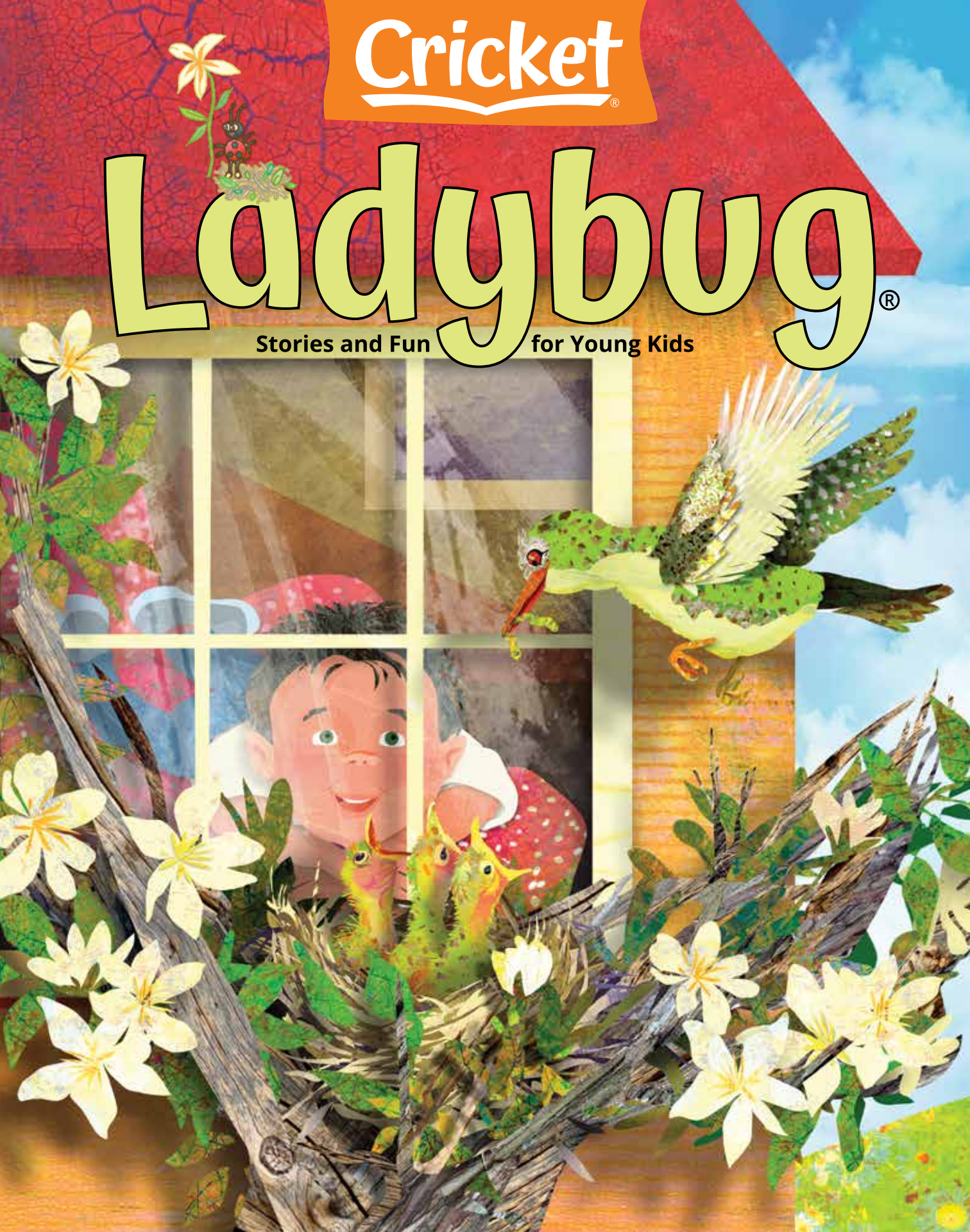


Cricket®

Ladybug®

Stories and Fun for Young Kids



I Spy

Art by
Kitty Hawkin

It's a busy day on the ground and in the sky!
Can you spy 10 differences between these pictures?



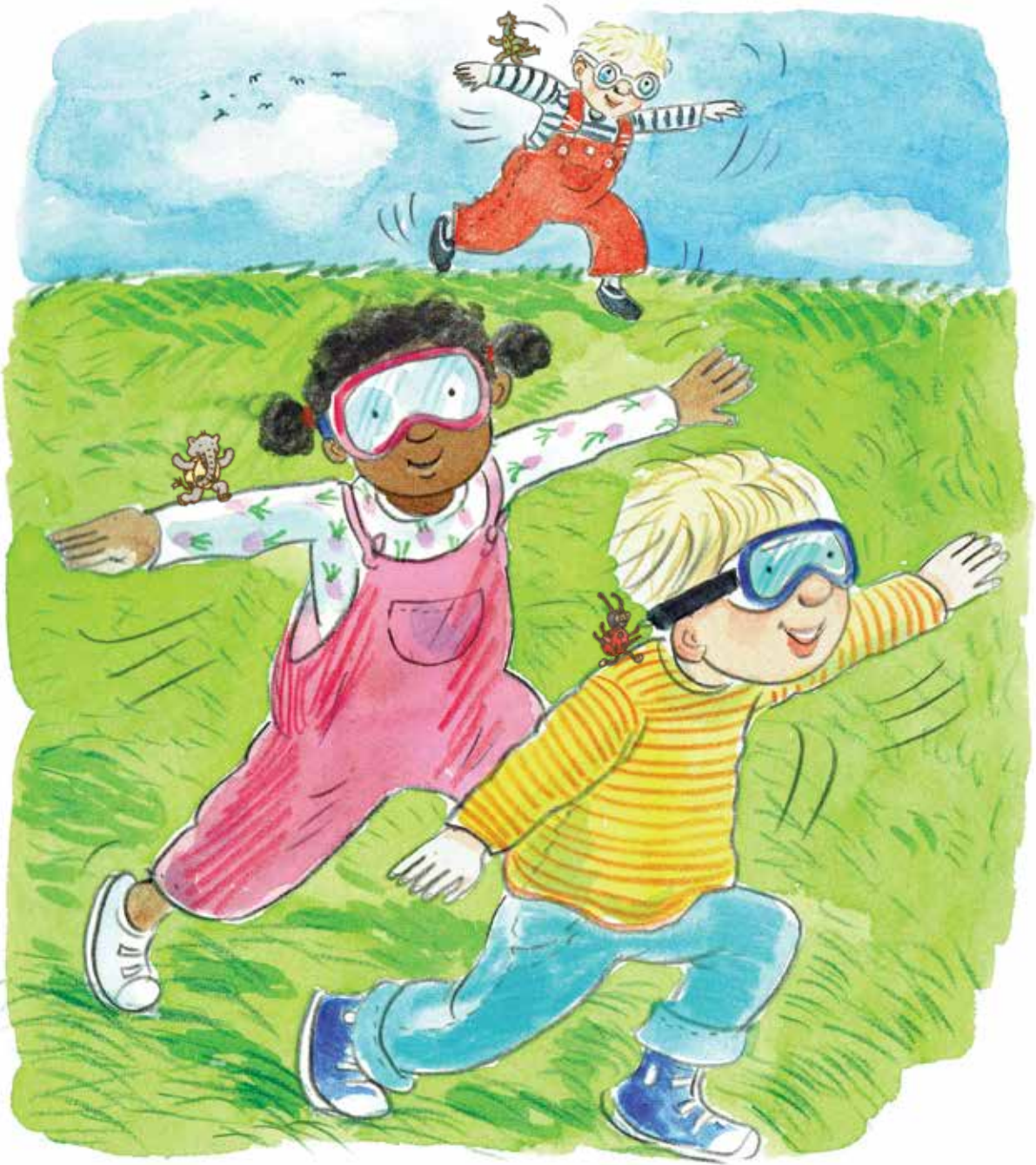
Keep an eye out for us! We are going to roll
through this magazine with you!



Answer on page 35.

Max and Kate

Art by Brita Granström
Story by Mick Manning



Max, Kate, and Charlie are pilots! They fly around Max and Charlie's lawn.

