

new Moon girls



Kendall Rae

Our Girl of 2022

Listening to Girls
since 1992

newMOON girls

freedom to be themselves

Spring 2022
Volume XXIX, Issue 3
Blossoming

We are the original girl-created media. Girl writers and artists from around the world contribute their creativity and content. They work with adults using our groundbreaking Share the Power method.

New Moon Girls provides innovative, safe, respectful, and ad-free spaces where girls develop their full potential through compassion, creativity, and community.

NMG is for every girl who wants her voice heard and her dreams taken seriously in the world.

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Thanks Awesome Volunteers!

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New Moon Girls (ISSN: 1943-488X print; 2161-914X digital) is published quarterly by New Moon Girl Media, 85 Lakeshore Ct., Richmond, CA 94804-7421. Periodicals postage paid at Richmond, CA, and additional mailing offices. Email Help@NewMoonGirls.com NewMoonGirls.com Internet: NewMoonGirls.com New Moon Girls is a trademark of New Moon Girl Media, Inc.

Give us at least 8 weeks advance notice of mailing address change. Include customer number at Help@NewMoonGirls.com

or mail to: New Moon Girls, 85 Lakeshore Ct., Richmond, CA 94804-7421, USA.

NMG is not able to replace magazines missed because of late address change notification.

Postmaster: Send change of address to New Moon Girls, 85 Lakeshore Ct., Richmond, CA 94804-7421.

Publications Mail Agreement No. 40064408

Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to:

Ontrac

P.O. Box 25058

London, ON N6C 6A8

Printed in Liberty, Missouri, USA, by LSC Communications, soy ink on recycled paper.

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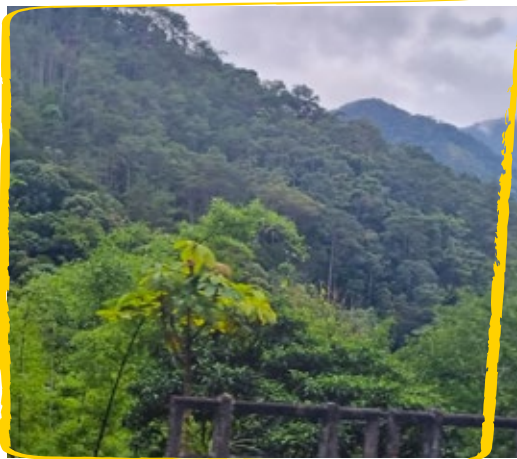
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Our Cover

This is our 2022 Girl of the Year. Kendall Rae Johnson, who started farming at age 4.

We chose this image for the cover because it shows her love of the earth and plants.

✖by girls

Norah, 13, PA

ABOUT ME

Hi! I'm Norah, older sister and dog owner. I love my two dogs, Darcy and Dexter, sooo much. We got the youngest one in December of 2020, so he's kept us pretty occupied.

COVID has given me lots of opportunities to bake. I've made some delicious cinnamon rolls, a Thanksgiving pecan pie, and many more treats. I've also had even more time to read — one of the few upsides of the pandemic — and my to-be-read list has grown a lot.

I've been doing horseback riding for quite a while now, in my spare time. This past fall I entered my first competition. It was pretty stressful, but I ended up getting second place!

Although I haven't been able to do it recently, I really enjoy traveling and want to see the world someday.



I haven't actually left the United States, but my family had a trip planned for England and Ireland in the summer of 2020. I hope we'll reschedule that.



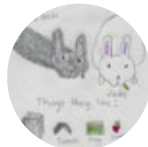
FAVORITES

Books: There are so many, but to name a few: Dress Coded, Harry Potter, When You Reach Me, Most Likely, and Call Us What We Carry.

Music: I would have to say indie or indie-pop (Phoebe Bridges or Maggie Rogers). But I'm always looking for something new.

TV Shows: Definitely Gilmore Girls, but if I'm looking for a classic family sitcom it would be Wonder Years or Fuller House.

Find 10 Luna Tics hiding in this issue:



Upload YOUR
Luna Tics:

[NewMoonGirls.com/
Girls-Get-Published](https://NewMoonGirls.com/Girls-Get-Published)

Nava, 10, ON; Clara, 11, CA; Anya, 9, VA; Amelia, 9, CA; Adara, 10, WA; Alexa, 11, WA; Julia, 12, CA; Cordelia, 11, CA; Alexa, 10, NY

You Honor Girls Being Themselves

All of a sudden it's spring! Winter has felt long this year so spring is extra thrilling to everyone on our NMG team.

While you enjoy this issue you're probably also thinking about summer and the end of the school year.

What are your plans? What would you love to do in a dream universe that can't happen in reality this year? We want to hear all of that and so much more from YOU.

Here's something to do NOW: honor girls for being themselves for our summer issue. You can nominate friends. You can nominate yourself. it's easy to do and it means a lot to every girl who is nominated. **NOMINATE BEFORE APRIL 1!!**

Even though we can only fit a few nominees in the Summer issue we also give them special recognition on our website.

So, pull out your pen or pencil or keyboard and go to newmoongirls.com/honor-girls-being-themselves

Did you find any mistakes in this issue? Be sure to tell us so we can apologize and correct it! Write us at NewMoonGirls.com/polls/our-latest-issue.



OUR NEXT ISSUES

SUMMER

Girls being Themselves
Deadline to Contribute:
April 15, 2022

FALL Theme
will be voted on at
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- ✧ poetry
- ✧ opinions
- ✧ mysteries
- ✧ photography
- ✧ knitting, sewing, any crafts
- ✧ science experiments
- ✧ paintings
- ✧ recipes you make
- ✧ sports
- ✧ songs you play or compose
- ✧ coding projects
- ✧ stories
- ✧ poll questions & answers
- ✧ playwriting
- ✧ true stories of your experiences
- ✧ reviews: music, dance, movie & book
- ✧ q & a's with someone who does interesting stuff
- ✧ puzzles you make up

CHECK YOUR EMAIL!!

That's how you know when we want to publish your creation.

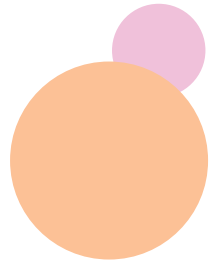
We can't publish your work if you and your parent don't answer our emails and messages.



I'm Luna, the spirit of
New Moon.

I love to hear from
you! Write to me at

[NewMoonGirls.com/Girls-
Get-Published](http://NewMoonGirls.com/Girls-Get-Published)



Dear Luna,

Your magazine is so cool! I love the VoiceBox.

I like it because lots of different girls can look at each others' artwork and poems. Also, I love reading stories and writing stories!

I loved Udeeta's article about games.

Bye! I love your magazine!

Anyia, 9, VA

Hi Luna,

I am a relatively new NMG reader. I started about a year and a half ago. Let me tell you, I LOVE it! I simply adore how you have an actual chance of getting published in it, unlike some other magazines. But I am SERIOUSLY CONFUSED. What is the GOC, what happened to it (did it die?? if so, why?) and will there be another thing like it? Bye! Love your magazine! (Also, please respond to this! It's really important!!)

Sincerely,

Clara The Fantabulicous, 11, CA

Dear Clara The Fantabulicous,
I'm so happy you love NMG magazine! The Girls Online

Community (GOC) was a website where girls from around the world could make friends, share writing and artwork, and express themselves. It closed early in 2021.

Now we have many of the same ways to connect – with even stronger security and privacy – on our main website at: NewMoonGirls.com/for-girls

Love, Luna

Hi Luna,

I would just like to say thank you for this wonderful opportunity. My parents and I have received the copies of NMG, and are absolutely elated to see "Good Vibes Only..." in print.

Additionally, we have thoroughly enjoyed reading through the other articles! Overall, we would just like to extend our gratitude for this fantastic experience.

Sincerely,

Ishani, 13, NJ

Dear Ishani,

You're very welcome for the opportunity to express your thoughts and opinions in NMG. Listening to girls and sharing

their voices with the world are the main reasons we exist. So we thank you, too, for being courageous and putting your thoughts and opinions out in the world. The world needs to hear much more from girls!

Love, Luna

Dear Readers,

Maybe you noticed that this Spring issue got to you a bit late?

I want to share why with you. I know you look forward to getting your magazine on time.

We were late getting it to the printer because we needed more writing and art contributions from girls ages 8 - 14.

You can help with this problem!! Contribute your creations at

[NewMoonGirls.com/Girls-
Get-Published](http://NewMoonGirls.com/Girls-Get-Published)



We asked if you think schools should use standardized tests. Your opinions are important and we're glad you shared them!

Standardized tests are extremely stressful, and they put a lot of pressure on students of all ages, pressure that can affect the mental health of the students. My mom is a doctor, and around standardized testing season many patients come to her about stress and anxiety. The tests also contain lots of unnecessary rules, including not being able to go to the bathroom during the test. Finally, the entire school year shouldn't be gearing up for a test at the end of the year. That makes school almost pointless.

Norah, 12, PA

The good thing about standardized tests is that they give you a challenge. But if you're having a bad day on the test day, or don't get enough sleep beforehand, then your mind might get mixed up when you take the test.

Anya, 9, VA

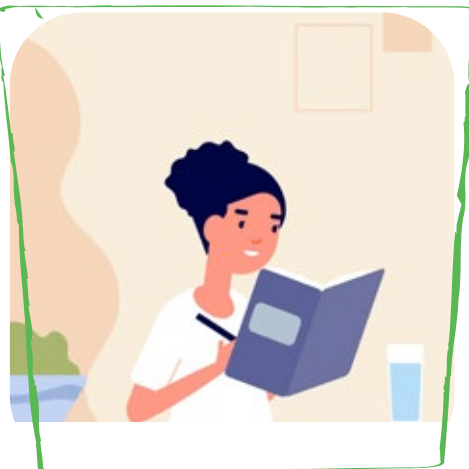


Standardized tests don't show how smart we are. They're dehumanizing and a waste of money.

Sunny, 11, UT

Standardized tests are on the computer at my school, and I think we shouldn't look at devices for that long. I'm also usually the first person who finishes the test, and it's quite boring because when you're done there's nothing to do. You do sometimes get to learn stuff, though. And the tests do a good job of measuring what I'm learning — it's quite embarrassing!

Jojo, 8, VA



NEXT VOICE BOX:

During the pandemic having friends went through a lot of changes.

Now we have both in-person friends and online friends we've never met in person.

What do you think are the pros and cons of both these kinds of friends?

<https://newmoongirls.com/girls-get-published/>

As the weather warms up in the north, you reach for clothes that don't make you feel overheated.

But what are your choices if you don't feel comfortable in the short-shorts that are the style right now? Love, Luna



Hello Dah1Girl here. I am starting middle school next year and I'm afraid of the shorts! Gymnophobia. It is the fear of showing skin. And I wouldn't say I'm the skinny type of girl. So what do I really do? I'm confused. Please help me. Love y'all

Dah1Girl, 11

Dear Dah1Girl,

I TOTALLY know how you feel! I get really uncomfortable and insecure. I only wear skorts which are just skirts with shorts underneath them. Though, I do have a few pairs of shorts.

Depending on where you live, the weather may be different.



Where I live it's rainy all the time. So, I don't wear skirts often. BUT sometimes if I want to wear shorts I put pants on underneath them. so maybe put on a very LIGHT pair of leggings or tights underneath. I recommend talking to your parent/guardian(s) about it and they might come up with something.

Emelia, 12, OR

Dear Dah1Girl,

Hi! Hansa here. You know, when I first wore skirts, I didn't like them at all. I used to wear pants all the time. When summer came, it got SO hot and I had to wear skirts. I realized I don't have to be afraid to show my skin, because it is a part of ME! So, take a deep breath, and face this fear. Trust me, at the end of the day you'll have a smile on your face.

Hansa, 9, India

Sometimes I feel invisible during class, in a family of 4,

at a camp, anywhere really. It's starting to get on my nerves. I don't know what to do. I also have another problem, I started puberty not so long ago and I'm a little scared if I get my period at school.

Brianna, 11

Dear Brianna,

I'm sorry! With the feeling invisible thing talk to someone about how you're feeling. Join a team or group. Talk and make people listen to you.

