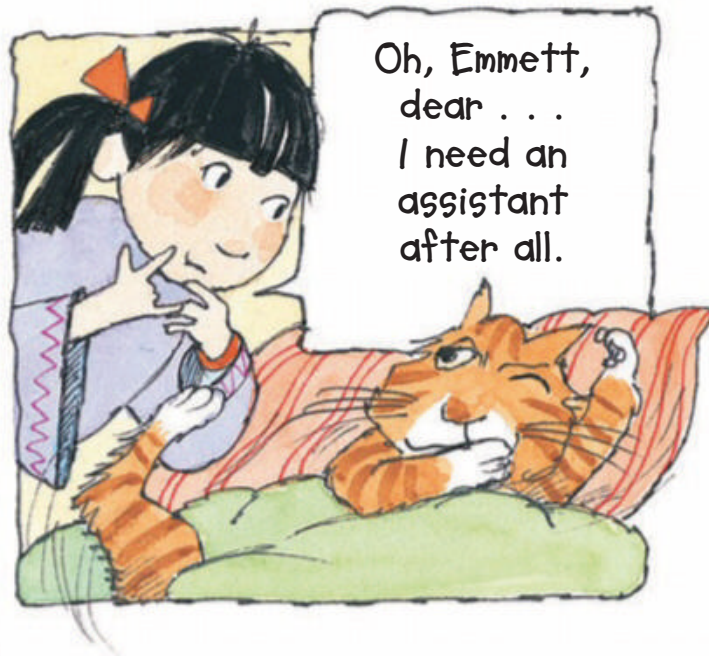
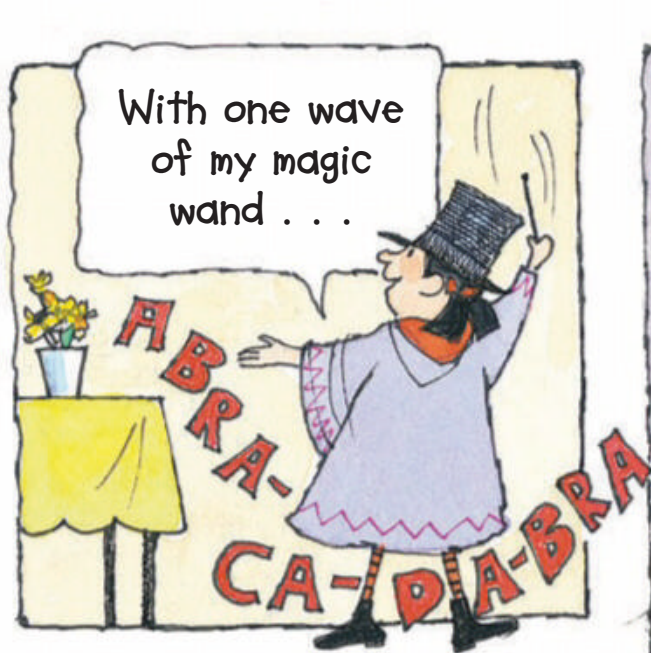
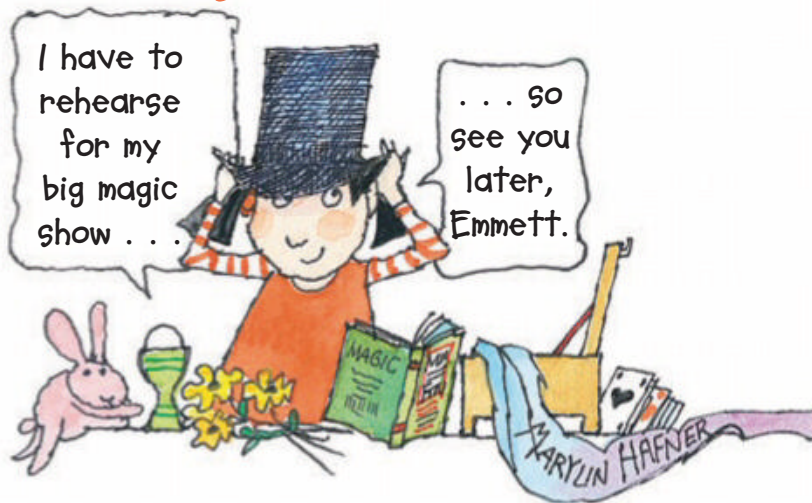


Molly and Emmett

March 2020 Volume 30 Number 6 cricketmedia.com \$6.95



The scarf trick is spectacular . . . and the

disappearing egg . . . and the rabbit out of a hat . . . and . . .



Ladybug™

the magazine for young children



I Spy

Art by
Iva Villi

Can you spy a path through this
mysterious, magical maze?



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



Come one, come all! It's Maxie and Katy,
the world's greatest, most magical team!

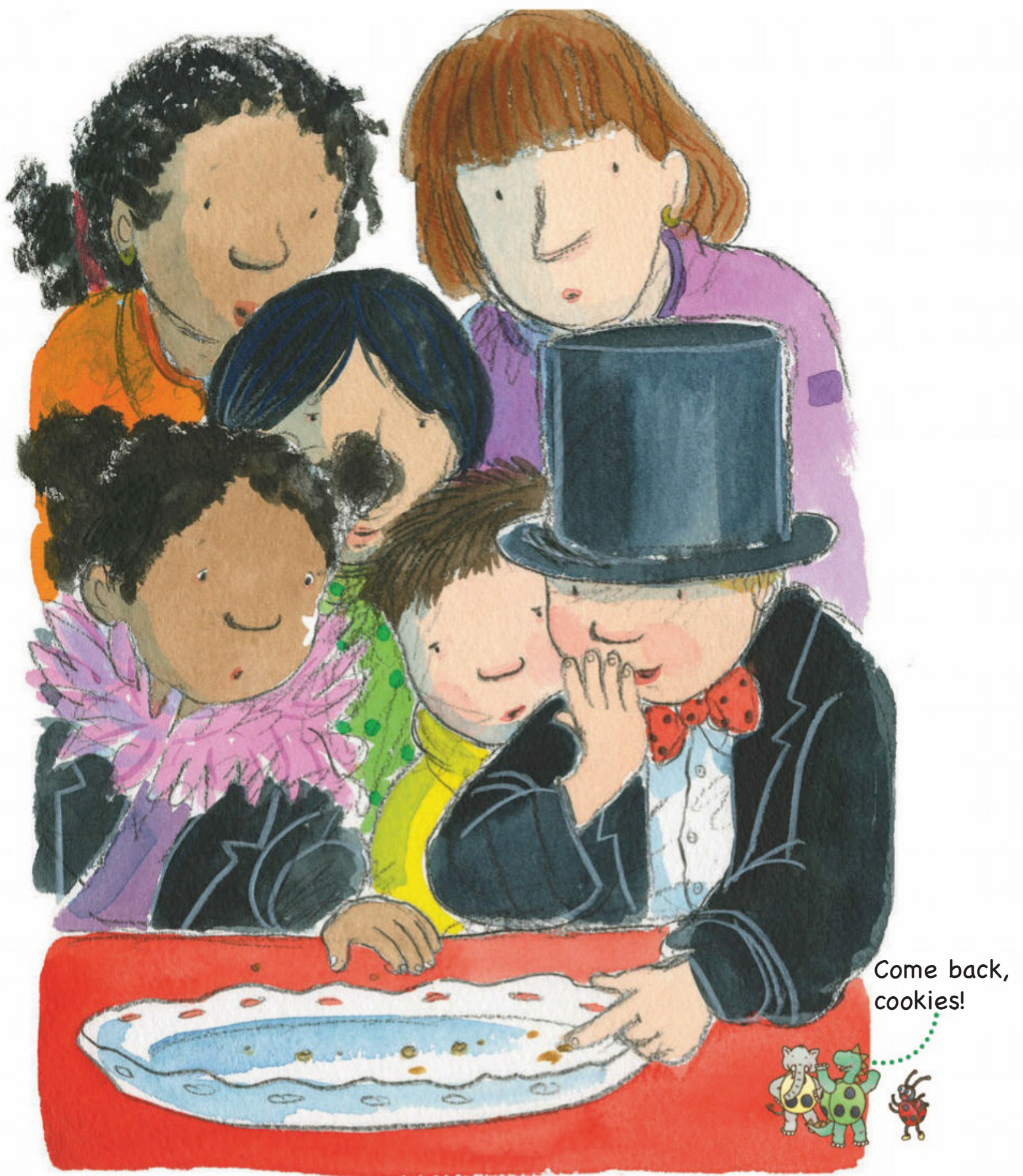


Max pulls Mo out of a top hat. “Abracadabra and presto!” he shouts.
The audience cheers.



