

 SCHOLASTIC

# GO!

**Healthy Living  
for Kids**



132484



# GO!

## Healthy Living for Kids

Dear Parents & Caregivers:

As part of the National Governors Association's (NGA) Healthy America Initiative, we have joined with Scholastic Inc. to bring you this special issue of **GO! Healthy Living for Kids**. This publication addresses issues of health and wellness from a child's perspective.

Through stories and games, **GO!** encourages young people to eat well, be physically active, and make good choices as they grow. It also offers you a look into the world of today's young people and suggests ways families can get healthy and be active together.

We hope **GO!** provides you with strategies for improving youth wellness and gives you an opportunity to talk with the kids in your life about the importance of healthy living and being active. By establishing healthy habits now, we can help ensure our young people grow up to lead longer, happier, and more productive lives.

The nation's governors and Scholastic Inc. are pleased to share this resource with you. Working together, we can all create a Healthy America.

Sincerely,

### NGA Healthy America Task Force

**Mike Huckabee**  
Governor of Arkansas  
NGA Chairman

**Janet Napolitano**  
Governor of Arizona  
NGA Vice Chair

**Arnold Schwarzenegger**  
Governor of California

**Tom Vilsack**  
Governor of Iowa

**Mark Sanford**  
Governor of South Carolina

**Phil Bredesen**  
Governor of Tennessee



PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC INC. Chairman, President and CEO Richard Robinson; Executive Vice President, and President Scholastic Education Margery W. Mayer; Vice President and Chief Academic Officer for Scholastic Education Francie Alexander; Senior Vice President, Education and Corporate Relations Ernest B. Fleishman; Vice President Corporate Communications and Media Relations Kyle Good; Vice President Community Affairs and Government Relations Karen Proctor; Director Government Relations Bibb Hubbard; Community Affairs Manager Angela Shamel; Community Affairs Coordinator Windy Lopez; Administrative Assistant Chantel Snow.

Founded in 1920, Scholastic Inc. is a global children's publishing and media company. Its mission is to instill a love of reading and learning in all children.

Editor-in-Chief: Dara Sharif; Contributors: Kenneth Butler, Juwanda G. Ford, Wade Hudson, Sara Moulton, Angela Shelf-Medearis, Irene Smalls, Christine Taylor, Dimitrea Tokunbo, Lisa Yee; Design and Creative Direction: David Kepets; Art Buyer: Kathi Gulotta; Cover Illustration: David Hohn



## 2. Goal!

Join in the fun as the Campo and Thompson families get ready for their big soccer game!

## 6. Elena Tries to Chicken Out

Elena overcomes her fears of getting a check up.

## 8. Double-Dutch Divas

Meet the Double-Dutch Divas: Megan, Consuelo, and Ebony.

## 10. Veggies, the Wolf Boy, and Me

Ryan discovers the real secret weapon to being able to run like the wind.

## 14. Making Time

Take time to be your very best.

## 16. The Island Potluck

Share in the joy of this end-of-summer celebration!

## 18. A Winning Combination

Two boys become the heroes of their Little League team through a combination of teamwork and the use of their unique talents.

## 21. Making (Healthy) Change

Do the math while making healthy food choices.

## 22. Madison and the Alien Guts

Find out what Madison and her pals do when Madison accidentally spills “alien guts” all over meanie Sissy’s shoes.

## 26. The Three Explorers

Twins Jamilah and Justin are in for a big surprise when they go to visit Grandma Bernice for the summer.

## 28. Grandpa’s Secret Ingredient

Go along as Michael finds out Grandpa’s secret to his great-tasting—and good for you—vegetable stew.

## 32. What’s In That?

You are what you eat. But can you figure out what’s actually in your favorite foods?

# FUN FACTS

P.2

Low-fat milk and other milk products that are crammed with calcium can help make your bones strong.



P.8

You don’t have to play on a sports team to be active. Games such as jump rope, tag, or hopscotch are all great ways to get your heart pumping!



P.22

Try these tasty lunch choices: Raw veggies (such as carrots or red pepper strips) with a low-fat dip. Berries and other colorful fruits are healthy—and can turn your tongue the colors of the rainbow!



P.16

Heart disease and diabetes often are linked to the types of food we eat and how active we are. Making healthier food choices can make a real difference.



P.28

Carrots and other vegetables jam-packed with vitamin A can help your eyes stay healthy.



# Goal!

by Wade Hudson • Illustrated by Maryn Roos



**T**oday is a special day for the Thompson and the Campo families. It's Soccer Day!

One Saturday each month, the Thomp-sons and Campos gather in Simpson Park to play soccer. It's their favorite sport.

"Hurry," Danny Thompson called to his parents from the kitchen. "We're going to be late."

Danny was revved up and rearing to go. He had gotten up bright and early after getting a good-night's sleep, and he had just had his "Big Win" breakfast—a filling meal of a boiled egg, a slice of whole-wheat toast, a small glass of orange juice, and a large apple.

"We'll be ready in a moment, Danny," Danny's dad called out from the bedroom. Danny's parents were running around their bedroom getting dressed for the big game. Dad accidentally stepped on Mom's toe in their rush.

"Ow!" Danny's mom said. "Sorry, Dear," Danny's dad said with a sheepish grin as he hurried to pull his special blue sweat-shirt over his head. The sweatshirt had a small hole in the armpit, but Danny's dad said the shirt helped him run faster on Soccer Day.

Danny's mom always wore her apple-green jogging suit on Soccer Day for luck. As she sat on the bed tying the laces of her sneakers, Danny's dad looked at her strangely.

"Ella," Danny's dad said as he peered at his wife. "I think you have your pants on the wrong side."

Danny's mom looked down at her pants. They were turned inside-out.

"Oops. I sure do," she said with a big laugh. "I guess I was moving a little too fast."

Danny's dad laughed, too.

"It's almost eleven o'clock," Danny called to his parents again. "We have to go."

"Relax, Danny. We will get there on time," Danny's mom said. "Do you have your stuff together?"

"Oh, that's right," Danny called out. "I need my red socks. I can't play without my lucky red socks."

Danny raced off to his bedroom to find the red socks that he always wore on game day. Danny searched high and low. He rummaged through his closet. He looked underneath his bed. He looked in the dirty clothes hamper. Danny was frantic. "I can't find my lucky socks!"

His mom appeared at the doorway of his bedroom. "Well, I haven't seen your socks. You should always put your things where you can find them. Where did you see them last?"

Suddenly, Danny remembered. He had put them in the top drawer of his bedroom dresser. "I got them!"

Meanwhile, down the street at the Campo home, Mitchell and Michele Campo were eating peanut butter and banana sandwiches and a glass of low-fat milk.

