

Spirit of the Moon

An e-zine by and for girls ages 9-14+

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In This Issue...

Jewish Immigration
at Ellis Island 2

Icefox's Vegetarian
Recipes 3

Minutes, and All is Gone 4

Write in Pig-Pen 7

Quiz: Women in Sports 8

Debate: YouTube Accounts 9

Meet The Dreamers 10



White Persian Cat-Cloud by Icefox

A White Persian Cat-Cloud,
Eyes shut tight,
Creeps along the stars at night
Like silver pebbles set upon
Rich velvet vanishing at dawn.
When it reaches the moon, brimming with milk,
It laps it up with tongue of silk.
It does this until
The moon is empty, for someone to refill.
The milk is replenished a bit at a time,
Then garnished with a wedge of lime.
The cat is pleased, and then, only then,
It stalks back towards its starry den.





Jewish Immigration at Ellis Island

by WinterDancer

Our country is built on immigrants, some Jewish and European, and more recently from Asia, South America, and Mexico.

Most of the Jewish immigrants came between the times of 1880-1914. Most of these immigrants would have arrived at Ellis Island, New York, the country's largest immigration station. The second largest immigration station was in Baltimore, Maryland.

All of the immigrants had reasons to leave the old country. Some needed work, food, or were persecuted, etc. The most common reason to leave was that people needed work. In the old country they told one another "the streets are paved with gold."

Once at Ellis Island the immigrants were put through lots of tests. If they did not pass them they would likely be sent back, but only 2% ever were. It was the ship lines' job to pay for their fare and food on the way back.

After being tested the immigrants would go through the stairway of separation. The people buying train tickets to some place in the country on one stairway, the people going to New York City (we'll call it NYC) on another stairway, and the detainees on a third.

Most families sent only one or two people to America at first. They would find jobs and send money and tickets back home. If the family sent a member of the family before them they would meet at the kissing post.

If you lived in NYC you would probably live in a cramped, stuffy apartment building called a tenement. Usually big families lived in them. Some children slept on floors or on chairs cramped together. Life was hard in the tenements and some people opened sweat shops (places where people made clothes in filthy working conditions).

Clothing companies would send patterns to the tenements so the sweat shops in the tenements could sew them. This lasted till the electric sewing machine was invented. Tenements did not have electricity, so the companies did not hire them anymore. Sweat shops survived in NYC (not in tenements), but now they are illegal.

Icefox's Vegetarian Recipes

Ginger Carrot Cupcakes

One of my favorite types of cake is carrot cake. And with cream cheese frosting? Say no more! You can make any sort of favorite cake recipe into cupcakes, which makes sharing and transporting easier. Try this recipe - it's a great anytime treat!

Cupcakes

Ingredients

1 cup all purpose flour
3/4 teaspoon baking powder
3/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup vegetable oil
2 large eggs
1 1/2 cups finely grated and peeled carrots
1/4 cup drained canned crushed pineapple

Instructions

Preheat oven to 350 degrees and line the tray with muffin cups.

Sift flour, baking soda, baking powder, salt, sugar, and cinnamon, or stir well.

Beat oil and eggs until well blended.

Gradually add dry ingredients while stirring, then carrots and pineapple.

Bake for thirty minutes. Insert toothpick; if it comes out clean let cool and ice with ginger icing. If not bake for one more minute.

Icing

Ingredients

2 3-ounce packages of cream cheese, room temperature
6 tablespoons (3/4 stick) unsalted butter, room temperature

3 cups powdered sugar

2 teaspoons finely grated peeled fresh ginger

Instructions

Beat butter and cream cheese until smooth.

Add powdered sugar and ginger, beat until fluffy and smooth.

Cover and chill. Right before use, let it come to room temperature and beat until fluffy, spread onto cupcakes.



Minutes, and All Is Gone

by Midnight Snowflake

Earth, possibly the only planet in the whole universe to have life, was staring me down, right in front of me, as if it were a contest. I was in space, outside of the Earth's atmosphere. It was as if I could grab the green and blue planet and clutch it tight, for dear life. *What a joy was this, to be able to see again?!*, I thought.