And about the period, I haven't gotten mine yet either, and I'm scared of the same thing. But just carry pads/tampons around with you and tell your teacher if you feel comfortable doing so.

Moonbear, 12, CA

We also have an article about getting your period on p 8, plus one about period products that help you and the world in our Fall issue. Love, Luna

**Sister to Sister
mentor Kinneret
offers advice for
when you feel
annoyed with
someone but
don't want to hurt
their feelings.**

During quarantine I've become really annoyed with other people, especially my family. When I try to express this to them they act hurt and/or angry, even though I'm just trying to say how I feel. How can I deal with being annoyed in a way that won't affect others?

EmpressElora, 13, NC

Hi EmpressElora!

This is definitely something I've struggled with too, so here are my ideas for dealing with it.

First, try to take some time for yourself every day. Being at home with the same people all day every day can be hard, even when you love them. Alone time is super helpful.

All you need is to ask your family to please not talk to you for a little bit, and then try to just relax. If you can go outside

or look out a window it can help a lot, I love watching the plants and animals and trying to empty my mind of anything else.

I hugely support finding a way to express annoyance and other strong emotions through art. By drawing, singing, writing poetry, playing an instrument, or even coloring, you get stuff off your mind without affecting others.

From my experience, I suggest you plan on talking to your family when you're feeling calm, and saying that you've been struggling with this. To make the talk helpful for all of you, ahead of time write down one thing that recently annoyed you about each member of your family. You can also write down something you did that you think might have annoyed them.

Then think about how you can explain to them why a certain thing triggered you. By reflecting on those situations when we're calm it can be easier to understand and accept our own feelings. When we accept any feeling, it makes it easier to talk about with others.

Lastly, I'm going to guess that you might not actually be annoyed at them. Sometimes it's more a general frustration that is triggered and just bubbles up at them, so I highly recommend explaining that to them.

During the pandemic, or any stressful time, annoyance happens more. Hopefully they'll understand. They may even be experiencing something similar themselves!

I hope this helps!

FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE

I like to write stories about adventure. I mean, they don't get published but I like doing that. And, for many days I just don't get good ideas. People tell me it shouldn't be perfect, but I really want it to be. I wanna post my stories on the net, get some fans and maybe even win a competition. I want to be something, I want to be remembered for my books. But it's like I'm falling into an abyss of nothing. Can you help me, please?

Hansa, 9, India

**Give your advice to
help Hansa at
NewMoonGirls.com/ask-a-girl**

**Your answer could be in
the next issue. And while
you're there, ask your own
question, too!**

my first period

by Rachael Sarto

I got my first period when I was 11. The night before, I had a dream. I was staying in the woods with an old woman and an old man. One night we had an elephant for dinner. I didn't want to eat it. I didn't even want to look at it, but the old woman said, "Everything needs to go, everything must die."

It was a Friday night when I went to the bathroom and saw the creamy brown spot on my underpants.

I didn't know what it was and my mom wasn't there, so I just sat down and spaced out for a few minutes.

Then my flow began in earnest – red – and I knew what it was.

When my mom came home I said, "Guess what? I got my period!" "No," she said surprised, "Did you put on



a pad?" Then she got on the phone and called my grandmother and my aunts.

My mom said we needed to do something to celebrate, but she wasn't sure what. We ended up going out to dinner with some women. It was kind of intellectual, but everyone gave me gifts.

I didn't menstruate again until five months later, but then it got fairly regular. By the next summer, I was annoyed with my cycle and started getting cramps.

In September, there was going to be a Coming Of Age class for girls who were beginning to menstruate, given by Layne Humphrey a local menstrual health educator.

My mom really wanted me to take this class. I didn't want to go because it was the same

day as a school picnic. But she insisted I go because one of the teachers, Tamara Slayton, would only be in town for the weekend. I kind of wanted to do it but it seemed weird to take a class about my period.

When we arrived, Tamara was downstairs and she looked really happy. She smiled at me and I started to feel better about being there.

I felt pretty good about the class because it was small. I didn't have to deal with a bunch of people I didn't know.

We learned about foods that are good to eat in relation to our cycles. We talked about our cycles and how they relate to the moon's cycle. We learned how to keep track of our cycles.

We also made dolls, which I really liked. I made a doll with red hair and extravagant

clothes. When we were done, we went around and said what our dolls' names were. My doll's name was Rosisha.

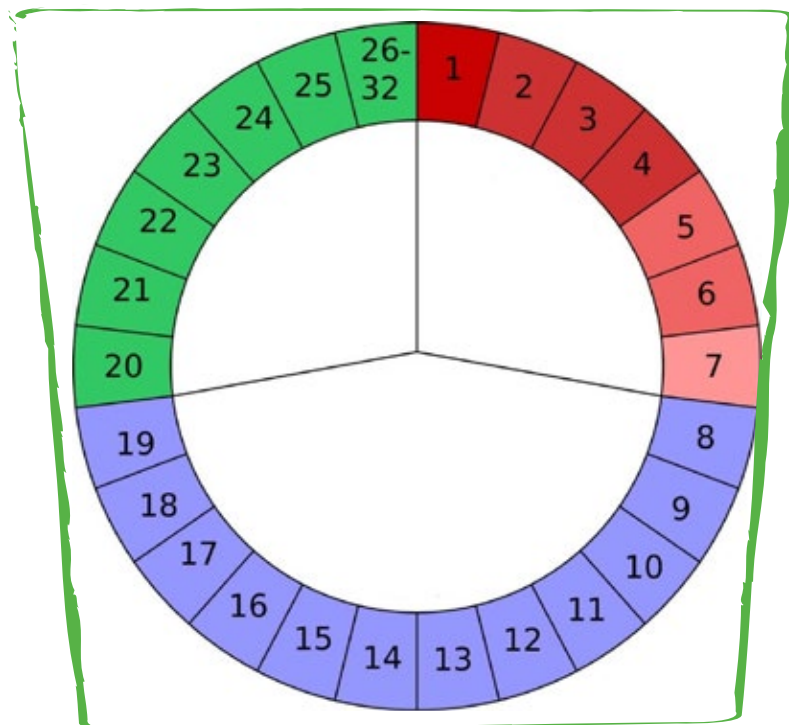
Then they asked us what our dolls wanted to do. I said my doll wants to live in the woods and not have to relate to people. I felt better about having my cycle after attending the class.

Now, I have become more aware of where I am in my cycle. I can use my cycle to understand that I am going through a change and be patient with myself. I see that when I eat certain foods, my cycle is uncomfortable. I also understand that stress affects my cycle.

When I talk about menstruation to my friends, I feel like I have a positive attitude. When one of my friends got her period, I welcomed her into this change.

I bought her some cloth menstrual pads. I wear cloth pads now. They are a little more work, but I think it is worth it. They don't feel so icky and uncomfortable, and they are pretty.

They also help our planet by



preventing the trash that is created by disposable period products.

As I learned in the class, I keep a chart about my changes. I keep my dreams in another journal and note what day of the cycle I am on when I have a very strong dream. I can really see the difference in how I feel when I am in the parts of my cycle.

When I am bleeding, red in the chart above, I pull in. I am deep; I want to be heard and insist on being heard. I love myself and want to be alone.

In the most fertile part of my cycle - purple in the chart - I

am social and bubbly and I love the world. My cycle is an important part of my life. For me menarche is a physical change and a spiritual change.

Each and every girl's menarche — her first menstruation — is beautiful and significant and important, no matter what the world says! No culture can destroy the bond of menstruation. I only wish there weren't so many restrictions. If I ever have a daughter, I hope that she will have even more support and welcoming when she has her first period.

When she wrote this, Rachael was 13, played the cello and liked to read, write, and relax. Today she's a Clinical Social Worker, mom, and Psychotherapist who works with people with serious illness or disability. And she still plays the cello like she did 28 years ago.



how to make a blossom book

by Vidya Malgari

If you would like to learn how to make a Blossom Book, you should read this article.

During the spring, trees blossom. People blossom. The world blossoms.

And New Moon Girls blossom, but that's a different story.

A Blossom Book is a collection of blossoms and the stories that go with them.

Before we get started, let's just talk a little more about what I mean by blossoms. You may think of the blossoms you find on cherry trees. And yes, you can use those.

But blossoms can also be the little things that make you happy and inspire you, and help you grow.

Why not use the lucky hair ribbon that got you through the audition for the play?

Or a scrap of the t-shirt you



loved and just finally grew out of?

Maybe something you found in your suitcase a year after your trip to Jamaica?

Anyway, it can be anything you want that helped you blossom.

When you make your Blossom Book, it really should be personalized. So, before we start, just decorate your book!

You can write your name in cursive, add googly eyes or plastic gems, or even superglue your favorite cereal to your book! Whatever makes it feel like you.

If you used glue, wait for it to dry before moving on. If you did not, then you may advance.

Next you'll need to open your book to the first page, and prop it open. Use books,

paperweights or anything else that is near you and comes to mind. Just maybe DON'T use your brother's remote-controlled tarantula.



FOR THIS FUN YOU NEED

1. A small blank sketchbook
2. Your Blossoms
3. Art supplies like markers, colored pencils, watercolors, etc.
4. Glue



Now you can glue one of your blossoms onto the page. Decorate the page with art, quotes and other things that are related to your adventures with the “blossom” or how it helped you grow. Like, if it’s a piece of your lucky soccer jersey you might want to draw soccer balls or write the score of the game.

Or if it was the wrapper of the cupcake of your tenth birthday, then you can draw 10s all over the page and draw things related to what you did on that birthday or what you achieved in your tenth year of life.

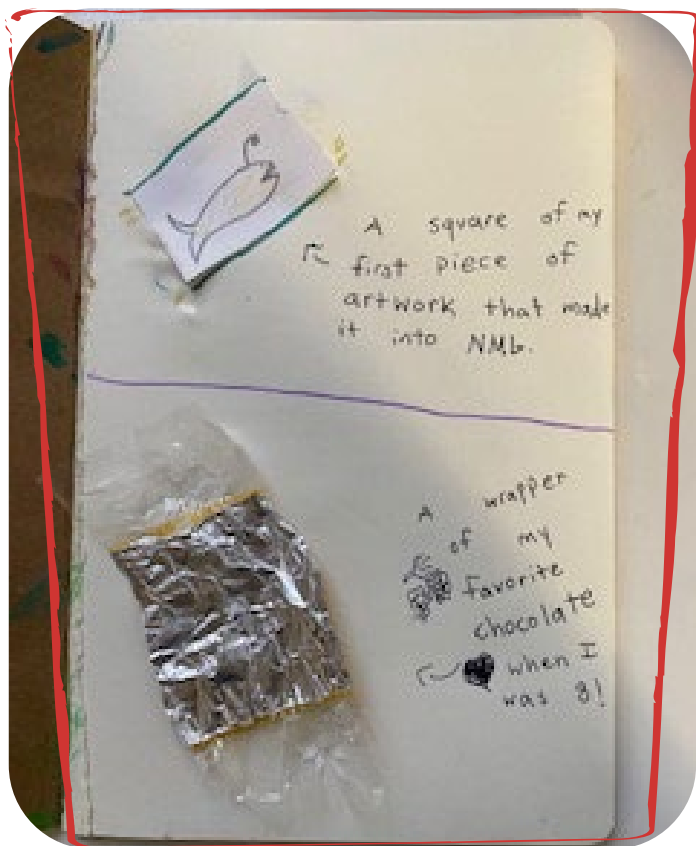
Anyway, JUST BE CREATIVE!

Now let this page dry, probably overnight, depending on how much you love glue.

ONE DAY LATER...

Continue adding “blossoms” to your book until it is filled! Then stash it away somewhere handy and pull it out when you need a little picking up.

Now it’s time for you to look at your book and blossom.



What's your
idea for a future
Just For Fun?
Send your ideas to

[NewMoonGirls.com/girls-get
-published](http://NewMoonGirls.com/girls-get-published)



Vidya, 12, NJ, loves writing, cooking & singing! If she’s not doing those, you can find her at the skating rink or dancing crazily around her living room.

endangered species crossword

On earth, all animals and plants very gradually change from generation to generation because of changes in their environments and mutations in their genes. Human activities, like cutting down trees to make more space for agriculture, and burning fossil fuels for energy, have made many species of plants and animals have trouble surviving. In 1995, our readers were already very worried about how human activity endangered the survival of many species and wanted to raise awareness in a fun way with a puzzle. We're bringing it back for you to share with family and friends.