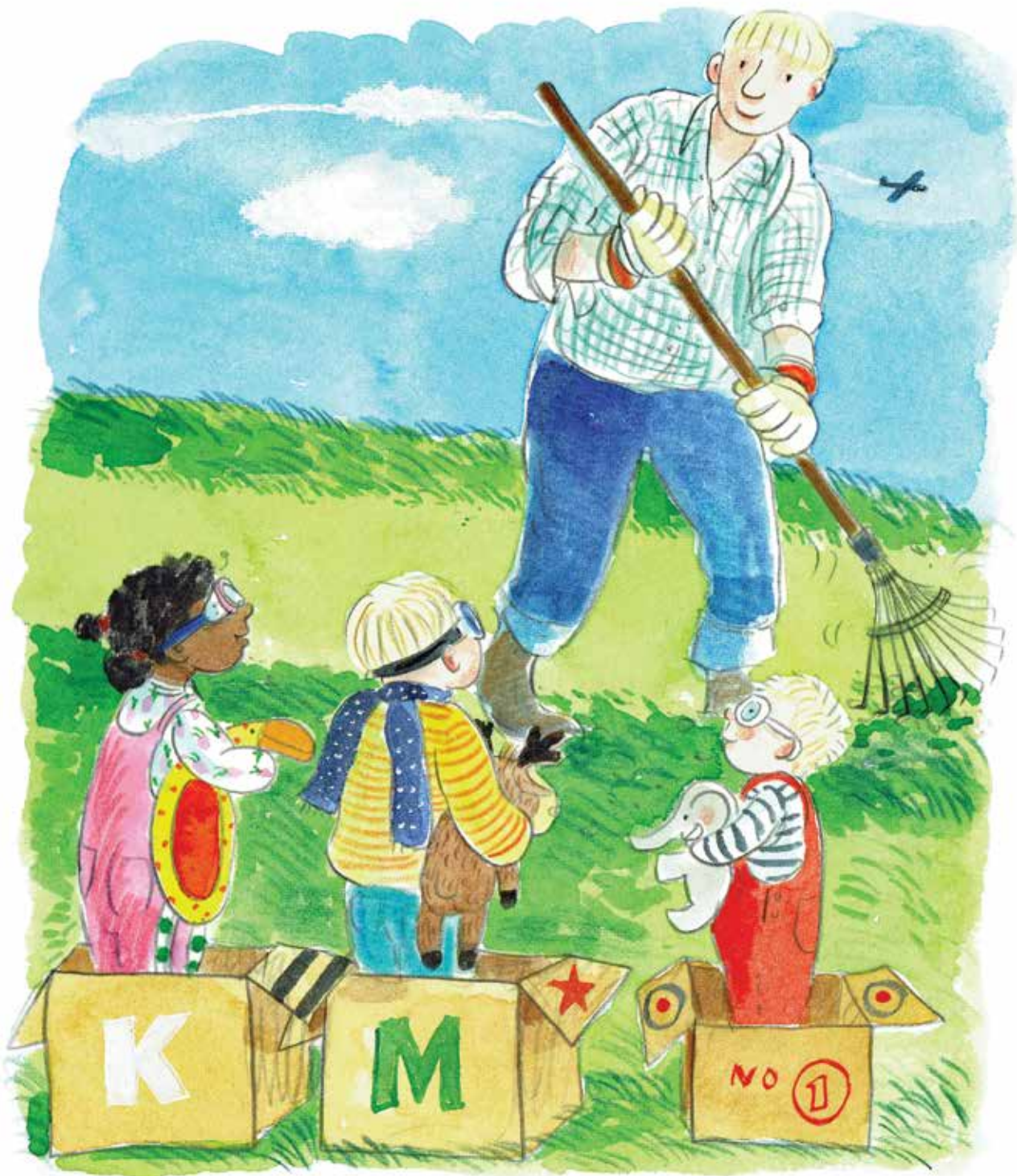
“Would you pilots like to make airplanes?” asks Max’s mommy. She brings them cardboard boxes with the bottom flaps cut out.



“The flaps on top look like wings,” says Kate.



Max and Kate help Charlie decorate the planes with numbers, letters, and stripes.



Max's daddy clears the path for them.
"Your runway is ready!" he calls.



“Hold on tight! It’s time for takeoff!” shouts Kate.
The pilots zoom down the runway!

Can you
do this?



Let's Pretend

by Marilyn Kratz
Art by Jaime Kim



Hop like a bunny
Through the tall grass.



Twirl like the wind
When it blows past.



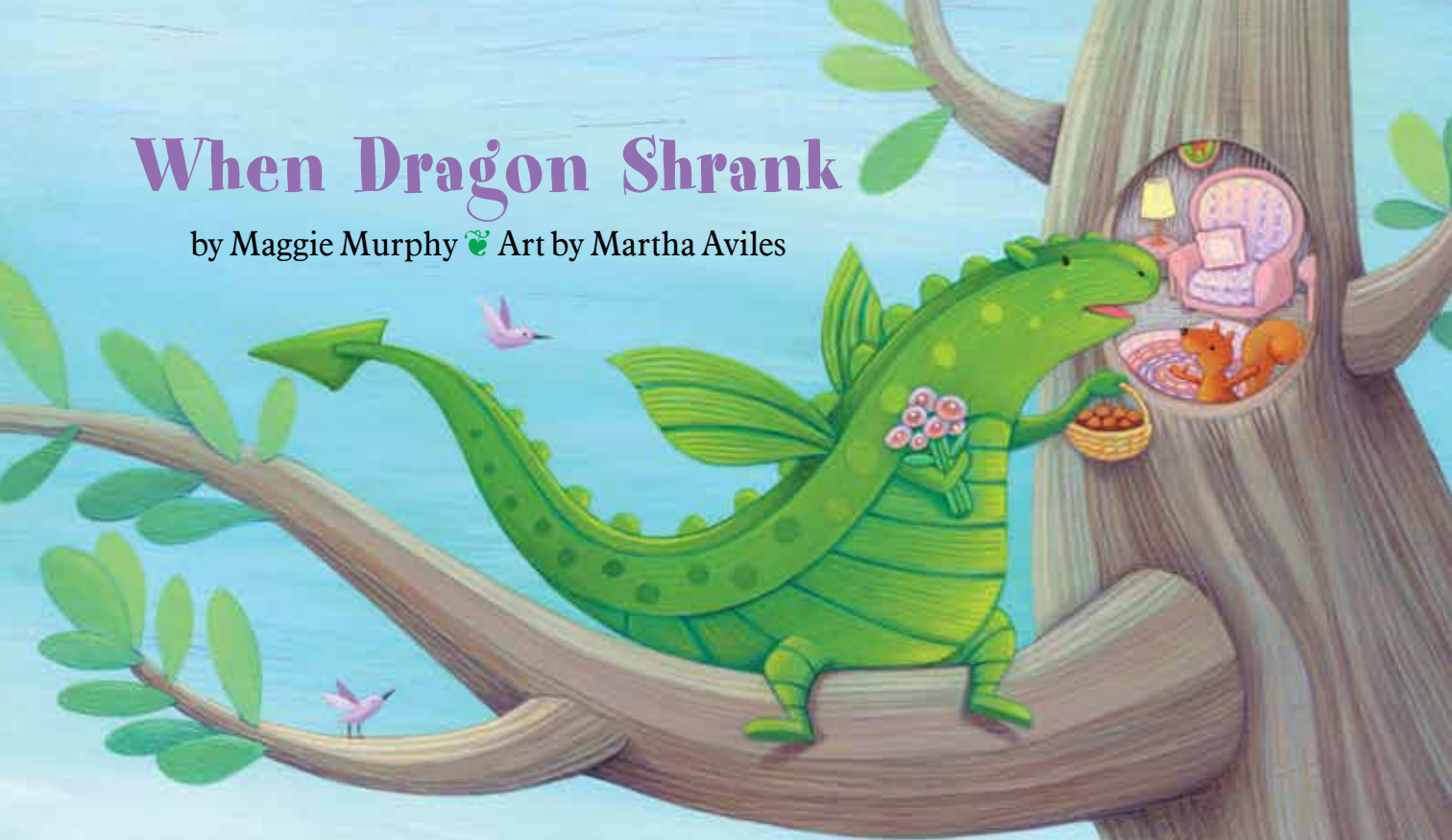
Open like a flower
Blooming in the sun.



Pretend you're a river
And run, run, run!

When Dragon Shrank

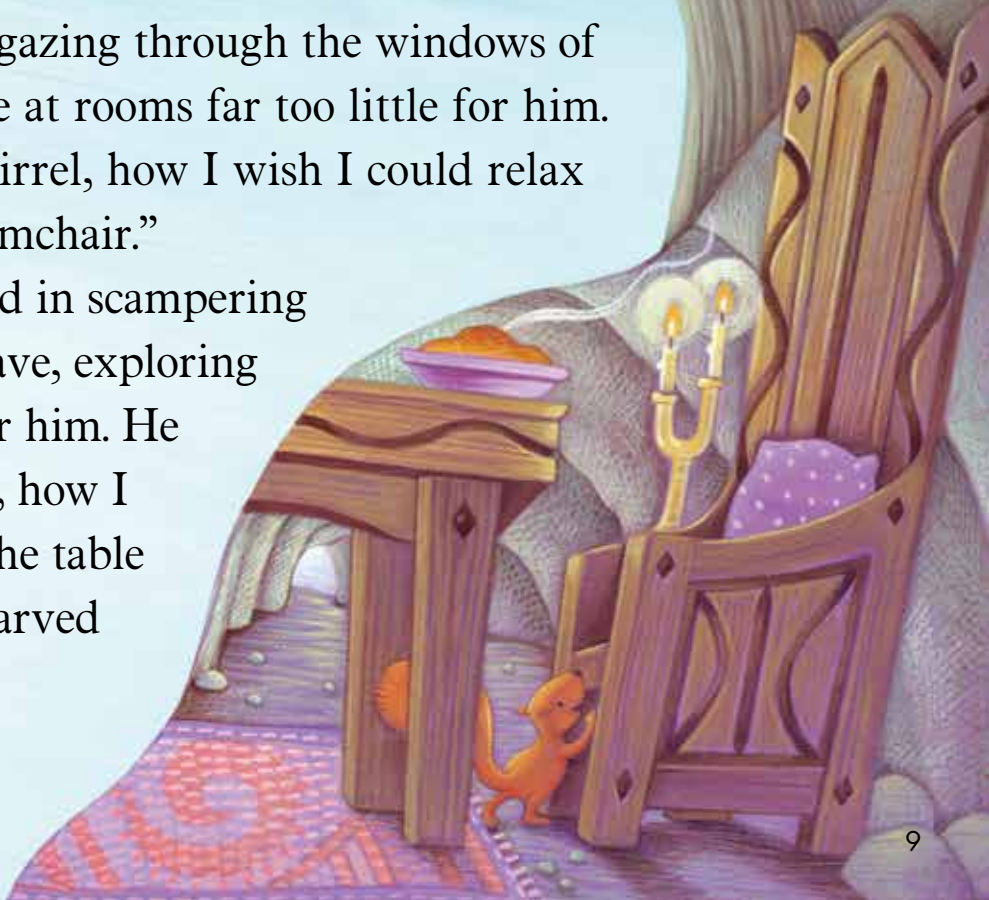
by Maggie Murphy 🐉 Art by Martha Aviles



Dragon and Red Squirrel were good friends. They visited each other often.

