

AMAZING PLANTS AND ANIMALS



JULIAN CORONADO/HERITAGE ELEMENTARY

Get to know Sandhill Cranes

By Jocelyn Salasar
HERITAGE ELEMENTARY

Sandhill cranes have been around for 2 million years. They can be three or four feet. Their nest are usually up to 40 inches wide and 6 inches high. During migration they can travel more than 200 miles a day.



JOCELYN SALASAR/HERITAGE ELEMENTARY

Learning all about spider crabs with the Marine Science Institute

By Angel Ledesma
HERITAGE ELEMENTARY

During our study trip aboard the Robert G. Brownlee in the San Francisco Bay, we caught and learned about spider crabs.

There are many different kinds of spider crabs. The spider crabs that live in the San Francisco Bay are approximately four inches across, although the males grow larger than the females.

Spider crabs have eight legs and two claws in the front. Spider crabs have poor eyesight, but the legs of spider crabs have sensors on the ends that allow it to sense when food is near.

Crabs that have lost legs are able to regrow them. They can walk side to side,

but usually walk forward.

The spider crabs in the San Francisco Bay are brownish in color so that they blend in with the bottom of the bay.

Spider crabs can also be found on rocky shores. Japanese spider crabs, also known as the long-legged crab, are the largest variety of spider crabs. They can have a span of 18 feet from claw to claw.

Japanese spider crabs have been known to break off a human finger. They also have a longer lifespan than many humans, as they can live up to 100 years.

I enjoyed learning about spider crabs on our study trip, and I hope you have enjoyed learning about them as well.



RUBI NICOLAS/HERITAGE ELEMENTARY

Creative corner: 'The Tale of Two Small Friends'

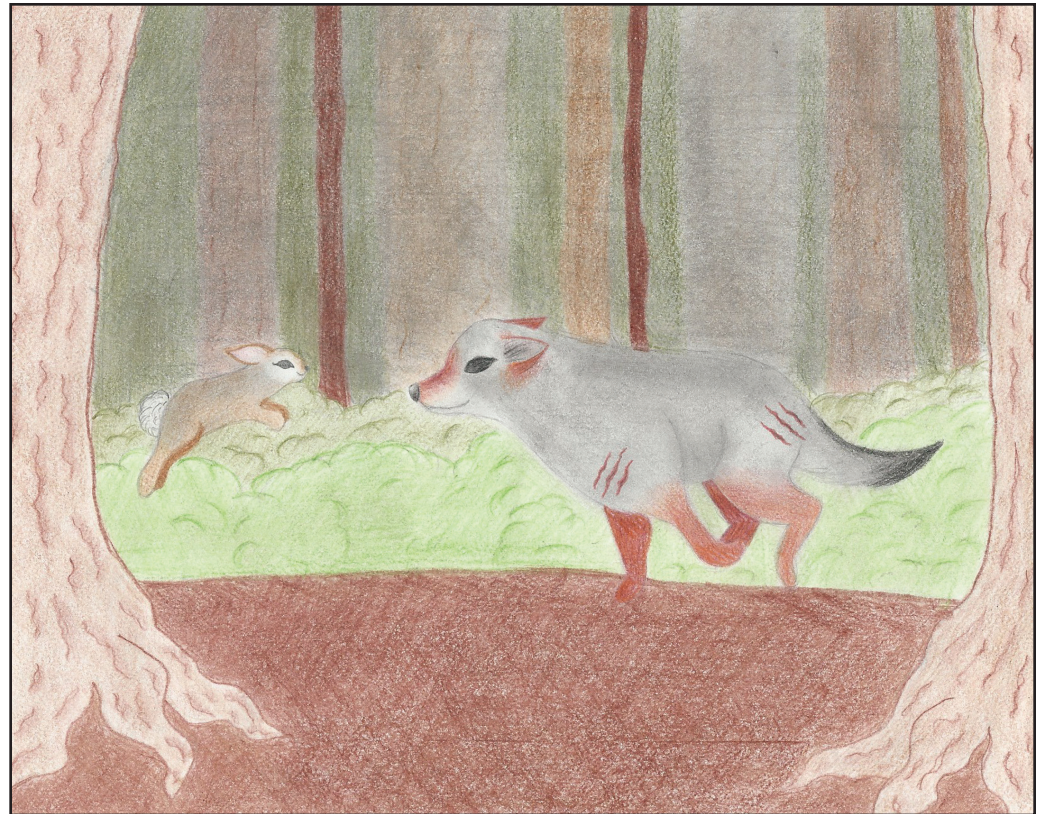
By Christina Ochoa
HERITAGE ELEMENTARY

Hi, I'm Grayson. Now, before I get into the story of my small, odd friend, let me just make something clear. I'm not a wolf, okay? I'm a fox. A gray one. Very common mistake, but I thought I'd just make that clear.