ACROSS

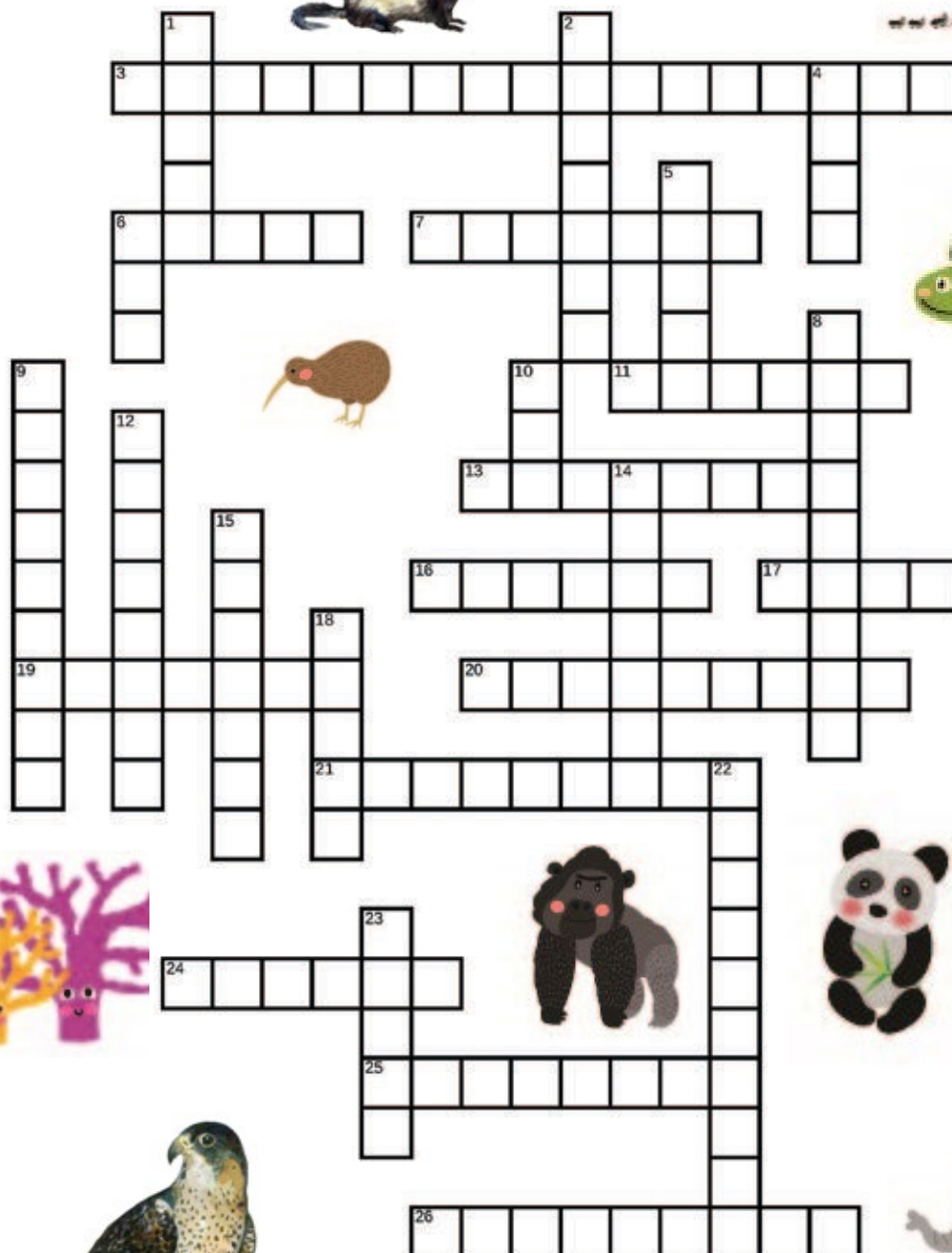
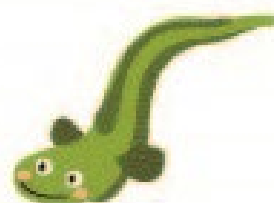
- 3. Fuzzy arachnid primate (3 words)
- 6. Only humans can save this planet
- 7. Fastest big cat
- 11. A prickly plant
- 13. Has a trunk for a snout
- 16. Fastest raptor
- 17. Opposite of predator
- 19. Largest ape
- 20. Largest swimming mammal (2 words)
- 21. Crocodile cousin
- 24. Fire-breathing lizard, Komodo _____
- 25. Mammal with long, thin nose/mouth
- 26. Amphibian with a shell



DOWN

- 1. Tree climber, eats eucalyptus
- 2. Weasel cousins
- 4. Flightless New Zealand bird
- 5. Black & white bamboo eater
- 6. Snake-like fish may shock you
- 8. Insect with colorful wings
- 9. USA symbol that flies (2 words)
- 10. Thick liquid, kills animals and plants when it spills
- 12. Bushy-tailed, lives in trees
- 14. We need to help and _____ endangered animals and plants
- 15. Smaller cousin of kangaroo
- 18. Parrot-like bird, scarlet _____
- 22. Wet woods
- 23. Underwater community that snorkelers look for





testing my wings

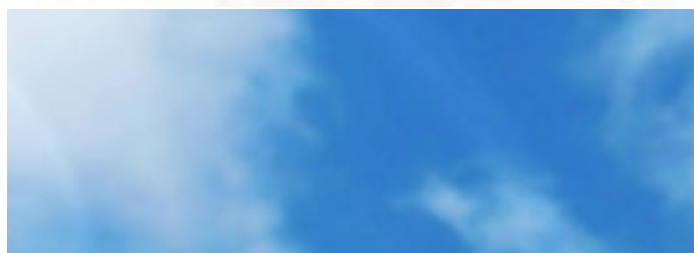
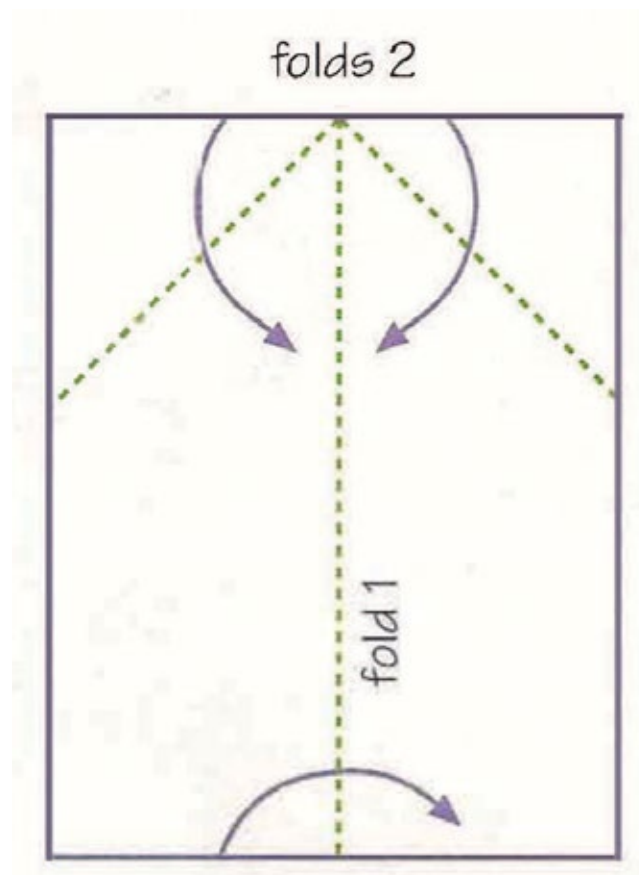
by Emily Hamburg

Have you ever heard of Bernoulli's principle? It explains how airplanes can get off the ground. In the simplest terms, it's because the upper surface of an airplane's wing is more curved than the bottom. This lets air move faster over the top of the wing. That reduces the air pressure on the top of the wing top. The air pressure below the wing is heavier. This is how airplane wings help lift the plane off the ground.

I wondered how air pressure affects paper airplanes. If I throw my paper plane harder — with more force — will there be enough air pressure under the wings quickly enough for it to fly for a greater distance, or will it crash sooner?

What happens if I just let it go with a little push? If one flap is up, and the other straight, would the plane's path curve? That's what I hypothesize!

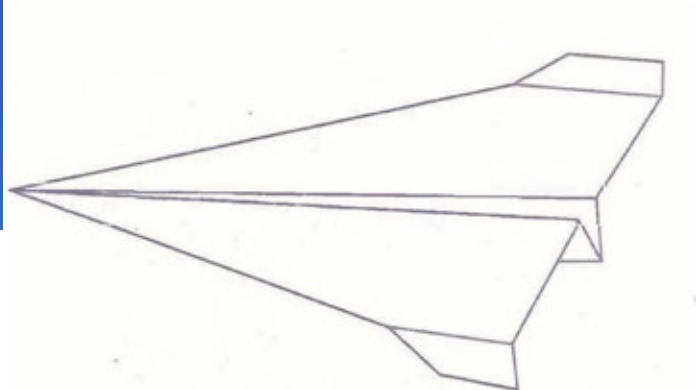
Objective: I wanted to see if I could control whether my planes moved upward, downward, sideways, faster, slower, did stunts, or landed better. To find some answers, I experimented with two different types of paper, different design changes, and how hard I threw the planes.



Materials: Loose-leaf or copy paper, a stapler is optional.

Method: I made simple paper airplanes:

1. Fold an 8-1/2 x 11 inch piece of paper in half, the long way.
2. Unfold the paper. Fold a triangular flap down to the middle crease on each upper half.



3. Fold each triangular flap in half so that its outside edge meets the middle crease.

4. Fold the paper in half along the middle crease again. Lay it down on one side so you only see one of the two flaps. Fold the flap down, making a crease an inch from the bottom.

5. Unfold the flap. Do the same thing on the other side.

6. Unfold the flaps. You should have two wings, a sharp nose, and a one-inch flap at the bottom to hold when you throw the plane. Bend the nose backwards so it doesn't poke anyone. If you want, staple the bottom flap to hold the plane together better.

7. To also test the effect of wing flaps, fold the back edge of each wing up or down to create two small flaps. Write the name of your plane on the bottom flap, especially if you test several planes.

... continued on page 36



olá from brazil

by Maria Cecília Albrecht Pérez

My name is Maria Cecília Albrecht Pérez. I was born in São Paulo, Brazil, but I've lived most of my life in a beach town called Caraguatatuba.



It's a beautiful place surrounded by mountains, beaches, and rustic houses. I love it here. I've always been interested in writing, so sharing a bit about my homeland through writing is a dream come true for me!



My average day begins with running with my friend early in the morning near a beach, where we see stunning birds. Then I do schoolwork. I



study in an American online school. I always save time in my day for my three brothers and two sisters. We're all very close.

Some of my hobbies are baking, writing, and playing sports, especially soccer and volleyball. I

also really enjoy singing. I enjoy singing some Brazilian songs, even though Brazilian music isn't my favorite kind of music. We have a unique music style.

One thing I love about Brazil is our cuisine. I often eat traditional foods such as pão de queijo (Brazilian cheese bread), pudim de leite (a Brazilian flan made of sweetened condensed milk, regular milk, eggs, and sugar), feijoada (a national dish made essentially of beans, beef, and pork), and brigadeiro (made mainly of sweetened condensed milk, butter, and cocoa powder).

Another delicious food is churrasco. Surprisingly, the "churrasco paulista" that people eat in the part of Brazil I live in isn't the same thing as the churrasco I'm used to! Since both my parents came from the south of Brazil, I have something known as "churrasco gaúcho." It seems to be known in America as gaucho grill. If you ever have an opportunity to try any of those foods, I highly recommend doing so.

I can't talk about Brazil without mentioning our fauna and flora. Brazil has numerous beaches (there are 17 in my town alone), lakes, rivers, ocean shores, mountains, and tropical forests. I live near one of those forests, and I've been there



many times. Because of this variety, many different kinds of animals live in our country.

