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Spider[®]

THE MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN



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Please write your complete name, age, and address on your letter! You can also send us mail at spidermagkids.com/mailbox.

front cover by
Donald Wu

art © 2014 by Donald Wu

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 **Spider and the Gang**

by Michael Chesworth

Is it time to renew?
cricketmag.com/renew
1-800-821-0115

Dear Spider,

I loved the *Buggy Joke Book* (January 2014). I told the jokes at a talent show, and everyone cracked up! I love your magazine.

Tatum Flaming, age 8
Fort Worth, Texas



Dear Spider,

I love your hilarious comics. Can you adopt this rabbit? Her name is Snowflake. She likes to jump. She also likes to dance. Please feed her lots of carrots. Snowflake also has snow powers. Be careful!

Sidney Taylor, age 8
Hong Kong, China



Dear Spider,
I loved your January 2013 issue, when Spider battles the giant snowman and then freezes.

Franklin B., age 6
Simsbury, Connecticut
P.S. Don't call Miro a bug, because he is a mushroom.

Dear Spider,

I really enjoy your magazines. I love to just sit on the couch and start reading them. I always get so excited when I get a new one.

Could you please adopt this caterpillar? His name is Inchy.

Juliet Saul
Dover, New Hampshire



Hi, Everybuggy,

I love your magazine! I love to read and draw and I play the violin. Do you play an instrument, Spider? Ophelia, you look like you would be a good violin player. Do you play? Miro, I was wondering if you eat escargot. *Bon appétit!* Thistle, have you ever ridden a bike? I love riding my bike.

Leela L., age 10
Atlanta, Georgia
via spidermagkids.com

Dear Leela,

I do play violin, and Spider plays a very loud and crazy drum set. Thistle likes bicycling, too, and Miro says, "Escargot, oui!"

Love,
Ophelia

Dear Spider,

I know a great subject for your magazine. You could make a time machine and visit the time when all of you came to the magazine and see if you could change something in the past and something different will happen in today's time. Also, you could get blinged out of the magazine again.

Here's a picture of you in Paris with the Eiffel Tower.

Audrey Kelley-Henroid, age 8
Portland, Oregon



Dear Everybuggy,

Will you adopt Amaura? She is a dinosaur. She can cool you down on a hot day! Her older sister's name is Aurorus. Aurorus is totally different from Amaura. Can you let them join the crew? I can't wait until the next issue!

Amanda Bruno, age 8
Lodi, California

P.S. Ophelia, I've seen you at my school before.



Dear Sam and Spider,

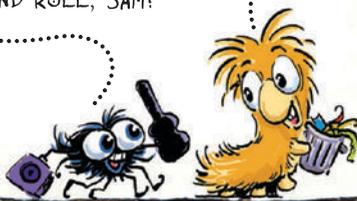
Your "Doodlebug and Dandelion" stories are just the best! Every time I get the magazine I flip to the page that has the "Doodlebug and Dandelion" story. Keep up the good work!

Meera P., age 9
Menlo Park, California
via spidermagkids.com



READY TO ROCK AND ROLL, SAM?

RIGHT AFTER I TAKE OUT THIS GARBAGE!

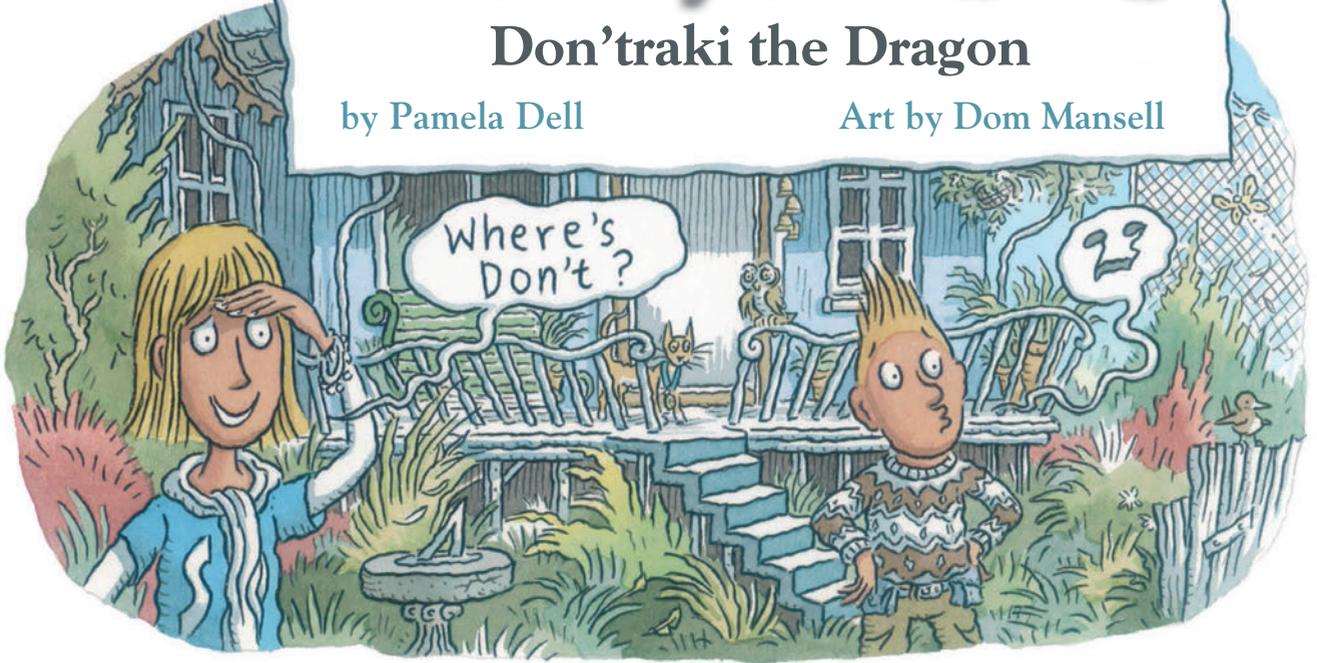


Doodlebug & Dandelion

Don'traki the Dragon

by Pamela Dell

Art by Dom Mansell



“WHERE’S DON’T?” DANDELION Pinkley asked, looking around the backyard. “I haven’t seen him all afternoon.”

“Me, neither,” her brother Doodlebug replied. “I checked the whole house. He’s not anywhere.” He whistled as loud as he could. It wasn’t like their beloved pup to just disappear like that, and Doodlebug and Dandelion were slightly worried.

“I hope he’s not getting into trouble somewhere.” Dandelion’s brow wrinkled.

“Well, he probably wishes he could get out and have an adventure once in a while,” Doodlebug suggested. “But I hope he comes home soon.”

GOSH, THAT’S A MIGHTY SMALL GUITAR YOU GOT THERE.



THAT’S BECAUSE IT’S NOT A GUITAR. IT’S AN ELECTRIC UKULELE.





In fact, Don't *was* having an adventure.

It hadn't started out that way on purpose. At lunchtime, when Don't was scuffling around in the backyard, the scent of grilling meat wafted to his sharp little nose. In seconds he had squeezed through the fence, trotted across their neighbor Bog's backyard, and then jumped over a hedge into yet another yard. The delicious smells rose up from the grill of the old man who lived there, known as the Barbeque King.

"Here ya go, Muttski." The King held out a big juicy hot dog for Don't, who swallowed it in one gulp. He wagged his tail wildly to signal he wanted more. He got another one.

"Hey, dude," Bog said, coming into the King's yard, "don't feed Don't. He has a regularly scheduled mealtime." Bog patted Don't's head, but Don't was annoyed. He growled softly, then scampered away from the King and Bog the spoilsport. He heard them calling him but he ignored the sound.



AHHH . . . UKULELE MUSIC REMINDS ME OF SUMMER.



. . . WHEN WARM BREEZES WAFTED, MOVED LIGHTLY, THROUGH THE AIR.



I REMEMBER LAST SUMMER! WE WAFTED DOWN THE WIVER!



Grrrrhha, forget it! Don't thought. This is MY day! Grrruuufffff!

Sprinting across a park, Don't found himself on an unfamiliar street. In a big, tree-covered corner lot he saw dozens of squirrels scavenging for nuts.

"R-R-R-RUGHHHHHHFFFF!" Don't barked. *I am a monstrous giant wolf, and you are banished from my kingdom!*

The squirrels scattered. Don't grinned a doggy grin and trotted away. *I should get out more often!* he mused.

A few blocks down, two kids were playing catch. The boy threw a fast pitch at the girl. She raised her gloved hand to catch the ball. But before she could get it, Don't took a flying leap, howling on his way up in the air.

Beware, humans! I am a terrible flying raptor! I can catch anything in midair! I rule!

