

Ladybug®

the magazine for young children



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www.cricketmag.com

I Spy

Art by
Jerry Smath

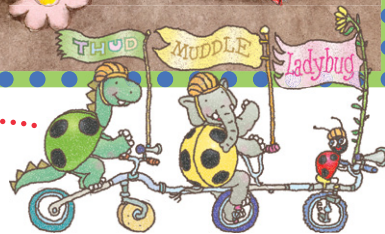
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—BLAST OFF! Can you spy 10 toy rockets in the Blue Moon Toy Store?



art © 2012 by Jerry Smath

Answer on page 35

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



Max and Kate

Art by Brita Granström
Story by Mick Manning



Max and Kate are downtown!

Whenever you see Boing the Bunny, hop on over to www.ladybugmagkids.com!





“The line for lunch is like a long, hungry caterpillar,” chuckles Kate.



“This escalator is like a zigzaggy mountain,”
says Max.



“This subway train is like a rocket to the moon,” says Kate.

On the way home, Kate starts to say, “Mommy’s car is like ...”



Before she can finish, she hears a loud snore.
Max is fast asleep!

Winter Dance

Whisper snowflakes spin and swirl,
They pull me in to twist and twirl.
The wind is music, low and sweet,
The drums, the crunch beneath my feet.
Leaping, I forget the cold,
There's only dancing, bright and bold!



