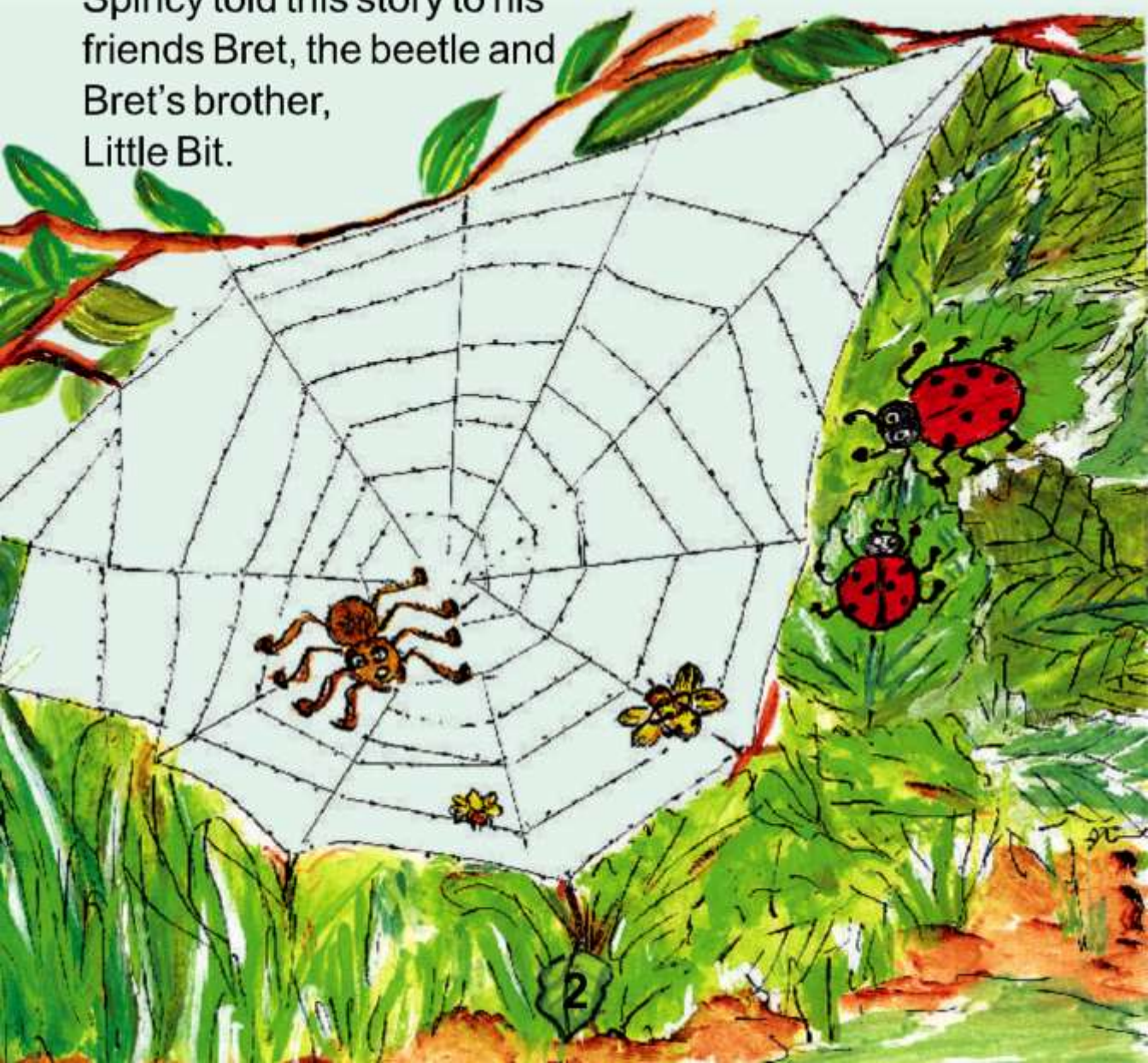


SPINCY THE SPIDER



In the Far Forest, among the many hawthorn bushes lived a very small spider called Spincy. He is rather happy that his great, great, great grandfather was the spider of the “Incy wincy spider...” nursery rhyme. Spincy told this story to his friends Bret, the beetle and Bret’s brother, Little Bit.





Bret and Little Bit did not have anyone famous in their family. They had no time to think about such things. The beetles were busy

from morning to night, gathering food, helping in the house, staying out of harm's way.

Spincy was lucky. All he did was spin a web, which was his home and wait for the flies to get caught so he had plenty of time to think about being famous like his great, great, great grandfather.



Spincy wanted to be famous, but did not know how. One day he spun a thread from his web and went to another branch, to look for 'famous'; then the second branch, third branch, fourth branch, till he reached branch number ten. He did not find 'famous' anywhere.

