along a little faster. Kate's flashlight bounced along the path, then . . .

TAP! TAP! TAP!

"W-w-what's that?" Jake whispered.

"It's a woodpecker, Jake, geesh, calm down!"

They walked further along the dark path . . . then, up ahead, a glow in the trees. The cabin!

Jake was glad to see warm light spilling out into the dark

night. As they got closer, a creepy white grin leapt out at Jake. He gasped and hesitated. Leaning up against the cabin wall was a white skull and antlers. It stared and grinned at Jake in the light from the window. Kate pointed at it.

"That's a moose skull and antlers Chris and I found back in the swamp last year. Dad is going to help us hang it above the door. It's really old, since it's bleached so white from the sun."

A skull?

"That'll . . . uh . . . look great above the door," Jake said, trying to sound impressed.

The moose skull was a little gruesome, and it came from the *swamp*. The huge skull stared at him with empty eye sockets. Jake pretended to like it, but he hoped it didn't give him nightmares. He had to think about something else. There was a huge, muddy circle leaning beside the moose skull.

"What's that?" Jake asked.

"We don't know. We found it yesterday in the swamp. It's really heavy, though. It might be metal. We still have to wash it off."

A gold glimmer caught Jake's eye, deep under the mud. Jake thought the circle looked familiar somehow.

Kate opened the cabin door. Her twin brother, Chris,

was in the kitchen cooking. It smelled fantastic.

“S’mores!” Chris said happily. “Do you like chocolate and marshmallows and graham crackers, Jake?”

Jake smiled. At least the inside of the cabin seemed normal. “Of course!”

He dropped his backpack in a corner, and Gus flopped down and fell asleep. The three friends ate delicious s’mores until Kate finally said it was time for ghost stories and unrolled her sleeping bag in the middle of the floor. Chris and Jake unrolled their sleeping bags too.

Kate switched off the overhead light and brought out a flashlight. Chris turned off the little stove and the cabin got dark and spooky. The flashlight beam bounced off the walls, jiggly and strange.

Jake sat on his sleeping bag and pulled out his own flashlight. He was glad—so very glad—that his grandpa insisted he take it along.

“O.K., this is a true story . . . it happened around here a long time ago.”

“Is it about the swamp creature?” Jake blurted out. He really didn’t mean to, but he couldn’t help it.

Kate shook her head. “No, that’s *last* year’s story. Besides, everyone knows *that* story isn’t real. This story I’m going to tell you *is* real. It’s about a farmer’s field . . . and a giant hand,” she began.

Chris lay on his sleeping bag with his hands under his head, looking at the ceiling. He guffawed. “Oh, not this story, Kate. It’s stupid! It’s not even scary!”

Kate scowled at her brother.

“It’s true, Chris. And it’s *creepy*. Now, quiet and listen.”

Jake was more interested in creepy than scary. His mind started to wander to swamp creatures. He sat up straighter.

Kate went on in a quiet, whispery voice.

“O.K. This is a true story, and it happened a long time

ago right around here. One day a farmer and his son woke up to a terrible sound. It got louder and louder. They were too scared to get out of bed, it was so loud. It was like chainsaws, like a million worker bees, like a sound you recognized but didn’t want to be real. They tiptoed downstairs . . . the noise was coming from the kitchen! Slowly they . . . opened the creaky old kitchen door . . . and peeked inside. . . .”

The flashlight flickered on Kate’s face as she spoke. Her eyes looked dark, her forehead huge and weird. Jake clutched his own flashlight, his eyes wide.

“Do you know what was in there? The *grossest* thing you can imagine,” Kate breathed.

“N-n-no. What was it?” Jake whispered.

“FLIES! Millions of huge, HUGE flies! They came in the open window. There were so many flies, the farmer and his son couldn’t open their eyes, and they couldn’t open their mouths to scream for help. The flies were everywhere, buzzing in their faces, sticking to their skin, crawling in their ears, clinging to the ceilings and walls.”

“Gross,” Jake said in a tiny squeak.

Flies?

“Yeah, and these weren’t any ordinary flies, either. These were giant flies, like butterflies, like bats, like birds! WAY TOO BIG to be normal. So the farmer and his son took one look and slammed the kitchen door and ran outside, screaming. The air was filled with buzzing like a million chainsaws, it was driving them crazy. But then they saw something even grosser. . . .”

Kate paused. She grinned and the light from the flashlight bounced off her teeth and forehead, making her eyes look huge and empty, like sockets. She looked like a skull come to life.

Jake tried not to think of the horrible moose skull



propped up against the wall outside. He stared at her, barely breathing. His flashlight started to shake, and the light on the ceiling trembled like it was crawling . . . with flies! He couldn't sit still.

Chris was lying on his sleeping bag, looking up at the wooden beams in the ceiling. He seemed bored.

Kate went on, dropping her voice really low.

"They *smelled* it first. A terrible reek that made them gag. They put their sleeves over their noses and mouths." She lifted her arm and covered her nose.

"Then they *heard* the buzzards and crows, screaming and shrieking." Kate covered her ears, like a loud noise was hurting her.

"Then they *saw* it. Up in the field. The grossest, most disgusting thing you could ever imagine . . . a huge lump of rotten goo. Just a giant hill of blood and gross gooey stuff. *What was it?*" Kate demanded.

Jake shook his head, his mouth open. He couldn't speak.

"The thing was rotten . . . *dead*. And it was *swarming* with the biggest flies you've ever seen! The farmer and his son covered their noses with scarves, their eyes with goggles, and their heads with straw hats. Then they rode their tractor into the field. Closer and closer they got . . . to the *thing*. Then they saw it. . . ."

Kate paused and looked at Jake. He was barely breathing. The cabin was so dark and quiet and way out in the middle of the woods. No one was around to help. Anything could be out there . . . waiting. Any enormous, dead, gross thing.

Jake gulped, his heart pounding.

"What was it?" he whispered, clutching his flashlight to his chest.

"It was a *giant . . . corpse . . . hand*," Kate whispered back, her voice cracking.

"With five *HUGE* fingers, each as big as a tractor. It was just like a normal human hand, except it was as big as a shed. And it was rotting, and it reeked. White bones stuck out where the flesh was missing. The buzzards and crows circled and dive-bombed . . . but the worst part . . ."

"Yeah?" Jake breathed. *What could possibly be worse than a huge rotting hand crawling with giant flies?*

"It was wearing a *WEDDING RING!*" Chris shouted in a loud voice that made Jake and Kate jump.

Gus woke up and whined, wagging his tail down low, and slipped over to Jake's side. Jake put his arm over Gus's back and stroked him. He was glad to have something to hug; it hid his shaking hands.

"A *wedding ring*? That's so creepy!" Jake said.

Chris carried on in his loud, out-of-place voice.

"Yes, a wedding ring. It was huge and it had a message engraved in it. It said, 'TO M, LOVE L, ON OUR WEDDING DAY.'"

Jake looked at Kate, who nodded. "That's what they

say," she said solemnly.

It was the single weirdest thing Jake had ever heard.

A wedding ring?

Jake was about to ask how anyone knew what was engraved on the ring, but Chris interrupted him. He was laughing and shaking his head.

"No one believes that story, Kate, a) because it's impossible, and b) because it's just stupid. Where did the giant hand come from? How did it end up in the field? What was it doing there? And where's the proof? Honestly, you think up the stupidest things, I don't even know where you get this stuff."

Kate looked hurt. "I'm not making it up! Mrs. Cody, the librarian in town, told us about it at a ghost walk last year. It really happened, like a hundred years ago or something, right around here. Sometimes weird things just happen. There doesn't always have to be a reason or proof for something weird to happen. It was just some strange thing that happened to a farmer around here, that's all."

"O.K., what happened to the hand then? If there was a giant hand in some farmer's field, where did the bones go? Why didn't all the news stations in the world come to town to report it? How come *you're* the one telling me about it, and not some important historian?"

Jake was glad that Chris was making so much sense. It was a creepy story, but if you thought about it, it didn't seem *real*. It was pretty far-fetched.

Kate shrugged as she spoke. "Well, Mrs. Cody said that the farmer and his son hooked the tractor up to the thing and dragged it into the swamp. They just left the horrible hand right there to rot. No one made a big deal about it because they buried it and kept it quiet. And when anyone asked, they denied it ever existed."

Then two really weird things happened.

Gus woke up and started barking, which made Jake and Kate almost jump out of their skins.

Then *something* knocked on the window.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

Jake and Kate looked at each other. Jake didn't make a sound—he couldn't.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

"You two are such babies," Chris said.

He walked across the cabin and opened the door wide. A *giant hand* reached into the cabin, clutching the muddy golden circle from the swamp.