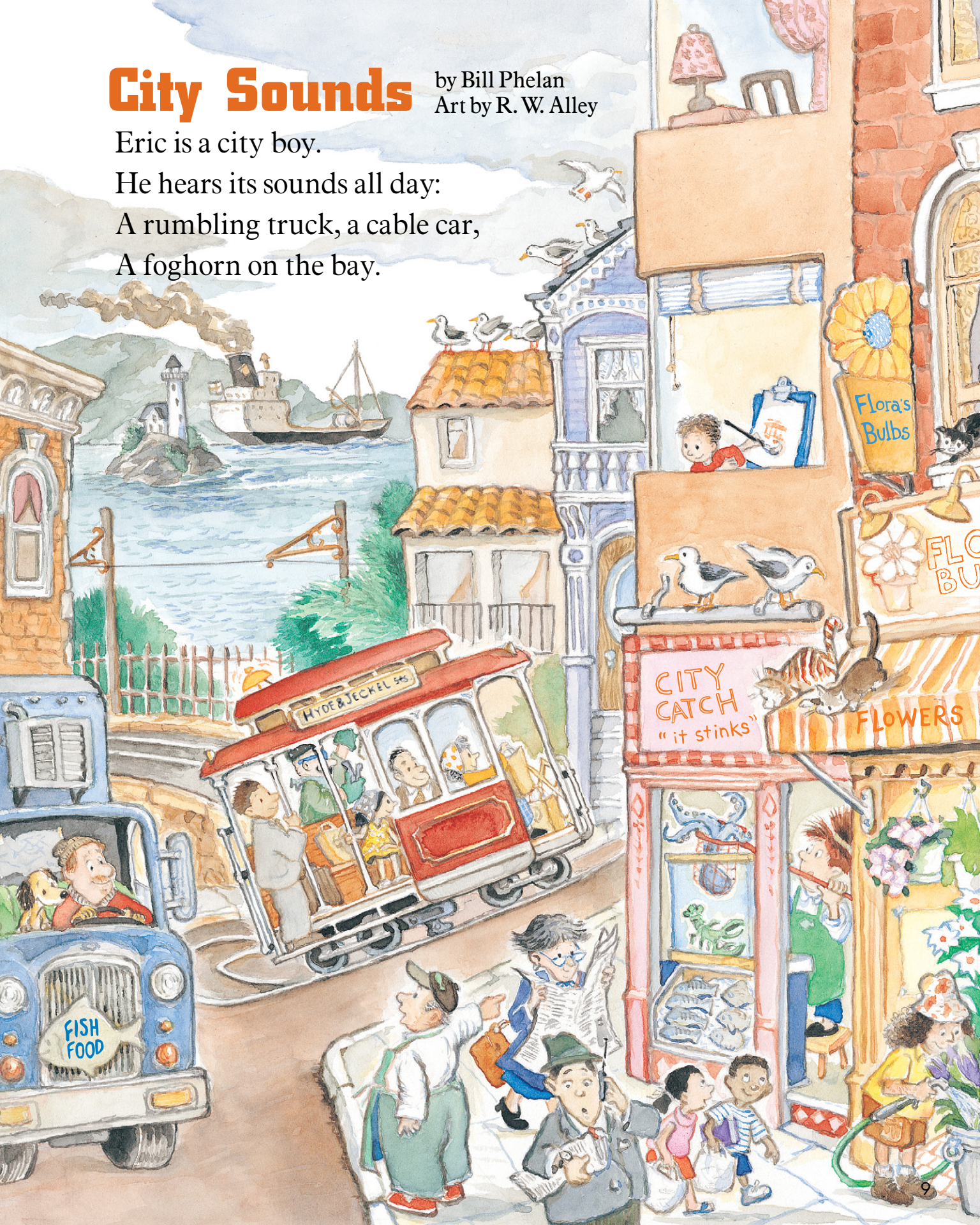
by Linda Kao
Art by Maria Mola

art © 2012 by Maria Mola

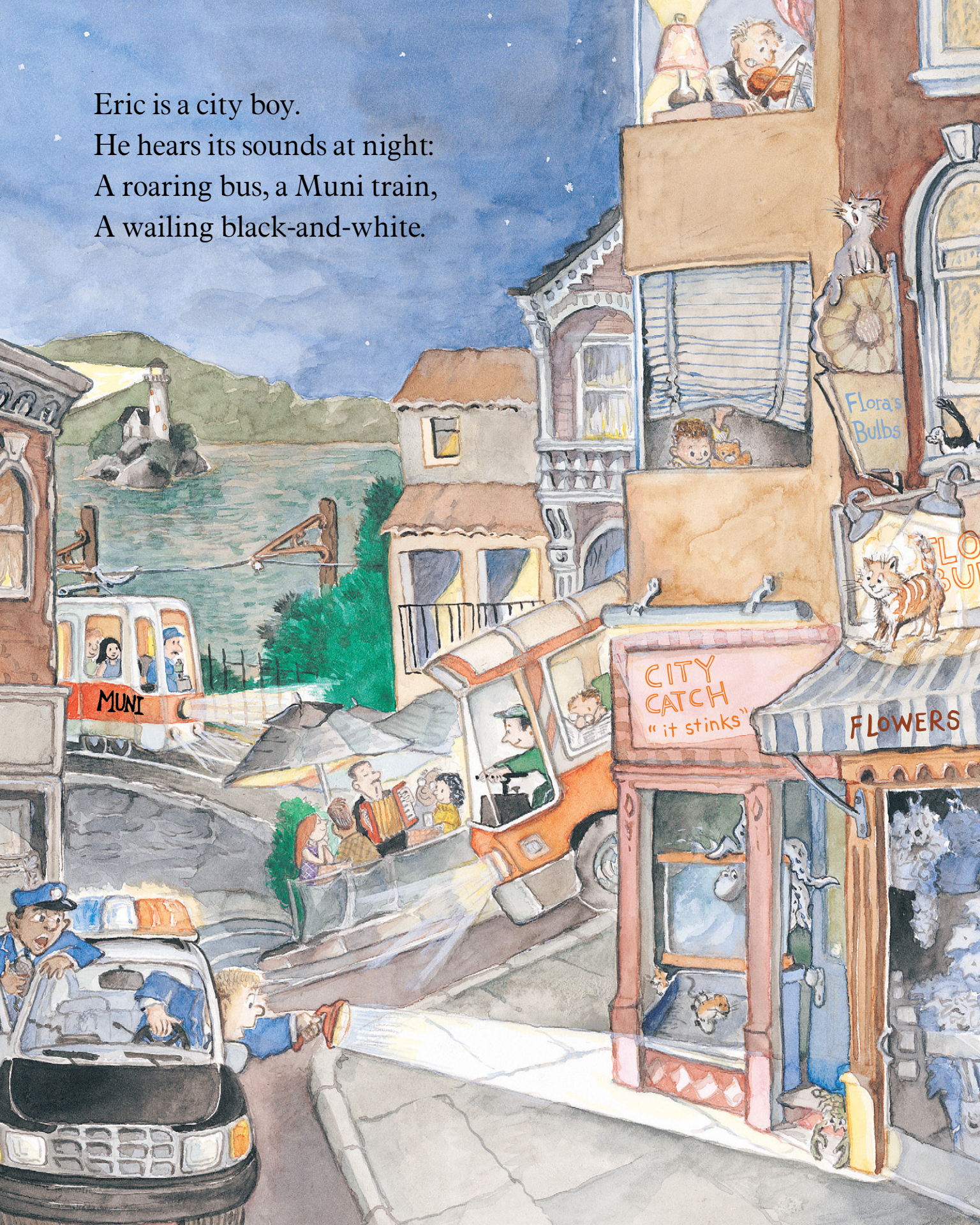
City Sounds

by Bill Phelan
Art by R. W. Alley

Eric is a city boy.
He hears its sounds all day:
A rumbling truck, a cable car,
A foghorn on the bay.



Eric is a city boy.
He hears its sounds at night:
A roaring bus, a Muni train,
A wailing black-and-white.



Making Music

by Bryce Nuess
Art by Cindy Revell



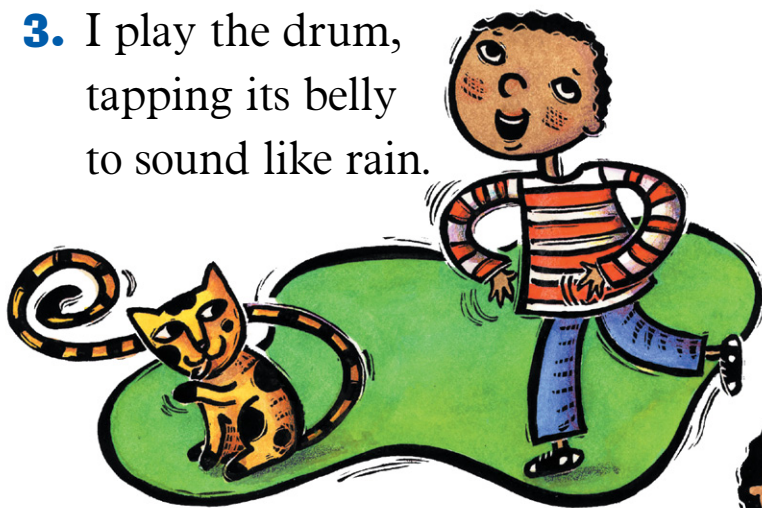
1. I'm a fine musician.
I start off with a bow.



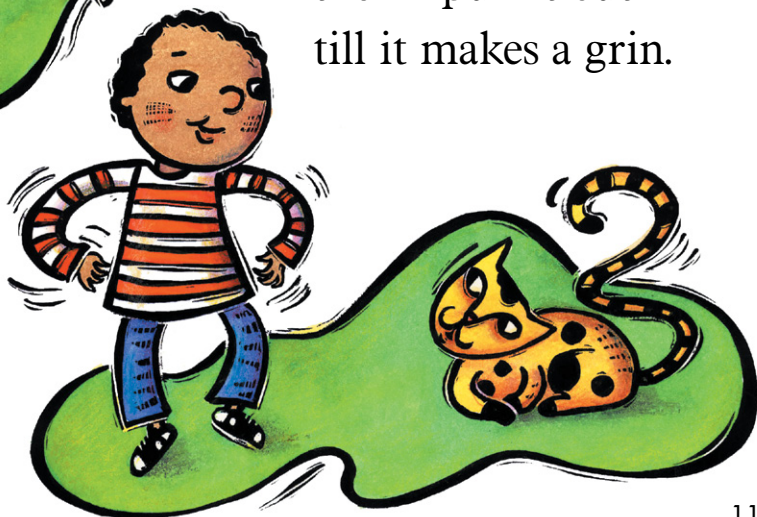
2. My violin goes
under my chin.
I slide my bow over
its golden strings.



3. I play the drum,
tapping its belly
to sound like rain.



4. My favorite is
the accordion.
I squeeze it in,
then I pull it out
till it makes a grin.





Murray Malone

by Peter Himmelman

Art by Jeffrey Ebbeler

E F#7

I know you're in a hur-ry so let me tell you 'bout Mur-ray. He

A B E

comes from Mis-sou-ri, and he al-ways likes to scour-ry a-round.

Woo, come on. Mur-ray's skin is fur-ry, and his

F#7 A

eye-sight is blur-ry, but don't you wor-ry none, 'cause

B E C#7

he's the cool-est mouse in town. Mur-ray is a

F#m G#7

trum-pet play-in' mouse! On those hot St. Lou-is nights—

C#m B7

— he brings down the house. Your fav-or he will cur-ry as his

D C#

notes come in a flur-ry. He's Mur-ray Mal-one, Mis-sou-ri's own—

F#m

trum-pet play-ing mouse!





What Do You See?

by Danny Resner

Art by Dorothy Donohue

What do you see
from your skyscraper window?
The lights in the towers,
a city can glow.
The cars in the streets,
a city can flow.
Neighbors above you
and neighbors below.

