

# Spider<sup>®</sup>

THE MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN



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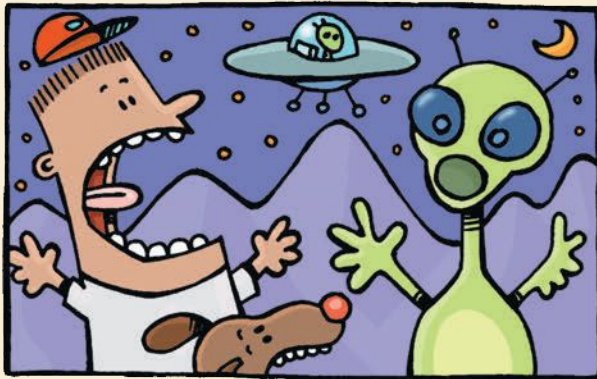


# HEY KIDS!! IT'S THE APRIL FOOLS' GAME PAGE!!

① CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS MAZE?!

② SOLVE THIS PUZZLE!!

③ CAN YOU SPOT THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THESE 2 PICTURES?



④ CONNECT THE DOTS!

⑤ COMPLETE THE PICTURE!



**ANSWERS:** ① NEITHER CAN WE! ② HMMM... LOOKS LIKE GIBBERISH TO US. ③ THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS WEARING PINK SOCKS. ④ ~~4~~ ⑤

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**Mind-Bugger:** The Toadstool Tree

by Dom Mansell

**Spider and the Gang** by Michael Chesworth

Last month, Spider, Sam, Araña, and Bill the Pillbug flew their space plane to the court of the Alien Ant King, who turned out to be...



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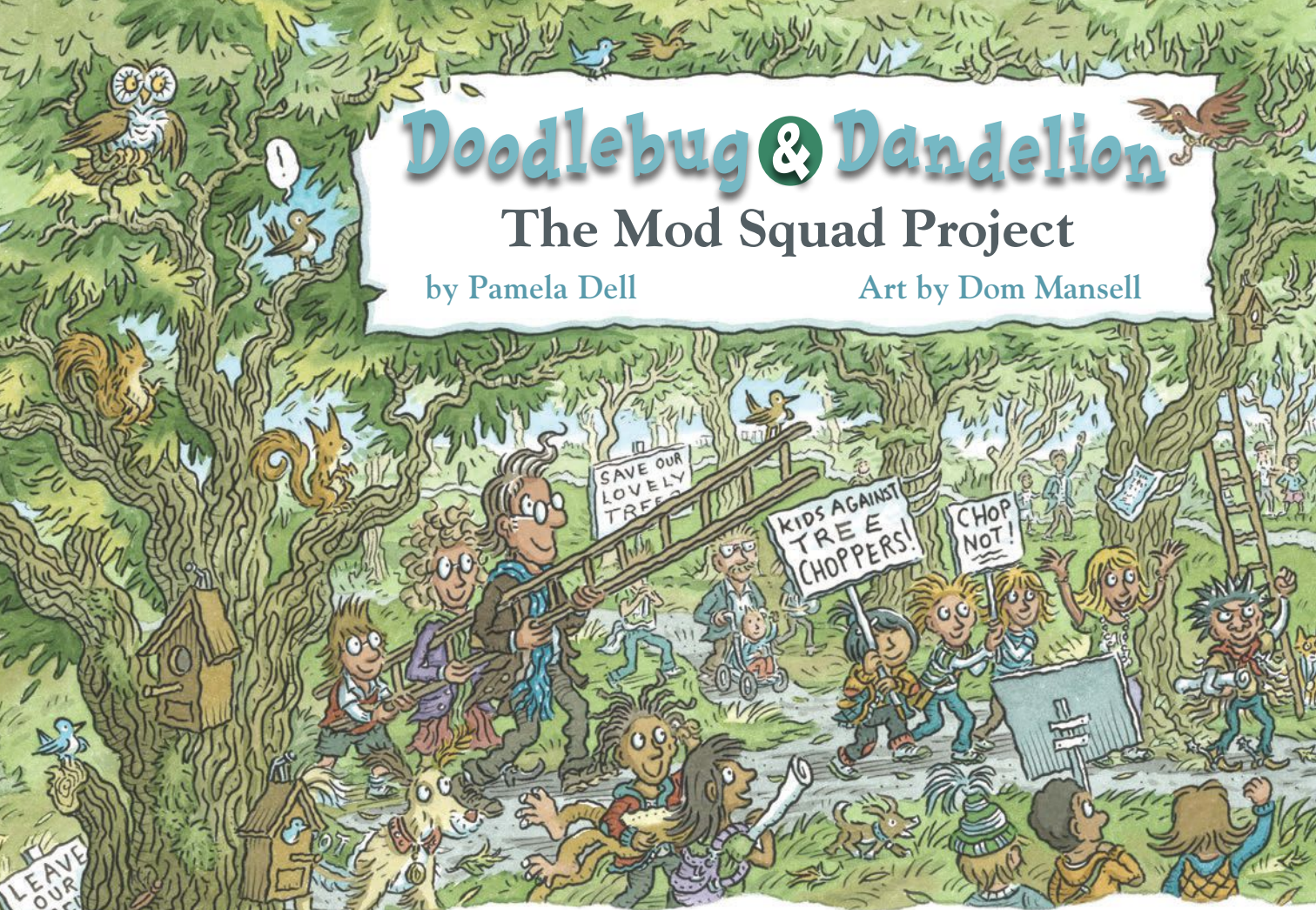


# Doodlebug & Dandelion

## The Mod Squad Project

by Pamela Dell

Art by Dom Mansell



“I CAN’T BELIEVE this!” Dandelion Pinkley fumed. “Earth Day is coming and they’re cutting down trees?! We need our trees!”

Dandelion didn’t like talking in front of her whole class, but this time she had to. A bunch of old fogies on the city council planned to take down some of the town’s biggest, most beautiful trees. And many of those trees were almost one hundred years old. The old fogies were probably even older. How would they like it if someone tried to get rid of *them*? Something had to be done.

But, King Bombus, what are you doing here?



How does a bumblebee become king of the ants?



Ha ha! Honestly! You lot—that’s my kingly British way of saying “you all”—are such a bunch of fogies—fussy people with old-fashioned ideas. Bees and ants are really quite alike.



By the next day, Dandelion’s class had formed a plan to save the trees. Mr. Mod, their cool new teacher and a major tree lover, pitched in to help, so they called themselves the Mod Squad.

After school, they made posters saying things like “KIDS AGAINST TREE CHOPPERS!” and “STOP THE CHOP!” Some kids knitted hearts and cut lengths of colorful ribbon, and others brought in giant uninflated balloons shaped like animals.

On Saturday morning, the Mod Squad met at the park. By now their group included kids from other classes, too. Dandelion’s brother Doodlebug was there with their cousins and best friends. Even the Pinkley parents showed up.

Mr. Mod spoke into his trusty bullhorn. “All right, you lot. Let’s show these foggy old codgers that our trees must stand!”

As Mr. Mod filled each balloon with helium, Doodlebug tied strings on them. Next, the Mod Squad tied

“I’m mad as a hornet and I’m not going to take it anymore!” Dandelion added, gaining energy.

