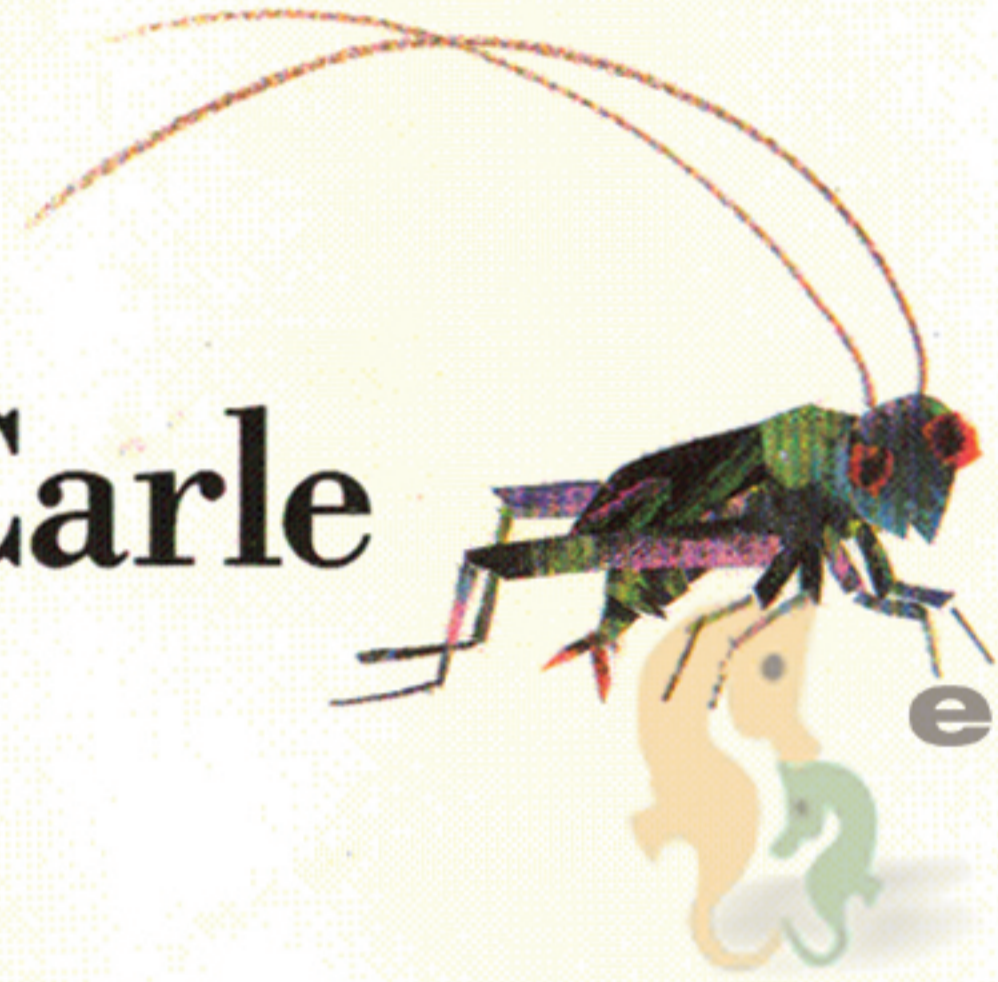


Eric Carle

# The Very Quiet Cricket



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Philomel Books

There are four thousand different kinds of crickets.  
Some live underground, others above.  
Some live in shrubs or trees, and some even live in water.  
Both male and female crickets can hear,  
but only the male can make a sound.  
By rubbing his wings together he chirps.  
Some people say that it sounds like a song!

For Sally and Bob

One warm day,  
from a tiny egg  
a little cricket was born.



*Welcome!* chirped a big cricket,  
rubbing his wings together.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.



*Good morning!* whizzed a locust,  
spinning through the air.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.







*Hello!* whispered a praying mantis,  
scraping its huge front legs together.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.





*Good day!* crunched a worm,  
munching its way out of an apple.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.





*Hi!* bubbled a spittlebug,  
slurping in a sea of froth.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.