Tracy's Apartment Building

by Jonathan Fletcher ❀ Art by Ronald C. Lipking

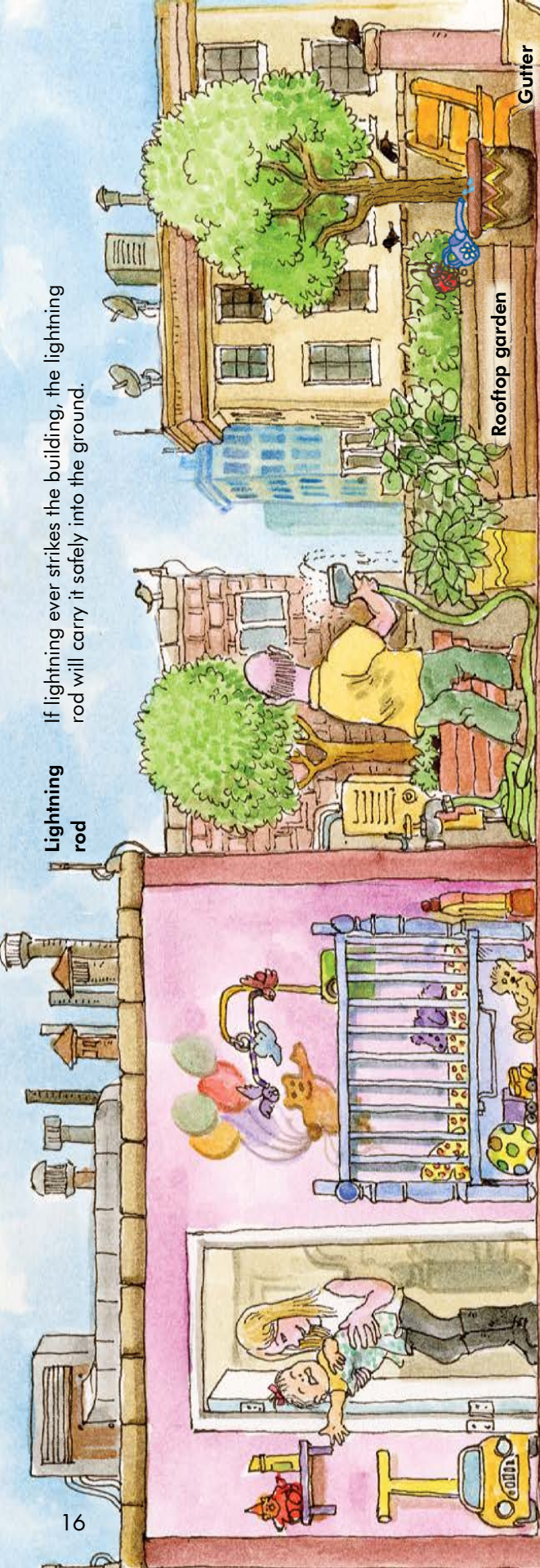
Tracy and Grandma love their apartment building. Grandma says hello to all of the neighbors—there's Mr. Lin! And there are lots of kids to play with Tracy.



Tracy waits for Grandma to unlock the door. She can hear people talking somewhere inside, and little creaks and squeaks. Where do these sounds come from? If she could peel off the front of the apartment building and peek inside, what would she see? Who lives here? What are they doing?

Lightning rod

If lightning ever strikes the building, the lightning rod will carry it safely into the ground.



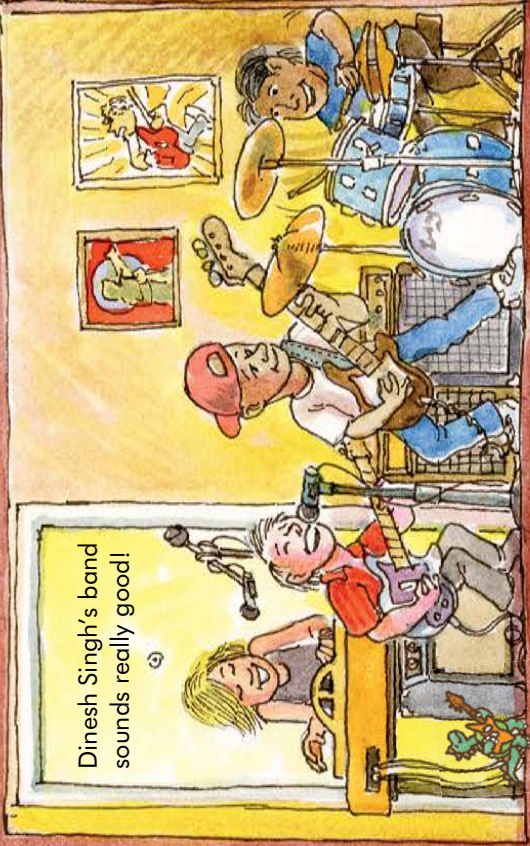
Rooftop garden

Gutter

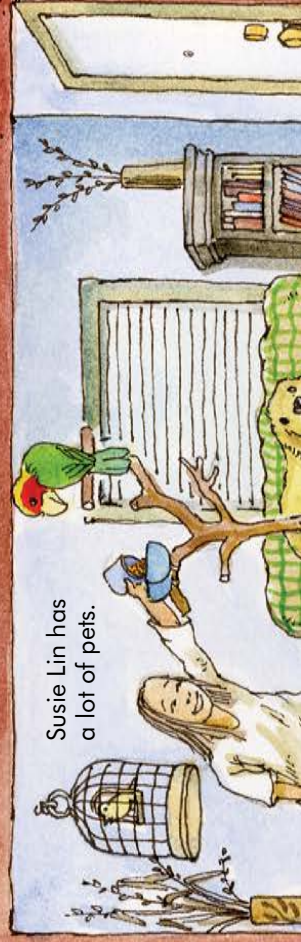
Look! The Greens have an iguana!



Dinesh Singh's band sounds really good!



Susie Lin has a lot of pets.

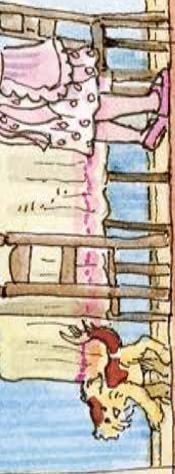
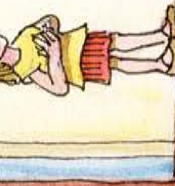


When the lights go out, Miss Fox flips a switch in the fuse box and they come back on.

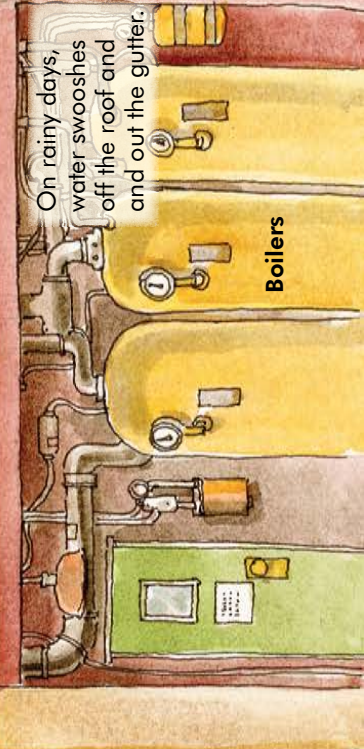
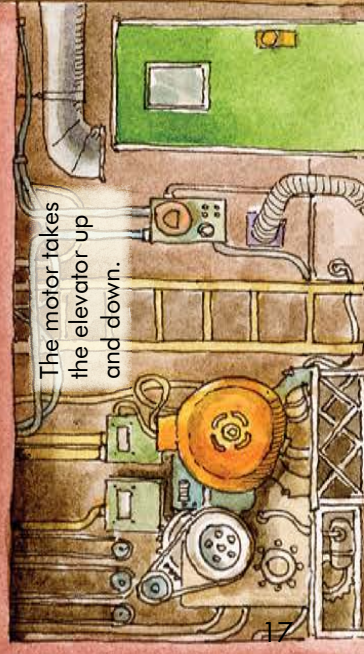




Mrs. Caldwell and Snooker are snuggling.



The neighbors see each other in the lobby.



On rainy days, water swooshes off the roof and out the gutter.