Dragon enjoyed gazing through the windows of Squirrel's tree house at rooms far too little for him. He would say, "Squirrel, how I wish I could relax in your squooshy armchair."

Squirrel delighted in scampering through Dragon's cave, exploring rooms far too big for him. He would say, "Dragon, how I wish I could reach the table when I sit in your carved Viking chair."

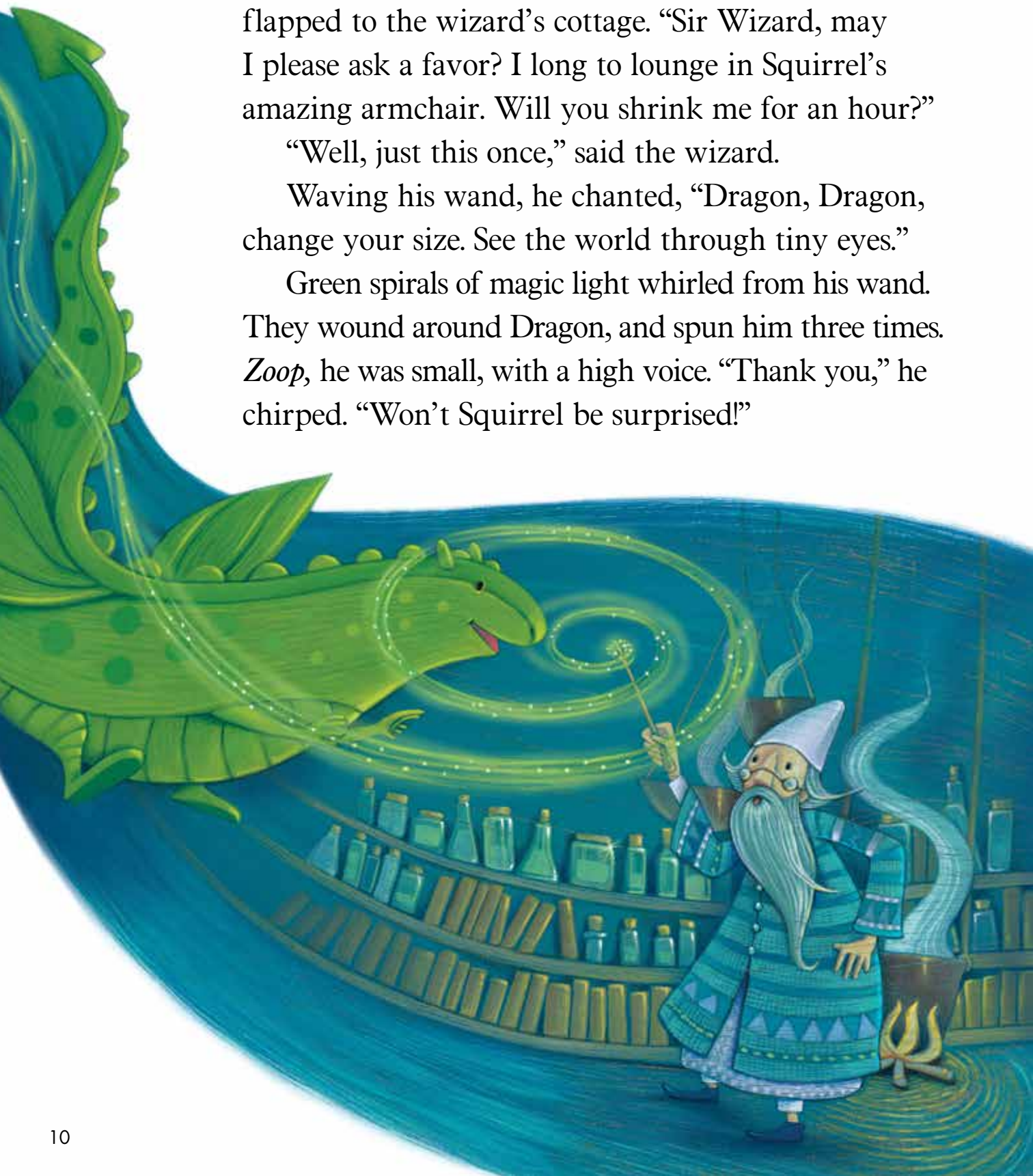


One morning, Dragon had an idea. Away he flapped to the wizard's cottage. "Sir Wizard, may I please ask a favor? I long to lounge in Squirrel's amazing armchair. Will you shrink me for an hour?"

"Well, just this once," said the wizard.

Waving his wand, he chanted, "Dragon, Dragon, change your size. See the world through tiny eyes."

Green spirals of magic light whirled from his wand. They wound around Dragon, and spun him three times. *Zoop*, he was small, with a high voice. "Thank you," he chirped. "Won't Squirrel be surprised!"



Meanwhile, Squirrel had an idea, too. He scurried off to the enchantress's castle. "Lady Enchantress, may I please ask a favor? I long to reach the table when I sit in Dragon's fantastic Viking chair. Will you make me big for an hour?"

"Well, just this once," said the enchantress.

Waving her wand, she sang, "Red Squirrel, Red Squirrel, change your size. See the world through giant eyes."

Blue spirals of magic light swirled from her wand. They curled around Squirrel, and twirled him three times. *Bloop*, he was big, with a low voice. "Thank you," he boomed.

"Won't Dragon be surprised!"

Grinning, Dragon zipped toward Squirrel's tree house.

Laughing, Squirrel clomped toward Dragon's cave.





Their paths crossed.

“Dragon, you’re teeny-tiny!”

“Squirrel, you’re enormous!”

Explaining everything took time. Suddenly, Dragon said, “Oops. Our enchantments end soon.”

“Quick! To the chairs!” cried Squirrel.

First they rushed to the tree house.

Sinking into the armchair, Dragon sighed. “This chair is soft as pudding,” he whispered, resting his light feet on a padded footstool. “I’m the most relaxed dragon in the world.”



Off they hurried to the cave.

With his back straight,
Squirrel sat tall in the Viking
chair. “This chair comes from
a Viking hall,” he bellowed,
planting his heavy feet on the
rocky floor. “I’m the boldest
squirrel in the world.”

A clock chimed. *Bloop.* Dragon
sprouted tall.

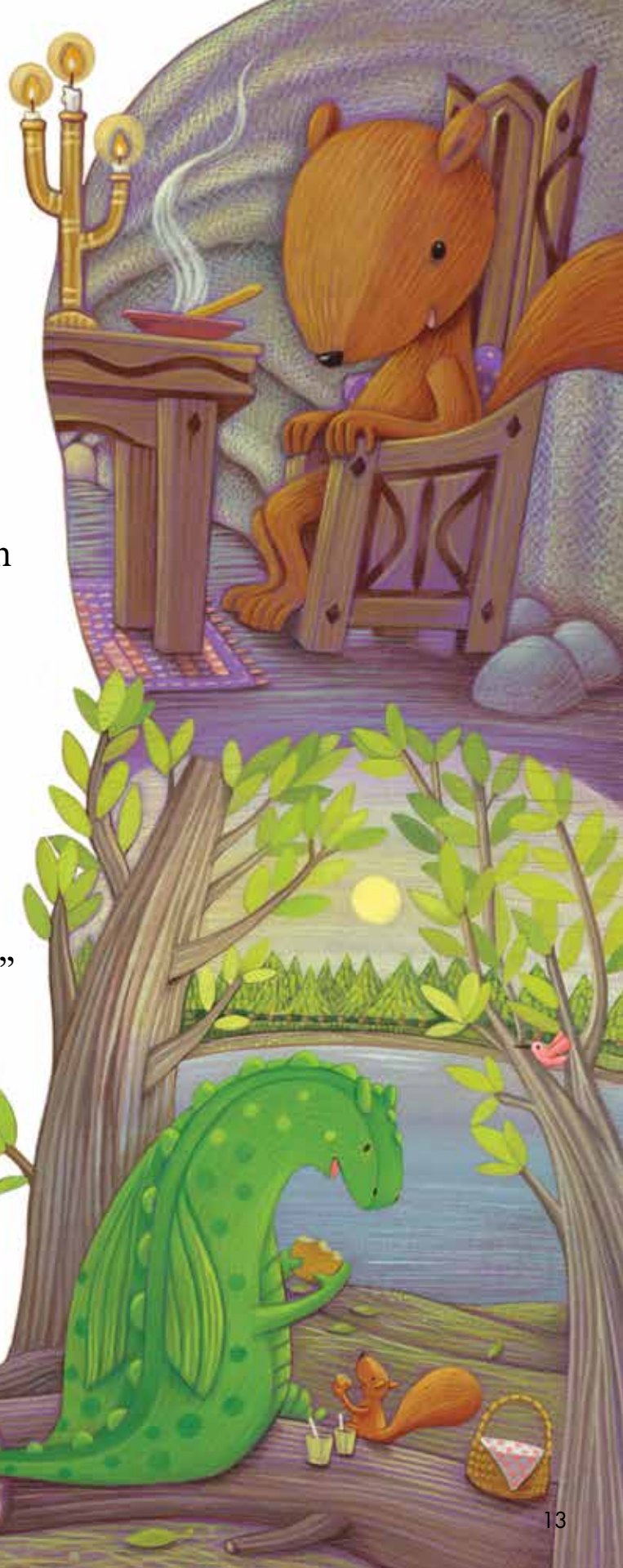
Tick-tick-tick. Zoop. Squirrel
shrank small.

“I’ll always remember being
big enough for your Viking
chair,” said Squirrel.