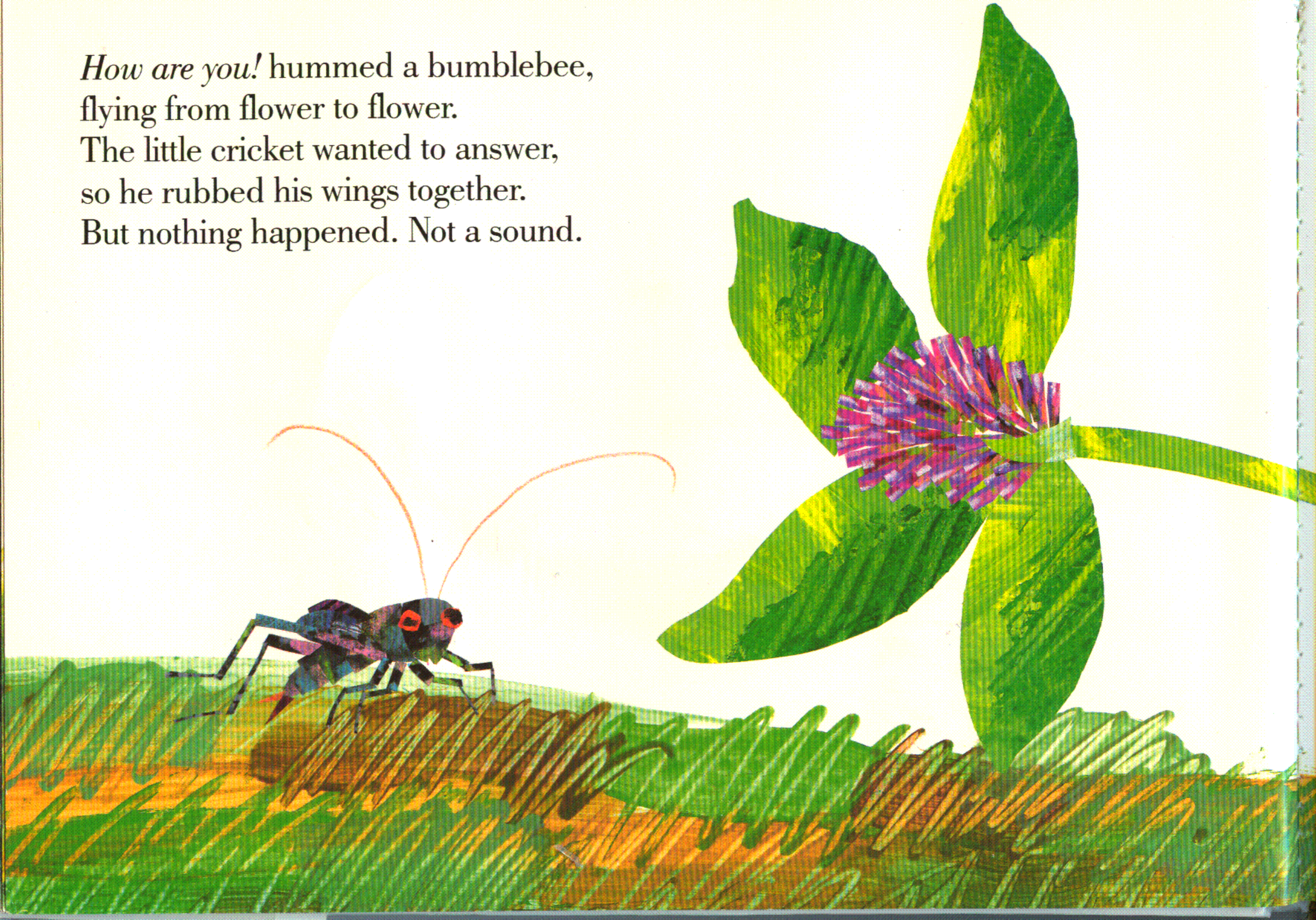


*Good afternoon!* screeched a cicada,  
clinging to a branch of a tree.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.





*How are you!* hummed a bumblebee,  
flying from flower to flower.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.







*Good evening!* whirred a dragonfly,  
gliding above the water.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.



*Good night!* buzzed the mosquitoes,  
dancing among the stars.  
The little cricket wanted to answer,  
so he rubbed his wings together.  
But nothing happened. Not a sound.



