



The **Nature Lover** *Magazine*

Contest:

❖ Canada's Mountains blog:
photography

Short Story:

❖ Ferdinand's Adventure

Poetry:

❖ Haiku: The Apple Tree

by Emily Nyenhuis



Cabot Trail review — pg. 3

Blog: Canada's Mountains — pg. 5

Autumn (poem) — pg. 9

The River (poem) — pg. 10

Ferdinand's Adventure (short story)—pg. 12

Dear Deer — pg. 18

"Dear Pamela Hickman" letter — pg. 19

"Ask Suesanne" column: Fungi — pg. 21

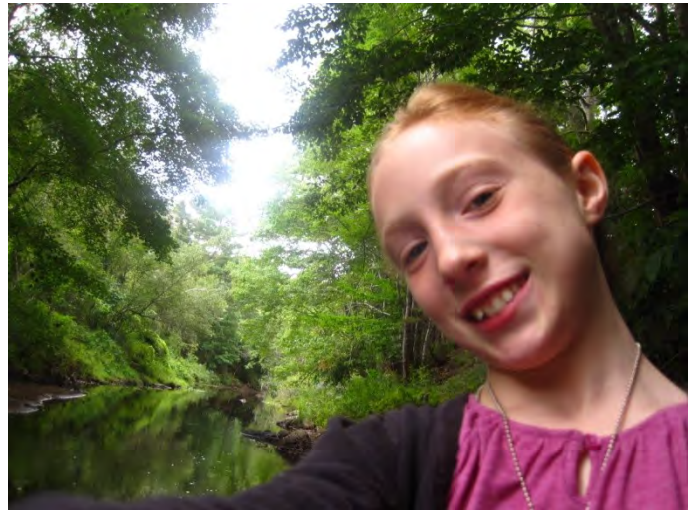
Chickadees & An Apple Tree (poetry)—pg.22

A Wet Picnic Spot — pg. 23



Emily Jacqueline Nyenhuis →

- Wrote and published “The Nature Lover’s Magazine”
- By courtesy of The Cover Story English Curriculum
- More about The Author on last page



Trees

Word Search:

P	M	T	A	S	P	E	N	K	B
O	A	S	H	C	U	S	R	C	E
P	P	A	C	Q	E	T	I	O	E
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Pine

Maple

Hemlock

Oak

Spruce

Birch

Aspen

Beech

Poplar

Ash

My Review of the Cabot Trail

Have you ever seen a postcard featuring the striking views of the Cape Breton's Cabot Trail? But have you actually seen it, drove it, or walked beside the stunning mountains and powerful ocean with the windswept grass on the cliff below your feet and the raging waters below; and alongside the river in between the overtaking mountains?

The majestic mountains are much bigger than the ones in mainland Nova Scotia so I recommend that if you want to visit beautifully unique Nova Scotia than Cape Breton's Highlands on the Cabot Trail is by far the best place to start. The mountains in mainland Nova Scotia are beautiful yes, but the Cabot Trail's are breath-taking. When I saw those mountains my mouth was gaping the whole time. They are either tough rocky masterpieces with trees hanging on with their roots to top it off or a massive hill with a tapestry of the trillions of trees that make up Cape Breton. All the mountains descend into the great blue ocean where there are usually whales waiting to be seen by everyone. There are so many mountains! As you look at the horizon, you'll see more mountains darken in the distance, rippling like the ocean below them.

The road is a 300 kilometer snake that carves its way into the mountainside hunting for its prey as you will be hunting for all the beautiful sights all in plain view. You would often just see cars racing you if you look

behind you, but on the Cabot Trail you'll see the road disappear behind the rural mountains. You'll be sure to see lots of signs with arrows that urge you around the next bend to witness one of the best sights in Canada.

I appreciated that the whole Cabot Trail was a complete Nature sanctuary other than the National Park that's in the midst of the Cabot Trail. In the National Park, there are many trails where you can walk and you are bound to see a potent moose and signs of other animals.

There aren't many people in Cape Breton and especially not on the Cabot Trail. You'll see lots of abandoned houses to explore in the woods and you'll for sure not see lots of towns unlike mainland Nova Scotia, but that's what the Cabot trail is known for.

I wouldn't take my camera if I were you. It's one thing to see the Cabot Trail in a photo, another thing to watch it on a T.V., but it's another thing to drive it and experience it yourself.





Cape Breton

(Nova Scotia)

Blog:

Canada's Mountains

Hi everyone! I'm sure you've all seen a mountain, right? Well, there are almost 1,000 in Canada! British Columbia (a.k.a. The Rockies!) has almost 200. Alberta, it's neighbouring province, has more than 100. Saskatchewan has only 1 and Manitoba has 2; since they both are prairies they only have a few. People there must visit the only mountains in their province often. Ontario and Quebec have a few more as they go along. Ontario has 4 and Quebec has 28, a mixture of French ones and English. The Maritimes where I live, starting with New Brunswick has 8, Newfoundland and Labrador have 12 that they share. The tiny Prince Edward Island has 1. My homeland, Nova Scotia, has 3 plus all the highlands that I personally have been to. I live in the Annapolis Valley in between the North Mountain and the South. I have friends that live on both. The territories have more than you'd think erupting from their white plains. The Northwest Territories has 3, Nunavut has 43, Yukon has 2 (both the tallest in Canada!). 48 all together for the territories. Hooray for mountains!

Alberta

Beatrice Peak	Mount Alberta	Mount Hector	Mount Whyte
Cascade Mountain	Mount Andromeda	Mount Hungabee	Mount Woolley
Castle Mountain	Mount Arethusia	Mount Inglismaldie	Mushroom Peak
Copper Mountain	Mount Assiniboine	Mount Joffre	North Twin Peak
Crowfoot Mountain	Mount Athabasca	Mount John	Panther Mountain
Crowsnest Mountain	Mount Aylmer	Laurie (Mount Yamnuska)	Peyto Peak
Deltaform Mountain	Mount Babel	Mount Julian	Pika Peak
Diadem Peak	Mount Baker	Mount King Edward	Pilot Mountain
Fairview Mountain	Mount Baldy	Mount Kitchener	Princess Margaret Mountain
Fossil Mountain	Mount Ball	Mount Lady Macdonald	Mountain
Gibraltar Mountain	Mount Blakiston	Mount Lawrence Grassi	Ptarmigan Peak
Gong Peak	Mount Brazeau	Mount Lefroy	Pyramid Mountain
Grotto Mountain	Mount Charles Stewart	Mount Louis	Redoubt Mountain
Ha Ling Peak	Mount Chephren	Mount McGuire	Saint Nicholas Peak
Haiduk Peak	Mount Chester	Mount Michener	Sentinel Peak
Heart Mountain	Mount Chown	Mount Mitchell	Snow Dome
Howse Peak	Mount Columbia, highest summit of the Province of Alberta	Mount Morden Long	South Twin Peak
Isabelle Peak	Mount Confederation	Mount Nelson	Squaw's Tit
Jumpingpound Mountain	Mount Cornwell	Mount Niblock	Storm Mountain
King Edward Peak	Mount Cory	Mount Norquay	Stutfield Peak
Little Alberta	Mount Cromwell	Mount Palmer	Sulphur Mountain
Moose Mountain	Mount Edith Cavell	Mount Peechee	Sunwapta Peak
Mount Adam Joachim	Mount Engelhard	Mount Putnik	The Finger
	Mount Forbes	Mount Rae	The Fortress
	Mount Fryatt	Mount Richardson	Thorington Tower
	Mount Galatea	Mount Rundle	Three Sisters
	Mount Galwey	Mount St. Piran	Trapper Peak
	Mount Gec	Mount Saskatchewan	Twins Tower
	Mount Girouard	Mount Smythe	Turtle Mountain
		Mount Temple	Warwick Mountain
		Mount Weiss	



