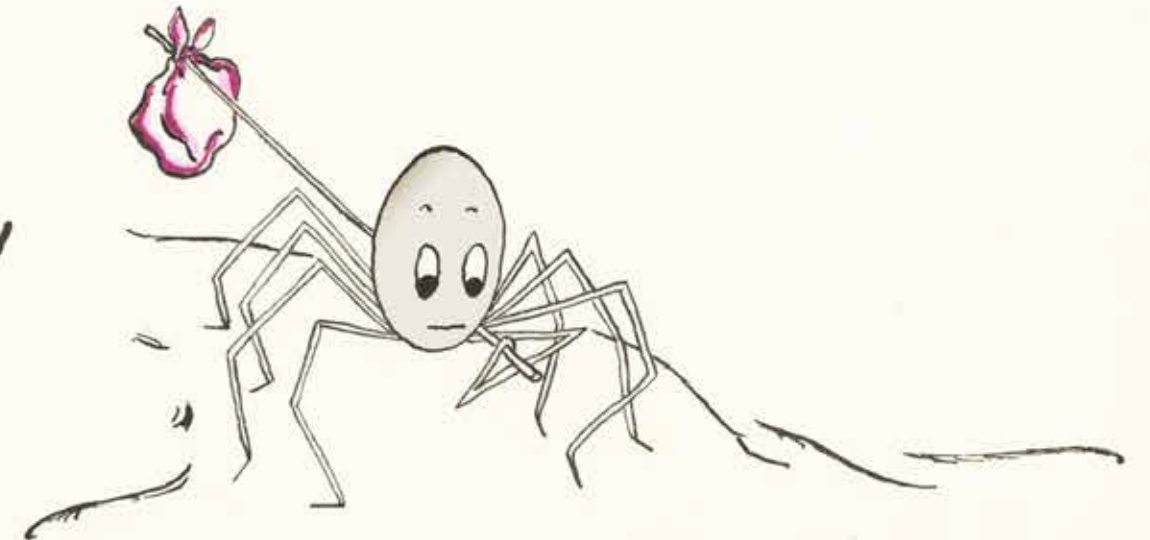


# The New Neighbor

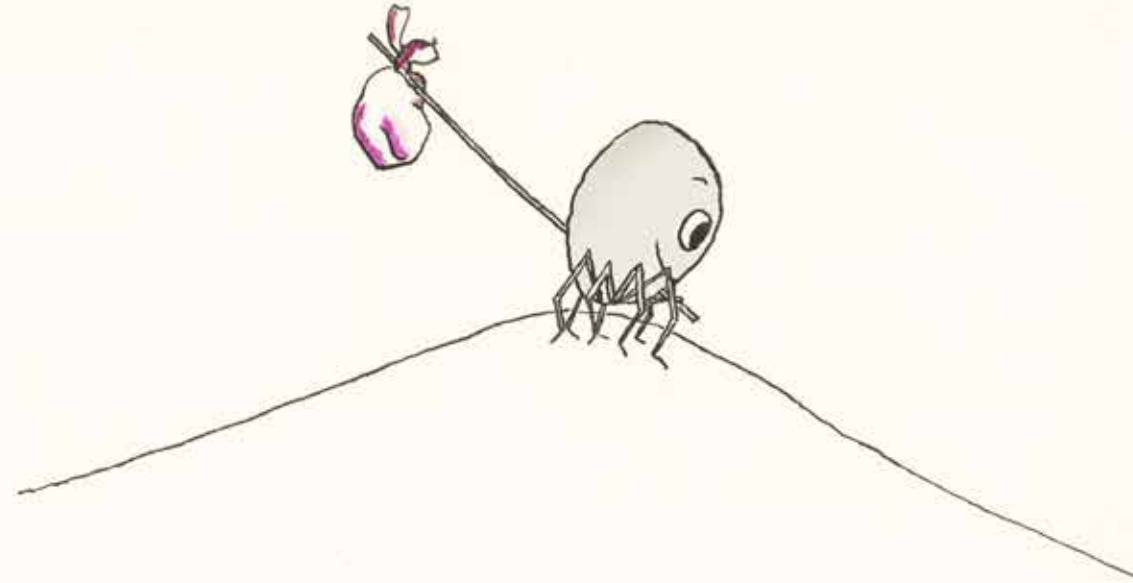
by

Irma Webber

It was a warm summer day and as Spider walked along the dusty road he felt very tired. He remembered the cool spring day when he had set out on this road, and how he had wanted to see where it led. Now, while he walked along, he knew that he did not want to travel anymore.



Spider left the road and climbed to the top of a nearby hill. Below he saw a beautiful green meadow with many flowers and a bubbling brook.



The yellow daisies nodding in the breeze seemed to ask him to stay, and that is just what he did.

