

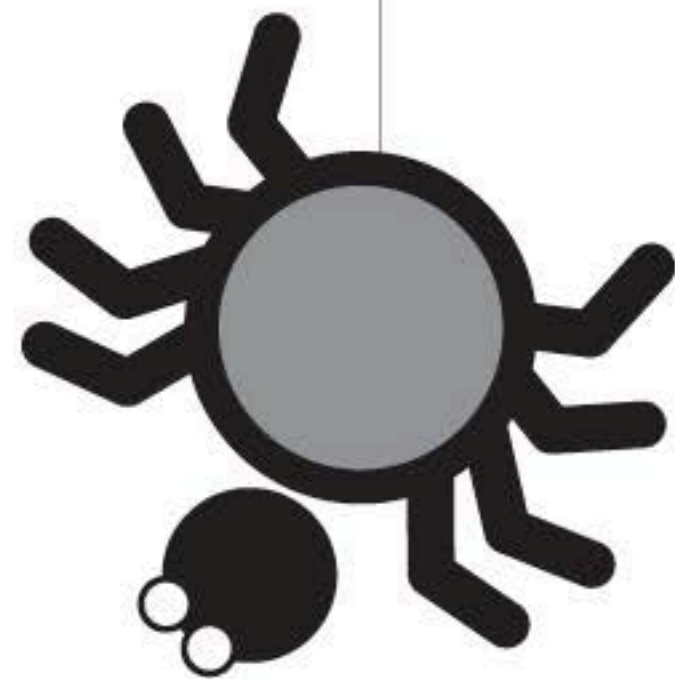
# The Little Gray Spider

text and illustrations by bea rosabal

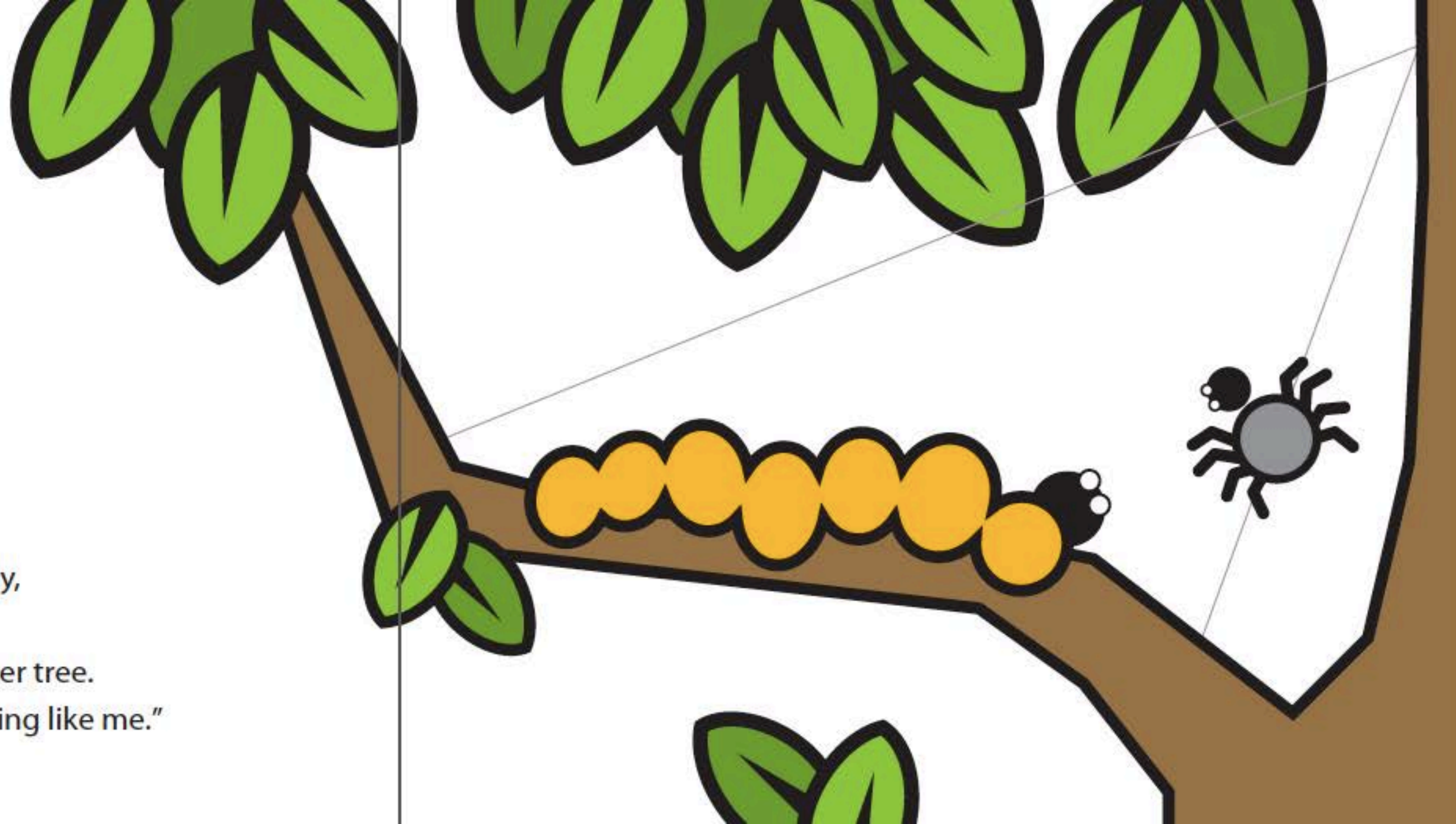


