



Vol 1.1

Cheeky Monkey Magazine

The Homeschooler's Arts Journal



Brahma's Creation

Watercolor

Chuck, 11

Avondale Estates, Georgia



From the Editor:

Welcome to the first issue of Cheeky Monkey Magazine. Whew, I can't believe we did it! I want to thank all of you for your patience. This issue was to be completed and posted in January, but as they say, *life happens*. We had a close call – almost having to make a cross country move for the Cheeky Dad's job. A couple of winter illnesses, relatives visiting, and next thing you know, it's February.

I am proud of the authors and artists in our inaugural issue. We have stories, poems, and artwork that will make you think as well as smile. Our writers and artists come from all over the fifty states of America, Canada, and even China – and all are home-schoolers.

We have a bright new star in Jacy, 15, from Alberta, Canada. Her story in Kate's Reason spoke to us. Her ear for dialogue, and her ability to draw out her character is something remarkable for someone so young. We expect great things from her in the future.

So brew some coffee, steep some tea, or pour yourself a glass of chocolate milk. Get in your comfiest chair, or under your softest blanket and just read.

--The Cheeky Monkey



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KATE'S REASON

by

Jacy, 15

Whitecourt, Alberta

“Shoplifting is a serious offence,” Mom says.

“Like I don’t know,” I reply. We’re driving home from the mall. My heart is still beating fast from everything that just happened, but I can’t let on that it bothered me. How babyish would that look?

“Do you have other stolen items at home?” Mom demands. If she were a cartoon character, she’d have steam coming from her ears. “You’d better tell the truth.”

“No,” I say.

“No?” she asks. “No, you won’t tell the truth? Or no you don’t have anything else?”

I roll my eyes. “No, I don’t have anything else. This is the only time I’ve ever stolen anything.”

My best friend Chantelle has been stealing ever since I met her, and she’s never been caught. In the beginning, I thought it was wrong, but lately, I’ve been really short on spending money. All I wanted was a CD. It was only worth twelve dollars. How was I supposed to know it was such a big deal to be caught?

We’re almost home, and Mom’s getting hysterical. “What did we do wrong?” she asks, crying.

I don’t reply.

“You were always such a good little girl,” she says. “How did we end up with a teenage delinquent?”

Teenage delinquent? That’s so unfair! I only took one thing and it was tiny!

I've been in my room ever since we got home from the mall. Mom and Dad are talking in the living room, deciding what to do about their darling little delinquent. I tried crouching at the top of the stairs to see if I could hear anything, but it was useless. I think they knew I was eavesdropping.

"Dinner!" Mom calls. I've had a huge lump in my stomach ever since the CD incident. I can still feel the saleslady's cold hand on my shoulder, her icy voice saying, "You've taken something from us. Come with me, young lady." My stomach twists up at the thought of eating, but I come down anyway. When I get to the table, Dad just gives me a cold look.

"We've been talking," he says. Like I couldn't tell.

"You're not making the kinds of friends we hoped you would," Mom says. "The kids you hang out with are a bad influence on you."

I open my mouth to argue, but Dad cuts me off.

"Kate," he says. "We've come up with a plan, and like it or not, you're going to follow through." As soon as he says that, I know it's something I won't want to hear.

"Okay," I reply. My throat is closing up, and my head pounds. Now I'm the one who's getting hysterical.

Mom glances at Dad, who gives her a reassuring look.

"Since I'm not working right now," Mom says. "We've decided to home school you."

They say that everything happens for a reason, but I know there's no reason for this. If home schooling is Mom and Dad's idea of punishing me, it's not going to work.

After Mom announces that I'm going to be home schooled, I leap off my chair and run upstairs, slamming my bedroom door. How can they do this to me? Now I won't ever see my friends. I'm going to be an outcast, I just know it.

I'm lying on my bed when there's a knock on the door. "Yeah?" I call.

"Can I come in?" Mom asks. When I don't answer, she opens the door and comes over to sit on the end of my bed.

"I know this is hard for you, but your father and I both believe it's the best choice," she says. "Your behavior is concerning, and we don't want you getting into trouble."

I roll my eyes and don't answer. I know she's trying to be nice, but at the same time, she's being really, really cruel.

Mom sighs. "Please try to understand."

"But why?" I whine. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"You've done a very bad thing, and we don't feel we can trust you right now," she replies.