Now, as you know, foxes are predators. They have prey. My prey just happens to be things such as bunnies. Anyway, I happen to be much smaller than the other foxes that surround me. I also get bullied for it. I would absolutely HATE for someone else to go through the same thing I did. That's what brings me to this story.

One day, while I was hunting for food, I heard rustling in the bushes. I already knew who it was. Then, a few other foxes soon appeared. They each got closer, completely surrounding me. Then, they started tormenting me, calling me cruel names and scratching me up. After it was all over, I went to a tree to rest. After I settled down, I heard rustling behind the bushes. I guess they weren't finished with me.

But when I got up, ready to run, I managed to peak a bit to see what actually was behind the bushes. It was ... bunnies. Just bunnies. But I noticed that out of all of them, there was one that



stood out. It was very small. Smaller than the rest. When I noticed the small bunny, I also noticed that she had a sad, scared look on her face, while the others looked mischievous yet happy. I knew that they were bullying her. They were bullying her for her size. And I couldn't let that happen.

I jumped over the bushes, and growled. The bunnies were shocked. They took one look at me and ran. I admit, that made me feel a bit pow-

erful since they were scared of me. But I mean, they were just bunnies. Anyway, the other bunny, the small one, didn't move at all. She stared at me for a second and then thanked me, relieved.

"I'm Riley," she said. "I didn't ask," I said. "Just because I saved you doesn't make us friends."

She looked confused. "Sure it does!" she said.

I ignored her. While I was walking home, she was still beside

me, thanking me and arguing with me whether we were friends or not. When I finally got home, I asked her, "Why aren't you scared of me?"

She stared at me blankly. "Well, you are kinda small for a wolf," she said.

I explained to her that I was NOT a wolf, and that I was a fox. "Well, you're kinda small for a bunny," I said. "And that's what makes us great friends," she said. "Great, small friends."

Creative corner: Fishy Diaries

By Andrea Castillo Pacring
LEROY NICHOLS ELEMENTARY

Dear Fishy Diary,

My name is Olly (I'm a girl fish, not a boy). And by the way, I have NO idea about how this whole diary thing works. I think you're supposed to write in your diary everyday until it's full, so when you're an elder fishy, you say, "Oh, wow! I was soooo childish!"

OK. Today was HORRIBLE! I ran into Jenescise Calamari, the most popular fishy at Fish Benedict Arnold Elementary School. I asked her if I could sit and hang out with her at lunch, and she told me I was crazy. She said I wasn't popular enough to hang out with her anyways. To top it off, she reminded me that my Grammy died from all the pol-

lution in the ocean. This made me so sad, and I thought of all of our best times. They even played "Boogie Fishy and Woogie Bugle Boy" at her funeral. I couldn't believe I lost my absolute BFF (Best Fish Friend) to fin cancer caused by pollution.

Humans can be so ignorant, and it hurts me so much (figuratively and literally). I didn't even get a chance to say good-bye to her at the hospital. I mean, I could've gone anyway, but the teacher didn't let me leave because all the pollution would hurt me. I could only leave if I had a mask to protect me from all the particles and small trash. Pollution is garbage ... literally.

