

# GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



## Supplemental Reading Packet

April 13-17, 2020

2nd grade

Mrs. Doughty

Mrs. Garff

Ms. Torres

Mrs. Speer

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Section: \_\_

# A Meeting

ONE EVENING, a few days after the writing had appeared in Charlotte's web, the spider called a meeting of all the animals in the barn cellar.

"I shall begin by calling the roll. Wilbur?"

"Here!" said the pig.

"Gander?"

"Here, here, here!" said the gander.

"You sound like three ganders," muttered Charlotte. "Why can't you just say 'here'? Why do you have to repeat everything?"

"It's my idio-idio-idiosyncrasy," replied the gander.

"Goose?" said Charlotte.

"Here, here, here!" said the goose. Charlotte glared at her.

"Goslings, one through seven?"

"Bee-bee-bee!" "Bee-bee-bee!" "Bee-bee-bee!"

"Bee-bee-bee!" "Bee-bee-bee!" "Bee-bee-bee!" "Bee-bee-bee!" said the goslings.

"This is getting to be quite a meeting," said Charlotte.

"Anybody would think we had three ganders, three geese, and twenty-one goslings. Sheep?"

"He-aa-aa!" answered the sheep all together.

"Lambs?"

"He-aa-aa!" answered the lambs all together.

"Templeton?"

No answer.

"Templeton?"

No answer.

"Well, we are all here except the rat," said Charlotte.

"I guess we can proceed without him. Now, all of you must have noticed what's been going on around here the last few days. The message I wrote in my web, praising Wilbur, has been received. The Zuckermans have fallen for it, and so has everybody else. Zuckerman thinks Wilbur is an unusual pig, and therefore he won't want to kill him and eat him. I dare say my trick will work and Wilbur's life can be saved.

"Hurray!" cried everybody.

"Thank you very much," said Charlotte. "Now I called this meeting in order to get suggestions. I need new ideas for the web. People are already getting sick of reading the words 'Some Pig!' If anybody can think of another message, or remark, I'll be glad to weave it into the web. Any suggestions for a new slogan?"

"How about 'Pig Supreme'?" asked one of the lambs.



“No good,” said Charlotte. “It sounds like a rich desert.”

“How about ‘Terrific, terrific, terrific?’” asked the goose.

“Cut that down to one ‘terrific’ and it will do very

nicely,” said Charlotte. “I think ‘terrific’ might impress Zuckerman.”

“But Charlotte,” said Wilbur, “I’m *not* terrific.”

“That doesn’t make a particle of difference,” replied Charlotte. “Not a particle. People believe almost anything they see in print. Does anybody here know how to spell ‘terrific?’”

“I think,” said the gander, “it’s tee double ee double rr double rr double eye double ff double eye double see see see see.”

“What kind of an acrobat do you think I am?” said Charlotte in disgust. “I would have to have St. Vitus’s Dance to weave a word like that into my web.”

“Sorry, sorry, sorry,” said the gander.

Then the oldest sheep spoke up. “I agree that there should be something new written in the web if Wilbur’s life is to be saved. And if Charlotte needs help in finding words, I think she can get it from our friend Templeton. The rat visits the dump regularly and has access to old magazines. He can tear out bits of advertisements and bring them up here to the barn cellar, so that Charlotte can have something to copy.”

“Good idea,” said Charlotte. “But I’m not sure Templeton will be willing to help. You know how he is—always looking out for himself, never thinking of the other fellow.”

“I bet I can get him to help,” said the old sheep. “I’ll

appeal to his baser instincts, of which he has plenty. Here he comes now. Everybody keep quiet while I put the matter up to him!"

The rat entered the barn the way he always did—creeping along close to the wall.

"What's up?" he asked, seeing the animals assembled.

"We're holding a directors' meeting," replied the old sheep.

"Well, break it up!" said Templeton. "Meetings bore me." And the rat began to climb a rope that hung against the wall.

"Look," said the old sheep, "next time you go to the dump, Templeton, bring back a clipping from a magazine. Charlotte needs new ideas so she can write messages in her web and save Wilbur's life."

"Let him die," said the rat. "I should worry."

