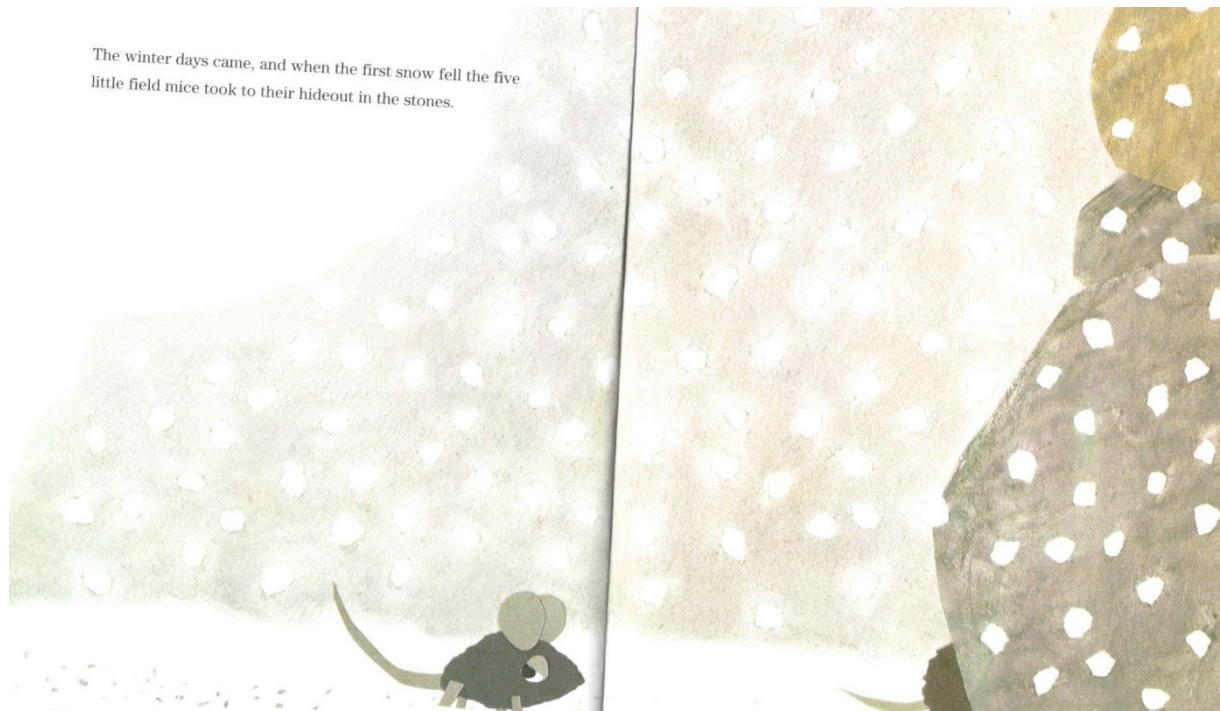
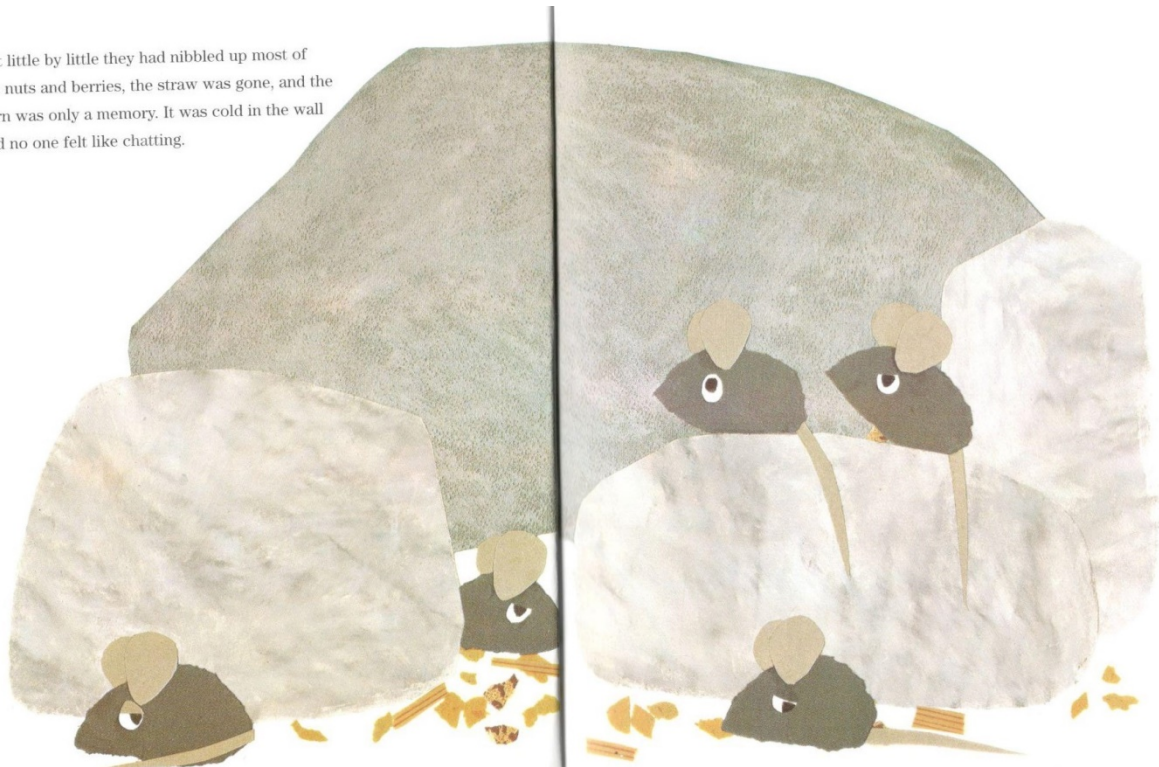