The twins had been awake for hours and were already dressed and ready to play soccer. They raced to the bathroom to brush their teeth before heading to the park.

As they reached the bathroom, they heard a familiar voice. It was Father. He was humming his tuneless tunes, off-key. Mitchell and Michele held their hands over their ears. "Oh, no!" they grimaced.

Father always hummed the same tune-

less tune on Soccer Day. He said it helped him get psyched up before the game. The tune wasn't really a song. It was a collection of sounds that only Father knew—and he sounded awful, like a moose bleating.

"This is going to take a while," Mitchell said. "Dad takes a long time when he hums his tunes."

"That's okay," Michele said. "We can get warmed up for the game while we wait."

Michele sat on the floor. She bent forward at the waist and stretched her arms out to the tips of her toes. Then, she put her hands on her hips and bent as far as she could to the left, then as far as she could to the right. Mitchell followed her movements.

"Doesn't this feel great," Michele said,

her teeth clenched as she felt the pull of the stretch. "Yeah," Mitchell said uncertainly, "great."

"Hey, kids," their mother said as she entered the hallway where they were warming up. "Getting all limber for the game, huh?"

"Yup," Michele said.

"We're ready to go," Mitchell said.

Just then, Father walked out of the bathroom. He was still humming his tuneless tune.

This time, Mitchell, Michele, and Mother all covered their ears.

"Ready to go?" Father asked.

"Let's do this," Mother and the twins said.

The Thompson and Campo families met up at the park.



“Hey Danny,” Mitchell yelled. He and Michele ran to meet Danny. Danny ran toward them, too.

“Are you ready?” Michele asked, beaming.

“Not only am I ready,” answered Danny. “I’ve got a few new moves.”

“You have?”

“I’ve been practicing. You want to see one?”

“Yeah.”

Danny picked up the black and white soccer ball and balanced it on top of his right foot. He bounced the ball on his right foot several times, before giving it a hard kick. The ball flew through the air.

“Wow! That’s good!” said Mitchell. “But check this out!”

Mitchell bounced the ball on his head

four times, and let it roll down the front of his right leg to his right foot. As soon as it reached the top of his foot, Mitchell kicked it and sent the ball soaring.

“Neat!” said Danny. The two boys stood admiring each other.

“I see that you guys are ready,” Danny’s dad said.

“Don’t forget about me,” Michele said. “I’m ready, too.”

“Well, let’s get the show on the road,” the twins’ father said.

“Yeah, let’s get started before my husband begins to sing again,” the twins’ mother joked. The two families laughed together as they jogged to their positions on the field for the big soccer game.



# Elena Tries to Chicken Out

by Kenneth Butler  
Illustration by Tamara Petrosino

“Elena, it’s time to go,” Mama called up the stairs. Elena did not answer.

“Sweetheart!” Mama said again. “We can’t be late for your doctor’s appointment.”

Elena slumped on her bed. “Mama, I don’t want to go,” Elena finally answered. “Why do I have to?”

“Elena Maria Ortiz, we’ve been over this. You are a young lady. You want to be healthy and strong, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mama.”

“Then you need to see Dr. Saunders. She is a wonderful doctor.”

Mama and Elena arrived at Dr. Saunders’ office, and went into the examination room to wait for her. Elena sat on the exam table. It was covered in white paper that made crackling sounds as Elena moved around. Elena became more nervous the longer they waited.

She did not like going to the doctor. To Elena, doctors meant needles and weird medicine-y smells.

“Mama, it’s gonna hurt,” Elena said.

“It’s not going to hurt,” Mama said. “Or if it does, just a little bit. A little pinprick and you will be done.”

“People don’t just come to the doctor’s when they are sick,” Mama added. “They come here for help to stay well and healthy. Don’t worry. You’ll be fine.”

Dr. Saunders walked into the room.

“Hello, Elena! It’s so good to see you,” Dr. Saunders said. “Okay, let’s see what’s going on.”

She picked up Elena’s medical chart from a nearby countertop and read it.

“What are you reading?” Elena asked.

“Your medical chart,” Dr. Saunders said. “It tells me all about how you were feeling when I saw you last.”

Dr. Saunders went to the sink and washed her hands.

“Why did you do that?” Elena asked.

“I always want to clean my hands before and after I see any patient. I don’t want to spread bacteria from one person to the next,” Dr. Saunders said.

Dr. Saunders picked up something that looked like a pen with a flashlight at the end of it. She used it to look in Elena’s nose. She asked Elena to open her mouth wide and say, “Aah.”





Elena asked questions about why Dr. Saunders was looking here or touching there. The doctor answered all of her questions.

The doctor used her stethoscope to listen to Elena's lungs and her heart.

"Can I listen?" asked Elena.

"Sure." Dr. Saunders put the stethoscope over Elena's heart and placed the earpieces into her ears. "What does it sound like to you?"

"It's a drum beating," Elena smiled. Dr. Saunders smiled, too.

Finally, Dr. Saunders was done. She ended the examination with three words that made Elena very happy: "Everything looks great." There was no need for shots, either.

Elena left the doctor's office with a smile. She skipped out the door as she and her mom headed to their car.

"Guess what, Mom," Elena said after buckling her seatbelt. "I want to be a doctor like Dr. Saunders when I grow up. She's funny, and she's really smart. She listened to me and made me feel good."

Elena's mother smiled, "That would be wonderful."

On the drive home, Elena closed her eyes and pictured herself as a grown-up. She wore a white coat and had a stethoscope in her ears. She was listening to the hearts and lungs of patients that came to her clinic. Dr. Elena was making little girls feel good, healthy, and strong, just like Dr. Saunders.



Washing your hands can keep you from getting sick. Wash your hands after using the bathroom, petting an animal, and when you sneeze or cough.

# Double★Dutch Divas

by Irene Smalls • Illustration by Don Tate

“First one on the playground jumps first,” Megan screams as the bell for recess rings.

Megan and I race out the door toward the playground and our daily dose of double-Dutch. Megan, our friend Consuelo, and I love jumping double-Dutch. We jump every day. Our friends call us three the “double-Dutch divas.”

Some people jump fast. Some people jump fancy. Some people jump slow. But, one thing is the same: double-Dutch is fun.

Consuelo skips toward the playground behind us as Megan and I run.

Megan wins our race. On the

playground, Megan flaps her arms like a chicken. Then, she stomps the ground. “I’m warming up,” she says.

Consuelo and I pick up the ends of our two jump ropes. As we turn the ropes, Megan darts in. She sings:

We’re fine, We’re fine.  
We jump all the time.  
We’re fine, We’re fine,  
‘Cause it’s double-Dutch time.

Megan grins from ear to ear. Her ponytail bobs up and down. She jumps first on one foot, then the other. She turns around and around. Megan leaps out, landing on



both feet. “My mom says, ‘I don’t sweat, I glisten.’” Megan pats her face:

My turn is over.