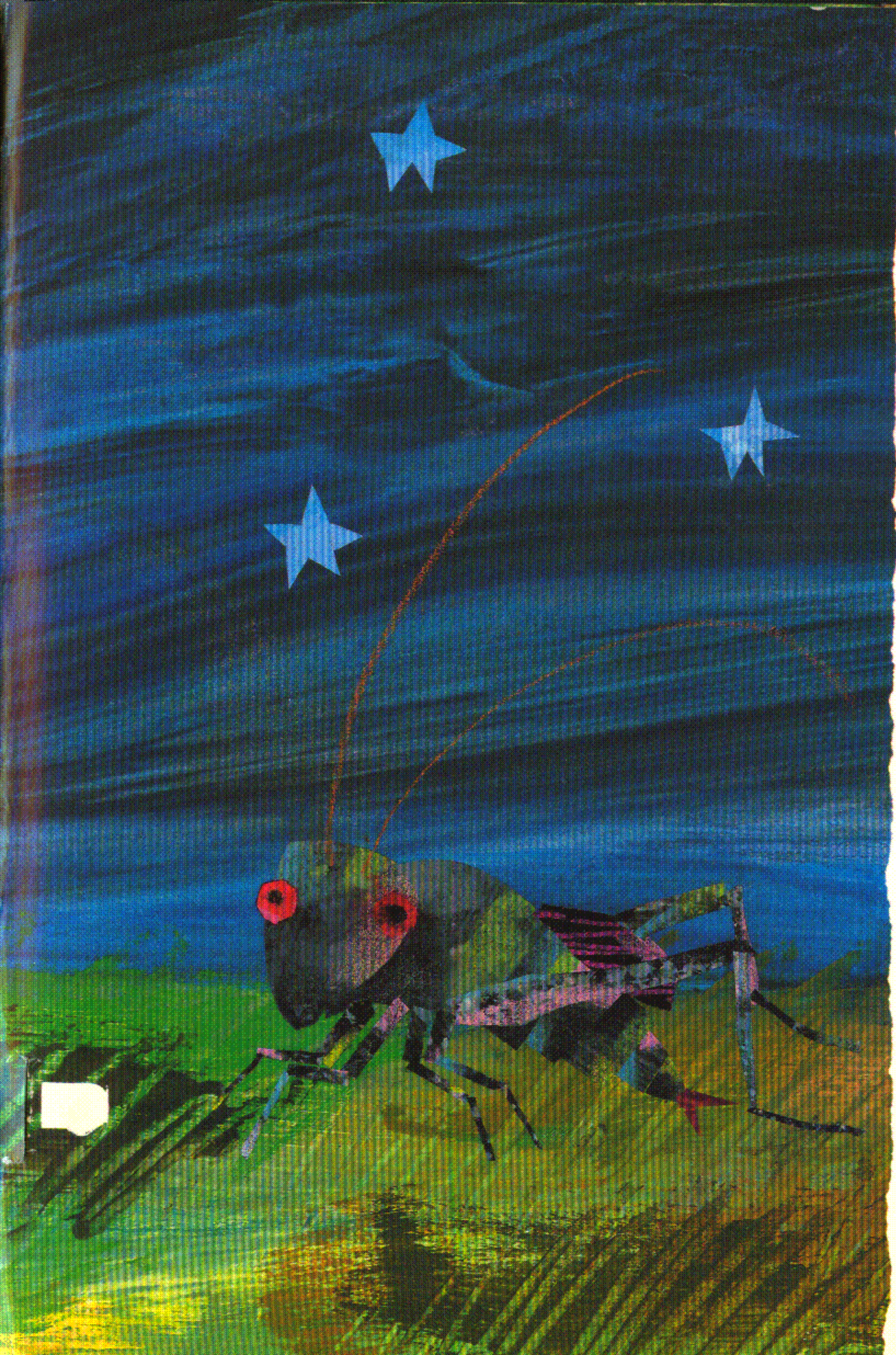


A luna moth sailed  
quietly through the night.  
And the cricket  
enjoyed the stillness.







