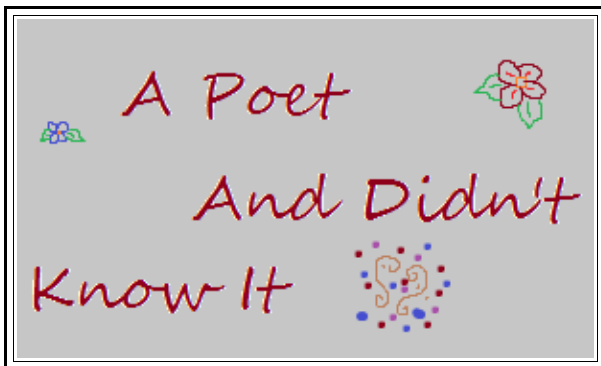


Animalzanian Times

March 2014

News of Interest

Newspaper will return in May.



“Crash! Crash! Crash!”

Crash, Crash, Crash!
The thunder rolls and lightning flashes
Across the stormy sky.
My skirt whips about me; as the light passes.

“O God,” I pray, “protect the ships
Upon this tempest of a sea!
Let them see the light the lighthouse gives,
Only for them to see!”

My face is wet with heavy rain,
As I watch eagerly the sea.
My father's boat has not come in yet.
What a storm this must be!

The foamy waves crash upon the rocky coast.
My heavy heart is straining.
Oh, come soon dear father!
You must, at least, be still a' rowing?

Bible Verses of the Month

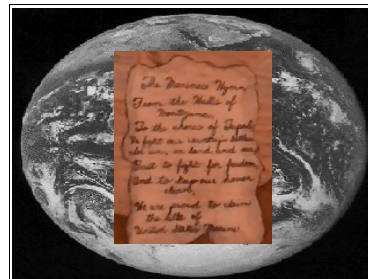
“And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.' Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.”

-Revelation 22: 12-14

Ah! His light, I barely see, is shining
Like a dim candle in the dark.
I hear his voice now commanding,
“Row hard! Watch for rocks, Hark!”

He turns his boat to the dock.
I run to meet him gladly.
His strong arms are about me, his hand upon my hair.
“Praise God,” I whisper softly.

Crash, Crash, Crash!
Oh, waves of the stormy sea!
My father came home safely.
We all will safe be.





Title: "What is Christmas" Part Four
Author: Elyzabeth McDunn
Background: *Polly Walker, an expelled eighth grade student from Heartland Middle School, and Amy White, a former Code Eleven agent, are searching for answers to their question 'What is Christmas?' Will they be able to find someone who can answer their question?*

Amy (now Mrs. Victoria Kingstone) and I (now Miss Kate Brown) drove to her apartment to get me some clothes because I was no longer a school girl, and my Heartland uniform might cause any officials or police to think I was trying to run away from my school.

When we entered the lobby of the apartment complex, Amy flashed her ID to the receptionist and walked to the elevator. Reaching her floor, we went to her room and entered it.

"Bug-free," she said.

"That's good," I sighed in relief.

"It's the only one in the entire complex which doesn't have the government listening." She turned on the wall computer and began to rummage in her dresser. It's a good thing I am skinny or else you wouldn't be able to wear anything of mine," she said as she presented me a pair of long pants and a shirt.

"That's a lot of clothes," I said looking over her shoulder into the drawer that was stuffed.

"Yes. The government is rather a hypocrite when it comes to legislation. While others can only have ten articles of clothing, I have unlimited amounts."

"Wow!" I called from the bathroom. "How are we going to find answers to my questions?" I asked as I emerged from the bathroom in new attire.

"That is why we're here. My computer has almost unlimited access to almost everything in the government. Since I am a government employee, I can access information about almost everything, and even if I am not allowed access to it, I still am able to get to the information."

I smiled as I watched her opening files and documents on her computer. She was great with a computer.

"How can they trust you with all that?" I asked looking at the screen which showed much information.

"Because I work for them. Most people who work for the government like it because they feel very close to power. Many apply for Code Eleven, but only the best get in. Unlike some people, I hate the work I do." She grew silent. Guessing she didn't want to talk, I was silent too.

"Here we go!" she said. "Top-secret documents on religion."

"On what?" I asked leaning forward.

"Religion. They banned that decades ago."

"How do you know all this," I wondered.

"Code Eleven specializes in these people who practice religion, mostly Christians. They're the only ones who haven't conformed to atheism."

"Do you think they have the answers to my questions?"

"They should because Christmas originates from them."

"How can I talk with them?"

"That will be hard," replied Amy. "First of all, they might not trust you, and think that you will report on them to Code Eleven. And mainly, their places of meeting are unknown. You would have to find out where a Christian lives and ask him to show you there."

"Do you know where any live?"

"Yes, but I cannot guarantee that any are still living." Amy opened a Code Eleven target list.

I could see names, pictures, and individual information of people. It was Code Eleven's most dangerous watch list. Near the bottom, I saw my name and picture.

"There is one," said Amy tapping on the picture of an old woman by the name of Marissa Owens, just below my name. "She is still alive. Copy down the address, phone, and name on that 3x5 card. We will see her."

"What day is it?" I asked.

"December twenty-fourth," Amy answered.



Next month's is coming soon!

**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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www.riverleaves.org/AT

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

**Removed the address and phone number.*