My turn is over.

Send Ebony right over.

“I jumped to 20 yesterday,” I say, “so I’m going to try to jump to 30 today.”

I reach into my backpack for my secret weapon—a banana. I need energy if I’m going to make it to 30. I take three bites, then watch for an opening in the ropes before I leap:

Extra fuel

Is the rule.

Jumping rope is so cool!

I jump so fast my sneakers make sparks. Sweat dots my face. My long cornrows plop against my back in plait-a-plait time ...25, ...26, ...27, ...28, ...29, ...30. I did it! Then I stumble out of the ropes:

My turn is over.

My turn is over.

Send Consuelo right over.

Grabbing Consuelo’s end of the rope, I match Megan’s turning. Consuelo stands on the side. She wrinkles her nose. She scrunches up her face. She drinks from her water bottle. She drinks more water. She drinks all the water in her water bottle.

“You can do it,” Megan calls to her.

“Hop like a bunny,” I tell her.

As Consuelo hops in, her left foot tangles in the ropes. Consuelo hops out.

Megan and I start turning again.

“Megan and I messed up in the ropes hundreds of trillions of times,” I say.

“Not me,” says Megan. I roll my eyes at Megan.

“Consuelo, think of a rocket,” I say.

Consuelo says, “A rocket stays up for a long time.”

“O.K.,” I say, “think of a cricket.

It jumps up, it jumps down.”

Repeating, “It jumps up, it jumps down,” Consuelo darts into the ropes and jumps slowly. “Go ‘Suelo, go ‘Suelo, go ‘Suelo, go ‘Suelo,” we chant.

Consuelo’s dark hair sways. “...30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43...,” she huffs. Consuelo, her face wet, screams, “I can do it ...44, 45.”

Brrng! There’s that pesky bell. Recess is over.

Megan and I throw down the ropes. We clap. “Whew,” Consuelo says. She bows. Heading to class Consuelo says, “I went to 45 today. I’ll think I’ll jump to 50 tomorrow.” “I double dare you,” Megan giggles. “Like I said,” I say, “you can jump fast. You can jump slow. But, double-Dutch is fun any way you go.”



# Veggies, the Wolf Boy, and Me

by Lisa Yee  
Illustrated by Kirsten Varner



**T**here are three things you might want to know about me.

The first is that I'm fast. Everyone says, "Ryan's the secret weapon on our relay race team." Only, it's not really a secret, on account of everyone knowing that I'm fast.

The second is that I'm small. That's not the sort of thing you can hide. So it's important to be as fast as I am. Nobody notices your height when you rocket past them.

And the third is...well, I'll get to that later.

"Son, I was small when I was your age." Dad's hobby is telling me what it was like when he was a boy. "You'll grow. Just eat right and get plenty of exercise and sleep."

Aren't exercise and sleep total opposites? Wouldn't exercise and sleep just cancel each other out? As for eating, Mom's obsessed with fresh produce. "We don't want to forget our veggies!" she's always saying.

Uh. Yes, we do.

Last night we watched a documentary about this kid who was raised by wolves. Not once did the word "veggie" come up, and he grew up big and strong enough to fight off a mountain lion.

Dreaming of a veggie-free life, I announced, "I've decided to fend for myself like that wolf-boy."

"Really?" Mom looked amused.

"Yep, and I'm going to start by making all my own meals."

"Make sure you eat healthy!"

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Eat right, exercise, get plenty of sleep. Blah, blah, blah. I'd heard it a million times before.

I went to bed really late. The next morning there was no time for breakfast, so I grabbed some candy from the emergency stash in my closet. Only, by noon I was so starving that I was tempted to eat my math worksheet.

"Eeeew, take that out of your mouth," Libby cried.

Libby is a girl in my class. She's such a pest.

"I'm supposed to collect the papers," Pest-girl wailed. "Now yours is full of cooties."

Luckily for me, and my math worksheet, it was lunchtime.

Paul bit into his apple. "That's what you're eating?" he asked. "Sweet!"

True. My lunch was sweet—two glazed donuts, purple punch, and a fine assortment of candy bars.

"It's all junk food!" Libby roared. You can just tell she's going to be a mom someday.

"Food is food," I replied.

As we filed back into our room, Mrs. Carlson reminded us, "The All-School Relay Race is today."

Hooray! I couldn't wait for class to get out, and for the race to begin. Everyone was counting on me to be fast. I felt totally-Totally-TOTALLY-hyper-Hyper-HYPER!!!

Then, something weird happened.

As the afternoon dragged on, I began to feel less like wolf-boy and more like slug-boy.

Someone poked me.

I lifted my head off the desk.

"You were sleeping!" Pest-girl hissed.

"I have a headache," I mumbled.

"It was that junk food."

"It's from looking at you," I corrected her.

By the time the bell rang, I was ready for a nap, not a race. Everyone streamed outside. Our team was in the third round, meaning we had to wait for over an hour.

"Eat this," Libby ordered.

"I'm not touching anything you touched."

"It's just almonds," she growled.



Why would she offer them to me? Maybe they weren't almonds. Maybe they had come out of her nose. Maybe they were poisoned!

"Mrs. Carlson," I shouted, "Libby's trying to kill me, again!"

"Arggggh," Pest-girl moaned. "I'm just trying to get some protein into you for the race."

"Ryan," Mrs. Carlson said, "nuts are an excellent source of energy, and you sure look like you could use a boost."

Sheesh! Just because a kid lies down on the playground and tries to get some sleep, everyone assumes something is wrong. Still, I will admit, I was hungry.

"Take more," Libby said. "And here, have a banana. And water, drink some water. And what about cheese, here's some cheese..."

By the time it was our turn to race, I wasn't as tired anymore, and my headache was gone.

"On your marks...get set...go!"

Libby ran the first leg of the relay. For a pest, she was pretty fast. The second and third runners sped by, and then it was my turn. I grabbed the baton and began the final lap.

We were behind, but I felt myself gaining speed with each step. As I crossed the finish line, my classmates cheered me on.

"How was the race?" Mom asked as she brought out the veggies.

"We came in second."

Dad took a bite of salmon. "Second place is pretty good."

"Yeah, but next time, I'm going to try harder. Oh, and I won't be making my own meals after all."

"How come?" asked Mom.

"I wasn't feeling too well today," I confessed. "Pest...I mean Libby, claims it was

because I didn't get enough sleep, and because I ate junk food."

"Well, you need carbohydrates like fruit to give you energy," Dad said, "and proteins like meat or fish to build up your tissues."

"Tissues, like what you blow your boogers into?"

"Er, no. Tissues are what your muscles are mostly made of."