Then a huge voice whispered: "GIVE . . . ME . . . BACK . . . MY . . . RING!" ✎

(Adapted from the upcoming Jake and the Giant Hand, by Philippa Dowding. © 2014 by Philippa Dowding. All rights reserved. Published worldwide by Dundurn Press.)



POEM

THE NOTAPOTAMUS

BY DENNIS LEE

I thought I saw a potamus,
Asleep upon a cotamus,
But when I reached the spotamus,
The potamus was notamus.

It must have got monotamus,
Just sleeping on that cotamus—
So, feeling hot-to-trotamus,
It took off like a shotamus!

O naughty notapotamus,
I liked your style alotamus.
In story, song, and thoughtamus
You're gone, but not forgotamus.



NATURE'S WHITE WONDERS

Not all eastern grey squirrels are grey!

BY RONIT NOVAK

One sunny autumn afternoon, Paul and his daughter, Tennille, were having a picnic in Toronto's Trinity Bellwoods Park. After lunch they tossed a few pieces of bread toward a nearby tree to try to entice some neighbourhood wildlife down for a visit. They were hoping to catch sight of a squirrel. But the squirrel that eventually climbed down from its tree to munch on Paul and Tennille's snack wasn't what they were expecting—it was a squirrel as white as snow! Its eyes darted across the golden leaves that lay between it and the inviting bread. Slowly and carefully, it crept a little closer.

Toronto is home to the eastern grey squirrel. Although it's hard to guess just how many squirrels live in Toronto, ask any kid who walks to and from school and she'll tell you: there are lots. Eastern grey squirrels spend most of their lives up in the trees, where they eat, sleep, and travel great distances without ever touching the ground. They leap like acrobats with powerful back legs and use their sharp claws to cling to branches. Sometimes they end up dangling after an ambitious jump, but can usually hoist themselves back up again.

Eastern grey squirrels have long, curved fluffy tails that are often as long as their bodies. A squirrel's tail helps the squirrel balance as it walks and jumps around. In the winter cold a squirrel's tail also acts as an extra layer of warmth to snuggle with and block the wind. You may think a squirrel is showing off to you when it twitches its tail from side to side, but it's really just telling its pals how it's feeling, or trying to scare off a potential predator, like a curious cat or an overly playful dog.

Although they are happy to move into your attic or crawl space (if they can get in), most squirrels build nests. Sometimes a squirrel makes its nest inside the hollow part of a tree. Other times, a squirrel will make a nest of leaves and twigs, called a "drey." Squirrels build their drey high up in the crown of a tree, on a strong limb near the trunk. Mother squirrels give birth to about two or three babies, usually twice a year. Squirrels are ready to leave the nest and move out on their own when they are about three months old.

Squirrels eat mostly nuts they find in trees. Toronto's

squirrels are well fed, often eating scraps of food left behind or dropped by people. They rarely ever lack for snacks in a big urban city—especially with people like Paul and Tennille so eager to feed them.

Despite their name, not all eastern grey squirrels are grey. In fact, many of Toronto's eastern grey squirrels are black or a mix of black and grey, called "salt and pepper." Either way, their shiny dark fur is perfect camouflage for scuttling up the trunk of a silver maple. The white squirrel that visited Paul and Tennille was a special kind of squirrel. Not many people get to see a white squirrel, and those who do usually can't believe their eyes. But what makes a squirrel white? Colour in our hair, eyes, and skin is created by special cells in the body called "pigment" cells. Once in a while, the pigment cells in animals make barely any colour, resulting in white fur. This is called "leucism," and it is passed on to some squirrels from their mother and father: if a squirrel has two white squirrels for parents, for example, that squirrel will also be white. Leucism doesn't make a squirrel unable to do anything black, grey, or brown squirrels can do. The only difference between them and other squirrels is their white fur.

Some people get very excited when a white squirrel crosses their path. To see one dart about is like spotting a shooting star—as quickly as it's there, it's gone. But because they are so bright against trees, bushes, and grass, they don't blend in the way their darker cousins do, so they are easier for people—and predators—to see. It is only during the winter when they are safely protected, hidden by blankets of snow.

Toronto is proud of its small population of snowy-white eastern grey squirrels, and has many landmarks that celebrate them. You can't miss the big painted white squirrel on the sign of the White Squirrel Coffee Shop, at Queen Street West and Walnut Avenue. (And you won't want to miss their signature White Squirrel ice cream!) There's also White Squirrel Way, a newer street whose name came from anonymous suggestions provided by patients and staff of the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health. Toronto's former deputy mayor Joe Pantalone says he chose the name White Squirrel Way because it



celebrates the diversity and unique beauty of the surrounding neighbourhood.

Torontonians do all they can to help keep white squirrels out of harm's way. In 2012, a nine-week-old female white squirrel was brought to the Toronto Wildlife Centre after being struck by a car near Trinity Bellwoods Park. The staff took great care to heal her wounds. They wrapped her in a blanket to keep her warm, and gave her medicine to be sure she made a full recovery. After a few weeks of bed rest, the little white squirrel was good as new and scampering back into the park to munch on acorns and pizza crusts.

As Paul and Tennille lured their white squirrel closer, they noticed its eyes glancing up and down, from the sky to the tempting bread. "What could it be?" Tennille asked

her dad, wondering why the squirrel was so hesitant to come closer. Then in a flash the white squirrel spun around and darted back up the tree, leaving the bread untouched. Barely a split second later, Paul and Tennille noticed the dark shadow of a large red-tailed hawk. As the shadow grew larger and closer the hawk swooped down just above the bread. If the white squirrel had not been so careful, the hawk surely would have caught it in its beak and enjoyed a snack of its own. Luckily the white squirrel was clever and fast—it knew would be seen against the autumn leaves and saw the hawk coming. Although their fur can sometimes put them at a disadvantage, white squirrels are able to live and flourish just like squirrels of other colours. They show us there's nothing wrong with being different. And maybe that's what people love about them most. ✦

EXETER IS NUTS ABOUT SQUIRRELS!



Spend an afternoon at MacNaughton Park, in Exeter, Ontario, and you're likely to spot a number of white squirrels frolicking in the grass and scampering up tree trunks. The white squirrel is the adopted symbol of Exeter, and a source of civic identity and pride. The town, a three-hour drive west of Toronto, proudly declares itself "Home of the White Squirrel." Tourists

flock to Exeter just to catch a glimpse (and hopefully snap a photo) of one of the special little critters, which residents call their "white wonders." Exeter's mascot is—you guessed it—a white squirrel, who can be seen at parades and festivals. Walk down Main Street and you'll quickly be reminded of Exeter's unique furry inhabitants, with images of white squirrels

on lampposts, street signs, and garbage bins. In 2001, the area surrounding Exeter passed a bylaw to protect and conserve the white squirrel, making it illegal for anyone to trap, injure, hunt, or otherwise kill a white squirrel. With laws to protect them and admirers to feed them, it's no wonder that these "white wonders" have thrived in Exeter.

FUN AND GAMES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS WITH

FUNGIRL® AND GAMESBOY®

by manale

(answers at bottom of page)

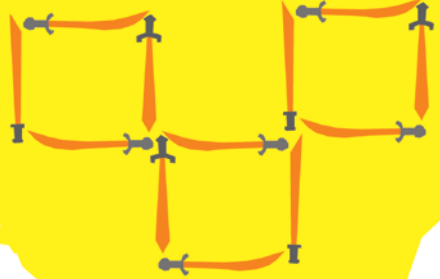


Unscramble the letters to see who the most popular super-heroes are!

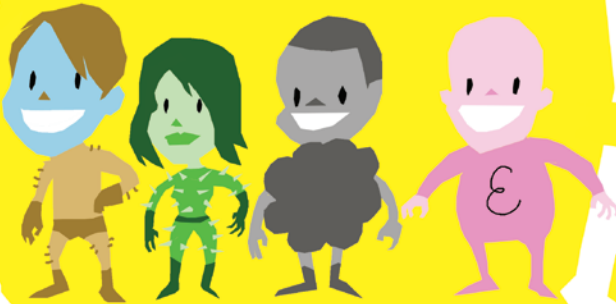
1. NRIO AMN
2. RENWOD NOWAM
3. PAINCAT AIMCARE
4. REPIDS-MNA
5. KHUL



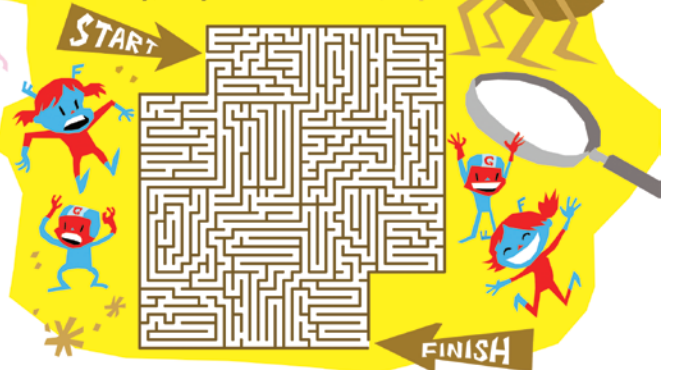
Sword-Boy's twelve swords make three squares on the ground. Can you make four squares by only moving three swords?