To her surprise, cheers rose up around her. Her classmates shouted, whooped, and pounded their desks in agreement.

“We’re mad as hornets and we’re not going to take it anymore!” some of them cried.

After I was cast out of the beehive, I got blown here. Lucky for me, since we bees have wings and stingers, and ants don’t, they made me their king!



ALL HAIL, KING BOMBUS BUZZBEE THE FIRST!



HOLDER OF THE MIGHTY STINGER!





the balloons to the trees marked for death while Dandelion shouted encouragement through the bullhorn. Some balloons were monkey shaped. Others were shaped like giant toucans, macaws, and parrots. They looked amazing floating among all those leafy branches.

Everyone else was busy posting signs and stringing the ribbons and knitted hearts to low-hanging branches. The protestors could almost feel the trees smiling.

But the city council members weren't smiling. Without anyone noticing, they had gathered in a sunny patch of the park to watch the students. One man turned on a bullhorn much like Mr. Mod's.

"Put your hands up, you . . . you *Mod Pod* or whatever you are!" he squawked, the sun blazing down on him. "And step away from the trees!"

"Our park needs these trees!" Dandelion shouted back. "You can't have them!"

Space? Distant planet? Why, dear girl, the Meadow is just over that hilltop near the highway.

But how did you get through space to this distant planet?



Oh, snap!



Rubber band-powered space plane! Grrr . . .



She dropped the bullhorn and wrapped her arms around one of the doomed trees. Doodlebug instantly joined her, hugging the other side. Soon, every tree had two pairs of arms encircling it.

The rest of the students formed a line between the city council and the trees. Scowling, they held up their signs and shouted over and over “LEAVE OUR TREES!”

“Name one good reason to fell these trees!” Mr. Mod demanded through his bullhorn.

“They block our warm and comforting sun. And every fall we break our backs raking those smelly heaps of leaf litter!” the councilman bullhorned back. “Step away, all of you, or you’ll be sorry!”

Every single kid booed loudly and fiercely. The council members hissed and flung their arms at the crowd as if to shoo them away. But then one of them began to totter. Another stumbled and wiped her dripping forehead. The man with the bullhorn wheezed. Still others began to noticeably wilt.



“Too hot . . .” one mumbled.

“Shade,” gasped another. “Give us shade!”

*Yes, yes. I don't have a stinger. But do keep it quiet. My reign is ready to totter—swaying and about to fall—as it is.*

Hey, wait a minute, Bombus. You're a drone.



Mum's the word. Your secret is safe with us.



*Nuestros labios están sellados—our lips are sealed.*

Wait a minute, Bombus! You're a DRONE! Everybuggy knows DRONES don't got no STINGERS!





Before they all toppled over, the protestors led them to the thickest, oldest, most endangered trees. There, the fogies sprawled on the ground like downed scarecrows, panting in relief.

“Save the trees!” one croaked weakly.  
 “These children are right,” someone said feebly.

“What fools we were,” moaned another.

None of the Mod Squad disagreed with that statement. Rather, the biggest cheer of all ripped through the park.

“Our fellow trees shall live another hundred years!” Mr. Mod blared.

“You did it, Dandelion!” Doodlebug shouted, hugging his sister.

Dandelion grinned and blushed. A breeze whooshed through the leafy giants’ branches, sounding almost like tree laughter. The monkey and bird balloons bobbed in delight. One macaw sailed away and landed in Mr. Mod’s garden.

And the very next week, Dandelion was awarded the Greenest Tree trophy at the most joyful Earth Day celebration their town had ever had. 🌻







# NIGHT RAIN

Night rain tiptoes down the street  
Softly to a gentle beat,  
Drums upon my windowpane,  
Washes darkness down the drain.

by Charles Ghigna  
Art by Lee Hodges

text © 2018 by Charles Ghigna, art © 2018 by Lee Hodges



# Metamorphosis

by Christy Mihaly  
Art by Kyle Reed

TOMMY TADPOLE CAN hardly wait to be finished with his metamorphosis. He wants to be a frog on a log instead of a tadpole in a pond. Can you help him change his gills into lungs?

Start with the word **GILL**, then change one letter in **GILL** to make a new word. Continue down the list of hints and change one letter each time until you can make the word **LUNG**.

1. **G I L L** Tommy Tadpole uses G I L Ls to breathe as he swims underwater.
2. **F \_ \_ \_** After six weeks in the pond, Tommy has eaten his \_ \_ \_ \_ of algae.
3. **\_ \_ \_ E** Tommy spies some frogs hopping single \_ \_ \_ \_ up the hill.
4. **\_ \_ N \_** Today is a \_ \_ \_ \_ day to hop on dry land!
5. **L \_ \_ \_** The other tadpoles already have their legs, but not Tommy . . . it looks like he's the last one in \_ \_ \_ \_ !
6. **\_ O \_ \_** Tommy's legs are growing, but he's the \_ \_ \_ \_ tadpole in the pond.
7. **\_ \_ \_ G** Tommy grew legs, and now he's losing his tail. It won't be \_ \_ \_ \_ until he joins the other frogs.
8. **L U N G** At last! It feels good to breathe fresh air into his new L U N Gs. "Call me Tommy Frog!" says Tommy, and off he hops.



# Perfect Thing

## A Folktale from Uganda

**M**AKER OF THINGS worked hard in her shed, making new things for land and water animals. Among her creations, she had made a long tail for Sungura the hare and another for Fox.

Sungura and Fox joined other jubilant land animals outside the shed, dancing and singing with them.

Storming out of her shed, Maker of Things yelled, “Enough! I need peace and quiet. I have many more things to make.”

The land animals resumed their celebration at a safe distance.

Sungura watched Fox dancing gracefully and thought: Her tail is longer than mine. If it were mine, it would be the perfect thing for me! He danced up to Fox and said, “Give me your beautiful, long tail, and I’ll have it stretched for you. It will be even more beautiful than before!”

Umm, the royal subjects ain’t lookin’ so jubilant—excited and happy—about King Bombus no more.

It’s lookin’ like Big B is gettin’ the big boot . . . again. Mite bee.



by Tololwa M. Mollé  
Art by Anthony Foronda

text © 2018 by Tololwa Mollé, art © 2018 by Anthony Foronda



Fox smiled. “You will? How nice! Here.”

As soon as he was out of sight, Sungura stuck Fox’s tail to his bottom and hopped away, swishing his two tails for all to see. Then, he came upon leopards celebrating their new spots with a tug of war.

“I don’t need Fox’s silly old tail,” said Sungura. “I found the perfect thing!”

He offered Fox’s tail to the leopards. “Here, use this for your tug of war. Please stretch it longer and make it even more beautiful.”

The leopards agreed, but when they pulled on the tail they snapped it in two.

“Oh no!” Sungura cried and sang:  
*Oh no, no, no. You broke, you broke,  
 you broke my long beautiful tail!  
 Pay for it, pay for it, with one, one, one,  
 one spot each!*

“Here you are, here you are.” The leopards handed over the spots.

Covered in elegant spots, Sungura walked to the river and stared into the water. As he admired his new spotted coat in the reflection, he saw fish celebrating their new scales.

Come now, my dear and loyal subjects. Let’s not be hasty. After all, I do have wings.



Mira! He does! He does! See!