"You need fat, like in milk, so your brain develops," Mom added, "and plenty of healthy calories for energy..."

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Eat right, exercise, get plenty of sleep. Blah, blah, blah. I've heard

it a million times before. Well, maybe a million and one. The last time I heard it was the first time I actually paid attention.

Now, that third thing about me?

Here it is—I'm giving the healthy whatever-whatever a try. Not because Libby, or Mrs. Carlson, or Mom, or Dad thinks I should. This is all my idea. Because I really don't want to be wolf-boy. Or slug-boy. I just want to be me. Ryan. Big, strong, super-fast Ryan.



Getting enough sleep every night is just as important as making healthy food and exercise choices. Kids need at least 8 hours of sleep each night.



# Making Time



**Tick-tock! Being healthy means we need to make time to eat, time to be active, and time to get enough rest. Use this clock to see how you can take time to be your very best!**



## **6 a.m. Rise and shine**

Time to have a healthy breakfast. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Have some fruit, whole-grain cereal or bread, and low-fat milk, yogurt, or cheese.



## **8 a.m. Time for school**

Reading, writing, and arithmetic keep your mind active and healthy.



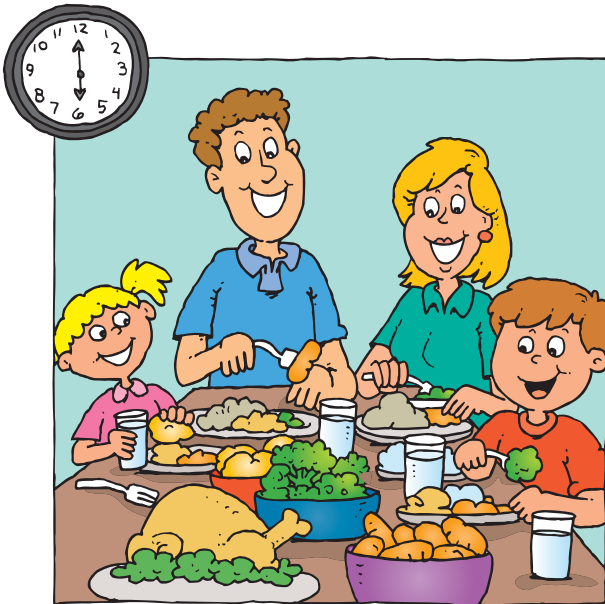
## Noon Time for lunch

Time to recharge your batteries by eating healthy and playing games during recess. Drink water. Eat fruit. Baked chicken or peanut butter can make great sandwiches. And don't forget to eat your vegetables! A game of jump rope, hopscotch, softball, or basketball will get your heart pumping.



## 3 p.m. School's out

Time to hit the books. Turn off the TV, the cell phone, and the video games. Let your brain do its best work by focusing on your assignments. Eat a piece of fruit or a handful of nuts to fill you up until it's time for dinner.

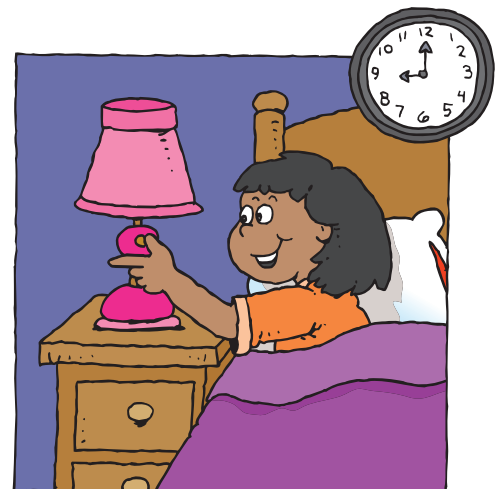


## 6 p.m. Dinner time

Eat baked or grilled chicken or fish; whole-grain breads; roasted sweet potatoes or carrots; broccoli, string beans, or any vegetable. If you like, have a sugary treat, but keep it small!

## 9 p.m. Bed time

Getting enough sleep is important for good health. Try to get at least 8 hours every night.



# THE ISLAND POTLUCK



by Juwanda G. Ford • Illustrated by Mark Page

**P**eter and Jomar helped roll the big steel garbage cans out to the side of the field.

The new cans would be used as grills for their Long Island town's annual potluck barbecue. Every year, families gathered to celebrate the end of summer. Each brought a dish to share.

Peter and Jomar were helping to prepare. They were looking for small twigs and sticks in the nearby trees to help start the fires for the grills.

"It's the ONLY authentic way to do jerk," Peter said, mimicking Jomar's dad. Both boys laughed at Peter's attempt to speak with a Jamaican accent like Jomar's father. Jerk was a Jamaican spice used to flavor meat, like chicken. Jomar's dad owned a restaurant in New York City and made the best jerk chicken in the city. As far as Peter was concerned, Jomar's dad made

the best jerk chicken on Long Island, too. Peter's mouth watered just thinking about those sweet and tangy jerk spices hitting his tongue.

Peter loved summer. He lived on the Island all year, but many of his friends, like Jomar, only visited during the summer months. The potluck barbecue brought all of the families together for one last time before the summer visitors said goodbye.

Finally, the grills were hot, the food was cooked, and it was time to eat. The families sat around wooden lunch tables covered in colorful cloth. All of the food was delicious, but everyone had a favorite dish.

Jomar loved the crisp green salad that their friend Alyssa's mom made every year. It was filled with lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, green peppers, and creamy avocado. Alyssa's mom tossed the salad with a special dressing made

of oranges and lemons. She always added extra avocado to Jomar's plate because avocado was his favorite food. Peter liked to top his salad with the jerk chicken, sizzling hot off the grill.

Taylor always headed for the three-bean salad that Anu's father made from three kinds of beans: black, red, and white beans. And Anu's father loved the mixed berries straight from the community garden.

After eating, everyone took a hike around the lighthouse. "It's time to work off all this great food," Anu's father said as he stood up from the table. The sun was beginning to set in a brilliant array of orange and yellow.

"Another great summer," Peter thought to

himself as he hiked up the hill with his friends and family. Summer was Peter's favorite time of year because of all the people, like Jomar and Anu, who came to visit. Peter always looked forward to his friends' three-month visits. Their summers were filled with swimming in the ocean, hiking through the fields, and biking for hours.

As the time came for the families to say their goodbyes, Peter handed each one a gift basket. It was filled with fresh fruits and vegetables from the garden for the families to take back home to the city with them.

Jomar's dad called the baskets "perfect—a taste of summer to go."

# CRUNCHY Chicken Salad

Peter loves to add jerk chicken to his salad. Ask an adult for help, and make this tasty salad using "crunchy" chicken.