“I’ll always remember being
little enough for your armchair,”
said Dragon. “But chairs or no
chairs, I’m glad we’re friends.
Want to go on a picnic?”

“That sounds like fun!”

So Dragon and Squirrel
picnicked at the lake. A log
made a wonderful seat for
sitting side by side. 🐜



The Green Team

by Ken Lamug



text and art © 2021 by Ken Lamug

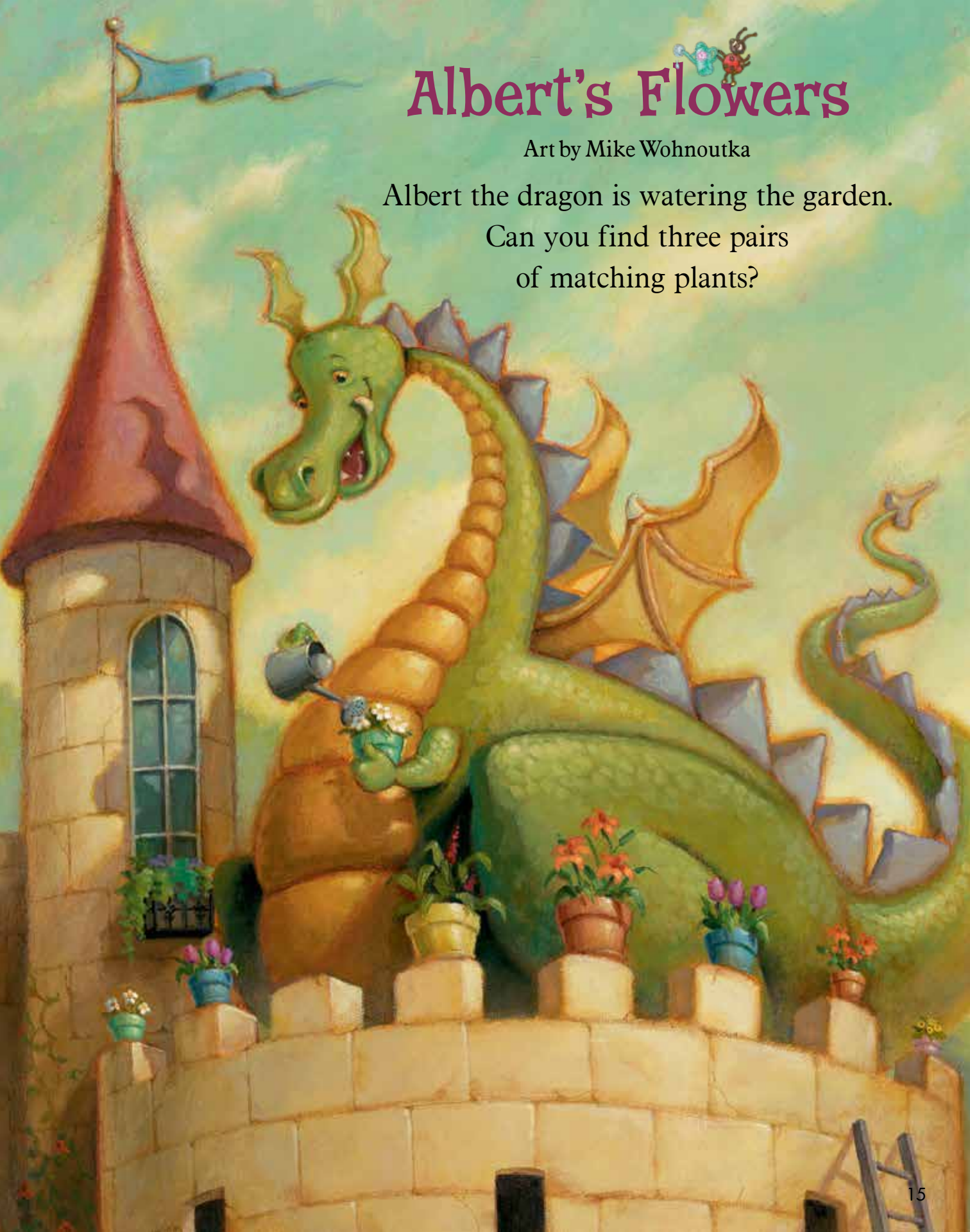


Albert's Flowers

Art by Mike Wohnoutka

Albert the dragon is watering the garden.

Can you find three pairs
of matching plants?





A Sweet Spring Strawberry Day

by Megan Wagner Lloyd 🍀 Art by Tatjana Mai-Wyss

We go strawberry picking every June, just Mom and Emmy and me.

“Bye-bye!” Emmy waves as we leave the city behind.

I watch out my window for the blue-green mountains. “We’re almost there!”

At the strawberry patch, we each get our own box to fill. “Only pick the ripe red ones,” Mom reminds us. “Not the white ones or the pink ones.”

Emmy grabs my hand. “Look!” she shouts. “Berry!”

Water droplets shine on bright berries. Bees buzz on the white blossoms. I tug my first strawberry free—*snap!*

It takes a long time to fill our boxes. I’m carrying mine to the table when—*oof!* Emmy stumbles and her box tumbles. Strawberries fly EVERYWHERE!



I help Emmy up and wipe away her tears. We clean up her strawberries, together.



When our boxes are full again, a woman weighs our berries and bags them up. We find a spot in the shade to take a break. I choose my best-looking berry and take a big bite.

Mmm-mmm. It tastes like sweet strawberry sunshine.



Emmy chews with her mouth open and sings a song about strawberries. I eat and watch the other strawberry pickers. Baseball caps and big sun hats crowd together. Sars shine like bright flowers in all the green. A baby peeks out of a sling, fussing. A little boy runs down a row, laughing.



And all the noise floats up into the clouds.
Nothing feels too loud, the way it gets sometimes
when I'm stuck inside.

"This week," Mom says, "we'll make strawberry
shortcake and strawberry jam and strawberry ice cream."

I can't wait.

Emmy falls asleep right away in her car seat, pink
juice smeared on her cheeks and chin, looking just
about as sweet as a strawberry herself. Mom and I
sneak smiles at each other, both of us knowing to
stay quiet. And as we drive away from the busy
field and the blue-green mountains, I eat one more
strawberry, one perfect bite at a time. 🐛



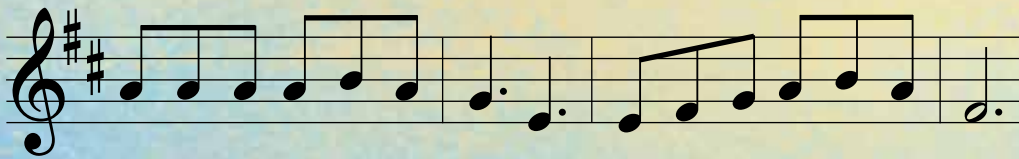


Song for the World

by Mary Catherine Johnson ♥ Art by Alyssa De Asis



Sing, sing of the sun-shine, sing, sing of the rain.



Sing of the trees in the for-est, sing of the grass on the plain.



Sing, sing of the o - cean, sing of bright flow-ers un-furled.



Sing of the snow on the moun-tains, sing of the beau-ti-ful world!



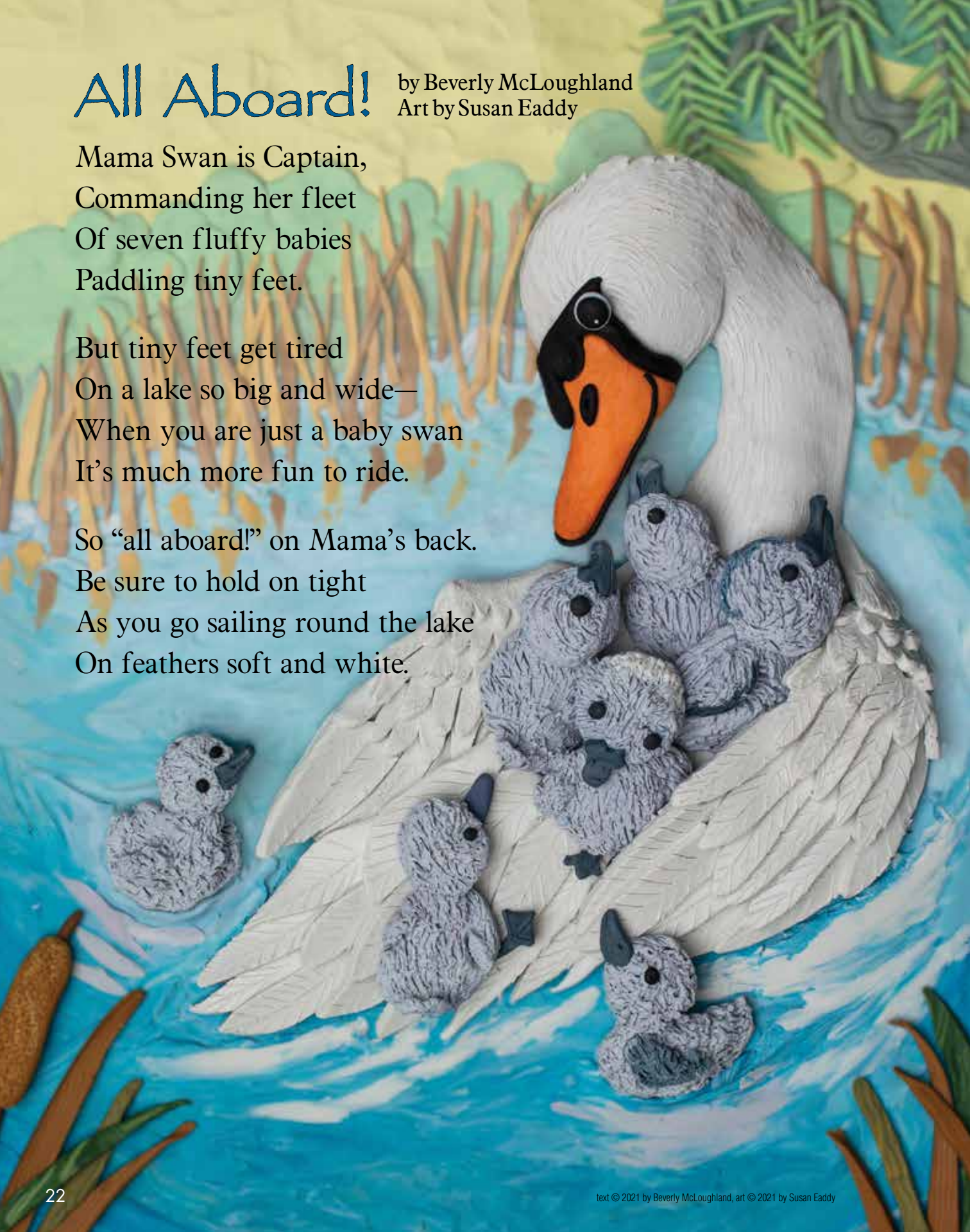
All Aboard!

by Beverly McLoughland
Art by Susan Eaddy

Mama Swan is Captain,
Commanding her fleet
Of seven fluffy babies
Paddling tiny feet.