Don't snatched the ball in his jaws. He landed as gracefully as a ballet dancer then sped around the



grass, his ears flapping as the boy and girl chased him.

Before they could catch him, Don't dropped the ball and loped off.

Today is nothing but AWESOME!

YO, DUDES, IS THIS, LIKE, THE BAND TRYOUTS?



WE CAN SING BACKUP.



WAZZUP, COOL CATS? I GOT MY BONGOS.



COME ON IN, EVERYBUGGY!





The hackles rose fiercely on Don't's back. His eyes glared red. His tail switched back and forth like it belonged to a scaly mythical beast.

I am a scorching, fire-breathing dragon! I am the Dragon of Castle Pinkley. Watch out, all people and other creatures! Don'traki the Dragon of Castle Pinkley is upon you!

By now, Don't—or Don'traki—was barely skimming the ground he was moving so fast. He could almost feel enormous wings sprouting from his sides and lifting him up. His sharp eyes moved restlessly from side to side, looking for something good to scorch.

And there it was.

On a big front porch, a tiger cat sat keeping watch on the neighborhood doings. She flexed her claws, keenly aware of everything that moved. When the cat saw Don't, she froze.

Hissssss! Yesssss! Be afraid, be very afraid, feline! I am Don'traki!

After traipsing down several more unfamiliar streets, Don't slowed down. His tongue lolled from his mouth.

Must find water, Don't thought. His breath was as hot as . . . a dragon's.

JUST HOW MANY WACKOS WILL BE TRAIPSING, WALKING OR WANDERING, THROUGH HERE?

DON'T RAISE YOUR HACKLES. HAIRS THAT STAND UP ALONG A DOG'S NECK AND BACK, SONYA. THIS BAND'S GOTTA HAVE A BIG SOUND.





Feeling all his dragon power, Don'traki moved in to attack. But the cat was too quick. Faster than lightning and with a terrible screeching howl, she charged at Don'traki. Her claws shone like daggers as they lashed out and swiped at Don'traki's long muzzle.

Yowling with undragonly fear, Don't turned and fled at full speed. The cat raced after him, snarling, hissing, and spitting.

After a long, frightening run in the now near-dark, Don't began to recognize the neighborhood . . . and at last, there it was.

Home! Relief exploded in Don't's chest. Panting hard, he bounded up the steps and burst into the house where his family lived.

"Don't!" Doodlebug and Dandelion cried, hugging him close. Even their little cat Choo-Choo came up to him, purring as if she'd never been so glad to see him. Don't flinched—and then relaxed. He was home. 🕷



Draw a treat for Choo-Choo and Don't at spidermagkids.com/trythis.

WANNA JOIN THE BAND, SONYA? WE COULD USE A KEYBOARD PLAYER.



AHH, NO THANKS. SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU BUGS WON'T BE PLAYING MY KIND OF MUSIC.



Dragon Games

Dragons cheat at ping-pong.
It's the only time they're rude.
They love ping-pong more than treasure,
fighting knights, or toasting food.

When he hears that tasty PLOCK-ing
as the paddle whacks the ball,
dragon thunders to the table
with his fiercest battle call.

He will hide his blazing serve
inside a sneaky, smoky snort,
tip the table with his tailbone
so your winning shot falls short.

He will dragon-drool the ball
till it's quite slippery and icky,
and melt your sneaker bottoms
so your steps grow slow and sticky.

Better just to let him win
and find another game to play.
Dragons always mind their manners
at Parcheesi or croquet.



by Carrie Clickard
Art by Karen Roy

art © 2014 by Karen Roy

Partners in Art



NO ONE SAT next to Leon. Not if they could help it. That's why when I shot into art class just before the bell, the only seat left was beside him.

Ms. Priestley said, "Sit down, Nimmy."

I don't think Ms. Priestley likes me. I am terrible in art. "Use your imagination," she'd always say.

I had no imagination.

"Today we're going to do something exciting," Ms. Priestley said. "We'll draw a fantasy landscape."

Leon raised his hand. "Can it be anything we want?"

Leon loved art and loved Ms. Priestley. Ms. Priestley loved art and loved Leon. She beamed.

Budda Da
Budda Da
Budda



by Priya Ann Mathew
Art by Joung Un Kim

art © 2014 by Joung Un Kim

“Anything—as long as it isn’t something from real life. Let’s get started.”

“This will be fun!” Leon said.

That’s why no one liked to sit by Leon, especially in art. He was too enthusiastic. He gave his partners suggestions. Sometimes he even added to their drawings! Plus his nose always dripped, and he never used tissues.

I drew wild zigzags and two lines racing across the page.

“What are you drawing?” Leon asked, sniffing.

I sighed. “Mountains and a river.”

“That’s not fantasy.”

“I’ve never seen mountains and I’ve never seen a river. So I’m fantasizing what they’d look like,” I said.

“But it’s still real.”

I ground my teeth and scribbled in some skinny trees. “Have you seen a mountain range with pointed tips?”

“No, that’s just bad drawing. Why don’t you make it a dragon instead?”

I glared.



“The mountains could be the scales along its back, the river could be a long tail, and the dragon could be eating the trees.” Leon smiled hopefully.

To my surprise, I could see the dragon take shape.

He continued, “So not all of it would be on the page, but that would just tell us how big it is.”



I could see why Ms. Priestley loved him. No one else in class thought like that, and most people didn't care enough to try.

"Dragons don't eat trees," I said.

Leon swiped his dripping nose with his sleeve. "Some dinosaurs ate trees. So why can't some dragons? It's fantasy."

A sound argument, I had to admit.

Leon sniffed again. Ms. Priestley was moving around the room. She looked at everyone's work and made comments. Usually she'd stop at mine and sigh.

Today I wanted to impress her. But the dragon was Leon's, not mine.

Then I thought, so what if it was Leon's idea? It was still my drawing. I started drawing in the body. Leon would've probably drawn a beautiful dragon anyway, nothing like mine with its big body and much-too-small head. I rubbed out the head and drew it in again. It still wasn't the right shape. I added more trees.



YOUR THINKING IS SOUND,
SHOWING GOOD SENSE OR
JUDGMENT, OPHELIA.



I HATE TO SEND THE BAND
PACKING, BUT IT'S MY HEARING
THAT CAN'T TAKE THE SOUND.





“That’s a very nice idea, Nimmy.” Ms. Priestley’s voice made me jump. I looked up. If I hadn’t heard my name at the end, I would’ve thought she was talking to Leon.

She beamed. At *me*. “You’re being creative, and it’s paying off.”

I smiled shyly, blushing because it wasn’t totally my idea. Leon was beaming, too.

Under the two spotlights of approval, I cracked. “It was Leon’s idea,” I confessed.

Ms. Priestley’s beam grew wider. “Excellent, Leon. We must always be willing to share our ideas.”

I felt relieved. And a little sad.

Then Ms. Priestley said, “Nimmy, why don’t you offer some suggestions on Leon’s drawing.”

Leon propped his drawing where I could see it. “It’s a space farm,” I said. There was a rocky surface with little domes. The domes had plants and some weird animals in them. In one dome, there was a cow or maybe a big dog.

HEY! WHAT WERE WE PLAYING?



NO IDEA. BUT I WAS IN THE GROOVE, BABY!



SPIDER JUST MAKES EET UP AZ 'E GOES.





“Well, Nimmy?” Ms. Priestley said encouragingly.

I stared. What was I supposed to say? “It’s nice,” I offered.

Leon waited.

I added, “Maybe . . . maybe you could add . . . bales of hay . . . and make a dome with levels. Each level for something different.”

Leon nodded happily. “Like corn on one level and hens on the other. Like a multilayer farm.”

“See, it’s not so hard,” Ms. Priestley said, and walked on.

I breathed. I’d just said the first thing that came to me. But Leon liked my idea. Maybe I could be OK in art. I watched Leon adding levels on his farm.

Leon looked up for a moment. “We should be partners in art,” he said. “We give each other good ideas.”

I liked that. I penned my name near his space-hens. Leon grinned and signed my dragon.

I smiled. “Now we’re partners in art.” 🐞



WAIT, ARE WE A GARAGE BAND OR A GARBAGE BAND?