Next, Kate juggles two oranges while balancing Kiwi on her head.

“Let’s hear it for the amazing Katy!” Max says.

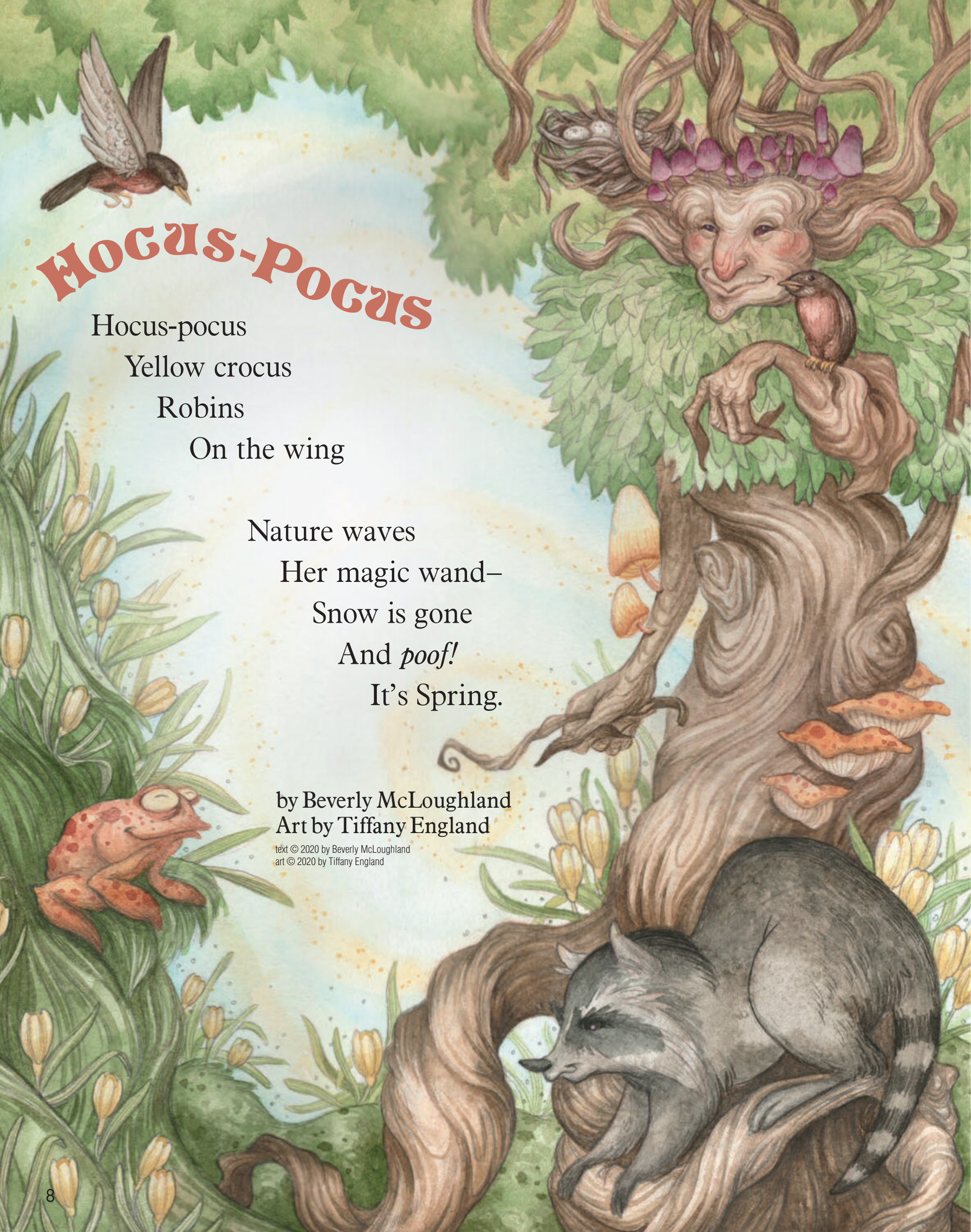


“Now it’s time for milk and cookies, everyone,” says Kate’s mommy.

“Oh no! Where did the cookies go?” asks Max.



“Charlie is a magician, too,” says Kate with a laugh. “He made the cookies disappear.”



Hocus-pocus

Hocus-pocus

Yellow crocus

Robins

On the wing

Nature waves

Her magic wand—

Snow is gone

And *poof!*

It's Spring.

by Beverly McLoughland
Art by Tiffany England

text © 2020 by Beverly McLoughland
art © 2020 by Tiffany England

Chloe the Magnificent

by Abby Lederman
Art by Maryann Cocca-Leffler



Hi. My name is Chloe the Magnificent. I can do anything.
I can make my dog, Buster, sit.
Sit, Buster, sit.
SIT, BUSTER, SIT!



Hi. My name is Buster the Magnificent. I can do anything.
I can make Chloe fly.





Can you do this?

Lucky Clover

by Charles Ghigna 🍀 Art by Alyssa Sinnen



I'm a lucky clover.
Look at me!



Count my green leaves.
One. Two. Three.



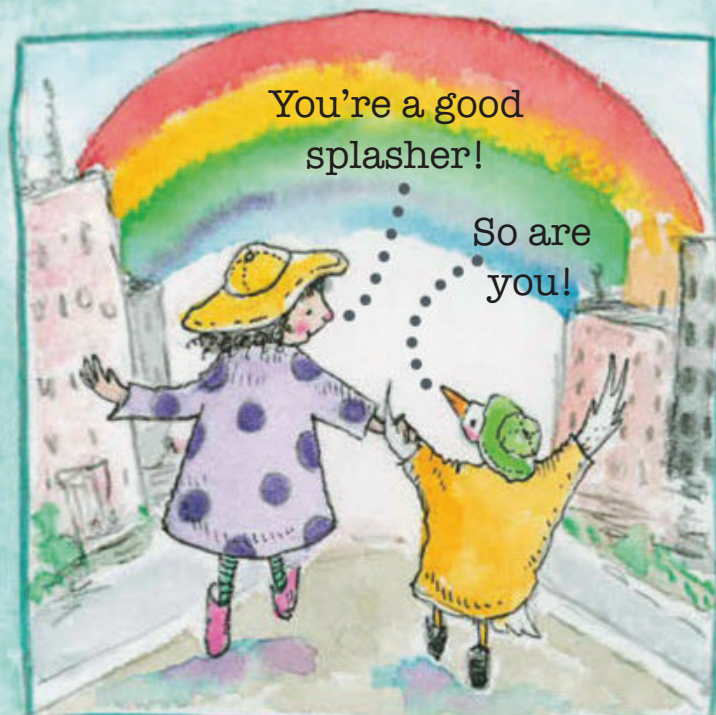
Count again.
See one more?