Mount Assiniboine

British Columbia

Atlin Mountain	Mount Albert Edward	Anarchist Mountain	Atna Peak
Mount Addenbroke	Mount Alfred	Mount Arrowsmith	Mount Baker
Mount Adrian	Ambition Mountain	Mount Assiniboine	Mount Ball

Mount Robson, highest in Canadian Rockies



Basement Peak	Gladshiem Peak	Mount Monashee	
Battle Mountain	Goat Mountain	Mount Monmouth	
Beatrice Peak	Golden Hinde	Mt Moresby	
Birkenhead Peak	Mount Good Hope	Mt Munday	
Mount Bishop	Good Hope Mountain	Mount Odin	
Botanie Mountain	Mount Goodsir	Mt Ovington	
Mount Boucherie	Grouse Mountain	Mt Pattullo	
Brian Boru Peak	Haiduk Peak	Mt Perseus	
Mount Brown	Hermitage Peak	Mount Pierre Elliott	
Mount Bryce	Hkusam Mountain	Trudeau	
Mount Burgess	Howse Peak	Mount Price	
Buckwell Peak	Howser Spire	Mount Priestley	
Canadian Border Peak	Howson Peak	Mount Raleigh	
Mount Cayley	Hubris Peak	Mount Ratz	
Mount Celeste	Hudson Bay Mountain	Mount Robson	
Chatsquot Mountain	Iceberg Peak	Mount Russell	
Chutine Peak	Isabelle Peak	Mount Saugstad	
Mount Clémenceau	Jackass Mountain	Mount Seton	
Mount Collie	Jeanette Peak	Mount Seymour	
Mount Colonel Foster	Kates Needle	Mount Silverthrone	
Mount Columbia	Kaza Mountain	Mount Sir Alexander	
Cond Peak	King Island High Point	Mount Sir Allan MacNab	
Mount Cooper	King's Peak	Mount Sir Wilfrid Laurier	
Corsan Peak	Kispiox Mountain	Mount Stanley Baldwin	
Mount Cronin	Kitlope Peak	Mount Stephen	
Crown Mountain	Kootenay Mountain	Mount Sylvia	
Mount Crysdale	Lavender Peak	Nahlin Mountain	
Cypress Peak	Mount Lester Pearson	Oscar Peak	
Dam Mountain	Little Goat Mountain	Otter Mountain	
Mount Dawson	Luna Peak	Overseer Mountain	
Deltaform Mountain	Maple Mountain	Peak 04-57	
Detour Peak	Mount Matheson	Mount Penrose	
Devils Paw	Monarch Mountain	Pilot Mountain	
Doom Mountain	Monmouth Mountain	Pukeashun Mountain	
Dunn Peak	Morton Peak	Mount Queen Bess	
Mount Edziza	Mount Harrison	Mount Quincy Adams	
El Piveto Mountain	Mount Hosmer	Rambler Peak	
Elkhorn Mountain	Mount Hugh Neave	Razorback Mountain	
Mount Elliott	Mount Hungabee	Razorback Mountain	
Estero Peak	Mount Ida	Red Resort	
Mount Fairweather, highest summit of the Province of BC	Mount Jancowski	Ringrose Peak	
Faisal Peak	Mount Joffre	Robertson Peak	
Mount Farnham	Mount Judge Howay	Rugged Mountain	
Mount Field	Mount K2	Mount Sawitsky	
Fissile Peak	Mount Kain	Scud Peak	
Fleet Peak	Mount King Edward	Seven Sisters Peaks	
Mount Fromme	Mount Lefroy	Sharks Teeth Peaks	
Mount Garibaldi	Mount Lester Jones	Sharktooth Mountain	
Gataga Peak	Mount Macdonald	Shedin Peak	
Garnet Peak	Mount Mackenzie King	Silvertip Mountain	
Mount George V	Mount McArthur	Sittakanay Peak	
	Mount McBride	Skihist Mountain	
	Mount Meager	Slesse Mountain	
		Snow Dome	
		Spatsizi Mountain	
		Stanley Peak	
		Stawamus Chief	
		Mount Stephens	
		Mount Tabor	
		Talchako Mountain	
		Mount Tantalus	
		Taseko Mountain	
		Mount Tatlow	
		Mount Thomlinson	
		Thudaka Mountain	
		Thunder Mountain	
		Mount Tiedemann	
		Mount Tod	
		Tower Mountain	
		Trophy Mountain	
		Tsaydaychuz Peak	
		The Black Tusk	
		The Horn	
		The Pinnacles	
		Ulysses Mountain	
		Unnecessary Mountain	
		Unuk Peak	
		Upper Saddle Mountain	
		Mount Valpy	
		Mount Van der Est	
		Victoria Peak	
		Vile Peak	
		Mount Waddington	
		Wapta Mountain	
		Mount Warburton Pike	
		Warden Peak	
		Wedge Mountain	
		Welch Peak	
		Whitecap Mountain	
		Whitehorn Mountain	
		Whiting Peak	
		Mount Williams	
		Wiwaxy Peak	
		Mount Work	
		Mount Wotzke	
		Yak Peak	

Manitoba

Baldy Mountain (Manitoba), highest summit of the Province of Manitoba

Hart Mountain (Manitoba)

New Brunswick

Mount Carleton, highest summit of the Province of New Brunswick and The Maritimes
 Big Bald Mountain
 Christmas Mountains, a series of mountains named after different Christmas themes
 Notre Dame Mountains
 Colonels Mountain
 Sugarloaf Mountain
 Crabbe Mountain
 Poley Mountain

Newfoundland and Labrador

Bishop's Mitre
 Brave Mountain
 Cabox, The: the highest summit of Newfoundland
 Cirque Mountain
 Gros Morne
 Man O'War Peak
 Mealy Mountains High Point
 Mount Caubvik, highest summit of the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador, and Atlantic Canada
 Mount Musgrave
 Peak 3400 Map 14E2
 Peter Snout
 Pic a Tenerife



Northwest Territories

Cap Mountain
 Mount Nirvana, highest summit of the Northwest Territories
 Mount Sir James MacBrien

Nova Scotia

North Mountain
 Nuttby Mountain
 South Mountain
 White Hill, Cape Breton highest summit of the Province of Nova Scotia

Nunavut

Angilaq Mountain
 Angna Mountain
 Arrowhead Mountain
 Barbeau Peak, highest summit of Nunavut

