

**Readings for 3/18**  
**Ms. Darlene's Class**

“A Fisherman Robbed”  
by Thornton Burgess

Up, up, up he rose, going round and round in a spiral. When he was well up in the blue, blue sky, he began to sail again in wide circles as when Peter had first seen him. It wasn't long before he again paused and then shot down towards the water. This time he abruptly spread his great wings just before reaching the water so that he no more than wet his feet. Once more a fish had escaped him. But Plunger seemed not in the least discouraged.

He is a true fisherman and every true fisherman possesses patience. Up again he spiraled until he was so high that Peter wondered how he could possibly see a fish so far below. You see, Peter didn't know that it is easier to see down into the water from high above it than from close to it. Then, too, there are no more wonderful eyes than those possessed by the members of the Hawk family. Plunger the Osprey is a Hawk called Fish Hawk.

A third time Plunger shot down and this time, as in his first attempt, he struck the water with a great splash and disappeared. In an instant he reappeared, shaking water from him in a silver spray and flapping heavily.

This time Peter could see a great shining fish in his claws. It was heavy, as Peter could tell by the way in which Plunger flew. He headed towards a tall tree on the other bank of the Big River, there to enjoy his breakfast. He was not more than halfway there when Peter was startled by a harsh scream.

He looked up to see a great bird, with wonderful broad wings, swinging in short circles about Plunger. His body and wings were dark brown, and his head and tail were snowy white. His great hooked beak was yellow and his legs were yellow. Peter knew in an instant who it was. There could be no mistake. It was King Eagle, the Bald Head, though his head isn't bald at all.

“Our First Great Painter”  
by James Baldwin

A fly lighted on the baby’s cheek, and he brushed it away. Then he thought what a pretty picture might be made of his sister’s sweet face and little hands.

He had no paper, but he knew where there was a smooth board. He had no pencil, but there was a piece of black charcoal on the hearth. How pretty the baby was! He began to draw. The baby smiled but did not wake up.

As often as he touched the charcoal to the smooth board, the picture grew.

Here was her round head, covered with pretty curls. Here was her mouth. Here were her eyes, and here her dainty ears. Here was her fat little neck. Here were her wonderful hands. So busy was he with the drawing that he did not think of anything else. He heard neither the clock nor the birds. He did not even hear his mother's footsteps as she came into the room. He did not hear her soft breathing as she stood over him and watched him finish the wonderful drawing.

“O Benjamin! What has thee been doing?” she cried.

“Stone Soup”  
by Marcia Brown

The three soldiers went on the house of Albert and Louise.

“Could you spare a bit of food? And have you some corner where we could sleep for the night?”

“Oh no,” said Albert. “We gave all we could spare to soldiers who came before you.”

“Our beds are full,” said Louise.

At Vincent and Marie’s the answer was the same. It had been a poor

harvest and all the grain must be kept for seed.

So it went all through the village. Not a peasant had any food to give away. They all had good reasons. One family had use the grain for feed. Another had an old sick father to care for. All had too many mouths to fill.

The villagers stood in the street and sighed. They looked as hungry as they could.

The three soldiers talked together. Then the first soldier called out, “Good people!” The peasants drew near.

“We are three hungry soldiers in a strange land. We have asked you for food and you have no food. Well then, we’ll have to make stone soup.”

The peasants stared.

Stone soup? That would be something to know about.

“First, we’ll need a large iron pot,” the soldiers said.

The peasants brought the largest pot they could find. How else to cook enough?

“That’s none too large,” said the soldiers. “But it will do. And now,

water to fill it and a fire to heat it.”

It took many buckets of water to fill the pot. A fire was built on the village square and the pot was set to boil.

“And now, if you please, three round, smooth stones.”