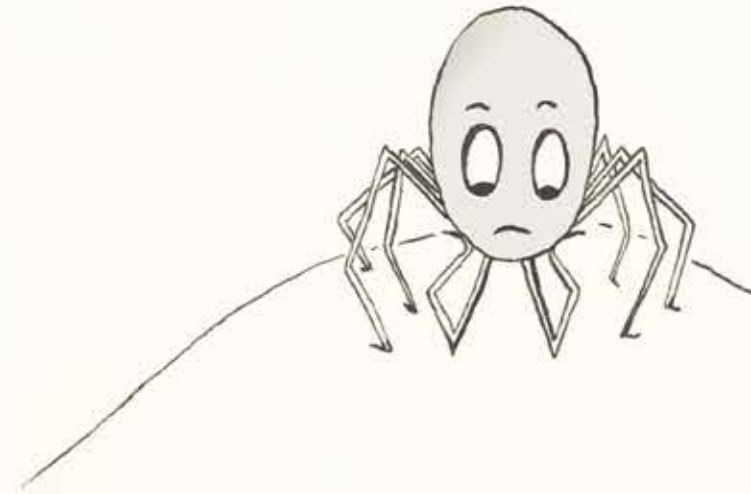




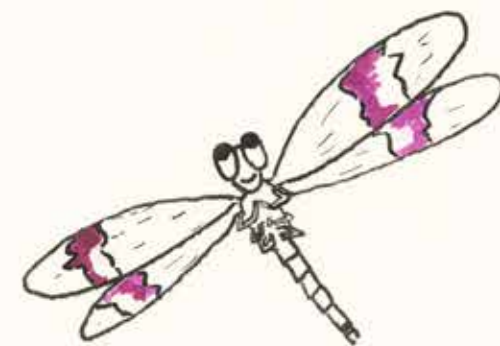
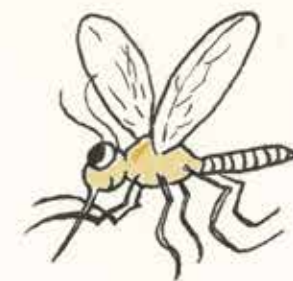
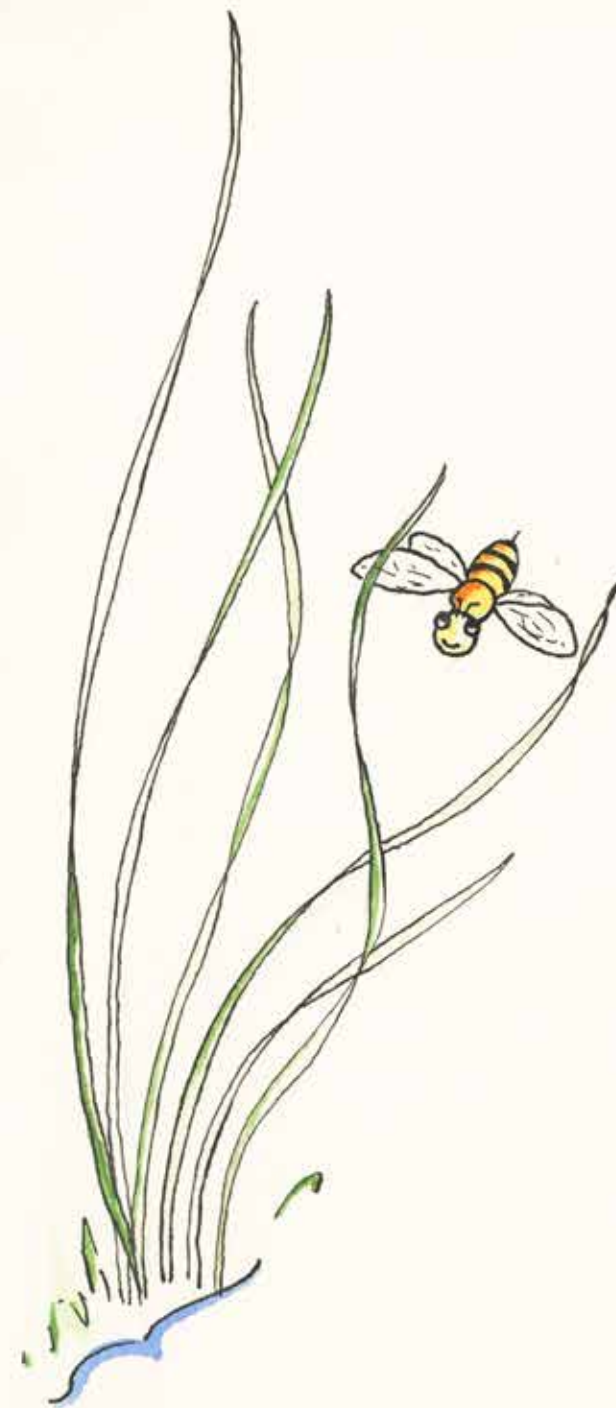
Beneath some  
big purple thistles  
he spun himself a  
new home. It was  
a nice home and  
Spider was very  
proud of it.



But as the days passed  
he grew unhappy. No  
one had come to see  
him or his new home.  
Spider was lonely.

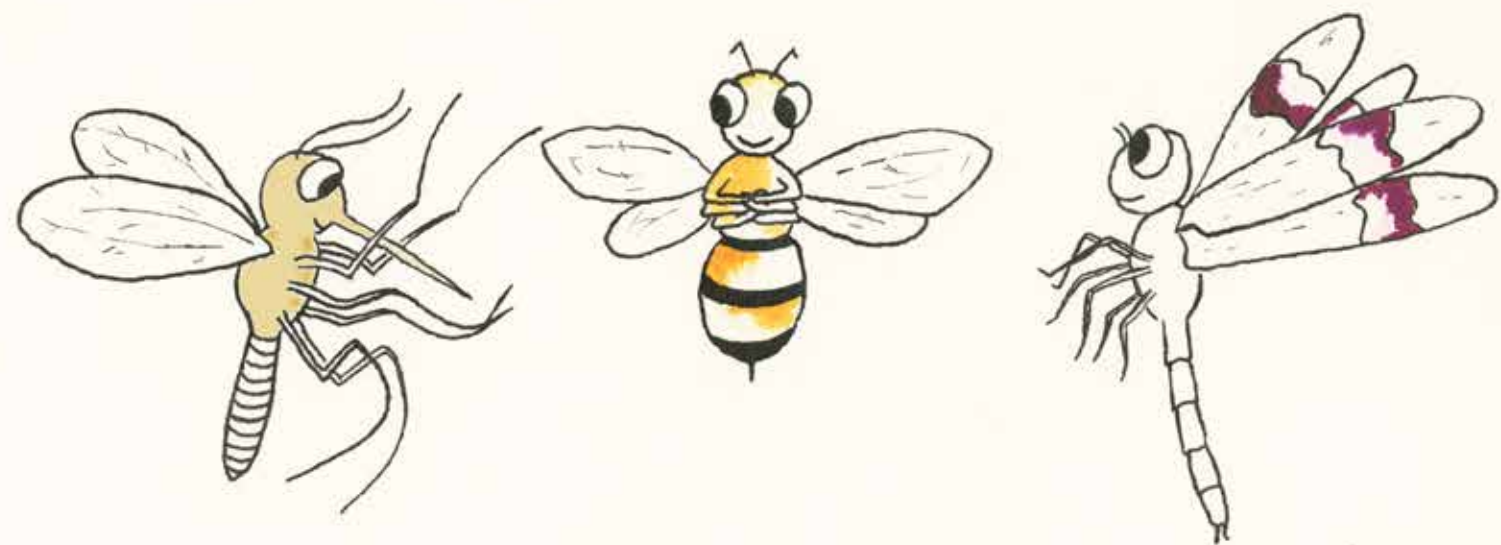


One day as he was  
down by the brook Spider  
saw Mosquito, Dragonfly, and  
Bee flying between the reeds.  
He decided to invite them  
to see his new home.



