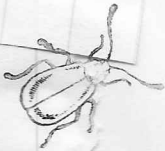
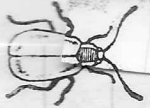


Thank you for reading!



S

P

R

T

N

G



This Zine was made  
as part of the  
32-bit cafe event!

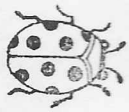


## Spring To-Do's

- Listen to the birds
- Follow a butterfly
- Save a worm



- Go star gazing
- Plant a seed
- Take a stroll
- Smell a flower



## Poetry Bees:

Threat level - 1

They look like ordinary bees. They can speak, but only in rhyme. A swarm will smell of freshly ground coffee. They are just as harmless as ordinary bees, but if you must catch them - they are attracted to new poetry written in sidewalk chalk.

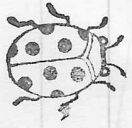


## ANSWER KEY

D	U	B	P	G	A	F	R	O	S	A	R	E	B	I	R	T	H	A	R	E
M	B	R	E	H	F	O	G	D	D	E	Z	R	I	D	B					



Field Guide: Here are some critters to be on the lookout for this spring!



Tooth Frogs:  
Threat level - 3

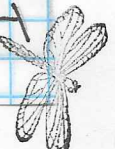
Small green frogs with large fangs, like a snakes. Their bite is venomous and will cause dizziness. They are repelled by bright colors. If you suspect they may be near, scatter colorful easter eggs around the area to ward them off.

Marching Hares  
Threat level - 1

Bipedal rabbits that can be identified by the soft trumpet sound they make as they travel. They generally live in large groups. They steal vegetable seeds, but not the vegetables themselves. Plant extra seeds if you believe a group is living nearby



A H A R E G L Q U B T  
P T W V A R D E R K X  
J R I S T J B S P D Z  
W I Q T S P I D E R M  
Z B A R K D R W N Z N  
Y E U O B V D D E D I O  
F R O S T C D L E S F  
T O V N F R O G M F G  
P X N O A P G O Q J C  
O E W G U L H F I R K  
X F J V R B T J H Q M  
K D U B A O S B R E H  
N Y L Z M C W D G W R



HARE SPIDER DEW GARDEN  
REBIRTH FROST FOG BIRD  
FROG BUD GROW HERB

Word Search

# Quiet

## Garden



It's early in the season, and the concrete bench I'm sitting on is still cold to the touch.

I sit there anyway - it's been a long winter and I'm eager to taste fresh air again, even if it bites at my nose and fingers.

I'm waiting to see someone, or rather, I'm waiting to meet someone. I can hear people in the distance, out of sight beyond the trees.

I know that none of them are who I'm waiting for. I know that maybe we could be friends if I tried to talk to them,

but my hesitation to do that is a

problem for some other day. I watch the bush to my right, and in a few

moments I finally see what I've been waiting for - a tiny spider spinning his web.

I wonder, not for the first time, how they manage to get a web started, how they cross the empty space between two twigs. I can't look it up at the moment, and I'm fine with that. I'm here to greet this young spider, so there wasn't any need to bring my cellphone. It's rude, after all, to google things during a conversation.

I'd like to think that I'd known his mother. There was a large spider that lived in this bush last fall, until Jack Frost took her away. I was hoping that someone else would take over her old haunt, and I'm glad to see that I won't be disappointed.