Flash!, it was like someone had turned the lights on in a pitch black room. Suddenly, I was surrounded, by people running, screaming and shrieking towards me. *What is going on*, I thought. *What have I done?* The answer was nothing; they were not yelling at me. I took in my surroundings and examined it quickly, as I smelt the sweat and fear. It appeared to me as if the ozone of the Earth was cracking, like a big earthquake dividing the land. But, instead it was letting in the air from space, which was harmful. Buildings, too, were cracking and crumbling to the ground. It began to seem jammed from building to building.

As a minute passed, everything was being forced closer and closer together, and no one knew where to go. There was only 3 feet between each building, and more than half of it was taken up by crumbled roads and squashed cars. So it felt like there was only a foot of tremendously uneven ground. I started running and screaming because I did not know where to go, but at least I could see. I stumbled to the park, where there was more space, but not much. A young lady ran up to me and cried,

"Help me! My child is dying; he got trampled over by people."

"I'll try but I am no doctor." I replied as she showed me her child. The ozone layers were squishing closer. Slowly the child breathed in and out; and I do not want to get into detail of his damaged being. All I will say is he could have resembled a totaled truck in an accident, only the boy was worse.

"I'm so sorry but there is nothing I can do, he looks as if he only has,"

Flash!, "minutes.", I finished as I was back in space again. I felt sorry for the young boy and his mother, and I felt the tears roll down my face slowly. The

suffering of others is hard to watch, especially when you know you are okay.

Minutes. Minutes were all it took for the Earth to vanish, into the continuous Universe. Minutes, for countless lives to vanish. Minutes, for everything you ever hoped for and loved, to vanish into nothing.

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All of a sudden, the vision disappeared. I have been having visions since as little as I can remember, which is two. They would always be about useless things like a new iPod, what would happen at school, or meeting new friends I had not met yet. However, the exciting part of the visions was that they always actually happened. But this vision was not exciting; it was a nightmare stalking me, as flashes of this vision continued to follow me even now, two years later.

No one in my whole family from all of the generations has this ability, I am the only one. They all know about it, but nobody else knew, at the time. These visions, before this time, were treasure to me, for I am blind and have been since I was twelve. Surprisingly, I had never had a vision of becoming blind; it's almost as if I wasn't suppose to know.

Me, of all people! A cripple, a handicap, an outcast; why me? Why was I the chosen one, to have the vision, and even this gift? I no longer want it! Even though I can see, I'm seeing torment and horror! It burns my eyes! It no longer brings back memories; even now, it brings back nightmares!

It has always been possible for me to become blind because my uncle, my dad's brother, was blind and so was my great great grandmother. Blindness can be inherited and unfortunately I inherited it. I had not known I was officially blind until five years ago. But my story takes place three years after I was declared blind.

When I was little, my vision was blurry, but I didn't say anything. I thought that if you were blind, you couldn't see at all. Therefore, since I could still see the shapes and a little details, I didn't think it was that big of a deal. I thought glasses would correct it. But, I didn't tell my parents. But then in middle school, it became really hard to see. I

couldn't stand it anymore, and people started to notice I was having a great difficulty seeing, so I finally told my parents. So, I went to the eye doctor, were they officially declared me blind.

My dad is actually an ophthalmologist, an eye doctor, since he was so interested in his brother's blindness, and wanted to find a cure. He knows a lot about the brain too, because the eyes and brain work together to see. My mom, on the other hand, is an astronomer. Their offices are not far from each other, like 10 miles.

Most people think that when you're blind you lose your whole sight, but that is not true for some cases. Some people have dreams when they sleep, just like everyone else. In my case, I see the shape of things and I dream, but that is it. People will stare and I can tell. I feel like I am enclosed in a tight space, and then I work up a sweat. A pulse moves threw my spine and I sense it. It's embarrassing to have people stare. I'm just like everyone else, only they have a gift I no longer have, which is to see. Some people judge too quickly before they get to know me (or anyone), because I am not "normal".