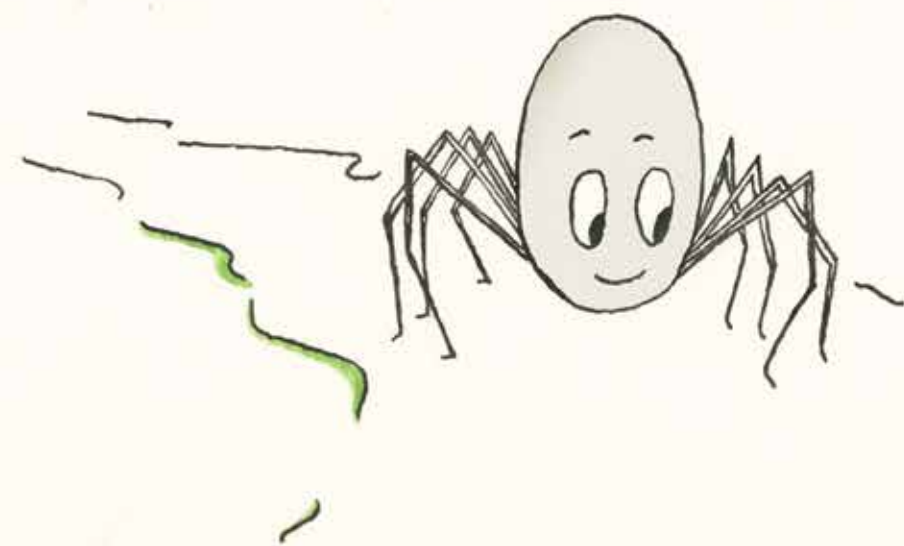
"Would you come," Spider  
began, but before he had finished,  
Mosquito, Dragonfly, and Bee  
had flown further down the  
brook.

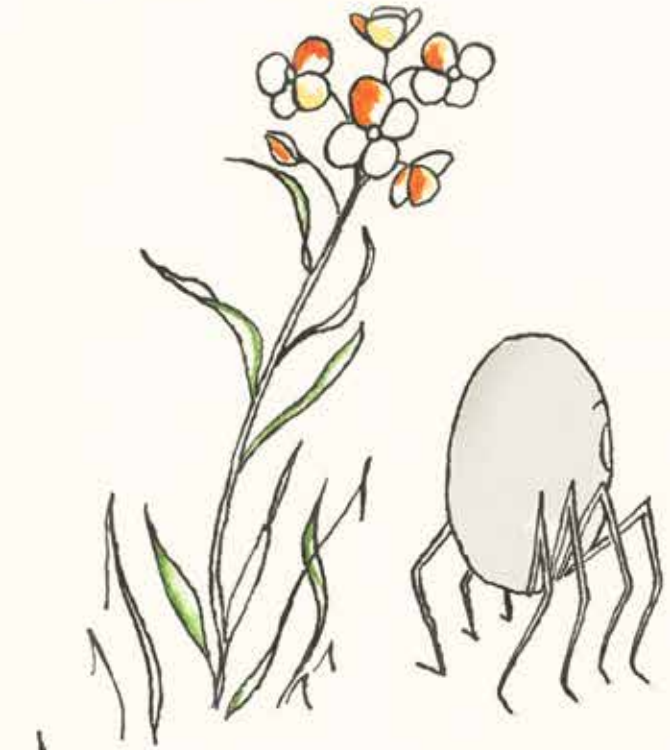




"Isn't he new around here?" asked Bee. "Yes", answered Dragonfly, "but he can't fly." "He would be no fun to know," added Mosquito.

Spider thought that they did not hear him, and started home.





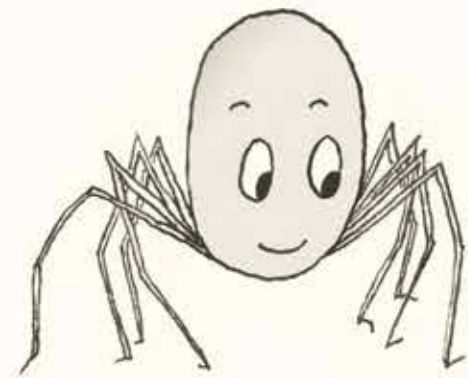
On his way, Spider  
went by the old log where  
Centipede and Lady Bug lived.

"Who is he?" asked Centipede from inside the  
log. "I don't know," answered Lady Bug.

"What a dull color he is,  
I would not like to be  
seen with him."