Breidablik Peak
 Commonwealth Mountain
 Devon Ice Cap High Point
 Durham Heights
 Highpointer Peak

Midnight Sun Peak
 Mount Arthur
 Mount Asgard
 Mount Ayles
 Mount Baldr
 Mount Battle
 Mount Beaufort
 Mount Biederbick
 Mount Eugene
 Mount Odin
 Mount Oxford
 Mount Thor
 Mount Whisler
 Outlook Peak
 Peak 08-46

Peak 09-30
 Peak 35-44
 Peak 39-18
 Penny Highland
 Porsild Mountains
 Qiajivik Mountain
 Sillem Island High Point
 South Ellesmere Ice Cap High Point
 Stokes Mountain
 Torngarsoak Mountain
 Tupeq Mountain
 Ukpik Peak
 Victoria Island High Point
 White Crown Mountain



Kisimngiuqtuq Peak
 Malik Mountain
 Melville Hills High Point
 Melville Island High Point
 Midgard Mountain

Ontario

Ishpatina Ridge, highest summit of Ontario
Blue Water Mountain
Maple Mountain
Mount McKay
Silver Peak

Prince Edward Island

Prince Edward Island High Point, highest summit of the Province of Prince Edward Island

Quebec

Mont Brome	Mont Saint-Pierre	Mont Mégantic	Mont Joseph-Fortin
Mont D'Iberville (Mount Caubvick), highest summit of the Province of Quebec	Mont Tremblant	Mont Orford	Mont Richardson
Mont Jacques-Cartier	Mont Wright	Mont Gosford	Mont Olivine
Mont Raoul Blanchard	Mont Yapeitso	Mont Owl's Head	Mont Logan
Mont Saint-Grégoire	Mount Babel	Mont Sutton	Mont Lyall
Mont Saint-Hilaire	Mount Royal	Mont Saint-Pierre	
	Mount Albert	Mont des Pics	
	Mount Valin	Mont Xalibu	

Saskatchewan

Cypress Hills, highest summit of the Province of Saskatchewan

Yukon

Mount Logan, highest in Canada →
Mount Saint Elias, 2nd highest in Canada



Contests!

Of this list of all the mountains in Canada, I now give everyone of you an opportunity to take a photo of a mountain in your province and send it to the magazine's mailing address. I will judge each photo and the winner of the best photo gets a prize package sent to their home full of mountain climbing gear. There will be a whole page in my magazine that's going to be called "Mountain Extravaganza" and you can imagine all the things about mountains that will be there. The honourable mentions will be on this page of my little contest along with some other things. We will contact you if you are one of these. Also you can choose a mountain name off my list above that you think is the funniest. I will judge and will put the funniest name with pictures and fun facts about that mountain in the next issue. Don't forget to subscribe!

P.S. I found this information on Wikipedia.




Autumn's fragrance

Autumn has the fragrance
Of damp leaves in communion
With each other and that masculine
Smell of smoke out of a cozy home

But Autumn isn't only for boys
It's also inviting the pretty girls
To see the colourful and bright Maples
Showing how beautiful dying can be.





I lie down on the sanded bank;
Cherry trees shade me
Like a see-through curtain.
I move closer.
A rough branch with large leaves hugs me.
I stand up.
A chickadee, Rub a Dub Dub,
Lands on a bush chirping, jumping
From branch to branch.
A chestnut brown muskrat floats by,
Checks on me, then
Goes in his cozy hole on the side of the river bank.
Then with my high rubber boots
I wade through the water.
I step on a mossy rock.
I watch the river tinkle down a little waterfall
And watch it sweep around the bend
On its eternal journey.



The Black River, Nova Scotia

Ferdinand's **Adventure**

The leaves crunch under the weight of a pair of old running shoes worn by a 14 year-old teenager. Ferdinand Algonquin ran through the woods his arms flailing running without a care through the thick-trunked half-rotten ancient trees that had rays of golden sunlight passing through the majestic tree's fresh green leaves in the wonderful forest.

The ground got wetter and muddier until Ferdinand was in a swamp. He got to some rounded rocks, most of them stuck in the mud that was strewn with cattails and bright green grass that brought with it a stinky smell mixed with poop and decaying leaves. Ferdinand leaped from rock to rock with expertise and avoiding all the wobbly ones. He had learned all these survival and nature things from his father, Eagle Algonquin, who *used* to hang out with him. Ferdinand was half native Canadian. He thought of his father. He had an urge to go home, but he knew what was waiting for him there.

Ferdinand had flung his catch, a doe, on his shoulders as he left the wonders and solace of the forest. He stared sadly at his feet with no expression on his face. He walked down the wooden steps through the basement door. He had thrown down the deer in a hidden spot and covered it with a thick layer of leaves. He walked through the basement hall which was dark except for the opening of the stairs to his bedroom, but when he reached the lightened opening of the stairway he stopped because he had started hearing voices that started in a normal tone of voice and went into a loud yelling voice. "You have the worst son ever Isabella! You should be ashamed of yourself. Can kids ever be cool kids or are they always stupid and lazy and I can't do anything!" Ferdinand looked away for a moment than ran to his room and slammed the door. He stared at the door then stomped to his bed and sat down mostly angry, but also hurt. He remembered tomorrow was the first day of school after summer. He dreaded seeing people like usual, but was also relieved.

The door creaks open a crack. Ferdinand walked casually out fully dressed with his backpack on as well and tip toed up the stairs to fill up his rattled old lunchbox. The first sight he saw was the kitchen through a small archway. When he stepped through the door he noticed how the island countertop was chipped in some corners and dented in others. He opened the fridge door and he saw what he usually saw: the shelves were almost empty since now of days mother seldom did the shopping. He usually did instead or his father. It was very messy in the fridge because his parents stayed up long talking or as Ferdinand would put it yelling. Once he made his skimpy lunch rather hurriedly he rushed out the door making sure he didn't wake his parents who were now sleeping in separate rooms.

He ran down the steps, but slowed down once he jumped onto the neglected sidewalks. The whole time he walked alongside the forest and once in a while an old house; they were getting newer and more modern the farther he went. He tried hard not to think about his poor parents' situation. He was also mad at himself, thinking it was his fault. From what he heard his father say last night made him sure Mr. Algonquin thought he was not worthy to be his son. "It's not mine or even mother's fault, dad!" He almost yelled out loud. Ferdinand almost choked on tears and put his head down.

Suddenly a blaring light shone through the forest. Ferdinand looked up and was immediately blinded by light. He put his hand in front of the bright red sun and saw a sort of rocky pathway that ended at the edge of a cliff and a round balancing rock. Ferdinand turned and walked up the path. He looked up at the trees and a broad smile lit up his whole face. Then he bounded to the rock and hopped onto it and sat crossed legged. He was still beaming and felt that nothing could be happier. He looked down at the river with no fear from how high he was over a sparkling river and soon spotted a muskrat and some ducks farther upstream and really wished he had his rifle with him, but he remembered that he wasn't allowed one at school. Suddenly the rock he was sitting on wobbled and Ferdinand hopped off just in time to see the boulder tumble down the cliff and splash into the river. Then it hit him, he had

forgotten about school. He ran down the short path and sprinted down the sidewalk. Thoughts came rushing into his head, but he told himself he didn't have time to think them. At the bus stop several people were waiting as the yellow bus came. They all glared at Ferdinand as he climbed up the few steps into the bus. He looked at them then sat down by himself as the bus started rolling towards his school in the rural part of the big town Ferdinand lived in.