Something my American friends find funny is the way seasons work here. The television tells me summer is hot and sunny, and fall is a time of colorful leaves and pumpkins. I've also heard that winter is awfully cold, sometimes even snowy, and spring is full of delightful flowers. I can't say that's what I see here in Brazil.



Summer is very hot, with temperatures ranging from the 80's to 110°F. The best thing about summer for me is when my whole family goes swimming in the pool. It's always a cheerful party, usually accompanied with a delicious



churrasco for lunch. Sometimes even my grandparents join us!

Fall is like a less hot version of summer, with a few leaves eventually getting brown or yellow.

Then there's winter: a blessing for people who, like me, can't stand the hot weather. It does get colder, and in the south, it can get to temperatures below freezing. Some people even get a light layer of ice and snow! Unfortunately, I don't live in the south. Where I

Some handy Portuguese words and phrases!

Hello - Olá

Please - Por favor

You're welcome - De nada

What is your name? - Qual é o seu nome?

How old are you? - Quantos anos você tem?

How are you? - Como você está?

live, the coldest it ever gets is around 62°F. I've always dreamed of seeing snow, but as you can imagine, I never have.

Brazil is known for its people. In my experience, we're very friendly and informal. Our population is also multiethnic. There's no "average Brazilian" — we're all different from one another. If you're Brazilian, you're Brazilian, even if you look Chinese, African, Russian, or Indian. If you ever come to Brazil, I'd say you have a good chance of being warmly welcomed and accepted!



Cissa, 13, Brazil, loves to write passionately about anything. She says, "I have always dreamed of the day I would find the courage to send my writing to a magazine and now this day has finally come!" Read her wonderful story "Emilia Dos Santos' Grand Deed" at NewMoonGirls.com/emilias-grand-deed.



Here we are in spring, even if the weather doesn't feel like it. That's especially true for our readers in the southern hemisphere who are starting fall! We love exploring Blossoming, which happens in us as people every season. Girls contributed their creativity from farmer Kendall Rae to anime-enthusiast Marcy to blossom-bookmaker Vidya to drawers of Luna Tics, book co-author Julia, reporter Mason, perfectly-imperfect Imaani, fiction author Evie and artist Selah.

My heartfull THANKS to everyone who helped with this issue. Tell us what you think of it in a Letter to me!
Love, Luna

Be a Journalist with Us!

Would you like to be a journalist? You can at New Moon Girls! Every magazine issue and our website are full of opportunities for girl journalists aged 8–14 to get published

Even if you haven't done it before, you can write articles! Give it a try and NMG will help. An adult editor on our team will give you feedback and suggestions on your drafts.

Plus, you can ask parents, teachers, librarians, and other allies to help you be a girl journalist with [a few valuable tips from PBS](https://www.pbs.org/parents/thrive/every-child-is-a-journalist). The web address is: <https://www.pbs.org/parents/thrive/every-child-is-a-journalist>

WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT?

First, a girl journalist can start with stories about things you've done and experiences you've had. You can write about your feelings, problems you've faced, questions you want answers about, and goals you have.

Our girl journalists interview interesting girls and women, write DIY articles about how to do anything, learn about issues girls face and how those issues can be solved.

Our magazine and website are created so girls can share all of this with each other and the

world. We want the world to see and hear from girls much more than happens now.

We're deeply interested in girls' dreams, passions, and opinions in life and the universe. This means you can write about things you dream about and things you hope to do.

Another way to be a journalist is to research a topic or culture you want to discover and write about that.

You can do journalism on your own or can work with a friend or two as a journalist team. The possibilities are endless.

HOW TO GET STARTED

Sign up to be a reporter on the form at <https://newmoongirls.com/be-a-girl-journalist/> and tell us your ideas for some things you'd like to report about.

Also, NMG staff will email your parent/guardian when there's an opportunity to report and write for the magazine!

You don't have to wait for an assignment. You can always go to <https://newmoongirls.com/girls-get-published/> to contribute your work directly for the magazine and website anytime you want.

I Love Anime

私はアニメが大好きです

Watashi wa anime ga daisukidesu

by Marcy Fiorentino

It was November 19. Before I knew it, Mom and I were spiraling down the Lincoln Tunnel Helix. Our view of New York City was much clearer than our first glance of the skyline several miles ago from the New Jersey Turnpike. In a blink of an eye, we were through the tunnel and pulling up to the Javits Center.

People from across the world came to the Javits Center to celebrate the Japanese style of animation called anime. The Javits Center is New York's biggest convention center. A cool fact is it also has the second biggest green roof in the country. There's actually a wildlife refuge on the roof. As exciting as that is, I wasn't there to see the amazing roof. Instead, I was there for the most marvelous convention ever: Anime NYC.

My first stop at the convention was the press lounge, to pick up my press badge as a reporter for NMG. That made it easier to go to events, take photos, and interview people. When I

stepped into the enormous lobby, I had to show my Covid-19

vaccination card. Then they gave me a wristband to wear the whole weekend to show that my vaccination card had been checked.

Next, I went to the cosplay meetup space. Cosplayers are people who dress up and role-play as characters. I needed to change into my costume for my first meetup. I went to the top floor and walked through a huge game room. They had tons of board games, and rows of tables to play. Behind that room was the cosplay space. It was a giant area with a view of the Hudson River. The sun shone through the glass wall, giving great lighting for photographs.





Next door was the Cosplay ER: an emergency room for cosplayers! This emergency room wasn't for injuries, it was for repairing costumes. They had everything from sewing machines to drills. I asked for their help in tying my necktie for one of my costumes and they did it!

On the last day I asked a Cosplay ER attendant what their coolest tool was. They said that the soldering iron was the coolest tool. I asked what was the most difficult thing they fixed during the con. They said that was when they had to use screws to fix a broken boot.

The costumes were very detailed and it was fun to see everyone's interpretation of their favorite characters. Cosplay meetups are like mini parties. The cosplayers compliment each other, take photos together, and sometimes reenact scenes from anime shows together.

I previewed two new movies: "Pompo: The Cinephile" and "Belle." They were different, but both had strong female protagonists and stunning visuals.

My absolute favorite part of Anime NYC was meeting the voice actor Zach Aguilar. He voiced Tanjiro from "Demon Slayer," and many other characters. I gave him my fan art, got his autograph, and took a selfie with him.

I asked what he thought of voicing the main lead in the English dub of the highest-grossing film in Japan. He told me it was very shocking and life-changing. When he first signed on for "Demon Slayer," he never knew how popular it would become.

He said everyone who helped make the anime great really deserves the credit. I told Zach that



I would love to be a voice actor like him, and he responded that maybe we would work together one day!

Finally, I loved the diversity at Anime NYC. There were 50,000+ people there and it was amazing to see everyone be so kind and accepting of each other. All around, this was one of the best weekends of my life!

Women in Anime

Eunyoung Choi, President and CEO of Science SARU, the studio behind *Lu Over the Wall*, *Ride Your Wave*, and *Keep Your Hands Off Eizouken!*

Misako Rocks, a Japanese manga creator. She now lives in the US and focuses on manga for girls as well as manga art lessons for students

CLAMP, all-woman manga studio behind *Cardcaptor Sakura*

Naoko Takeuchi, created *Sailor Moon*

Hiromu Arakawa, creator of *Fullmetal Alchemist*

Rumiko Takahashi, creator of *Inuyasha*



Marcy's favorite place to get elf ears.

Marcy's Q & A with Peter Tatara, organizer of Anime NYC

Anime NYC was a blast! It was one of my favorite weekends ever! The cosplay space was amazing. Did you have fun, too?

I did! I spend all year making Anime NYC, and it's so exciting to see it all come to life. It's amazing seeing all the cosplay and all the fans of every different background and age come together to celebrate anime.

I loved the diversity of the attendees. How were you so successful in getting the word out about Anime NYC to reach so many people?

Thank you! One of the things I'm most proud of is how Anime NYC looks like NYC! It's a space where anyone and everyone who loves anime can belong.

I saw a lot of Miku cosplays. I produce vocaloids myself but would love to learn more about it in order to improve my skills. Do you think Anime NYC could have workshops to teach young people like me more about music and sound producing?

That's a great idea! As we look at planning for next year, we can definitely look at more



Marcy's favorite anime voice actors

Laura Bailey

Cristina Vee

Aoi Yūki

Cherami Leigh

Kira Buckland

Cassandra Lee

Erika Harlacher

Vocaloid programming and workshops specifically.

What is your favorite sea creature?

I've loved the manta ray since I was really little and still do.

What is next for Anime NYC?

Sleep! We're gonna sleep for a long bit and then start planning for 2022.

I have a scoop for you—Philadelphia definitely needs a con! Come there!

Marcy, 13, NJ, loves anime and other animated shows and movies, playing video games, flowers, books, writing, talking with friends, making character designs, producing Vocaloid music, making YouTube videos, saving horseshoe crabs, and doing things to help the environment. She dreams of becoming a professional voice actor one day.

Our Girl of the Year is a Farmer

by Kendall Rae Johnson

I was three when I started growing collard greens, peppers, tomatoes, and cucumbers in a gardening box on our patio. My great grandma Kate died earlier that year, and I wanted to grow things she grew.



Kendall Rae with cucumbers she grew.

This winter, I planted 24 bushes of blueberries, six bushes each of four different kinds: Tidal, Bountiful, Pink Lemonade, and Powder Blue. I think Pink Lemonade will be the juiciest.



Which kind of blueberries are pink?.

We moved into her house, which has a big backyard. For my fourth birthday, my parents built grow boxes for my farm around the fence.

Then, they took me to the store and we spent \$200 on seeds! I did all the planting. I still do.

I sell some of my produce in food baskets, so that we have money to buy new seeds. We buy them in the winter.

And our 4-H club is helping me and my parents learn how to get seeds from my plants that are dying. When I know how to do that it'll be great.

A local nature shop sends a dump truck that dumps dirt on the driveway. We use a shovel to put it in bins that my daddy carries to the backyard. He's pretty strong! I call my parents my "assistants."

I harvest all year. I picked sweet potatoes and collard greens for Christmas Eve.

This spring, we will harvest my carrots, tomatoes, and peppers — including Carolina



Here's her broccoli above and a carrot fresh from the dirt below. So delicious she had to take a bite!



A fun fact about carrots. The green part on top is the stem that gets the sunlight. Then the rain comes. The plant gets the nutrients from the soil and the orange root grows underground.

reaper peppers — the hottest pepper on the planet. Trust me, you don't wanna eat it.

My favorite part about farming is playing in the dirt. The worst part is the sun — it's hot in Georgia!

When school was closed for COVID, my friends and I played a lot in my farm. They still want to see how my plants are growing. They like planting and painting pictures of my garden. I painted a yellow squash.



I check on my plants every day. Farming is a lot of responsibility. I feel great about being a farmer. It has a big feeling in my heart. My farm helps me meet new friends, make new things, and inspire other kids.

I'd like other kids to be farmers, so we're building an outdoor science lab on my farm! We'll teach kids how to plant in the dirt. I want vegetable chairs for the kids — but don't tell anyone that part.

I like to make red cornbread with Daddy. To make it red, we put in tomatoes — of course. I also make a really good pancake. It's delicious; trust me.

My red cornbread recipe:

- 2 medium size tomatoes
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 2 cup yellow cornmeal
- 2 cup all-purpose flour
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup light brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoon kosher salt
- 2 and 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 4 large eggs

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Oil a 9" by 13" baking pan.

Slit tomatoes and place them in a pot of boiling water.

Remove tomatoes after about 30 seconds or when skin begins to peel back.

Drop tomatoes in a bowl of ice water to cool, then remove the skins by hand.

Liquify skinned tomatoes in blender and then strain to get about 1/4 cup of liquid.



In a large bowl, whisk together the cornmeal, flour, sugars, baking powder and salt.

In a separate large bowl, beat the milk, oil, eggs, tomato liquid, and a little red food coloring.

Stir dry ingredients into the wet ones and beat until just combined (the batter will be lumpy).

Put the batter in the oiled pan and bake for 50 to 55 minutes. It's done when cornbread starts to pull away at the edges and a toothpick comes out clean when you stick it in the center.

Serve with butter and honey.



Kendall Rae, 6, GA, likes playing with garden toys, grocery toys, cooking toys, and fruit and vegetable toys. She also races her Dad. "And I'm faster than him." Learn more at [agrowkulture.com](https://www.agrowkulture.com).