"This sucks," I say. I don't feel bad being rude. After all, she *has* ruined my life. I'm never going to see my friends anymore and from now on, the only thing I'll get to do is sit at home. Alone.

"I'm sorry, but we just can't have you running around town stealing things," Mom says. Then she gets up and leaves.

The next morning, because I don't have to go to school, I decide to sleep in. At nine thirty, Mom comes into my room and shakes my bed.

“Just because you’re not going to school, doesn’t mean you can sleep all day,” she says, so I get up and make a peanut butter sandwich. Taking my breakfast out to the backyard, I notice it’s completely silent. Every kid in the whole town is at school except for me.

I take a big bite of my sandwich. Home schooling is so boring. I look around the yard. There’s a garden shed in the far corner and shaggy brown grass everywhere else. We don’t have any flowerbeds or even a deck. You just step out the door onto the prickly lawn. Our neighbours, the Samsons’ have a cement patio and a pool. They also have white patio furniture, colourful flowerbeds and soft green grass. Sometimes I wish I lived there. I baby-sit their five-year-old, Jason, all the time, but I’ve never gotten to swim in their pool.

I take another bite of my sandwich.

“Hey!” calls a high-pitched voice. I turn to look at Jason’s yard. Jason is staring at me through the fence.

“Hi Jason,” I say.

“How come you’re not at school?” he asks.

“Because,” I say, “I’m taking a break.”

“A break? How come you get to do that? Are you sick?”

I don’t know what to tell him. I could tell him the truth, but he’s only five. He wouldn’t understand what’s going on.

“I just have to,” I answer.

Jason furrows his eyebrows and thinks about it for a minute. As I shove the last of the sandwich into my mouth, I turn to go back inside, hoping he'll leave me alone. Normally I don't mind talking to him, but this time I feel oddly uncomfortable. I'm sliding open the screen door when he calls out, "Hope you get to go back soon!"

"Thanks," I say, and slip inside. *Thanks a lot.*

"I've called the school to see about getting textbooks for you," Mom says.

"Oh," I say, and go back to my Sudoku. This is Mom's idea of schoolwork for my first day at home. She sighs.

"I'm going to the grocery store," she says. "Do you want to come?"

"No," I answer. I've been sticking to one-word sentences all day. Maybe she'll decide to send me back to school if I refuse to talk.

After she's gone, I go back outside. Immediately, I can sense that something's not right. I look around the yard. The hose isn't running, the shed doors are closed, the house isn't on fire...

Then I see it. My stomach does a double back flip. I scream. There's a motionless body floating in Jason's pool. Before I have time to think, I'm jumping over the fence and running across the cement patio. I slip into the pool, fully dressed, and swim to Jason. I grab him around the waist and pull him to the steps. It's easy to get him out. He's always been small for his age. I lay him on the patio. He's not breathing.

They taught me CPR in my babysitting course, but my mind is blank. Is it thirty breaths and five chest compressions? No, that doesn't seem right. I look at his motionless body. He's so small. Too small to die.

I wipe my dripping hair away from my face. I'm panicking. Then I remember that you're supposed to stay calm. You're also supposed to call for help.

"Mrs. Samson!" I scream. "Help!!!"

Then it comes to me. I tilt his head back, check for breathing and give him two breaths. I'm about to start on the chest compressions when Mrs. Samson comes running out onto the patio.

"Kate?" she asks. "What's the mat-" Then she sees him, and screams louder than I did.

"Call an ambulance," I order. White-faced and panic-stricken, she nods and runs inside. I start on chest compressions. Before I've done thirty, Jason begins to cough. My stomach does another flip, only this time, it's from relief. *I've saved him!*

When Mrs. Samson comes back and sees her son alive and sitting up, she scoops him up and squeezes him hard. She's bawling immediately. "I was so worried! Kate, you're a lifesaver! I can't imagine what would've happened if you hadn't-" But she can't finish the sentence. I can't imagine it either.

"Kate, I can't believe how responsible you were," Dad says. We're at the dinner table later that evening. Mom has been crying ever since she heard what happened. She had been at the store, in the frozen foods to be exact, when Mrs. Samson called her. When

she heard what happened, she rushed home. I was still with Mrs. Samson and Jason. She took me home and proceeded to tell me over and over again how amazing I was. I think I was in shock.

“Honey, I just want you to know, that we trust you one hundred percent,” Mom says.