THE MILKY WAY

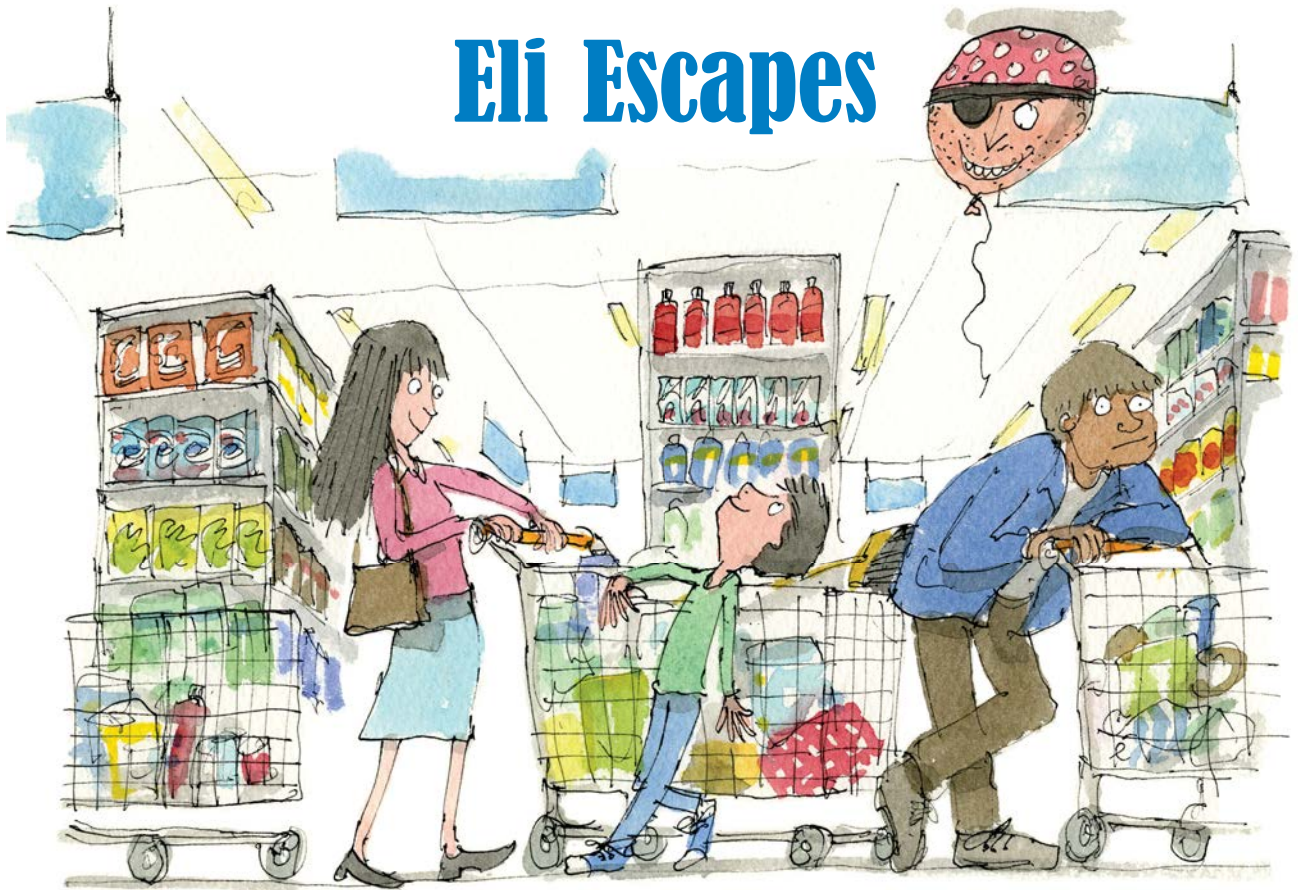
by Shari Lyle-Soffe
Art by Constanze von Kitzing

Someday I'll be an astronaut
And soar to the moon and the stars.
I'll ride on a speeding comet
And eat lunch on the sands of Mars.

I'll fly in a silver rocket
On the path of the Milky Way.
I'll bathe in meteor showers
And dry off in the sun's warm rays.



Eli Escapes



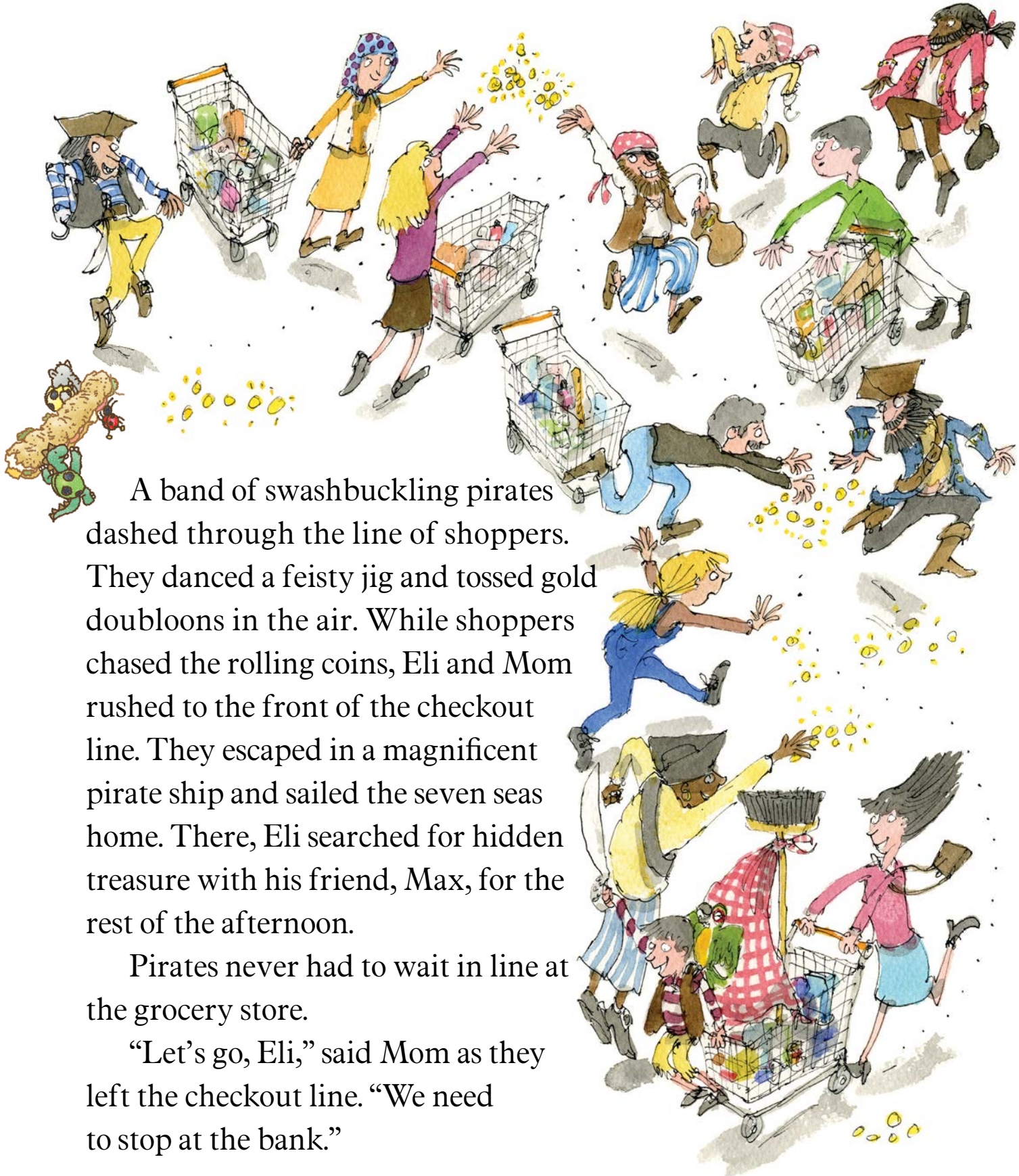
“**M**om, why do we always have to wait in line?” asked Eli. He slumped against the grocery cart.