Ferdinand walked home again and as soon as he touched the front door step he ran downstairs and grabbed his rifle, but when he got there he glimpsed his old bow on the ground sitting against the wall behind his rifle tucked in behind his dresser in his room. He stooped down still with the rifle in his hand and with the other hand picked up the bow. It was mushy and it collapsed onto the floor. Ferdinand stooped down to quickly catch it and set the handmade father son bow on the bed. Ferdinand smiled and then he walked out of his bedroom door, out the corridor, and out into the fresh air. He jogged towards the deer he had laid on the ground and carried it over his shoulder to a nice place in the woods where he sat down and gutted it.

He just threw the insides on the ground and all the cut skin he laid on the ground for later maintenance. Once he was done with the deer he took the skins and brought them over to a nearby brook where he washed them and let them to dry. Ferdinand went back to the leftovers of the deer and took the sinews of the deer where it was attached to the muscles and built a fire out of dead grass and pine needles and kept it going with a few spruce saplings. With the fire Ferdinand boiled the strips of sinew using a clay pot. he found the clay at the very edge of the brook. He left the deer and walked back to the backyard where he had put down his bow which he rubbed with boiled sinew. Ferdinand worked on his bow and making arrows all afternoon and ended up having supper at 8:00.

Ferdinand lay snoring, snuggled up in his bed, the digital clock read 9:00. Ferdinand woke with a start, but once he realized it was Saturday he relaxed into his pillow and fell back asleep.

Ferdinand walked up the second flight of stairs to the

top half of his little house. He glanced at the clock just as it turned 10:00, smiled, and started putting together a slow breakfast for himself. Ferdinand heard noises coming from the bedrooms in the hall. Ferdinand frowned when he recognized it was his parents' voices "Isabella, our relationship won't work and it's all because of you!" "But-but-but it's not, I-I-I...," Ferdinand couldn't take it anymore, and having the same emotion whenever he hears his parents fight he marched to the room his parents were in and turned on his heel sharply to the right and stopped abruptly when he saw his mother with her face down and her left hand on her chest and Eagle looking like he was trying to scare away a buffalo.

Tears ran down Isabella's beautiful face past her glossy black hair, stopped at her chin and dripped onto her ruffled white shirt, but didn't get to her long colourful poofy skirt. Mr. Algonquin turned and glared at Ferdinand, Isabella looked up, "Ferdinand get out of my way, you cannot get into our family situations." He looked stressed. Ferdinand felt like he just got punched in the stomach, but he didn't show it. "Go and do your stupid video games other than most active boys like you always do. I don't care!" But before he could finish Ferdinand blasted, "It's all *your* fault MR. Algonquin! Stop practically hitting Mom's head against the wall with your words! You are the worst father ever!" Ferdinand paused dramatically and stormed out of the room. Mr. Algonquin was looking at the floor the entire time and he lifted it up a little when Ferdinand left. Isabella stared at Eagle hurt and left too after Ferdinand with her face in her hands. Eagle had his head fully up now as he watched them leave.

Ferdinand meanwhile had run into the woods. The foxes, bunnies, and squirrels all scurried up a tree or scampered away in different directions through the trees. He had taken his rifle as a habit and once he got to a clearing surrounded by trees and, frowning, lifted up his rifle and BAAANNG! He shot a fuzzy red squirrel that was staring from high on a branch and fell right away to the ground squirming and blood soaking into its fur. It lay there half-dead suffering as Ferdinand looked at the little animal for a moment then stomped further into the forest. A group of deer ran magnificently at the sight and smell of Ferdinand, but he stopped them in

their tracks with another BANG!! Some stopped and stared with their big ears up and others ran even faster, but stopped a little ways off to wait, but one was on the soft pine needle covered ground, dead. Other fawns in the herd stared or even freaked. Ferdinand didn't care. He ran then plopped onto a rock with his arms over his head. In a minute Ferdinand jerked his head up and took his black rifle and shot it into the air scaring any birds in the area. Ferdinand yelled, but ended up staying for hours until he felt a little ashamed of himself and walked back home staring at his feet.

"Why isn't mom and dad normal, like everyone else. Why can't I live in the forest, its kind to me unlike everybody else. *Actually I guess maybe they would if I would give them a chance.* But that deer deserved it and now that squirrel feels how I've been suffering." Ferdinand whispered to himself in the shadow of the brick wall on the side of his school. A teenage girl, Ferdinand's secret crush. She had shoulder-length brown hair and stunning blue eyes. Marina had overheard him and she got quite disturbed. Ferdinand sighed, he could of cried. He stood up. Marina gasped and hid behind a round shaped bush in front of the Abraham Beardy Memorial School. Ferdinand walked again in his normal sad manner inside the school to his next class.

After the bell rang its shrill note Ferdinand was the first to walk outside and he sat down with his knees up against the front wall in between two bushes. Marina walked out too with the rest of the students and was going to her tree to wait for the bus when she soon spotted Ferdinand. After overhearing him earlier she knew what was wrong, but she didn't know what to say. She walked into the sight of Ferdinand. She smiled a small sympathetic smile. Ferdinand stared at her. "Um...hi Ferdinand. I hear you like hunting. I like nature and being in the outdoors too. "Her smile widened. Ferdinand still stared at her not saying anything. Then her biology lessons came back to her about the population of the deer. "You know there are so many deer in Canada. They're really amazing." Ferdinand's face showed he was wondering what she was getting to. "There are a remarkable amount of deer in this province," Ferdinand could tell Marina was turning into her annoying scientific talk. "but there

aren't the population of these Artiodactyls is low in Ontario, Alberta, Prince Edward Island, and Labrador." Ferdinand frowned a little. "So what are you getting at?" He asked in an annoyed tone. "Well you see...." Marina started a long biology talk which Ferdinand knew she was capable of and wished he didn't say anything. Just then while Marina was still talking very enthusiastically, Ferdinand saw out of the corner of his eye the dull yellow bus loudly pulling up into the school's driveway. Marina didn't notice. "Um I've gotta go" Ferdinand wedged past Marina and the small crowd of people and ran as fast as he could to be the first on the bus. Marina sighed and jogged after him.

Ferdinand jumped off the bus while in mid thought. He still was when he reached the front door of his house. When he absent-mindedly turned the round doorknob and pushed the old door open his head snapped back into reality. His parents yelling harshly from upstairs did it. "Agh" With that he skipped down the stairs not caring how hard and slammed his bedroom door behind him once he got into the basement. He flopped down upon the bed with his chin in his head frowning listening to his parents all the while. After a lot of mad sulking Ferdinand had an idea.