Ooh and they’re so elegant—fancy and well made—with such pretty colors.



Fake hues!

“I don’t need these silly old spots. I found the perfect thing!” said Sungura. He called out to the fish, “I wish I could celebrate with you!”

“Please do, O elegantly spotted one,” replied the fish. “We would be honored!”

When Sungura jumped in the river to join the fish, the water washed off his elegant spots.

“Oh no!” he cried:

*Oh no, no, no. Your water, your water,  
your water washed off my elegant spots!  
Pay for them, pay for them, with one, one, one,  
one scale each!*

Wearing a lovely fish-scale coat, Sungura came upon birds celebrating their new feathers. “I don’t need this silly old coat. I found the perfect thing!” said Sungura.

He offered the birds his lovely fish-scale coat. “It’ll look much lovelier on you, birds.”

The vain birds scrambled each to be the one to wear the lovely coat. In doing so, they ripped it to bits.

“Oh no!” Sungura cried and sang:

*Oh no, no, no. You ripped, you ripped,  
you ripped my lovely fish-scale coat!  
Pay for it, pay for it, with one, one, one,  
one feather each.*



And what else has he  
lied about?

He ain't got no stinger.  
Why's he get to be king?



He bee fake!

The birds each handed over a feather. "Here, here, here, here."

Sungura scampered off with the feathers and returned wearing a third splendid coat, bragging, "How beautiful I look! More beautiful than any of you!"

The jealous birds swarmed around Sungura. "You knew we would fight over your silly coat and ruin it. You tricked us!"



The birds, Sungura soon found out, were not the only angry ones.

Maker of Things listened to complaints from the fish, leopards, and Fox, too.

"So, you leopards say you lost one spot each to Sungura, you fish one scale each, and you birds one feather each. That's what you've come to bother me about?" She turned to the hare and said, "And you, greedy Sungura, you robbed Fox of her tail causing all this bother!"

"Come with me both of you," she said sternly, marching Sungura and Fox into the shed.



I told youse guys. No be should be king 'a the ants.



Down with da bee king!



Let's make him wear burlap and work the fields!



GET HIM!



When Sungura and Fox emerged, all the animals gasped. Fox proudly swayed a new tail, longer than the one before.

But Sungura only had a stub of a tail and was moaning:

*Oh no, no, no! Oh no, no, no!*

*Oh my tail, oh my tail, oh no, no, no!*

*Oh no, no, no! Oh no, no, no!*

*Oh my tail, oh my tail, oh no, no, no!*

The animals sang back:

*Oh yes, oh yes, ye ye ye yes!*

*Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!*

*Oh yes, oh yes, ye ye ye yes!*

*Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!*

Sungura moaned: *Oh no, no, no!*

*Oh my tail, oh my . . .*

The others replied: *Oh yes, oh yes, ye ye ye . . .*

Maker of Things again came out of her shed. This time she did not yell. She approached Sungura, who continued to moan.

Patting his stubby tail, she grinned. "Now, now, Sungura, don't cry. Once you get used to your new tail, well, it will be . . . the perfect thing for you!"

Without another word, Maker of Things returned to her work. 🌞



# HOW TO TELL IF THERE'S A MONSTER UNDER YOUR BED

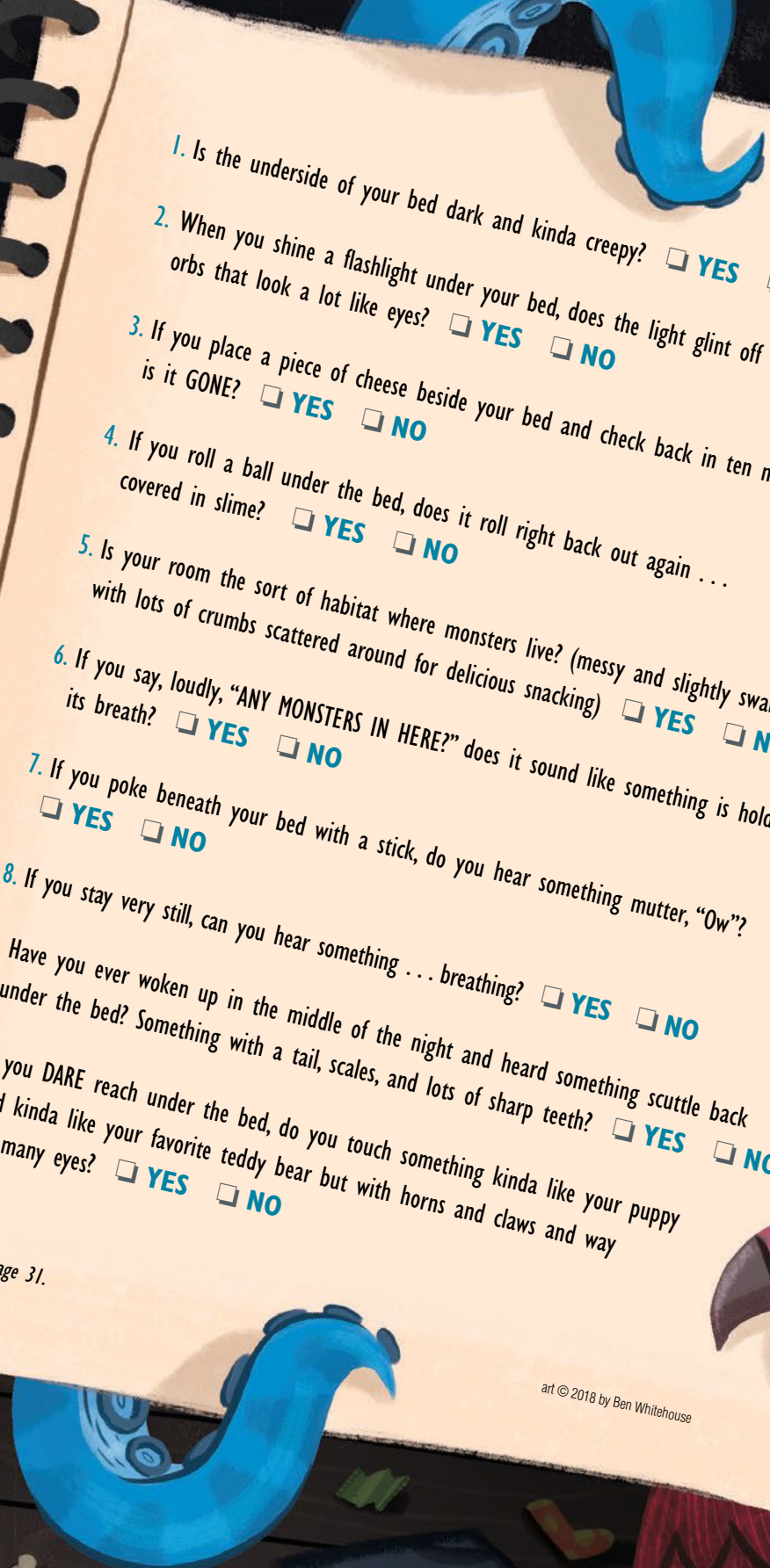




by Tori Telfer

Art by Ben Whitehouse

EEK! THERE'S TOTALLY a monster under your bed. Mom says it's impossible, but this time you're positive. Still, without actually crawling under there, how will you know for sure? Use this checklist to help you figure out if there really is a fearsome beast beneath your bed—or not.





- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
1. Is the underside of your bed dark and kinda creepy?  YES  NO
  2. When you shine a flashlight under your bed, does the light glint off two glowing orbs that look a lot like eyes?  YES  NO
  3. If you place a piece of cheese beside your bed and check back in ten minutes, is it GONE?  YES  NO
  4. If you roll a ball under the bed, does it roll right back out again ...  YES  NO
  5. Is your room the sort of habitat where monsters live? (messy and slightly swampy, with lots of crumbs scattered around for delicious snacking)  YES  NO
  6. If you say, loudly, "ANY MONSTERS IN HERE?" does it sound like something is holding its breath?  YES  NO
  7. If you poke beneath your bed with a stick, do you hear something mutter, "Ow"?  YES  NO
  8. If you stay very still, can you hear something ... breathing?  YES  NO
  9. Have you ever woken up in the middle of the night and heard something scuttle back under the bed? Something with a tail, scales, and lots of sharp teeth?  YES  NO
  10. If you DARE reach under the bed, do you touch something kinda like your puppy and kinda like your favorite teddy bear but with horns and claws and way too many eyes?  YES  NO

Answers on page 31.

art © 2018 by Ben Whitehouse



Boletus

# Fungi, Fungi, Everywhere!

by Gail Jarrow

Fungi aren't plants or animals! They aren't green and they can't make their own food using sunlight. They're in a special category all their own—the fungus kingdom.

**Y**OU MIGHT NOT see them, but they are all around you—in the air, under the ground, on your body. They can feed you. They can make you sick. They can cure you. Fungi are amazing creatures!

Fungi might look like plants, but they're not. They are in their own kingdom: plants, animals, fungi. Fungi include mushrooms, molds, mildews, and yeasts. A fungus can be so small that you can only see it with a microscope. On the other hand, it can be the largest living organism ever found, such as the giant fungus growing among tree roots in the Malheur National Forest in Oregon. This fungus covers an area larger than 1,600 football fields!

Fungi reproduce by spores. The tiny spores float through the air until they land, sometimes traveling for thousands of miles. If they land in a good spot, they grow.

You may have seen mushrooms growing on your lawn, especially after wet weather. But you might not have noticed the other fungi hiding there. Your backyard could contain hundreds of different kinds of



▲ Earthstar



▼ Fly agaric



▲ Wood ear or jelly ear





Toadstool?  
This looks like  
an umbrella!

**Parasol lepiota**



**Giant puffball**

Many fungi are poisonous, and sometimes it's hard to tell the edible kind from the poisonous kind. The fungi marked ☠️ could make you very sick. Never try to eat wild mushrooms without an adult's help!

fungi. They live in soil, in water, on birds and insects, and on plants. Goldenrod, a wildflower, is host to more than 100 different types of fungi!

Inside your house you might find mildew in the shower or basement. Or you might have athlete's foot, which is caused by a fungus that lives on skin. (Gross, huh?) You can eat fungi, too—the yeast in Mom's breadmaker helps the dough to rise, and you might have yummy mushrooms in your refrigerator to put in salads or on pizza.

Fungi can't make their own food the way green plants do; they have to get nourishment from other sources. Some fungi feed on dead plants and animals, which then decompose into rich forest soil. Other fungi live as partners with green plants, providing minerals to the plant in exchange for nutrients. Fungi also feed on living plants and animals, causing them harm.



▲ **Pink cup fungus**



▲ **Morel**



▲ **Chantarelle**

▼ **Stinkhorn**



King down! Repeat:  
KING DOWN!



King Bombus!



I cannot go another step without a lemon soda!  
Push on without me. Just leave me here to rot and  
decompose—break down into the soil.



Can you play taps  
on that thing?



Turkey tail fungus



Bird's nest fungus



Fairy ring



▲ Lichens

Lichens are actually two unrelated species that live together—a fungus with a bacteria or algae partner.

▼ Ghost fungus



Daytime



Nighttime

Some fungi are bioluminescent, which means they glow in the dark.

A fungus's main body is a network of threads called mycelium. These threads are often hidden underground or inside a tree. As the fungus "blooms" from beneath the ground, it can create circles of mushrooms like this fairy ring.

Fungi don't have stomachs. Instead, they make powerful chemicals that break down food (like wood or dead things) outside their bodies. The fungus slurps up the nutrients it needs. Fungi also use chemicals to protect themselves. Some of these chemicals can harm people: the poisons in certain mushrooms can make you sick or even kill you if you eat them.

But fungi chemicals help people, too. An important medicine, penicillin, is used to fight bacteria and is a chemical made by a mold. Cyclosporin, a drug that helps people who have had organ transplants, comes from a soil mold that sometimes grows on insect bodies.

Scientists are searching for more fungi that may provide medicines. It's a big job! Fungi experts guess that there are 1.5 million different kinds of fungi, but they have found and studied less than a tenth of them.

So keep your eyes open. Fungi are everywhere, but they aren't always easy to spot! 🕷️



Mycelium



Mold

Molds are an unwelcome visitor on your bread, but they also produce powerful medicines such as penicillin.

¡Caramba! This forest is so thick, dark, and damp!



'Tis no doubt full of bacteria—very tiny living things that can cause disease. Oh, heavy is the head that wears the crown!



Oh, pickles! We passed by these mushrooms before.



We're going in circles!



# Ground Umbrellas

by Judy Carney

Art by Jennifer B. Danza

When the rain  
has waned,  
and raindrops  
have drained,

When logs  
get sodden,  
or rotten . . .  
forgotten,

Up they pop,  
round, little fellas—  
arching their tops  
like ground umbrellas.





# Mushroom Star

by Dani Sneed  
Art by Susan Todd

**W**HERE DO MUSHROOMS come from? Mushrooms grow from root-like systems hidden underground. Mushrooms begin as round “buttons.” As the mushroom cap shoots up, it expands like an opening umbrella. When the cap opens and tears loose of the stalk, gills can be seen underneath this “umbrella.” Between these gills, millions (sometimes billions) of spores grow. Spores are single cells that act like mushroom seeds and are carried by the wind. Although each spore is able to grow a new mushroom, only a few spores will land where they are able to grow.

Even though you don’t see spores flying from a mushroom, you can prove they do. Try this experiment to do just that and make a mushroom star print. Be sure to ask an adult to help, and remember never to eat a mushroom you pick, because many are poisonous.

Somebuggy, help us!

I’ll help if you’ll  
get off me,  
please.



## What You'll Need:

fresh, umbrella-shaped mushroom  
scissors or knife  
sheet of black construction paper  
bowl

## What to Do:

1. Cut off the mushroom's stem.
2. Place the mushroom cap on the construction paper with the gills facing down.
3. Wash your hands immediately.
4. Place a bowl upside down over the mushroom and paper.
5. The next day, carefully lift the bowl. Pick up the mushroom cap and put it in the trash. Then wash your hands and admire your beautiful mushroom star!

Just as a baby bird flies from its nest as soon as it is old enough, the spores shot out of each gill. One spore is too small for your eyes to see, but with thousands together they formed lines on the paper. The spores made the mushroom star print!