“We’re waiting our turn,” said Mom.

Eli sighed and rolled his head back to stare at the ceiling. An escaped pirate balloon bobbed up and down against the flat white lights. One of the pirate’s eyes was covered with a coal-black patch, and the other winked down at Eli.

If I were a pirate, I wouldn’t have to wait in line, thought Eli. He flashed his jeweled saber and shouted to the trusty crew, “*Aarrrr*, maties! Clear the bloomin’ decks!”

by Suzanne W. Paynter
Art by Rupert van Wyk



A band of swashbuckling pirates dashed through the line of shoppers. They danced a feisty jig and tossed gold doubloons in the air. While shoppers chased the rolling coins, Eli and Mom rushed to the front of the checkout line. They escaped in a magnificent pirate ship and sailed the seven seas home. There, Eli searched for hidden treasure with his friend, Max, for the rest of the afternoon.

Pirates never had to wait in line at the grocery store.

“Let’s go, Eli,” said Mom as they left the checkout line. “We need to stop at the bank.”

“Will there be a line there, too?” asked Eli.

“Maybe,” said Mom.

“*Aargh*,” grumbled Eli.

The line at the bank looked even longer than the grocery store line.

Whoosh! What was that sound? Eli peered over the bank counter to the drive-through. Customers were placing plastic tubes in some sort of portal, pressing a button, and *swoosh*—the tubes zoomed through the air to the bank teller inside. It looked like a starship launcher!

Starship commanders don’t have to wait in line at the bank, thought Eli. He switched on his light laser and flipped open his star command communication device. “Command Control, come in! We’ve got a long line here at Galactic Bank. Please send backup!” he ordered.

A fleet of starships swooped down to the bank parking lot. The people in line rushed out the door to gape at the sleek, blinking starships. “Can we have a ride?” they begged. While the starship commanders took turns giving rides, Mom and Eli swept to the front of the line. Eli whisked out his tele-transporter gadget and beamed them home to watch back-to-back episodes of *Star Guys Planet*.

Starship commanders never had to wait in line at the bank.



“Eli,” said Mom as they left the bank, “want to pick up dinner at Burger Barn on the way home?”

“Will we get to wait in line?” asked Eli.

“Possibly,” said Mom.

Eli smiled.

They left the bank and zoomed over to Burger Barn, where the line was longer than a clippety-cloppin’ mule train. But Eli didn’t mind. Cowboy sheriffs never have to wait in line at Burger Barn!



“Please step aside, mister. Step aside, ma’am.”

Sheriff Eli tipped his ten-gallon hat, gave his silver spurs a whirl, and swaggered to the front of the line. No one minded. Sheriff Eli was the hero of Goldtown.

“Have you caught any cattle rustlers today, Sheriff?”
the pigtailed waitress asked.

“Only ’bout twenty or thirty. Got ’em all locked up
so Goldtown is safe once more.”

Everyone in Burger Barn whooped and hollered.

“All in a day’s work,” said Sheriff Eli. “Now my
throat’s full of trail dust, and my belly’s growlin’
somethin’ fierce.”

While he waited for his food he let the young ’uns
twirl his sparkling silver spurs and tie knots in his
lasso.





“Thank ye kindly,” he said to the Burger Barn waitress. She piled on extra fries. Sheriff Eli tipped his hat and rode off into the sunset eating his Golden Chicken Nuggets, French fries, and milk.

“O.K., Eli, let’s go,” said Mom.

“Wh-what?” said Eli.

“We’re finished with our errands for today,” said Mom. “How about meeting Max at the park?”

“Max, me matey?” said Eli. “Bloomin’ great idea!”

“You might have to wait in line for the slide.”

“Star command check!”

“And maybe the swings, too.”

“Always glad to step aside until my turn, ma’am,”

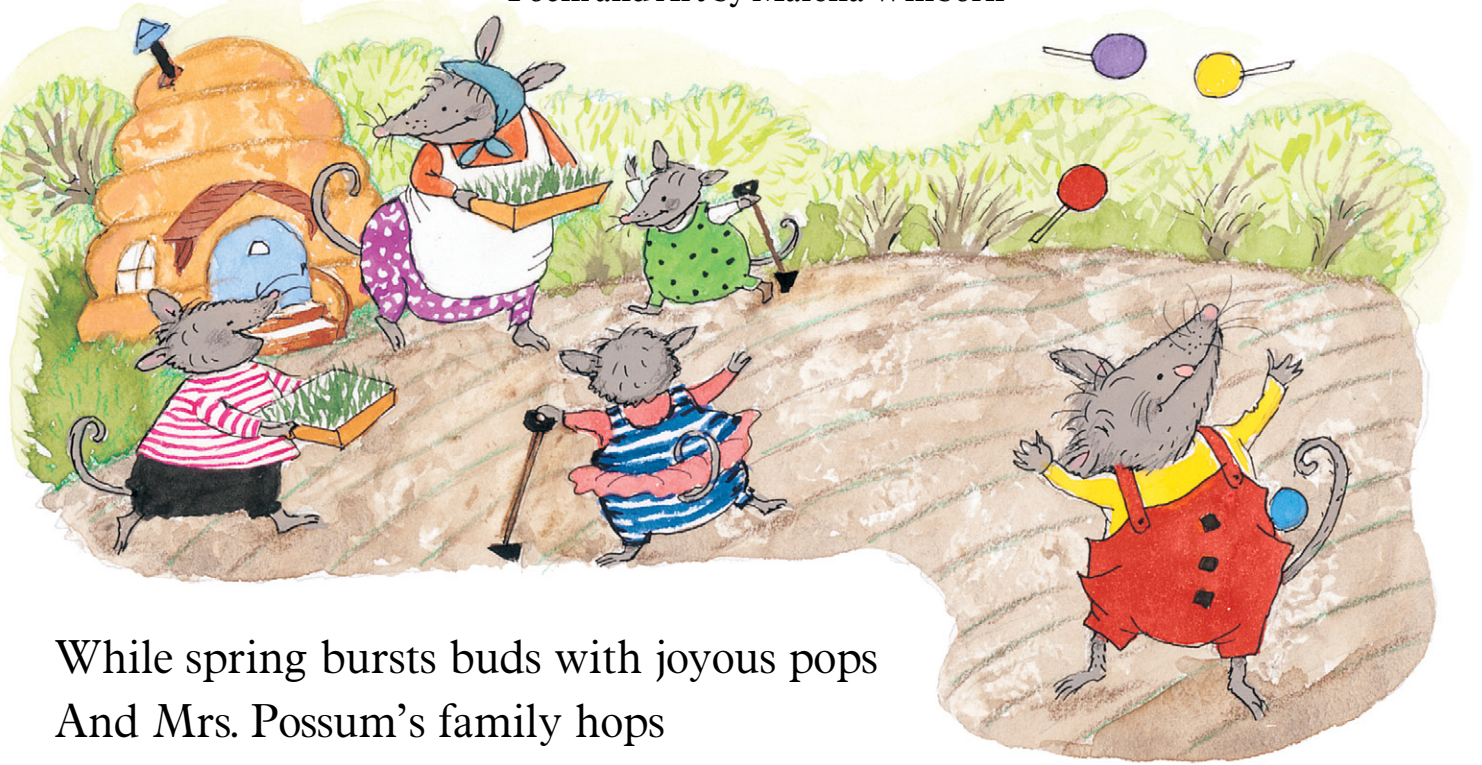
Eli drawled.