He asked his friends how to get famous, they also did not know what famous was.



One sunny morning, Bret and Little Bit came to visit Spincy.

Between them

they rolled a dead fly into Spincy's web as a present.



Spincy was very pleased and made his guests as comfortable as possible. "Spincy, I have news for you. I think I know what 'famous' is." Spincy was so excited, that he nearly dropped the fly he was eating.

"What is it Bret?"

"Well, Little Bit and I are friends with Peel, the Parrot. We are not close friends; he sometimes throws pieces of fruit from the tree for us, so you could say we are friends."



Bret liked to talk and got carried away and forgot what he had come to say. Spincy knew this, so he interrupted. "What did Peel, the Parrot say about famous?" Bret continued, "Peel, the Parrot stays with people, they talk about famous people. Peel thinks that you have to do something, which no one else has done.



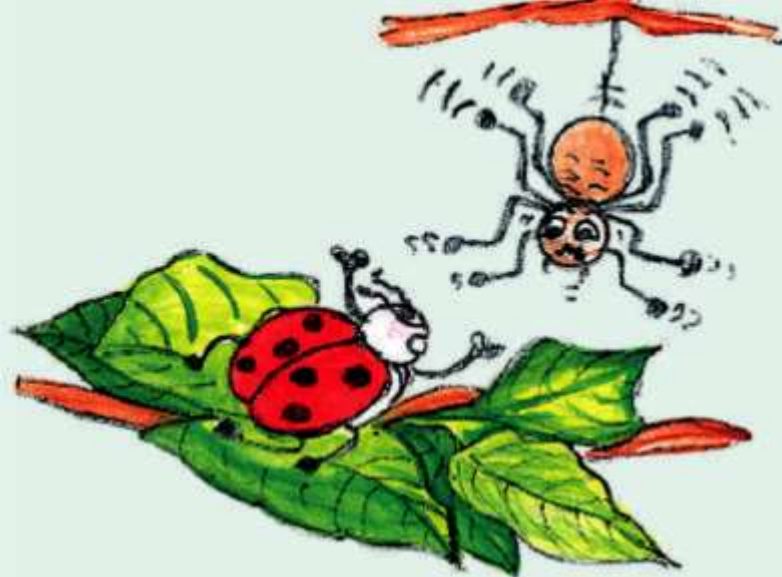
Peel says famous is when everyone knows your name."

Spincy was no wiser than before.

Little Bit tried to comfort Spincy, "I think you are famous, I know your name. Bret knows your name. Peel, the Parrot knows your name. All the spiders in this bush know your name."

Spincy just shook his head and all his eight legs.





“No one has written a nursery rhyme on Spincy, the Spider,” he said sadly.

Bret and Little Bit went away, rather sad too. They had not been able to help their friend become famous.

Spincy sat down to think about what he could do that no other spider had done.

He spun a perfect web.

All spiders spin perfect webs.

He caught flies.

So did the other spiders.





He could climb up and down really fast. Other spiders did the same. There was nothing he could do that the others could not.

Many days passed and Spincy was no nearer to being famous. One day, while he was sitting in the middle of his web, he heard Bret shouting, "Spincy, Little Bit is hurt, help! Help!"

Spincy ran as fast as he could.



He saw that a large stone had fallen on Little Bit. Little Bit had managed to crawl from under it, but had broken his leg and hurt his sides. He was lying very still. Bret and the other beetles were running around helplessly.

Spincy asked Bret to get a small leaf. Bret got the leaf. As it was getting dark and spiders don't see too well, Bret asked his cousins, the glow worms, to come and light up the place.



Spincy put the stem of the leaf on the broken leg, folded the leaf over it, and started spinning a spider thread around the leg, stem and leaf together, till it was nicely bandaged in spider silk. He put a piece of leaf on Bit's hurt side and spun a little silk patch on it.

Little Bit was already feeling much better. The other beetles helped Little Bit into his house.



Spincy sat down tired but happy. He had helped save his friend's life. It was time to go home and rest.

As Spincy walked home, he saw beetles of all sizes walking with him.

The glow worms twinkled overhead like so many stars, lighting Spincy's way. They were all singing a rhyme, Peel, the Parrot had made.





“Spincy, the Spider,
is kinder,
Than any other Spider,
He can bandage your leg,
Spinning a patch,
Spincy, the Spider has no match.”

In days to come, everybody from Far Forest had heard of Spincy.

If you find the Far Forest, you too can hear this rhyme. It is sung in the evening, when the glow worms come out and light up Spincy's hawthorn bush.

What does Spincy feel?

Spincy says “I don't care to be famous. I am happy that when my friends need help, they call my name.”