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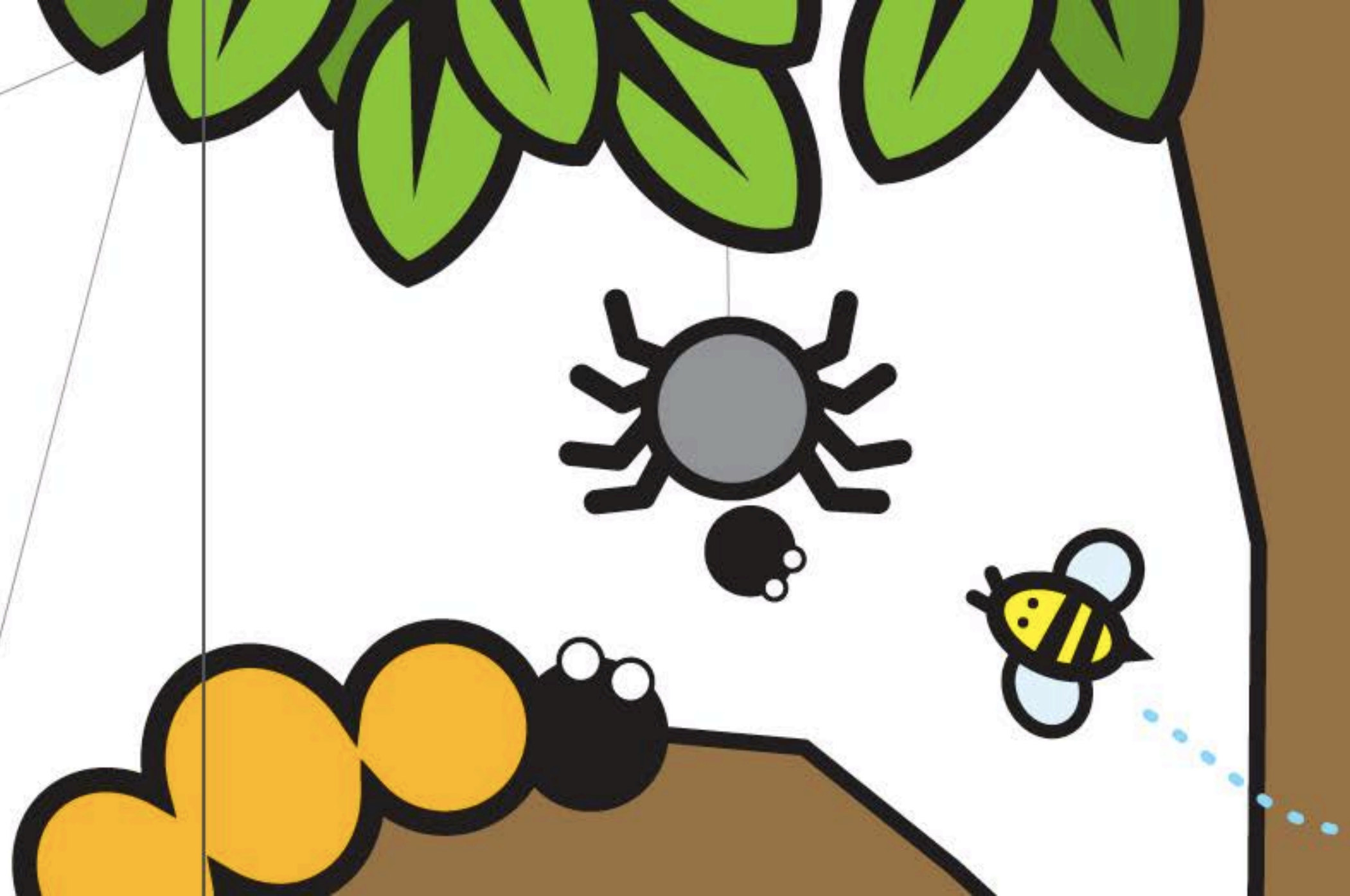
Alone in a tree lived a little gray spider,  
with nothing but beautiful leaves all around her.  
She loved spending time spinning webs in her tree.  
She spun for long hours, sometimes two or three!



