



Chapter 1

An Unusual Conversation



"Daisy, don't dawdle!" called her mother as Daisy Dawson ambled out into the sunshine and stopped to pick up a worm that was stranded on the path. "Miss Frink said you were late three times last week!"

Daisy smiled to herself as the worm wriggled in her hand.

Late three times.

That meant she had actually been on time twice.

Not too bad.



She tipped the worm into the flower bed and watched it burrow through the crumbly earth. Then she stood up, hitched her backpack over her shoulder, and skipped down the garden path.

"Don't worry, Mom," she said, dusting her hands together and swinging around the gatepost. "Daisy Dawson is on her way!"

The day was warm, and the sky was china blue. Bees buzzed among the foxgloves, and Daisy wandered down the lane, humming a little tune to herself.

Suddenly, from the corner of her eye, she caught sight of a beautiful yellow butterfly stuck in a spider's web. As she crouched down to take a closer look, a black spider emerged from beneath a leaf and began crawling across the web toward it.