If everything was normal, if I was normal, I would not be seeing visions, and I would not be blind. If everything was normal, I would look out the window (because I could see) and I would see kids running and screaming while playing basketball. I would see the trees sway in the wind as the birds chirped in the background. But it's not normal; I can't even see, but I can sense the darkness and gloominess of the universe. And I try to look outside to see, but I can't because I am blind.

But what exactly is normal? No one is alike, so I don't know how people could be normal, or even the same. Normal should not be determined by what clothes you wear, what everyone else does, or who you hang out with. To me, normal is just being yourself, which a lot of us teenagers lack these days. Why lie to yourself, and be who you're not?! No one ever gets the chance to know what I am like and how fun and friendly I am. It bothers me!

•••

"MOM, DAD!!!!!!!" I screamed. I heard them running down the stairs.

"What's wrong, Tyana? Are you okay?" Shouted my parents as they ran into the room.

"Um, I don't know. I just had a vision. This one

was important. There was the Earth, then the trampled baby, and then the Earth-"

"Okay kiddo, slow down and start from the beginning" said my dad. So I told them the whole vision. I could hear their gasps as I told them.

"Yes, that is quite important. Hmmm, it's like the Big Crunch, but instead it's happening to the Earth. Very interesting." My mom replied in a calm tone. (She does that a lot, so I won't freak out. But seriously, I am a blind girl with visions, how much more could I not freak out?)

"Wait, what's the Big Crunch, I thought it was the Big Bang Theory?" I asked.

"Well, there is the Big Bang Theory," said my mom, "which says that time began by an explosion and everything spread out. But, there is also the Big Crunch Theory. It says that time will end by everything compressing together until there is nothing. We need to document this. I'm going to my office." She started leaving the room, and then stopped.

"Was there anything else that happened?" Asked my mom.

"No, but I'm so scared! What are we going to do? How can we save everyone?"

"I don't know. My only thought is that we ought to tell the scientists at our work."

"Mom, No! You know how I feel about being a science project!"

"Do you want to live or die?!"

"Um, live." I said in a small voice. My mom was right; if this was going to happen we would have to act quickly.

"After I document this, I will take it to work, and tell the boss there is an emergency. Don't worry honey." Replied my mom.

"Just don't leave me! Because if something happens, I won't know where to go!"

"Oh, darling, you know we would never leave you. If we both have to go to work, you will come with one of us. I'm sure they will want to ask you questions," she said, and left the room with my dad as Sadie, my guide dog, came walking into the room and sat next to me on the couch.

We got her a year after I became blind, because I had trouble adapting to everything. My parents

told me that she is golden retriever, which explains why her shape seems so big when I run my hand through her fur. She is a very intelligent dog, and is like a sister to me. Sadie can always tell when something is up and is always alert. We play all the time, like tug-o-war, but she makes sure we are away from furniture or anything breakable. It's amazing that guide dogs can do so much, like answer phones, make phone calls, and open doors.

I sat there on the couch, worried and stressed. My family knew the fate of everyone's lives, but there was nothing I could do. If I tried to help, I would just screw everything up as usual. So I picked up my book, scanning my fingers over the indentions from the Braille, as Sadie dropped her head on my lap and slept. Reading always seems to help me relax and calm down. It is another way for me to see again, visualizing each image, detail, and action. To me, it is as if everything was back to the way it was, but that is only a fantasy.

My mom had been gone for about an hour when my dad came in the room and told me that some of the scientists from both my parent's offices wanted to meet me at my dad's office and do some tests. *Great, I am a science project, exactly what I didn't want to be,* I thought. I knew this would happen. But, we got in my dad's car and left.

When we reached the office, I got out my cane and stepped out of the car. My cane scanned the ground and rubbed over the rough pavement, sensing for any cracks and things in the way. We had left Sadie at home, so I had to rely on my dad and my cane. As soon as we walked in, I heard many people run up to me and I was hammered down with multiple questions. I could hear many people ask me,

"How long have you been blind?"

"What did you see in your vision?"

"Was it in color?"