Running, Writing and Me

by Julia Goldman

photos by Celeste Joye



When the pandemic started and schools closed, my mom and I decided to start a writing project together. Eventually, we decided to write about running, which I love. We sat down and outlined a basic story, with a main

character loosely based on my experiences. For as long as I can remember, I've been running. I started when I was five, jogging with my mother on the long, wide streets in our neighborhood. Then I joined a small running group and ran Fridays after school. A family friend invited me to join their school running team and suddenly I started entering races and winning. My running took off, literally.

As much as I enjoy the sport and the friendships I've made along the way, every season comes with hurdles, mental and physical. I deal with cramps and anxiety, or I'm sidelined with an injury. But all of it makes me stronger and more determined to make the season ahead the best one yet.



We had so many stories to choose from for our book that the pages wrote themselves. We'd moved three years earlier, so it was fun to write about being a new kid in school because that was still a vivid memory for me.

We developed a pretty good process to write together. First, my mom wrote a few pages and then we sat down and edited it together. We wanted the story to come from a 10-year-old's mindset -- I was 11 when we were writing -- so sometimes we changed entire paragraphs. I think we blended our voices well! The artwork on the cover is all mine.

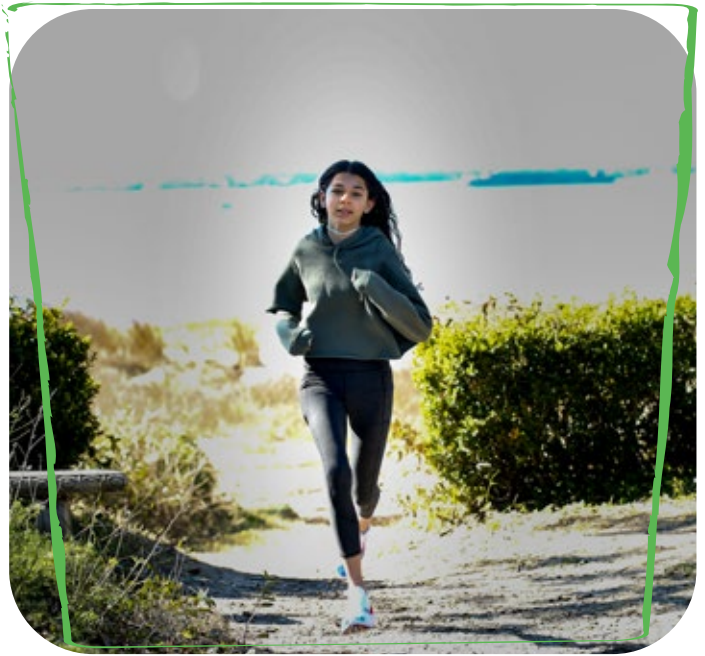
It took about 18 months to finish writing the book, *Turtle*. We included practical information about running, because if you want to be a serious runner you have to know the why's and how-to's. Like many things, some of it is

trial and error, some of it depends on sticking to a routine, and some of it is just about getting outside and practicing. I'm pretty good at being motivated, but every now and then I still need a shove! Turtle covers all that and lots of fun social drama, too.

The main character, Emma Jackson, finds her self-worth when she's part of a team. After moving to a new state and a new school, she gets sidetracked by trying to be part of a small popular group. But she eventually finds her closest friends are the track sisters who run by her side in each race. My own best friends are those I met while running. I guess friends who run together stay together!

We dedicated Turtle to my wonderful running coach, Coach Tami Dennis. She cares so much about every single runner. If you ask anyone on the team, they'll tell you she is the reason for our collective and individual success. She gives us reasons to believe in ourselves, and we wanted to pass that along in the book as well.

We also wanted to give back, so we kicked off Turtle's publication with a fundraiser: every book sold



in the first six weeks benefited Mount Pleasant Track Club. We raised \$1,000 and the money will help female athletes travel to high-profile meets.

Then we connected with Girls on the Run, a national organization with local councils. They help girls identify inner strengths and practice running, all in one program. We sold books at one of their many 5K events in December, and have more initiatives planned.

We're reaching out to track clubs all over so they can set up similar fundraisers: we sell them the books at a discount and they keep the profits when the books are bought. We want to help level the playing field for girls by paying for things like sports participation fees, a new pair of running shoes, or a uniform.

Thank you for reading my story. I hope it inspires you to write your own!



Julia, 12, SC is a 7th-grader, All-American runner and serious bullet-journaler. She plays guitar and ukulele, is partial to foreign languages, and knows her way around a tennis court. Fun fact: she was offered a spot at a ballet school in New York City in third grade. She currently runs for Mount Pleasant Track Club and Lucy Beckham High School. She has an Australian Shepherd called Beau and loves a good cup of chai tea.

Perfectly Imperfect

by Imaani Soto

My body was imperfect, and the stretch marks on my thighs were constant reminders of that. Jagged, thick lines on my legs kept me feeling locked in a cage of my insecurities. I was imperfect, and I would have died to be otherwise.

Growing up in a family with mixed cultures is a blessing and a curse. I've benefited from rich culture, and fascinating histories.

But I'm also burdened with beauty expectations from two sides. My ethnic heritage is Puerto Rican and Taiwanese.

I've never had high self-esteem to begin with. Perhaps this was the fault of being a big sister, getting lectured for not being responsible enough despite being a child myself. Or maybe I felt pressure to be a star student at the cost of mental wellness.

Whatever it was, it was there within me. But my Pandora's Box opened at the age of 9.

"You gotta look like this. *Es buena*," said my abuela, grandma in Spanish, urging me to eat more breakfast as she made an hourglass figure with her hands.

That began my downward spiral of trying to achieve physical perfection. In Puerto Rican culture, *una chica bonita* is a woman with an hourglass shape, full in the legs, butt, and bust, tall enough to be proportionate but not taller than a man.

I was proud of who I was, but as I gazed in the mirror at my 4'11" body, without many curves,



my heart sank. I tried to ignore my imperfection. But every time I passed a mirror, car window, or tried on clothes, it was on the back burner, keeping me chained to low self-esteem.

Fast-forward to age 12. Puberty struck me like lightning to Franklin's kite. My legs got larger, I got slightly taller, my chest got bigger.

I barely noticed my change until someone pointed out my stretch marks. Dazed tears filled my eyes. "UGLY, FAT, UNDESIRABLE" were headlines in my brain that I couldn't control.

"It's ok, those are completely normal, almost everyone gets them. It just means you grew fast," my mom coaxed, as warm tears streamed down my face.

"I don't want them, I hate them! Why does this have to happen to me? I don't want to grow fast if this is what happens!" I retaliated.



Regardless of my mother's words, I felt imperfect, ugly, fat. How could I be loveable if I looked like this? I wasn't the hourglass figure my abuela had described years before. I was a short, stubby, round-faced little girl, a little girl who now couldn't even stomach looking into a mirror.

Later that year we left for Taiwan to visit my grandfather. At that point, I was so consumed with trying to gain perfection, my mental health was suffering.

I was overjoyed to go to Taiwan. I hoped to pause the madness in my mind. Taiwan was my happy place, where I could be in the sun and just enjoy myself.

My sister, mother, and I got off the plane jet-lagged and weary. It felt good to be home, with the humid, hot air of the island kissing my skin. For a moment, it felt like everything was fine.

The white noise of my insecurities silenced, and I felt happy. I was back in the place I loved so dearly. Memories of previous trips played in my head as I watched the scenery whiz by.

As we parked in the driveway of my *jiu jiu's* (uncle in Mandarin) house, I jumped out of the van and ran excitedly throughout the familiar house.

There was the solid wooden couch, the cool tiled floors of my amah's (grandma in Taiwanese) kitchen, and the beautiful garden where my amah's vegetables grew.

After dropping our bags off, we set out to see our family. The sound of laughter and chatter welcomed us, and I knew it was my family.

We greeted them with heartfelt hugs, and as the courtyard settled down we all sat to catch up. The sunlight spilled through the trees.

I was home at long last. The courtyard buzzed with my aunts' and uncles' voices. I smiled and nodded sleepily, struggling to fight the jetlag.



Then a short, fast utterance jolted me into alertness. "Imaani, you've gotten bigger since the last time, huh?" my youngest uncle chuckled as he made a rounding gesture towards his waist.

He locked eyes with me as he said it, with a toothy grin on his face. My family looked at me, and I heard a downpour of chortles.

My face flushed from embarrassment, my hands began to sweat, and I felt a pain in my stomach, an anxious, sickly pain that was all too familiar. I laughed uncomfortably and quickly folded my arms in front of me to cover my stomach, which had seemingly taken the spotlight.

My family moved on to the next topic, but I was trapped in a stupor of shame.



A *Měinǚ* in Taiwan is a lady who is tall, fair, and thin. As a short, tan, chunky 12-year-old girl, I was dirt on someone's shoe. Every single negative thought I had worked so hard to suppress resurfaced in my skull.

From Puerto Rico to Taiwan, I fell short on what was beautiful. I wanted to hide my body. Unconsciously, I started creating unhealthy habits so I could feel "perfect." It started simple: sucking in my stomach, standing up straighter, and exercising more.

But as I got older, it took a turn for the worse. I spent sleepless nights researching diets. I started enjoying food less and feeling ashamed when I felt full, and then I started skipping meals. I lost so much energy, I couldn't focus in school and I was constantly feeling lightheaded. I wasn't sustaining my body. But in a twisted way it felt like I had control.

I worked against myself for so long, depriving myself of basic necessities, keeping my shame a secret. But it didn't work. Even if I was losing weight, I still felt like I wasn't loveable or beautiful. I was so frustrated that I couldn't shake the feeling of ugliness.

Then I realized, "If you want to feel better from the inside, you have to love yourself first."

I'd heard variations on this phrase before. But now, it reentered my mind. I went on a research frenzy, discovering methods of practicing self-love. I let myself grieve for my lost childhood confidence.

I promised myself that I would put as much effort as had gone into harming myself into nurturing the little girl who was still learning and growing.

I created new, self-affirming habits. I let myself receive compliments instead of denying them.

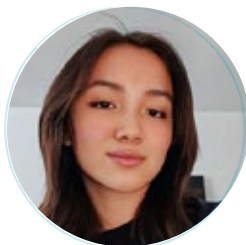
Most importantly, I allowed myself to eat without scrutiny. It wasn't easy. I had to get in the muck, unlearning self-hatred and deconstructing beauty standards from both sides.

I learned to view myself apart from these standards, and I accept that I sometimes fall short. Finally, I started looking at my reflection in the mirror again. But this time, I began to love the person looking back at me.

I still deal with occasional bouts of insecurity. But it's how I overcome these bouts that makes all the difference. I'm imperfect, but my insecurities no longer keep me locked up in a cage. I'm free to live and love each and every part of myself.



Imaani, 15, NY, is passionate about writing. She is an avid spoken-word poet and writes narratives and other content too. She uses writing to speak out about social issues and injustices in the world, and also as a means of expressing her innermost thoughts that can be hard to convey orally.



Giving Not Just Getting

by Charlotte Cudd

One day, my mom and I were deciding what to do for my 11th birthday. I wasn't really in the mood to have people give me presents I didn't need. So we thought, why not give presents to children who really need them?

We looked around for a place that had a lot of children, and finally, we found a daycare. And it wasn't just any daycare — it was for very young children with disabilities.

On the day of my party, my friends and I brought stuffed animals, videos, music tapes, books, and toys for the kids.

The director led us through the center onto the patio and told us to wait there while they brought out all the children. They all had bright smiles on their faces as they were wheeled and carried out or as they came out by themselves with the help of walkers.

All of the children had some sort of disease or accident at birth, like muscular dystrophy, asthma, Down syndrome, multiple sclerosis, HIV, or AIDS.

But like all children, they enjoyed it when we read them stories, planted flowers with them, and played games. You could tell they wanted

to hear the stories, but with all the presents around, who could blame them for fidgeting?

I had a lot of fun that day and I hated for it to end. In a way, though, the effects of that day remain. My life is different because of the experience. Now, I feel more grown up and responsible, even though I haven't changed on the outside. And I visit the kids a lot to keep in touch and see what they're up to.

