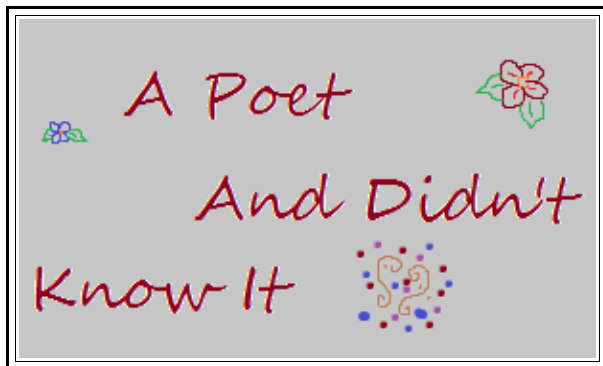


Animalzanian Times

February 2014

News of Interest

The rest of the newspaper will return in May.



Psalm 62

“Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

“He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defense; I shall not be greatly moved.

“How long will ye imagine mischief against man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

“They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly. Selah.

“My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

“He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

“In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

“Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us. Selah.

“Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men

Bible Verses of the Month

“Debate thy cause with thy neighbor himself; and discover not a secret to another: Lest he that heareth it put thee to shame, and thine infamy turn not away.”

-Proverbs 35: 9-10

of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

“Trust not in oppression, and become vain not in robbery: if riches increase, set your heart not upon them.

“God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

“Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.”

Psalm 67

“God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; Selah.

“That thy way may be known upon the earth, thy saving health among all nations.

“Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

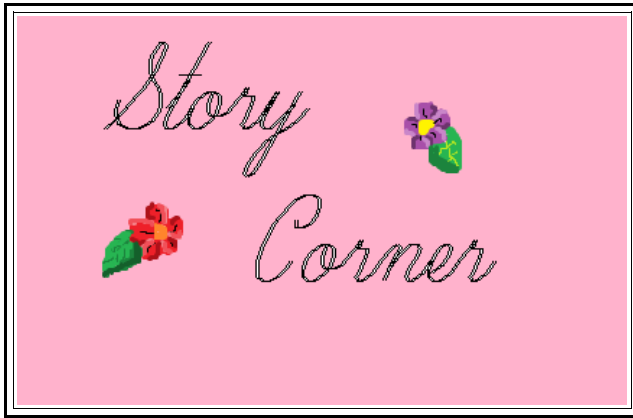
“O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon the earth. Selah.

“Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

“Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

“God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.”

Verses are from the King James Version.



Title: "What is Christmas" Part Three

Author: Elyzabeth McDunn

Background: *Polly Walker, an former eighth grade student of Heartland Middle School, is searching for answers to the question 'What is Christmas?' that got her expelled. Her old friend from school Amy finds her. Is Amy still her friend?*

I lay in the thickets of the forest near the road, hardly panting but so tired by the shock of the near-death experience that I literally collapsed onto the ground as if I had run a marathon. As I lay there, I wondered over the questions that had brought me to where I was now.

The low rumble of a car engine made me get up and look to see who it was. Heartland Road was often unused and it was strange if anyone other than the school administration were driving on it. Meaning to dash away if it were the administration, who might have sent someone to get me away, I peered out from among the bushes.

There was a black car with none of the Heartland symbols on it coming toward me. I couldn't see who it was driving it because the windows were so darkly tinted. All at once the driver pressed hard on the brakes and began to roll down the driver-side window. The person had seen me, but I didn't want to run away until I had seen who he was.

The shoulder-length blonde hair of the woman in the car shone in the sun, and as she raised her black sunglasses, she cried, "Why if it isn't Miss Polly Walker! What are you doing

here out of the campus area? Need a ride?"

As soon as I had seen the flash of her hair, I darted out of my hiding place and ran to the passenger side of the car. "Amy, I am so glad it is you!" I exclaimed as I fastened my seat belt.

"Want me to drive you back to the campus?" she asked as she turned the car around.

"Don't I am in deep trouble with them because I got –," I leaned over and whispered in her ear, "– expelled!"

"Expelled! There's no way, I'm going to drop you off at that campus!" She swerved and turned the car swiftly around. After a few minutes, she asked, "Anything else?"

"Where do you work now?" I asked for I had noted a large black bag in the back seat.

Amy's lips grew firm. "For the government," she answered grimly.

"In what department?" I asked further seeing she didn't want to tell me more.

"Code Eleven," she said glancing at me.

I had expected something like that. Code Eleven was a department which looked over the citizens who had F and under standings. Basically, if you happened to get in trouble with the government, you would be a new target on Code Eleven's watch list.

"You were always great at acting, Amy," I replied. "No wonder you got the job."

"I know," she replied shortly.

"So why were you sent to find me?" I asked hoping that she wasn't acting. Friends we were five years ago, but in that amount of time, one can change dramatically so I felt scared.

"Listen to me, Polly," she said as she pulled the car off the highway. She shut off the car and faced me. "I am your friend – always have been and always will be. I know you're thinking that I am acting. But let me tell you – I am not 'cause if I was you would have been dead the second I had seen you."

The feeling of distrust was swept away. But I was still afraid – not of her though.

"I had been told by my boss that a young girl had asked a certain question which had caused her to be on Code Eleven's most dangerous watch list. He handed me her file and told me to eliminate her. In essence, I was to kill

her. I returned to my office and began to flip through the file as I grabbed my bag. I was shocked when I found that the girl was none other than my dear friend Polly Walker!

“You understand how desperate and dangerous yours and mine situation is. I am disobeying orders in helping you escape and could legally be killed on sight by any government agent. You are wanted and are in the F-0 standing which means you should be killed by me, and if you go into any city, you will find it hard to breathe sooner or later. See?”

I was deeply impressed by the danger, happy that she had let me live, and sad that this was our situation. All I could say was, “Is this car bugged?”

“Thankfully, it's not,” said Amy starting the engine. “So why were you expelled?”

“Did it say it in the file?”

“Nope, not even a clue.”

“It was the question, 'What is Christmas?’”

“Why should they be afraid of that?” asked Amy beginning to drive off the road.

“I have no clue, but that is what I want to know.”

Amy stopped the car in the middle of a corn field. “Get your ID out, Polly. Mine is in the bag. Take out my gun and hide it beneath your seat. Now, do you see that old well over there? Toss the bag, IDs and your phone into it and run back into the car. She was hastily opening her wallet.

I ran, hypothesizing why she wanted me to do this, and threw everything into the well. Not waiting to hear the heavy bag slap the water, I turned and sped toward the door and fastened my seat belt.

“Here is your ID, Miss Kate Brown,” said Amy handing me a phony ID with the standing A-10 printed on it. “You may now address me as Mrs. Victoria Kingstone.”

“Thank you,” I said as I slipped the ID into my pocket. “What are we doing now?”

“Going to find answers for your questions,” she replied smiling as we pulled back onto the highway.

**Thank you for reading our newspaper!
We hope it has been a blessing!**

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

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Next month's is coming soon!

**The rest of the newspaper will be back in May.*

**Removed the address and phone number; fixed the News of Interest section to have something more informative in it.*