"Can you explain, in detail, what the Earth looked like each time you saw it?"

"Where were when you had your vision?"

This was all very irritating, as my dad should have already told them the answer to many of the questions. I started to respond shyly; unsure of whom I was talking to.

"Um, I have been blind for 3 years, and yes my visions are in color. I saw-

"Wait you have had other visions besides this one?" Interrupted a scientist.

"Uh, yes ever since I was 2 years old. I was on the couch when I saw my vision. I was in space, with the Earth right in front of me, and then I was on the Earth, seconds later. The Earth looked as if it were cracking, and so were buildings. Everything, including the Earth itself, seemed as if it were shrinking and space was limited. A young lady, about late 20's or early 30's, came up to me crying that her son got trampled over by people. She asked me to help her, but before I could tell her that her son was going to die soon I was back in space again. In a few minutes the Earth had vanished to nothing."

"What have your other visions been about?"

"Nothing useful until now....they would just be about me, school, friends, and new electronics." I replied. They continued to ask questions, most of them were about my vision.

"Tyana, will you come here, and lay on this table? We would like to run some tests." Said my dad.

"Sure, guide the way." I moaned. I was not into the idea, it made me feel nervous.

My dad followed us and when I reached the table I gave my dad my cane. I crawled up on the cold table and lied down. I saw the outline of multiple people putting something all over my body, I think they were sensors. Many of these were put on my head, to see if they could find my recent vision and see it themselves (Thanks to recent advancements in technology, since it's 2060, they can do this). Annoyed by all these people hovering over me, I closed my eyes and tried to ignore everything.

They take the sensors and place them near my cerebral cortex, where memory is processed and stored. The pulse goes through my nerves to my cerebral cortex, and the computer basically copies everything in the cerebral cortex and transfers it into pixels, that pulse back through the brain into the wire. Then, the computer transfers the pixels into sequences of images, so they can see what I have seen, and it kind of shows up like a movie clip. While it is a complex process, they have become quicker with it.

Many minutes passed when a man shouted

"We got it! We got it! Record this!" From what I could tell, all the scientists were watching the



Women in Sports Quiz

by Sunflower

1. Which country won the women's curling event at the 2010 Olympic Games in Vancouver?

- a. Sweden
- b. Canada
- c. Norway

2. In the women's figure skating event at the 2010 Olympic Games, where did Joannie Rochette place?

- a. She placed 1st
- b. She placed 3rd
- c. She placed 5th

3. Which country won the first ever Women's Rugby World Cup, in 1991?

- a. The USA
- b. New Zealand
- c. England

4. Which gymnast won the Women's All-around title in gymnastics at the 2008 Olympic Games in Beijing?

- a. Shawn Johnson, USA
- b. He Kexin, China
- c. Nastia Liukin, USA

5. How many World and Olympic Gold Medals does US swimmer Katie Hoff have?

- a. Two
- b. Five
- c. Eleven

6. Which sports did Babe Didrikson Zaharias play?

- a. Golf, track and field, basketball, baseball, softball, diving, roller skating, and bowling
- b. Golf, track and field, baseball, football, diving, and roller skating
- c. Track and field, basketball, baseball, softball, diving, roller skating, ice skating, and bowling

7. Soccer player Mia Hamm scored more international goals in her career than any other player, male or female. How many did she score?

- a. 104
- b. 137
- c. 158

answers on last page

Lorna Johnstone, British Equestrian, was 70 years and 5 days old when she rode at the 1972 Games, making her the oldest female ever to compete at an Olympic Games.





Should Girls Be Allowed to Have YouTube Accounts?

by The Dreamers

Do you have or want a YouTube account? There are many pros and cons that go with having an account, and many different opinions on safety. Some of the Dreamers share their opinions on YouTube here.

Midnight Snowflake

No, I do not believe kids should have YouTube accounts. On YouTube, you can post almost anything, from bad or inappropriate videos to plagiarism, and it takes forever for the YouTube servicemen to find these videos. Younger kids can run into inappropriate videos, and find out about things they should not know about. To fix this, they could have an age limit, to keep the younger kids out of these videos.