One time, as she spun like she did every day,  
a big caterpillar came crawling her way.  
The spider looked down from her web in her tree.  
She heard: "You are strange. You look nothing like me."

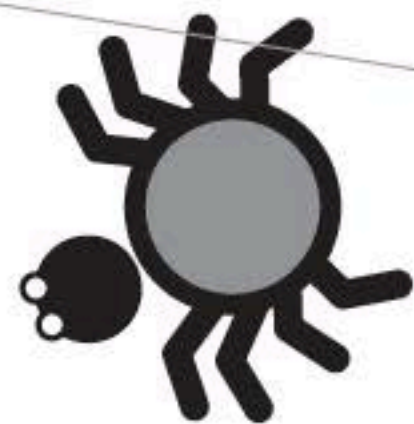


"I'm orange and bright, and you're just plain old gray.  
You're constantly spinning, just wasting your day."  
The spider said nothing and spun in her tree.  
When, next thing she knew, by her side was a bee.



The bee was bright yellow, with stripes all around.  
And when it flew by made a *buzzy-buzz* sound.  
The spider stopped spinning and looked at the bee.  
The bee had to ask, "Are you staring at me?"





"It's not nice to stare, but I guess you must see that spiders are nothing like beautiful bees."

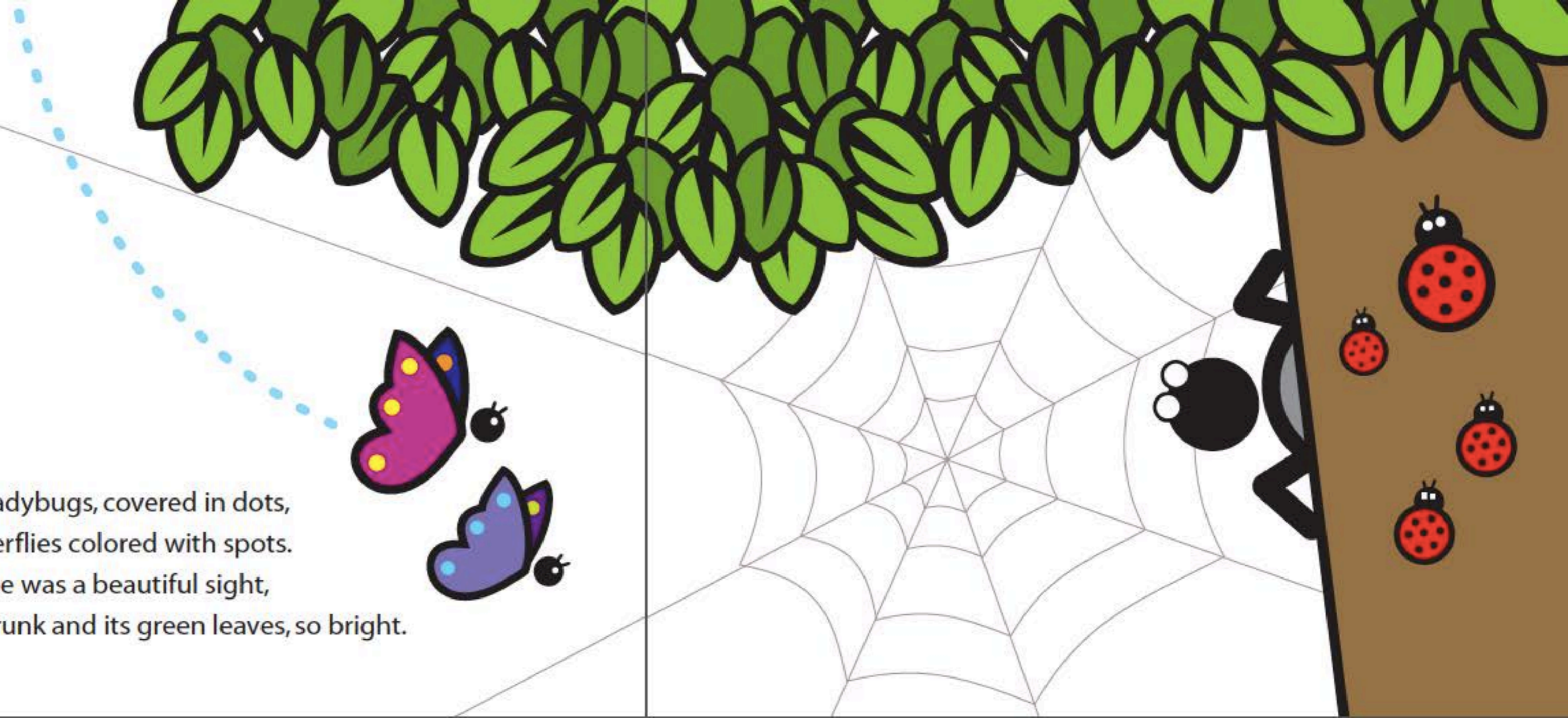
The little gray spider felt lonely and sad.

Was being a little gray spider so bad?

She tried to forget what the others had said.  
She did what she loved, which was spinning her web.  
But all she could see from her web in the tree  
were all kinds of creatures, much prettier than she.