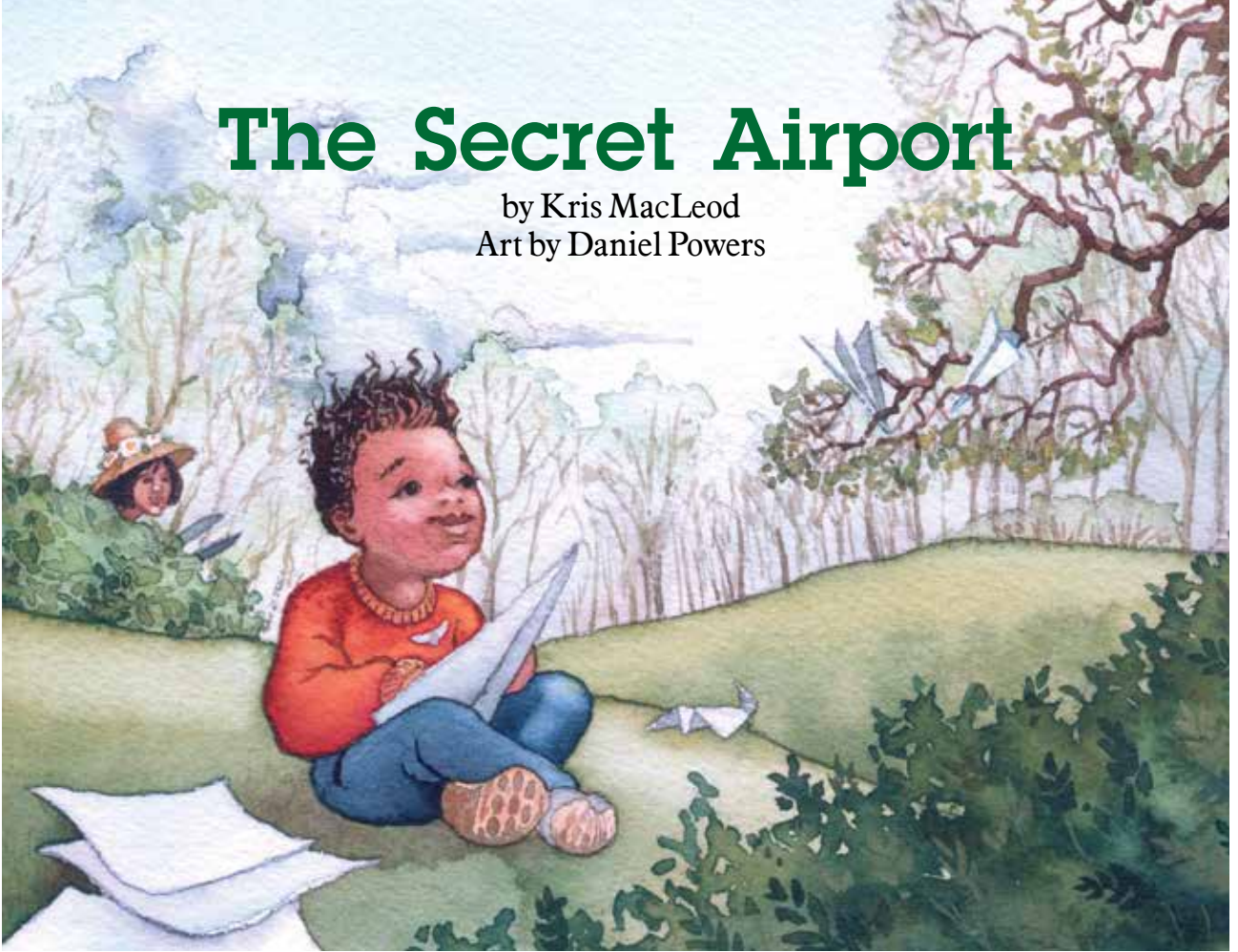
But tiny feet get tired
On a lake so big and wide—
When you are just a baby swan
It's much more fun to ride.

So “all aboard!” on Mama’s back.
Be sure to hold on tight
As you go sailing round the lake
On feathers soft and white.



The Secret Airport

by Kris MacLeod
Art by Daniel Powers



Jacob sat on the grass outside Nana's house. He held a piece of paper. He folded the paper this way and made a point, then he folded it that way and this way and made wings. Jacob threw his paper airplane high into the air. It twisted. It turned. It fell to the ground.

Nana looked up from her gardening as Jacob folded another piece of paper. He threw the new plane into the air. It went up . . . then it came down and bounced off the ground, its point bent like a hook.



“You know,” said Nana, “there’s a secret airport just through those trees. Want to see?”

“An airport!” Jacob jumped up. “Near your house?” Jacob took Nana’s hand, and they followed a path through the trees. They stopped when they reached a wide river.

Tik-tik-tik, tik-tik-tik, noises filled the air.

“The airport sounds busy today,” said Nana. She pointed through the trees. “Watch carefully.”

Jacob looked across the river. He only saw trees, no airplanes. He looked into the sky. He only saw clouds and sunshine.

Raaaawnk!

A large gray-blue bird with wide wings and long legs and a bright yellow beak swooped down. It landed in a tree, on a jumble of sticks and branches. A nest!

Raaaawnk, the bird called again.

Jacob peered at the other trees. There were nests all around! Another large bird swooped out from the trees, just as a new arrival flew in and landed.

“It IS an airport,” said Jacob. “A bird airport!”



“Those are great blue herons,” said Nana. “See the baby chicks?”

Jacob saw three scruffy chicks poke their heads out of a nest. They stretched out their necks to receive food from their parent.



“They might be having fish for lunch,” said Nana. The nestlings chirped, *tik-tik-tik*, as they scrabbled about.

After the meal, the heron spread its wings and leaped into the air. It soared slightly downward at first, then flew away with large, slow beats of its wings.

“Those are huge wings,” marvelled Jacob.

“They help the heron travel a long way to find food,” said Nana.

Jacob watched a heron fly in, with long legs stretched toward a nest and wings open wide, acting as brakes for a gentle touchdown.

“They’re good for landing, too,” said Jacob thoughtfully.



Back at home, Jacob asked Nana for help finding paper plane designs on the computer. He had something special in mind.

Together, Jacob and Nana tried a new design. They folded the paper this way and that way, carefully lining up the edges and making sharp creases. Then they made wide wings like a heron's and bent them slightly upward. Soon they headed outside with two new planes set for takeoff.

“Ready?”

Jacob held up his plane.

“One. Two. . . .” He aimed carefully. “THREE!”

They threw their planes into the air. The planes soared and arched and landed gently on the grass.

Jacob had a wide smile. “Look, Nana,” he said as he ran to the planes. “Now we have our own secret airport!” 🐞



[illegible]