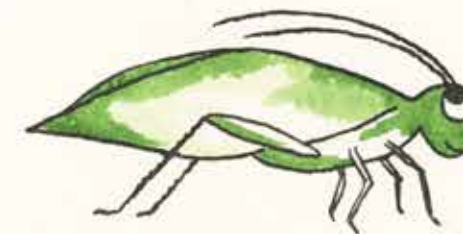




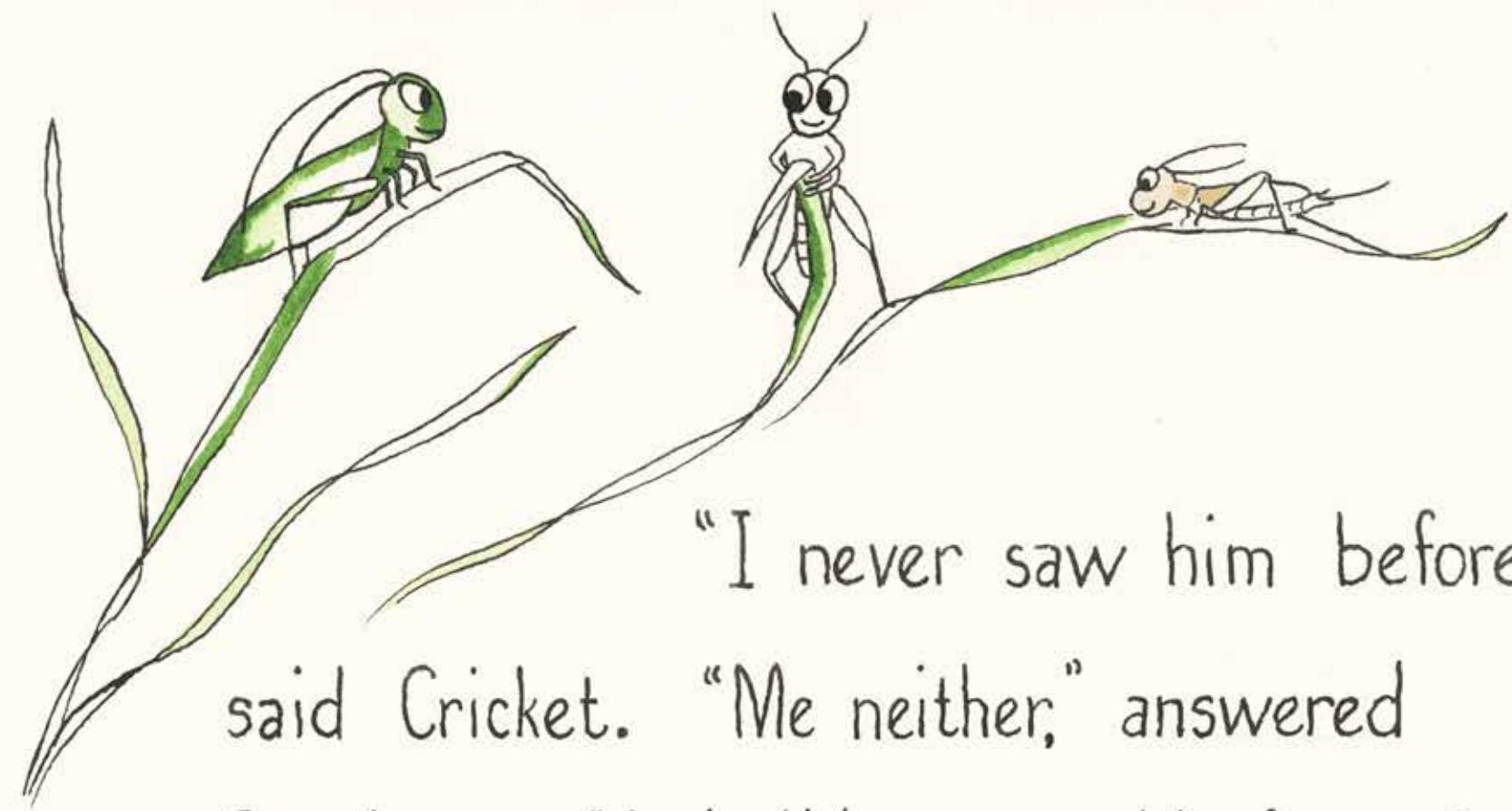


Beyond the log, Spider started across the large grassy part of the meadow. Ahead he saw Cricket, Grasshopper, and Katydid playing leapfrog.

Spider thought that maybe they would like to visit him and see his new home, but before he could ask, they had hopped away through the grass.





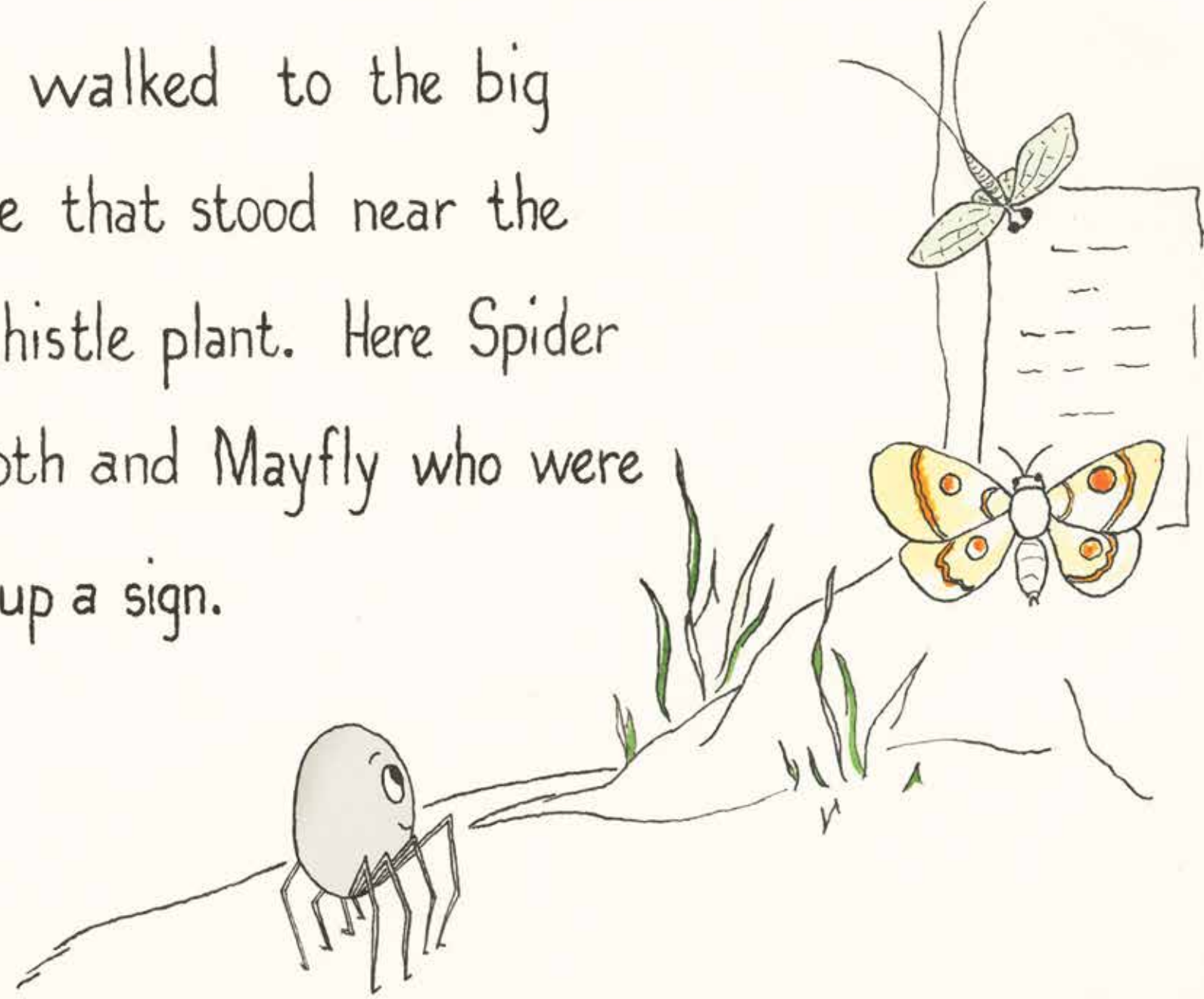


"I never saw him before,"  
said Cricket. "Me neither," answered  
Grasshopper, "And did you see his funny legs?  
He couldn't hop over anybody's back with those."  
"I wouldn't want to play with him," added  
Katydid.

Spider thought that they had not seen him,  
and went on his way.



He walked to the big oak tree that stood near the purple thistle plant. Here Spider met Moth and Mayfly who were tacking up a sign.