I'm very excited to hear this. I ask, “Does that mean I can go back to school?”

Mom and Dad shake their heads. My heart sinks.

“But home schooling is so boring!”

“I read about something in the newspaper I think you'll like,” Dad says. “The public pool is looking for young people to train as lifeguards.”

“You've already proven yourself as a very responsible person,” Mom says. “We think you should start your training. It'd be a great thing for you to spend time on.”

Without answering, I excuse myself and go up to my room.

At first I think, if they trust me so much, they should let me go back to school. But then I think, if I'd have been at school, who would've saved Jason? If I hadn't shoplifted that CD and gotten caught, I wouldn't have been home schooled at all. Jason would've drowned.

There's a knock at my bedroom door.

“Kate?” Mom calls. “Can I come in?”

“Sure,” I answer. She comes in and sits down next to me on the bed.

“You saved a little boy's life,” Mom says, crying again. “If you had been at school-”

“I know,” I interrupted. “And I’ve been thinking. Maybe all of this happened for a reason.”

“The fact that you rescued a child?” she asks.

“Everything,” I say. “After all, if I hadn’t been caught with the CD, and you hadn’t been mad and made me stay home, I would’ve kept going to school. We both know what would’ve happened if I had been at school this afternoon.”

Mom’s eyes are full of tears, and I’m surprised to feel that mine are too.

“I want to do the lifeguard training,” I say, sniffing. She sniffs too and laughs. We must look ridiculous. She nods and says, “I think it’s a wonderful idea.”

Maybe home schooling won’t be so bad. After all, I’m starting my lifeguard training next week, so I’ll have plenty to do.

Now I know that everything really does happen for a reason. If I hadn’t been caught, all I would’ve ended up with is a lousy CD. This way, I ended up with a whole lot more.

I AM DIFFERENT!

I am different,
I am very, very D.I.F.F.E.R.E.N.T.
No one talks like me,
No one walks like me.
No one acts like me,
No one rolls
Or twist their tongues like me!
No one whistles like me,
No one has my gifts.
These are the best things about ME!

*Vera, 10
Singapore*

An Impossible dream

I wish I were a wolf, a very very wise one,
I would tell the world we are all together,
Living here as one

Once I had a dream, and together we would stand,
Helping out each other forever hand in hand.

But now that dream is gone,
It lived but died in vain,

And now I wait till the sun comes up and
The day begins again.

Jessica, 11
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Invisible Me

Playing hide and seek

Going round a tree

Never will be found

Because I am invisible me!

Games - (dedicated to my daddy)

I like to play games

Like "Payday" and "Clue".

But I like playing them most,

When I play them with you!

Alaina, 9

Sea Mist



*Elizabeth, 10
Ohio*

NOVEMBER WIND

As the wind blew through the forest,
Instead of green leaves, grass, and flowers,
It blew through dry and brittle leaves,
Dead brown trees and withered flowers.

When the wind reached the town.
It found no children playing in the streets,
But only smoke from many a chimney.

And so the November wind blows on,
Waiting for life to return the world.

*Zachary, 13
Corona, California*

Winter

Some things hibernated,
Some things migrated,
Snowflakes on the ground,
Piled up by the pound.
The world looks recreated.

Kate, 10
Simsbury, Connecticut

Snowflake

A snowflake
is like the delicate, unique soul of mankind
falling without guidance
until
the breath of God gently guides it to solid ground
where nothing can alter its path

*Caitlyn, 14
California*

THE LOST GALAXY

Chapter One

The Mistake

I am the leader of the ship Deep Night 7. My name is Alec. Ian and I are flying Deep Night 7 on a mission to find a lost galaxy.

Ian is my repairman, and I am the only one who knows he is actually a robot. Even Ian thinks he is human. While he looks human on the outside, inside he is made of metal. He has a memory chip in his heart that makes him good. If it is removed, he will turn bad. Ian has a cool power. If he gets shot he won't die. Instead, the hole that was made will start swirling faster and faster and then it will stop and no hole will be left!

We were flying past the sun to gather a sample of the sun so that we could attach it to a solar panel on an orbiting telescope. This piece of sun will provide energy for the telescope for millions of years.

All of a sudden, I heard a noise. I ran to the controls. I yelled for Ian to come help. The ship was shaking furiously. Ian came running knocking things over on his way to me.

