

Don't Eat Spiders

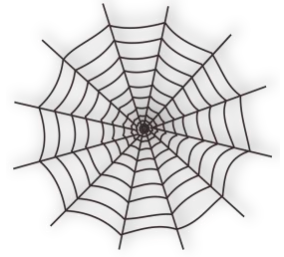
**Daddy said to me,
"Don't eat spiders,
Don't you dare.
They may be delicious,
But I don't care.
Don't eat spiders
Alive or dead.
Don't eat spiders,
That's what I said.
Don't eat spiders
Even in play,
Fried or mashed
Or *anyway*.
Don't eat spiders,
That's what I say.
Never, ever,
That's what I say!"**

**But I answered Daddy,
"Tell me why!
Will I get sick?
Will I die?
I'll eat spiders,
I don't care.
I'll eat spiders
On a dare."**

**I ate a spider
Off the ground.
I swallowed a spider**

**SUD-DEN-LY...
I grew eight legs,
They're skinny and hairy.
I shrank to a spider,
Creepy and scary.**

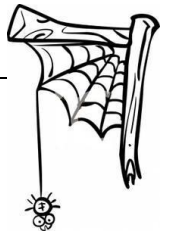
**I sit in a web,
I eat dead flies,
I watch the world
With eight beady eyes.**



**So don't eat spiders,
I hope you see,
Unless you want to be
A spider like me.
And don't eat spiders.
Do you see?
Cause if you eat spiders
You might eat ME!**



Think and Share



Good readers like to make connections with what they read. Can you make a connection with what the speaker must be feeling about being a spider? How would you feel if you turned into a spider?

Share your ideas with someone in your family then write a statement explaining how your feelings are the same as the speaker's. Remember to give proof from the poem to support your ideas.