# The Very, Very, Very Long Hike

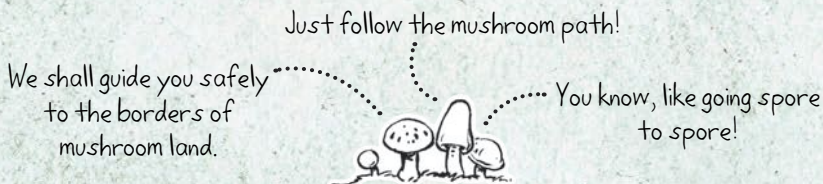


**E**DUN DID NOT want to go on a hike.

She especially did not want to go on a long hike in the mountains that led to a tiny cabin with no electricity and no running water. On the hike, Edun would have to carry her clothes and toothbrush in her backpack, and only one book. She wanted to stay inside instead and dream up an exciting adventure story while wrapped in a warm quilt.

“Ready?” Mama Sara asked cheerfully after breakfast. Edun looked out the window and only saw rain, lots of it.

“We should go another day,” Edun suggested. “Maybe a hundred years from now.” She worried she would get tired on the hike. She worried about getting bored at the dark cabin.



by Debbie Urbanski  
Art by Dave Szalay

text © 2018 by Debbie Urbanski, art © 2018 by Dave Szalay



Mama Sara said it was time to stop worrying and get into the car.

Edun's brother, Will, was waiting in the garage with Mama Jade, their other mother, who wore binoculars around her neck. She was quizzing Will using her favorite field guide.

"Is that . . . a white spruce?" asked Will.

"Excellent!" said Mama Jade, beaming.

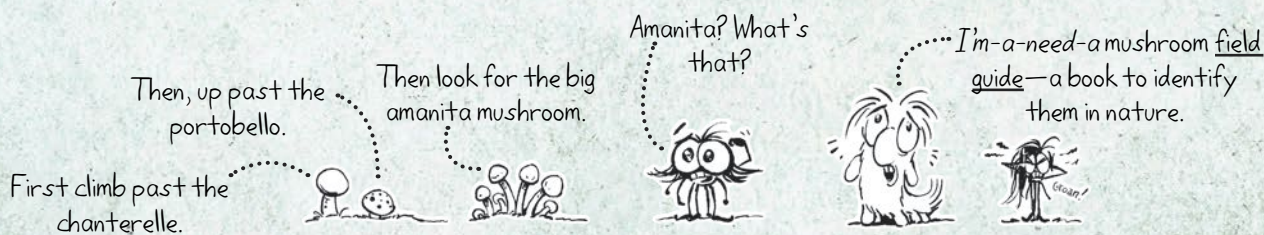
Will was four years older than Edun and had climbed many more

mountains. He'd started hiking when he was two and loved it.

Because it was raining, Edun had to wear her rain pants, her rain hat, her rain jacket, and her waterproof boots. Her jacket had a weird mesh on the inside. She didn't like how it felt against her skin.

They parked at a dripping wet trailhead.

"We'll be there by afternoon!" Mama Sara promised. The afternoon sounded far away.



Mama Jade identified a bird perched on a nearby branch—“Fox sparrow!”—then she and Will zoomed down the trail and were soon out of sight.

Edun huddled under a pine tree. “You can’t force me to walk,” Edun said.

“You’re right,” said her mom. Mama Sara stood under the tree, too, and they watched the rain together. “But what if your brother and Mama Jade need us?”

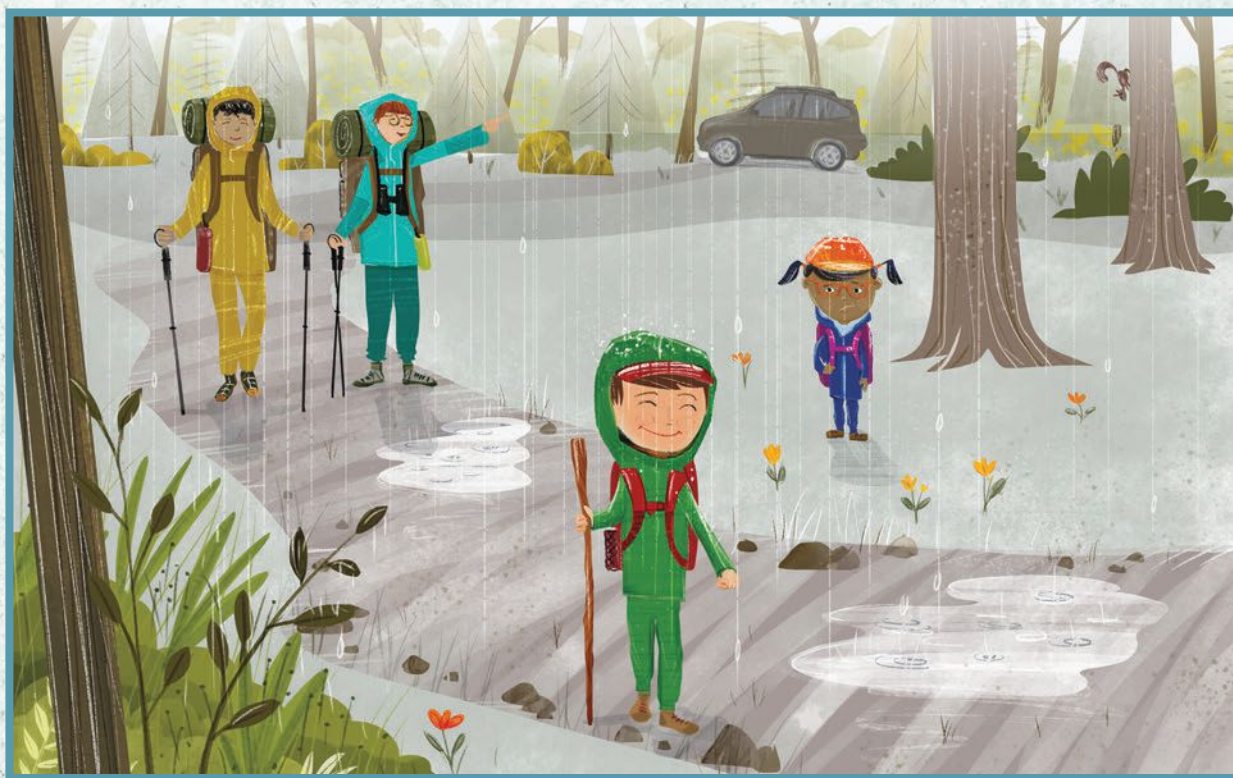
“They won’t need me,” Edun said.

“I think they might,” said Mama Sara. “You need all sorts of people in the mountains.”

In case her mom was right, Edun reluctantly agreed to start hiking.

The cold raindrops fell heavy on Edun’s hat and rolled onto her neck. They passed a waterfall no bigger than Edun’s hand.

“A waterfall for gnomes,” Mama Sara imagined.



Hooray! We're out of the woods!



Thank you, mushrooms.  
You saved us!



It was no truffle at all.



“A pixie waterfall!” Edun said.

There was always something to look for in the wet green woods: animal tracks, wildflowers, little creeks, moose droppings. They climbed past the tree line, above where a regular forest could grow. They hiked past scratchy bushes, gray rocks, and dwarf trees. Edun loomed above those miniature trees.