29

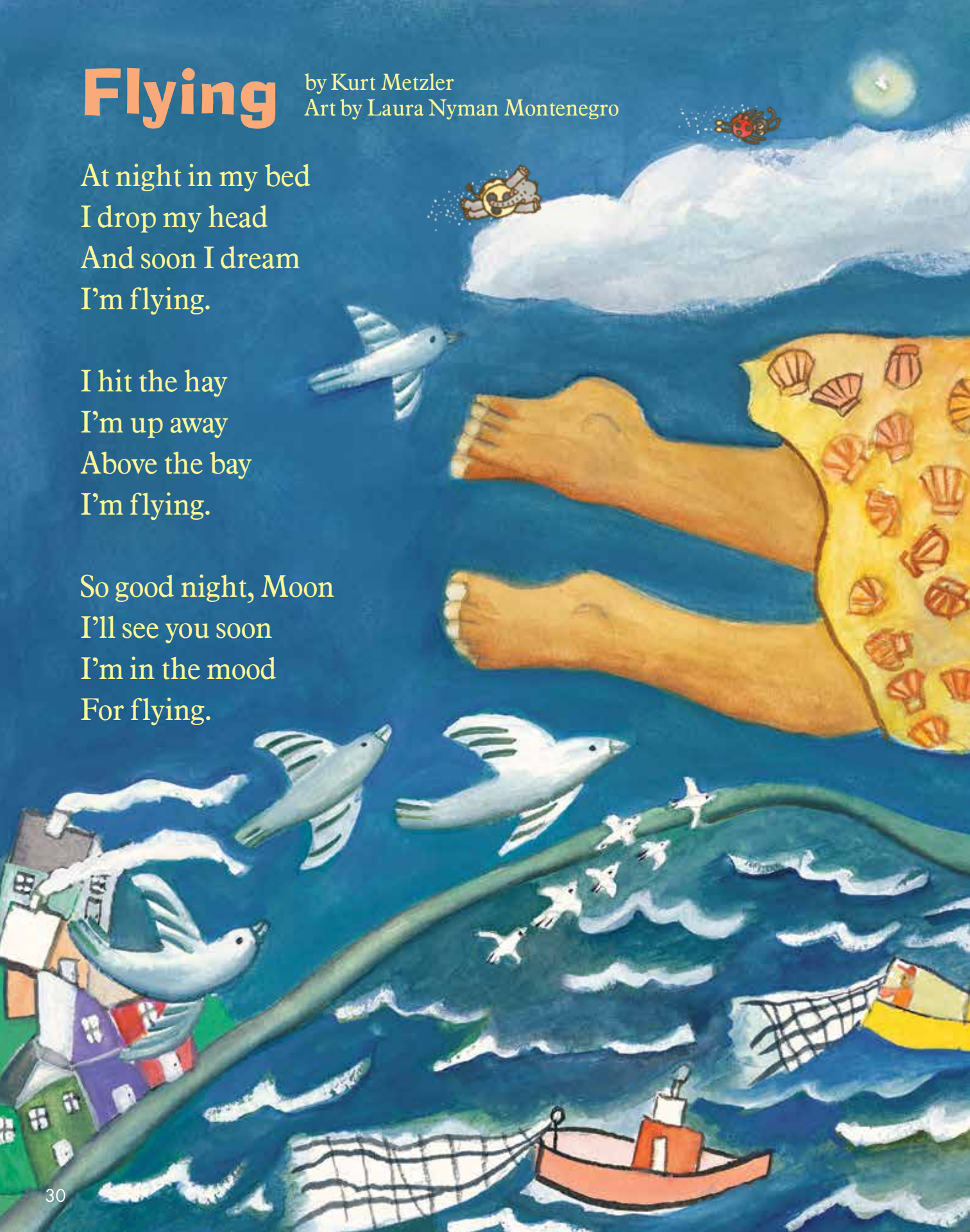
Flying

by Kurt Metzler
Art by Laura Nyman Montenegro

At night in my bed
I drop my head
And soon I dream
I'm flying.

I hit the hay
I'm up away
Above the bay
I'm flying.

So good night, Moon
I'll see you soon
I'm in the mood
For flying.

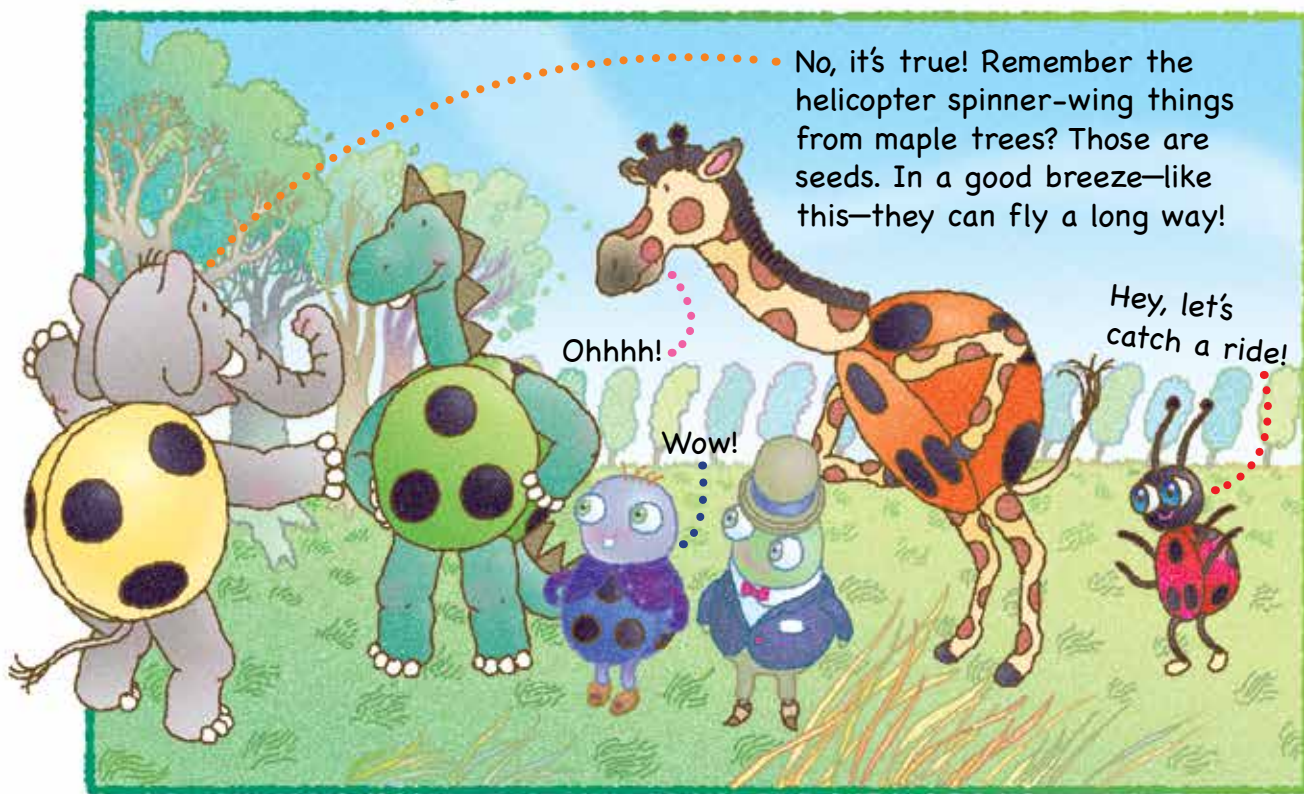
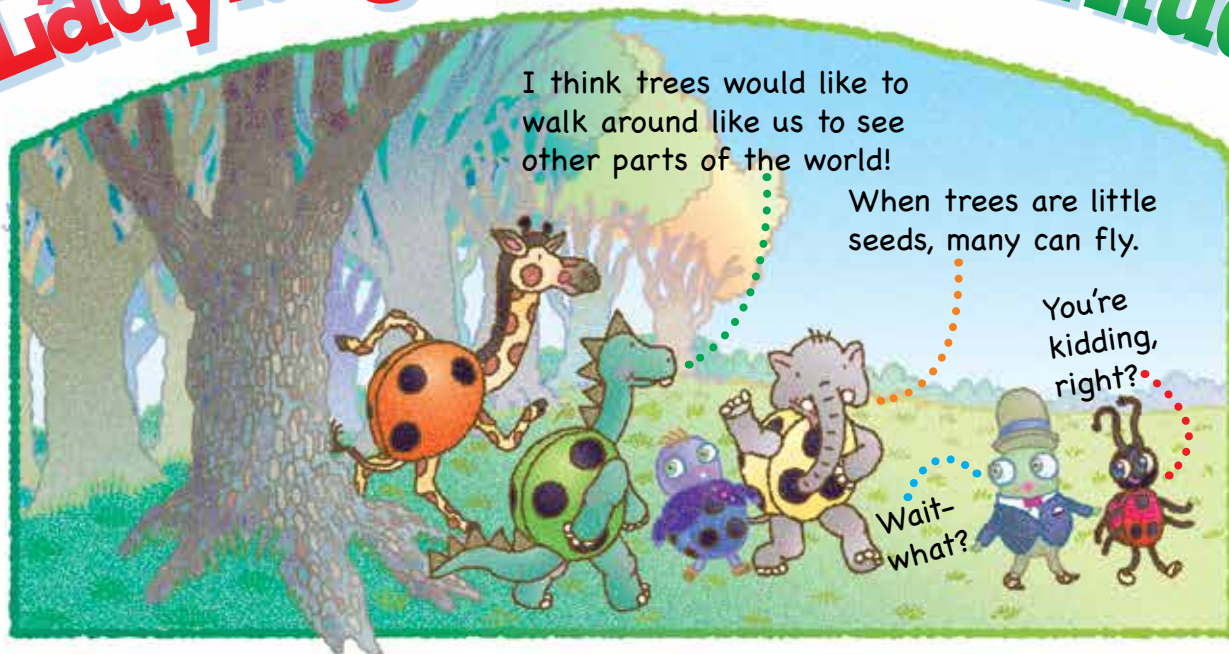




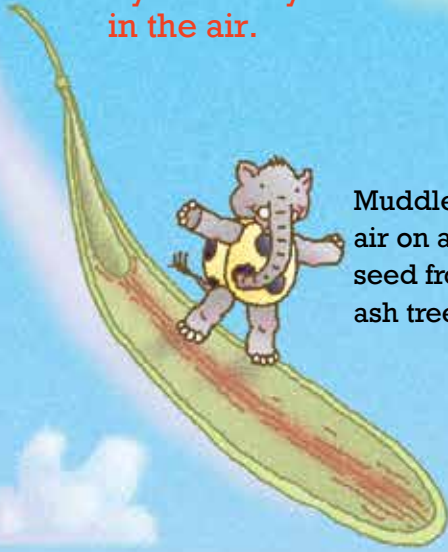
If bugs can ride seeds on the breeze,
ladybugs, caterpillars, crickets,

can you tell us why,
as we fly up high, we ever need to buy
plane tickets?

Ladybug, Muddle & Thud



Seeds are often described by how they look or move in the air.



Muddle surfs the air on a **fluttering** seed from a green ash tree.