Partner Painting

Art by Michele A. Noiset

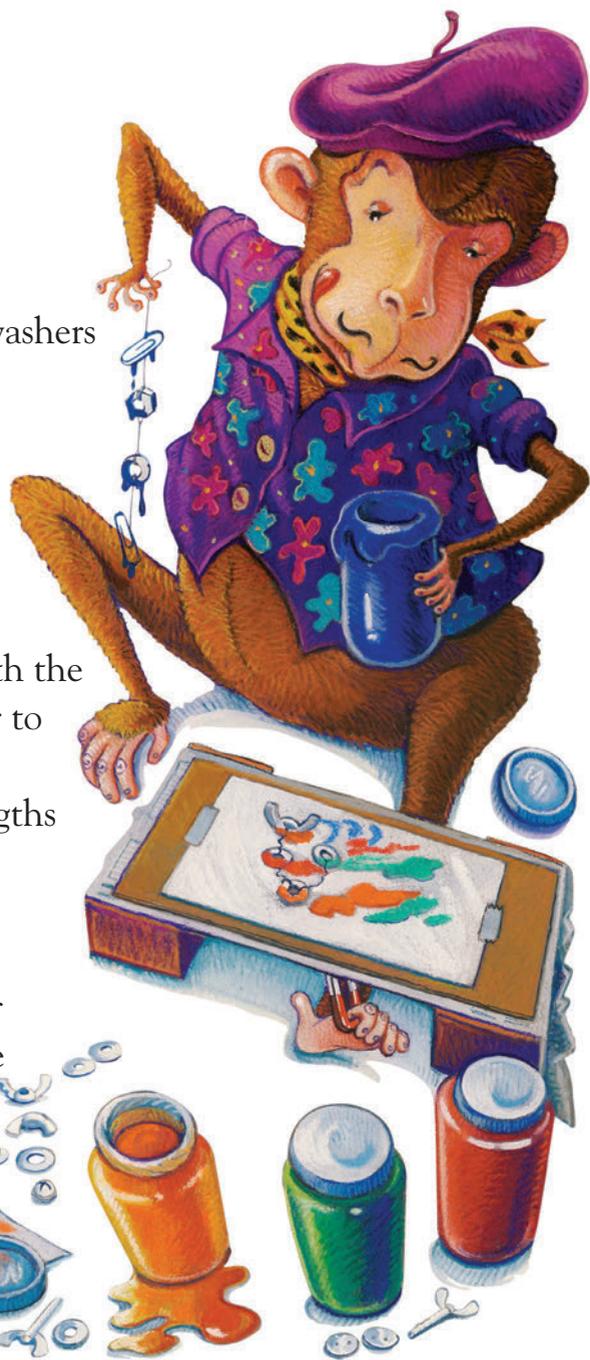
GRAB YOUR FAVORITE art partner and make a magnet masterpiece!

What You'll Need:

- 2 large blocks or thick books
- newspaper
- thin cardboard or the side of a cereal box
- sheet of white paper
- tape
- small metal objects such as paper clips, bolts, washers
- sewing thread
- tempera paints
- strong magnet

What to Do:

1. Place newspaper across the blocks, then place the cardboard on top, leaving room underneath the “table” to move your hands. Tape white paper to the cardboard.
2. Tie metal objects together with different lengths of thread.
3. Dip metal objects in paint and lay them on the paper.
4. Move the magnet under the cardboard with your hand. The magnet will “paint” as it moves the metal objects and thread across the paper. You can also spoon paint on the paper and drag the objects through it.
5. Now ask your partner to move the magnet. Keep taking turns until your masterpiece is complete—and don't forget to sign both of your names!





Eudora Entwistle and the Geese of Macadoodle-by-the-Sea

EUDORA ENTWHISTLE LIVED with a flock of geese. The geese honked at dawn. They honked at dusk. They honked all day long while Eudora played piano for them at home in Macadoodle-by-the-Sea.

“Lovely!” said Eudora.

“Honk!” said the geese.

No one else knew how musical the geese were. That’s because the townfolk of Macadoodle-by-the-Sea hated them. The geese were noisy and numerous and hard to ignore when out on a waddle.

“Cacophonous fowl!” scoffed Horace Leominster.



STOP! STOP! YOU BUGS
ARE ABSOLUTELY
CACOPHONOUS, SOUNDING
HARSH AND UNPLEASANT!

by Alicia Potter
Art by Teri Farrell-Gittins

art © 2014 by Teri Farrell-Gittins

“Ridiculous birds!” sighed Gert Hunch.

“A blot to our fair town!” cried Mayor Gulch.

One day Mayor Gulch received a letter from Lavinia Von Bopp, the world’s greatest bassoon player:

“I am returning to my hometown after years of playing abroad,” her letter said. “I will arrive home tomorrow and look forward to playing for my beloved Macadoodle-by-the-Sea.”

Mayor Gulch smiled. Then he flinched. “Egads!” he cried. “If Lavinia hears those yakky geese, she’ll leave and never come back! Those birds will ruin everything!”

Mayor Gulch hatched a plan.

Eudora didn’t know Lavinia was coming. Ever since she began house-training her geese, she seldom read a newspaper.

The next day, Eudora took the geese for a waddle. She met Horace Leominster trying to hide a banner behind his back.

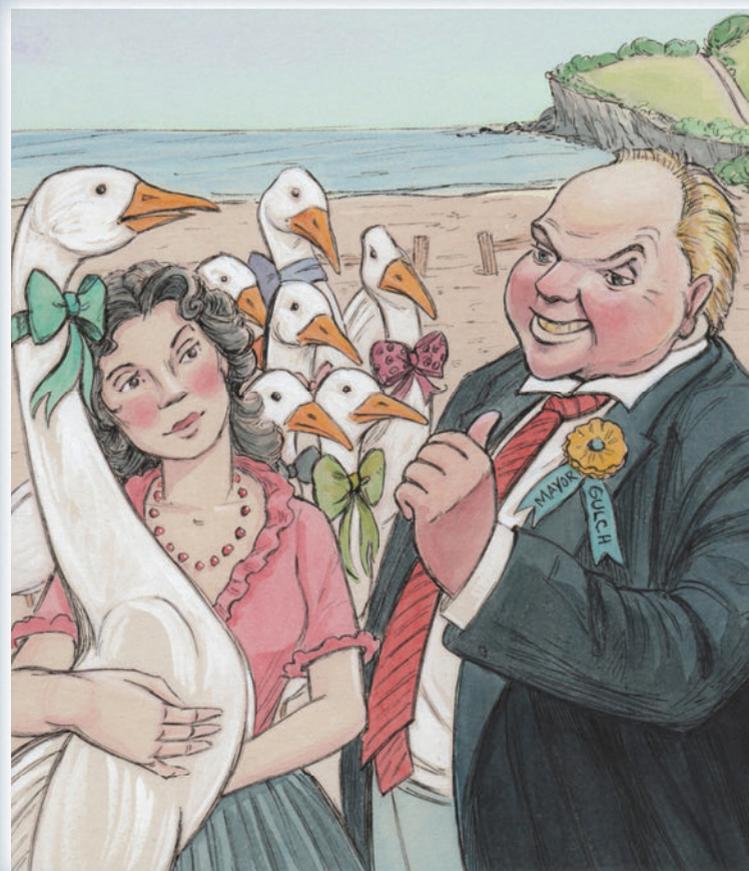
“What’s going on?” asked Eudora.

“Oh, nothing here,” Horace said. “But there’s a goose pageant over in Fair-Thee-Well!”

“Why,” said Eudora, “I hadn’t heard. I’ll check it out at once.”

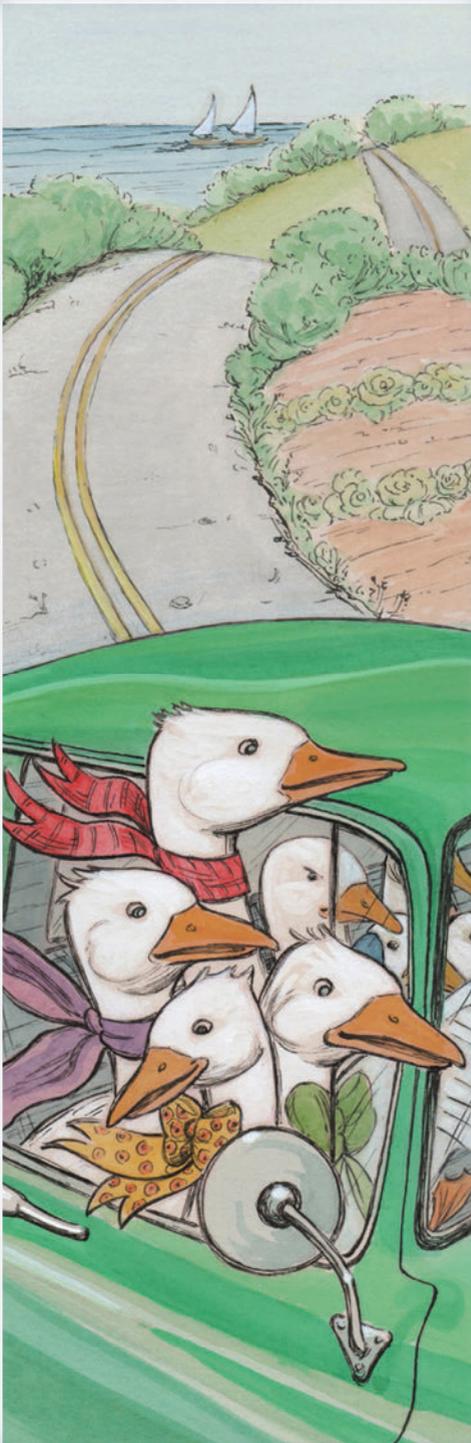
“You do that,” said Horace.