I'm a lucky clover.
I have FOUR!

Violet and Paddle

by Jennifer Black Reinhardt



text and art © 2020 by Jennifer Black Reinhardt

Mud

by Eileen Reese
Art by Stephanie Hider

I love mud!

Mud! Mud! Mud!

Ishy, gishy, super squishy,

Mud! Mud! Mud!

Mud on my boots, mud on my hat,

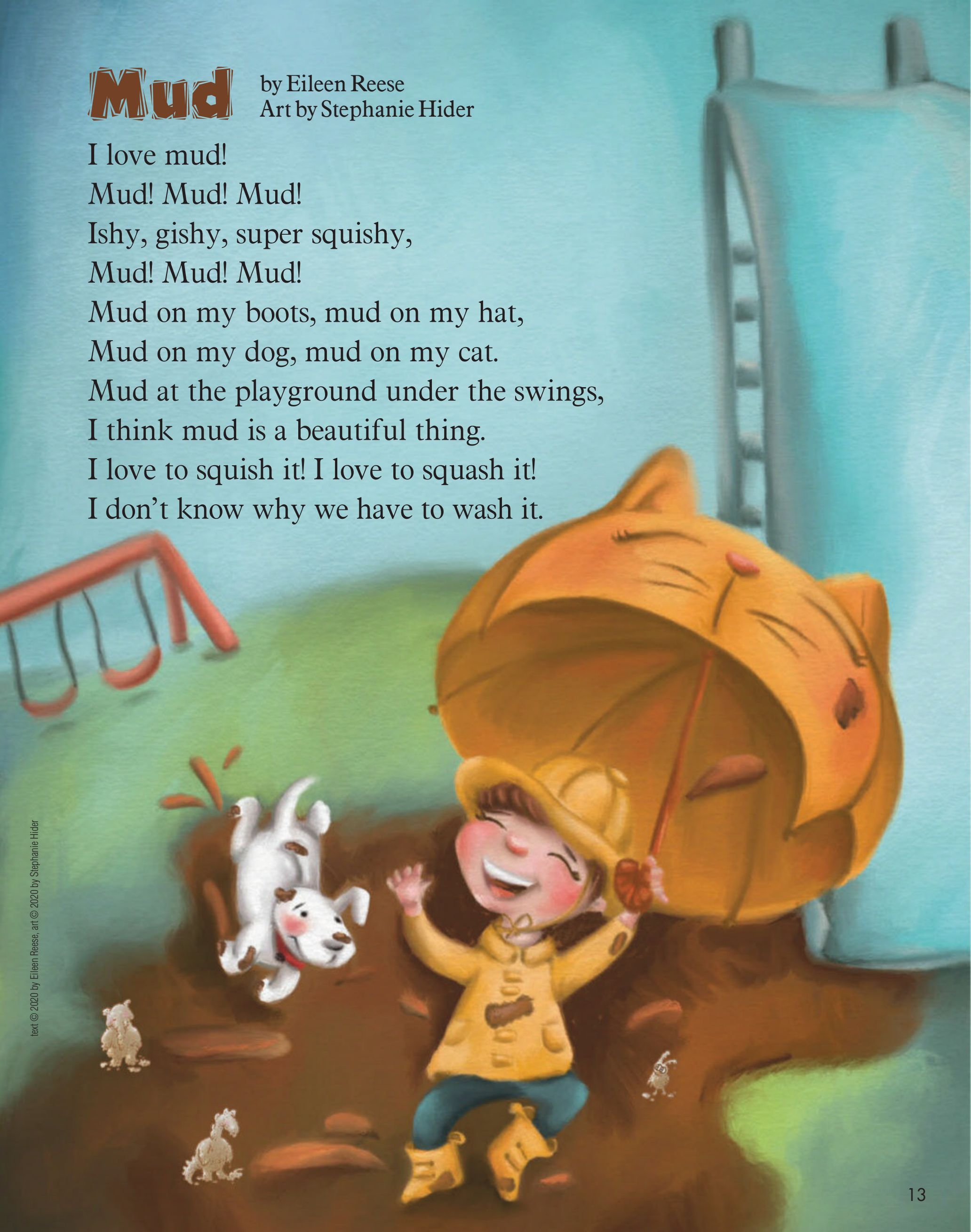
Mud on my dog, mud on my cat.

Mud at the playground under the swings,

I think mud is a beautiful thing.

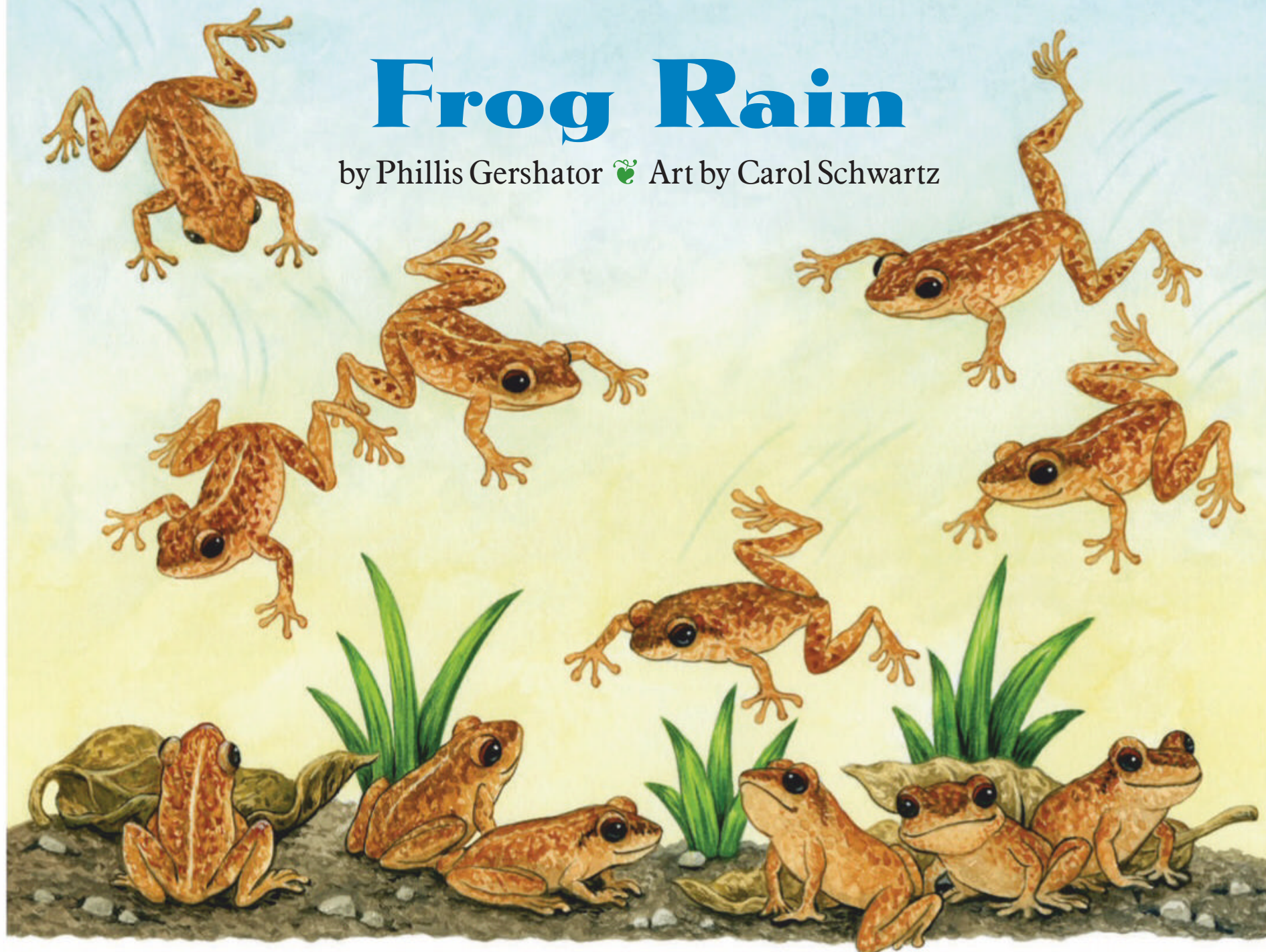
I love to squish it! I love to squash it!