Mom laughed as Eli hoisted himself into the car and swashbuckled his seatbelt. She fired up their sleek galactic starship and they followed the winding, dusty trail to the park. 🦋

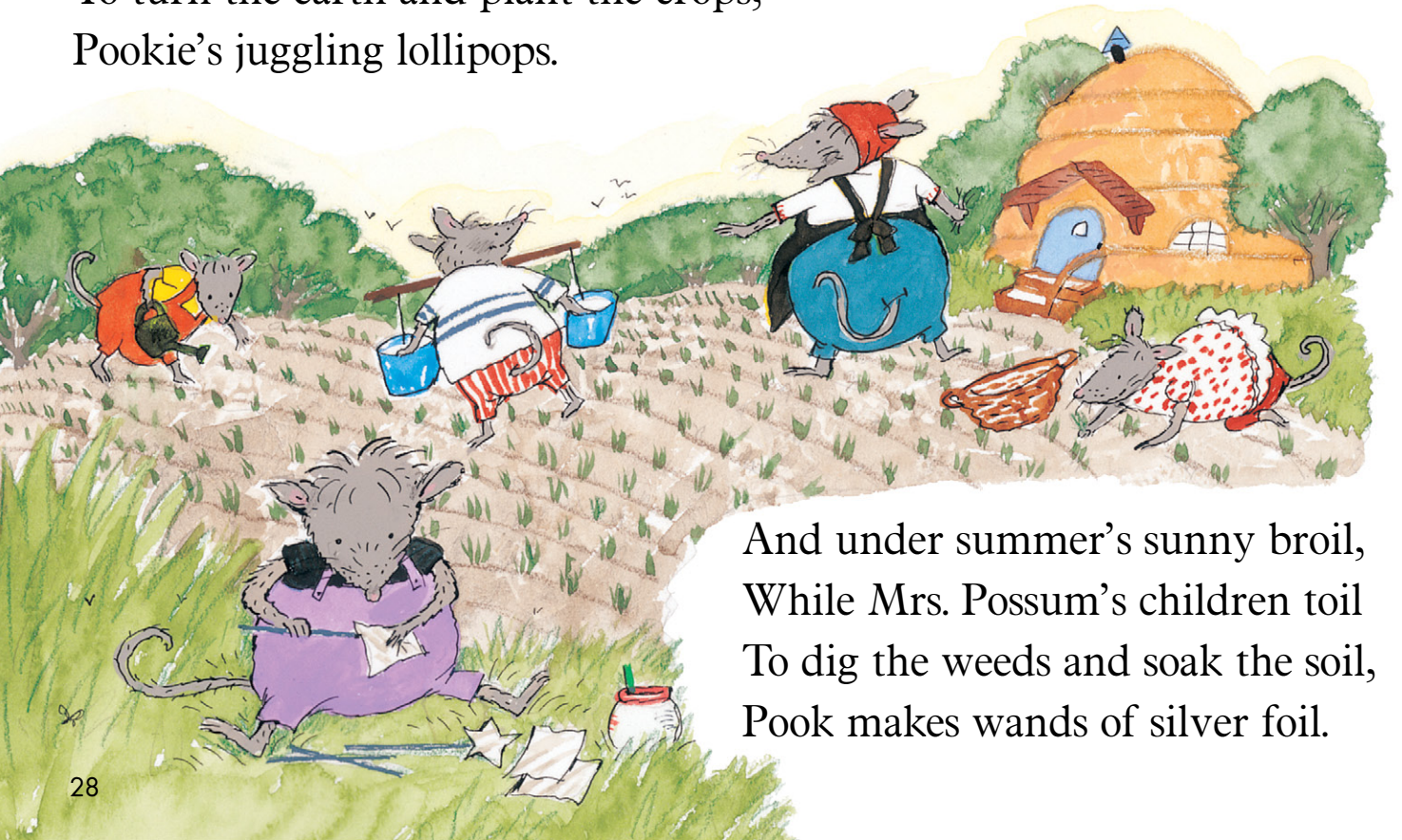


Mrs. Possum's Pookie


Poem and Art by Marsha Winborn



While spring bursts buds with joyous pops
And Mrs. Possum's family hops
To turn the earth and plant the crops,
Pookie's juggling lollipops.

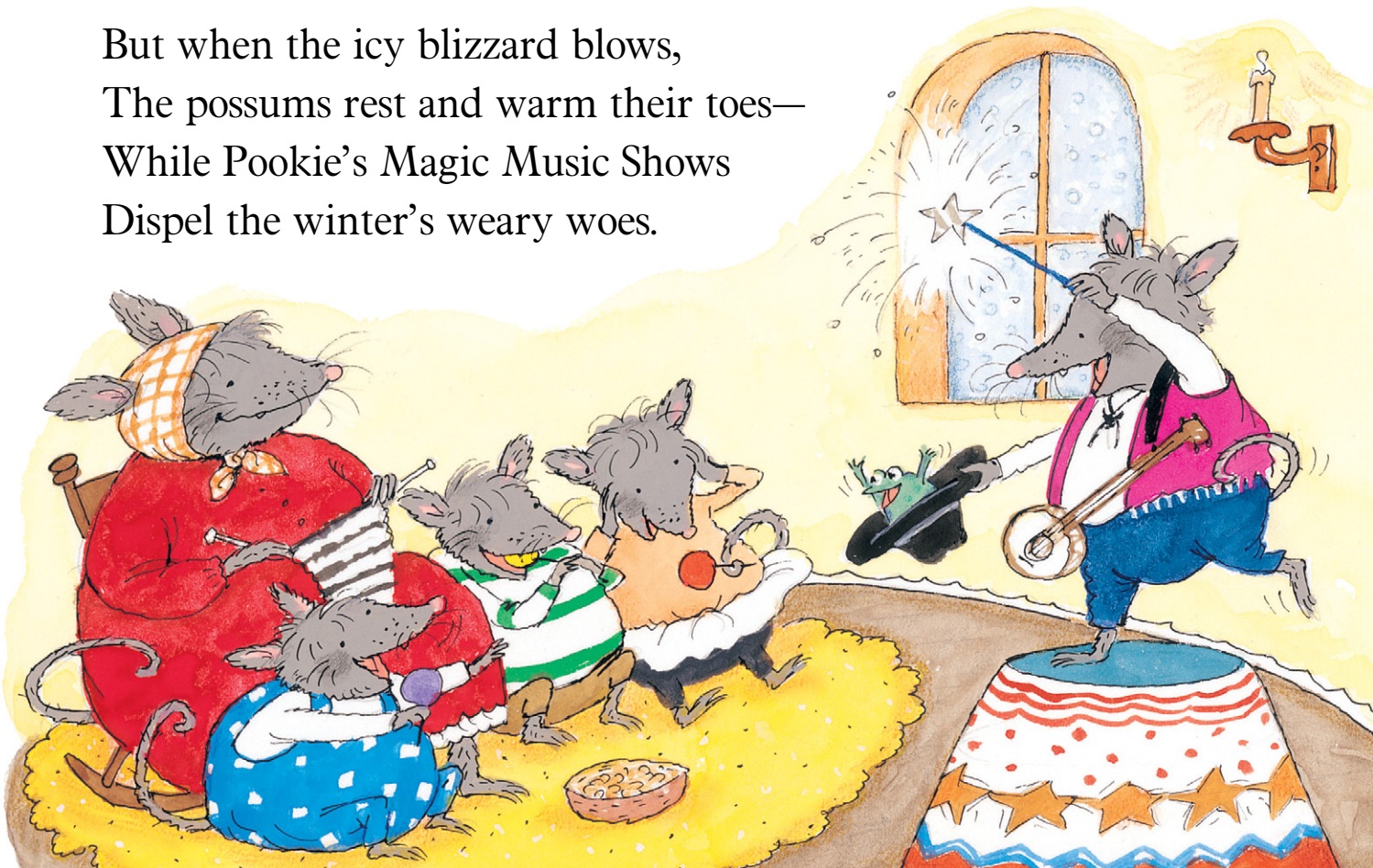


And under summer's sunny broil,
While Mrs. Possum's children toil
To dig the weeds and soak the soil,
Pook makes wands of silver foil.