Eudora and the geese drove the many miles to Fair-Thee-Well. They circled around and around but found only a chicken parade.



DUDE! THAT . . . IS . . .
AN AWESOME NAME FOR
THE BAND!





They drove back to Macadoodle-by-the-Sea and set out for another waddle. Eudora ran into Gert Hunch, who was carrying a giant key to the city.

“My goodness,” Eudora said. “What’s that for?”

“Oh, nothing,” Gert replied. “But did you hear about the sale on cracked corn over in Piffleton?”

“You don’t say!” said Eudora. “I can’t let that pass me by.”

“Certainly not,” said Gert.

Eudora and the geese drove the many miles to Piffleton. They looked for the sale on cracked corn but found only two-for-one mangoes.

They drove back to Macadoodle-by-the-Sea.

Once more, Eudora and her geese went for a waddle. Eudora bumped into Mayor Gulch.

“Why, Eudora,” he said, “what are you doing here? Today’s the Clumpville County Fair, and I hear there’s a contest for the most talented geese.”

Eudora paused. The day was half gone, and she’d driven all over. The thought of traveling all the way to Clumpville made her tired. Besides, the geese looked carsick.

“Thank you, but my flock and I are staying put,” Eudora said.

“Oh, no, please go!” said Mayor Gulch. “Go, go, go! For the love of Pete, GO!”

Eudora and the flock cocked their heads. “Beg

CACOPHONOUS! I HOPE IT'S
NOT ALREADY TAKEN.



CAN'T SPELL IT!
BUT I LIKE IT.



WE COULD BE
CALLED CACA FOR
SHORT!



your pardon?" she said.

"Er, by all means stay home," the mayor replied. "Stay home all afternoon. And all night."

On the way home, Eudora saw folks carrying bouquets of roses. Children in their Sunday best. A 75-piece orchestra.

She came upon a little girl. "What's going on?" Eudora asked.

"Why, Lavinia Von Bopp is here," said the girl.

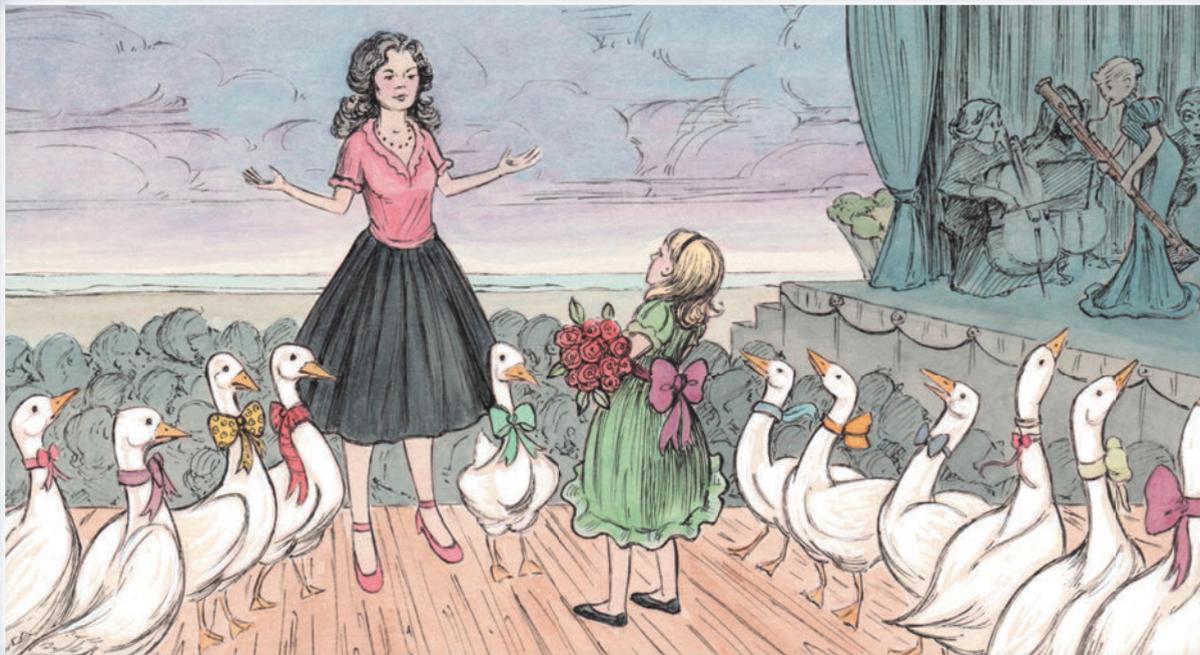
"Lavinia Von Bopp? *The* Lavinia Von Bopp?"

"The very one. Her concert is about to start."

"I had no idea," said Eudora. "Why didn't anyone tell me?"

The little girl jerked her head toward the flock. "Ahem," she said.

Eudora looked at the geese. Suddenly, it all made sense. Had she gone to Clumpville, as Mayor Gulch suggested, she would have missed the concert. Mayor Gulch and his cronies had sent her on a wild goose chase!



IT DOES ROLL OFF THE TONGUE NICELY.



LISTEN, SPIDER. YOU AND YOUR CRONIES, CLOSE FRIENDS, CAN'T JUST MAKE UP BAD SONGS ON THE SPOT. YOU NEED TO SIT DOWN AND CAREFULLY COMPOSE SOME REAL TUNES.





Eudora slumped. Even her flock’s botched high notes didn’t feel as awful as this. Did the whole town hate her geese? Why, they never took the time to know them! Perhaps they’d grow to love them if they just heard them sing.

Eudora straightened up. There’s only one thing to do, she thought.

Eudora and the geese marched to the bandstand and trooped on-stage. Just a quick number until Lavinia comes out, she thought.

The crowd gasped. Eudora sat at the piano and the geese lined up.

Then the geese began to honk “The Beautiful Blue Danube.”

“Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk, A-HONK, A-HONK!”

“Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk, A-HONK, A-HONK!”

The townspeople of Maca-doodle-by-the-Sea cringed. They winced. They groaned.

But then they saw Lavinia. She was tapping her toes. She was bobbing her head. She was smiling. They decided to listen.

Soon Lavinia joined in on her bassoon. Her bom-bom-bom twined with the geese’s honk-honk-honk. Eudora conducted like a maestro. When the flock hit the last honk, the audience flew to its feet.

WELL, EXCUSE US, OH, HIGH AND MIGHTY MAESTRO (PRON. MY-STRO), MASTER MUSIC CONDUCTOR. BUT CACOPHONOUS PLAYS FROM A PLACE DEEP WITHIN!



ONE AND TWO . . . HIT IT!

SERGEI'S MUSICAL STORIES

ON A DARK winter day in Russia in 1896, a howling wind slapped heavy wet snow against the house. Snug inside, Sergei Prokofiev perched on the piano bench next to his mother. She was helping him compose his first piece of music. Sergei was only five years old.

He had overheard his parents and their friends discussing a horrible famine in India. The vision Sergei had of those starving people inspired him to write a story. In place of words, he wanted to use musical notes to produce images. Sergei could not read music, so he picked out a tune on the piano keys, and his mother recorded the notes. Sergei titled it "Indian Gallop."

Sergei's mother began giving him piano lessons for twenty minutes a day, and his ability grew quickly. She was passionate about music, too, and Sergei often lay awake in bed at night and listened to her play the piano.

Later in life Sergei wrote, "At the age of six I wrote a waltz, a march, and a rondo, and at seven a march for four hands. I enjoyed playing that march and hearing how



GOODNESS! YOU'D
THINK IT WAS A TIME
OF FAMINE (PRON.
FAM-IN), EXTREME
SHORTAGE OF FOOD.



WELL, THE BAND
DID GET STARTED
BETWEEN BREAKFAST
AND LUNCH.

by Judy Camplin
Art by Erika Steiskal

art © 2014 by Erika Steiskal

all the different parts sounded when they played together.”

Sergei also wrote plays for his family and friends. He composed an opera when he was nine called *The Giant*. It was about a war between a giant and a king. Sergei included many arias—tunes for solo singers—a few marches, and even a battle scene. Toward the end of the story, the people turn away from the king and support the giant. “Long live the giant!” they shout.

