

Robert Tregoning

For Billy, because of Billy - R.T.

For Mum and Dad - S.M.

OUT of the BLUE

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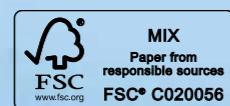
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In a very BLUE house,
on a very blue street,
in his stripy blue pyjamas
on his blue bed sheet . . .

Sat a worried little boy
who was feeling very blue.
He loved the colour YELLOW,
but no one else knew.



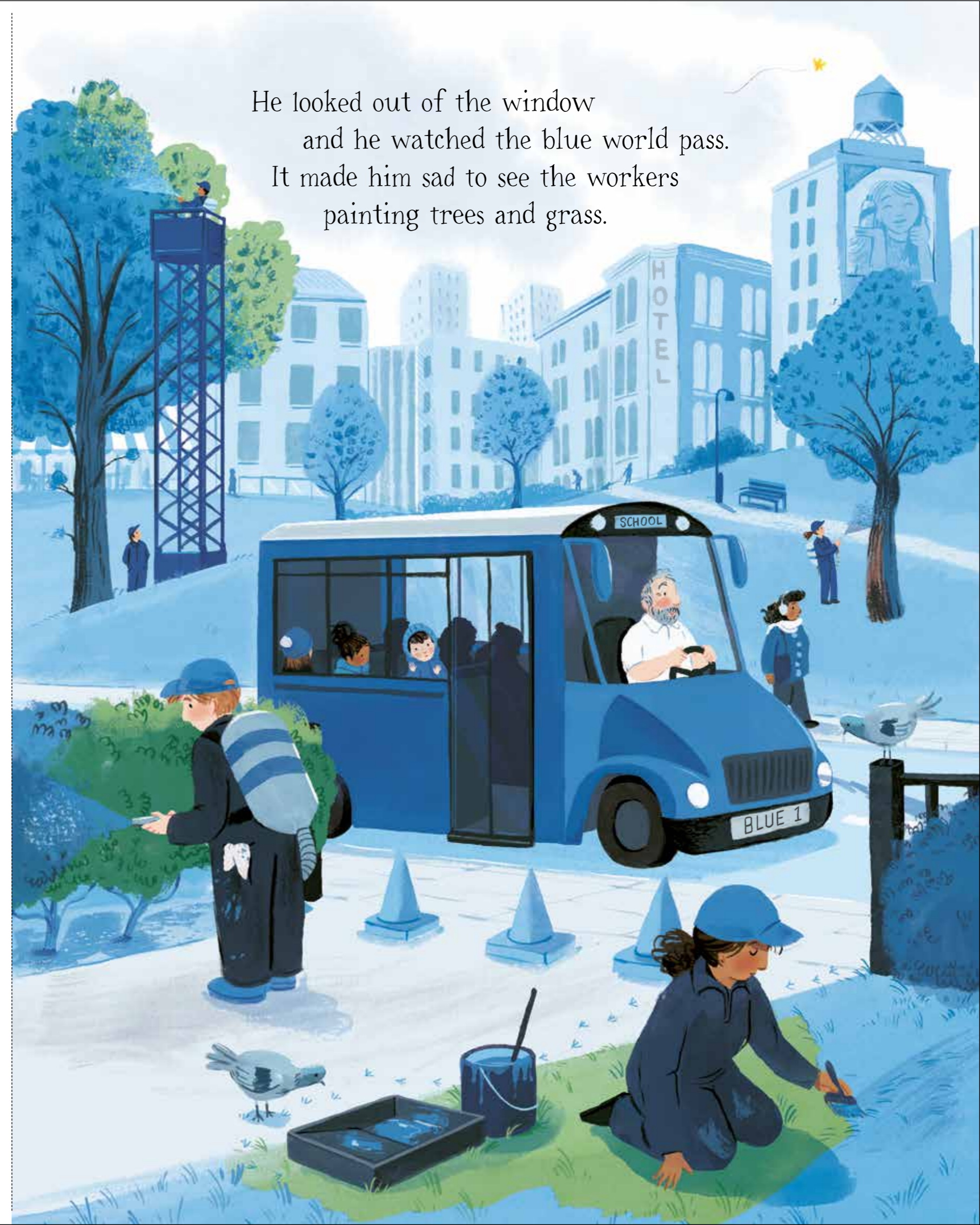
The boy got dressed that morning
and, as always, made no fuss.



He waved goodbye to Dad
and ran to catch the blue school bus.



He looked out of the window
and he watched the blue world pass.
It made him sad to see the workers
painting trees and grass.