## You Need:

- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- kosher salt and black pepper
- 1 pound thin-sliced chicken breast cutlets
- 1/3 cup low-fat mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh herbs
- 1/2 teaspoon minced garlic

- 1/4 cup canola oil
- 1 cup fresh whole wheat bread crumbs (made by grinding up bread in a food processor or blender)
- 6 cups bite-size pieces of your favorite lettuce
- 2 cups cooked corn
- 2 large tomatoes, sliced

## You Do:

1. Combine 1 cup buttermilk, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper in a medium bowl. Add the chicken and chill in the refrigerator for 20 minutes.
2. In a second bowl, combine the remaining 1/2 cup buttermilk, the mayonnaise, herbs, and garlic. Add salt and pepper to taste.
3. Heat half the oil in a large skillet over high heat until hot, then reduce the heat to medium low.
4. Place the bread crumbs in a shallow bowl.
5. Remove half the chicken from the buttermilk and dip it in the bread crumbs. Coat well. Put the chicken in the skillet and cook 7 to 8 minutes until golden on both sides and just cooked through. Transfer to a cutting board. Cook the rest of the chicken the same way. Let the chicken cool, then slice it into 1/2-inch strips.
6. Line a platter with the lettuce. Mound the chicken in the center. Arrange a ring of tomatoes around the chicken and top it with the corn. Drizzle the dressing over the salad and serve any extra on the side.

# A Winning Combination

by Christine Taylor • Illustrated by Todd Bonita



**"S**trike One!"

Joseph Parker watched as Tony Blackhorse swung wildly at the softball, then spun on his heels unable to stop. Tony steadied himself, planted his feet at home plate, and prepared to swing again.

"You can do it!" shouted Joseph. He was itching for his turn at bat. But first, Tony had to get on base. "Keep your eye on the ball! Swing for the fences!"

"Strike Two!"

It was the bottom of the ninth inning. The Kansas City Pirates were down by two. With one out and one man on base, they really needed Tony to get on base. Even if he bunted, they had a chance to tie the score. Tony was the fastest runner on the team. He just couldn't seem to hit the ball.

"Forget the fences, Tony! Just bunt and run like the wind! You can do it!" Joseph adjusted the brake on his wheelchair and rolled toward the end of the bench. He held his breath as Tony swung again, this time with the force and speed of a tornado.

"Strike Three!"

Eyes downcast, Tony returned to the bench. The Pirates now had two outs and one man on base.

"Want an energy boost?" Joseph adjusted his leg braces, then stood and walked to the bench. He held out a plastic bag filled with trail mix. "It's good for you. Raisins, nuts, sunflower seeds."

Tony took a handful of the snack. "Thanks for cheering for me. You're the only one who does. Not sure why the coach lets me stay on the team."

"You're a fast runner," said Joseph, trying to cheer him up. "You make the roadrunner look like a snail."

Tony shrugged. "Doesn't do any good if I can't get on base." He pulled a bottle of cold water from the cooler and handed it to Joseph. Joseph took a big gulp.

Coach Brewer smiled, gave a thumbs-up, then tapped Andy Baker on the shoulder. Joseph watched as Andy took his place at home plate. Andy was the team's worst player. He couldn't bat. He couldn't run. The pitcher tossed the ball. Andy swung hard.

"Strike One!"

"You can do it!" said Joseph. But he didn't really believe it. Andy couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.

"Strike Two!"

The other team began packing their gear and celebrating as Andy readied his bat for one last swing. Joseph closed his eyes and held his breath. Two outs. Andy at bat guaranteed a third.

CRACK!

"He did it!" yelled Tony, shaking Joseph and pointing. "I can't believe it! He did it!" The Pirates whooped and hollered as the left fielder missed the ball and Andy made it safely to first base.

"You're up," said Coach Brewer, tapping Joseph on the shoulder. "Need some help?"

"I'm fine," said Joseph. He hobbled to the base and took a few practice swings. Still in shock, Joseph realized the game rested with him. Two outs. Two players on base. This was it. One last chance. He had the strongest arms on the team. But he had the weakest legs. That meant someone would have to run for him.

"You, too!" said Coach Brewer, pointing toward Tony. "Last man to bat out is the courtesy runner."

Joseph's heart soared. Andy was usually his courtesy runner. And Andy was almost always tagged out before he got to first base. Now with Joseph at bat and Tony as the runner, maybe their team would have a chance.

"Two outs. Two players on base," said Coach Brewer. "Don't hold back!"

Joseph's heart pounded. His stomach was in knots. Then he looked across the field. The other team was laughing and talking. They thought the game was already over. They didn't believe a kid in leg braces could hit the ball. No one was paying attention to home plate.

Joseph grinned and looked at Tony. "Run like the wind," he said.

"Swing for the fences," grinned Tony, crouched and ready to sprint.

Joseph gripped the bat tightly and tensed up as the ball flew toward him.

CRACK!

The ball soared into the outer field. Tony took off faster than a jack rabbit. He rounded first base and headed for second

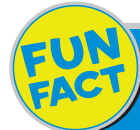
base as the center fielder scrambled to get the ball.

"Go, go, go!" yelled Coach Brewer as Michael Thompson and Andy Baker flew across home plate. The score was now tied.

"Run like the wind," yelled Joseph, waving his hands as if to help Tony run even faster. The center fielder threw the ball to third base. But Tony was already on his way home. The third baseman threw the ball to the catcher. Tony picked up speed.

"SAFE!" yelled the umpire as Tony reached home plate.

The Pirates surrounded Tony and Joseph in a crush of hugs and high fives. It was their first District title. The Kansas City Pirates had found their star batter and their star runner. It was a winning combination.



Physical exercise is for everyone. Sometimes, it just takes a little creativity to get everybody into the game!





# MADISON AND THE ALIEN GUTS

by Dimitrea Tokunbo • Illustrated by Paul Sharp

The bell rang. “Whoo-hooo!” Madison sang. “It’s lunch time.”

Madison and her friends, Amy, Magaly, and Isis, headed for the cafeteria. The girls sat down to eat their food.

“Hey, Amy, can I trade you my egg salad sandwich for your sushi?”

“Sorry, Isis, this is my favorite kind.”

Isis looked at Magaly’s brown rice and beans. “Hey, Magaly,” Isis started to say.

“Don’t even think about it,” snapped Magaly playfully.

Isis was about to eat her sandwich, when she noticed Madison had something different for a snack. “Hey, Madison, what’s that?”

“It’s a blueberry turnover,” answered Madison.

“Why is it all brown and lumpy. It looks more like a bear claw!” Isis wrinkled her nose and giggled.

“Don’t yuck her yum!” Amy said.

“It’s okay, Amy,” Madison said. “I helped my dad make this with whole-wheat flour, oats, and fresh blueberries. It may look weird but cinnamon and honey make it taste great!”