Along with this, people are using music and clips of other people with out giving credit. I have seen whole movies posted on YouTube. This is wrong! It's the artists or companies work, not yours! You have to give credit (citation)! Claiming and using a piece of work that is not your own (without citation), is called plagiarism. It's against the law and you could be fined a lot of money! If you use more than 30 seconds of a song you need to cite it and possibly get permission from the company or artist. How would you feel if someone used something of yours and called it their own?

I think YouTube is great but there are too many flaws. People need to use it for it's true purpose, to post videos made by you, hence the title!

Sapphire Storm and Blazing Stars

"We think girls should be allowed to have a YouTube account. Having a YouTube account gives them an opportunity to post videos, comment on

other videos, and rate other videos. They can use it to express themselves creatively and say what they think. The most important thing is for them to have boundaries, for example to not post something that isn't safe, such as a video that reveals personal information about them. Also, it's important not to have a YouTube name that identifies them and makes it easy for people they don't know to contact them directly.

Icefox

I think that YouTube is a great outlet for girls' creative talents and sometimes, on rare occasions, a place to get discovered. For example, singers such as Justin Bieber, Marie Digby, and Arnel Pineda were discovered on YouTube! And Lucas Cruikshank, a.k.a. "Fred," was posting comedy videos for fun, but now makes money off of "Fred" T-shirts and pins. Michelle Phan, the beauty blogger, endorses many companies and has her own line of cosmetics. Parry Gripp sells his silly songs and videos on iTunes. There are many other users who have found success through YouTube - but I can't list them all. YouTube is slightly notorious for the whole "identity" thing (showing your face on the internet for all to see), and is full of trollers and harassers (you can tell from the comments). But all in all, I think YouTube is good when used responsibly.

(continued on next page)



Hey girls! Do you have an opinion on YouTube? Join the debate in the comments on [spiritofthemoon.wordpress.com!](http://spiritofthemoon.wordpress.com)

Sunflower

I do not think that girls should be allowed to have a YouTube account until they are able to handle it responsibly. Handling it responsibly means that they know how much personal information they are allowed to give out, and they can be courteous to others while online. You know the wars that go on in the comments of some videos? The people participating in those are not very responsible.

I think that how much personal information it's okay to give out depends on the age of the person, but I don't think it's ever okay to share everything about yourself.

If someone can be courteous, and doesn't give out too much personal information, then I don't see a problem with her having a YouTube account.

Since online age limits are not very enforceable, I see no point in YouTube's having one. If it was enforceable, I think that an age limit of 12 or 13 would be a good idea. This does not mean that everyone that age is ready for an account, but since most kids younger than that are not responsible enough, it would help at least a little.

The Dreamers are the authors of *Spirit of the Moon*, and we have three new Dreamers this issue! Find out about them here, then go to spiritofthemoon.wordpress.com/meet-the-dreamers to learn about *all* of the Dreamers.

Blazing Stars

Favorite color: Hot pink

Favorite school subject: Math

Favorite book: Flashcards of My Life

Favorite movie: Get Smart

Favorite drink: Club soda with juice

The one thing that annoys you the most: When I fight with my siblings

If you could have one superpower, it would be: Teleportation

What you like to do in your free time: Read, cook, play outside

Icefox

Favorite artist/band: Train and so many others

Favorite extra-curricular activity: Show Choir

Favorite animal: All of them, except mosquitoes

Favorite book: A series of books- WARRIORS

Favorite movie: Hairspray

Favorite sport to do: Fencing, skiing, rock climbing

Something else interesting about you: If you met me, you'd probably say I was half-cat! =^_^=

Sapphire Storm

Favorite artist/band: Down With Webster

Favorite song: Where Is The Love by The Black Eyed Peas

Favorite color: Black and yellow

Favorite animal: Dogs

Favorite movie: Pirate Radio, I Love You Beth Cooper, and Taken

The one thing that annoys you the most: People who hurt other people or animals physically or verbally

What you like to do in your free time: Listen to music and read