

# It's Not Easy Being MISTER Ladybug



A Non-Illustrated  
Picture Book

How can you tell if a ladybug is a boy or a girl?

Watch to see which bathroom it goes in.

*Greetings to all Artists (and others, too).*

*Maybe you like to draw and color, or maybe you don't.*

*Either way, these pages are easy.*

*Do them however you want to. Or don't do them at all.*

*Use any colors you want. Make a mess. Have some fun.*

*Show us what you think the story looks like.*

*(Or what it *should* look like.)*

*This is your book, so the art is all yours.*

*When you're finished, sign it with pride.*

*Mister Ladybug and friends.*

# It's Not Easy Being Mister Ladybug

A Non-Illustrated Picture Book

Story by Jimmy Huston

Illustrated by \_\_\_\_\_

(your name here)

*For gentle young Robert  
and all of his friends.*

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*Let's get started with a simple Ladybug drawing. That's easy.*

Ladybugs are great.

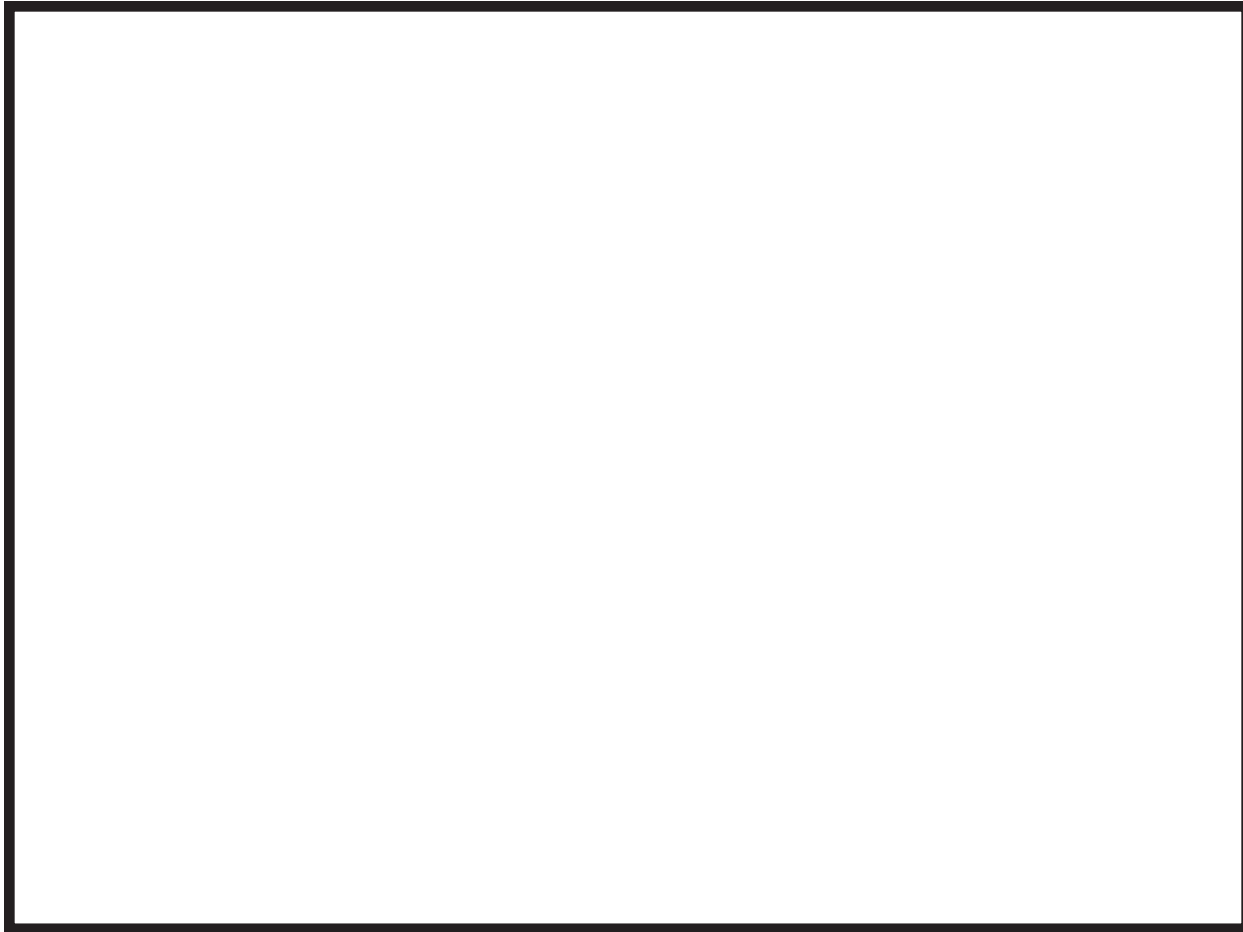
In a world of too many not-so-great bugs, everyone likes Ladybugs.