Madison looked at Isis and took a big bite—Chassslurp!—a huge glob of dark purple filling splattered from the turnover. It flew past Isis, Amy, and Magaly, and landed right on Sissy Smather’s shoe!

The girls looked up. Blooping blueberries on Sissy’s shoe was a bad move.

Sissy yelled, “What are you eating? An alien’s foot? You got yucky blue alien guts all over my new shoes!!!!”

Madison gulped hard. “I’m sorry, Sissy, it was an accident.”

Sissy leaned in close. “You’re going to pay for this!” she snarled.

Madison could hear Sissy’s crew howling with laughter and chanting, “Make her pay, make her pay, make her pay!”

Sissy stood tall and snapped her fingers. One of Sissy’s pals took a paper towel and wiped the glop from Sissy’s shoe. Another



one opened a bag of chips and cookies for Sissy. Sissy grabbed the snacks and glared at Madison.

“Me and my crew challenge you and your weird-food eating friends to a game of Steal the Bacon,” Sissy said. “If we win, you have to buy us all ice cream and...”

“And,” Isis interrupted Sissy. She stood up and put her hand on Madison’s shoulder. “And if we win, you and your crew have to sit with us tomorrow and try our weird food!”

“And,” Amy piped in, “it’s ‘My crew and I,’ not ‘Me and my crew.’”

“Whatever! Just meet us at the basketball court!” Sissy said with her mouth full of chips. Her crew said “Yeah!” with their mouths full of chips. They walked out to the playground trying to look tough.

Isis handed Madison one of her peanut butter-covered celery sticks.

“Thanks, Isis,” Madison said. “I’ll need all the energy I can get for this game.”

Amy looked a little worried. Magaly looked excited; she loved to run. A good old-fashioned game of Steal the Bacon would pit each girl, one by one, against one of Sissy’s crew to grab a ball and make it back to their team’s side without getting tagged. Magaly loved the challenge.

At the same time, Magaly and Amy said, “Hey, Isis, can we get some, too?”

When the girls got to the basketball court outside, it seemed as if the whole school had gathered to watch the game. Madison and her friends lined up on one side of the court. Sissy and her crew lined up, facing them. One of Sissy’s crew put



a ball at center court, then walked to the edge. She shouted the first number, “Three!”

Number 3 on Sissy’s crew had no problem gaining the lead from Amy, who was number 3 on Madison’s team. Amy was better at art than she was at sports. Amy lost the point. When Magaly’s number was called, she was able to catch up for her team. Isis tied with her opponent. They had to do it over.

The two teams had tied the score. Finally, it was Madison’s turn to run against Sissy. Madison tripped and fell.

She got back up as quickly as she could.

Sissy got the ball and ran as fast as she could back toward her team. Madison chased after her, but she was sure she was going to lose. Then, all of a sudden, Sissy started to slow down.

Madison couldn’t believe her eyes.

Sissy looked like a balloon with a slow leak.

Sissy’s chips and cookies had failed her.

She didn’t have the energy to get away from Madison.

Tag! Madison scored the winning point.

“Whoo-hooo!” Madison, Isis, Magaly, and Amy sang. Their team won!

The next day, Sissy and her crew shared lunch with Madison and her friends. Can you guess what was Sissy’s favorite new treat?

Well, let’s just say, she never thought alien guts could taste so good!



# "Sushi" ROLL-UPS

Madison and her pals make healthy choices when it's time for lunch. Here's the recipe for Amy's tasty "sushi." Get a parent or other adult to help you try this recipe at home.



## YOU NEED:

whole-wheat bread



tuna packed in water



low-fat mayonnaise



lemon juice



1 carrot,  
thinly sliced



1 red pepper,  
thinly sliced



## YOU DO:

1. Make low-fat tuna salad by combining 1 can of tuna packed in water with low-fat mayonnaise and a little lemon juice. Set the salad aside.
2. Remove crusts from the whole-wheat bread.
3. Roll out the bread until it is very thin.
4. Fill the bread slice with some of the tuna salad.
5. Add several slices of carrot and red pepper.
6. Roll up the bread to enclose the tuna and veggies.
7. Cut the "sushi" diagonally across, about 1-inch thick.

## EAT AND ENJOY!

Recipe courtesy of Sara Moulton—Food Network star, Executive Chef of *Gourmet Magazine*, Food Editor of ABC's *Good Morning America*, and cookbook author, most recently of *Sara's Secrets*, Broadway Books, 2005

# The Three Explorers

by Dara Sharif • Illustration by Patricia Keeler

**G**randma Bernice met the twins, Jamilah and Justin, at the airport. Grandma wore an apple-red hat with a wide brim and pointy-toed red sandals. Her purse was red, too. Red was Grandma's favorite color.

"Hello, Babies," Grandma Bernice said as she pulled the children to her for a hug. "I'm so happy to see you. We're going to have lots of fun!"

"Hi, Grandma," Jamilah and Justin said as they hugged Grandma back.

It was the summer before fourth grade, and Jamilah and Justin were in Florida to visit Grandma for two weeks. Grandma Bernice used to live in a big house in a little town called Eustis. But she had just moved to what the twins' dad had called a retirement community. Dad said a retirement community was where older people lived and did different activities. But

Jamilah and Justin just thought it was where a lot of OLD people lived. They figured that they would be bored.

"It's going to be a long two weeks," Jamilah had told Justin on the plane.

"Yeah," said Justin.

At the airport, Grandma Bernice helped the kids get their luggage. Then, they rode in a taxicab to Grandma Bernice's home.