Sergei’s father insisted the ending be changed. In Russia at that time, it was dangerous for anyone to suggest that a king should be overthrown. Many Russians did not have enough to eat, and Czar Nicholas II had many enemies. But Sergei wanted the giant to win, and he refused to change the ending.



HONESTLY, SPIDER, YOUR SONG
JUST SOUNDS SLOPPY! YOU MUST
TAKE TIME TO COMPOSE!



SHE’S RIGHT! A GOOD
GARBAGE BAND SHOULD
COMPOST!

Sergei's parents hired a famous music teacher to instruct him. The teacher shouted at Sergei when he didn't practice reading sheet music and playing scales. Sergei later wrote, "I wanted to compose operas full of marches, storms, and bloodcurdling scenes, and instead I got saddled with all sorts of tiresome nonsense." Yet he persisted with his studies and grew up to be a great composer.

In 1936 a children's theater asked Sergei to write music that would teach children about the different instruments in an orchestra. He was delighted and wrote the piece in a week, calling it *Peter and the Wolf*.

In the story, a boy named Peter disobeys his grandfather and leaves the safety of his yard. Peter goes to a meadow, where a bird and a duck are having an argument about whether flying is better than swimming. Grandfather finds Peter and angrily leads him back to the yard. Just after Peter leaves the meadow, a big gray wolf appears and swallows the duck.



Peter, with help from the bird, manages to lasso the wolf by the tail. A group of hunters takes the wolf away to live in a zoo.

Sergei wrote the piece with a narrator reading the story aloud to the audience, while the musicians illustrate the scenes with their instruments. He decided that each character would be represented by a different instrument. Sergei chose a string quartet—two violins, a viola, and a

HEY SONYA, INSTEAD OF MAKING RUDE REMARKS, WHY DON'T YOU HELP US? UNLIKE YOU, WE DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT COMPOSING MUSIC.



YEAH, MAN! I CAN'T EVEN READ MUSIC!



DUDE, I CAN'T EVEN READ.



cello—to play a lively tune each time Peter appears in the story. A clarinet represents Peter’s pet cat, padding along on velvet paws. The deep notes of a bassoon symbolize the grumbling grandfather. A flute is the bird, and an oboe is the duck. The wolf’s theme is a menacing song blasted by three French horns, and the hunters are announced by booming drums, like rifle shots.

Peter and the Wolf was an instant success with children and adults alike.

The first time Sergei played the piece on the piano, the children listening to it loved it so much that they made him play the ending three extra times. He was thrilled. Today Sergei Prokofiev is remembered not only for his contributions to classical music, but also for his sense of fun. 🕷



OUI, OUI, SONYA! YOU AND SPIDER SHOULD WORK TOGETHER AND WRITE SOME MUSIC FOR ZEE BAND.



THE CACA PHONIES!



WELL... I... UH...

NONSENSE SYMPHONY

by April Leshner

READ THESE NONSENSE words aloud to figure out the names of the musical instruments.

- 1 **SACKS-A-FONE** : _____
- 2 **YOU-KALE-~~ALE~~-LEE** : _____
- 3 **BEE-YOU-GULL** : _____
- 4 **~~HEL~~-LET-RICK-GET-ARE** : _____
- 5 **PICK-A~~LOE~~** : _____



Art by Amanda Shepherd

Answers on page 35

MAE AND THE DRAGON

by Jacqueline West

Art by Sara Palacios

Mae doesn't like piano lessons . . . until she finds a dragon living outside her piano teacher's house. The dragon dines on musical notes that come through the teacher's open window. As fall turns to winter, the teacher closes her window, and the dragon begins to starve. Mae must come up with a plan to keep her hungry friend alive.

MAE RAN THROUGH Mrs. Young's backyard, right past the trampoline. She ducked behind the rattling wisteria vines and stared up at the stucco wall. At first, she was sure the dragon had disappeared. But then one of his black eyes blinked.

Mae stared up at the dragon. His scales were a faint, chalky gray, almost the color of cement. His whiskers were like dead grass. The piano student inside the house played a scale, and Mae watched a vein of faint blue slide slowly through the dragon's skin, like water poured into a dusty glass.



art © 2014 by Sara Palacios

I WONDER HOW
SPIDER AND SONYA'S
SONGWRITING IS GOING.



I HEARD SOME
LOUD SINGING.



OR SCREAMING,
DEPENDING ON YOUR
POINT OF VIEW . . .





“You can’t stay here anymore,” Mae whispered.

The dragon didn’t move.

“You should come home with me. I’ll take care of you. I’ll do my best.” Mae reached up and ran one finger over the dragon’s chilly skin. “I promise.”

Carefully, as though he might crumble if he moved too fast, the dragon inched down the wall toward Mae’s arms. His body was heavy, and surprisingly warm in the middle, but his tail and toes were freezing cold.

Mae unzipped her backpack, where she had put her fuzziest, warmest blanket, and settled the dragon inside. Then she tiptoed into Mrs. Young’s spotless living room and waited for her lesson to begin.

Afterward, back at her own house, Mae hurried to her bedroom and closed the door. She lifted the dragon gently out of her backpack. His skin was still pale gray, but his toes weren’t quite so icy.

“Are you hungry?” Mae whispered. The dragon’s voice was hoarse

GREETINGS, FELLOW BANDMATES. SPIDER AND I HAVE COMPOSED A NEW SONG THAT I TRUST YOU’LL FIND “HIP” AND “TOTES RAD.” DID I SAY THAT RIGHT? THISTLE IS PASSING OUT THE SHEET MUSIC NOW.



and small. “A snack would be nice.”

“I have an idea.” Mae took her iPod and headphones down from her bookshelf. “With recordings, the notes are never wrong, and you can eat anytime you want!”

The dragon blinked at the iPod. “That’s music?”

“I’ll show you.” Mae placed the headphones over the dragon’s ears—or over the spot where his ears seemed to be. “Ready?” She turned on the 1812 Overture.

The dragon’s eyes widened. His nose snuffled softly.

“I can *smell* it,” he said, “but I can’t *taste* it.”

“Hmm.” Mae tugged the headphones away. “So the music needs to be fresh. I guess we’ll move on to plan B.”

With the dragon tucked under one arm, Mae tiptoed back down the hall to the living room. She raised the lid of the old upright piano. Inside, rows and rows of wires twined



PASSING OUT? I'M NOT
EVEN SLEEPY.



I WON'T BE
NEEDING ANY
SHEET MUSIC.



down into the dimness, where fuzzy hammers waited to tap them.

“Can you climb inside?” Mae asked.

The dragon slipped over the top of the piano. He padded down into the big wooden box like a person climbing into a warm bath. Mae waited until he had settled inside.

“How about some Haydn?” Mae whispered into the piano.

“Please,” the dragon whispered back.

Mae opened her piano book and began to play a minuet. It was in the easy, cheerful key of C, but with tricky sets of triplets scattered through the melody. Mae kept her eyes on the music, making her fingers move slowly, thoughtfully, imagining each note feeding the little dragon.

Her mother’s head popped through the kitchen door. “Mae,” she said, surprised. “You’re *practicing*? Right after your lesson?”

THIS IS A MINUET, A SLOW, GRACEFUL MUSICAL PIECE. I—AHEM—WE DREW UPON THE WORK OF SCOTT JOPLIN, A 19TH-20TH CENTURY AMERICAN COMPOSER AND PIANIST, AND STEPHEN SONDHEIM, A 20TH-21ST CENTURY AMERICAN COMPOSER AND LYRICIST.

YOU MAY NOTE A HINT OF CHOPIN, AN 19TH-CENTURY POLISH COMPOSER AND PIANIST, AND JUST A DASH OF HAYDN, AN 18TH-CENTURY CLASSICAL COMPOSER FROM AUSTRIA.



Mae nodded, not stopping.

She made it to the last chord without too many wrong notes. Then, making sure her mother wasn't watching, she peeped under the piano lid.

The dragon had turned a soft pink color.

"Thank you," he whispered. "That was very tasty."

Mae remembered to feed the dragon every single day. At first, she played the easy classical pieces

in her piano books, and the dragon blushed with pale pastels. Then she moved on to her favorite songs from the movies, and then to jazz and ragtime and Broadway. The dragon turned astonishingly bright colors—red and gold for Scott Joplin, sparkly blue and emerald and violet for Stephen Sondheim. She learned to play her first Chopin nocturne, and the dragon's scales turned shimmery black with silver flickers, like stars in a night sky.



On lesson days, Mae carried the dragon inside her backpack to Mrs. Young's house, so he could listen to the other students. When the weather grew warmer, she took him to the park, where guitarists and drummers and string ensembles performed in the big stone band shell while Mae and the dragon sprawled on the grass, soaking in the music and the sun.