“Look, Mom, I’m a giant,” she laughed.

Mama Sara took out her waterproof map. Already they had walked

two miles. Was Edun better at hiking than she thought?

Next was the day’s big climb to the very top of a mountain.

Will and Mama Jade were waiting for them beside a field of boulders. Mama Jade put her finger to her lips then pointed to some nearby rocks, where a mother bird led four of the cutest baby birds on a slow walk. The birds were practically invisible and the same brown color as the ground.

I thought we’d never see the end of that deep, dark forest!



My dear, that fear loomed—appeared suddenly very large—over me, as well.



We only need to climb that mountain now.



“Ptarmigans!” Mama Jade whispered. “You only see them here in the alpine.”

The trail switched steeply back and forth, winding between large rocks. Halfway through the climb, the rain stopped. Edun unzipped her jacket and put her rain hat in her bag. The mountains, creeping out from behind the clouds, were decorated with white lines of snow.

“I’m tired,” Will said.

“Me, too,” Mama Jade said.

“Me, three!” Mama Sara chimed in. Uh-oh, Edun thought.

Then she remembered the beginning of the hike. Those first miles went by so quickly when she was looking for special things in the woods! This gave her an idea.

She grabbed Will’s tired hand and Mama Jade’s tired arm and marched up the trail with her family. “I spy with my little eye something blue,” she began.

“The sky,” guessed Will.

“Your jacket,” guessed Mama Sara.

Here in the refreshing air of the alpine—this area with mountains—I feel like a little bee boy again.



They played I Spy. They played I Spy again. They kept playing until somehow, just as Edun had hoped, they stood together on the mountain’s

Once we get to the peak, we should see the meadow!



couldn't see any buildings or roads, no matter what direction she looked. All she saw were faraway meadows and lakes, and many more mountains. She felt like she stood in a whole new world, a world made of mountain peaks and stone. Her family took a break and huddled beside a pile of rocks—a cairn, Mama Jade called it.

"It helps mark the trail so we don't get lost," Mama Jade said. Will added a smooth rock to the pile, while Edun added a small flat one.

They hiked down from the mountain together. At a large waterfall, Mama Jade pumped fresh water through a filter into Edun's water bottle.

"Is this a goblin waterfall?" Mama Sara imagined.

"A dragon waterfall!" Edun said.

"Actually, this water came from glaciers," Mama Jade pointed out. Edun had never drunk a glacier before. It tasted clear and good.

Twenty minutes later, they saw the cabin. Everyone cheered. The cabin was small but cozy, and Will gave Edun first pick of the bunks.

summit. It was windy and cold and it felt suddenly like winter.

"Wow," said Edun, digging in her backpack for her hat and gloves. She





That night, everybody stayed up late to see the stars. Edun barely recognized the night sky. There were so many stars up there, stars upon stars.

“I need to take a picture of them so I remember,” said Edun.

Mama Jade explained they didn’t have the right type of camera. Edun tried anyway. In her photo, the sky looked like one dark blur. This made Edun start worrying again.

“What if I forget how this looks?” Edun asked.

“I don’t think you will,” said Mama Sara.

Edun closed her eyes to be sure. She saw that every star in that wild sky was right there suspended in her mind.

“Edun,” Mama Sara whispered, “now are you glad you came?”

Edun nodded, smiled, and opened her eyes. ✨

Carry me down to the valley, my trusty mites. I shall return in triumph.



Mira! Look! That banner is suspended—hung over—Ophelia’s yard!



Whazzit say?

The mushrooms must have contacted Miro through the interwebs!



C’mon gang! Let’s get down there!





Answers to

## HOW TO TELL IF THERE'S A MONSTER UNDER YOUR BED

How many times did you check “yes”?

**1 to 3 times:** Your bed is a monster-free zone! (But have you checked . . . your closet?)

**4 to 7 times:** There could be a monster under your bed—but it's most likely your puppy (or your little sister).

**7 to 10 times:** There's DEFINITELY a monster under your bed. It might want to devour you!!! (Or maybe it just wants another piece of cheese.)



# Dream

**Katherine Anne Weiss**, age 8  
Potomac Falls, Virginia

## *Crazy Dreams*

### *A Make-Believe Story*

Once I had a dream  
There were spiders in my hair.  
Then I had a dream  
There were puppies everywhere.  
Everyone said, "Aww,"  
And I said, "Ahh!"  
Then I had a dream  
That I kissed a gnat.  
The gnat turned into a prince.  
What do you think of that?  
He asked to marry me.  
I said no and tied him to a tree!  
When he turned back into a gnat  
Oops I stepped on him!  
How about that?  
Next time I have a dream  
I hope it's a good one.  
Maybe a dream  
Where I step on no one!

**Jude Buckley-Misra**, age 7  
Catonsville, Maryland

## *My Weird Dream*

Oh, Unis the Unicorn,  
Where do you live?  
Through mountains or woods  
or in my garden bed?  
I'll ride through the country,  
like a spray of silver stars,  
on a misty silver horse  
with a misty silver horn.  
Galloping together  
through the rivers and the  
streams,  
on a misty silver horse,  
that's always in my dreams.

**Julian Clark**, age 8  
Salem, Oregon

## *Nightcrawler*

What a sly creature  
Slithering through the moonlight  
at midnight  
Squirring in the dark night  
Three hearts inside you  
I wonder why

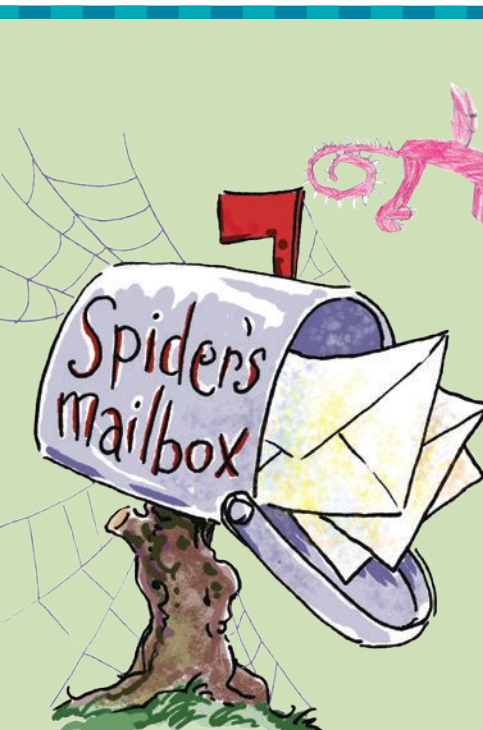
**Nora T.**, age 8  
Canterbury, Connecticut

In my dream, I was a gull  
Who sailed in the sky,  
Who sailed up, up, ever so high.  
I glanced at the bay,  
Which sparkled every day.  
And then it would show off  
A little rippling wave.

**Averi C.**, age 7  
Townsend, Delaware

## *I Dream of Honey*

I was playing with my toys  
when I heard a funny noise.  
First I heard *buzz, buzz, buzz*,  
then I saw the black and yellow  
fuzz.  
On top were two flapping wings,  
and on the back was the stinger  
that stings.  
I followed it to its hive,  
then I saw that there were five.  
They were storing all of their  
nectar  
from the flowers of my neighbor,  
Hectar.  
I can't wait to taste their honey,  
it makes me act silly and funny.