I don't know why we have to wash it.



Frog Rain

by Phillis Gershator 🌿 Art by Carol Schwartz



When it rains a lot, people like to say, “It’s raining cats and dogs,” even though cats and dogs aren’t really falling from the sky.

On the island of Puerto Rico, when people say, “It’s raining frogs,” it really is raining frogs.

Early in the morning, tiny one-inch frogs called *coquí*s jump from the trees. They fall to the ground with a rainy *plop, plop*.

Why do the frogs climb up into the trees? And why do they jump down?

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

the biggest Internet portal,
providing you various content:
brand new books, trending movies,
fresh magazines, hot games,
recent software, latest music releases.

Unlimited satisfaction one low price

Cheap constant access to piping hot media

Protect your downloadings from Big brother

Safer, than torrent-trackers

18 years of seamless operation and our users' satisfaction

All languages

Brand new content

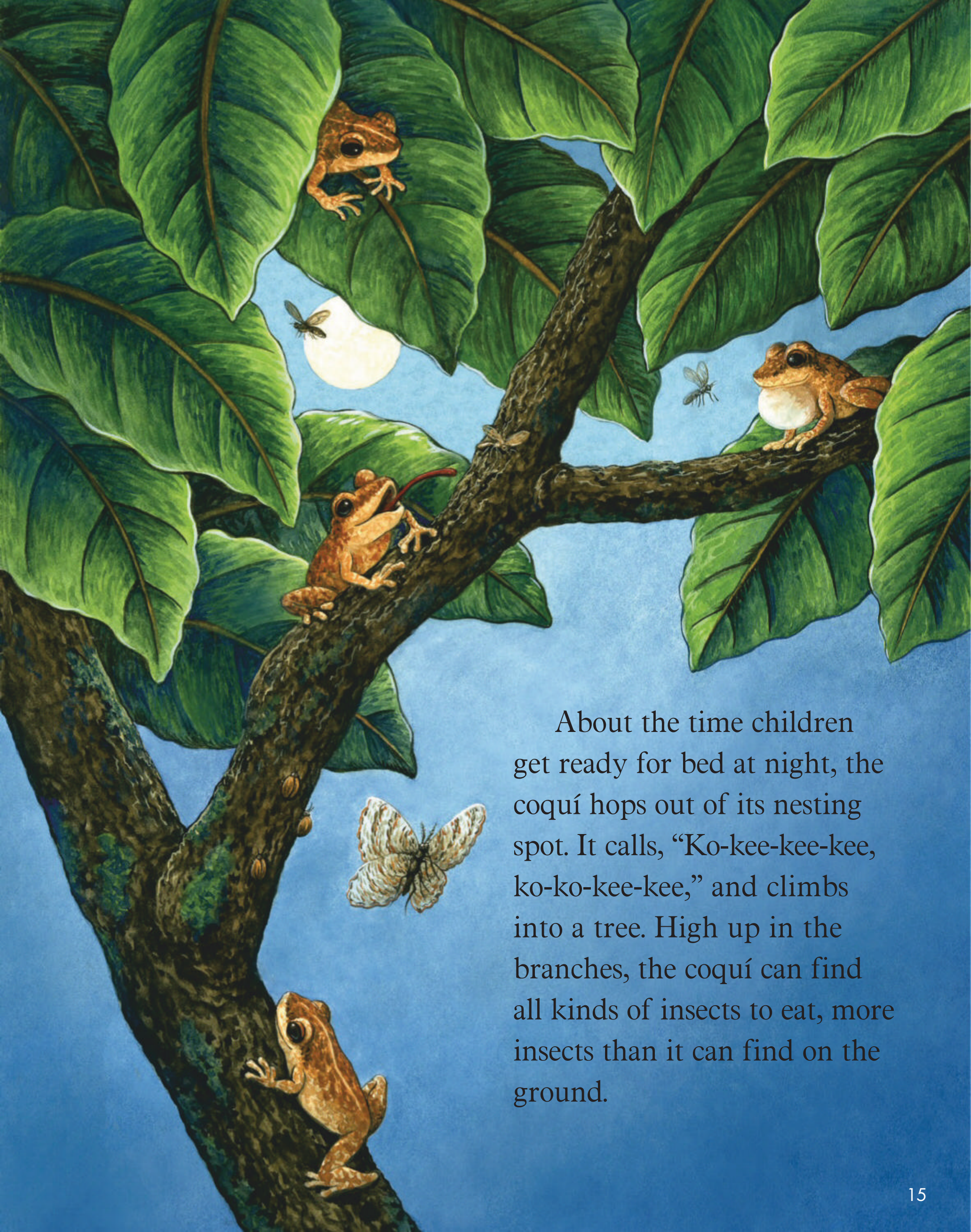
One site



AVXLIVE • ICU

AvaxHome - Your End Place

We have everything for all of your needs. Just open <https://avxlive.icu>



About the time children get ready for bed at night, the coquí hops out of its nesting spot. It calls, “Ko-kee-kee-kee, ko-ko-kee-kee,” and climbs into a tree. High up in the branches, the coquí can find all kinds of insects to eat, more insects than it can find on the ground.

After the coquí eats, it doesn't climb down the way it climbed up. Instead, it spreads its padded fingers and toes—and jumps.

Coquí's don't glide like flying frogs, who have thin bodies and big webbed feet. Coquí's drop almost straight down, like rain, while they turn slowly in the air. Scientists call it “parachuting.”



What a quick trip! And what a good way to escape from threats like pearly-eyed thrashers, little Puerto Rican owls, and huge spiders, who'd like nothing better than to eat a coquí for breakfast.