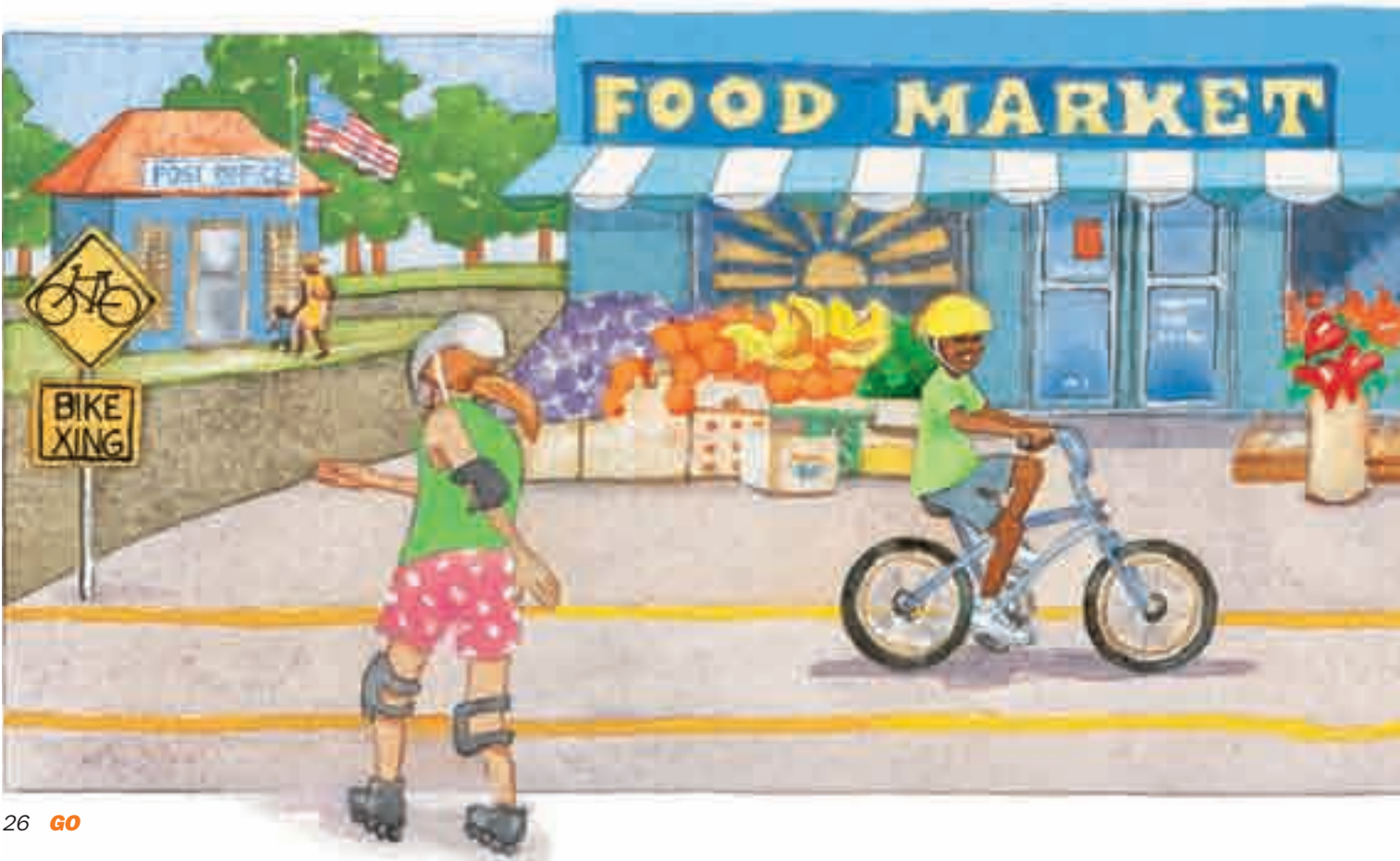
"What happened to your car?" Jamilah asked.

"Oh, I decided to get rid of it," Grandma said. "I really don't need it."

After they arrived at the house, Grandma made sandwiches for their lunch, then told them it was time to take a nap.

"Later, we'll go exploring," Grandma promised.

Jamilah and Justin felt much better after their



nap. They were ready for an adventure.

“I wonder what we’re going to do,” Justin said.

“Maybe, we’ll go to the movies,” Jamilah said.

“Or the video arcade,” Justin said.

The twins found Grandma in the dining room. She was wearing all red from head to toe: a red T-shirt and a red pair of sweatpants. Her sneakers were red with white stripes.

“Good, you’re awake,” Grandma said. “I hope you’re ready to go exploring.” Grandma was putting on a red bicycle helmet as she spoke.

“Why are you dressed like that?” Jamilah asked.

“Well, you have to wear a helmet when you ride a bike,” Grandma replied.

“We always wear one when we ride ours,” Justin said. “But YOU know how to ride a bike?”

“Of course,” Grandma said with a smile. “How do you think your dad learned enough to teach you two? I rented two bikes for you to use while you’re here, and now it’s time to go exploring the neighborhood.”

Jamilah and Justin looked at each other. Maybe this trip was going to turn out to be not so dull after all.

“Yea!” Jamilah and Justin cheered.

“Let’s go!” said Justin.

And so they did. With Grandma in the lead, they rode the bike path all over town. Grandma’s retirement community was very cool.

They stopped at the tiny post office, where Mr. Williams put a postmark on the postcards. Jamilah and Justin decided to send to their parents. They went to the market, where Mrs. Riatti showed them how to pick the freshest melons. Grandma bought each of them a slice. Then, they stopped to check on Grandma’s friend Mrs. Watkins, who had hurt her wrist playing tennis.

By the time they got back to Grandma’s house, Jamilah and Justin could feel the muscles in their legs pulsing. They had never ridden so far before. They felt great!

“Whew!” Grandma said as she pulled off her helmet and wiped the sweat from her brow. “That was quite a workout.”

“And a great adventure, too,” Jamilah said.

“Yeah,” Justin said. “I can’t wait to go exploring tomorrow.”

**FUN  
FACT**

The family who plays together stays healthy together. Take a 30-minute walk after dinner. Skate, bike, or hike. Being together makes any activity fun.



# Grandpa's Secret Ingredient



by Angela Shelf-Medearis • Illustrated by Barry Gott

“Okay, Michael, let’s weed the corn now,” Grandpa said.

“I’ll get the hoe,” Michael said.

Every weekend, Michael visited his Grandpa at his home. Michael and Grandpa enjoyed taking long walks together every morning and working in the community garden near his apartment every afternoon.

They worked side by side in the garden to weed the small plot where his Grandpa had planted his herb garden and a vegetable patch.

“Smell this, Michael,” Grandpa said as he waved a few small green leaves under Michael’s nose. Michael closed his

eyes and sniffed the plant.

“That smells like our house at Thanksgiving time,” Michael said.

“That herb is called sage,” Grandpa said. “I gave your Momma some when she was preparing the turkey last year. I use lots of herbs and peppers when I cook so I don’t have to use as much salt.”

“Is that because too much salt isn’t good for you?” Michael asked.

“Yes,” Grandpa said. “I try to use fresh herbs instead of salt when I cook, eat lots of vegetables, and get plenty of exercise so that I can control my high blood pressure. But if you take care of your

health now, you won't have to worry as much about high blood pressure when you're my age."

"I try to eat healthy," Michael said. "And I get plenty of exercise every day, too."

"That's good," Grandpa said with a smile. "Now let's see how fast you can run to the tool shed and get the baskets so we can pick some vegetables."

Michael ran to the tool shed and got two big baskets off of the shelf. Then he ran back to Grandpa as fast as he could.

"That was fast!" Grandpa said with a smile. "Now, let's see how fast we can weed the garden and pick the vegetables that are ripe. I'm ready to eat lunch."

"I'm hungry, too," Michael said.