We saw on our radar that we were headed toward a black hole!

Eeeeeee, Eeeeeee, Eeeeeee! The ship's alarm went off.

“ Pull up, pull up! ” I said. But it was too late. Instead of a black hole, we were sucked into a worm hole!

“ Drat, ” said Ian.

We were still in the wormhole. Then, I noticed something black in front of us. Of course, I did not know this was a black hole, because I didn't know black holes could be sucked into a worm hole. I looked on the control panel and noticed we were going ten times faster than normal.

Unexpectedly, we were spit out of the wormhole. On the other side we saw a very weird, unlikely world. Before I knew what happened, an alien shot me with a sleeping dart. I was there and then I wasn't. The next thing I knew, I was lying in a bed.

Chapter Two

The Rescue

I woke up and felt weak and all wavy. I fell out of the bed. I heard the loud sound of a gun being fired. I dodged it. I looked and saw that it was Ian behind the gun.

“ You will pay! ” said Ian.

Phewm, phewm, phewm, phewm.

Four more bullets were coming toward me. I bent my body to the right, to the left and back. Then I jumped into the air and spread my legs to avoid the last one. The bullet grazed the inside of my leg. I saw something red running down the inside of my thigh.

I realized that Ian had turned bad. What I didn't know was that while I was sleeping, the aliens had changed Ian. They had used a shrinking ray to shrink one of the aliens. The alien then jumped into Ian's ear, traveled down to his heart and grabbed the memory chip. Then the alien threw it down into Ian's digestive tract destroying it.

Now I knew I had to destroy Ian. My automatic defenses kicked in. Immediately, blue crystal spikes appeared all over my body. These razor sharp spikes can withstand

burning hot or freezing cold temperatures. In fact, the more I use them the stronger they get.

I used the spikes on my fingertips to slice off both of Ian's arms. That very instant, oil starting gushing from his body. Ian had a look of complete shock on his face. It was then that he realized he was simply a robot.

I knew I had to finish him off. I jumped up four feet into the air and landed on Ian's back. A blue cloud of crystal dust surrounded us. The force of the exploding blue crystal cloud I had created slammed Ian against the wall. The wall collapsed on top of Ian, crushing him.

Now, I had to get out of there before the roof caved in. But I didn't know which way to go. I looked up and saw a hole opening in the roof. Suddenly I felt cold metal on the back of my neck. Something grabbed my shirt. I was lifted off my feet by a metal hook and pulled upwards.

A voice came out of nowhere, but it sounded familiar.

“ You are fine, Commander! ” said the voice.

Chapter 3

Radar

I looked above me and saw that my bodyguard was pulling me up to my ship.

“ How did you survive, Commander? ” asked my bodyguard.

“ I cannot answer that question, ” I replied.

Now that I had survived, I felt invincible, I felt like a million worlds!

We came in through the back portal. I really didn't want to come in that way because I had to pass by a creature called a Kertosis. It is kept in a clear spherical force field. It has three sharp front teeth, the middle one is four inches long and the two teeth on the side are two inches long. It stands fifteen feet tall and is very scary looking. The Kertosis gives me the creeps but he is here to protect us.

Now it is time to get back to our original mission...finding the Milky Way. Ten years ago, I, the Commander of the Milky Way, was forced out by the Weecos. Weecos are extremely prodigious humans that want to rule the galaxy. While my crew and I were doing repairs on the Deep Night 7, the Weecos tricked us and programmed our flight

computers to hurl us to the other side of the universe. They hit the launch button before we knew what was happening. Ever since, we have been trying to find our way back to our Lost Galaxy...the Milky Way.

I looked at the ship's main screen and saw what I had been waiting for ten years to see. Radar signals that I knew could only be coming from the Milky Way! Excitedly, I set a course to take us home.

Rrrrrrr! Rrrrrrr! Rrrrrrr!

The ship's asteroid alarm went off!

Immediately, the back hatch opened and we all had to hold on to special handles because the loss of pressure was sucking us out of the ship!

I pushed the button releasing the Kertosis from his force field. With massive steps it went out the hatch and climbed on top of the ship. Without a plan, the Kertosis viciously attacked the meteor. One blow from this creature cracked the meteor in half!

The whole ship quavered, but otherwise we were fine. As the Kertosis ran back inside, we closed the hatch and quickly turned the force field back on, just before he could land a blow on one of us! The only damage to the ship was the Kertosis' footprints left in the hull.