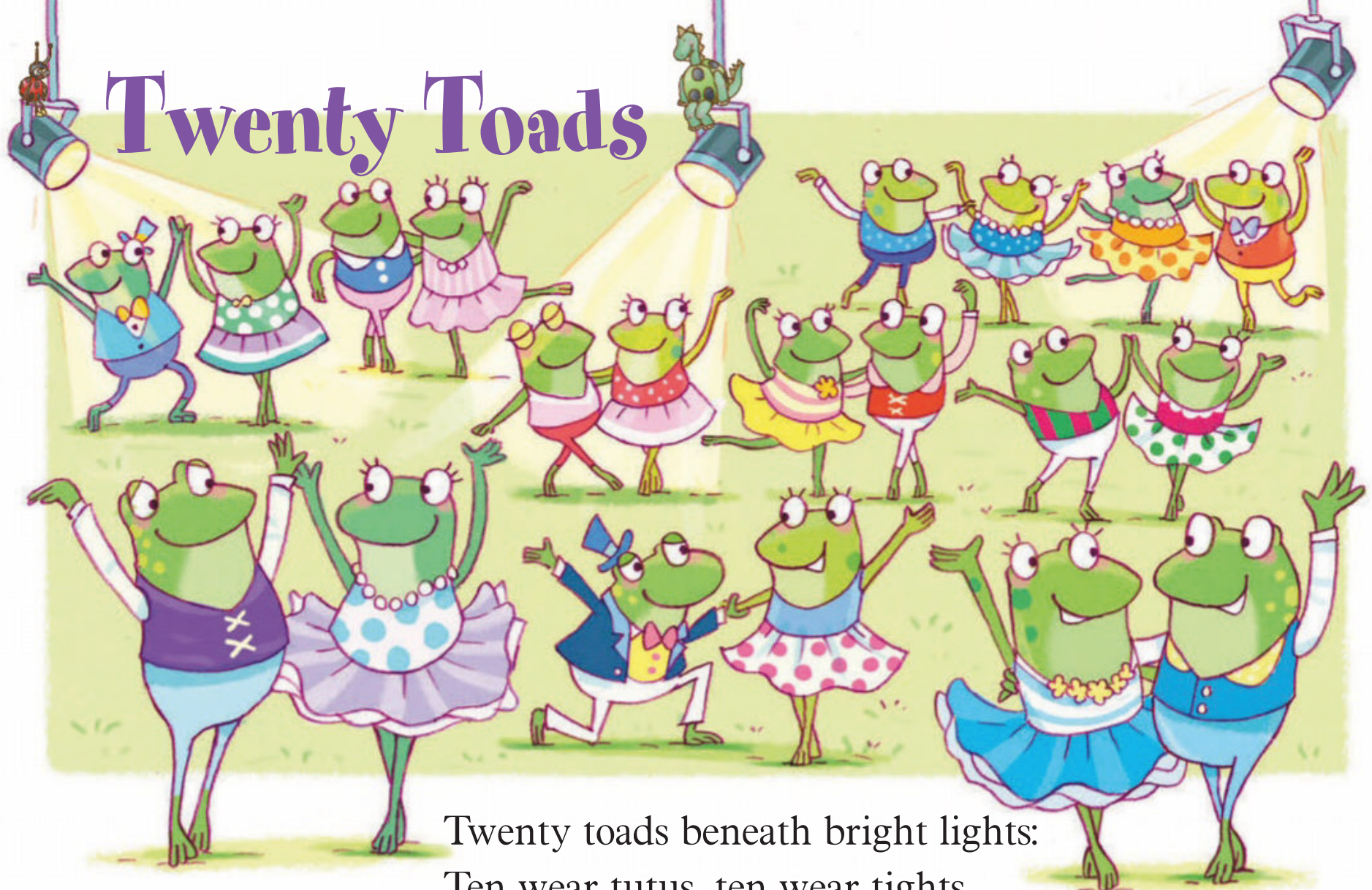
Coquí's can't stay up in the trees in the daytime. The treetops are too hot and dry, which is good for insects but not frogs. Frogs need water.

But coquí's don't *drink* water. Once they plop to the ground, they lie flat on the wet leaves and moss and soak up the water through the skin of their bellies. Coquí's also need cool, damp, and shady places to lay their eggs. When the eggs hatch, out come froglets the size of flies. And a new batch of coquí's grows up to climb and jump and sing.

In the evening, it's "Ko-kee, ko-kee"—a Puerto Rican lullaby.

In the morning, it's *plop*, *plop*, *plop*—a rain of frogs! 🐸





Twenty toads beneath bright lights:
Ten wear tutus, ten wear tights.

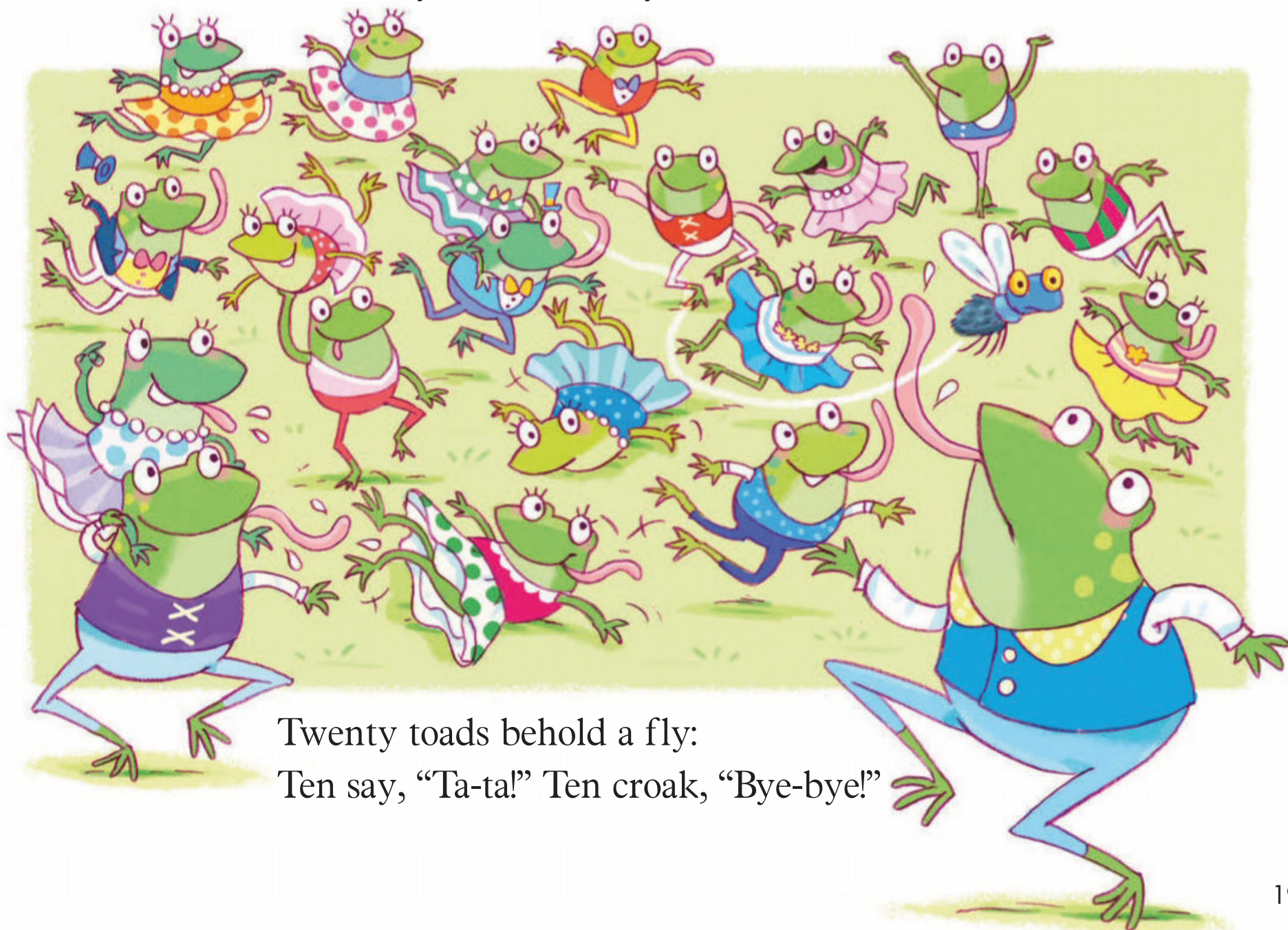


Twenty toads dance in a row:
Ten reach high, ten bend low.

by Charlotte Gunnufson
Art by Jamie Smith



Twenty toads performing tricks:
Ten try twirls, ten try kicks.