A Ladybug has no sting. No bite. And, no buzzing.

No harm comes from ladybugs. They are not damaging like a termite, or dangerous like a wasp or a scorpion. Ladybugs are not poisonous like a spider, and they don't bite like a chigger or bedbug. They are not even annoying like an ant or a gnat. Ladybugs don't spread disease like a housefly or a mosquito or a tick. And Ladybugs are not showoffs like butterflies or dragonflies.

Ladybugs are well-behaved. They are tolerant, friendly, polite, and well-meaning. Some Ladybugs like to dance, usually when no one is looking, because they are often quite shy.

And, everybody knows that Ladybugs are good luck.



*Maybe there should be two Ladybugs here—father and son.*

But this story is about one particular Ladybug who did not have good luck.

He was a pretty good Ladybug, well-liked by all the Ladybugs on the farm where he lived.

He didn't have a normal first name, like Jack or John or José. And that was for a pretty good reason that only his father knew.

His father was old now, and he was pretty wise, too. He knew things and he knew about names.

Sure, he was a country bug now, but as a young Ladybug he had traveled afar, and a long time ago he'd been to the big city—the legendary Bug City itself.



*Show a baby Ladybug with his Ladybug parents.*

He'd had problems there because everyone thought he was a Miss or a Mrs. He hated that, but there was nothing he could do, and finally he went back to his quiet home in the country and married an especially pretty lady Ladybug.

When his new son came along, he named the boy "Mister" so there would be none of the usual Ladybug confusion. And that meant his son's name was Mister Ladybug or, more formally, Mr. Mister Ladybug.

Whenever he introduced himself as Mr. Mister Ladybug, everyone thought he was stuttering, so he learned to go by just one "mister" and not two. One should be enough anyway.



*Can you draw a Ladybug schoolhouse—maybe with lots of bugs.*

Mister Ladybug had a pretty normal bughood, even though Ladybugs are beetles, not bugs.

As Mister grew, there were the usual boy-or-girl Ladybug issues.

He went to a small country school where there were no other Ladybugs, so that made it hard to make friends. The Junebugs were popular and Fireflies, too, but none of them spoke to young Master Mister. The Roly-poly Bugs had buddies galore, and the Crickets and Katydid, too. Even the Earwigs and Dung Beetles had lots of pals, but Mister was all on his own. Ladybugs were nobody's playmates.