He stared at his bow sitting in the same place as before deep in thought and eventually took it in his hands and examined it with his rough calloused hands. He leaped off the bed and happily ran through the corridor and out the basement door and into his sanctuary. He had his bow in his hands and his quiver of arrows on his back. He ran farther and deeper in the woods again leaping and hurtling around dry leaf covered spots and soft earth. Producing no sound Ferdinand still didn't even *glimpse* any animal. He assured himself he wasn't far enough into the woods to see any. He tried to make sure he was in the shadows and depth of the trees.

Ferdinand ran farther and farther but still nothing. Ferdinand slowed down by a brook and climbed a chunky maple that overlooked the rather wide brook with his bow in his hand he settled down in the crook of a big branch low over the ground, but still hidden by leaves. Ferdinand felt patriotic in a maple tree. He decided to practice with his bow. He was rusty after not practicing for ages, but soon got the hang of it.

Ferdinand stayed in that crook for a long time, but soon jumped down and walked as quiet as he could further and further in to the forest.

A brown creature ran past in the midst of the trees. Ferdinand quietly followed the animal alert as a horse. Ferdinand came to the most wondrous place he had ever seen. He was at the same river he had seen the muskrat before school. Ferdinand stooped behind a tree. A herd of deer were drinking or grazing on the thick layer of moss that was covering the ground. Rocks scattered the clearing floor. Since it was evening the sun peeked over the top of a line of mountains on the other side of the river. It reached the river enough that it sparkled as it flowed out of Ferdinand's vision, but half of the river and the bank on the other side were shady and there is where Ferdinand saw what he was looking for.

A humongous, gorgeous stag stood on the rocky bank on the other side and *was* drinking, but other than the other does he noticed Ferdinand and in a flash was up over the rocks and disappeared into the woods, but turned out of the mountain into the flat forest beside it. But that didn't discourage Ferdinand. Some of the does lifted their head up from drinking and then once they realized what had happened they ran away just as fast as the stag who was probably their leader. Ferdinand's mind was only on that stag so he rushed into the water, but it was deeper than he predicted. Ferdinand kept going. Soon the icy black water was almost up to his waist. His pants were thoroughly soaked and his socks and leather work boots were almost the same. Ferdinand climbed up the bank and followed the deer as quickly as he could.

Nothing entered Ferdinand's mind at this time, it was only him and the stag. Ferdinand still didn't give up. It was now 6:00 and the sun was going further and further down. The stag was running like he'd never stop and never had. Ferdinand was hoping he could tire him out. They ran after each other for an hour zigzagging through moss covered rotten trees and jumping over broken logs.

The stag slowed down as if he was a car going to turn into the next driveway. Then the stag surprisingly stopped and faced Ferdinand staring at him

threateningly. Ferdinand felt a tinge of fear, but only for a moment. But then he realized a spotted fawn looking in all directions for its mother. Ferdinand stared at the fawn wondering what it was doing. He peeked over from where he was behind the bushes and followed its eyes forgetting all about the stag. Astonished, he stood up completely but immediately stooped back down when he realized what it was. Marina was kneeling beside an injured and unconscious doe with a blanket draped over it. She was wearing a pale pink tee-shirt and tan baggy pants with many pockets and a camouflaged backpack on her back. She was kindly petting the doe.

As soon as the stag had stopped in the clearing, Ferdinand had his fingers on the arrow and bowstring ready to shoot and in his astonishment right now he let go of the arrow. WHHIIZZ!!! The arrow went almost vertically into the air. Ferdinand's mouth dropped open and he stooped lower among all the underbrush. Marina flung her head up and was searching for the culprit of the sound. Now Ferdinand was eye level with the doe lying on the ground and was observing the wound on its back. Ferdinand's problems just got bigger. Should he show himself and give himself away and tell Marina that he was the one that shot the doe she was caring for. At the moment of the shot into the air both the fawn and stag bolted away, but the fawn stayed close by and Ferdinand knew the stag was also. Ferdinand went raised up onto his knees. Marina caught a glimpse of Ferdinand and squinted her eyes unbelievably in his direction. She glanced at the doe first then inched towards Ferdinand. Ferdinand squeezed his eyes shut and braced himself.

Marina bent back the branches of the bush and was shocked at the sight of Ferdinand. Ferdinand looked up and the two of them looked at each other for a few painful minutes according to Ferdinand. Marina was the first one to say something. "I'm glad you're here, I don't know what to do. It's almost dark and the coyotes will eat this poor doe. Is your house the closest?" Ferdinand stared at her. "Well is it?!!" She asked desperately. "Um it's an hour or two walk from here." "That's closer than my house. How are we going to carry it?" Asked Marina. "We? To my house?" Ferdinand asked. "Come on this is serious!" "Um"

Ferdinand replied uncertain. He went to collect four oak branches and yanked several spruce saplings out of the soil. "Hey! Why didn't you use dead ones!" "Why not?!" "I can do what I want. You can't tell me what to do!" replied Ferdinand. "Well if you want trees in this forest than don't pull out those young lively saplings" Marina snapped back. "PPSSH! Let's just get that stupid deer to my house." Said Ferdinand. "She's not stupid! If you want game in the woods....you ungrateful beast!!" Ferdinand glared at her. Marina glared back, but then softened. "Sorry," she whispered with her head down apologetically.

Ferdinand had twisted the saplings together into four ropes and tied the four oak branches together. "Do you have a blanket or something in your backpack?" Marina looked up "Huh? Oh, yeah." She unzipped her backpack which she took off her back and pulled out a tarp and handed it to Ferdinand. Ferdinand took it and put it over the frame of his travois and secured it with the rope. They both walked over to the still unconscious deer and gently lugged it over and placed it on the travois. Marina looked at Ferdinand and nodded. He smiled shyly back.

The two of them took turns pulling the travois gently along. Once they got to the river it was rushing furiously. Ferdinand and Marina walked a little ways upstream and then on a log that went across the river and the carefully tried to walk across the river with the travois.

After a long and tiring walk Ferdinand got to the small dirty backyard of his house. He took the travois from Marina who's turn it was to carry the travois and he loped along the edge of the forest to a broken old dog house and set the deer in it. Marina sat cross-legged on the hard dirt. She looked up at Ferdinand and smiled. "Thank You" She said quietly. "Can I get anything for you?" asked Ferdinand. "Sure. I'm pretty hungry. I was going to get some edible weeds from the forest like plantain, sour grass and dandelions. There's lots of those here, but since you asked I guess I'd like something." "You don't have to if you don't want to." "Yah, but I'd like some food if you don't mind." "OK."

Ferdinand rushed into the house and came back a couple of minutes later with a sandwich for both of

them. "You aren't going to stay here all night are you?" "Well if you don't mind I'd like to stay here and look after her." "Suit yourself, but you'll have to be quiet. Do you have stuff to stay the night?" "Yah" Said Marina staring at the doe. Ferdinand surrendered the persuasion and walked into his house and into his bedroom with lots on his mind.