Mat-Man, Kid Cactus, Stormcloud, and Eraser need their helmets before they can fight crime! Can you match the helmets to their owners?



The Ant Queen shrunk Fungirl & Gamesboy down to **ant** size! Use a magnifying glass to help guide them through this teeny, tiny maze!



- ANSWERS:
1. Iron Man
 2. Wonder Woman
 3. Captain America
 4. Spider-Man
 5. Hulk

TORONTO TUNNEL MONSTER

AN UNKNOWN SPECIES OF SUBTERRANEAN HUMANOID...

FROM THIS WORLD? OR ANOTHER?



July 2014

CREATURE CLASSIFICATION:



ALIEN



CRYPTID



DEMON

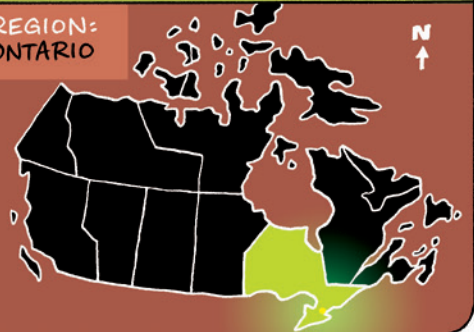


GHOST



WITCH

REGION:
ONTARIO



REALITY CHECK:

HOAX

NO WAY

YES WAY

TRUE

UNBELIEVABLE → BELIEVABLE

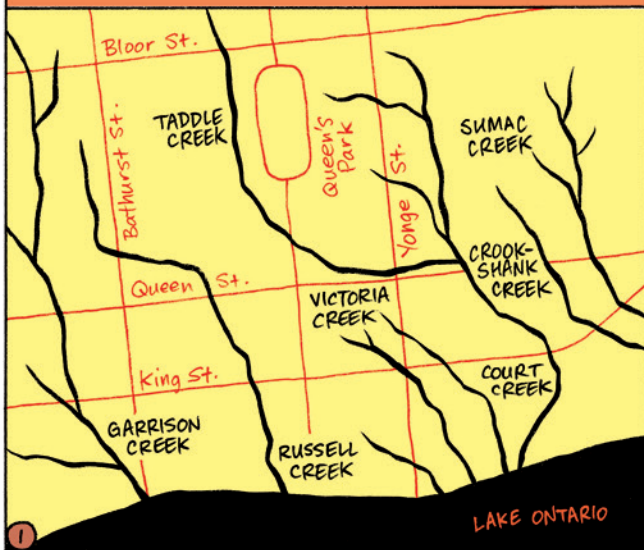
THREAT LEVEL:

LO

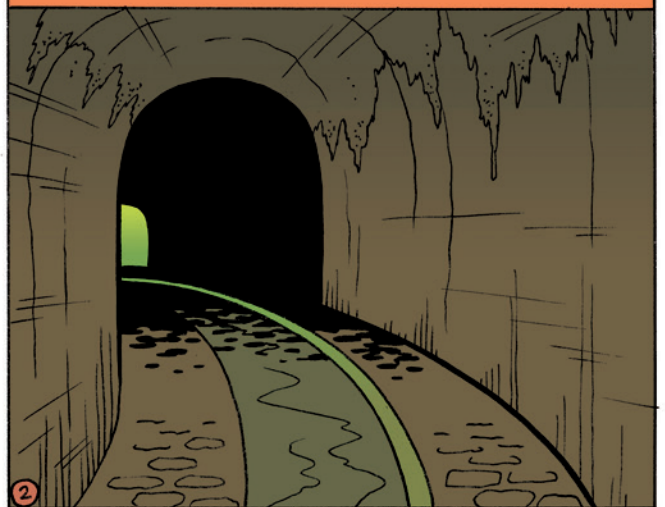


HI

LONG AGO, MANY CREEKS AND RIVERS RAN THROUGH THE CITY OF TORONTO...



AS THE CITY GREW, THE WATERWAYS WERE COVERED OVER TO MAKE SPACE FOR MORE ROADS AND MORE BUILDINGS.



BURIED AND FORGOTTEN ARE MANY KILOMETRES OF OLD, DANK, STONE TUNNELS ~ A LABYRINTH BENEATH THE SIDEWALKS.

IN 1979, A MAN NAMED ERNEST CLAIMS HE SAW A BIZARRE CREATURE IN THE CATACOMBS BENEATH PARLIAMENT STREET WHILE SEARCHING FOR A LOST KITTEN.



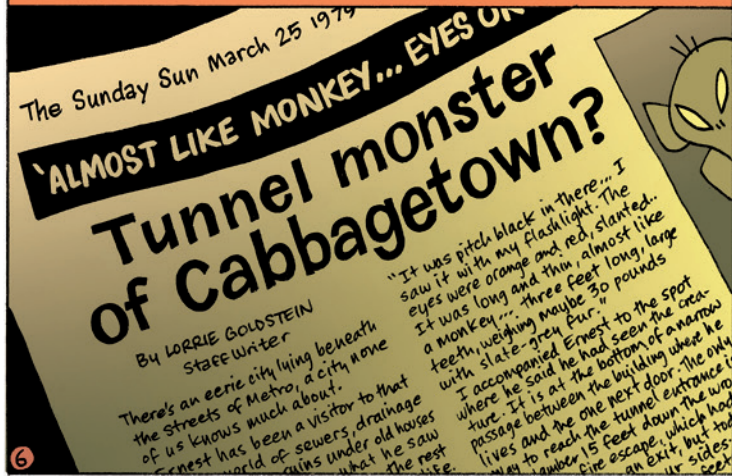
IT HISSED AT HIM ...



... BEFORE SKITTERING OFF INTO A SIDE TUNNEL.

A NEWSPAPER REPORTER FROM THE TORONTO SUN WENT DOWN INTO THE CAVERNS WITH ERNEST TO INVESTIGATE. THE SIDE TUNNEL HAD RECENTLY COLLAPSED, AND THEY FOUND NO SIGN OF THE MONSTER ...

THEY **DID**, HOWEVER, STUMBLE UPON THE HALF-BURIED REMAINS OF AN ANIMAL. EVIDENCE OF A PREDATOR, PERHAPS?..



WHO KNOWS WHAT WEIRD THINGS LIE WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED RIGHT UNDERNEATH YOU?!?



FICTION

THE DICTIONARY

BY CARY FAGAN

When I was twelve years old my family had to pack up quickly and leave our house.

Papa woke me by shaking my shoulder.

“Get dressed quickly. The war has started.”

My mother, older brother, and sister were already up. I understood: the Nazis had invaded Belgium. It meant we had to leave Brussels and everything we knew. It meant the future was unknown.

We travelled through France and Spain to Portugal. Sometimes we travelled by train, sometimes we got a lift in a cart pulled by horses, and sometimes we walked. We slept in farmers’ haystacks and in empty houses. One night we even slept in a great castle. It was cold. I could hear rats scurrying along the stone walls.

Sometimes I was afraid. Mama reached out to hold me in the dark.

We kept moving.

We stopped in the port of Lisbon. Papa tried to find a country that would take us in. But there were so many like us, and we were all unwanted.

At last Papa got us visas for a place called Jamaica. I had never heard of it but Papa said it was an island across the ocean.

The ship rocked on the waves. My brother, sister, and I all got seasick. I rocked and moaned for hours. Then the storm ended and the sun came out. People emerged from below deck. A family of musicians came out to play waltzes.

I stood on the deck and felt the fresh sea air on my skin. I didn’t feel as scared. I thought to myself: maybe this is the start of an adventure.

“I see land!”

We ran to the rail of the ship. There was a long beach. There were skinny trees with big leaves at the top like drooping petals. The sun was hot.

Down the gangplank we walked, relieved to be on shore. We climbed into the back of a truck. The truck rattled down the road.

“Are we free now, Papa?” asked my older brother.

“No, not yet,” Papa said. “We have to go to a camp. There we will live until we find a country that will take us in.”

The camp was surrounded by barbed wire. The barracks were built of wood, and each one was divided into small rooms. Our family got a room. There was also a dining hall. Nobody could leave without a pass from the camp commander.

