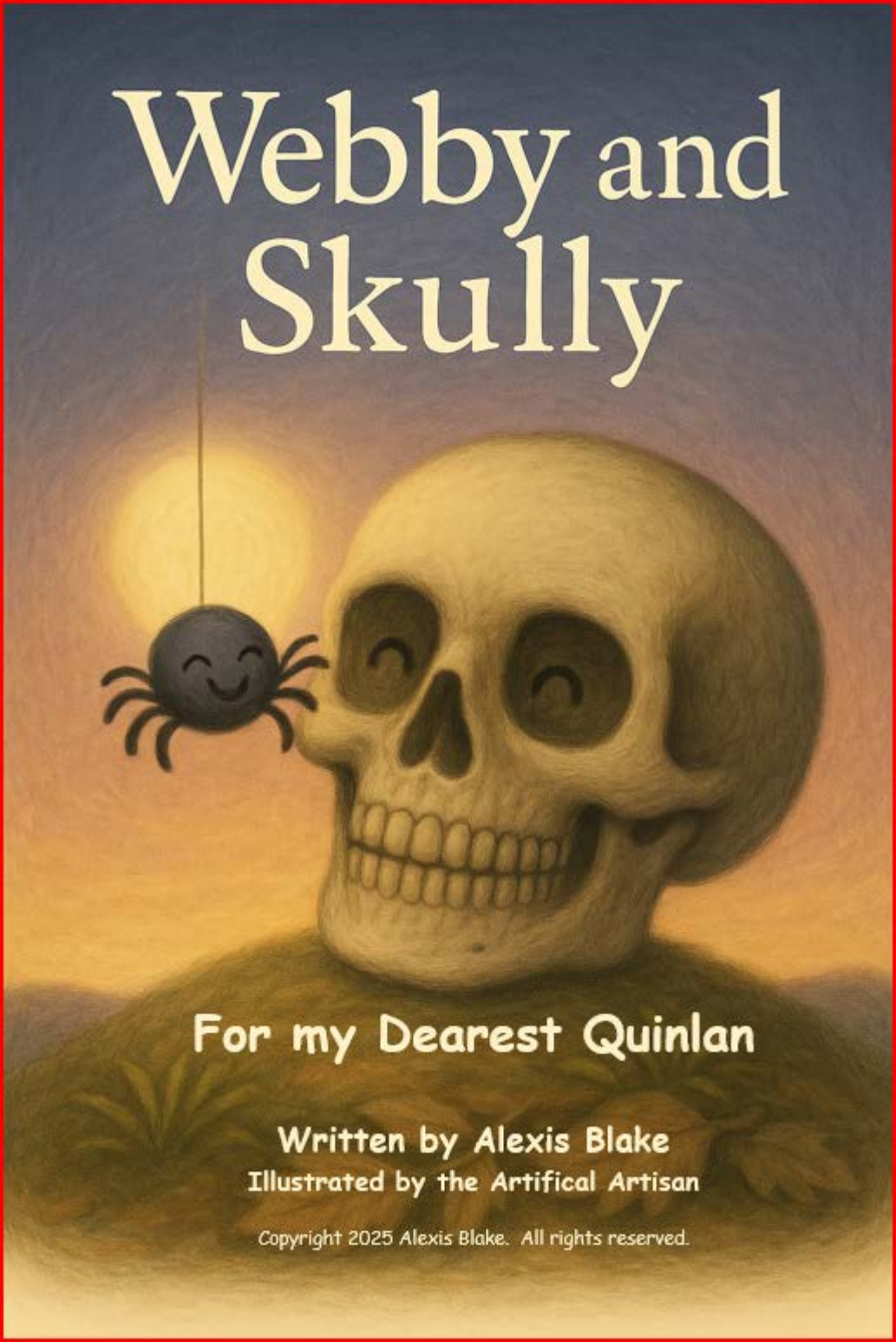


Webby and Skully

The illustration shows a large, yellowish skull with a friendly expression, resting on a mound of earth. To its left, a small, dark blue spider with a smiling face is suspended by a thin vertical line. The background is a soft, warm gradient of yellow and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

For my Dearest Quinlan

Written by Alexis Blake
Illustrated by the Artifical Artisan

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Webby the baby spider lived in a skull.
Skully the skull was old, quiet, and dull.



They played by the moon in the cool, soft night.

They whispered and sang
in the silver light.





The earth began to tremble, then shake and quake!



Skully rolled down the hill, all the way to the lake!



Webby spun silk, she flipped and she flew.

Landing with a thump in a reedy, wet, mew.



Webby met Ribbit, a frog with a cane.
Ribbit croaked, "Take the stream through the
fern and the rain."



Follow it upward, don't go astray,
The hill's at the end, where your friend might stay."

Skully met Wingy, a bat with a hat.
Wingy said, "Roll where the woods are flat!



At the top of the hill, you'll see the sky,
Wait there! Your friend will come by and by



The woods grew dark, the wind blew cold.
Skully rolled past old roots and mold.



Webby crept through damp leaves and broken sticks,
Her legs went tap, tap, tap, very quick and slick.

At dawn they met on the top of the hill.
Skully sat smiling, perfectly still.



Webby whispered, "I found you, friend."
Webby and Skully,
Side by side, to the very end.

The End