"You'll worry all right when next winter comes," said the sheep. "You'll worry all right on a zero morning next January when Wilbur is dead and nobody comes down here with a nice pail of warm slops to pour into the trough. Wilbur's leftover food is your chief source of supply, Templeton. *You* know that. Wilbur's food is your food; therefore Wilbur's destiny and your destiny are closely linked. If Wilbur is killed and his trough stands empty day after day, you'll grow so thin we can look right through your stomach and see objects on the other side."

Templeton's whiskers quivered.

"Maybe you're right," he said gruffly. "I'm making a trip to the dump tomorrow afternoon. I'll bring back a magazine clipping if I can find one."

"Thanks," said Charlotte. "The meeting is now adjourned. I have a busy evening ahead of me. I've got to tear my web apart and write 'Terrific.'"

Wilbur blushed. "But I'm *not* terrific, Charlotte. I'm just about average for a pig."

"You're terrific as far as *I'm* concerned," replied Charlotte, sweetly, "and that's what counts. You're my best friend, and *I* think you're sensational. Now stop arguing and go get some sleep!"

## Big Question

How did people living in the United States differ in their views about slavery?

## Core Vocabulary

slavery    enslaved    South    generation    freedom    North    territories  
Union    evils


## Chapter 1: “Slavery in the United States”

Ask students to turn to page 2 of the Student Book and look at the image as you read aloud. Ask students to listen carefully to find out what people living in the United States 160 years ago thought about slavery.

CHAPTER  
**1**

### Slavery in the United States

What is slavery? Slavery is the practice of owning people and forcing them to work, often without pay. Slavery existed in ancient Greece and Rome. And sadly, there was once slavery in the United States.



2

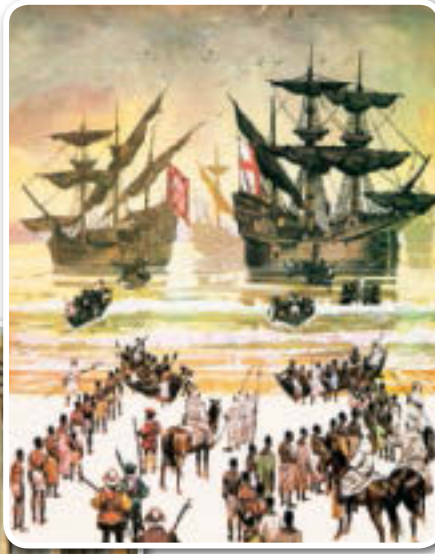
Ask students the following question:

**LITERAL**—What is slavery?

» Slavery is the practice of owning people and forcing them to work, often without pay.

Now ask students to look at the images on page 3 as you read aloud.

In the 1600s, Africans were enslaved and forced to come to America to work. Most enslaved Africans worked on large farms in the South called plantations.



The slaves' children and grandchildren were enslaved too. And so it went across the years. One slave generation after the next, born into enslavement, with little hope of freedom.

3

**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that to be **enslaved** is to be forced to work for others without being paid or having any freedom. Usually, people who were enslaved were owned by the people forcing them to work without pay. Further explain that people who are enslaved are called slaves. Throughout history, when slavery has existed, the people who were slaves were often treated poorly.

Activity Page



AP 1.3



**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that the **South** refers to the states in the southeastern and south-central part of the United States. These included Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware. **Point out the region of the South on Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3)**

**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that a **generation** is all the people who are born around the same time. For example, everyone who is in Grade 2 is part of the same generation because they were all born around the same time.

**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that **freedom** is having the power to make your own decisions and to do what you want. Someone who has freedom is not enslaved or kept by others.

**SUPPORT**—Review the images on the page, helping students to understand what each image shows. The top image shows captured Africans being loaded onto cargo ships to be brought to the Americas. The bottom image shows an African girl being sold. There are other Africans sitting behind her waiting to be sold. Slave owners bought and sold their slaves. The sale would be held in a public place, where many people could see the slaves on display.




**Ask students the following question:**

**LITERAL**—How did slavery in America start?

- » Africans were enslaved and brought to America in the 1600s to work on large farms called plantations.

