



Room for us ALL

LU FRASER & SARAH WARBURTON

Room
for us ALL



For Litton, who always makes space for me
in The Big Tree – L.F. xx

(And with thanks to teachers Rob, Jo & Hannah –
and to Freddie (age 5) – for sharing their
playground wisdom.)

To Lu, who broke my heart and
mended it, all in one book xx – S.W.

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Deep in the woodland a new day is dawning,

The spiders are stretching . . .

the bunnies are yawning . . .

And down from above in a leaf-shaking whirl,
A squirrel called Pamela lands with a twirl . . .

“Today,” beamed Pam, “is my very best day!
At last! I am off to THE BIG TREE to play!

I can BOUNCE!



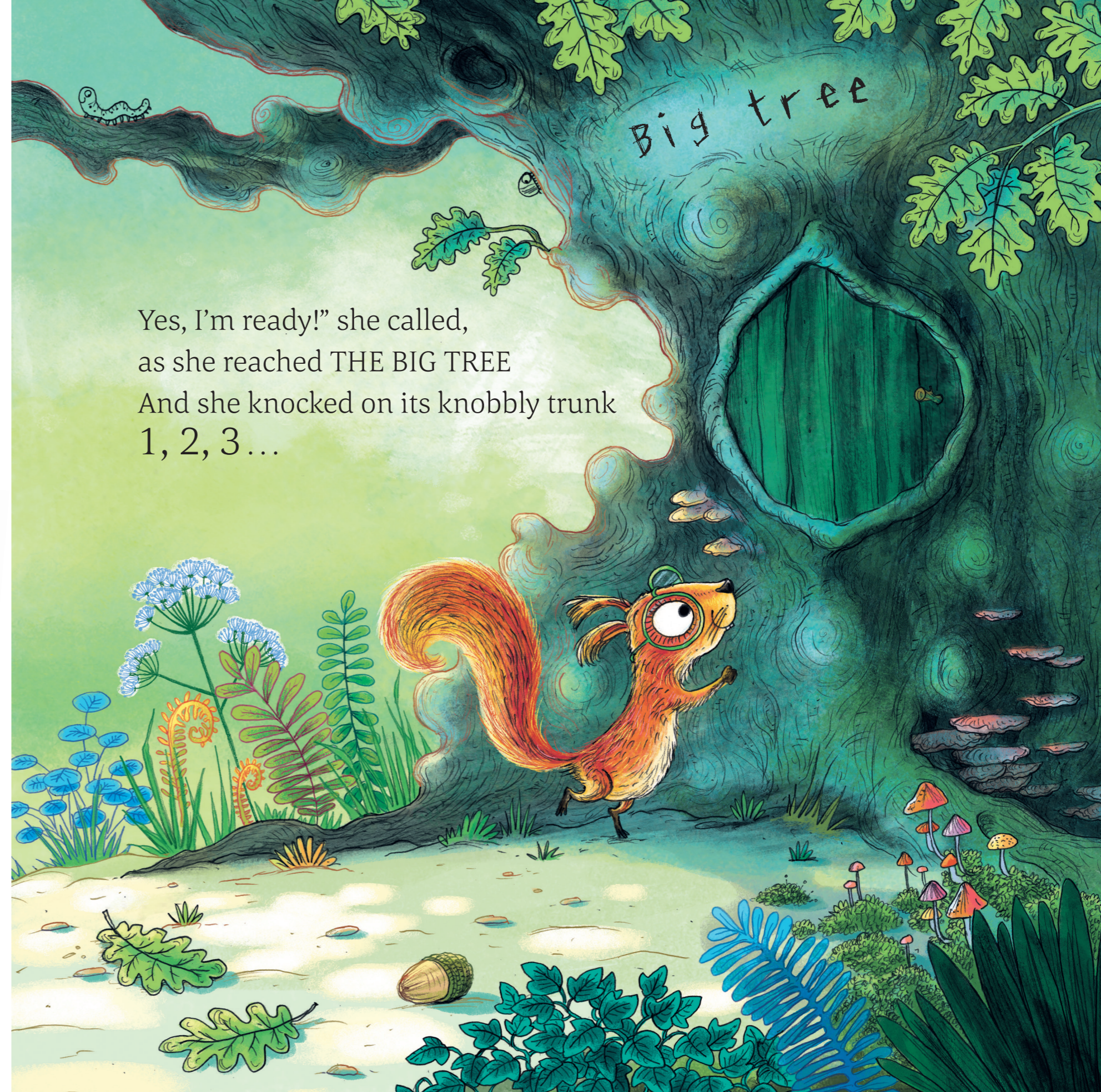
I can POUNCE!



And I've practised my squeaks!



I can squash a whole nut
in my big puffy cheeks!



Yes, I'm ready!" she called,
as she reached THE BIG TREE
And she knocked on its knobby trunk
1, 2, 3...



Then from high up above with a PING and a SPRING
A shower of squirrels swung down with a SWING!

“Hello!” squeaked Pam. “I’ve come to play, too!
Today’s my first day in THE BIG TREE! I’m new!”