Once at school, he went outside and joined the litter pick.
Anything that wasn't blue was tossed in bin bags quick.



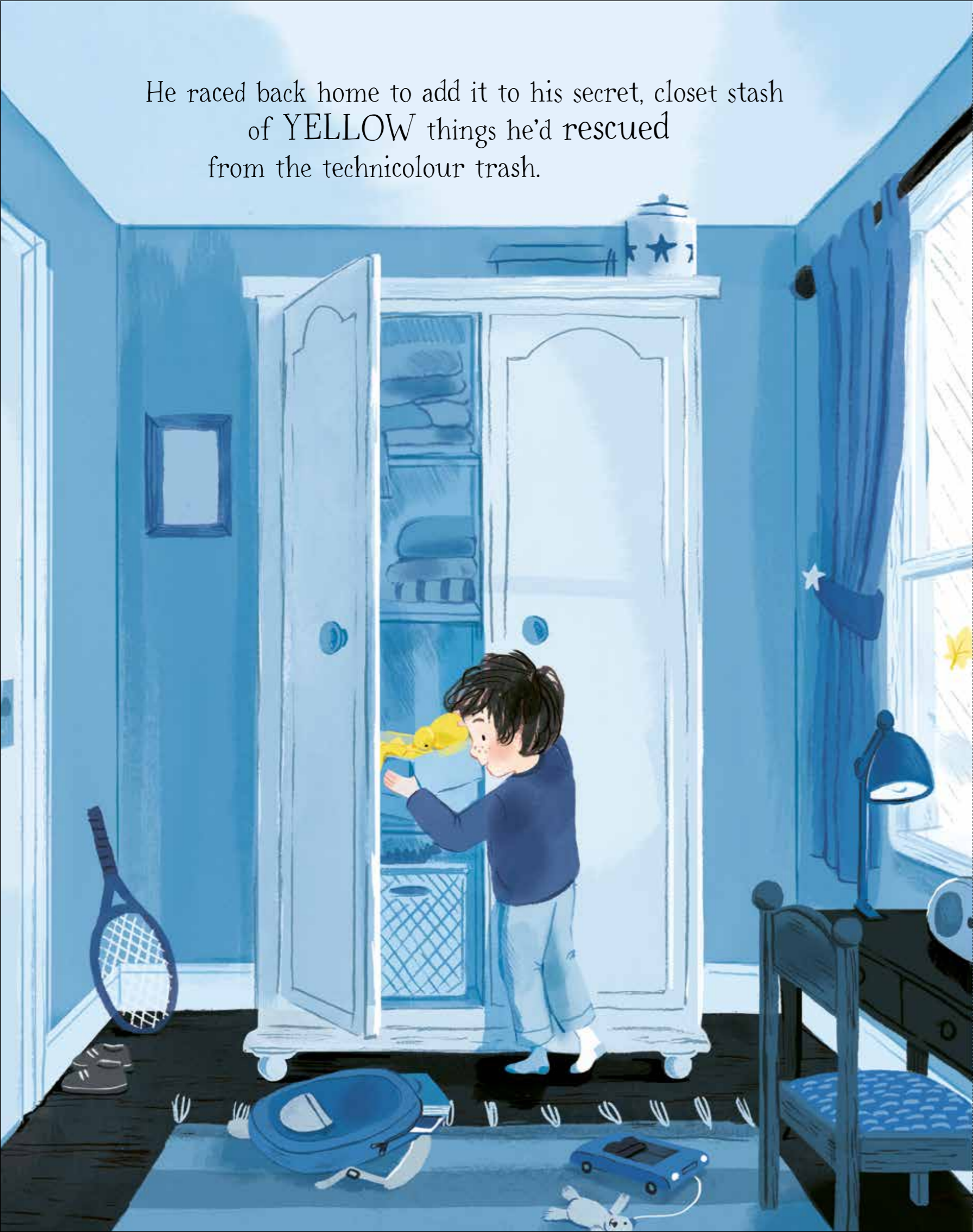
A dump truck came that afternoon, to take what had been found.
And the rainbow-coloured rubbish was buried underground.

This little boy, however,
lifted something from the truck
and hid inside his bag . . .

a little, **YELLOW**
rubber duck.



He raced back home to add it to his secret, closet stash
of YELLOW things he'd rescued
from the technicolour trash.



"Dinner's ready," came Dad's call.
It gave the boy a fright!
He hid his yellow duck away
and shut the blue doors tight.



He sat and ate blue cheese on toast
and wished he could tell Dad . . .