**Ask students to look at the images on page 4 as you read aloud.**

Some enslaved people lived in the North, but fewer were needed there to work. However in the South, the demand for slaves grew with the demand for tobacco, sugar, and cotton. Slaves were needed to plant and harvest these crops. Tobacco, sugar, and cotton not only made some powerful Southern plantation owners very rich, it made America rich too!



Some Southern plantation owners lived in very grand homes. They had lots of slaves. In the Northern states, over time, slavery was no longer allowed.

4

Activity Page



AP 1.3

**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that the **North** refers to the states in the northeastern and north-central part of the United States. **Point out the region of the North on Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3).**

**SUPPORT**—Make sure students understand that the main images on the page show enslaved workers on Southern plantations. There are no images on the page that show life in the North, although some Northern businesses also benefited from the Southern crops they processed and sold.

**Ask students the following questions:**

**LITERAL**—Were there more slaves in the North or the South?

» There were more slaves in the South.

**LITERAL**—Why did the plantation owners in the South think they needed slaves?


» Plantation owners thought they needed slaves to plant and harvest tobacco, sugar, and cotton.

**LITERAL**—What was the result of using slave labor on plantations in the South? What happened to Southern plantation owners who used slaves?


» The plantation owners became rich from selling valuable tobacco, sugar, and cotton.

**Now ask students to look at the images on page 5 as you read aloud.**

In the 1840s and 1850s, new territories in the West and Midwest were ready to become U.S. states and join the Union. Many people in the North wanted these new states to be free states—places where slavery was not allowed.



But in the South, the plantation owners worried that if there were more free states than slave states, people would try to end slavery. Then how would plantation owners grow tobacco, sugar, and cotton?



5



**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that **territories** are areas of land.

**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that the **Union** was another name for the United States.

**SUPPORT**—Use the map on page 5 to review with students the South (the green area), the North (the orange area, from Iowa east), and the West (the orange area north and west of Iowa plus the yellow area).

**Ask students the following questions:**

**LITERAL**—What did it mean to be a free state?

- » A free state was a place where slavery was not allowed.

**INFERENTIAL**—Why were plantation owners worried about territories becoming free states?

- » Plantation owners worried that if territories became free states, there would be more free states than slave states and people would try to end slavery. They believed they needed slaves to grow tobacco, sugar, and cotton and make money.

**Ask students to look at the images on page 6 as you read aloud.**

In both the North and the South, some people began to speak out against slavery. Church ministers and some writers drew attention to the evils of slavery.



In the North, posters were put up in public places. Small in number at first, those who were against slavery were called abolitionists because they wanted to abolish, or get rid of it.



Sarah and Angelina Grimké were raised in the South. Their family owned many slaves. When they grew up, they moved to the North and began to work to end slavery.



Sarah Grimké



Angelina Grimké

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**SUPPORT**—Explain that church ministers are religious leaders, or leaders of churches.

**CORE VOCABULARY**—Explain that **evils** are things that are wrong and that make people suffer.

**Ask students the following questions:**

**LITERAL**—How did people show they were against slavery?

- » People talked about it, wrote about it, and put up posters in public places.

**EVALUATIVE**—Why do you think some people thought slavery was evil?

- » They probably thought slavery was evil and unfair because slaves were not allowed to decide where to live or work and were not paid for their work.

**LITERAL**—Who were the abolitionists?

- » The abolitionists were people who were against slavery. They wanted to abolish, or get rid of, slavery.



**CHECK FOR UNDERSTANDING: BIG QUESTION**

**TURN AND TALK**—How did people living in the United States differ in their views about slavery?

- » Plantation owners in the South believed that slaves were needed to help grow sugar, cotton, and tobacco, which allowed the plantation owners to make a lot of money. Because fewer slaves were needed to do work in the North, most people in these states felt slavery was evil and should not be allowed.