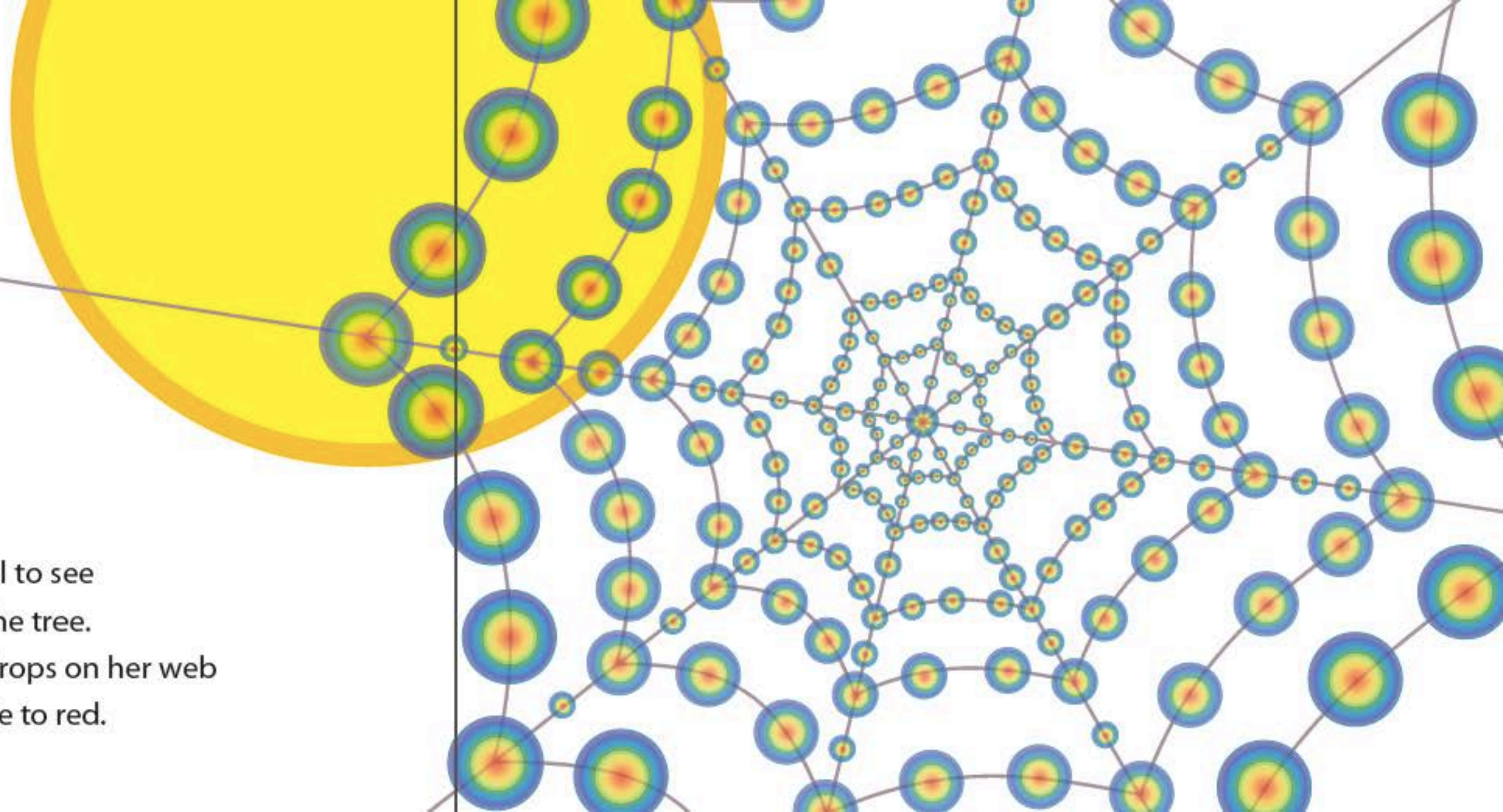
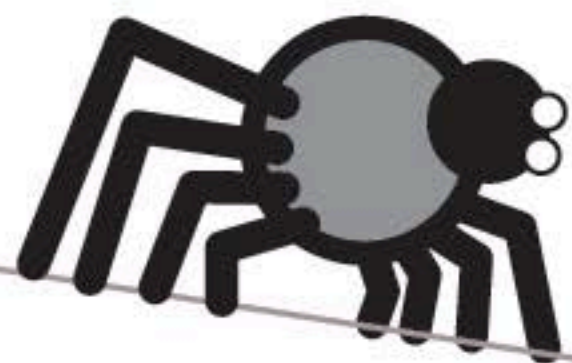
A bunch of red ladybugs, covered in dots,  
a couple of butterflies colored with spots.  
And even her tree was a beautiful sight,  
a lovely brown trunk and its green leaves, so bright.





To cheer herself up she just spun and she spun.  
The threads were in place and her web was all done.  
She was very tired, she'd had a long day.  
Her eyes felt so heavy... she drifted away.