Twenty toads behold a fly:
Ten say, "Ta-ta!" Ten croak, "Bye-bye!"



clover



pot of gold



dog



drum



vest



leprechaun



hat



art © 2020 by Paula Becker

A Lucky Day

Art by Paula Becker

If you see rainbows, bagpipes, and dancers, then say,
“It’s a parade. Hip-hip-hooray!”

Dippy Doggies

Art by Sarah Lowe



Why should you be careful
after it rains cats and dogs?
So you don't step in a poodle.



What kind of dog knows
how to tell time?
A watch dog.



Why do dogs run around
in circles?
**Because it's easier than
running in squares.**



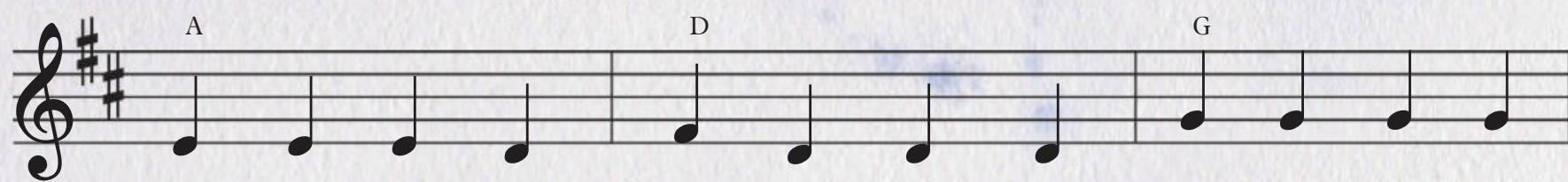
Which musical instrument
do dogs love to play?
The trombone.

Oo La Lee

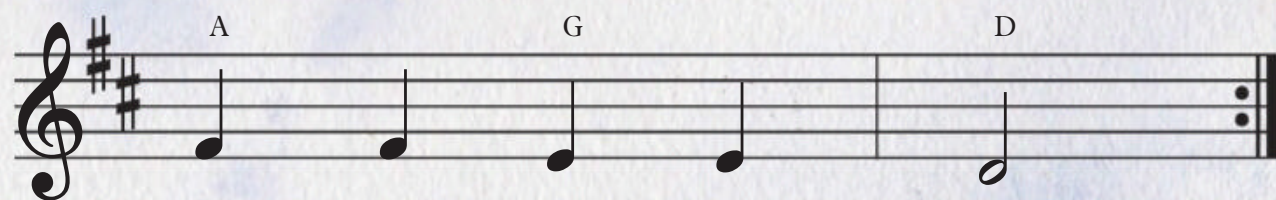
by Brian Gene Olson ♥ Art by Sairom Moon



Oh, I spilled my milk not long a - go, lost a toy, and
I sang, "Oo la oo la loo la lee, noth - ing's gon - na



stubbed my toe, and so much more that be - fore long, I
rat - tle me, 'cause when the world starts go - ing wrong, I

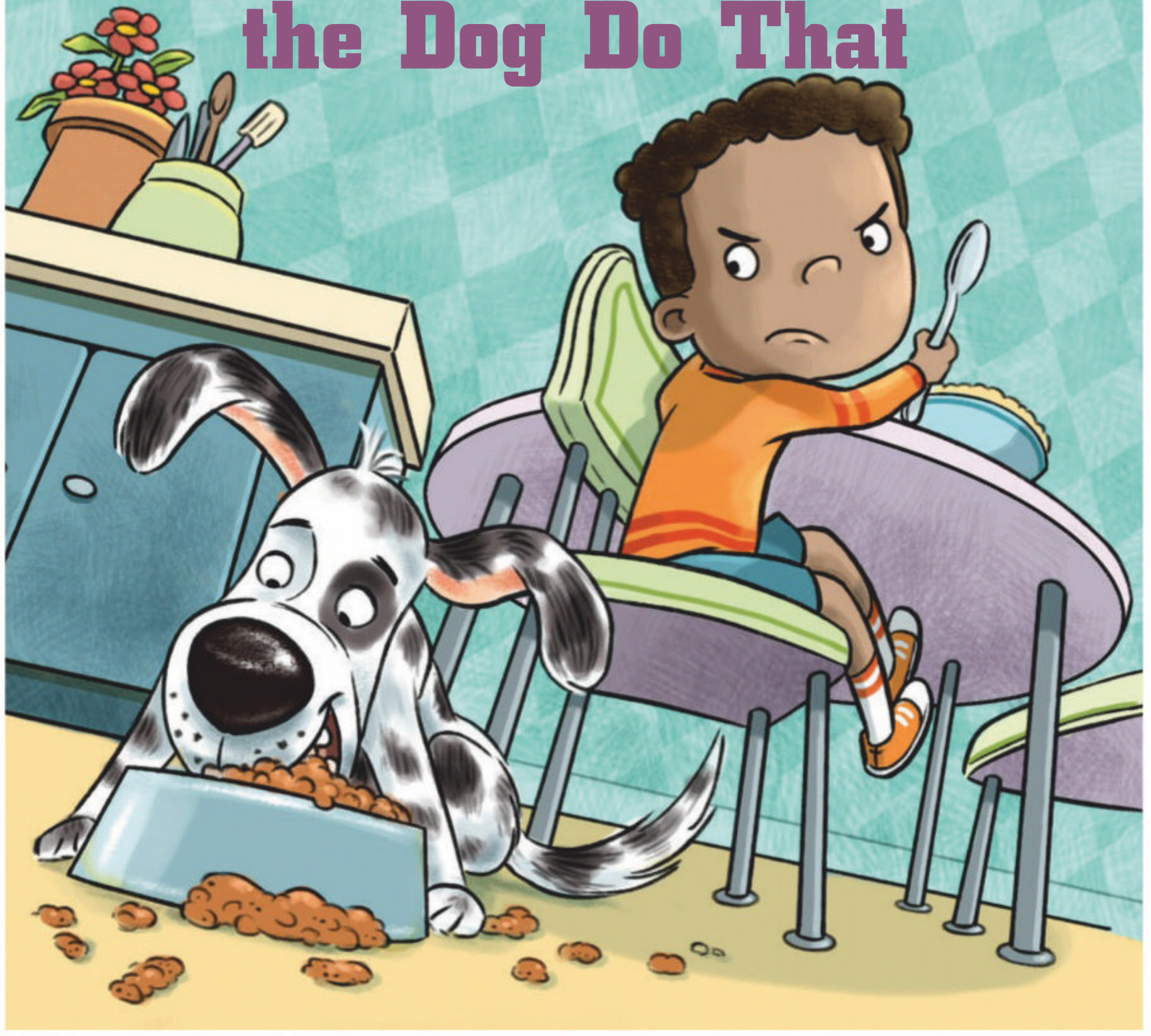


stopped to sing this song.
stop and sing this song."





No One Makes the Dog Do That



text © 2020 by Kris Bitar, art © 2020 by David Bucs

I was really mad. I was so mad I could have yelled at the top of my voice. I wanted to shout, “No one makes the dog do that!”

It all started this morning, when my mom gave me oatmeal for breakfast. I don’t like oatmeal. I looked over at our dog, Maddie. She was gobbling her breakfast. Her dog food probably tasted like a special, dogs-only birthday cake.

by Kris Bitar
Art by David Bucs

Mom said I had to eat three bites of oatmeal and finish my juice before I could go outside. Maddie doesn't have to finish anything. That is when I got mad. That is when I wanted to shout, "No one makes the dog do that!"



Instead, I ate three bites of oatmeal, finished my juice, and went outside to play.