Activity Page

**Note to Teacher:** Distribute copies of Letter to Family (AP 1.1) for students to take home.



AP 1.1

# Amy Marcy Beach



## *Important Facts to Know About Amy Marcy Beach*

**Born:** 1867 in United States

**Died:** 1944

**Period of Music:** Romantic and 20th Century

**Instrument She Played:** Piano

**Major Compositions:**

Piano: Piano Concerto in C-sharp Minor, Op. 45; Piano Quintet in F-sharp Minor, Op. 67;  
*Variations on a Balkan Theme*, Op. 60; *Suite for Two Pianos Founded upon Old Irish  
Melodies*, Op. 104

Orchestra: "Gaelic" Symphony, Op. 32; *Festival Jubilate*, Op. 17

Vocal: Mass in E-flat Major, Op. 5; *Cabildo* (opera), Op. 149

**Interesting Facts:** As a child Beach was compared to Mozart. She was the first American woman to compose and publish a symphony.



Track 12

**Suggested Listening:** *Scottish Legend*, Op. 54, No. 1

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# The story of Amy Marcy Beach

(1867–1944)

Amy Marcy Cheney was born in Henniker, New Hampshire in 1867. As a child prodigy, her flair at the keyboard led to comparisons to a young Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. At the age of one she was singing approximately forty tunes accurately in perfect pitch. At the age of two she was improvising melodies on the piano. At the age of four she could play four-part hymns by ear. Amy began piano study with her mother when she was six, and gave her first piano recital when she was seven. Her program included her own compositions as well as pieces by Beethoven, Chopin and Handel.

In 1875 Amy's family moved to Boston where she studied piano with Ernst Perabo and Carl Baermann. After studying harmony and counterpoint for one year, she taught herself composition and orchestration. Amy made her debut with the Boston Symphony in 1885 when she was eighteen.

In 1885 Amy married Dr. Henry Harris Aubrey Beach, a wealthy, successful doctor who was an amateur musician. After her marriage, at the request of her husband, Amy focused on composition rather than performance. When Dr. Beach died in 1910, she began concert tours of Europe where she performed her compositions with great success. Her concerts in Berlin, Leipzig and Hamburg attracted great attention because she was the first American woman to compose music at the level of the great



Berlin in 1910, the year Amy Beach gave her critically acclaimed concerts.

European composers. She was called a "virtuoso pianist" and one German critic said she was America's greatest composer.

When World War I began, Amy returned to the United States and presented concerts all over the country. She moved to New York in 1914. She continued touring during the winter months and practicing and composing during the summer months. From 1921 she was involved with the founding of the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire, where she spent many summers composing.

Amy was a well-rounded, cosmopolitan and intellectual woman. She was fluent in French and German and also studied science and philosophy. She contributed greatly to the study of birds (ornithology) because with her perfect pitch she was able to notate bird songs accurately. This interest appears in many of her pieces, especially in those with birds in the titles.

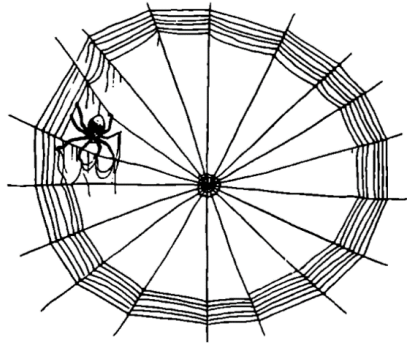
Amy held leading roles in the Music Teachers National Association, the Music Educators National Conference and was co-founder of the Association of Women Composers. She died in 1944 in New York City. Many of Amy Beach's works continue to be heard today because of their great beauty, and because of a renewed interest in romantic music and in works by women composers.



Amy was a child prodigy like Mozart and often compared to him.

## Good Progress

**F**AR INTO the night, while the other creatures slept, Charlotte worked on her web. First she ripped out a few of the orb lines near the center. She left the radial lines alone, as they were needed for support. As she worked, her eight legs were a great help to her. So were her teeth. She loved to weave and she was an expert at it. When she was finished ripping things out, her web looked something like this:



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A spider can produce several kinds of thread. She uses a dry, tough thread for foundation lines, and she uses a sticky thread for snare lines—the ones that catch and hold insects. Charlotte decided to use her dry thread for writing the new message.

“If I write the word ‘Terrific’ with sticky thread,” she thought, “every bug that comes along will get stuck in it and spoil the effect.”

“Now let’s see, the first letter is T.”