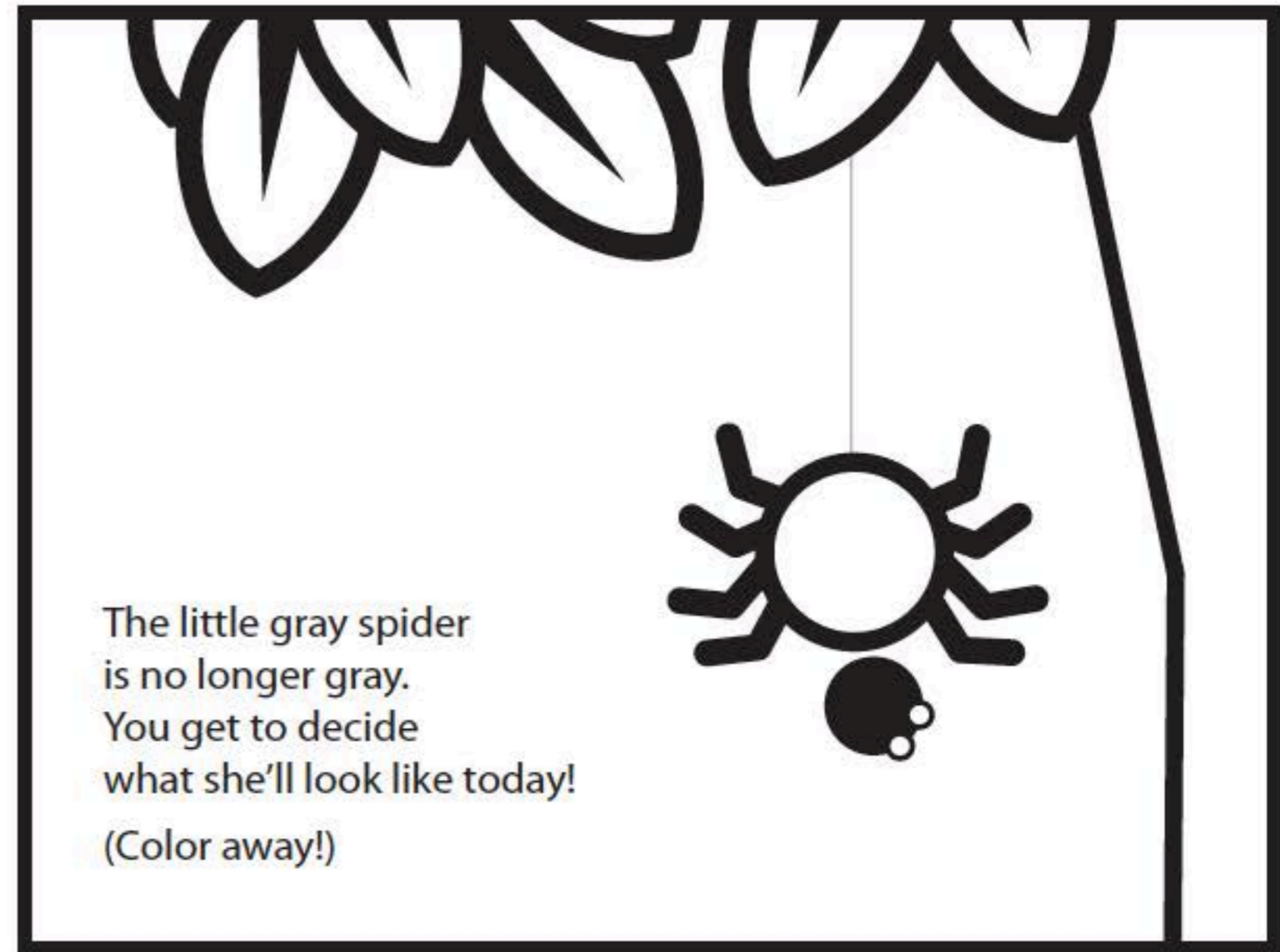


And when she woke up she was joyful to see  
that rainfall had covered her web in the tree.  
The sun, shining bright through the drops on her web  
made dozens of rainbows, from purple to red.

The little gray spider was no longer sad.  
She couldn't believe that she ever felt bad.  
"My web is a wonder, a beauty to see,  
and all of this beauty was always in me."



The end



The little gray spider  
is no longer gray.  
You get to decide  
what she'll look like today!  
(Color away!)