Eventually, Mrs. Young gave Mae a book of Beethoven sonatas. Mae practiced and practiced, removing

the sour notes, making the music ripple and soar, until one day she played an entire piece without a mistake. And, for the very first time, the music that she heard in her head was the same music that poured out through her fingertips. She took her hands off the keys, listening to the note still ringing softly through the piano strings.

Inside the piano, the dragon gave a sigh. "Delicious," he murmured. Then, from the depths of the piano, Mae heard a low, satisfied burp. 🐉



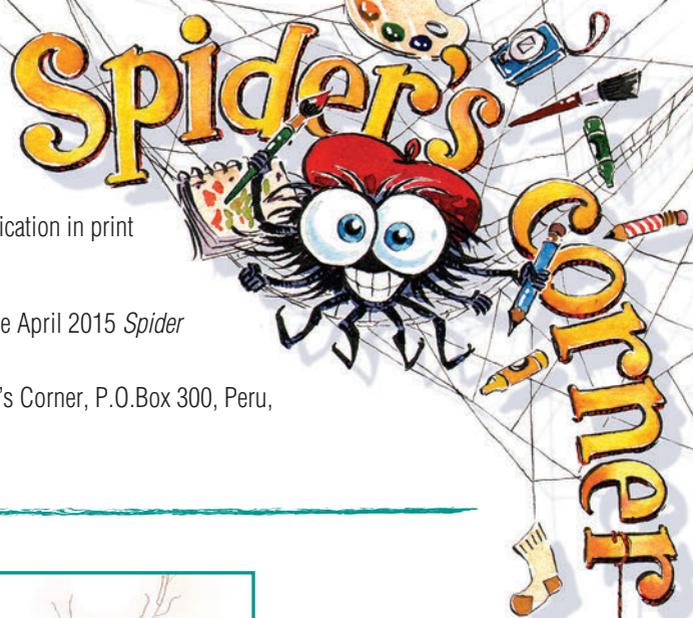
This Month for Spider's Corner:

Send us a poem about music.

Here are the only rules:

1. Your poem should be 10 lines or fewer.
2. Your entry must be signed by a parent or legal guardian, authorizing its publication in print and/or online and saying it's your own idea.
3. Be sure to include your complete name, age, and address.
4. Send your poem by January 25, 2015, so we can publish our favorites in the April 2015 *Spider* and on our website at spidermagkids.com/corner.

Upload your poem to spidermagkids.com/corner/submit or send to Spider's Corner, P.O.Box 300, Peru, IL 61354. (No fax submissions, please!)



Mixed Media: Artistic Creation



Lily G., age 8
Saint Paul, Minnesota
Pumpkin



Evangeline S., age 5
McKinleyville, California

Zora Holt, age 7
Hinsdale, Montana

I have a little puppy
Who sleeps all through the day.
A little tiny ball of fluff
Who really loves to play.
My puppy's name is Clover.
She is so dear and sweet.
Clover is a nice pup
Especially when she eats.



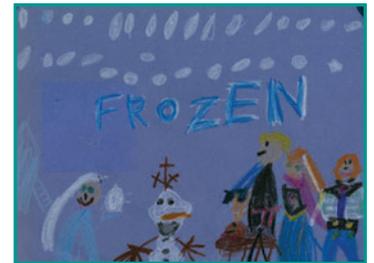
Elyse S., age 7
McKinleyville, California

Rachel Thorne, age 8
Beacon, New York

The Properties of an Owl!

The properties of an owl
are very clear to me.
There's the feathery head and body
and the clawlike things called feet.

The eyes glitter in the moonlight
like nothing I've ever seen,
But I know the inside must be light,
full of joy, laughter, and
a glowing ball of love.



Reese LeBoeuf, age 7
Montegut, Louisiana
Frozen



Annie B., age 9
Seattle, Washington



Eddie Tomka, age 11
Smithfield, Rhode Island
Mystery Horse



Nathan D., age 9
Belgium

THIS IS NOT MY
MINUET!



SONYA AND SPIDIE
COMPOST REALLY WELL
TOGETHER!



UMM. . . GARBAGE BAND,
DEFINITELY A GARBAGE BAND.



See more Spider-reader masterpieces
at spidermagkids.com/corner.



OPHELIA'S
LAST WORD
WAIT!
PUNCH!

Miro's

Dragon's Breath Punch

EVERYBUGGY IS SO relieved that Mae's dragon is safe that we decided to throw a dragon party! Miro whipped up the perfect drink for the occasion: dragon's breath punch. Thankfully, a dragon's breath is more fruity than foul!

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

1 bubbling cauldron (a punch bowl will work, too)



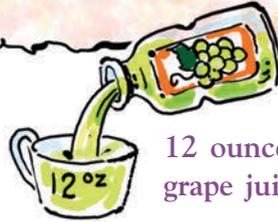
1 2-liter bottle of lemon-lime soda or sparkling water



12 ounces orange juice or orange juice concentrate



12 ounces white grape juice



1 pint green sherbet

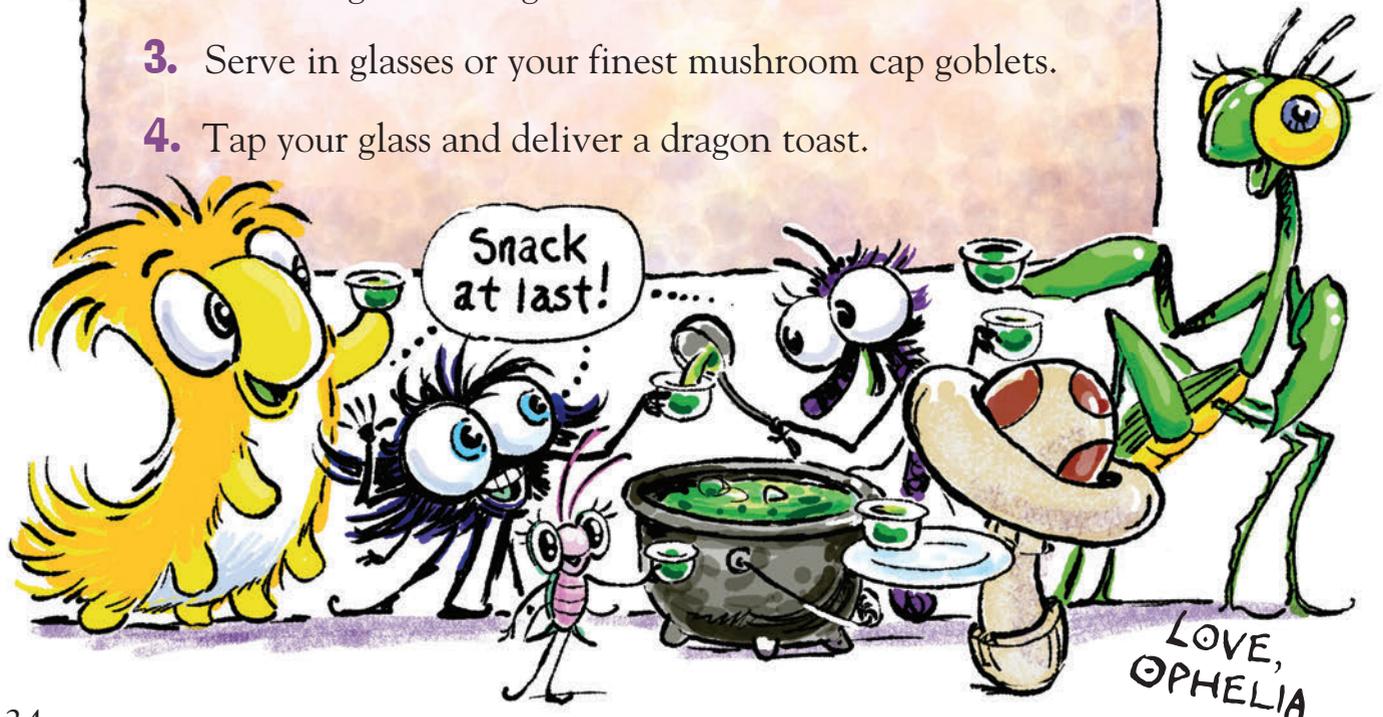


green food coloring



WHAT TO DO:

1. Mix juices, soda, and sherbet together in your cauldron or punch bowl.
2. Stir in drops of food coloring—the greener the punch, the stronger the dragon's breath.
3. Serve in glasses or your finest mushroom cap goblets.
4. Tap your glass and deliver a dragon toast.



LOVE,
OPHELIA

Buggy Bulletin

Translate this rebus into a common phrase:
MUSIC 11 EARS
 Answer: Music to One's Ears.

Scream at Spider
 What's your favorite kind of music? Vote at spidermagkids.com/scream!

Answers to Happy New Year! Mind-Bugger

Costumes from many nations.