I played with my trucks. I made a construction site. I played and played with all the sand toys in the sandbox. I was getting really thirsty. I ran to the house as fast as I could, but Mom stopped me at the front door. “Wipe your feet,” she said. “You don’t want to drag sand all over the house!”

But Maddie did. She ran right in, and nobody stopped her. I was mad! I came close to yelling, “No one makes the dog do that!”

Instead, I wiped my feet, got my drink, and went back outside to play.



Later, Mom came out to tell me it was time to put away my toys and come in for lunch. I didn't want to put away my toys. I was busy in my tree fort, playing pirate. I was searching for gold. I was thinking about leaving Maddie on a desert island.



Maddie never has to put away her toys! She just drops them when she is done playing. I could feel myself getting mad. I wanted to bellow in my loudest pirate voice, “No one makes the dog do that!”

Instead, I put away my toys and went inside for lunch.

Maybe things weren't so bad. I was having a peanut butter and jelly sandwich with no crust and green grapes. Green grapes are my favorite. I was just getting ready to grab one when Mom said, "Go wash your hands." Well, that made me mad! Couldn't she see how hungry I was? Couldn't she see that my hands were just a little dirty? Couldn't she give me a break?



Then I saw Maddie. She was chewing on her dog bone. She had drool hanging out of her mouth, and her paws were muddy. No one made Maddie wash up! I was so mad. I looked up at Mom and I tried to holler, "No one makes the dog do that!"

Instead, I cried. I cried loudly. Mom came over and hugged me.

I told her, in a nice voice, that no one makes the dog do anything, ever. Then Mom told me that she loves me the best. She told me that she doesn't expect the dog to grow up and have nice manners. She told me that I'm the best little boy in the world. She told me that we could play after lunch. I wasn't mad anymore.



That night, Mom read my favorite story to me. She pulled the blanket up to my chin. It felt warm and cozy. As I sleepily wiggled my toes on the soft sheets, I quietly said, “No one lets the dog do this.” 🐛



Tails



That's a lot of
tails. Help me
count them all!

by Tyne Brown

Art by Ingrid Snyder

A kitten's tail is soft and fluffy,
A bunny's tail is short and puffy,
A mouse's tail is like a string,
A hummingbird's tail's a tiny thing.

A beaver's tail is broad and flat,
A brown bear's tail looks round and fat,
A white-tailed deer's is like a flag,
But doggie's tail is one big wag.





I'm trying something new today,
With luck, it just might work!

Will it succeed?
Or wildly fail?

The only way
we'll really know,
Is to get to the
end of this tale!

Ladybug, Muddle & Thud

Did you see
the poem on
page 30 about
TAILS? I'm the
only one who
doesn't have
a tail. I
need one!

There's a store for
that, Ladybug.

Yeah!

Let's go!

Miss Mae's
RETAIL OUTLET
YOUR SEARCH IS AT AN END



H'm, a little
poofy.



BUNNY

Too fancy.



PEACOCK

Do you
smell
bananas?



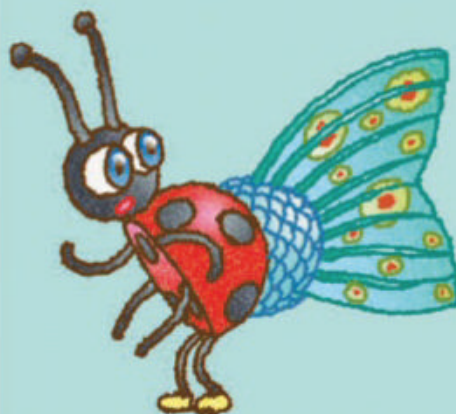
MONKEY

Stinky!



SKUNK

A wish for a fish,
but not for me!



FISH

How do you
sit down in
this one?



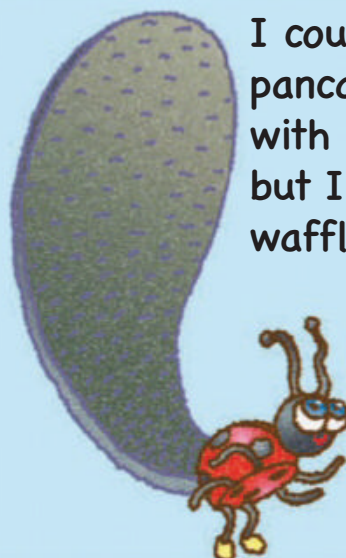
PIG

Moo. Noooo.



COW

I could flip
pancakes
with this,
but I prefer
waffles.

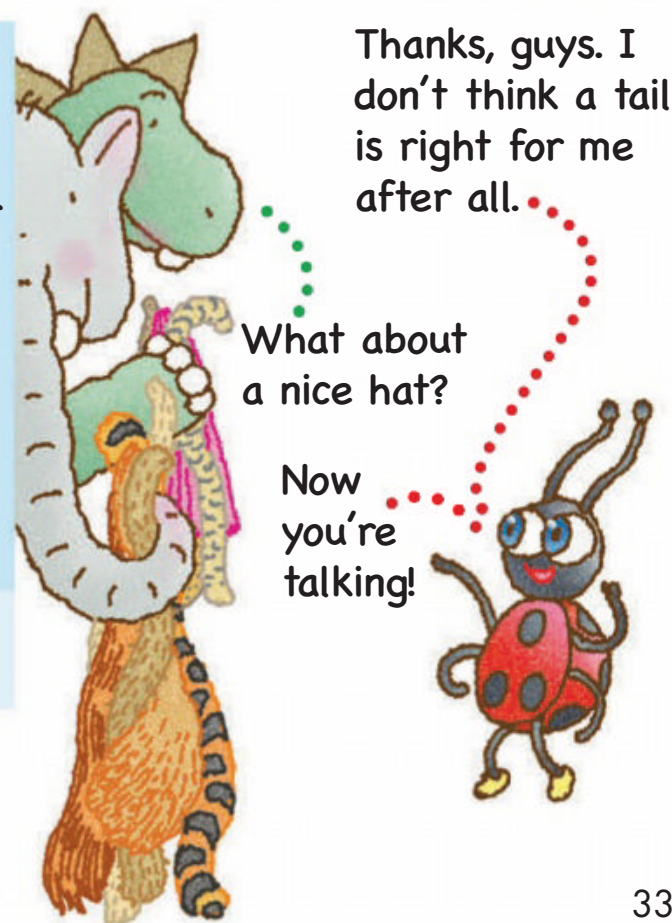


BEAVER

Thanks, guys. I
don't think a tail
is right for me
after all.

What about
a nice hat?

Now
you're
talking!



March

by Elaine M. Ward
Art by Aaron Boyd

“March!” shouts the wild wind
Behind the new, green grasses.

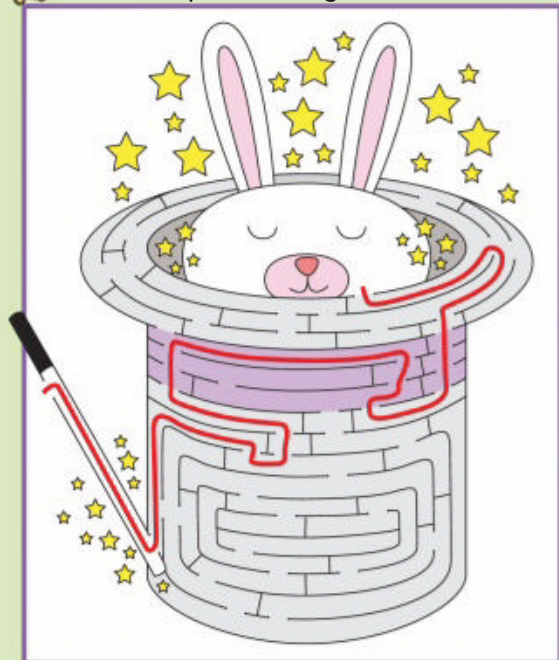
“March!” grins the merry sun,
With laughter as he passes.