When I visit the daycare, I help feed the children, and we play “touch your nose” and “peekaboo.” I read stories to them, I sing with them, and I help them learn which animal “moos” and which one “quacks.”

Some children go to the Therapy Room for an hour with a trained professional if they have a crooked spine or something else that keeps them from moving their limbs correctly. Sometimes I'm allowed to watch and even help. I usually





count time with them when they have to hold an uncomfortable position.

The nurses, assistants, therapists, volunteers, and pediatrician rarely get a chance to spend playful time with the children because they have very busy schedules. My job is to play with the kids as much as possible. My time at the daycare has made me want to work with children in the future. I 'm looking into pediatric medicine or social work with disabled children.

A difficult thing about working at the daycare is knowing that some of the children I have grown attached to will die young. One of them is a tiny two-year-old girl with AIDS, who is blind and gets pneumonia easily. Because she's blind, she is afraid to do the things that a healthy toddler does, but her cheerful smile is an inspiration to me.

These kinds of rewards far outweigh the emotional struggles of working with sick children. I now appreciate my life more because I notice the little things. It's truly a gift for me that in doing something to help others, I have gained so much in return.

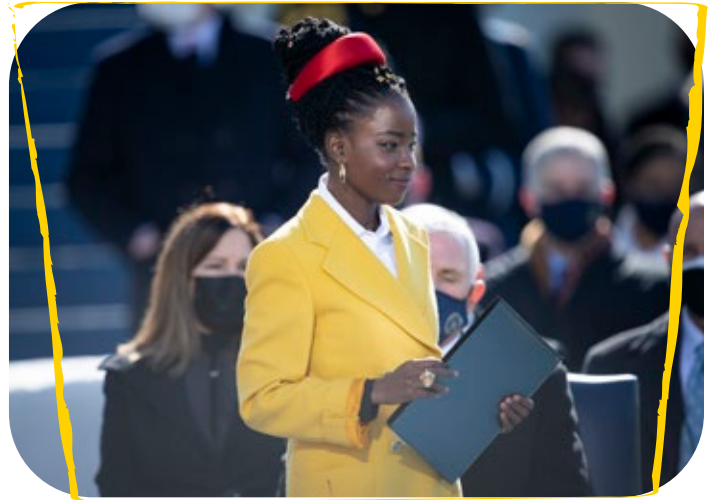


Charlotte, FL, was 12 and in 7th grade when she wrote this in 1999 for NMG. "I am an only child with an only cat. I enjoy dancing, playing the clarinet, and spending time with children with disabilities." After college she got her graduate school degree in social work, continuing her interest in children with disabilities.

Horizons of Hope — Amanda Gorman

by Mason Rowan

Amanda Gorman is a new Shero in our world. She is an American poet and activist whose work focuses primarily on oppression, race, feminism, and marginalization. This incredible woman is far beyond talented, and everyone deserves to hear her impactful story.



At the Biden - Harris inauguration.

Amanda was born, with her twin Gabrielle, on March 7, 1998 to Joan Wicks, in Los Angeles, CA.

Amanda was very much inspired by her mother who raised the twins on her own. She says her mom gave her the shining confidence that she shows to us all.

“My mother told me to let my light shine, and if people don’t agree with that, then shame on them for staying in that darkness,” she told *Glamour* magazine.

During childhood Amanda had a speech impediment. She went to speech therapy and soon learned ways to cope with it.

Elida Kocharian of *The Harvard Crimson* noted, “Gorman doesn’t view her speech impediment as a crutch — rather, she sees it as a gift and a strength.”

This shows me that Amanda is strong, wise, and powerful. She doesn’t let her impediment get in the way, and that’s truly something. She also has an auditory processing disorder that causes

her to be sensitive to sound. She faces many challenges, and encourages all of us to use our stamina when we have challenges.

Starting at a young age, Amanda loved speaking and poems. She published her first poetry book, “*The One for Whom Food is not Enough*,” when she was 15. People in her life have talked about how they could sense her future career at an early age.

Amanda’s words are not just words, but a powerful force that is irresistibly admirable. In 2017, she became the first-ever National Youth Poet Laureate of the United States and in 2020 she graduated from Harvard.

In 2021, Amanda was asked to read her moving, inspiring, and beautiful poem “The Hill We Climb” at President Biden’s inauguration ceremony. As she shared her poem, many across the nation felt empowered and joyful. She gave us hope, light, and happiness.

Ever since she read her poem at Biden’s inauguration, many girls have become especially



Two Poet Laureates: Amanda and Rita Dove



Select Awards

2017- first-ever National Youth Poet Laureate

2017 - Ozy Genius

2019- The Root's Young Futurists List

2021- Time magazine's "100 Next List"

inspired by her wonderful words, and want to continue her work for generations to come. She uses her words to fight negativity and injustice. When she starts talking, the world is inspired to change in a snap.

One line from "The Hill we Climb" especially inspired me. "When day comes, we ask ourselves where can we find light in this never-ending shade?" In a dark time of racism, hatred, and injustice, we need these words.

Amanda's future is set for success, and many experiences await her. She has a book deal with Viking Children's Books to create two picture books. She's been approached with many potential sponsorships and projects, and is considering them carefully.

As she told Vogue, "I have to be conscious of taking commissions that speak to me."

"When I'm part of a campaign, the entity isn't my body. It's my voice," she explained. Amanda teaches us that hope is on the horizon and dreams are real!



L-R Librarian of Congress Carla Hayden, former US Poet Laureate Tracy K. Smith and Amanda, 2017.

Mason, 13, OR, loves baking, reading, writing, art, and traveling with her family. During the last year, outdoor walks, family dance parties, and playing with her neighbor's bulldog puppies have become very important.



I Want to Stay a Kid Forever

by Maeve Southard-Wray

Sometimes I just feel like I don't want to grow up. I'm 13 and will be going to high school next year but sometimes I just feel like I want to stay a kid forever. What should I do?

-Anonymous

Growing up is really scary for a lot of people. I've had many times where I feel so overwhelmed by a big moment that could mark adulthood.

Your feelings are normal. I think a lot of fears about getting older come from the responsibilities and expectations that come with each new stage of life.

High school is a big step. There are a lot of social group and friend changes. And, it's when people start asking what your plans are for your future. There's pressure to get good grades because you know that the grades from high school matter to colleges when they're admitting students.

Once I started high school, each year became a countdown until COLLEGE. My fears about not being ready grew each year.

Something that helped me was sitting down to figure out exactly what worried me. A heavier schoolwork load? Making friends? Exams?

Pinpointing particular things that make you nervous can help you figure out how to deal with it. Take the load of responsibilities that you feel will be placed on your shoulders, and sort through them, one by one. It feels more manageable when you deal with them one by one. You can brainstorm ways to get your work done and still have time for fun things you enjoy.

Problem-solving aside, I think it is important to remember that your personality and way of life don't have to change significantly just because you've entered high school. You can still be a kid, and have fun playing, reading, and talking to friends.

Growing up is gradual. As you get older and change, your personality and attitude towards life will also change, but it won't be all at once. You don't have to lose what you like about being young just because you're one year older.

In our culture and world, we are all constantly facing the future. Everyone has fears about their personal circles and themselves, our world, and the greater human community.

Our culture can make it seem that there is only one right way to grow up. For example, in my culture, we're supposed to graduate from high school, where we perform not just *our* best, but *the* best.

Then we're supposed to go on to college where we're expected to do the same again. This puts an enormous amount of pressure on young people. These feelings of pressure make growing up seem hard and scary.

It helps when I remember that no one has to, or should, grow up in one set way. That's like trying to pinch into a mold that doesn't fit me.

Try to find ways to keep what you love about being a kid intact. Keep playing, reading, and imagining, and being you.

Maeve, 18, Pennsylvania, is homeschooled, an experienced violinist, and Sister to Sister mentor for NMG. She likes photography, food, and being political.

Honor Girls Being Themselves

by You!

Girls add so much to our world when they
feel free to be themselves.

In our next issue, Summer, we're celebrating
girls being beautiful as themselves.

Nominate a girl or three, including yourself!

Love, Luna

At NMG our readers, their parents, and allies, honor girls age 8 - 14 for being true to themselves all year round. You can honor the unique beauty of each girl you care about.

Girls can nominate friends and nominate themselves! Parents, coaches, guardians, and teachers can nominate girls they know individually.

Nominations made in the form below before April 1, 2022 may appear in our Summer 2022 magazine. Get your nominations in soon!

Some of the profiles you send in will appear in our Summer Being Ourselves issue! (Of course, we need permission from the nominee's parent/guardian.)

ALL the nominees will be honored on our website, also with parent/guardian permission.

Use the form at to tell us about everything that makes her unique. We know you understand her and can describe her uniqueness beautifully.



newmoongirls.com/girls-being-themselves-nomination

Chart 1

PLANE	Thrown Hard	Thrown Medium	Thrown Soft
A	5	4	3.5
B	10	5	3
C	9	7	2
D	4	4.5	3
E	6	7	6
F	3	3	3

Chart 2

PLANE	How Far (in feet)	Landing	Stunts
A	21	1	none
B	24.3	8	none
C	31.9	4	curving back
D	18	5	spins around
E	19.5	6	curves
F	25.2	7	spins around

Testing My Wings *continued from page 15 ...*

I built six slightly different airplanes from two different types of paper:

PLANE A: loose-leaf paper with the back edges of wings bent up.

PLANE B: loose-leaf paper with the back edges of wings bent down.

PLANE C loose-leaf paper with one back edge up, and the other down.

PLANE D: copy paper with the back edges of wings bent up.

PLANE E: copy paper with the back edges of wings bent down.

PLANE F: copy paper with one back edge up, and the other down.

I decided to fly my paper planes outside on a nice day so that they would have enough room to go high and far. With the help of my sisters, Ellen and Elizabeth, I launched the airplanes.

I used two charts to record what they did. Chart one shows how planes flew when thrown hard, medium, or soft. Chart two shows how well the same plane landed, how far they flew, and the stunts they did. I used a scale from one (worst) to 10 (best).



I discovered ways to control my airplanes by using their flaps. If you put one flap up and one flap down, the plane curves or spins around. If you put both flaps down, the plane tends to curve, also. The plane seems to fly better when both flaps are up, but it does fewer stunts.

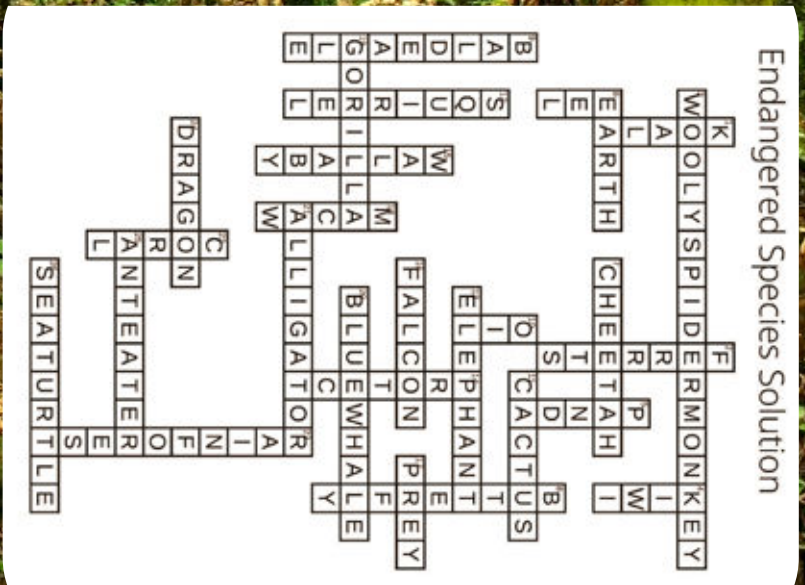
A disadvantage of flying paper airplanes outside is that they dive a lot when landing. I think it's because the wind makes the airflow on the plane's wings uneven, causing it to tumble or dive.

Emily, OH, was 11, when she wrote this article in 1997. "Besides science, I enjoy reading and writing." She won NMG's science experiment contest. Today, Emily is a doctor and provides health care to girls and women as an obstetrician-gynecologist, She was thrilled when we got in touch to say that we were reprinting her experiment for another generation!.