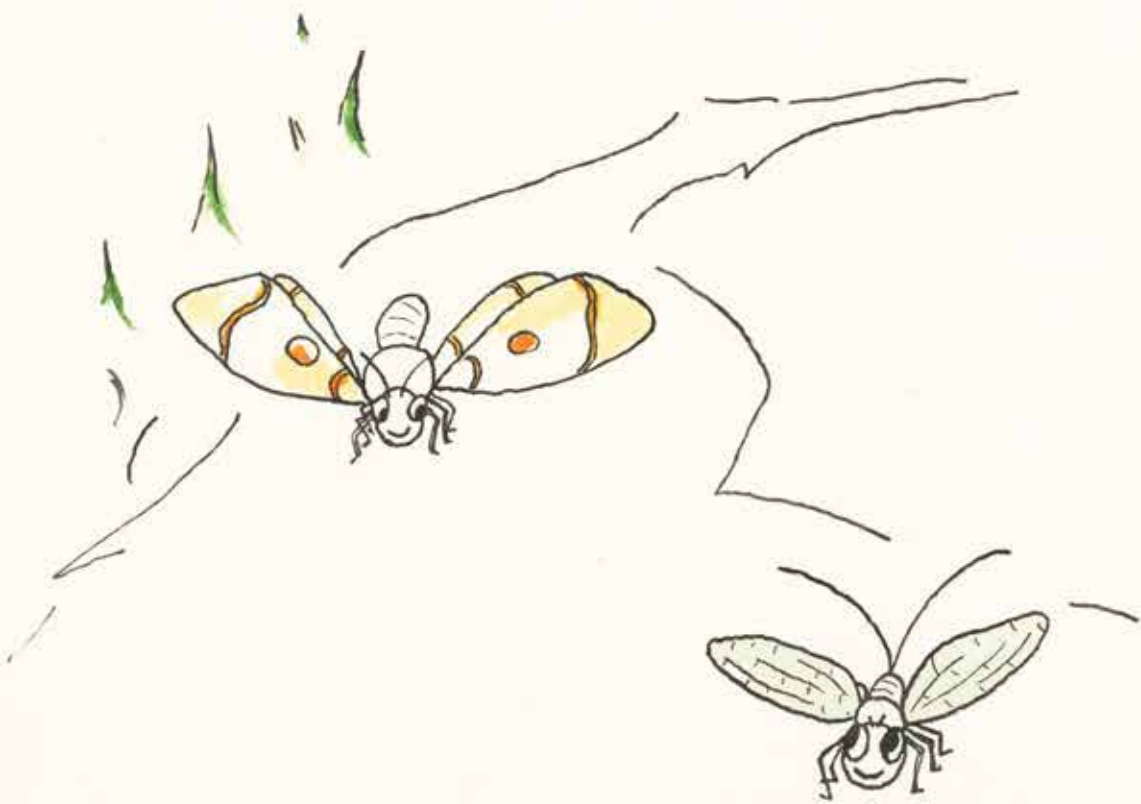


"Would you like to visit me and see my new home this afternoon?" Spider asked them. "Thank you," said Moth, "but we couldn't." "We are very busy," added Mayfly, and the two hurried off down the path.





Spider did not hear Mayfly say to Moth  
"Isn't he clumsy looking?" Neither did he  
hear Moth agree.



Instead, he looked at the sign on the  
tree. It told of the mid summer  
party to be held  
that evening  
near the brook,  
and invited all of the meadow folk to come.  
Spider thought, "I will go to that and meet  
all of my neighbors."

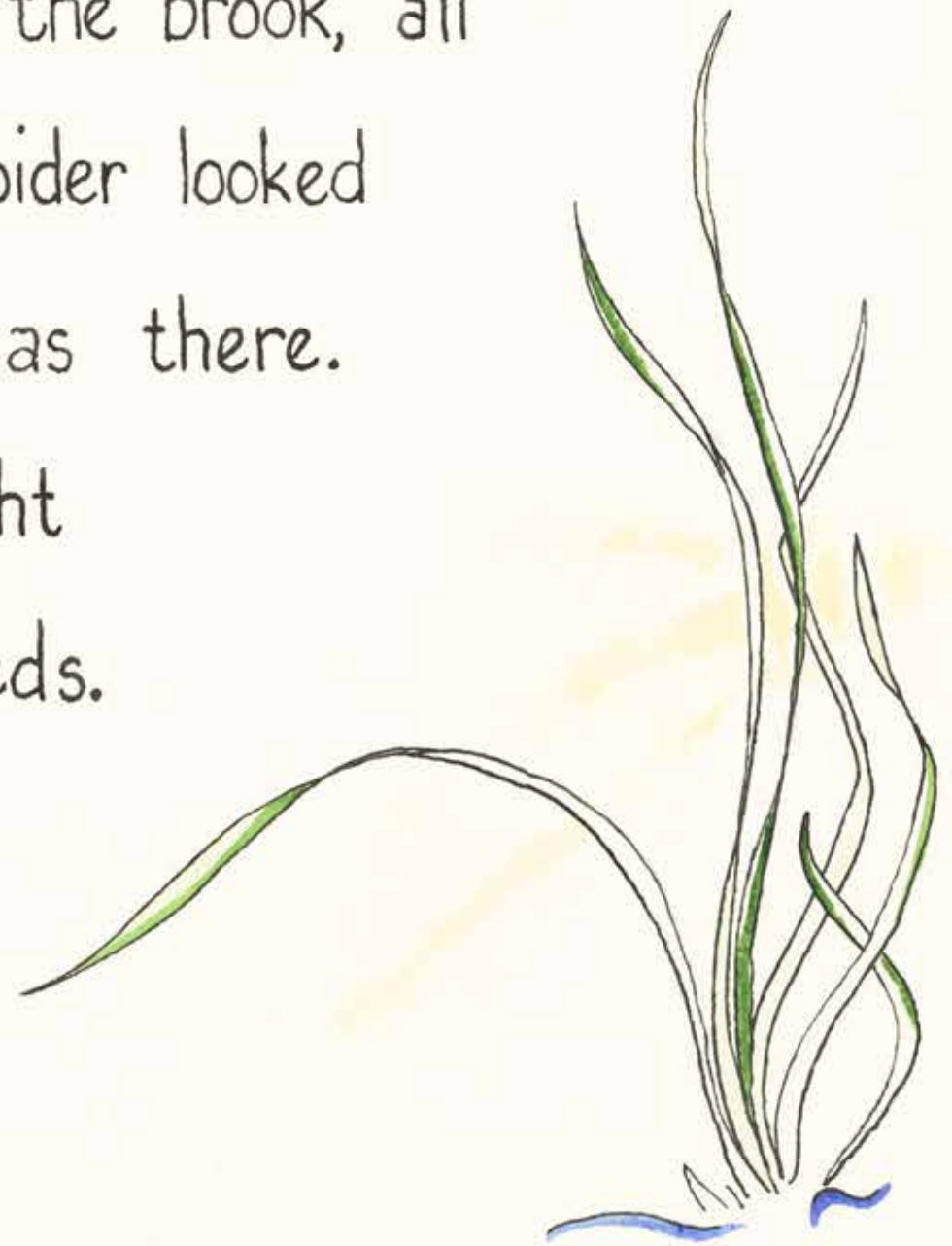
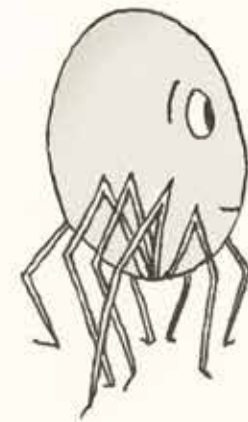