Dear Spider,  
Please adopt my pet dragon! His name is  
Flame, and he does have powers.  
Nathan Solomon Conner, age 7  
Poland, Ohio

Dear Thistle,  
Will you adopt my chick? Her name is Peep,  
and she won't eat any of you buggies, I promise.  
Thistle, do you have a mother? Is she Ophelia?  
Maya Landau, age 10  
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Maya,  
*Yes, I have a mother, but it's not Ophelia. My  
mother lives in Canada. We'll take good care of  
Peep and all the other pets readers send us!*  
Love,  
Thistle

Dear Thistle, Sonya, and Ophelia,  
You should get Spider and Sam with a tie  
fighter this April and put gum in the shooter. Make  
sure they don't know it's from a different galaxy. Get  
three ties. Have you watched Star Wars?  
Natalie Wheeler, age 9  
Honey Brook, Pennsylvania

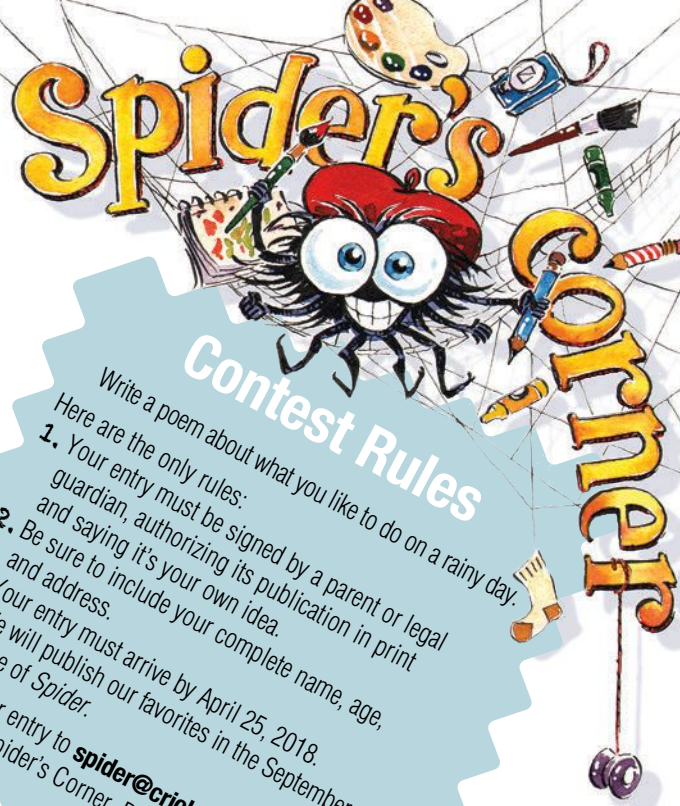
Dear Spider and Gang,  
Will you please adopt Hippy, my  
raccoon, and Hety, my wolf, and Lala, my  
butterfly? They love to eat ice cream and dance.  
I have a five-year-old sister. Her name is  
Claire. She really liked it when Thistle wanted  
to put her Diaper Woof in the dinosaur museum  
(April 2016).  
Sophie, age 8  
Saugerties, New York

Dear Spider,  
I love your mag! Ophelia,  
why don't you put my balcony  
off limits except for bees, and  
can you build a wall for grubs because they are  
food for birds? Thistle, please adopt my  
fish Neo and my bird Red Wing.  
Ishaan Oza  
North Brunswick, New Jersey

Dear Spider,  
I love your magazines! Will you adopt my pet  
cat? Her name is Grace. Her birthday is April 17.  
I thought Thistle could throw a party for her. All  
the other animals you adopt can come, too!  
Sophie Lark, age 8  
Lewistown, Montana







**Marief B.**, age 10  
Westville, Oklahoma

*I Dreamed I Was a Bird*  
I dreamed I was a bird  
With gold, black, and white feathers  
As I flew I heard  
Something down in the heathers

I flew closer to see what it was  
I thought it must be a bunny  
Or a bee covered in fuzz  
But no, it was a bear eating some  
honey

I said to myself  
I wish I could see  
Something wonderful  
Just for me

I flew away  
Over mountains and streams  
I landed to say  
This is the life and beauty I wish  
for all my dreams

**Jersey Smith**, age 8  
Birmingham, Alabama

I had a dream that I was riding a  
fuzzy unicorn.  
I was so surprised when I saw her  
golden horn.  
She was as soft as silk and quiet  
as the soft, dark night.  
Seeing her was not a fright.  
Dreams are fun for everyone.

## Contest Rules

Write a poem about what you like to do on a rainy day.  
Here are the only rules:

1. Your entry must be signed by a parent or legal guardian, authorizing its publication in print and saying it's your own idea.
  2. Be sure to include your complete name, age, and address.
  3. Your entry must arrive by April 25, 2018.
- We will publish our favorites in the September 2018 issue of *Spider*.  
Email your entry to [spider@cricketmedia.com](mailto:spider@cricketmedia.com), or send it to Spider's Corner, P.O. Box 300, Peru, IL 61354.

Dear Spider and Araña,  
You won't believe what Plush did! She swapped my fake worm sandwich for a REAL one! I took a BIG BITE! Ew! Ugh! Help me think of some good pranks to prank her back.  
Marvin, Ask Clubhouse

Dear Marvin,  
*Ack! That must taste terrible. We'll come to the Clubhouse soon for a prank brainstorm. My great-great-great grand-spider was the Great Trickster Spider Anansi. Let's make him proud!*  
Cowabunga,  
Spider & Araña



Dear Miro,  
I don't know what all the fuss is about. Worms are really very tasty.  
Watson the Mole, Ask Clubhouse



Dear Watson,  
*C'est magnifique! I will make zee wonderful worm stew for you zee next time we meet. Eet eez a delicacy under zee ground. Do you 'ave a favorite recipe?*  
Bon appetit,  
Miro

Dear Spider,  
I love your magazine. I like "The Fun Zone." Thistle, would you adopt this parakeet? Her name is Elsa. How old are you, Spider?



Lavanya Shringarpure, age 9  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Lavanya,  
*I forget exactly how old I am. I just celebrate my birthday whenever I feel like throwing a party!*  
Cowabunga!  
Spider

Dear Araña,  
Do you like chocolate? I love it. Could you please adopt Pearl the cheetah? How many bugs are in the Meadow?  
Janna Leone, age 7  
Canon City, Colorado



Dear Janna,  
*I love chocolate! Bugs in the meadow? Too many to count!*  
Love,  
Araña

Dear Ophelia,  
Thanks for warning me about those prank worms. Sure enough, Marvin offered to eat a worm sandwich if I would do his homework. I swapped in real worms when he wasn't looking. You should have seen his face! I'm really enjoying April Fools' Day this year.  
Regards,  
Plush, Ask Clubhouse



Dear Plush,  
*Stay posted for future pranks! I have a few more tricks up my sleeve.*  
Love,  
Ophelia

Send your letters to  
**Spider's Mailbox**  
P.O. Box 300  
Peru, IL 61354



Please write your complete name, age, and address on your letter! You can also send us mail at [spider@cricketmedia.com](mailto:spider@cricketmedia.com).

# Squirmy Sandwich Prank

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS this April by making this edible gelatin worm sandwich.