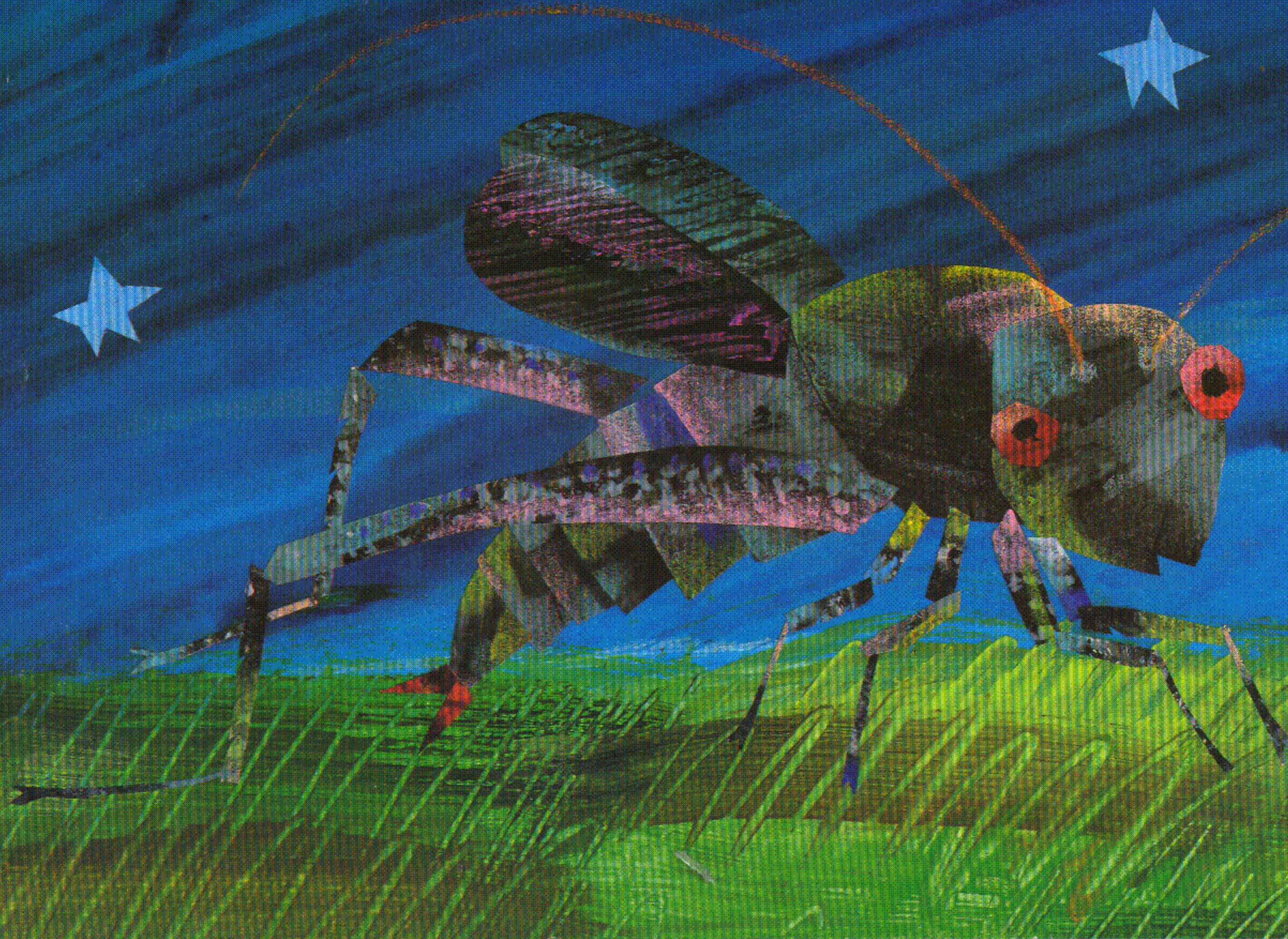


As the luna moth disappeared  
silently into the distance,  
the cricket saw another cricket.  
She, too, was a very quiet cricket.

Then he rubbed his wings together  
one more time.

And this time...

...he chirped the most beautiful sound that she had ever heard.







ERIC CARNE

Batteries may be replaced.



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