The people already there showed us where to take showers, where to scrub our clothes. They warned us to beware of scorpions. “Terrible creatures!” said an old man who lived in the next room. “A single prick from the scorpion’s tail can kill you.”

Mama made sure we checked our beds before getting in.

Papa said we would need money to start life over again in a new country. But the camp rules forbade work of any kind, so Papa snuck out to a nearby market. He

bargained for leather and brought it back to our barracks.

Sitting on the bed, Mama and Papa cut and stitched the leather. They made a wallet, a handbag, a pair of gloves. The next day Papa returned to the market and sold them to a merchant, bringing back more leather. I was afraid he would get caught sneaking in and out of the camp. But Papa just smiled and told me not to worry. He wasn't afraid of anything.

My brother joined the soccer team. He was crazy about soccer. All he talked about was the pass he made, or the goal he almost scored. My sister made new friends and spent all her time with them. But I wanted to study.

Papa once told me that a country was a good place to live only if its laws were fair. So I had decided to become a lawyer. I would need to go to university, and right now I wasn't even in school. But in the camp were many educated people who had also left their homes. Maybe they would teach me.

The first person I approached was Professor Finkelstein. I found him sitting under a palm tree reading a book.

"Professor Finkelstein," I said, "what did you teach at the university?"

The professor looked up.

"History and philosophy."

"I would like to study history and philosophy," I said.

"And I would like to teach," he said. "Come and sit beside me."

If I had one teacher, why not find more? I went to see Mr. Kosar, who used to work in a bookshop. Mr. Kosar knew how to speak English.

"Tree," he said in English, pointing. "Door."

I repeated the words. My father gave me money and I got a pass and walked into town to buy a big red book called *Chambers English Dictionary*. Every day I memorized twenty new words and tried them out on Mr. Kosar.

I found Madam Chardin folding sheets. Madam Chardin had been a science teacher in a girls' school. She agreed to teach me biology and mathematics.

Each day I ran from teacher to teacher. Any task I could do for them—fetch water, mail a letter, chop wood—I gladly did. Everything I learned excited me. It seemed that I could never know even a small portion of the world's knowledge.

One day Papa announced that he needed a new pair of trousers.

"I can't go to the market in these rags," he said. "I need to look like a businessman."

"New trousers?" said Mama. "Your vanity will be the end of us. Well, we sold three purses yesterday. Go ahead and get your trousers, Mr. Handsome."

Papa winked at us. He knew he would get his way. I followed him to the tailor in camp, a man who had once run a shop on the rue de Rivoli, in Paris. Papa didn't have enough money yet, but he asked the tailor to save him some good cloth.

"I have just one roll of fine cloth," said the tailor. "I'm going to make you the most beautiful new trousers you've ever seen."

Although I was learning a lot from my teachers, I knew I would never be able to enter university and become a lawyer if I didn't finish high school.

Papa believed there was a solution to every problem.

"All you need to do," he said, "is find a school and



convince the principal to let you in.”

This didn't seem so simple to me. But the next morning I received permission to take a bus to the nearby private school. The building was old and elegant. Boys in uniform were playing a game on the lawn they said was called cricket.

I knocked on the headmaster's door. Using my simple English, I told him about my situation.

The headmaster looked at me over his glasses. He stroked his beard.

“I would like to help you, but you have no doubt fallen far behind the other students.”

“But I've been studying hard with the professors and teachers in camp.”

“Yes? All right, then. I'll give you some paper. Write me an essay on all that you have learned. Then I'll decide.”

The headmaster left the office and I started to write. I wrote about leaving our home in the middle of the night. I wrote about sleeping in a field and an empty castle. I wrote about my father and mother and brother and sister, about Professor Finkelstein and Mr. Kosar and Madam Chardin.

“Ever since I left my home, it has been night,” I wrote. “But going to school, that would be daytime. That would be the sun coming up.”

The headmaster read my essay.

“Yes,” he said, “you belong here.”

Every morning I took the bus to school. At lunch the headmaster sat with the students and talked about history, about the war, about art and literature. He had a record player and put on music by Bach and Mozart and Benny Goodman and Bessie Smith. All of it was wonderful.

When I returned to camp, Papa and Mama, brother, and sister sat at the small table sewing gloves and wallets.

“The scholar is home,” Papa said, patting me on the

head. “Now pick up a needle and help.”

In June the students had to write final exams. Professor Finkelstein and my other former teachers helped me to prepare. Even my brother and sister asked me questions.

I sat with the other students in the school auditorium. After each three-hour exam I was exhausted. The headmaster sealed our answers to send to England and be marked by professors at the University of Cambridge. I only hoped that the ship carrying them across the ocean wouldn't be torpedoed by an enemy U-boat.

Meanwhile, Papa had put away a few pennies each day until he finally had enough to pay the tailor. One afternoon he came into the barracks and announced that his new trousers were ready.

“Come, all of you,” he said to us. “I want you to see me wear them for the first time.”

“You have to make a show of everything,” Mama said, but she came along, too.

“We're going to see Papa's new trousers!” announced my brother and sister to everyone we passed. Soon a crowd was following us just as if we were in a parade.

The tailor ushered Papa behind a ragged curtain. We could see his stocking feet when he took off his worn shoes, then his patched trousers. He pulled on the new trousers. The tailor pulled open the curtain.

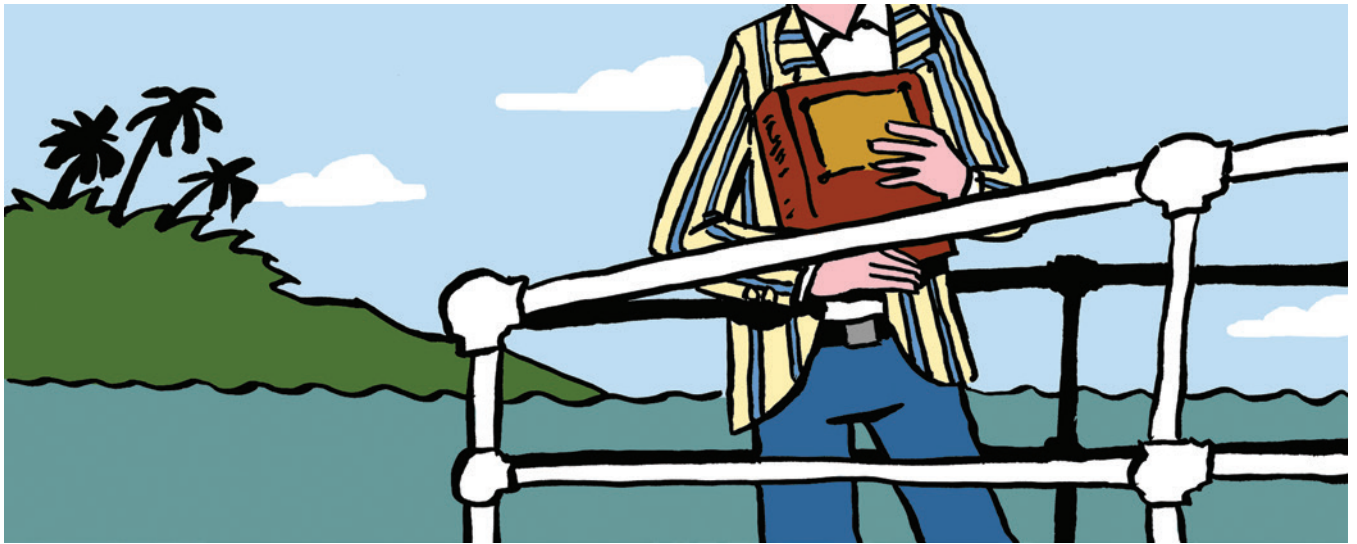
“Ah!” said the crowd.

“I admit, you look very well in them,” Mama said.

Everyone cheered. The family of musicians struck up a march. Papa began to stride down the main street of camp as we all followed behind him.

Papa stopped.





His eyes opened wide.

“What’s the matter now?” asked Mama.

Papa whispered: “A scorpion. I felt it just now in my trousers. The stinger touched my leg!”

I had never seen my father afraid before, but now his face turned pale. His arms and legs shook. Nobody knew what to do, not even my old teachers.

“Save my husband!” wailed Mama.

I knew that Papa needed my help. Stepping forward, I said, “Papa, you have to drop your trousers.”

“In the middle of the street?”

“Yes. And very slowly. You mustn’t disturb the scorpion.”

Everyone agreed. Papa nodded. He tried to hold up his chin with dignity as he unbuckled his belt. He let the trousers slip slowly to his ankles. We all held our breath.