A whimsical illustration of possums in an autumn garden. One possum sits on a sunflower, another climbs a ladder to reach a flower, a third carries a large basket on its head, and a fourth stands on a ladder pouring seeds. A possum wearing a hat and vest plays a banjo. Two baskets of seeds sit on the ground. The scene is filled with large sunflowers and falling leaves.

As leaves go flying, autumn-hued,
And Mrs. Possum and her brood
Industriously gather food,
Pook's a banjo-pickin' dude.

But when the icy blizzard blows,
The possums rest and warm their toes—
While Pookie's Magic Music Shows
Dispel the winter's weary woes.



Picture Books in Winter

by Robert Louis Stevenson ❄️ Art by Omar Rayyan

Summer fading, winter comes—
Frosty morning, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture storybooks.

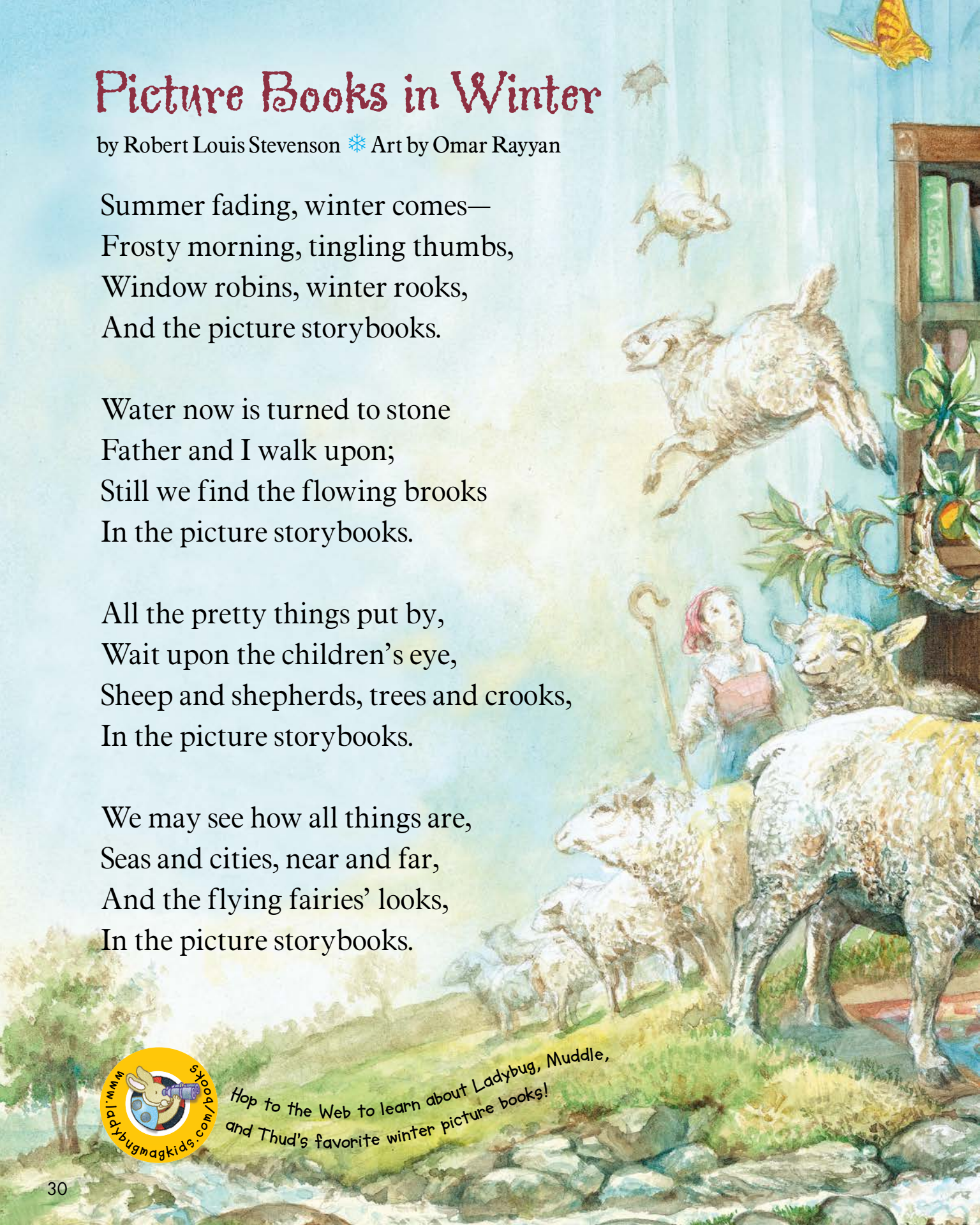
Water now is turned to stone
Father and I walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture storybooks.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture storybooks.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture storybooks.



Hop to the Web to learn about Ladybug, Muddle,
and Thud's favorite winter picture books!



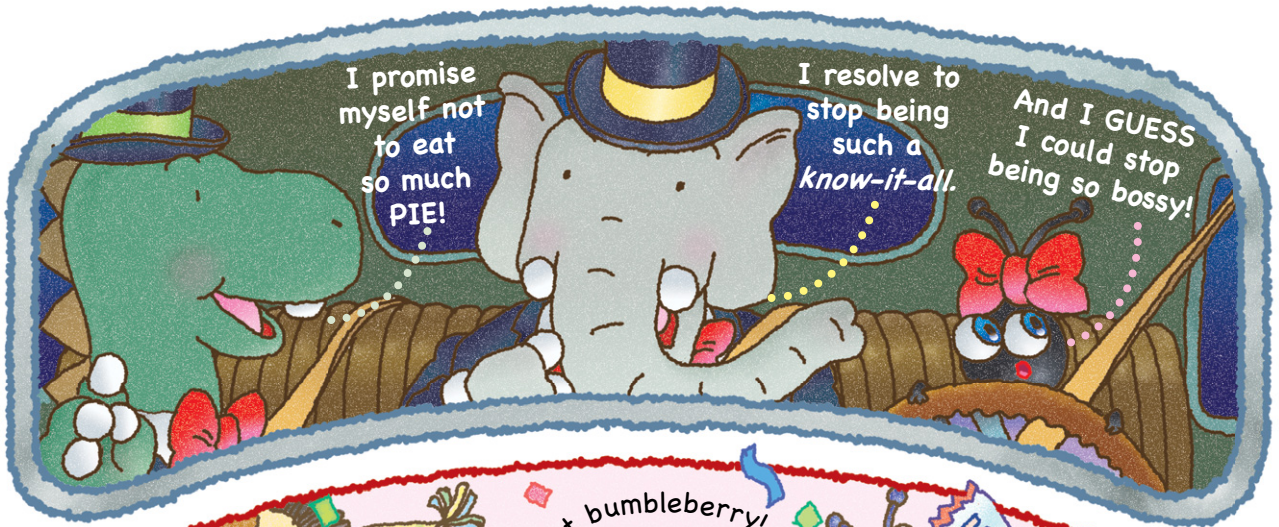


New Year's
Resolutions

Ladybug, Muddle, & Thud



by John Sandford



I promise myself not to eat so much PIE!