Milí žáci,

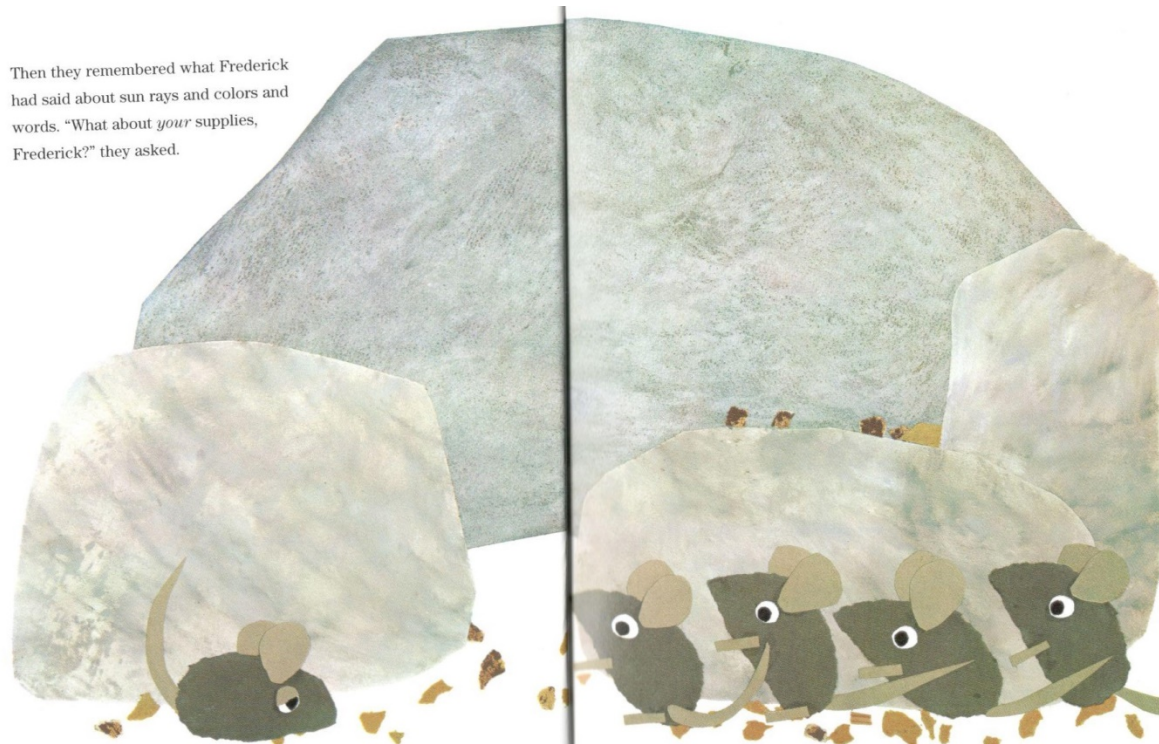
Tento týden posílám k přečtení druhou část pohádky Frederic.



But little by little they had nibbled up most of the nuts and berries, the straw was gone, and the corn was only a memory. It was cold in the wall and no one felt like chatting.



Then they remembered what Frederick had said about sun rays and colors and words. "What about *your* supplies, Frederick?" they asked.



"Close your eyes," said Frederick, as he climbed on a big stone. "Now I send you the rays of the sun. Do you feel how their golden glow . . ." And as Frederick spoke of the sun, the four little mice began to feel warmer. Was it Frederick's voice? Was it magic?



"And how about the colors, Frederick?" they asked anxiously. "Close your eyes again," Frederick said. And when he told them of the blue periwinkles, the red poppies in the yellow wheat, and the green leaves of the berry bush, they saw the colors as clearly as if they had been painted in their minds.



"And the words, Frederick?"

Frederick cleared his throat,
waited a moment, and then,
as if from a stage, he said:

Who scatters snowflakes? Who melts the ice?
Who spoils the weather? Who makes it nice?
Who grows the four-leaf clovers in June?
Who dims the daylight? Who lights the moon?

Four little field mice who live in the sky.
Four little field mice . . . like you and I.

One is the Springmouse who turns on the showers.
Then comes the Summer who paints in the flowers.
The Fallmouse is next with walnuts and wheat.
And Winter is last . . . with little cold feet.

Aren't we lucky the seasons are four?
Think of a year with one less . . . or one more!"

When Frederick had finished,

they all applauded. "But Frederick," they said, "you are a poet!"



Frederick blushed, took a bow, and said shyly, "I know it."