I saw something glimmer among the folds of the trousers. I leaned down and reached forward.

“Don’t!” cried Mama.

I held up the shiny thing.

“It’s a pin!”

“A pin?” Papa said. “Not a scorpion?”

The tailor blushed. “I must have left it in the trousers by mistake.”

Quickly Papa pulled up his new trousers. For a moment he looked angry but then he started to laugh. Everyone else laughed, too. Mama, brother, sister, and I rushed to put our arms around Papa.

Just then we heard a honk. The headmaster was driving in his Jeep down the main road of the camp. When he saw us he jumped out, waving a piece of paper. The exam results had arrived safely from England. I had passed!

The headmaster helped me apply to universities in England and America. All of them said the same thing: you are sixteen, too young. The headmaster had

studied in Canada and suggested that I apply to the University of Toronto.

I wrote a long letter explaining my situation. Many letters went back and forth. Finally a letter arrived to say that I had been accepted. I was thrilled, but at the same time fearful and sad, for going to Canada meant having to part with my family. Suddenly I didn’t think I could go through with it.

“You’ve worked so hard,” Papa said. “Don’t worry, we’ll meet up again.”

The day to leave arrived. Everyone came to the harbour to see me off. I had a small suitcase holding my few clothes and my *Chambers English Dictionary*. I cried and so did my brother and sister, my mama and papa. Papa gave me a present—a new jacket, made from the same material as his trousers.

From the deck of the ship I waved goodbye, wondering when I would see them again. I felt both like a child and an adult. I promised to remember everything my parents and my teachers had taught me.

When the harbour disappeared behind us I turned to look out toward the sea, toward the new life that awaited me, and I tried to be brave. ▽

AUTHOR’S NOTE

This story is based on the experiences of my father, Maurice Fagan. He arrived in Canada safely, and received his law degree from the University of Toronto. The rest of his family—my grandfather Max, grandmother Adele, aunt Adeline and uncle Henry—went first to Cuba and finally to Toronto, where they were reunited. More than seventy years later, my father still has his *Chambers English Dictionary*.

MUSIC

I AIN'T RACIST, BUT . . .

BY FRIENDLY RICH

q=120

1.2. Repeat until cued | 3.

A Vocal entry

Trombone

Drum Set

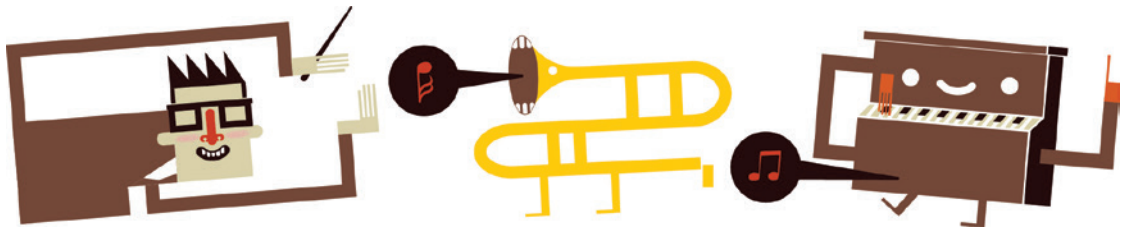
Piano

Electric Guitar

Electric Bass

Baritone

I ain't no r-a-cist but it's just as good a way to start this



7

1.

Tbn.

Dr.

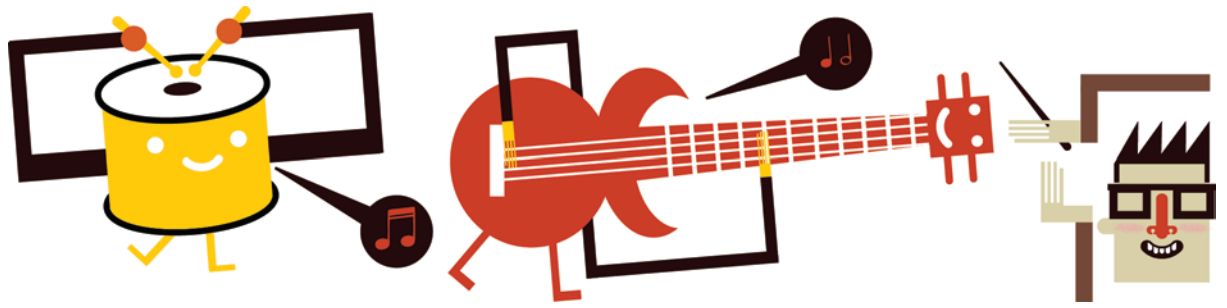
Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Bass

Bar.

song. If a-ny-bo-dy starts a con-ver-sa-tion by mutt'rin' those five words then you have got yer-self a pure-bred ra-cist that you can ig-nore.



12

Tbn. *[Musical notation]*

Dr. *[Musical notation]*

Pno. *[Musical notation]*

E. Gr. *[Musical notation]*

E. Bass *[Musical notation]*

Bar. *[Musical notation]*

'Ev - er you might do don't let them mis-con-strue them dir - ty words. I says I



The first 200 people to E-mail music@addlecreekmag.com will receive a code for a free audio download of "I Ain't Racist, But . . ." by Friendly Rich and the Lollipop People!

16

Tbn. *[Musical notation]*

Dr. *[Musical notation]*

Pno. *[Musical notation]*

E. Gr. *[Musical notation]*

E. Bass *[Musical notation]*

Bar. *[Musical notation]*

may be ma-ny things 'cept I ain't ra - cist, but . . . but . . .



POEM

THE MAZE

BY JONARNO LAWSON

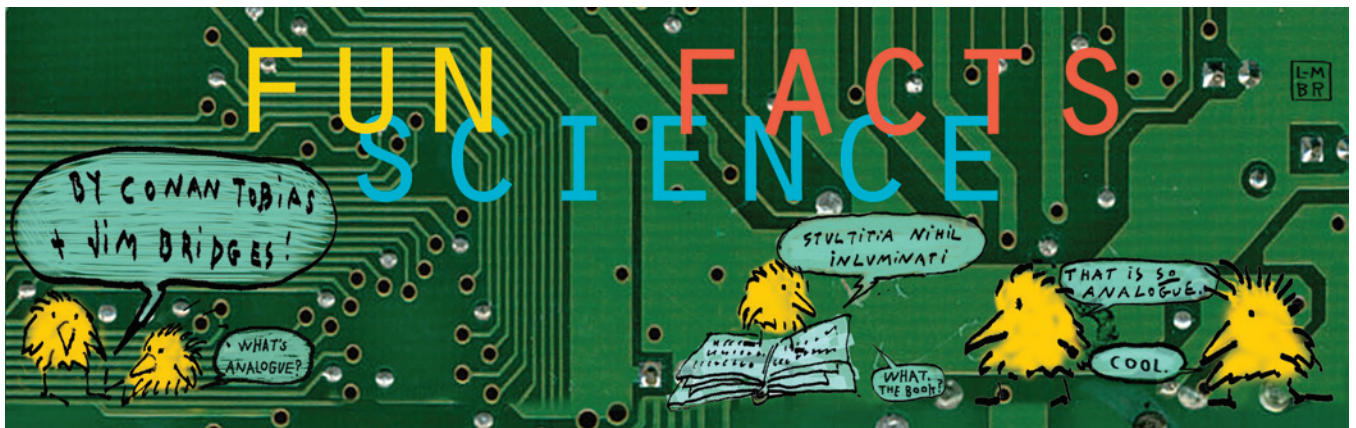
Ashey's friend Eva came over. She drew a maze
for me, full of impossible-looking obstacles, and challenged
me to get through it.

I got stuck immediately. I couldn't see a single possible path.
She seemed surprised that I couldn't do it.

She took her turn, and drew a line through all the barriers,
going straight to the end.

I asked her how she managed to get through it that way.

She told me they were just ordinary walls, and there was nothing
to stop a person from climbing right over them.



Welcome to installment No. 225 of Fun Science Facts, the world's exclusive authority on fun and/or science and/or either combined in any prescribed ratio. We'd like to extend a special welcome aboard to *Taddle Creek*, the latest addition to our growing list of global Fun Science Affiliates, which now includes more than four thousand leading newspapers, magazines, journals, blogs, Twitter feeds, and shortwave radio stations.

While Jim remains on indefinite assignment, overseeing the Swedish branch of Fun Science Facts, modern technology (as it is) allows us to collaborate across the Atlantic and answer your questions. And so, without further ado—boys and girls, this is Fun Science Facts.

If you shrunk a cheetah to the size of a silverfish, which one would win in a race? —Max, age 10.

Ah, the classic cheetah-the-size-of-a-silverfish question we never tire of answering, Max. We posed it to Rick Pollack, an entomologist at Harvard University, who took the question by the tail and ran with it.