I resolve to stop being such a know-it-all.

And I GUESS I could stop being so bossy!



LOOK! PIE! I want bumbleberry!

Thud, did you know bumbleberry is not really a fruit? It's a jumble of different fruits and berries . . .

MUDDLE! Less talking, more pie!

Peachy!

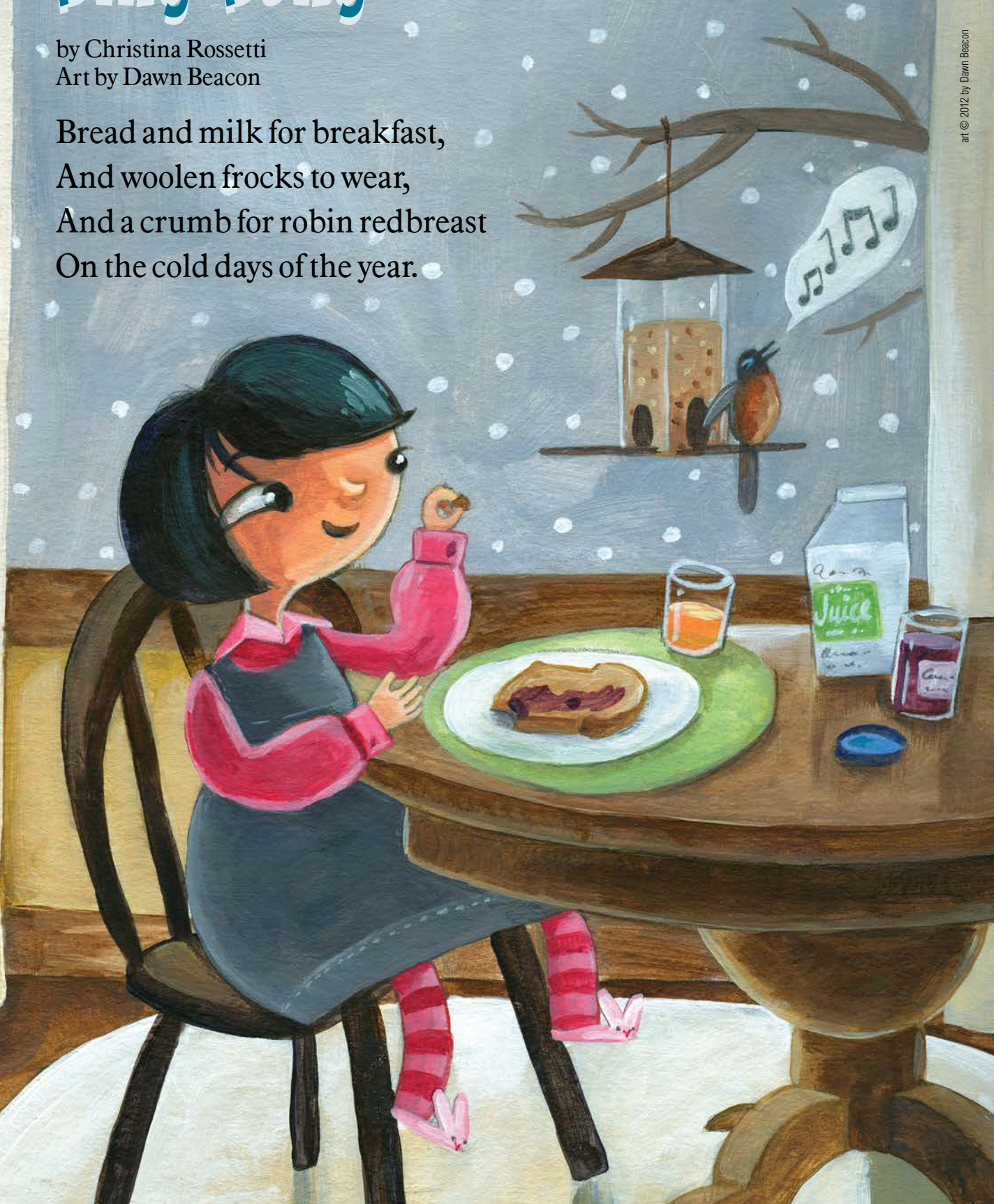
Ha! Those resolutions didn't last long!

Sing-Song

by Christina Rossetti

Art by Dawn Beacon

Bread and milk for breakfast,
And woolen frocks to wear,
And a crumb for robin redbreast
On the cold days of the year.





Your Turn! Send us a poem about outer space. Be sure to include your complete name, age, and address. Your poem must be signed by a parent or legal guardian, authorizing us to feature it on our website. Only first names and last initials will be used. Send to LADYBUG SPACE, 70 East Lake Street, Suite 300, Chicago, IL 60601, or email to ladybug@ladybugmagkids.com. We'll post our favorites at www.ladybugmagkids.com/yourturn.

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The Parade of the Months

Art by Matt Smith

These boys and girls are skating, dancing, skipping, and running through the twelve months of the year. You can help them stay in line.



Cut out the twelve cards and mix them faceup in front of you. January is the first month. Can you arrange the months following January in the right order? The colored rings will help you.



MOLLY AND EMMETT

BY Marilyn Hafner

Dad is taking us to watch the ice show at the skating rink!

I can try out my new skates!



We aren't allowed on the ice, Em. The judges are looking for the best skaters.



I'll get popcorn. Save our seats, Emmett.

O.K., Molly.

No one's on the ice yet. I'll just take a few turns.

FREE! FREE! WIN A FREE SEASON TICKET!

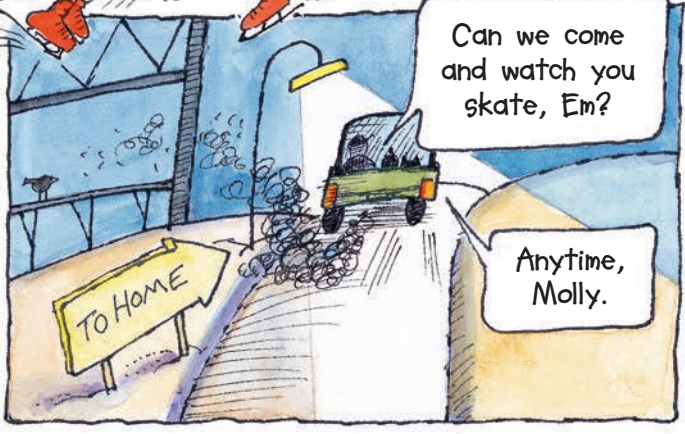
Hey, the guy in the cat suit is good!

Wow!



And the winner of the season ticket is . . . Emmett!

Thank you.



Can we come and watch you skate, Em?

Anytime, Molly.