The next morning Ferdinand woke up at 7:00 and walked straight outside. Marina was already up. A fire was going beside her. Ferdinand stared at the fire longingly with a funny little hope that it had died 'cause he was drooling for some deer meet right then, but then he noticed Marina was kneeling beside the doe and was putting some kind of ointment on the deer's wound. Ferdinand walked closer to see what Marina had in her hand. She was holding a survival tin filled with a yellowy substance. "Oh, hi Ferdinand, how are you doing? I'm putting boiled dandelion on her wound. Can you help me hold her?" She said while struggling to hold onto the conscious doe. Ferdinand, surprised that the doe was really alive, ran to help her. He had never held a real live deer before. His arms held onto its warm squishy bell. "How did you do this?" asked Ferdinand now also holding onto the squirming adult deer. "I don't know."

"Um, do you mind if I ask you a question?" asked Marina carefully. "Uh, sure." Replied Ferdinand uneasily. Marina took a shot at the question. "How are your parents?" "Oh," Ferdinand paused. "Um, they're fine." "No they're not, I know they're not." Ferdinand didn't want to keep going. "Well you know they're getting a divorce." Ferdinand admitted. "I'm sure you don't want them to." Marina said while still rubbing the ointment into the edges of the bloody hole in her back. "There's nothing I can do." Ferdinand said sadly remembering the last few days. Marina stopped rubbing and looked down thinking. After an awkward silence Marina broke it. "I have an idea, why don't I try?" "No!!" Ferdinand blasted. "But I'm sure it'll work. Please think on it." Marina looked longingly at Ferdinand. Ferdinand looked away from Marina's persuasive face and stomped away into the house.

Ferdinand walked upstairs and noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Algonquin weren't home. Ferdinand liked that. He made himself breakfast forgetting about Marina then

went into his room.

In the morning when Ferdinand woke up he laid there for a while thinking about his decision. A half hour later Ferdinand walked outside and told Marina about his decision. "WooHoo!!" Marina shrieked. Slamm!! Marina hid behind the doghouse. "Be quiet Ferdinand! We're trying to sleep!" Mr. Algonquin yelled from one of the windows on the top half of the house then he slammed it closed again. "Sorry Dad!" Mr. Algonquin glared from behind the window. "Thanks." Marina whispered both for not giving her away and for making that decision. "Can you get them to come outside over here?" Asked Marina while petting the deer that was tied up to the doghouse.

When Ferdinand came back with his parents using this persuasion: "Dad, Mom there's mail for you!" They had pushed him away and started towards the front door from the kitchen where they were having coffee slouched on the dining chairs. "Wait, uh for some reason the mailman went to the back door. Mr. Algonquin growled at Ferdinand. Ferdinand stood in the kitchen for a minute so that they could get mad at Marina. Ferdinand sighed and shook his head in disbelief and followed them out the door.

"Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Algonquin. I don't think we've ever met." Marina held out her hand. Mr. Algonquin was confused, but still reluctantly shook her hand. "What are you doing here and when did you get here?" Asked Mr. Algonquin. "Ferdinand invited me." Marina said honestly. Ferdinand was watching from the side of the house at this moment he slapped his forehead. "Ferdinand!" Yelled Mr. Algonquin angrily. "Oh, really I invited myself...or we actually bumped into each other in the woods, Mr. Algonquin." "It's not his fault at all." Marina said. "Ferdinand, I thought you were playing video games." Mr. Algonquin said to Ferdinand as he was coming out of his hiding place. "I never play video games." said Ferdinand defensively. Marina gave him a look which meant "let me talk". "Ferdinand's telling the truth." Mr. Algonquin gave another glare to Ferdinand. "Please, Mr. Algonquin, Ferdinand did nothing wrong!" "I hear you guys are getting a divorce and you know it's impossible for Ferdinand to bear! He's even very much lower on his marks at school because of it. Ferdinand's never happy anymore." Marina exclaimed. Mr.

Algonquin was taken aback and turned his glare on Marina.

Isabella ran to her son and embraced him in a huge hug. They held like glue together for a long time. When Isabella held out her son to look at him she looked into his hardy teenager face and saw a tear running down his cheek and Ferdinand saw one on his beautiful mother's Spanish face. They hugged harder again and they both cried into each other's shoulder. Isabella turned to look at her husband. Mr. Algonquin walked half the way then jogged into their hug and they all hugged. Mr. Algonquin though was not convinced and he was the first to leave the group hug. Mother and son stared after him. Mr. Algonquin walked over to the frightened doe tied up to the doghouse where Marina was sitting. "What's this, who shot it?" Mr. Algonquin and Marina looked at Ferdinand. Ferdinand walked closer ashamed of himself and quietly with his head bowed murmured "Me". The two by the doghouse stared in disbelief at Ferdinand. "In hunting, hunters take care that they actually kill the game." "I'm sorry," Ferdinand paused. "I-I-I-I... was mad." Mr. Algonquin stared then put his head down. He thought: "*It's all my fault.*" He ran towards his family and they all hugged. This time the two parents all exchanged sorrys.

"So I guess you like hunting" said Mr. Algonquin. Ferdinand looked at his father. Ferdinand nodded. "Do you like hunting?" Asked Mr. Algonquin to Marina. Marina smiled and also nodded. Everybody in this tiny yard all had bright faces and big smiles. "I've got a backpack full of survival stuff." Marina assured everyone. "Um, dad." Asked Ferdinand shyly. "Yes son." Replied Mr. Algonquin. "I've got the Bow and arrows we made when I was little, do you remember?" "Why yes and I've got my rifle. Hey Isabella do you want to call off the divorce? This is too fun." Isabella smiled, but before she could respond they embraced in a kiss. Ferdinand and Marina looked away disgusted. "Um I've got a Swiss army knife." Said Marina trying to break off the kiss. "Good you can tag along then with Ferdinand and I. Can you make us lunch for when we come back, Isabella we can go to the nearby field to have a picnic." Said Mr. Algonquin. So the reunited family and friend walked into the forest of wonders for another adventure.

Dear Deer



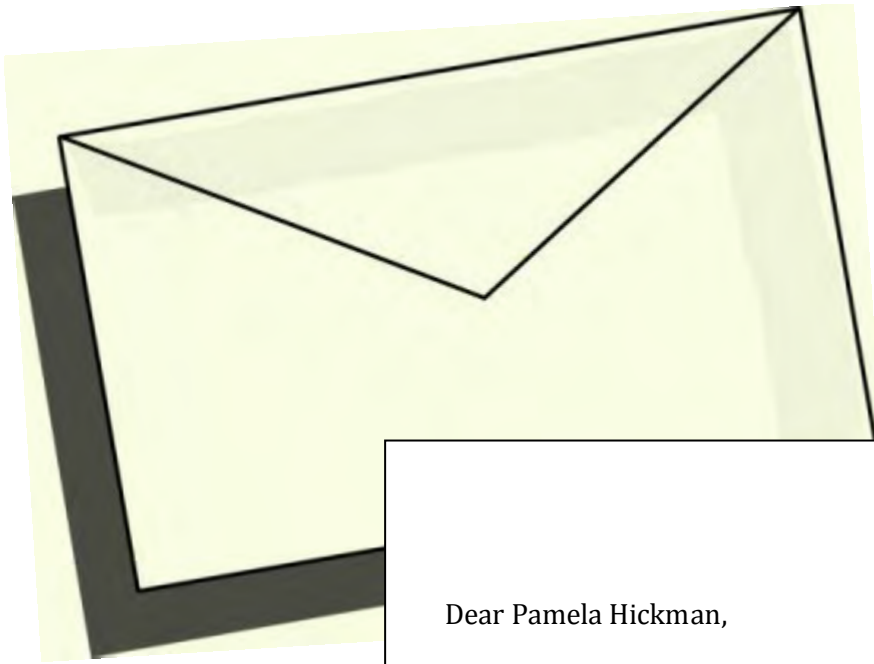
Two white deer stand in the middle of a small frosty soccer field; grazing, as real as ever. My older brother had seen the pair of them. A white doe with grey blotches and a fawn by her side whiter than snow. My mom and I have always loved deer and my whole dear family appreciates animals. That was the first time we had ever seen white deer. It was my mother's birthday on that fateful day. She was bringing my brother somewhere that he would eventually be doing biathlon at the Martock skiing hill. Jacob told Mom and, of course, she excitedly tip toed outside as fast as she could, continually shushing Jake.