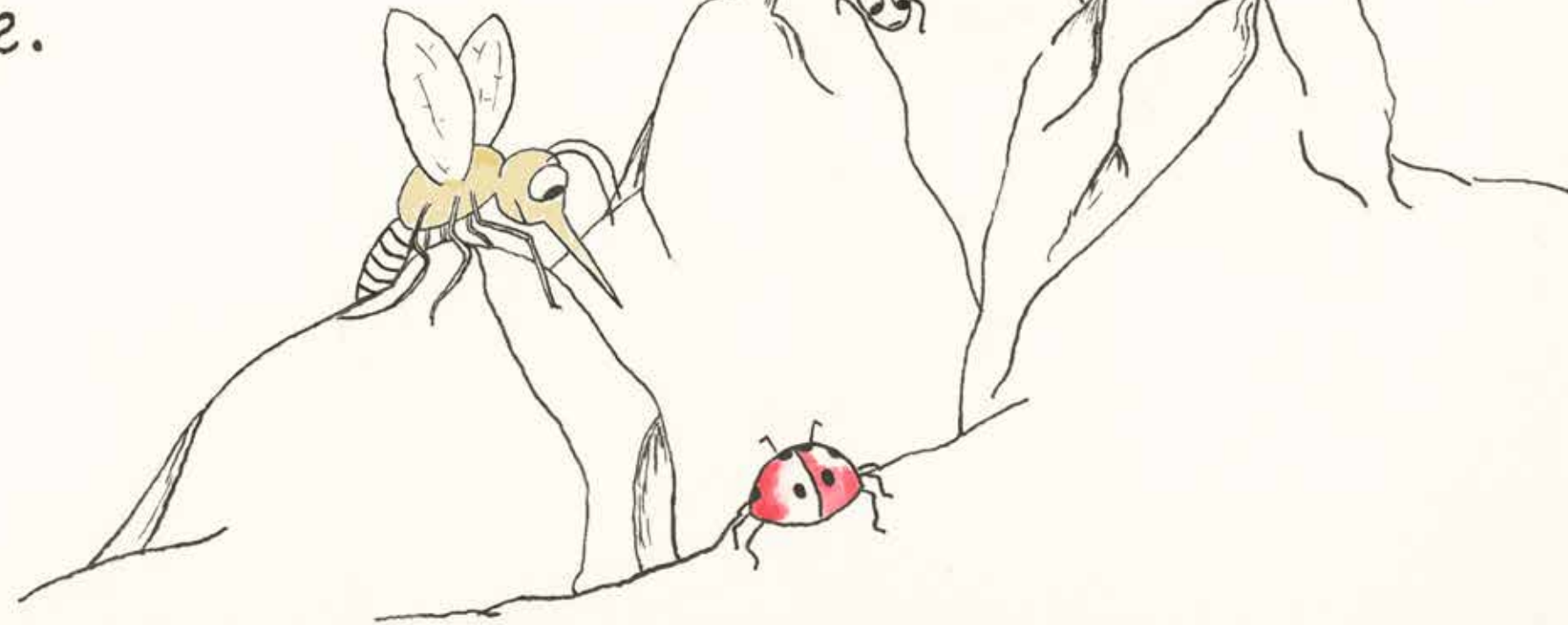
The evening was a warm one and the meadow buzzed with excitement. Down by the brook Spider could see the lightning bugs lighting the way for everyone. As he left home, Spider thought of the good time that he would have at the party, and as he started across the meadow, he sang a little song.



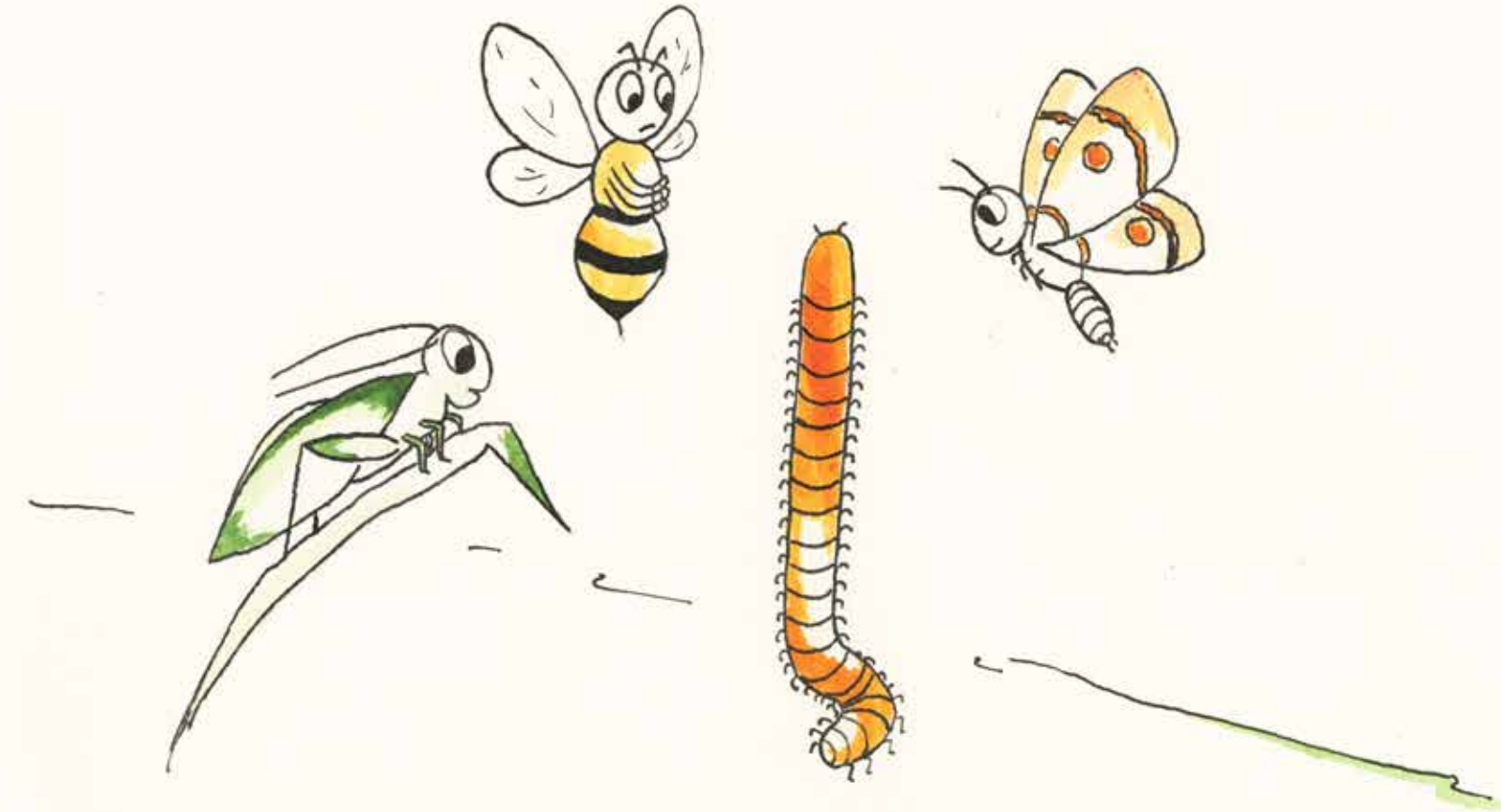
When he got to the brook, all seemed very quiet. Spider looked around but no one was there. Then he saw some light coming through the reeds.