Michael helped Grandpa remove the weeds from each row of vegetables. Then Michael held the basket as Grandpa filled it with yellow ears of sweet corn, potatoes, carrots, squash, tomatoes, garlic, green onions, and peppers. Then they picked some herbs from the herb garden.

"Well, we're ready to walk home now," Grandpa said when the last basket was full.

As they walked home, Grandpa waved and smiled to the neighbors they met along the way.

"Oh, that corn and those carrots look delicious," said Mrs. Martin.

"Well, let me give you some," Grandpa said.

"Thank you so much!" Mrs. Martin said with a smile.

"Did those tomatoes come from your

garden?" Mr. Walker called from his front porch. "They're so red, plump, and juicy looking. I love tomatoes."

"Well, I'd be happy to give you a few," Grandpa said. "And here are a few peppers, some squash, and some carrots for Mrs. Walker. I know how much she enjoys them."

"Thank you!" Mr. Walker said with a big smile.

"You're welcome," Grandpa said.

Grandpa gave some herbs or vegetables to everyone they met. By the time they reached Grandpa's apartment, one basket was empty and the other one only had a few vegetables left.

"Grandpa, almost all of the vegetables are gone," Michael said. "What are we going to eat for lunch?"

"You'll see," Grandpa said. "We have plenty of vegetables left for the recipe



I'm going to make. Go ahead and wash them while I get everything ready. I'm using my secret ingredient in this recipe."

"Okay," Michael said. He wondered what the secret ingredient was as he washed the herbs, the carrots, several large squash, a few potatoes, a hot pepper, an onion, two large tomatoes, and the two remaining ears of corn that were left in the basket.

Grandpa whistled happily as he filled a large pot with water and sliced the vegetables.

He stirred, blended, and tasted his cooking. Then he added some of the herbs to the pot.

After about a half an hour, Grandpa placed two big bowls full of vegetable stew on the table. Michael ate and ate

the delicious stew until his bowl was empty. He smiled at his grandfather.

"I can't believe you were able to make something so good out of the few vegetables we had left," Michael said. "You almost gave everything away that we picked today."

"Oh, I do that all the time," Grandpa said. "I call my little vegetable plot The Giving Garden. The more I pick the herbs and vegetables and give them away, the more they grow. That way all my friends can eat healthy and enjoy fresh vegetables, too."

"That was the best stew I've ever had," Michael said. "So what was the secret ingredient?"

"Lots of love," Grandpa said with a smile. "I put that into everything I do."



# Grandpa's Vegetable Stew

Grandpa's Vegetable Stew is made with lots of love. Get an adult to help you make your own tasty treat!

## Vegetable Stew

8 servings

- 3 cups water
- 1 cube vegetable bouillon, low sodium
- 2 cups white potatoes cut in 2-inch strips
- 2 cups carrots, sliced
- 4 cups summer squash, cut in 1-inch squares
- 1 cup summer squash, cut in 4 chunks
- 2 cups frozen corn, or 2 ears fresh corn (1 1/2 cups)
- 1 teaspoon thyme
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 stalk scallion, chopped
- 1/2 small hot pepper, chopped
- 1 cup onion, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup tomatoes, diced

*(Add other favorite vegetables such as broccoli, cauliflower, etc.)*

1. Heat water and bouillon in a large pot and bring to a boil.
2. Add potatoes and carrots to the broth and simmer for 5 minutes.
3. Add the remaining ingredients except for the tomatoes and continue cooking for 15 minutes over medium heat.
4. Remove 4 chunks of squash and purée in blender.
5. Return puréed mixture to pot and let cook for 10 minutes more.
6. Add tomatoes and cook for another 5 minutes.
7. Remove from flame and let sit for 10 minutes to allow stew to thicken. Serve immediately.



# What's In That?

If you want to know what is inside the food you eat, you need to read the food label. Food labels tell you how many servings are inside one package, and how many calories are in one serving. Labels tell you how much fat, sugar (carbohydrates), and salt (sodium) are in the food you are eating. Labels also explain what vitamins and minerals are in the food.



How many servings of Crunchy Crackers are in this box?

How many calories are in each serving?

How many calories will you have eaten if you eat the whole box?



What is the size of one serving of Trail Mix?

How many calories are in one serving of Trail Mix?

What vitamins and minerals will you get if you eat a serving of Trail Mix?

**GO!** *Healthy Living for Kids* is a joint project of the National Governors Association and Scholastic Inc. If you enjoyed the stories you read in **GO!** and would like more information about getting active and making healthy food and lifestyle choices, check out the following resources:

### FOR KIDS:

#### **Bam! Body and Mind**

[www.bam.gov](http://www.bam.gov)

Promotes healthy behavior and health education in a kid-friendly way. Subsections include Diseases; Food and Nutrition; Physical Activity; Your Safety; Your Life; and Your Body.

#### **KidsHealth: For Kids**

[www.kidshealth.org/kid/](http://www.kidshealth.org/kid/)

Abundant kid-friendly information about physical activity, illness, and other health topics. Also features games, peer pressure information, and a glossary of medical terms.

#### **Kid's Quest on Disability and Health**

[www.cdc.gov/NCBDDD/kids/kidhome.htm](http://www.cdc.gov/NCBDDD/kids/kidhome.htm)

Exciting adventures designed to teach able children about their disabled peers.

### FOR PARENTS:

#### **American Academy of Pediatricians: Parenting Corner**

[www.aap.org/parents.html](http://www.aap.org/parents.html)

Clearinghouse of information on general healthy behavior. Tip sheets for easy access to important and useful information.

#### **American Heart Association:**

##### **Children's Health: For Adults**

[www.americanheart.org](http://www.americanheart.org)

Information about healthy dietary behaviors for youth and common childhood heart-related illnesses.

#### **Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation**

[www.jdrf.org](http://www.jdrf.org)

Source of information and resources about Juvenile Diabetes.

### DID YOU KNOW...

U.S. governors serve as the chief executives of the 50 states; commonwealths of the Northern Mariana Islands and Puerto Rico; and territories of American Samoa, Guam and the Virgin Islands.

Governors carry out many important duties in leading their states. Collectively, they oversee budgets containing more than \$1.2 trillion dollars in funding for worthwhile projects and infrastructure that are of benefit to 300 million Americans.

Since their initial meeting with President Theodore Roosevelt (a former governor) in 1908, governors have worked through the National Governors Association (NGA). NGA's ongoing mission is to support the work of governors by providing a bipartisan forum to help shape and implement national policy and solve state problems. Today, NGA is one of Washington, D.C.'s most influential and respected organizations.

The NGA Center for Best Practices (NGA Center) is the nation's only dedicated consulting firm for governors and their key policy staff. The NGA Center is responsible for the development and implementation of innovative responses to public policy challenges.

For more information about NGA, please visit [www.nga.org](http://www.nga.org).