Charlotte climbed to a point at the top of the left hand side of the web. Swinging her spinnerets into position, she attached her thread and then dropped down. As she dropped, her spinning tubes went into action and she let out thread. At the bottom, she attached the thread. This formed the upright part of the letter T. Charlotte was not satisfied, however. She climbed up and made another attachment, right next to the first. Then she carried the line down, so that she had a double line instead of a single line. “It will show up better if I make the whole thing with double lines.”

She climbed back up, moved over about an inch to the left, touched her spinnerets to the web, and then carried a line across to the right, forming the top of the T. She repeated this, making it double. Her eight legs were very busy helping.

“Now for the E!”

Charlotte got so interested in her work, she began to

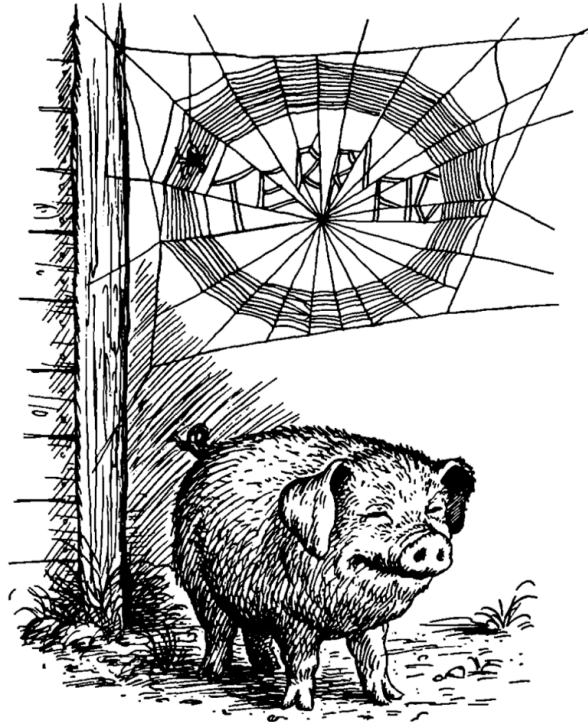
talk to herself, as though to cheer herself on. If you had been sitting quietly in the barn cellar that evening, you would have heard something like this:

“Now for the R! Up we go! Attach! Descend! Pay out line! Whoa! Attach! Good! Up you go! Repeat! Attach! Descend! Pay out line. Whoa, girl! Steady now! Attach! Climb! Attach! Over to the right! Pay out line! Attach! Now right and down and swing that loop and around and around! Now in to the left! Attach! Climb! Repeat! O.K.! Easy, keep those lines together! Now, then, out and down for the leg of the R! Pay out line! Whoa! Attach! Ascend! Repeat! Good girl!”

And so, talking to herself, the spider worked at her difficult task. When it was completed, she felt hungry. She ate a small bug that she had been saving. Then she slept.

Next morning, Wilbur arose and stood beneath the web. He breathed the morning air into his lungs. Drops of dew, catching the sun, made the web stand out clearly. When Lurvy arrived with breakfast, there was the handsome pig, and over him, woven neatly in block letters, was the word TERRIFIC. Another miracle.

Lurvy rushed and called Mr. Zuckerman. Mr. Zuckerman rushed and called Mrs. Zuckerman. Mrs. Zuckerman ran to the phone and called the Arables. The Arables climbed into their truck and hurried over.



Everybody stood at the pigpen and stared at the web and read the word, over and over, while Wilbur, who really *felt* terrific, stood quietly swelling out his chest and swinging his snout from side to side.

"Terrific!" breathed Zuckerman, in joyful admiration. "Edith, you better phone the reporter on the *Weekly Chronicle* and tell him what has happened. He will want to know about this. He may want to bring a photographer. There isn't a pig in the whole state that is as terrific as our pig."

The news spread. People who had journeyed to see Wilbur when he was "some pig" came back again to see him now that he was "terrific."

That afternoon, when Mr. Zuckerman went to milk the cows and clean out the tie-ups, he was still thinking about what a wondrous pig he owned.

"Lurvy!" he called. "There is to be no more cow manure thrown down into that pigpen. I have a terrific pig. I want that pig to have clean, bright straw every day for his bedding. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Lurvy.

