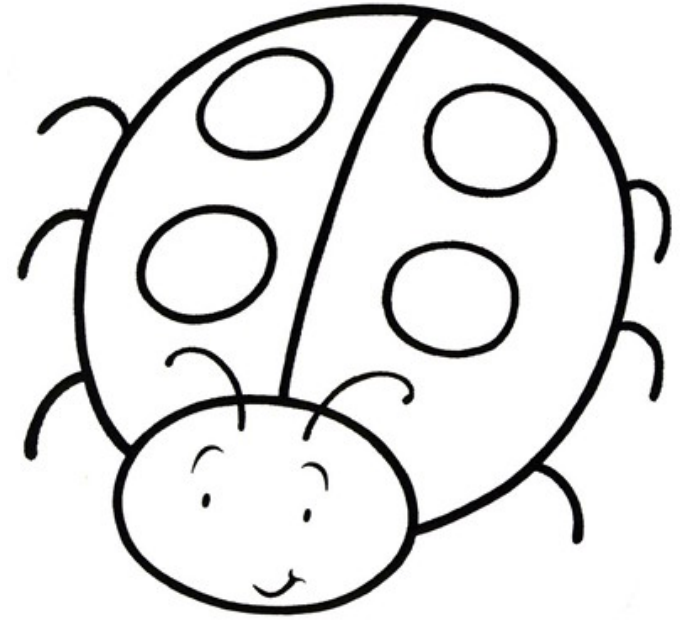


Winter Plans  
by MaryJo Shannon

Ladybug, ladybug, where will you go  
When the trees are bare and winter winds blow,  
And the earth is all covered with ice and snow—  
Ladybug, ladybug, where will you go?

“Under the bark of a hollow tree  
With dozens of ladybugs just like me,  
I’ll curl up tight with folded wings  
And soundly dream of summer things.”



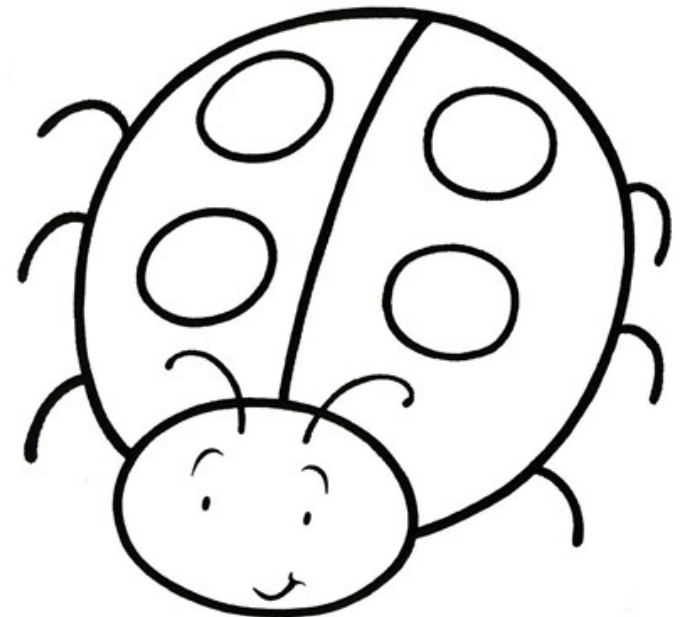
**My Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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