Answer to NONSENSE SYMPHONY

- saxophone
- ukulele
- bugle
- electric guitar
- piccolo

Q: Why do dragons sleep during the day?
A: So they can fight knights.

Fab Fact
 Studies show that music may help cows produce more milk. How moo-sical!



Amazing, beautiful, thoughtful children's gifts for every celebration.

Dragon Finger Puppets

by Anna Eidelman

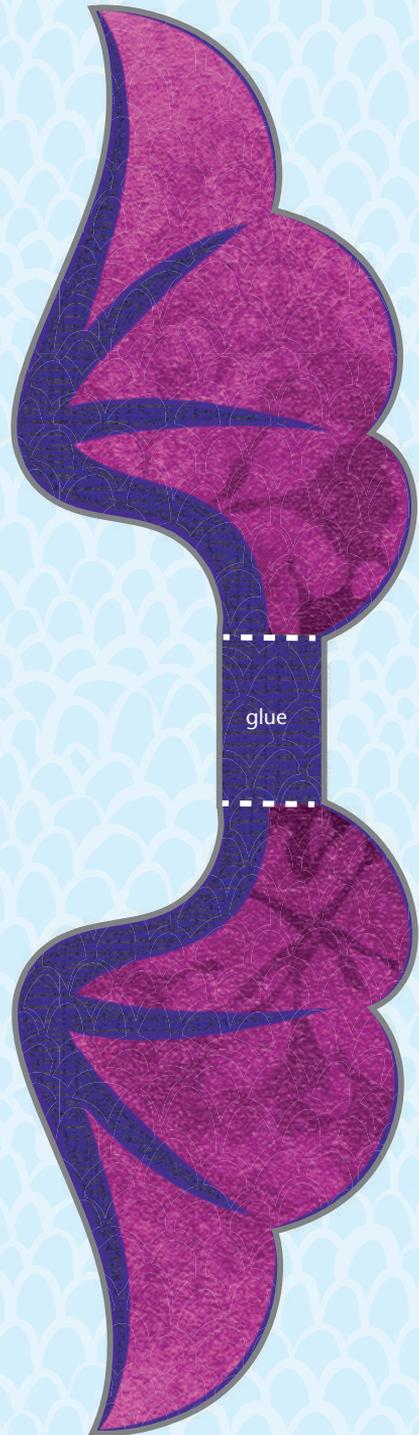
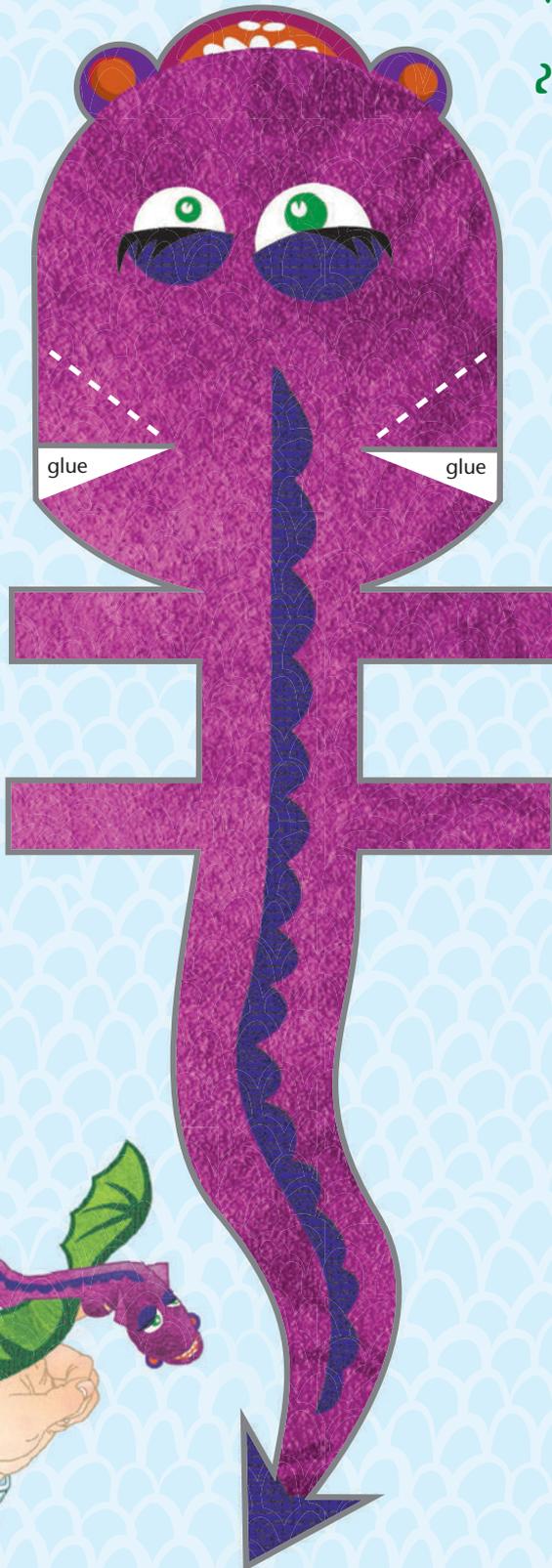
What You'll Need:

scissors

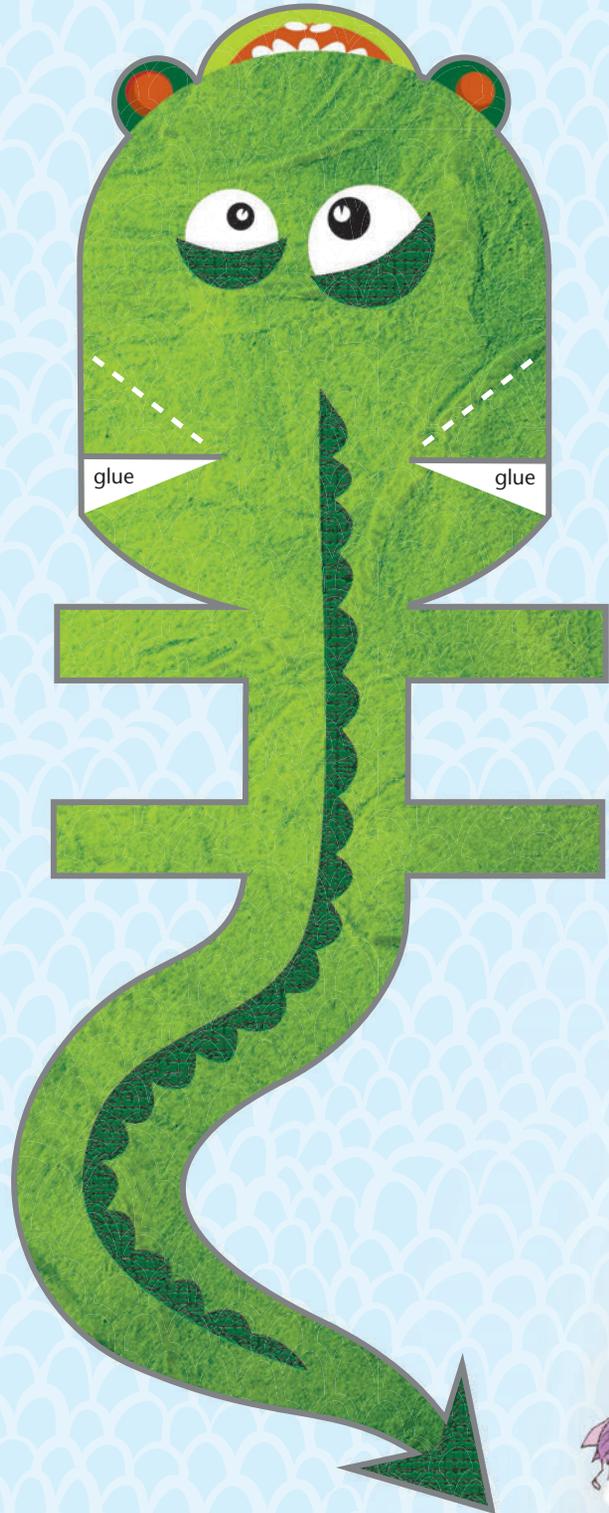
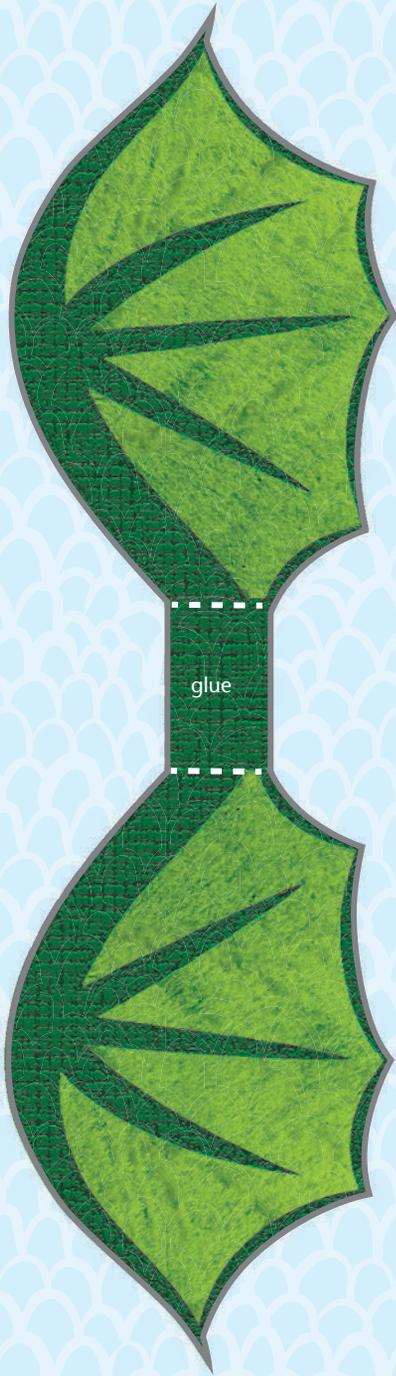
glue