"Furthermore," said Mr. Zuckerman, "I want you to start building a crate for Wilbur. I have decided to take the pig to the County Fair on September sixth. Make the crate large and paint it green with gold letters!"

"What will the letters say?" asked Lurvy.

"They should say *Zuckerman's Famous Pig*."

Lurvy picked up a pitchfork and walked away to get some clean straw. Having such an important pig was going to mean plenty of extra work, he could see that.

Below the apple orchard, at the end of a path, was the dump where Mr. Zuckerman threw all sorts of trash and stuff that nobody wanted any more. Here, in a small clearing hidden by young alders and wild raspberry bushes, was an astonishing pile of old bottles and empty tin cans and dirty rags and bits of metal and broken bottles and broken hinges and broken springs and dead batteries and last month's magazines and old discarded dishmops and tattered overalls and rusty spikes and leaky pails and forgotten stoppers and useless junk of all kinds, including a wrong-size crank for a broken ice-cream freezer.

Templeton knew the dump and liked it. There were good hiding places there—excellent cover for a rat. And there was usually a tin can with food still clinging to the inside.

Templeton was down there now, rummaging around. When he returned to the barn, he carried in his mouth an advertisement he had torn from a crumpled magazine.

"How's this?" he asked, showing the ad to Charlotte.

"It says 'Crunchy.' 'Crunchy' would be a good word to write in your web."

"Just the wrong idea," replied Charlotte. "Couldn't be worse. We don't want Zuckerman to think Wilbur is crunchy. He might start thinking about crisp,



crunchy bacon and tasty ham. That would put ideas into his head. We must advertise Wilbur's noble qualities, not his tastiness. Go get another word, please, Templeton!"

The rat looked disgusted. But he sneaked away to the dump and was back in a while with a strip of cotton cloth. "How's this?" he asked. "It's a label off an old shirt."

Charlotte examined the label. It said PRE-SHRUNK.

"I'm sorry, Templeton," she said, "but 'Pre-shrunk' is out of the question. We want Zuckerman to think Wilbur is nicely filled out, not all shrunk up. I'll have to ask you to try again."

"What do you think I am, a messenger boy?" grumbled the rat. "I'm not going to spend all my time chasing down to the dump after advertising material."

"Just once more—please!" said Charlotte.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Templeton. "I know where there's a package of soap flakes in the woodshed. It has writing on it. I'll bring you a piece of the package."

He climbed the rope that hung on the wall and disappeared through a hole in the ceiling. When he came back he had a strip of blue-and-white cardboard in his teeth.

"There!" he said, triumphantly. "How's that?"

Charlotte read the words: "With New Radiant Action."

"What does it mean?" asked Charlotte, who had never used any soap flakes in her life.

"How should I know?" said Templeton. "You asked for words and I brought them. I suppose the next thing you'll want me to fetch is a dictionary."

Together they studied the soap ad. "'With new radiant action,'" repeated Charlotte, slowly. "Wilbur!" she called.



Wilbur, who was asleep in the straw, jumped up.

"Run around!" commanded Charlotte. "I want to see you in action, to see if you are radiant."

Wilbur raced to the end of his yard.

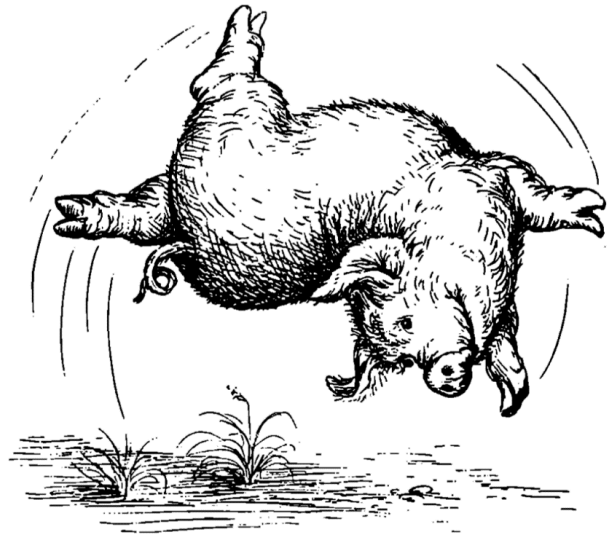
"Now back again, faster!" said Charlotte.