An adult cheetah is approximately a hundred and twenty centimetres in length (not including the tail) and can run a top speed of around a hundred and ten kilometres per hour, which Pollack calculates as an impressive twenty-five body lengths per second. By comparison, a silverfish is 1.2 centimetres in length, but quantifying its speed is trickier. “Based upon experience,” said Pollack, “I would anticipate that a silverfish would be as fast or even a bit faster than a running American cockroach, but far slower than a running tiger beetle.”

Cockroaches have been clocked at 5.6 kilometres per hour, or thirty body lengths per second, meaning a silverfish would have a slight edge over the miniature cheetah. But there are other factors to consider, said Pollack: “Would the physiology of an imaginary miniature cheetah allow it to run at the same rate as could a genuine full-sized cheetah? I would bet they'd be a bit slower, and wouldn't likely have the same stamina, but who really knows?”

Now we know the first thing we'll be testing as soon as we get our hands on a shrink ray. And a cheetah.

Recently, I was traveling on a commercial aircraft while recovering from a head cold. As the plane descended, the pressure in my ears and sinuses became tremendous. Has anyone's head ever exploded on an airline flight due to changes in air pressure? —David Alan Barry, age 42.

It's always a pleasure to hear from you, Dave. Your nineteen years of letter writing remains a record that is both flattering and curious. To answer your question, we spoke to David Zingg, of the University of Toronto: “On a rapid descent, I imagine one would get more discomfort than usual in one's ears, but I'm sure no one's head has ever exploded.” Prof. Zingg added that your question was “pretty strange.” But as you of all people know, Dave, there are many questions Fun Science Facts finds strange, but none it finds dumb. So to further assure you, we checked in with James Powell, a pilot, who gave us his medical opinion that it's “not recommended to fly with a head cold. Since the air during a flight is less fresh than when you're in the outdoors, your cold may be more easily passed on to other passengers.” So Dave, fly the friendly skies with peace of mind, but remember that while Transport Canada has no specific regulations related to exploding heads, the Canadian Air Transport Security Authority does require that your bottle of nasal spray have a capacity of no more than one hundred millilitres.

And so ends another exciting episode of Fun Science Facts. F.S.F. will return again at its regularly scheduled time to further enlighten and entertain. And don't forget, kids: Jim and Conan will be appearing at the 18th International Symposium on Bioluminescence and Chemiluminescence, in Uppsala, June 23rd to 28th. Come up to either of us and say “Fun Science Facts Forever” and receive a free Fun Science Facts Burger: The Best Lab-Created Meat-Like Substance Grown in a Petri Dish That Money Can Buy.™ Until next time, remember: we are not men, we are Fun Science Facts. ☞

I Like a Sparrow

BY CLAUDIA DÁVILA

I watch the birds
from my balcony.

There's one,
all by itself.



Brown and grey and
white, like the city.

I think it's a sparrow.



What does it see
from way up there?

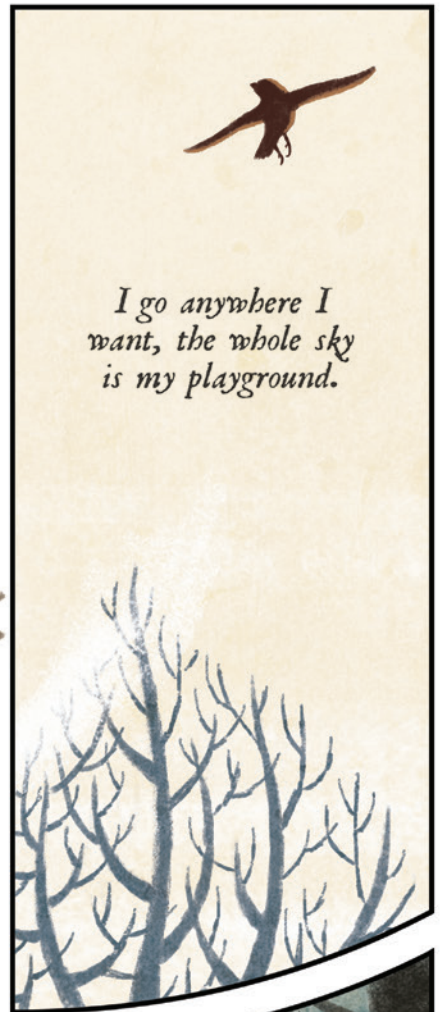




What does it
feel like to fly?



*My outstretched wings
carry me on the wind.*



*I go anywhere I
want, the whole sky
is my playground.*



*My friends chatter
loudly. I chirp back
and swoop around
in the air.*



*Perched up high,
I sit to watch the people
far below.*



SUBWAYS, BUSES, AND STREETCARS

While other kids play video games, Cole Fleming rides the rails and explores his city.

BY CONAN TOBIAS

Most kids who play with toy trains lay their track in a circle. Cole Fleming lays his in the shape of a U—just like the track of his favourite subway line. Cole was only four years when he first became fascinated by the subway. That’s when his mother, Teresa, started taking him to music classes. To get there, Cole and his mother rode a bus that stopped near their house, which dropped them off right at the subway entrance. From there, they took an escalator underground, to where subway trains run deep beneath the city streets. Cole liked sitting in the front car and looking out the window as the train made its way down the tunnel. He became very interested in how buses and subways worked. Whenever he could, he’d ask the people who drove the bus and subway lots of questions, and remembered all the things they did to make their vehicles move. “I think pretty soon he became more interested in the ride than in going to music class!” says Cole’s mother.

Cole lives in Toronto, a city with three subway lines, about a dozen streetcar routes, and lots and lots of buses. Together, these subways, streetcars, and buses make up the Toronto Transit Commission, or T.T.C., the city’s public transportation system. Public transportation is an important way of helping people get where they need to go, and each type of vehicle plays a different role. By running underground, subway trains avoid traffic and can move people over long distances very fast. Streetcars are a little like subway trains: they move along tracks, but they’re not as long and they run on the road. Streetcars are less expensive to operate than subways, and can still carry a lot of passengers, so they’re most helpful in busy downtown areas. Buses don’t carry as many people, but because they don’t run on tracks, they can go places subways and streetcars don’t reach. They’re especially useful in areas where fewer people live. All three forms of public transportation help passengers move around without having to use a car, and fewer cars on the road means less pollution and less traffic. If everyone travelled where they needed to go in a car, there would be so many cars on the road that no one would get anywhere! That’s why public transportation is especially important in big cities.

As Cole got older, he remained curious about public transportation. When he was six, Cole became friends with Joel, a bus driver on the route near Cole’s house. Cole always sat at the front of Joel’s bus so he could see what buttons Joel pressed and what levers Joel pulled. Joel could tell Cole was very interested in how his bus worked, and he always answered Cole’s questions. He explained to Cole how he got his bus-driver’s licence, how long he had to practise to become a good bus driver, how to open the bus’s door, and how to lower the bus to make it easier for people to get on and off. One time, he even let Cole make an announcement over the bus’s loudspeaker. Cole wished the other passengers a good morning, welcomed them to Joel’s bus, and thanked them for using the T.T.C.

When Cole started school and was about to get his first report card, he asked his mother if anyone ever gave Joel a report card. Cole’s mother told him she didn’t think so. “So how would Joel know if he’s doing a good job?” Cole asked. So Cole and his mother decided to let the T.T.C. know what a great bus driver Joel was. With his mother’s help, Cole wrote an E-mail to Andy Byford, the man in charge of the Toronto Transit Commission. To Cole’s surprise, Mr. Byford wrote him back. He said he was happy to hear what a good job Joel did every day. In fact, Mr. Byford was so pleased to get Cole’s letter that he made sure it was read out loud at a meeting of other people who worked for the T.T.C. “It was exactly the kind of letter we want to see from our young riders,” says Mr. Byford.

Mr. Byford wrote that he could see Cole was a big fan of buses, and invited him to visit the Hillcrest Complex, a big garage where the T.T.C. repairs its buses and streetcars. At Hillcrest, Cole saw buses hoisted up high for maintenance. He saw big engines being taken apart so they could be repaired. He saw the upholstery shop, where seats get covered and fixed. He even got to visit the paint shop. But most exciting of all, Cole got to drive a bus simulator. A simulator is something people use to help them learn to do things like drive a bus or fly a plane. A simulator makes you feel like you’re really driving, while you’re actually safely seated indoors. People learning to

drive in the T.T.C.'s simulator sit in the cab of a real bus that has been disassembled and fitted with video screens where the windshield and windows once were. The simulator has five screens in the front, and three more at the back that the driver will see when looking in his rear-view mirrors. These screens play a computer-animated street scene that reacts to everything the person in the driver's seat does, from turning the wheel to opening the door. Thanks to Joel, Cole already knew a lot about how to operate a bus, and his instructor was very impressed. "He crashed the simulator twice," laughs Cole's mother, "but they did say that he caught on to it quicker than some of the trainees."