Fun Fact!

The 2 charts at top of this page are from the original 1997 mag in our archives.





home

by Evie Ryan

art by Selah Potma

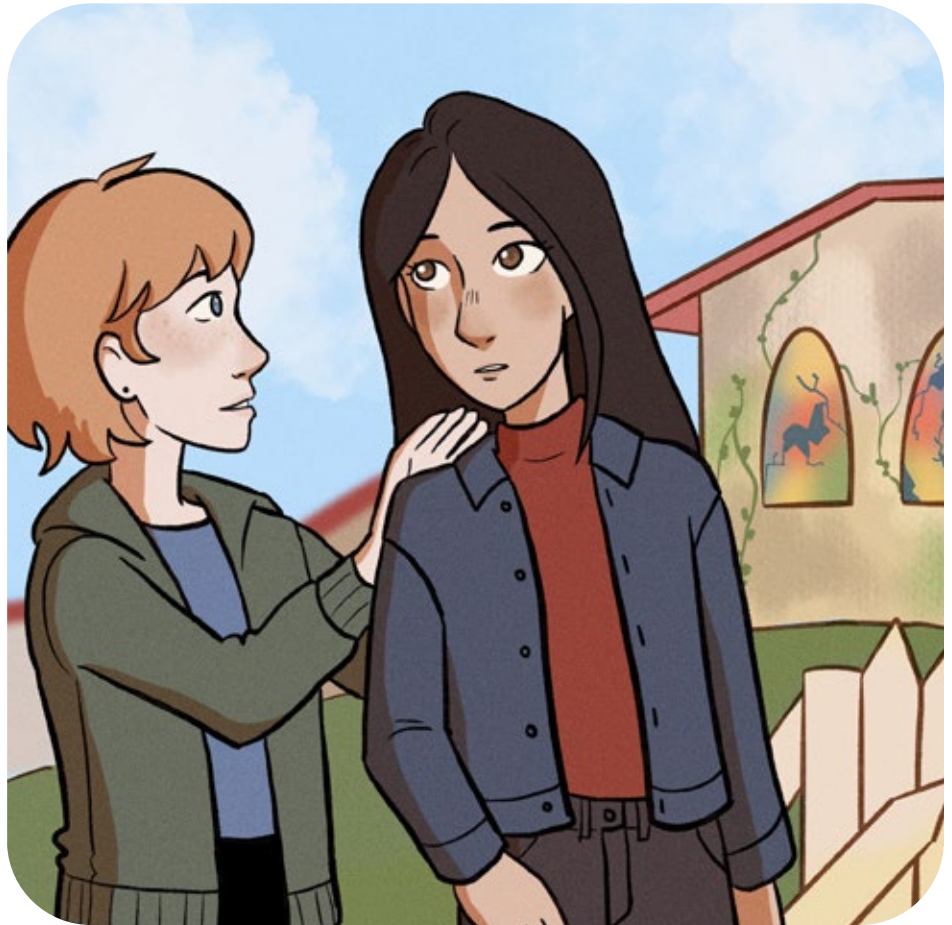
Vines climb up the crumbled remains of the railing. The door is barely hanging on its rusty hinges. The old brick structure has settled down into the soil it sat on top of years ago.

Shattered window panes have left glass scattered across the unkempt lawn, and the curtains of the house are drawn tightly behind the broken glass. Those same windows once held beautiful stained glass between their frames.

The driveway is covered with cracks and completely taken over by nature, just like the overgrown house. All different species of plants grow around the tiny house on the corner of Adoren Street.

No light ever peeks through curtains and no car is ever parked in the driveway. Nailed to the front of the door is an old brass knocker with thorns growing around it. It seems perfect to keep out unwanted visitors.

Another peculiar thing is that not once has the house been for sale. Not once has anyone seen



a soul emerge out of the heavy wooden door. Not once has there been any kind of indication that anyone lives in the tiny shelter.

“Go,” Hallie whispers as she pushes me closer to the fallen-over front gate.

“I will, I will. Just give me a second,” I insist, as my heartbeat

quickens. Why would I agree to such a stupendous dare? I’ve even heard that some kid knocked on the door to this house and no one ever saw him again.

“Stop being such a wimp! Just go up and knock!” Hallie persists, as she continues attempting to shove me through the front gate.

“Maybe I should do it another

day, you know? So Alex can see," I plead.

"Scaredy cat, scaredy cat!" she chants repeatedly until I finally shove my hand over her mouth.

"Shhh! They're gonna hear you!"

"So you are scared. I knew it!"

"I'm not, I'm not, I'll do it!" I say as I force my legs to finally unfreeze and carry me to the front door.

my eyes pressed shut.

Suddenly, I feel an unimaginable pain shoot up through my hand. I open my eyes and look down. Blood is dripping slowly out of my palm. Looking up, I remember the thorns on the knocker.

I look back at Hallie with pleading eyes, but instead of the warm, comforting look I hoped for, she once again gestures towards the door.

My hand still throbbing, I reach out to knock on the door once again. This time without grasping onto the thorns wrapped around the shiny brass. I clench my fist and pound against the peeling crimson paint on the door. My entire body freezes.

Do I run? Do I hide? Is Hallie still staring at me from outside the gate? Loud thuds proceed toward the door from inside the house. My mind tells me to run, but my legs will not budge.

The sound of a bolt sliding open echoes on my eardrums. The knob on the door begins to turn. I look back at Hallie and her face drops into a horrified look. She stares above my head in utter disbelief.

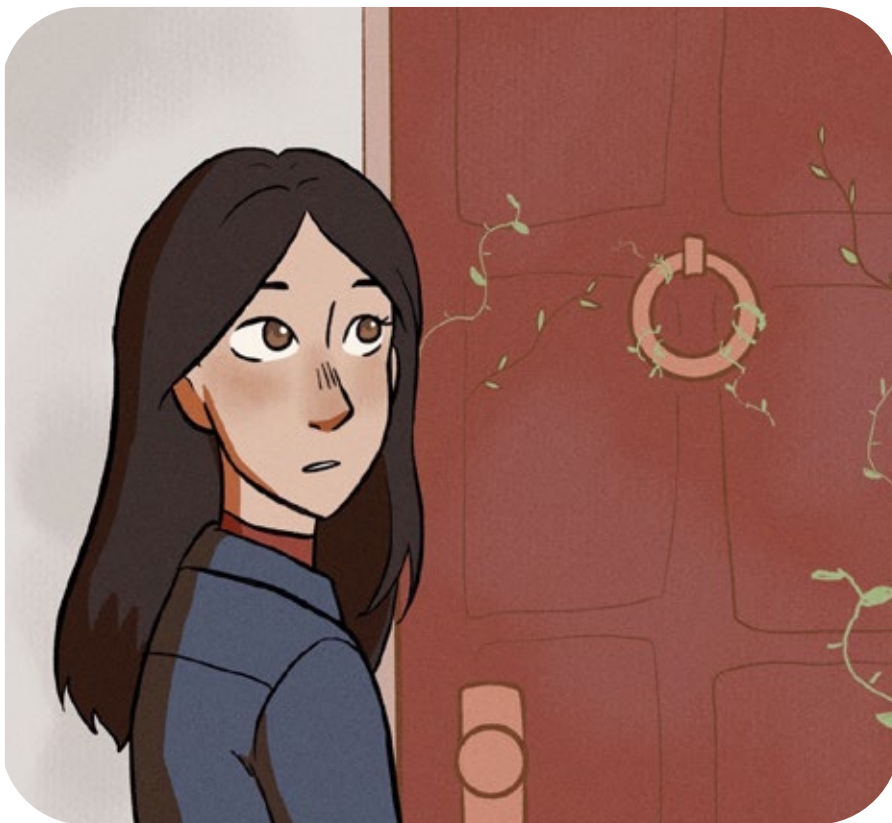
I slowly turn around, and there, just a few feet away from me, is an old man. His beard is much too long and his ears kind of stick out. A frown stretches across his face.

"Who are you?" he asks in a thoroughly confused tone.

"I'm Dianne," I burst.

"Dianne? Dianne? Do I know you from somewhere?"

"I don't think so, but I do live just around the corner."



As I approach the door I slowly turn back to the street and see Hallie signaling to me to knock on the door. I take a deep breath and reach out for the knocker,

I look back up at the front door towering over my head. The house has never looked more terrifying than it does at this moment.

"Well, nice to meet you, Dianne. Sorry about the mess. It's been hard keeping the house in shape since I lost my wife about — wow, ten years ago. You can probably tell it's been a long time since I've done any work on the yard."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Is there anything I can do to help out?" Out of the corner of my eye I see Hallie slightly leaning in, listening to our conversation.

"Really? You mean it? I would love that, Dianne." The corners of his mouth curve into a smile.

"I've actually got to head home now. How about I come by Saturday? My mom is a great gardener. I bet she'd love to help clean up a little," I propose.

For the first time, the house doesn't look so scary to me.

Beautiful red and orange leaves cover the sidewalk as my grass-stained sneakers clear a path through the colorful piles. I look to my right, and there in front of me is the house. It somehow looks different from when I saw it last. It feels less threatening than it did before.

"This is it?" Mom chuckles.

"Yep," I say with a smirk.

"Well then, we sure have got a lot of work to do."

We get to work. Snipping, mowing, and doing a million other things, trying to transform the house back to its original beauty. The sun begins to set, letting us know it's time to head home.

As my mom and I pack up our tools, I take a look at what we've accomplished so far. It's not perfect. Nothing truly is. But it seems like the house is finally able to breathe, no longer suffocated by the weeds, thorns and vines.

Early the next morning, we make our way back to the house. We return again and again to work more on our house transformation.

After a few weeks I declare, "Done!"

I feel great, looking at all of our hard work. The door is screwed tightly into its hinges. The pieces of the fallen-over railing are no longer scattered across the lawn.

The windows are visible to the street, no longer covered

by overgrown bushes. The driveway's cracks are filled with gravel and the lawn looks kept.

The windows have new glass placed between their frames and purple lilacs are growing along the edge of the house.

The old man slowly makes his way to the front gate, and turns back to face the house.

"Oh my goodness," he whispers.

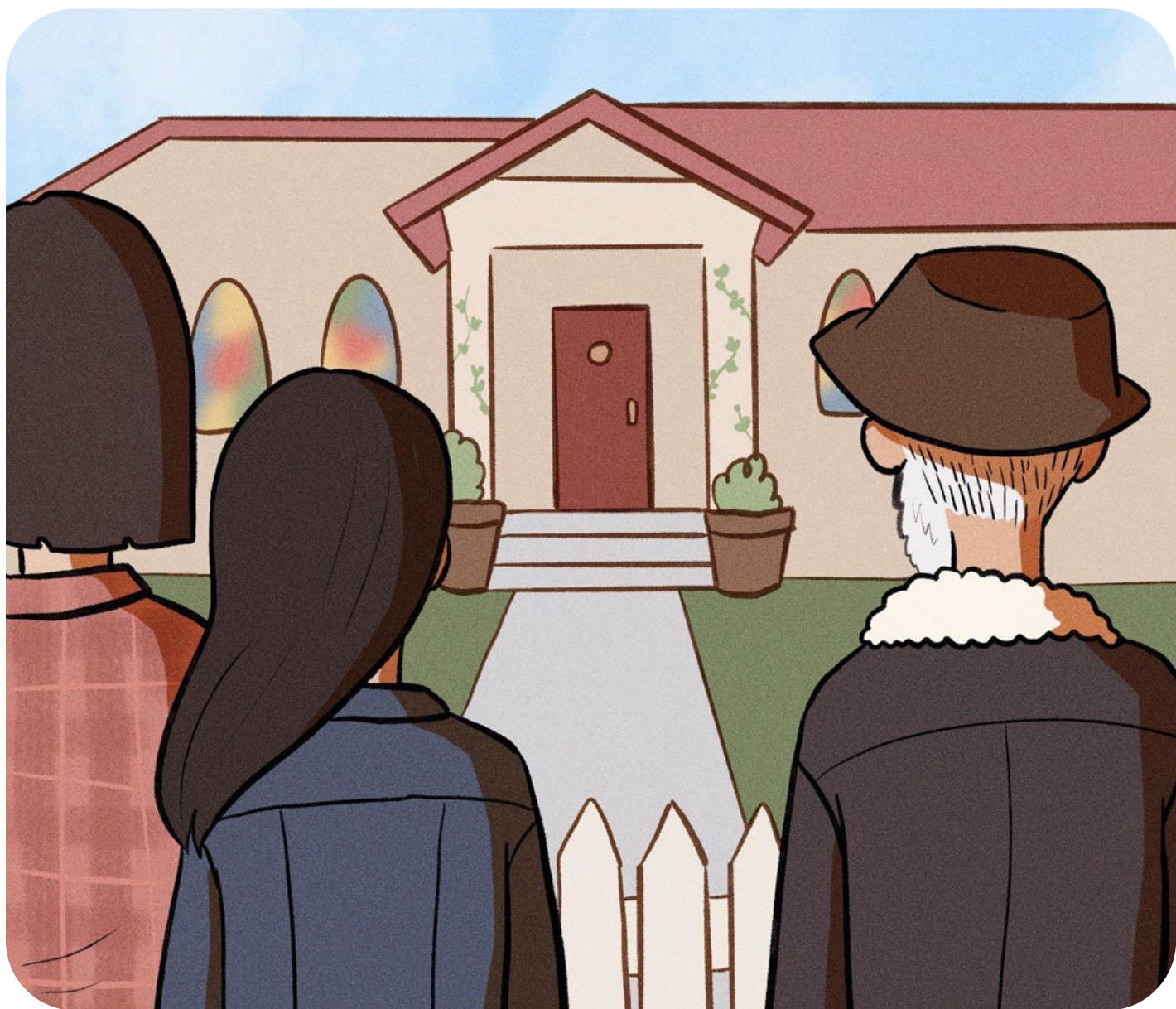
"Do you like it?"