## What You'll Need:

2 packages red gelatin



3 cups boiling water



8 drops green food coloring



rubber band



bendy straws



2 packages unflavored gelatin



$\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk or heavy cream



tall, skinny jar or glass



chocolate cookies or crumbs



bread

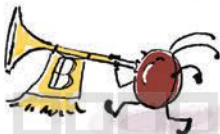


## What to Do:

1. Mix the gelatin and boiling water, then stir until the powder dissolves.
2. After the gelatin cools for a few minutes, add the milk and 8 drops of green food coloring.
3. Straighten out the bendy straws and put a clump of them in the jar. If there is room left in the jar, secure the straws with a rubber band.
4. Carefully pour the gelatin mixture over the straws, and let it chill for 2 to 3 hours.
5. Lift the straws out of the jar. One at a time, quickly run each straw under a stream of warm water, then squeeze the worm onto a slice of bread. (Don't warm for long or you'll melt your worms!)
6. Repeat step 5 to fill up the bread. Add chocolate cookie crumbs to look like dirt and a top slice of bread.
7. Feed to your unsuspecting victim—April Fools'!

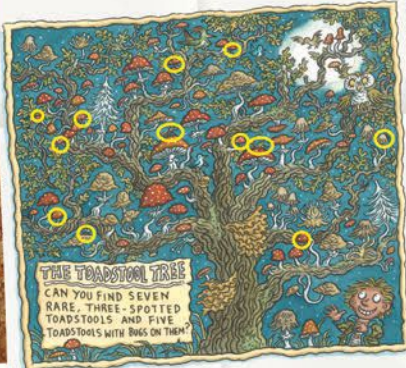


Baroooo



# Buggy BULLETIN

## Answers to The Toadstool Tree Mind-Bugger



THE TOADSTOOL TREE  
CAN YOU FIND SEVEN  
RARE, THREE-SPOTTED  
TOADSTOOLS AND FIVE  
TOADSTOOLS WITH BUGS ON THEM?

## Answers to Metamorphosis

1. GILL
2. FILL
3. FILE
4. FINE
5. LINE
6. LONE
7. LONG
8. LUNG

Q. What monster  
loves to dance?

A. The boogie-man!

## Fabulous Facts: Frogs

- \* Frogs don't need to drink water because they absorb it through their skin.
- \* A group of frogs is called an army.
- \* Frogs shed their skin about once a week and then eat it. Yum!



Send your fabulous facts to  
[spider@cricketmedia.com](mailto:spider@cricketmedia.com)!

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# ACHI



## A Game for Two Players

ARE YOU A tic-tac-toe champion? See if you can master this West African version. Unlike the American version of tic-tac-toe, you can move your game pieces to block your opponent from winning. Can you get three in a row?

### What You'll Need:

scissors

optional: coins or bottle caps

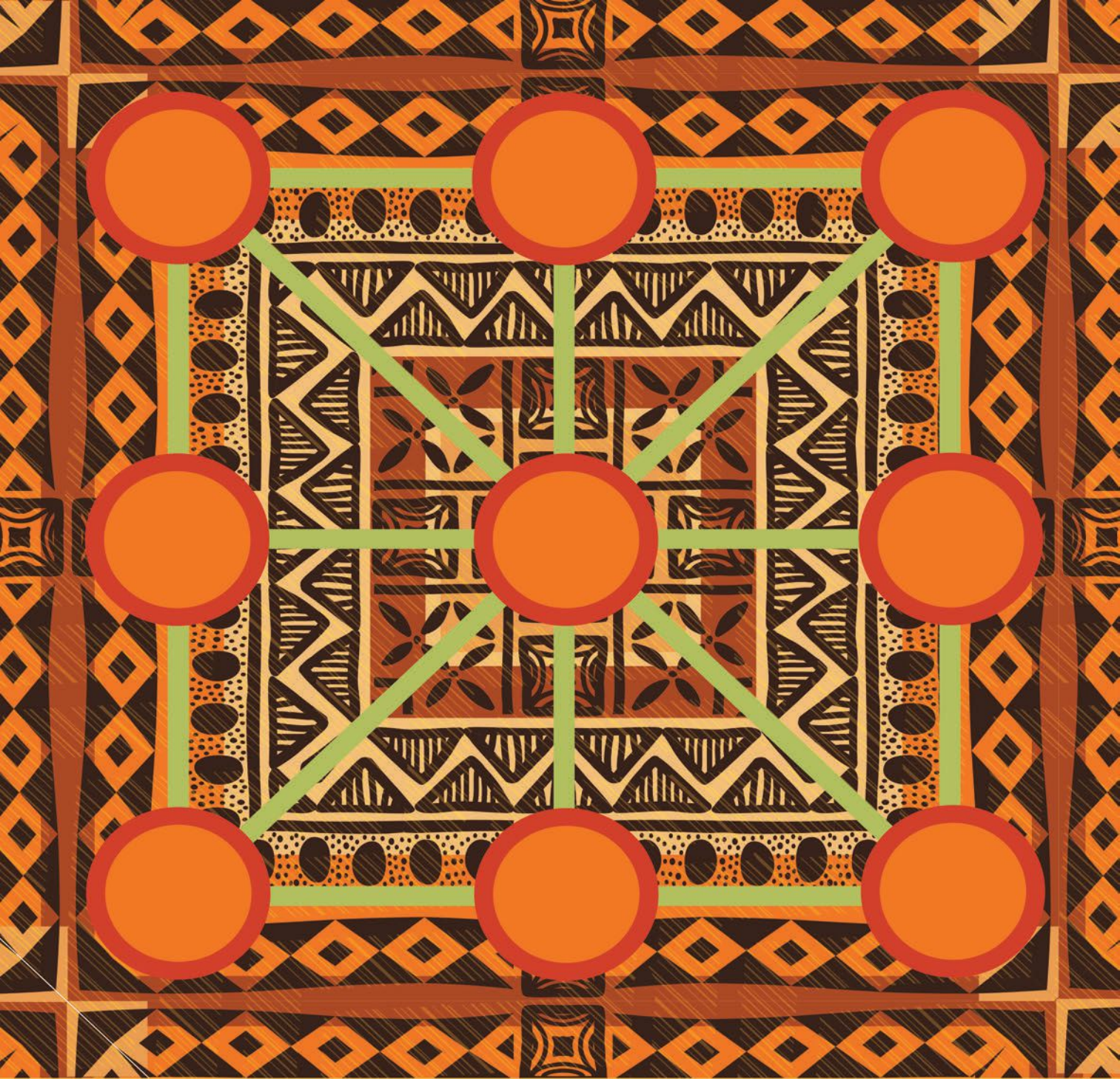
### What to Do:

1. Cut out the game board and game pieces. For sturdier game pieces, use coins or buttons.
2. Each player should have 3 matching game pieces or 3 matching objects.
3. Take turns placing the game pieces on the game board and try to get 3 in a row—across, down, and diagonal.
4. Once all the pieces are on the board, take turns moving them to an empty space. You can only move your game piece one circle at a time along the green lines.
5. The winner is the first person to get three in a row. If neither player can make a move, the game ends in a tie.

Art by Anna Eidelman











### The Toadstool Tree

Hurry and solve this fungus Mind-Bugler before it starts growing on you!



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