“Oh!” frowned the squirrels, “Too late! What a shame!
We’ve already picked who can be in *our* game!

Yes, we’re full up with squirrels! There’s NO ROOM to play!
Maybe tomorrow but . . .

NO, not today!”

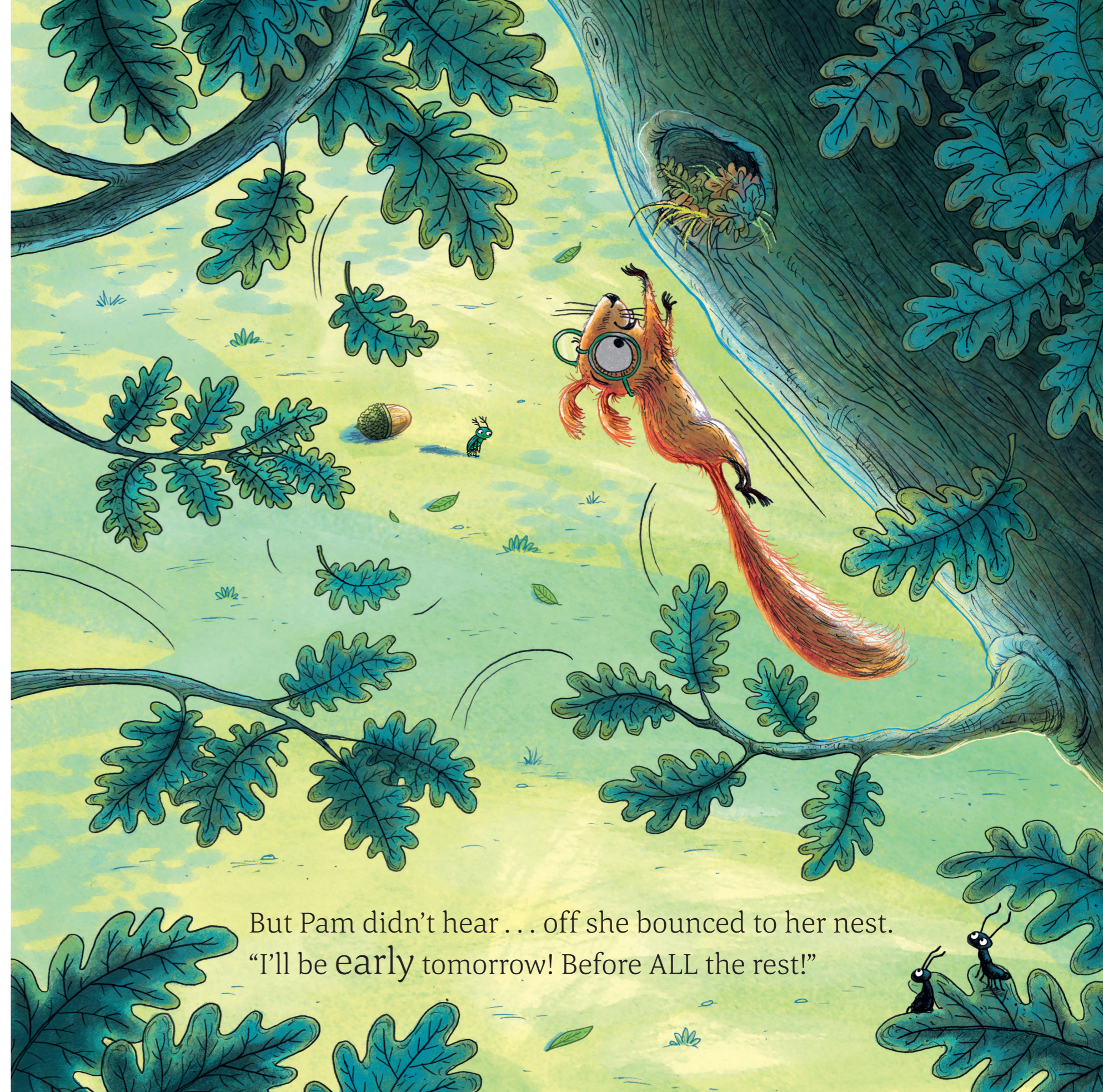
Then BOING they were gone with a leap and a hop,
And Pam's ears DROOPED and her tail went FLOP.

But *someone* was chirruping down by Pam's knees,
A beetle called Roger who swayed in the breeze.

"I think," he declared,
with a smile on his face,
"There's always a way
to make room or make space!"



If you were late, or were last, to *my* tree,
That wouldn't matter," he nodded, "to me . . ."



But Pam didn't hear . . . off she bounced to her nest.
"I'll be **early** tomorrow! Before ALL the rest!"

So, the very next morning, as Pam curled asleep,
Her pile of alarm clocks went **BING-BONG** and **BEEP!**



Pam was UP! Pam was RACING towards THE BIG TREE,



Where she knocked on its knobby trunk 1, 2, 3!



“Good morning!” beamed Pam. “Now I’m first to the tree,
Is there a space for a squirrel like me?”