Spider followed the light  
which came from the old rock  
pile. Everyone was there looking  
down, down into a big  
hole.

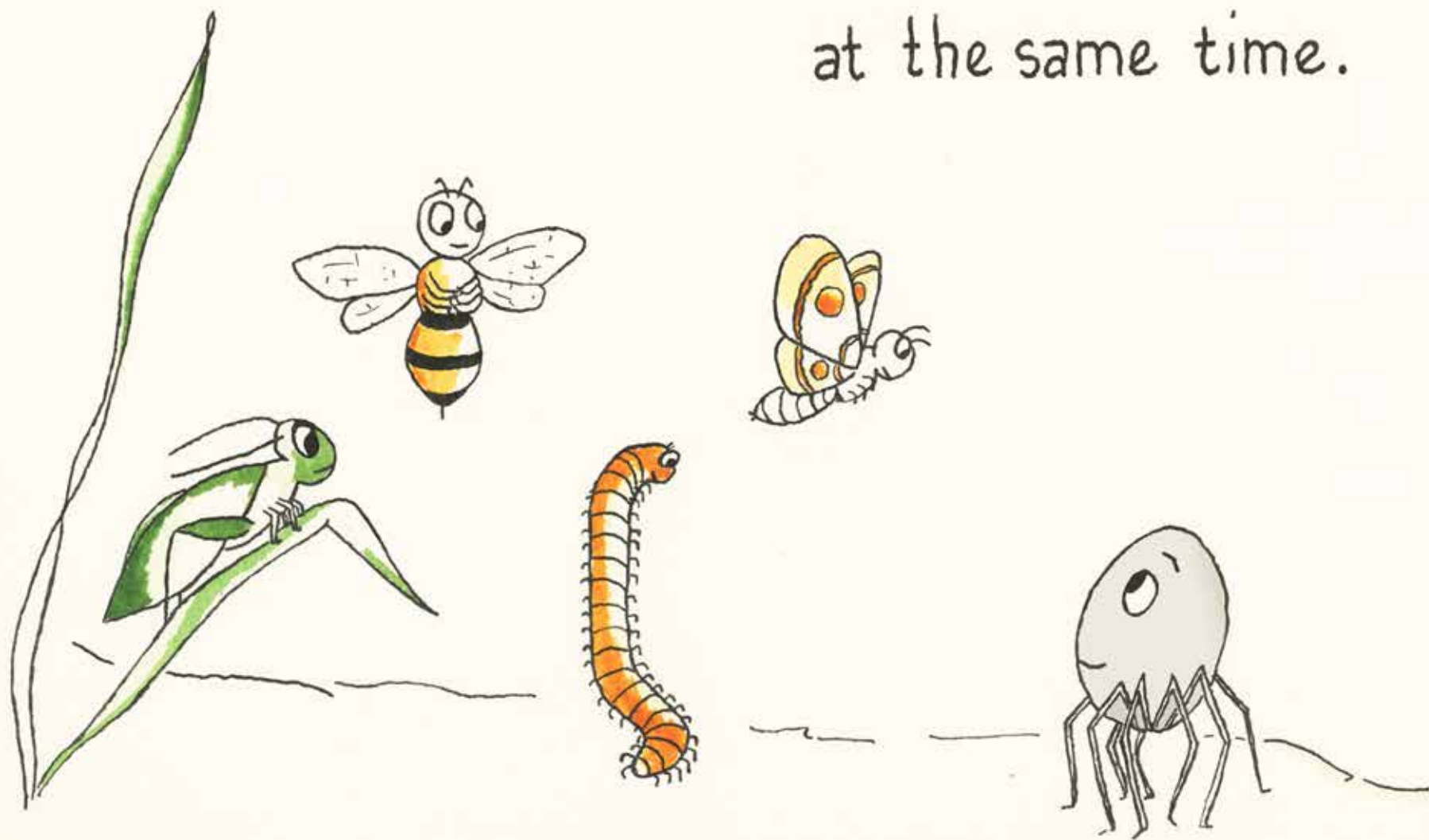


Bee, Centipede, Katydid, and Moth were  
talking very excitedly.

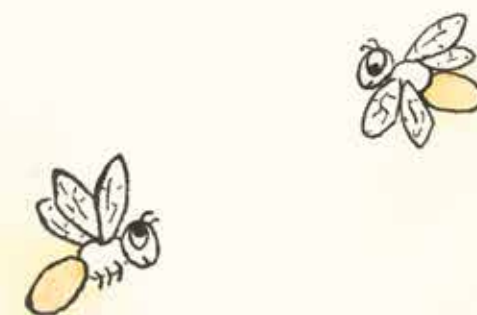




When Spider asked them what  
had happened, everyone started to talk  
at the same time.



Bee told how Snail had turned  
summersaults at the party. Centipede  
told how snail had rolled down the hill.  
Katydid said that Snail had rolled right  
into the hole in the rock pile. "We  
can't get him out," added Moth.





