

**Readings for 3/19**  
**Ms. Darlene's Class**

“A Fisherman Robbed”  
by Thornton Burgess

Peter's eyes looked as if they would pop out of his head, for it was quite plain to him that King Eagle was after Plunger, and Peter didn't understand this at all. You see, he didn't understand what King Eagle was screaming. But Plunger did. King Eagle was screaming, “Drop that fish! Drop that fish!”

Plunger didn't intend to drop that fish if he could help himself. It was his fish. Hadn't he caught it himself? He

didn't intend to give it up to any robber of the air, even though that robber was King Eagle himself, unless he was actually forced to. So Plunger began to dodge and twist and turn in the air, all the time mounting higher and higher, and all the time screaming harshly, "Robber! Thief! I won't drop this fish! It's mine! It's mine!"

Now the fish was heavy, so of course Plunger couldn't fly as easily and swiftly as if he were carrying nothing. Up, up he went, but all the time King Eagle went up with him, circling round him, screaming harshly, and threatening to strike him with those great, cruel, curved claws. Peter watched them, so excited that he fairly

danced. “O, I do hope Plunger will get away from that big robber,” cried Peter. “He may be king of the air, but he is a robber just the same.”

Plunger and King Eagle were now high in the air above the Big River. Suddenly King Eagle swung above Plunger and for an instant seemed to hold himself still there, just as Plunger had done before he had shot down into the water after that fish. There was a still harsher note in King Eagle’s scream. If Peter had been near enough he would have seen a look of anger and determination in King Eagle’s fierce, yellow eyes. Plunger saw it and knew what it meant. He knew that King Eagle would stand for no

more fooling. With a cry of bitter disappointment and anger he let go of the big fish.

Down, down, dropped the fish, shining in the sun like a bar of silver. King Eagle's wings half closed and he shot down like a thunderbolt. Just before the fish reached the water King Eagle struck it with his great claws, checked himself by spreading his broad wings and tail, and then in triumph flew over to the very tree towards which Plunger had started when he had caught the fish. There he leisurely made his breakfast, apparently enjoying it as much as if he had come by it honestly.

“Our First Great Painter”  
by James Baldwin

The lad sprang up alarmed.

“It’s only a picture of the baby, mother,” he said.

“A picture of the baby! Oh, wonderful! It looks just like her!”

The good woman was so overjoyed that she caught him in her arms and kissed him. Then suddenly she began to wonder whether this was right.

“Benjamin, how did thee learn to draw such a picture?” she asked.

“I didn’t learn,” he answered. “I just did it. I couldn’t help but do it.”

When Benjamin’s father came home, his mother showed him the picture.

“It looks just like her, doesn’t it?” she said. “But I am afraid. I don’t know what to think. Does thee suppose that it is very wrong for Benjamin to do such a thing?”

The father did not answer. He turned the picture this way and that, and looked at it from every side. He compared it with the baby’s pretty face.

# “Stone Soup”

by Marcia Brown

Those were easy enough to find. The peasants’ eyes grew round as they watched the soldiers drop the stones into the pot.

“Any soup needs salt and pepper,” said the soldiers, as they began to stir. Children ran to fetch salt and pepper.

“Stones like these generally make good soup. But oh, if there were carrots, it would be much better.”

“Why, I think I have a carrot or two,” said Francoise, and off she ran.

She came back with her apron full of carrots from the bin beneath the red quilt.

“A good stone soup should have cabbage,” said the soldiers as they sliced the carrots into the pot. “But no use asking for what you don’t have.”

“I think I could find a cabbage somewhere,” said Marie and she hurried home. Back she came with three cabbages from the cupboard under the bed.

“If we only had a bit of beef and a few potatoes, this soup would be good enough for a rich man’s table.”



The peasants thought that over. They remembered their potatoes and the sides of beef hanging in the cellars. They ran to fetch them.

A rich man's soup – and all from a few stones. It seemed like magic!

“Ah,” sighed the soldiers as they stirred in the beef and potatoes, “if we only had a little barley and a cup of milk! This would be fit for the king himself. Indeed he asked for just such a soup when last he dined with us.”

The peasants looked at each other. The soldiers had entertained the king! Well!