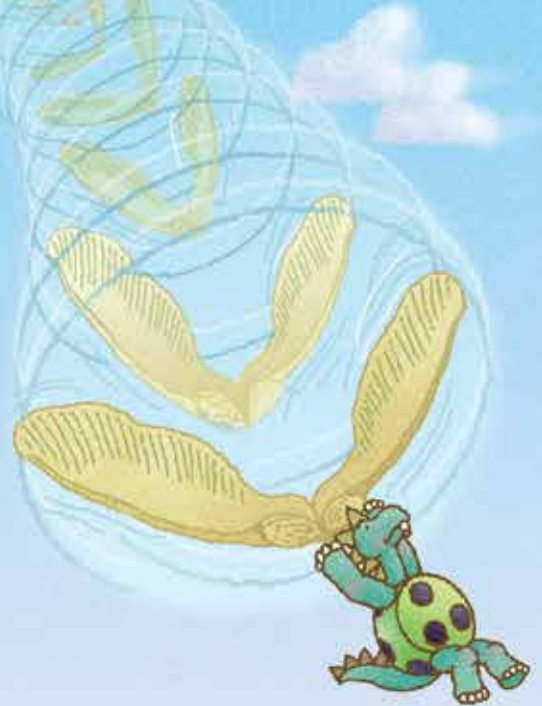


Ladybug sits on an elm seed. It's a **glider** as it floats in the air.

Wheee!



Jammy loves riding the fluffy, **cottony** seeds from a cattail.



Maple seeds spin around and around like **helicopters** and make Thud feel very dizzy.

Iggy hangs from a seed from a dandelion. It's called a **parachute** seed because of how it catches the air.



Scoot wants to ride a **tumbleweed**. It doesn't fly, but tumbles in the wind, scattering seeds as it goes.

Wait for me!



What seeds can you find in your neighborhood?

Fantastic Fliers

Art by Sarah Lowe

Would you like to have your own airport? You can start by making your very own fliers. When you throw them into the air, you can imagine they are airplanes . . . or herons . . . or dragons!

What You'll Need:

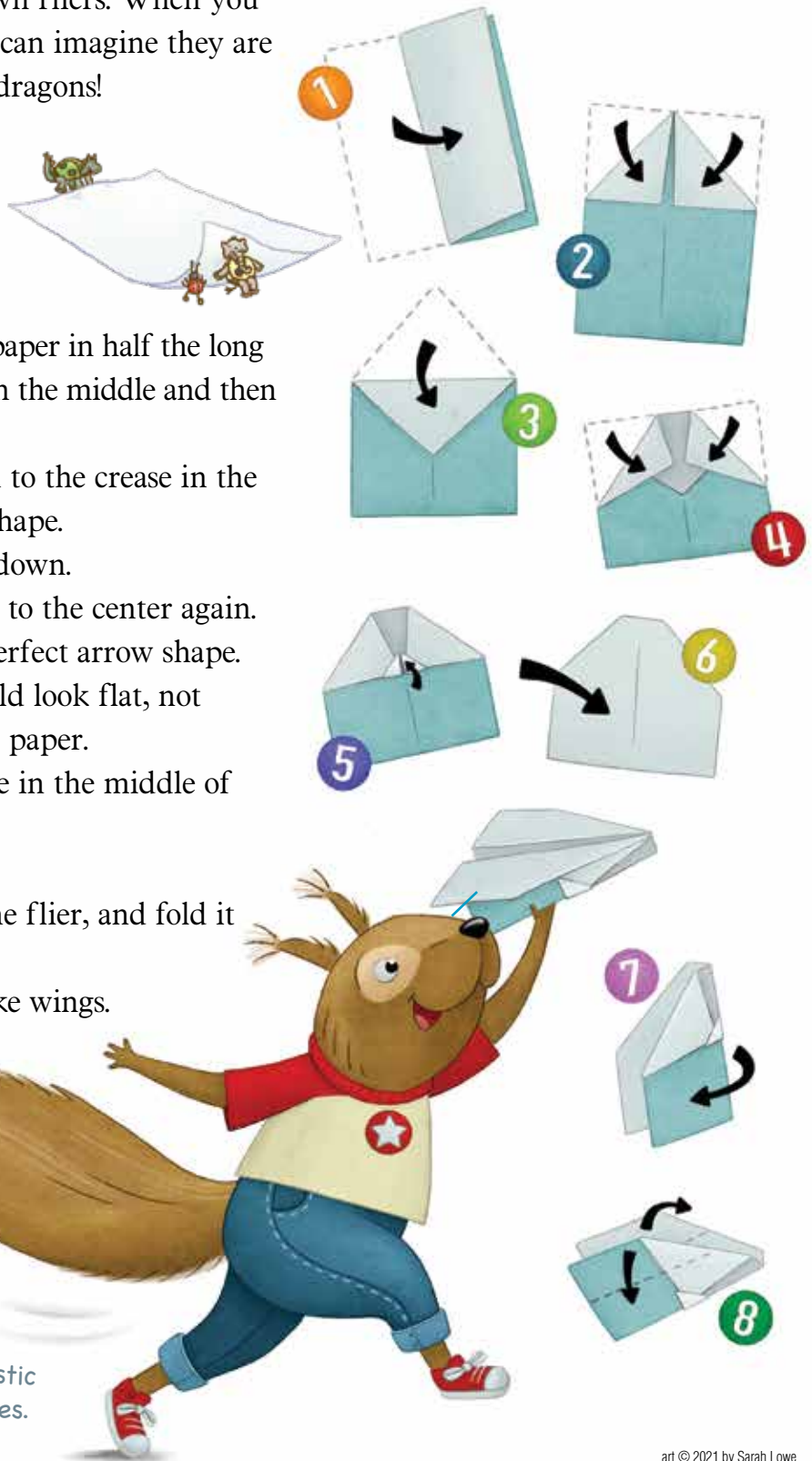
paper

What to Do:

1. With a grownup, fold the paper in half the long way. Crease the paper down the middle and then open it again.
2. Fold the top corners down to the crease in the center, making an arrow shape.
3. Fold the top of the arrow down.
4. Fold the top corners down to the center again. This time, don't make a perfect arrow shape. A little bit of the top should look flat, not pointed, after you fold the paper.
5. You will see a little triangle in the middle of your flier. Fold it up.
6. Turn the flier over.
7. Lift up the right half of the flier, and fold it over the left half.
8. Fold down the sides to make wings.

Now it's time to fly!

You can find a pilot for your fantastic flier on the back of the Takeout Pages.





Answer to puzzle on page 2. Did you find all 10 differences?



Check out our online Teacher Guides at cricketmedia.com/teacher-resources.

To subscribe, call Customer Service at 1-800-821-0115 or visit shop.cricketmedia.com.

LADYBUG magazine (ISSN 1051-4961) is published 9 times a year, monthly except for combined May/June, July/August, and November/December issues, by Cricket Media, Inc., 1751 Pinnacle Drive, Suite 600, McLean, VA 22102. Periodicals postage paid at McLean, VA, and at additional mailing offices. For address changes, back issues, subscriptions, customer service, or to renew, please visit shop.cricketmedia.com, email cricketmedia@cdsfulfillment.com, write to LADYBUG, P.O. Box 6395, Harlan, IA 51593-1895, or call 1-800-821-0115. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to LADYBUG, P.O. Box 6395, Harlan, IA 51593-1895.

May/June 2021, Volume 31, Number 8, Copyright © 2021, Cricket Media. All rights reserved, including right of reproduction in whole or in part, in any form. Not associated with LADYBIRD Books, Inc. Address correspondence to LADYBUG magazine, 1 East Erie Street, Suite 525, PMB4136, Chicago, IL 60611. For submission information and guidelines, see cricketmedia.com. We are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or other material. All letters and contest entries accompanied by parent or guardian signatures are assumed to be for publication and become the property of Cricket Media. For information regarding privacy policy and compliance with the Children's Online Privacy Protection Act, please visit our website at cricketmedia.com or write to us at CMG/COPPA, 1751 Pinnacle Drive, Suite 600, McLean, VA 22102. From time to time, LADYBUG mails to its subscribers advertisements for other LADYBUG products or makes its subscriber list available to other reputable companies for their offering of products and services. If you prefer not to receive such mail, write to us at the Harlan, IA, address.

James M. O'Connor, Director of Editorial; Kathleen Andersen, Editor; Emily Cambias, Assistant Editor; Stacey Lane Smith, Assistant Editor; Suzanne Beck, Senior Art Director; Shavan Spears, Designer; John Sandford, Artist, LADYBUG bugs; David Stockdale, Rights & Permissions Manager; Joy Taubl, Permissions Specialist. View submission guidelines and submit manuscripts online at cricketmag.submittable.com.

Grateful acknowledgment is given to the following publishers and copyright owners for permission to reprint selections from their publications. All possible care has been taken to trace ownership and secure permission for each selection. Cover art © 2015 by Susan Swan; "I Spy," Alena Razumova/Shutterstock.com, Annykos/Shutterstock.com; "Let's Pretend," art © 2016 by Jaime Jimyung Kim; "When Dragon Shrank," text © 2015 by Maggie Murphy, art © 2015 by Martha Aviles; "Albert's Flowers," art © 2007 by Mike Wohneroutka; "Song for the World," text © 2004 by Mary Catherine Johnson; "Silly Suitcases," art © 2016 by Sam Rennocks; "Flying," art © 2008 by Laura Nyman Montenegro; "High Fliers," GraphicsRF.com/Shutterstock.com, Linefab Portfolio/Shutterstock.com, Thodoris Tibilis/Shutterstock.com, Jagodica/Shutterstock.com, yusufdemirci/Shutterstock.com; "Molly and Emmett," text and art © 2000 by Marilyn Hafner.

