

A Bum Rap

Sure, they call me the Big Bad Wolf. But I'm not that bad! I'm here to tell you the real story

My brother and I were walking to town minding our own business when, all of a sudden, this mama pig was dragging out her kids. She said they were trapped—in a wooden house, of course—and they couldn't get out. So what else could my brother do but . . . huff and puff and BLOW the house down?

I Am Illinois

I am Illinois. I dwell in the Midwest.

I'm covered by fertile farmland, dense forests, rolling hills, and soggy wetlands.

Violets grow in my fields. Trout jump in my lakes. Eagles soar over my rivers.

I'm dotted by whirring windmills, soaring skyscrapers, and smiling tourists and sports fans!

I am Illinois.

Tied!

At the end of the race, I glanced over at my biggest rival and noticed his foot on the yellow line—just like mine. We were tied! The judges pondered how to break the tie, and we waited as they huddled together. After a few minutes, the head judge beckoned us over. We got the best news—two gold medals!

The Life of a Penguin

Penguins' lives seem hard to me! They're able to withstand snow blowing at 50 miles an hour and temperatures that dip to 40 below zero. The parenting skills of a penguin are even more remarkable. After a female lays the eggs, it's the dad's job to keep them safe in the long, cold winter.