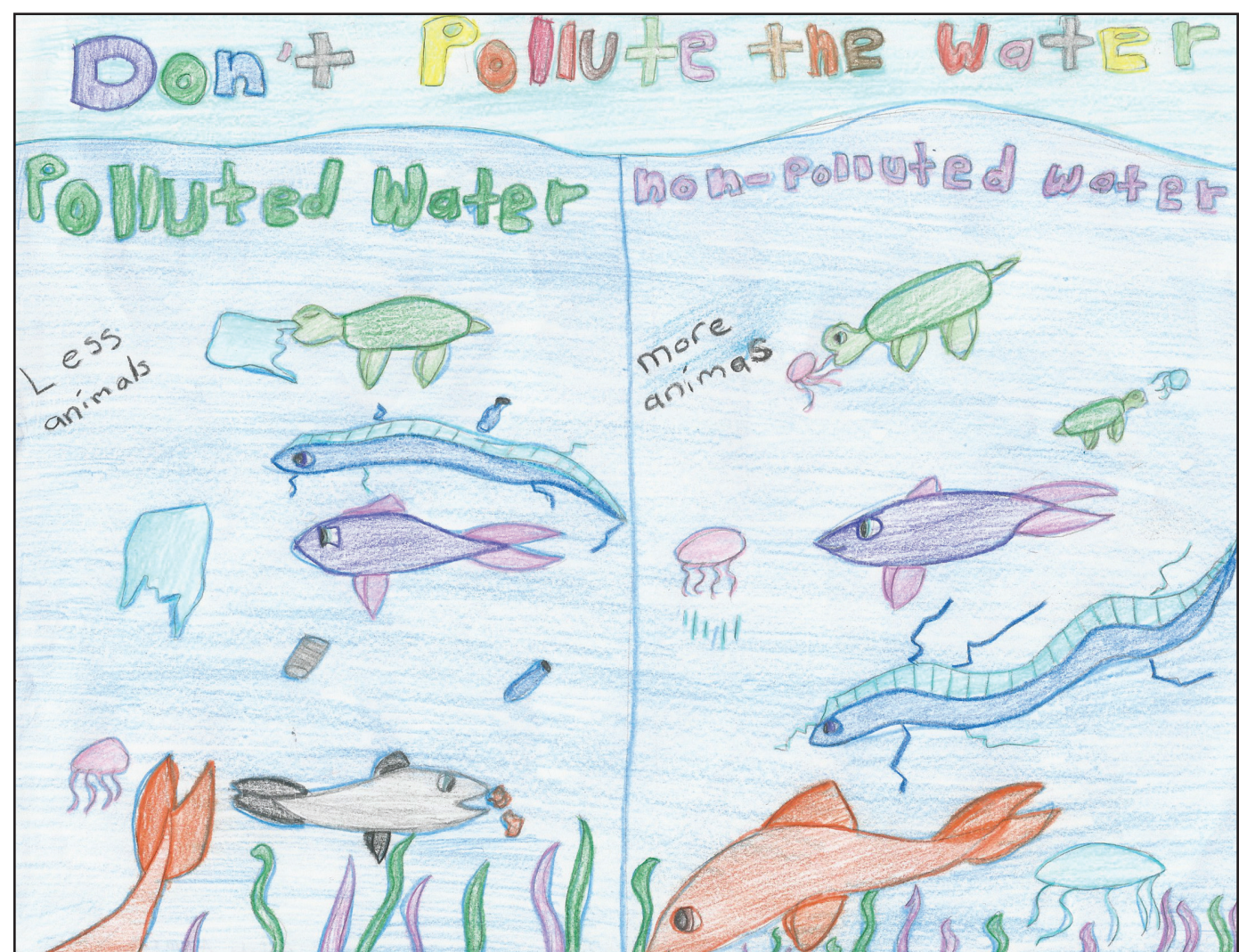
OK, I know this is kind of awkward, but I am going to explain what pollution is. So, pollution is basically like food

poisoning. You throw something in another something and once someone eats it, they die in a matter of time. Pollution in the sea is throwing garbage and waste into the ocean, which kills sea animals.

I am also depressed because I lost two of my friends: Sabrina, a manatee, and Olivia, the otter. They were my best friends I used to hang out with at school, but garbage took them away from me. Now, I can't go and swim with my besties anymore.

Pollution is giving my dad, Oliver, a headache. My mom, Moana, is sick because she ate a long silver thing that you can make drawings with. I think it's called lead. I'm losing my whole family due to pollution, and I hate it. Anyways, I have to go now. One of my friends, Jamie, is coming over to watch our FAVE show, "Fishy Tails!"

Till we meet again,
OLLY



GAVIOTA ALVAREZ/VINEWOOD ELEMENTARY

The bear necessities: Comparing grizzly, black and panda bears

Editor's note: Black bears live in many parts of California, including the Mokelumne River watershed. Grizzly bears once lived throughout California, but are now extinct. Panda bears are not native to California, but a pair did live at the San Diego Zoo until recently.

By Sergio Martinez
HERITAGE ELEMENTARY

Popularity

The last grizzly bear in California was shot in the 1920s. There are about 600,000 black bears left in North America. There are about 1,500 pandas left in the world.

Height

The grizzly bear can grow up to 8 feet tall. The black bear can grow up to 6 feet tall. The panda bear can grow up to 5.3 to 6.2 feet tall.

Weight

Male grizzly bears weigh 600 pounds, females weigh 290 to 440 pounds. Male black bears weigh 300 to 600 pounds and females weigh 90 to 250 pounds. Male Pandas 165 to 300 pounds and females weigh 150 to 276 pounds.

Lifespan

Grizzly bears usually live up to 20 to 25 years. Black bears usually live up to

10 years. Panda bears usually live up to 20 years.

Diet

Grizzlies eat berries, roots, grasses, deer, elk, dead animals and insects. Black bears eat grasses, roots, berries and insects. They also eat fish and other mammals. Panda bears usually eat bamboo and leaf shoots.

Cool Facts

Did you know that a grizzly bear likes to live a lonely life? Did you know that 85 percent of the black bear's diet is vegetation? Did you know that panda bears have a good sense of smell and at night could find bamboo stalks?