"I, I," he stutters, "I love it. The house hasn't looked like this in a very long time." A smile spreads across his face.

I smile back. "I've got to get going. Dinner will be ready soon."

"Thank you, Dianne," the old man says. "You are a truly kind person."

As I walk home, I look back at the tiny house, and notice that for the first time in a while, it truly looks like a home.



Evie, 13, MA is an 8th grader who wrote this story based on a run-down house close to her house. Whenever she went past the house she wondered about it and wanted to help fix it. That sparked the idea for this story.



Selah, 14, CA has been drawing since she could hold a pencil. She enjoys reading fantasy books and graphic novels, watching TV, frogs, and memes.

See more art by New Moon Girls and share yours! For the first time ever, Luna's Art Gallery is online so you can share every day! Check it out at NewMoonGirls.com/lunas-art-gallery



This drawing is a human version of Celeste, who is an owl in the game Animal Crossing.

Tess, 10, IL

Mick, 12, MA



We are all blossoming, whether it seems like that or not. Happy spring!

Joy, 8, VA





I am a young, African-American artist. A piece of my artwork was on display at the White House in 2020.

Angelica, 10, SC



Zoe, 13, WA



Jaime, 9, BC

Wild Girl

It's not an insult
 It's not bad
 It's good because I am a
 wild girl
 I am not a girl
 that hates getting dirty
 I love it!
 I am not a girl
 that cares how fancy I am.
 I am a wild girl
 No matter what
 what matters
 is that I'm having a fun time!
 and I am!
 You must think being
 Famous and fancy is fun.
 No it isn't.
 Being fancy is too hard!
 You always have to pick out the
 right clothes!
 It also hurts the planet!
 Being famous looks easy!
 But it isn't!
 You have to sign autographs and
 take selfies
 and have to deal with fans!
 It's your choice!!
 But my choice
 is to stay
 wild girl

Lena, 8, MA

when there is silence, be the one
who speaks first.

Lucy, 10, IL

The beautiful tree
 The light shines through the
 branches
 leaves fall to the ground

She always speaks first
 Doesn't think about her words
 But she's my friend

They are here one day
 Then they are gone next sun rise
 I've seen them in my past life
 Her presence puts me at bay

Olivia, 17, MO





Flowers

Flowers blooming in the spring
Flowers brighten everything
Pick a flower
three
Don't pick too many
Maybe let them be

Talia, 11, CA

I have a little doggy, I keep her
close at hand.
And when my doggy's barking, I'll
be sure to take a stand.
My little doggy is a nice one, and
likes to have fun.
My little doggy likes to chase
balls and to run.
I love Coco, my little doggy, who
just turned one!

Anya, 9, VA

The small crabs walk along
the beach, wringing their
hands
The entire shore humming
with anguish
The crystal waves that
once brought happiness are
dried up
Their spirits suffering the
same fate
The sand longs for its best
friend
wanting to hold its hand
and feel its presence
The seagulls wail, their
souls starving along with
their stomachs
A sudden dread poisons
the salty air
Their friend won't be
returning
The clear waves won't be
there
to cradle them anymore
To listen to their worries
To provide light in a time of
darkness
No, their friend won't be
returning

Mauricea, 14, TX



Aggravation by Evie, 12, IL

Shut up. Don't you think I've heard how skinny my arms are one thousand times?

Shut up. Don't tell me you're jealous of my stomach that stretches too thin over my ribs.

Shut up. Don't say I'm lucky I can eat what I want and not gain a pound.

Shut up. Don't whisper to your friends about the anorexia I don't have.

Shut up. Don't tell me I've lost weight the first thing when I haven't seen you in a year.

Shut up. Don't call me skinny like it's a compliment.

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

Can't you just shut up?

Maya, 13, NJ

What's unfair to girls and women in your life or around the world?

Contribute your thoughts at

NewMoonGirls.com/Girls-Get-Published

The NFL is super sexist. I mean, it's all men! Do they think women are too delicate for football? Are they too lazy to start a WNFL (Women's National Football League)? Also, pretty much all NFL cheerleaders are forced to wear crop tops that look like bikinis and super short skirts. And NFL cheerleaders are paid \$10,000 a year, while players are paid \$860,000!

Mia, 10, CA

My classmate is always doing things like poking me with his pencil, reading under the desk, talking when I'm trying to work, and not talking when it's "turn and talk" time. It's so annoying when boys assume we're just there for them to mess with, and then act like it's our fault that they got in trouble! Like, dude, if you don't want to get in trouble, then pay attention, do the work, and stop bugging me!

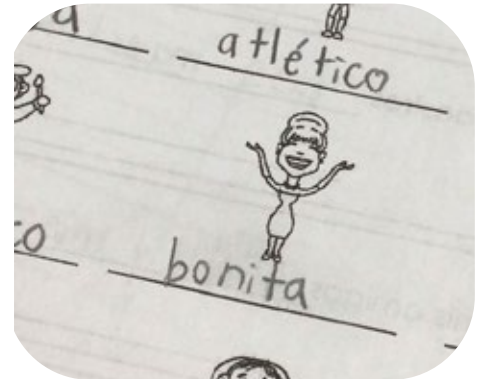
Adara, 10, WA

This is
GIRL-CAUGHT!

It disrespects
girls & women.

STOP IT!

NewMoonGirls.com



On my Spanish worksheet, we had to write adjectives in Spanish describing pictures of people. On one of them, it showed a skinny woman with a tiny waist wearing a dress and high heels. The expected answer for this was "bonita," which means pretty. That is so stereotypical and not true at all. You don't have to be skinny and have a tiny waist to be considered pretty! Ugh!

Nora, 13, NE

Howl at the moon and tell us
about sexist stuff that's gotten better in
your life and around the world.

Contribute your thoughts at

NewMoonGirls.com/Girls-Get-Published

This is
GIRL-CAUGHT!

It **RESPECTS**
girls & women.

THANK YOU!

NewMoonGirls.
com

I want to give a howl for the
character Undyne from the
video game Undertale.

She is physically the strongest
character in the game, being
able to pick up and hold a
character several times larger
than she is. She's a lesbian, and
Undyne the Undying is the third
hardest boss in the game. Plus
she doesn't have skimpy armor
like most video game girls; hers
is just a standard suit of armor!

In fact, Undyne the Undying is
technically the toughest boss
in the franchise, because Sans
(the hardest in the franchise)
fights dirty, and Jevil (the second
hardest) has no idea what he's
doing. I love her, since she's a
scary, angry character with a
heart of gold. And her quotes
are just flat up amazing. My
favorite of her quotes is "SCREW
IT! WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU
THAT STORY WHEN YOU'RE
ABOUT TO DIE?"

Blue/Cat/Tem, 14, AB

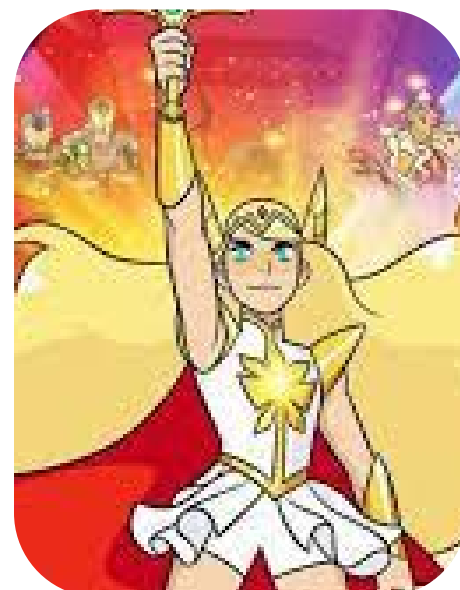
There's a show on Disney+
that I really like, called The
Owl House. It has witches and
magic and a lot of LGBTQ+
representation. To me, being
bi, the representation is super
important. The show follows
Luz, a human girl, who goes
through a portal and ends up
in a magical world called The
Boiling Isles. She makes a lot
of friends and goes on quests
and adventures.

Sadly, after the third season,
the show will be canceled. But
you can still binge-watch it!!

Alex, 13, ON





























I love the new She-Ra show
on Netflix. I can talk about
it forever. Of course there
are the big things, like all the
powerful women, and the
lesbian romance saving the
universe. But even the small
things, like the bathing suits not
being gendered, really make
a difference. They also have a
nonbinary character voiced by
a nonbinary actor. You should
definitely watch it.

EmpressEllora, 13, NC



...all
the
powerful
women

Our calendar covers one astronomical season. This one is spring.
It starts on the spring equinox and ends the day before summer solstice.

March 20 Spring Equinox		March 23 National Puppy Day		March 26 Nancy Pelosi born, 1940	
	March 27 Julia Alvarez born, 1950		April 1 April Fool's Day New Moon		April 2 Ramadan starts and goes to May 2
April 10 Ram Navami		April 15 Passover starts and goes to the 23rd		April 16 Full Moon Pink Moon	
	April 17 Easter		April 17 Haiku Day		April 22 Earth Day
April 28 Harper Lee born, 1926		May all month Foster Care Month		May 3 National Teacher Day	
	May 5 Del Martin born, 1921		May 8 Mother's Day		May 16 Full Moon Flower Moon
May 23 1932 Amelia Earhart 1st woman to solo fly the Atlantic		May 26 Sally Ride born, 1951		May 30 New Moon	
	June all month Pride Month		June 8 Best Friends Day		June 12 Anne Frank born, 1929
June 14 Full Moon Strawberry Moon		June 19 Juneteenth Father's Day			

Send us YOUR art & calendar events for any season at NewMoonGirls.com/girls-get-published



"A blossom must break the sheath it has been sheltered by."
Phyllis Bottome, British author



"Growth is exciting; growth is dynamic and alarming."
Vita Sackville-West,
British author



"Growth itself contains the germ of happiness."
Pearl S. Buck,
US/Chinese author

Don't Miss
An Issue!

1. When does your subscription end?
2. Check the "expires date" on the row above your name at left.
3. Renew at least 2 months **before** the expires date.
4. Do it ASAP if it's past that date!



My family is so happy!
Writing Global Village for
NMG was an awesome
experience. Eva, 11, Mexico



Spring To-Dos

March on any day - find
a living being blossoming.

April 2 - 17 - learn more
about why the many
religious holidays on our
calendar are all so close
together.

April 22 - Help our planet
by using less disposable
plastic things - and then
keep it up!

May & June - do some small
special things to honor
parents, guardians, teachers.

For Parents: Free Resources &
Wisdom from Other Parents!

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We give girls freedom to be themselves.