After October 4 we still saw our dear deer friends since mom had told us once she came back we both as nature lovers looked for them every day of our busy lives. We saw them especially dawn and twilight and once we saw them in the front yard in the orange light of our driveway lamp. They were by the apple tree on the left side of the driveway. They started walked towards the road quickly when I came out in my crocs to see how close I could get. We thought they had been hit by a car since it was almost a month until we saw them again.

The fawn was probably old enough to be alone now, Mom and I hoped that was the reason we didn't see the Mom again. Then it was my birthday. I had my friends over in the early morning with hopes of some birthday fun later. I urged them toward the window and we crowded to see if we could see the deer. The fawn was there alone, but quite big to us. He was smart and stayed by the edge of the forest grazing. My friends and I went outside in our bare feet in the also bare December grass. When the fawn finally saw us, he bounded away in the woods.

After me and my cat Panther came back from the river one day we spotted him and some friends, maybe, in the meadow. I also saw the fawn when I was at a cliff overlooking the pond and I saw him and he saw me and we stared at each other. After my birthday I called him (and mom agreed) our spirit deer. I was reading the Spirit Animals series and Mr. Deer here really felt like one to me since he always comes on special days including Christmas Eve. We gazed at him again through the patio door through the shadows in the same place as usual. We felt a strong feeling of wonder whenever we saw them.

My mom and I haven't seen our friends since around Christmas and we miss them very much. Bad things can happen to anything that's not human. These animals, any animal, can feel like another world you'd like to and don't want to live in. These are our Spirit Deer.



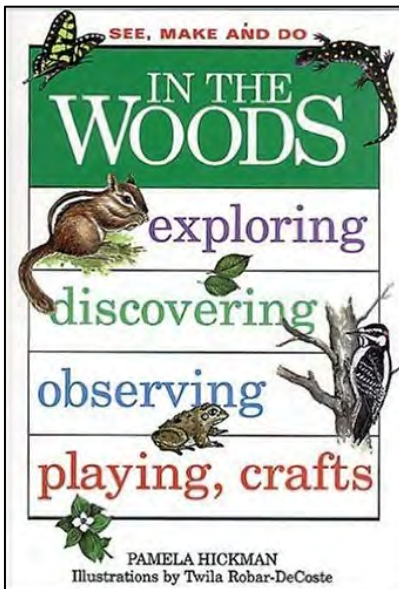
April 20, 2016

Dear Pamela Hickman,

You and I share a lot of interests. My name is Emily Nyenhuis, I'm in grade 7 and I also live in the beautiful Annapolis Valley. My favourite part is the rivers and the gorgeous mountains that line it. I love doing everything outside and I also have a pond and the Black River in my backyard and a field. I want to be an environmentalist and a bird watcher when I grow up. I like the reason that you write books. I've read: A Seed Grows, In the Woods, At the Seashore, A New Butterfly, Tree, Hungry animals, and The Jumbo Book of Nature science. What kind of animals do you see where you live? I see muskrats, river otters, deer, foxes, ducks, beavers, and raccoons, other than birds and squirrels of course. I love to find the differences between different kinds of trees and see their different shapes especially so I can draw them accurately. I'm friends with trees and animals! I also want to be a tree hugger when I grow up. When I was little my family and I went to a homeschool field trip at the Kingston library where you were doing a presentation. Do you remember? It was in 2008. I don't remember much I was only 4 years old. Where did you go in Europe on your honeymoon? My mom and I dream of going to New Zealand, even if it's not in Europe, where there's caves and mountains! I wish I could take you down to my river and to the rock in the middle of it and show you the territorial muskrats that chase the ducks and we could explore in my humungous woods. You would love it. If you ever do, make sure you bring rubber boots.

Sincerely,

Emily Nyenhuis





Dear Emily,
Thank you so much for writing to me. It is not very often that I get a hand-written letter in the mail. It is wonderful to know that you have read so many of my books and that you also enjoy exploring nature on your own. Your property sounds wonderful and I certainly do share your enthusiasm for the Amazolis Valley.

You must be enjoying the chorus of spring peepers at this time of year. I love to hear it. I also love muskrat on our pond and I am hopeful that the pair of mallards down there will have babies this year. One year a pair produced eleven young - that was great! We are very lucky, aren't we, to live in the country and be close to such a vibrant variety of wildlife? Every day holds an adventure if you're open to it. Even very seemingly "ordinary" things in nature are amazing when you do a little investigating. I hope you have a wonderful summer full of new experiences.

Love
Lionel Pam

“Ask Suesanne”

Question:

Dear Suesanne,

Hi! I have a massive forest in my backyard. Once in a while I see fungai (is that how you spell it?) dried up or slimy, growing on the trees. There's this fallen down Maple tree by my river that I have to climb over to get to the pond behind the river. It's started to grow some black fungai. Can you tell me when and what state do trees have to be in to grow fungai and about the different species? How many are there?

Yours hopefully,

Nature lover

Answer:

Hi! Fungi usually colonize weak or dead trees. The different species of fungi can live in water or on land. Mushrooms are also types of fungi. There are shelf fungi and capped fungi and also mushrooms that grow on the ground. There are some kinds of fungi that grow in the U.S.A. that take up thousands of acres! Fungus can also be mould that even grow on your food. A common mould is Black Bread mould. Fungi is considered to be one of the largest living organism on earth!

Fungi is also an ingredient for lichen. It can kill trees too. Fungi lack chlorophyll so they can't make their own food. I think that they use trees and other things that they grow on to get their food. They give trees some minerals too. That's one good thing, but they also can kill the tree.

Fungi are cool unique living organisms. They can be deadly, but they've also got their pros.

Suesanne

Cute

Handsome little birds

Inhabiting my pine grove.

Capped, but not in personality!

Keeper of the sunflower seeds.

Abounding in all four seasons.

Dare one eat from my hand?

Easier said than done!

Etiquette, letting other birds have their turn.