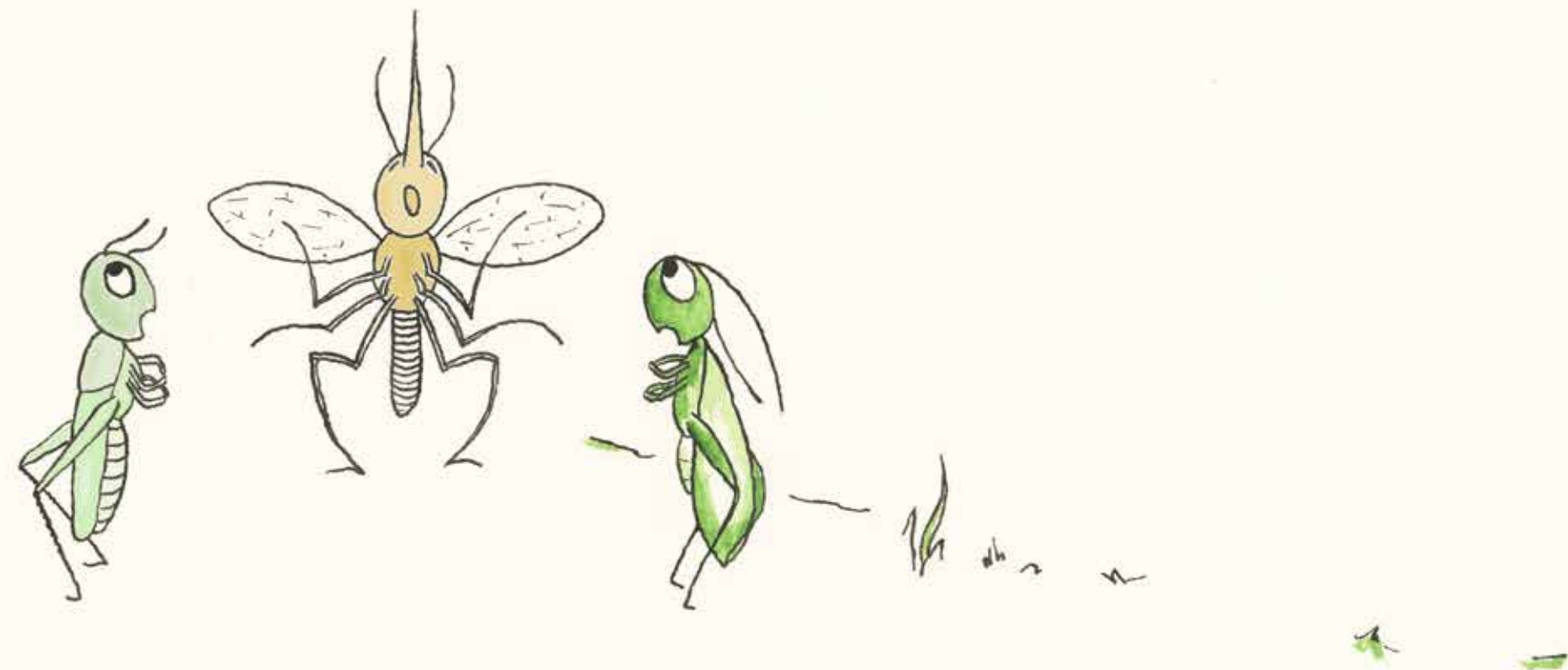


Spider thought a minute and then said, "I can get him out." He went to the edge of the rock pile and spun a long silvery rope which he let down to Snail.

Then he pulled Snail out of the big hole.



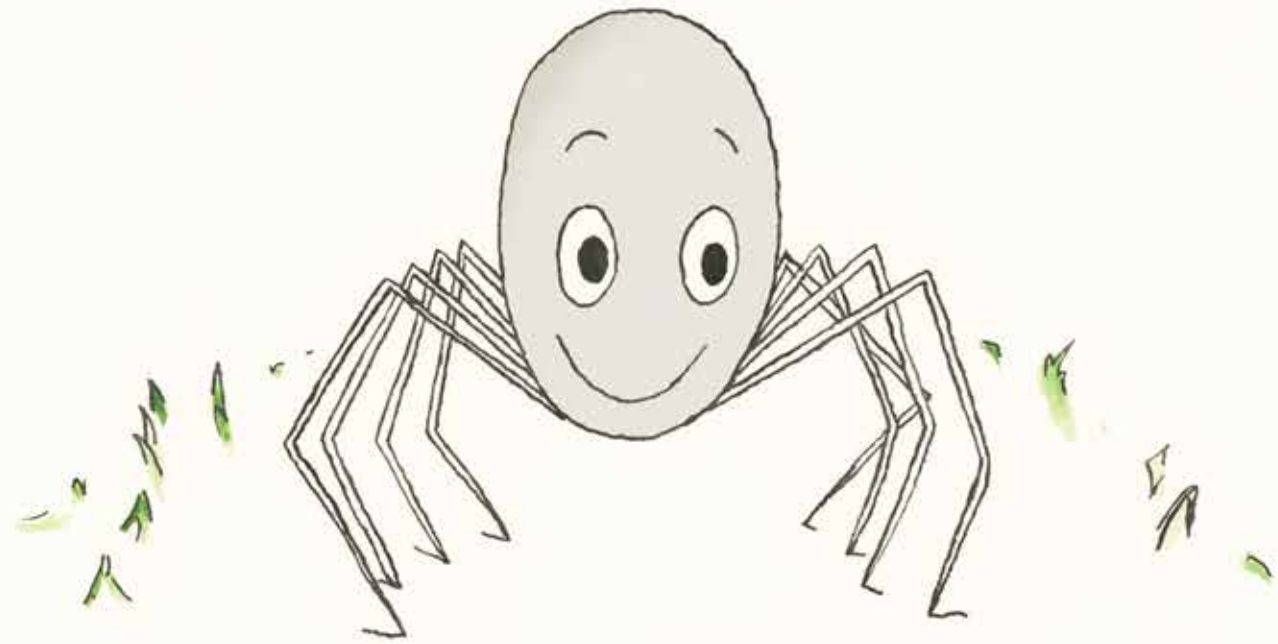
That night there was much singing and dancing because all of the meadow folk were happy that Snail was safe.



The meadow folk were also happy because they had learned an important lesson. That night they realized that everyone is a little different from

everyone else, and that differences in looks, or in what one can do are not good ways to tell true friends.





But by far the happiest of the meadow folk was Spider who had many new friends.