“March,” sings the robin
Above the blooming flowers,
As March greets the raindrops
That gather into showers.





Answer to puzzle on page 2. Did you find a path through the maze?



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, the Magazine for Young Children (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., 70 East Lake Street, Suite 800, Chicago, IL 60601. Additional Editorial Office located at 1751 Pinnacle Drive, Suite 600, McLean, VA 22102. Periodicals postage paid at McLean, VA, and at additional mailing offices. For SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS, and ADJUSTMENTS, write to LADYBUG, P.O. Box 6395, Harlan, IA 51593-1895, visit shop.cricketmedia.com, email cricketmedia@cdsfulfillment.com, or call 1-800-821-0115. Please give both new address and old address as printed on last label. Allow six to eight weeks for change of address. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to LADYBUG, P.O. Box 6395, Harlan, IA 51593-1895.

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. March 2020, Volume 30, Number 6, Copyright © 2020, Cricket Media, Inc. Editorial Office, 70 East Lake Street, Suite 800, Chicago, IL 60601. All rights reserved, including right of reproduction in whole or in part, in any form. Not associated with LADYBIRD Books, Inc. For information regarding our 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, 70 East Lake Street, Suite 800, Chicago, IL 60601. 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. 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 © 2011 by Lee White; "I Spy," Iva Villi/Shutterstock.com, Doremi/Shutterstock.com; "Chloe the Magnificent," text © 1999 by Abby Lederman, art © 1999 by Maryann Cocca-Leffler; "Frog Rain," text © 2013 by Phillis Gershator, art © 2013 by Carol Schwartz; "Twenty Toads," art © 2015 by Jamie Smith; "Oo La Lee," Elmiral/Shutterstock.com; "No One Makes the Dog Do That," Attitude/Shutterstock.com; "Tails," text © 2002 by Tyne Brown, art © 2002 by Ingrid Snyder; "March," art © 2004 by Aaron Boyd; "Fly Away," art © 2006 by Jane Dippold; "Molly and Emmett," text and art © 2001 by Marilyn Hafner.

Printed in the United States of America.

1st printing Quad Sussex, Wisconsin
February 2020

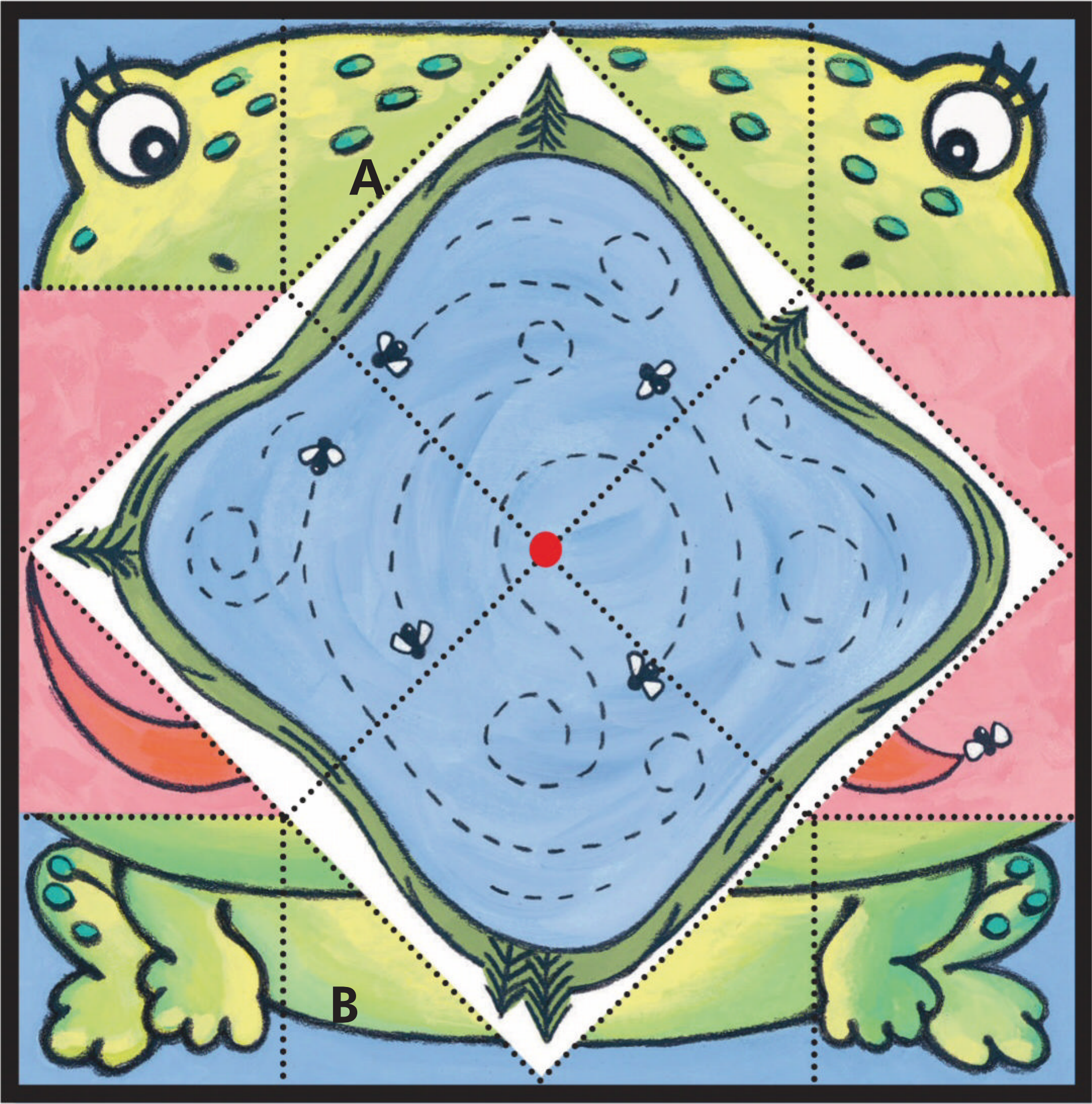


Photos: Africa Studio/Shutterstock.com; Be Good/Shutterstock.com; Fuller Photography/Shutterstock.com; TJATSU/Shutterstock.com

Growing Up? We grow with you!

Save **25% off** your subscription at Shop.CricketMedia.com/Try-Discount

Cricket Media



Fly Away

by Katie Hesterman ❖ Art by Jane Dippold

Swarming, buzzing near the lake,
Foolish fly made one mistake,
Flew too close above the water.
Something pink and sticky caught her,
Snapped her up with one quick pull.
Fly is gone, but frog is full.

What You'll Need:

scissors
glue

What to Do:

Make your own froggy fly trap!

1. With a grownup, cut out the square along the solid outline. Turn the paper over so that the red dot is facedown. Fold each corner point back, so the corners meet in the middle and make a square. Turn the folded square over.
2. Fold the square in half along one dotted line. Open it. Now fold the paper in half along the other dotted line. Open it again. Fold the corners in so that the points touch the red dot.
3. Gently pull the four corners together like a closed umbrella. Open the four outer pockets.
4. Add a dab of glue at A and B to hold the frog's face together. Let dry.

Snap! You can make your fly trap open and shut like a big frog's mouth!