Sounds like its name-Chick-a-dee-dee-dee



An Apple Tree

Many rugged trunks
Hold sunlight on yellow fruit
Clunk to the cold earth

A Wet Picnic Spot



You need a boat for this journey. Your small little house is on Tree Hill, but of course you

have to make a boat first. There's a huge oak hanging from the side of your high thin mountain. You jump high onto a thick tan branch, holding on with your legs, and with a rope over your shoulder. You keep on sawing. A few small branches hit the ground. But suddenly you hear a loud "Crack!" You look up in alarm, but before you can jump you fall fast with a face of horror, groping wildly.

You hit the river with a huge splash from the humungous branch. You still have a hand on the branch, so you let it bring you to the surface. From the thick finger of oak wood and the sticks procuring from it, you make a small boat. You almost tip it and fall back into the freezing water. Once

you're in, you row as fast as you can but you end up going too far north.

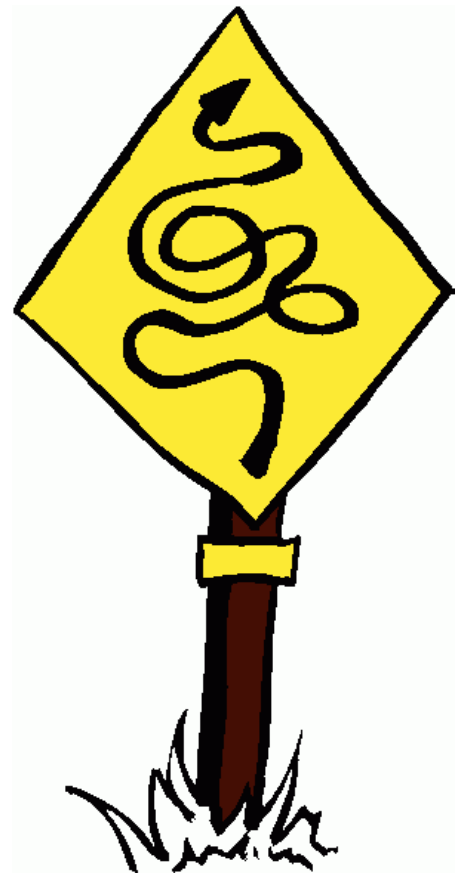
You round a big bend. You emerge into a lake after managing to get through parts of the river as small as a stream, getting stuck all because of your oars. You go straight through

but you bump up onto an island.

You hit a huge dark oak headfirst, then sink

into the sand. A

red Indian is sitting on a high branch of the vine-covered oak, staring at you. You stare frightened against the tree. He jumps down so close to you, then takes you by the ear and throws you



into the water where you have to swim to the other side. The Indian swims easily past your struggling body. He pulls up onto the bank, then yanks your hand with his red one and makes sure you follow.

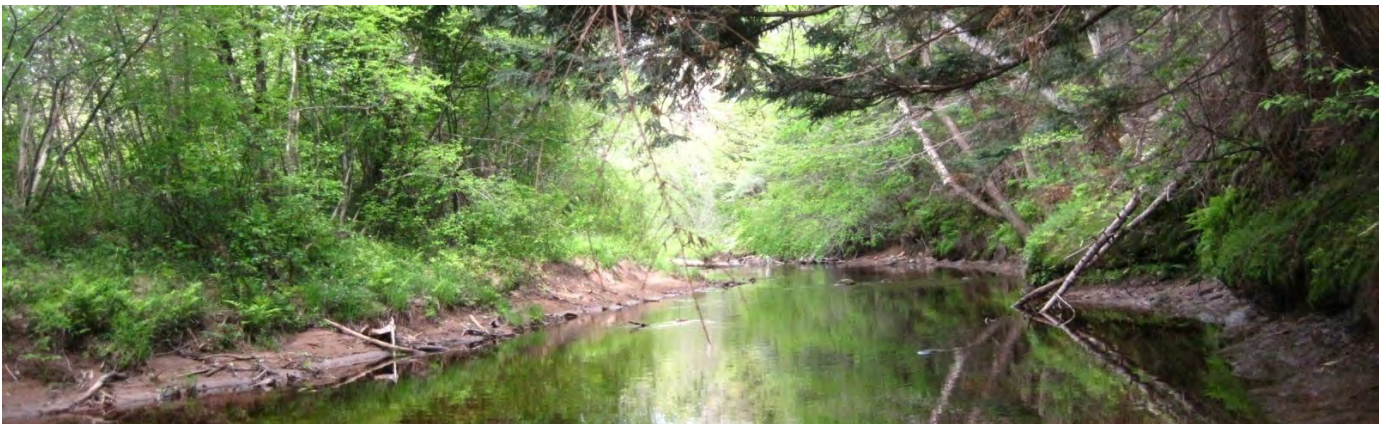
At the Indian camp, you walk into a steam-filled Indian house. Before they see you, you get away and run back through the woods, but of course, in seconds, they're after you with their feathers and bows and arrows shooting through the air. Sharp stones just about hit you. You hide behind a giant mushroom that's in this very unusual land of Indians, then jump into a nearby lake.

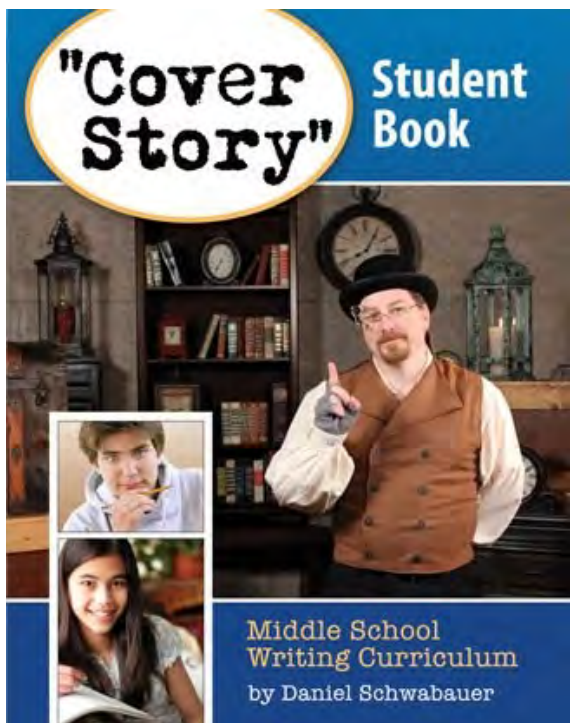
Once you're on Jungle Island, you get back in your damaged boat and, leaking continually,

you find the river again (after going to every corner of the lake!).

You round a bend that took an unbelievably long time but once you continue going straight up ahead you hear the loudest crashing noise ever! You suddenly flow right over an enormous waterfall. You fall straight into an ocean of lily pads. You can barely breathe, struggling to pull your way to the surface.

You get into your soaked boat, and you keep rowing down the river. Excitedly, you round a small bend and see a tiny dark-Oak half-built dock. You have finished your pilgrimage, and have a good time relaxing at a picnic.





More About The Author:

Emily Nyenhuis is a 7th grade homeschool student. She lives in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia.

This magazine is a compilation of her English assignments from the Cover Story curriculum seen on the left. All literature, photography, and art are her own creative works (except for a few public images found on the Internet, which are all non-copyrighted).

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