*Show Mister Ladybug surrounded by all the other student bugs.*

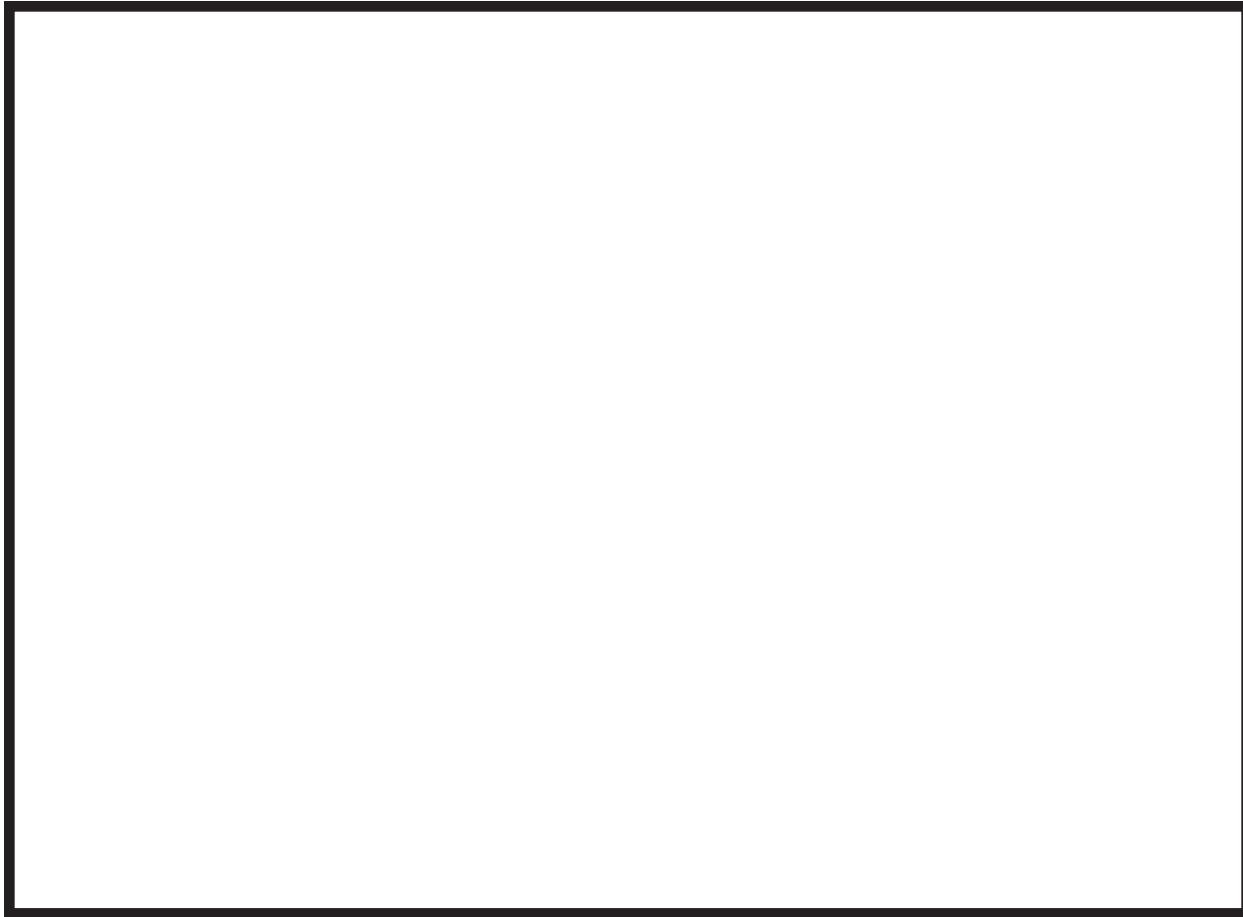
Everyone wondered was he a she? Or an it? Or a mister? And indeed as a mister, he always would inquire, "Why does it matter?"

But it seemed to. A lot. And the presence of Mister (and his misterish mystery) was only tolerated because all young bugs must go to school.

The schoolwork was easy and Mister did well, until classes were over and the students were done. That's when he got teased by the other bug buglets, who were bigger and stronger (and much meaner, too).

They all taunted the young Ladybug as if he was twisted, between boy or girl, or whatever, or not.





*What would kid bugs teasing a Ladybug look like?*

Bad things often happened in the bathroom of the boy bugs, so Mister would wait until he got home to “go.” That made for a long and miserable day.

Mister couldn’t even play softball because there was always a fuss. Should he be on the boys’ team or the girls’ team or what? He wasn’t athletic (but it still made him sad). And it was the same thing with soccer and golf.

At prom, none of the other bugs wanted to dance with him. When he danced by himself, the other bugs laughed, but he strutted his favorite—the Ladybug-aloo.

Some bugs were nice to him in private situations, but they didn’t want to be seen with him by any other bugs. That always hurt his feelings.



*Draw a bird chasing lots of bugs, but not Mister Ladybug.*

Mister only had “friends” when the school had Active Bird Drills.

When birds swooped down from above and pecked at his schoolmates, some bugs ran for the hills and got eaten—but the smart bugs huddled right next to Mister. His spotted red wings were a warning to birds, that Ladybugs taste awful (and their smell says that, too).

Hiding under his bright spotted red wings were the same bugs who had teased him—the Fleas and the Lice and the Fire Ants and more. All the little bug pests were his pals for a change—but only till the birds flew away.

For our Mister Ladybug, school was the worst.

This is your chance to fight back against bullying by adding your own illustrations to this story of a lovable Ladybug who runs into trouble at every turn.

Even if you can't draw a straight line, you're perfect for this because everyone can draw a great Ladybug.

Show the world what you think this Ladybug's adventures would look like. It's easy. Use your imagination and draw whatever you think of.

You will always be right!

And the Ladybug in this story could use a little help.

Maybe you can draw a happy ending.