Today, Cole is eight, and he still loves the T.T.C. Recently, Cole—accompanied by two adults—spent a whole Sunday exploring transit lines he'd never been on before. He rode a subway north, and then a subway east. Then he took a bus to Toronto's "rapid transit" line: a train that looks like a small subway, but runs above ground like a streetcar, on an elevated track that keeps it out of traffic. Cole took the rapid transit train south and then west to where the train met another subway. He took that subway further west, before getting on a bus, and then another bus that took him back home. When Cole goes exploring, he wears a T.T.C. toque Joel the bus driver gave him as a present. Sometimes, like today, his toque earns him a honk from a subway driver. It was a long day, but where some kids would rather spend their Sunday playing video games, Cole is happy riding buses and subway trains. "It's

fun to figure out all the routes to get places," Cole says. "Cars are boring."

Last year, Cole and his parents visited Chicago. Cole made sure a part of their trip included taking a ride on that city's subway system, which has even more lines and stops than Toronto's. Cole's mother is happy Cole has a hobby he enjoys. "He notices things, and he asks questions, and those questions lead to more questions," she says. "He doesn't just accept the first answer. He has an enquiring mind. He wants to know and he's got an organized approach to finding out things."

Mr. Byford thinks it's important for kids who live in big cities to be familiar with their public transportation system. "Knowing about transit is a good thing because it enables you to get around safely and be able to navigate your way around the system independently when you're older," he says. "We really want people to respect their community and respect transit. If they learn how to do that when they're young, they will be great citizens and riders of the future."

Cole has a lot of years of school left to finish, and there are still a lot of new things for him to do and see. But so far, Cole thinks he'd like to grow up to drive subways and buses and streetcars himself. "I get inspired by them," he says. "I really like it." Mr. Byford says if Cole studies hard and keeps learning, someday, Cole might be able to get his wish. "I think Cole is probably one of our biggest fans, and a great little ambassador," says Mr. Byford. "We're hoping one day he'll be a T.T.C. employee." ▽

MEET JOEL THE BUS DRIVER

Becoming a bus driver isn't easy. Just ask Joel Pinsk. By the time Joel started working for the Toronto Transit Commission, in 2008, he already had years of experience driving lots of different vehicles, including motorcycles and race cars. But Joel still had to spend several weeks studying, doing homework, and writing tests before being allowed behind the big wheel of a bus.

Joel says it takes even more than studying and experience to be a successful bus driver: "If you're able to deal with people who might be frustrated trying to get from Point A to

Point B, and you're able to stay calm and add a little humour in certain situations, those are the kinds of people the T.T.C. is looking for."

After five years of driving a bus, Joel was promoted to a job supervising other bus drivers, and today he trains new employees on the T.T.C.'s bus simulator, among other things. Joel says teaching other people how to be safe drivers is the job he always dreamed of—that's why he's always happy to answer questions from curious passengers like Cole. "Cole knows a lot of stuff because he's pretty inquisitive and pretty observant," says

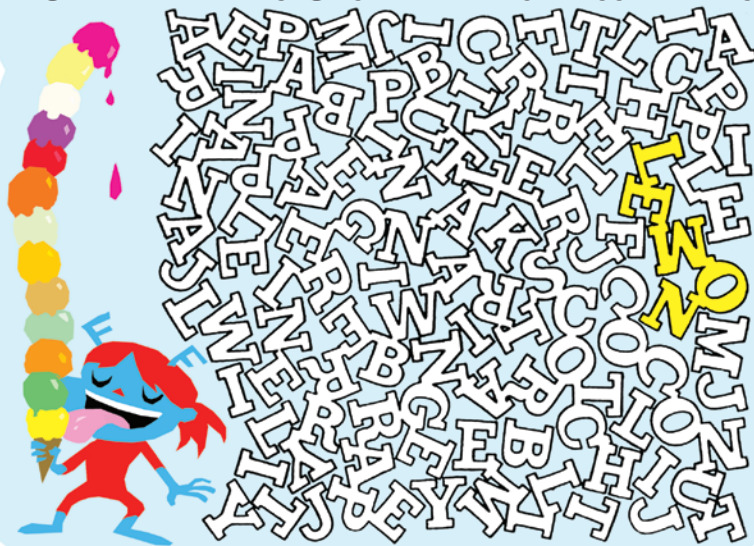


Joel. "If you show a major interest in what you do, you'll excel at it." And if anyone is proof of that—it's Joel!

FUNGIRL[®] AND GAMESBOY[®] by manale

(answers at bottom of page)

Fungirl loves ice cream! Find her favourite flavours: lemon, lime, orange, apple, butterscotch, banana, pear, tangerine, strawberry, grape, coconut, pineapple, cherry!



RIDDLES



1. What becomes smaller when you turn it upside down?
2. Which month has 28 days?
3. What five-letter word becomes shorter when you add two letters to it?

The sum of the symbols of each row in the square are given. Can you help Gamesboy find the value of each shape?

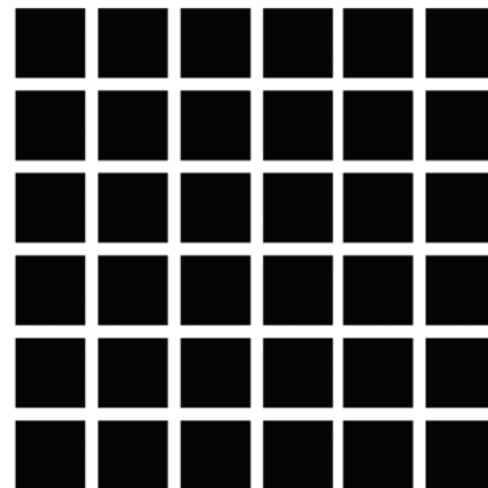
				19
				17
				16
				20
20	15	17	20	

< 8
 =
 =
 =
 =



OPTICAL ILLUSION

Do you see the grey dots between the squares? Are they really there?



- 3 =
- 5 =
- 4 =
- 6 =

ANSWERS:
 1. the number nine!
 2. all of them!
 3. short!

A best friend is like a four-leaf clover—hard to find, lucky to have.



ART

IT'S A MONSTERPIECE!

Dave DeVries's Monster Engine helps kids discover the power of their imaginations.

BY CONAN TOBIAS

Dave DeVries loved superheroes and monsters as a kid. In fact, superhero comics are what made him want to grow up to be an artist. When he was old enough, Dave attended art college, where he learned to paint and draw all kinds of things—including comics! Today, Dave is a professional artist, having drawn superheroes for Marvel and DC, monsters for Universal Studios, and helped computer animators design video games. He also helps inspire kids who want to grow up to be an artist, just like he did.