Now that all the pandemonium had settled down, I looked out the window and I realized that we were in the Milky Way galaxy! We were hurtling towards Earth. I could see the colors of Earth, blue and white. I felt dizzy. We re-entered the Earth's atmosphere smoothly and below I saw an amazing sight. I saw home.

Lucas, 7
Rio Rancho, New Mexico

The Caracal



*Jessica, 8
Simsbury, Connecticut*

Feathers and Sap

Feathers in my cap
Sip it in the sap
You sew it
And you row it
And you drip it
On your lap

*Dylan, 5
Tampa, Florida*

The Moon's Smile

Twilight breaks
stars peek
clouds chase
wind whistles
owls hoot
bats fly
fireflies twinkle
predators hunt
people disappear inside
The moon is smiling.

I am an Artist

Art is everything and everything is art
like rainbows, clouds, grass, trees and flowers.
You can make art out of everything.
Everyone is an artist.
Artists listen and notice everything around them.
Artists find inspiration everywhere.
I am an artist and so are you.

Lexi, 13
Kansas City, Missouri

Happiness is . . .

smiles
excitement
my dogs
family
friends

Poetry is...

a volcano
hot, lava rocks
spicy fire
exploding, erupting
from the deepest recesses of the soul
a connection,
understanding and acceptance.

Everything right in the world,
everything right in me.

Alaina, 9
Kansas City, Missouri

Phoenixes

Acrylic



Caroline, 13
Huntsville, Alabama

All Songs Have an Ending

All songs have an ending some good some bad,

All songs have an ending some happy some sad.

If songs have an ending then so do I,

If songs have an ending the stars will die.

So live every day as if it's the last,

And live in the present instead of the past.

*Jessica, 11
Chagrin Falls, Ohio*

About the Authors and Artists

Chuck painted *Brahma's Creation* after studying ancient India. His painting was done in watercolor, and was inspired by this quote "Brahma split the golden egg into two halves, making the heavens and sky out of one half and the earth and oceans out of the other half." Chuck is 11 and lives in Georgia.

Jacy is 15 years old. She question the reason behind why things happen in *Kate's Reason*. Jacy has been home-schooled since Kindergarten, and lives in Alberta, Canada.

Vera is the author of *I am Different*. She is 10 years old and lives in Singapore.

An Impossible Dream, and *All Songs Have an Ending* were both written by Jessica. Jessica is 11 and lives in Ohio.

Alaina, 9 is the author of *Invisible Me* and *Games* (which she dedicates to her father). Alaina's poetry is all original and self-inspired.

Sea Mist is an award-winning picture done in charcoal. This artwork was created by Elizabeth of Ohio when she was just 9 years old. Elizabeth has been taking art lessons since she was seven. When's she's not drawing, she enjoys being with her horse (I'm jealous☺), participating in Church and 4-H activities, and hanging out with friends from her local home-school co-op. Elizabeth hopes to be a veterinarian when she grows up.

Zachary is the author of *November Wind*. He is 13, and lives in California.

Winter was written by Kate. She is 10 years old, and resides in Connecticut.

Snowflake is written by 14 year old Caitlyn. She is currently in the 9th Grade and lives in California.

The author of *The Lost Galaxy* is only 7 years old! We think Lucas shows a lot of imagination and budding talent. He lives in New Mexico.

The Caracal was done by 8 year-old Jessica from Connecticut.

Dylan from Florida is only 5 years old. He is the author of the whimsical poem *Feather and Sap*.

The Moon's Smile and *I am an Artist* were both written by Lexi, 13. Lexi lives in Missouri with her family and two dogs (Thorin and Sam). Besides reading, Lexi loves to travel, act, sing, dance, perform ballet, swim, write, and play softball (whew, she's one busy girl☺). She loves animals (both land and sea), and is on the Lee Summit Homeschool Gymnastics Team.

Happiness Is and *Poetry Is* were written by Alaina, 9. Laina lives in Missouri with her family, and likes to color, play with friends, swim, travel, play softball, and swing. She is on the Lee Summit Xtreme Gymnastics Team.

Phoenixes was created in watercolor by Caroline, 13 from Huntsville, Alabama. If you take another look at her picture, you'll see a Chinese symbol at the bottom of her picture. Is it a real Chinese symbol, or one from her imagination? What do you think?