Printed in the United States of America.

1st printing Quad Sussex, Wisconsin
April 2021



CricketTogether

Family & Friends

Share your curiosity and your favorite magazines with someone you love!

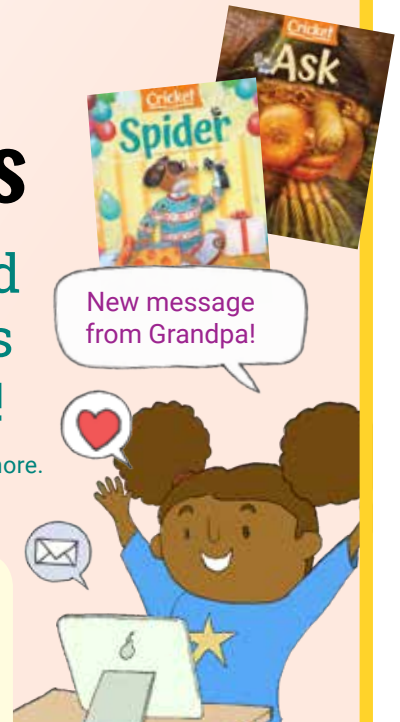
Ask a grownup to visit cricketmedia.com/family to learn more.

Can't wait to hear what Layla thinks about this article!

New message from Grandpa!



Who will you share with?

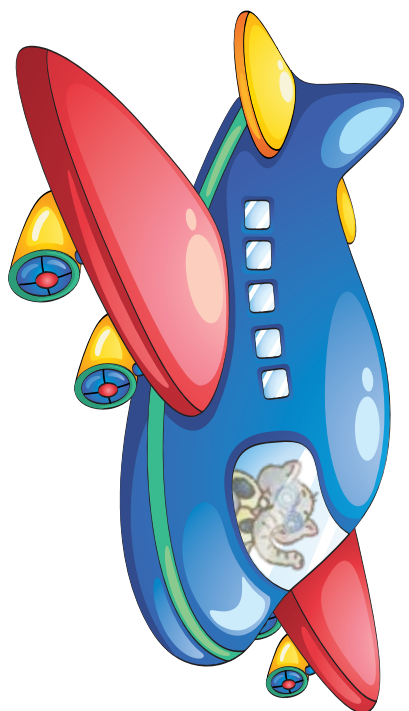
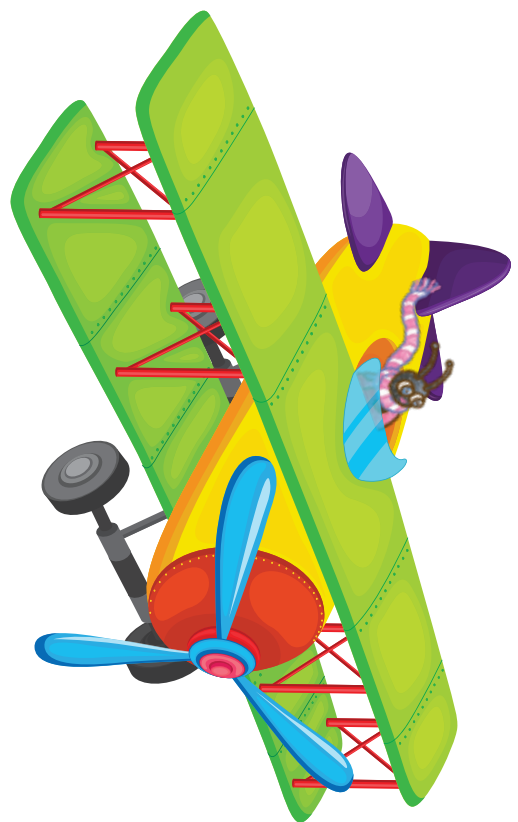


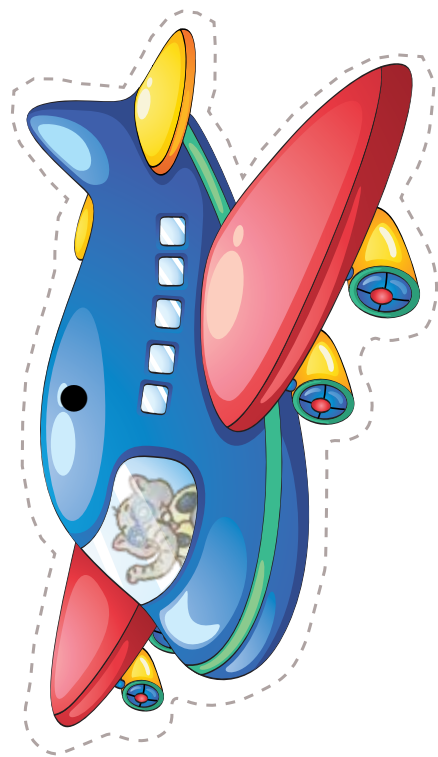
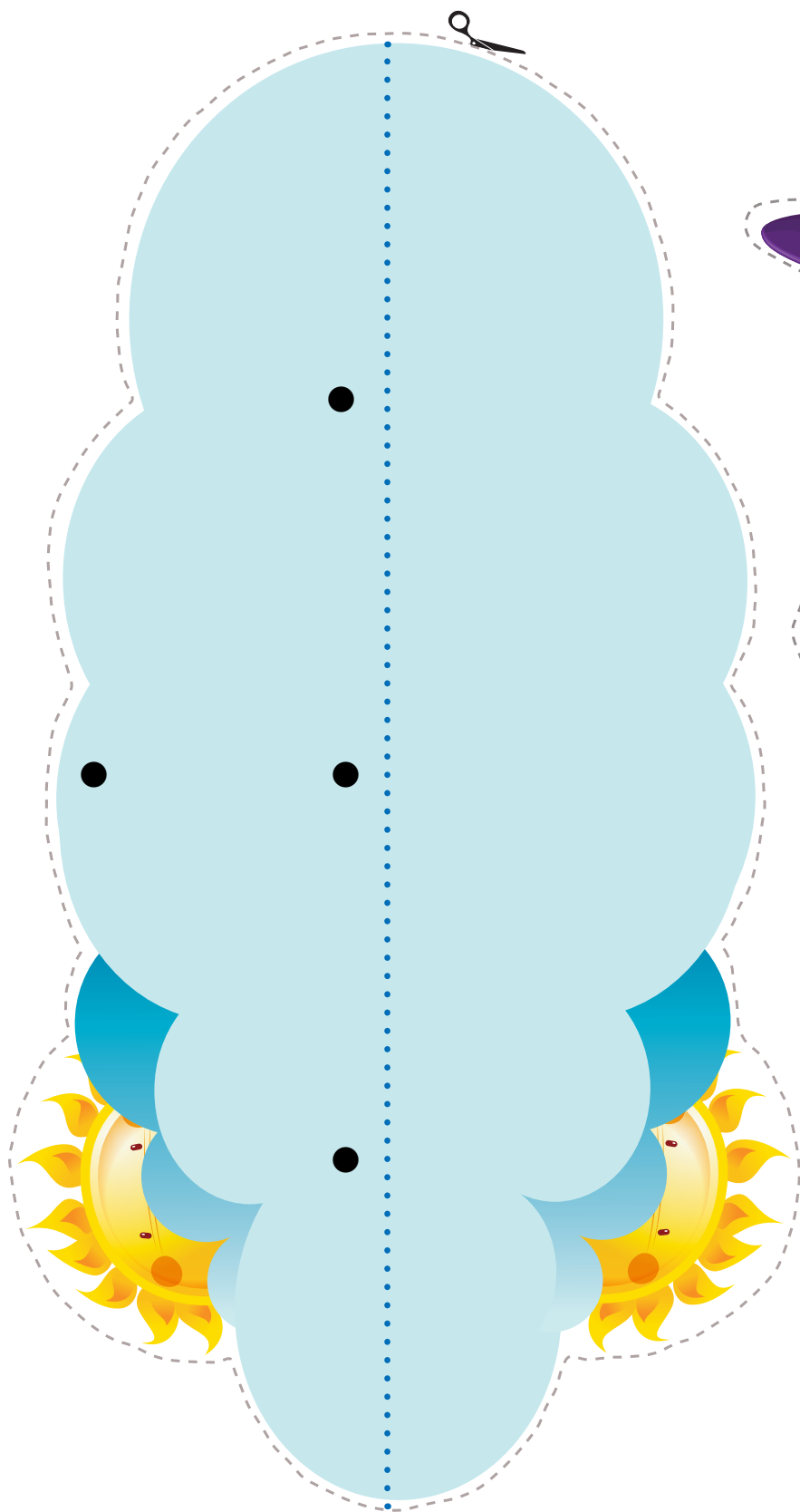
Fantastic Flier Pilots (Page 34)

Do you need a pilot for the flier you made on page 34? Cut out Ladybug, Muddle, or Thud, fold in half, and insert in your paper plane. You can secure your pilot with a piece of tape or a small dab of glue.

(Make sure you wait to cut out these pilots until you have finished making your mobile.)







High Fliers

Art by Mark Saxon



What You'll Need:

scissors

string

What to Do:

1. With a grownup, cut out all the pieces of the mobile on the gray dotted lines.
2. Fold the cloud in half on the blue dotted line.
3. Punch a hole in each black dot. (You might place the pieces on a towel and poke them with a sharp pencil.) The holes in the cloud should go through both sides.
4. To balance the mobile, cut strings of the same length for the two planes. Use a longer string for the red-and-white blimp, and hang it in the middle. Thread the strings through the holes in the aircraft and tie them.
5. Now thread the other ends of the strings through the holes in the cloud and tie them. Thread another string through the hole in the top of the cloud and hang up your new mobile!