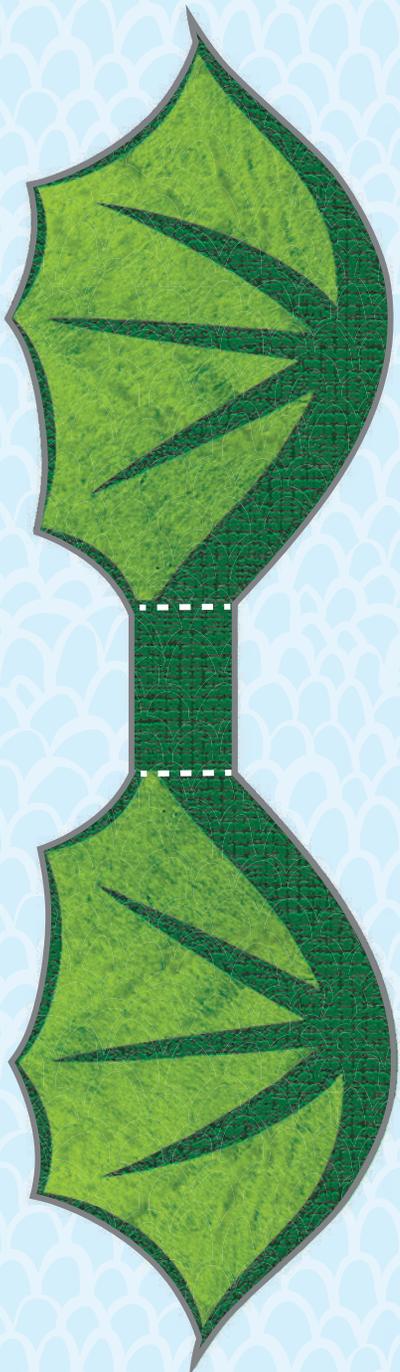
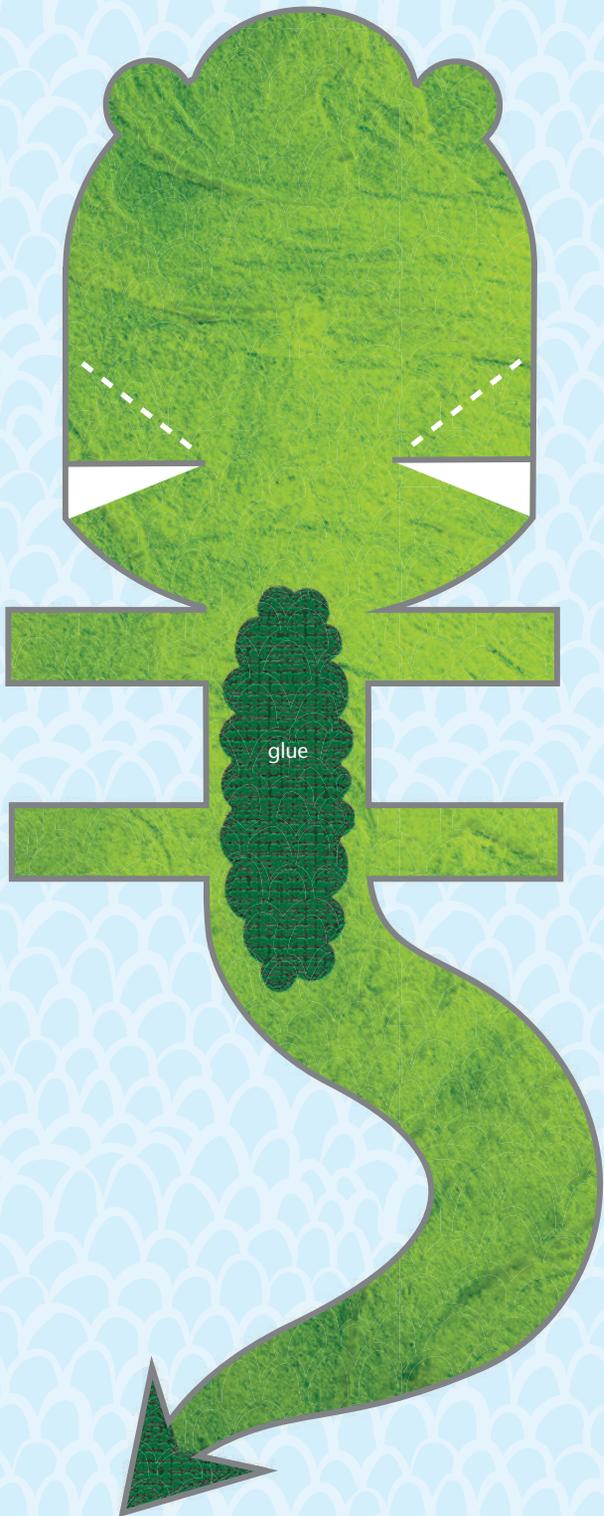
What to Do:

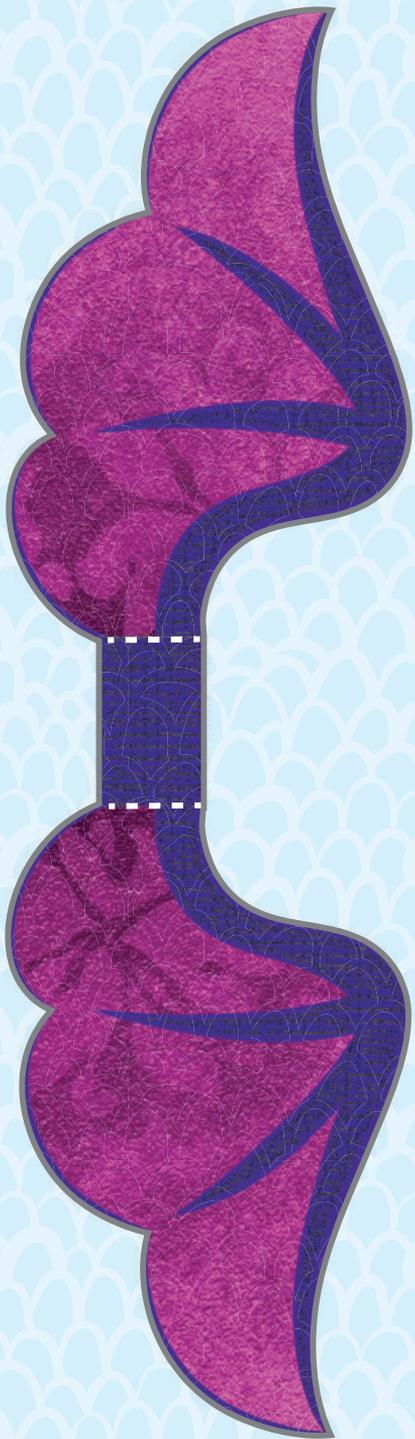
1. Cut out the two dragon bodies and two sets of wings along the gray solid lines.
2. Cut into the solid horizontal lines on each dragon's head. Do not cut into the dotted lines.



3. Fold triangular “ears” up on each dragon’s head along the dotted lines.
4. Glue the white areas behind each dragon’s ears.
5. Wrap the tabs on each dragon’s body into two rings, facing down. Glue to hold the rings in place.
6. Glue wings to each’s dragon’s tummy in the space between the two rings.
7. Slip your fingers into the rings and put on a dragon show!







HAPPY
NEW YEAR!



Art by Lynne Avril

Answers on page 35