Wilbur galloped back. His skin shone. His tail had a fine, tight curl in it.

"Jump into the air!" cried Charlotte.

Wilbur jumped as high as he could.

"Keep your knees straight and touch the ground with your ears!" called Charlotte.



Wilbur obeyed.

"Do a back flip with a half twist in it!" cried Charlotte.

Wilbur went over backwards, writhing and twisting as he went.

"O.K., Wilbur," said Charlotte. "You can go back to sleep. O.K., Templeton, the soap ad will do, I guess. I'm not sure Wilbur's action is exactly radiant, but it's interesting."

"Actually," said Wilbur, "I *feel* radiant."

"Do you?" said Charlotte, looking at him with affection. "Well, you're a good little pig, and radiant you shall be. I'm in this thing pretty deep now—I might as well go the limit."

Tired from his romp, Wilbur lay down in the clean straw. He closed his eyes. The straw seemed scratchy—not as comfortable as the cow manure, which was always delightfully soft to lie in. So he pushed the straw to one side and stretched out in the manure. Wilbur sighed. It had been a busy day—his first day of being terrific. Dozens of people had visited his yard during the afternoon, and he had had to stand and pose, looking as terrific as he could. Now he was tired. Fern had arrived and seated herself quietly on her stool in the corner.

"Tell me a story, Charlotte!" said Wilbur, as he lay waiting for sleep to come. "Tell me a story!"

So Charlotte, although she, too, was tired, did what Wilbur wanted.

"Once upon a time," she began, "I had a beautiful cousin who managed to build her web across a small stream. One day a tiny fish leaped into the air and got tangled in the web. My cousin was very much surprised, of course. The fish was thrashing wildly. My



cousin hardly dared tackle it. But she did. She swooped down and threw great masses of wrapping material around the fish and fought bravely to capture it."

"Did she succeed?" asked Wilbur.

"It was a never-to-be-forgotten battle," said Charlotte. "There was the fish, caught only by one fin, and its tail wildly thrashing and shining in the sun. There

was the web, sagging dangerously under the weight of the fish."

"How much did the fish weigh?" asked Wilbur eagerly.

"I don't know," said Charlotte. "There was my cousin, slipping in, dodging out, beaten mercilessly over the head by the wildly thrashing fish, dancing in, dancing out, throwing her threads and fighting hard. First she threw a left around the tail. The fish lashed back. Then a left to the tail and a right to the mid-section. The fish lashed back. Then she dodged to one side and threw a right, and another right to the fin. Then a hard left to the head, while the web swayed and stretched."

"Then what happened?" asked Wilbur.

"Nothing," said Charlotte. "The fish lost the fight. My cousin wrapped it up so tight it couldn't budge."

"Then what happened?" asked Wilbur.

"Nothing," said Charlotte. "My cousin kept the fish for a while, and then, when she got good and ready, she ate it."

"Tell me another story!" begged Wilbur.

So Charlotte told him about another cousin of hers who was an aeronaut.

"What is an aeronaut?" asked Wilbur.

"A balloonist," said Charlotte. "My cousin used to stand on her head and let out enough thread to form a

balloon. Then she'd let go and be lifted into the air and carried upward on the warm wind."

"Is that true?" asked Wilbur. "Or are you just making it up?"

"It's true," replied Charlotte. "I have some very remarkable cousins. And now, Wilbur, it's time you went to sleep."

"Sing something!" begged Wilbur, closing his eyes.

So Charlotte sang a lullaby, while crickets chirped in the grass and the barn grew dark. This was the song she sang.

"Sleep, sleep, my love, my only,  
Deep, deep, in the dung and the dark;  
Be not afraid and be not lonely!  
This is the hour when frogs and thrushes  
Praise the world from the woods and the rushes.  
Rest from care, my one and only,  
Deep in the dung and the dark!"

But Wilbur was already asleep. When the song ended, Fern got up and went home.