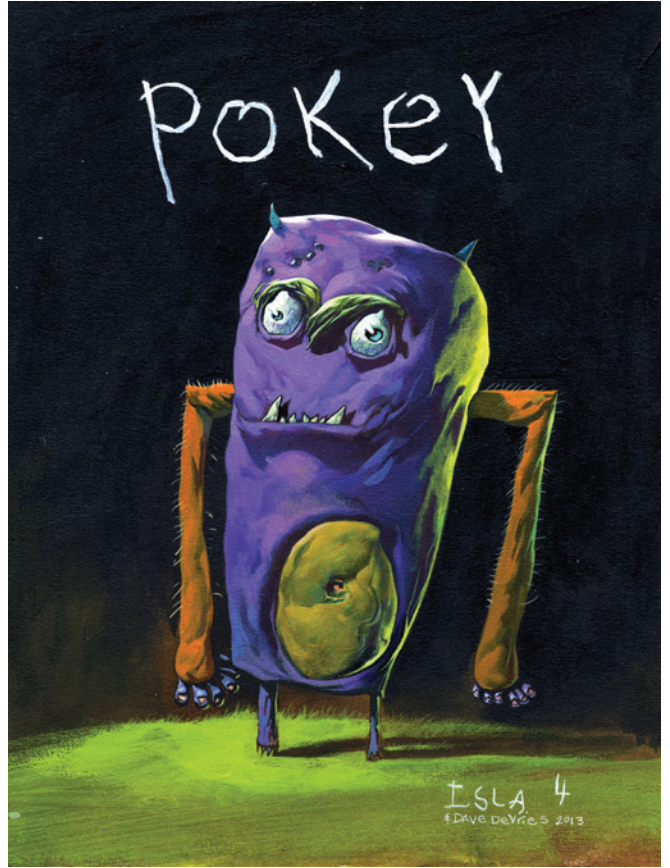
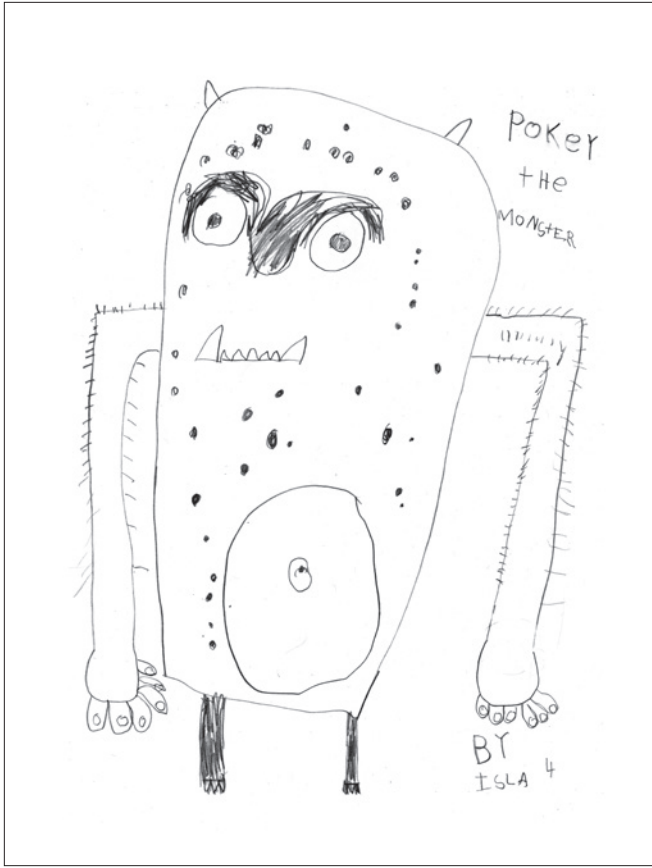
In 1998, Dave started a project called the Monster Engine after his six-year-old niece, Jessica, drew a monster in his sketchbook. Dave looked at Jessica's drawing and wondered what it would look like if it were painted in the same realistic way he painted his own monsters. So Dave projected Jessica's monster onto a canvas, carefully tracing every line. He then added to her original drawing using the painting materials he uses as a professional illustrator. Both Dave and Jessica were amazed by the result, and since then Dave has used the Monster Engine as a tool to show kids just how powerful their imaginations can be.

"There's usually a jaw-dropping moment when I unveil one of my monster paintings, because if you do it right, you show the kid's idea back to them," says Dave.

In 2005, Dave published a book called *The Monster Engine*, collecting original drawings by kids, alongside Dave's realistic interpretations. "The kids always know I can't do my paintings without them," he says. "I just love their work. A kid draws in such a powerful way. As you get older you forget—you try to draw things in a way you feel is 'right.'"

Watching him bring their drawings to life has been a positive influence on many of the kids Dave has taught: some of them have grown up to be artists, including Jessica, who's now a twenty-one-year-old fashion designer.

When he's not drawing superheroes or teaching classes at the Fashion Institute of Technology, near his home in Budd Lake, New Jersey, Dave still visits schools and uses the Monster Engine to help spark kids' imaginations. He's slowly added more entries to the Monster Engine since his book was published, and kindly offered to show a few newer, unpublished entries to *Taddle Creek* readers here. ▽









O W E N G

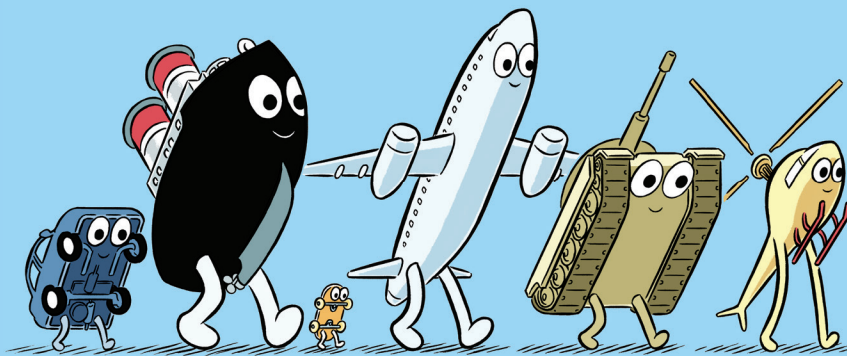


DAVE LAPP'S KIDS' COLOURING CONTEST!



HI KIDS! MAKE A COPY OF THIS PAGE AND COLOUR IN THE ABOVE DRAWING WITH YOUR CRAYONS, COLOURED PENCILS, OR MARKERS. THEN SEND YOUR FINISHED WORK TO "DAVE LAPP'S KIDS' COLOURING CONTEST," % TADDLE CREEK, P.O. BOX 611, STN. P, TORONTO, ONT. M5S 2Y4. THE KID WHO SUBMITS MY FAVOURITE ENTRY WILL RECEIVE THE ORIGINAL COPY OF MY ART FOR THIS PAGE. THREE OTHER PRIZES ALSO WILL BE AWARDED. MAKE SURE TO MAIL YOUR ENTRY BY AUG. 29, 2014. INCLUDE YOUR NAME, AGE & CONTACT INFO!

MUST BE 12 YEARS OF AGE OR UNDER TO ENTER



THE CONTRIBUTORS

Philippa Dowding's Lost Gargoyle series of books has been nominated for some of Canada's top literary awards for children. Her next book is *Jake and the Giant Hand*.

Pete Ryan's illustrations have appeared in *Wired*, the *New York Times*, the *Walrus*, and *Scientific American*.

Dennis Lee lives in Toronto. His next children's book will be *Melvis and Elvis*.

A limerick by **Matthew Daley**: There once was a man name of Matt. / He lived with his wife and a cat. / He soon found a way / To make drawings for pay. / In front of a computer he sat.

Ronit Novak is a photo director, photographer, teacher, and animal lover. She has been observing squirrels all her life.

Steven Charles Manale writes and draws comics for a meager living. He lives in Toronto, where he will never own his own home.

Jay Stephens is an award-winning cartoonist, best recognized for his TV cartoons *Tutenstein* and *The Secret Saturdays*. He created *Chickadee* magazine's popular Chick and Dee characters.

Despite the fact that his children are almost grown up, **Cary Fagan** still has to clean out the gerbil cage. His books for kids include *The Boy in the Box*, *Mr. Zinger's Hat*, and *I Wish I Could Draw*.

Jason Turner lives in North Vancouver. His books include three volumes of *True Loves*, co-written with his wife, Manien Bothma. He also writes a comics column for *Broken Pencil*.

JonArno Lawson lives in Toronto with his wife and three children. His most recent books are *Down in the Bottom of the Bottom of the Box* and *Enjoy It While It Hurts*.

Conan Tobias is the editor and founder of *Taddle Creek*. His favourite periodicals growing up were *Owl*, *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine*, *World*, and *Highlights*.

Jim Bridges is a creative director and copywriter living in Hunnebostrand, Sweden.

Linda-Marlena Bucholtz Ross is a multi-disciplinary artist based in Montreal. Many years ago she illustrated the original Dr. Zed and Henry characters for *Owl* and *Chickadee* magazines.

Friendly Rich is a mad composer. His modern music ensemble, the Lollipop People, recently released a new album, *Bountiful*, and are planning a European tour.

Claudia Dávila is the Toronto-based author/illustrator of the graphic novel series *The Future According to Luz*. Her new picture book, *Super Red Riding Hood*, will be published this summer.

Thomas Blanchard is a photo-based artist, freelance photographer, and visual arts instructor at York University.

Dave Lapp is a cartoonist who also teaches cartooning to kids. He is the author of *Drop-In* and *People Around Here*.

Frank Viva is a frequent cover artist for the *New Yorker*. His first picture book, *Along a Long Road*, was named one of the *New York Times's* ten best illustrated children's books of 2011. His second picture book, for the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, will be published this fall.



little island comics



“The world’s first comic book store for kids!”

Little Island Comics, 742 Bathurst St., Toronto, Canada. M5S2R6
416-901-7489 | mail@littleislandcomics.com | www.littleislandcomics.com

**WANT TO BUILD
A GRAPHIC NOVEL
COLLECTION IN YOUR
SCHOOL OR LIBRARY?**

The Beguiling Library Services

416-535-9714 - mail@beguilinglibraryservices.com

The Beguiling Library Services can help curate and build a graphic novel collection to suit the needs of your school, institution, or public library. Let us help you out!