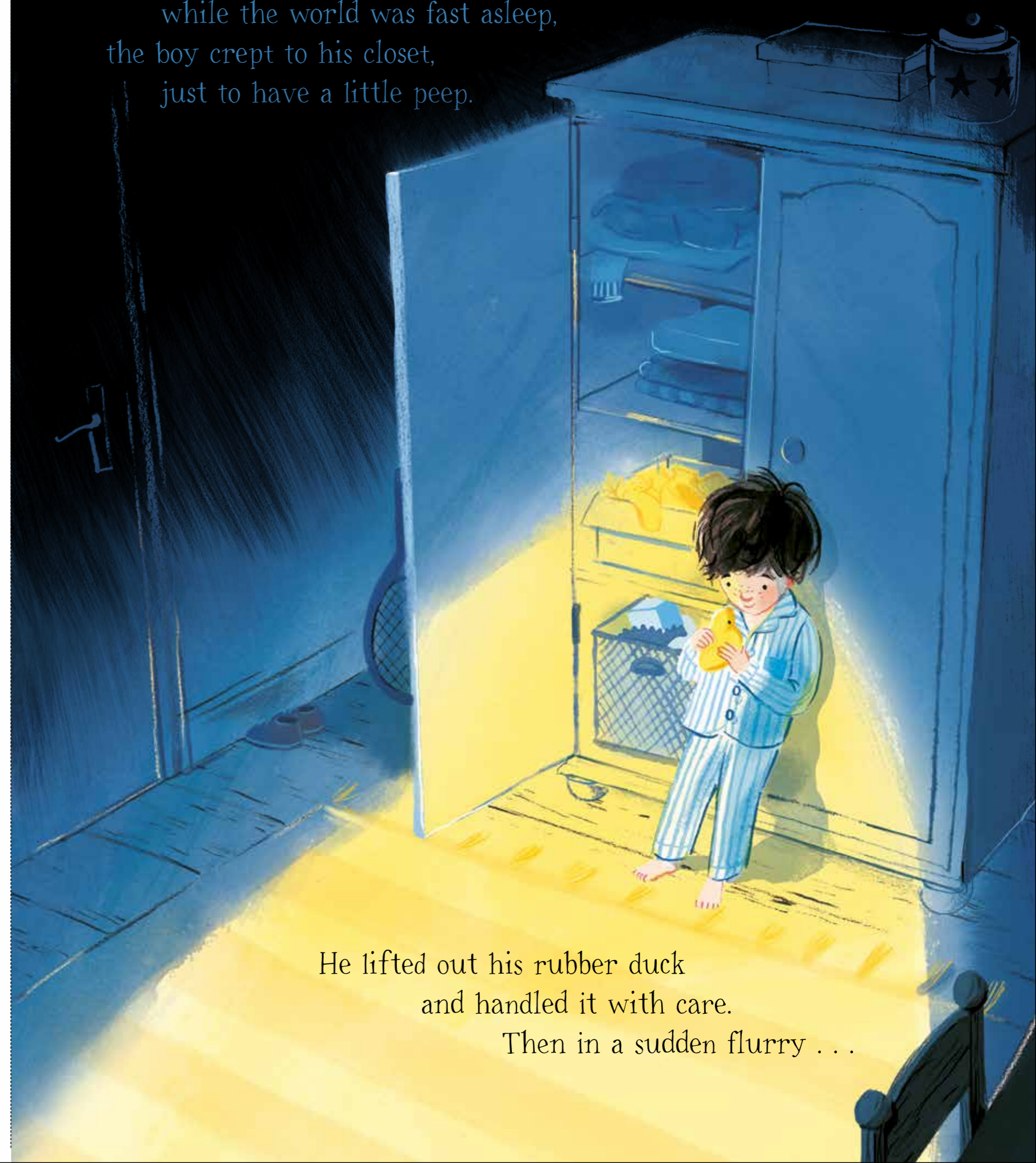


But in his heart he felt that
loving YELLOW must be

BAD.



That night in his bedroom,
while the world was fast asleep,
the boy crept to his closet,
just to have a little peep.



He lifted out his rubber duck
and handled it with care.
Then in a sudden flurry . . .

...tossed his treasures in the air!

All his things flew round the room like dancing YELLOW kites.

His sticky notes,
his submarine,
his pair of yellow tights.

He leapt into the whirling glow
and **bounced** among it all.

But twirling round, he heard the sound.



... of FOOTSTEPS
in the hall!



He heard them creeping closer
and he stood in total SHOCK.

He saw the landing lights
turn on and heard the ...



KNOCK,
KNOCK,
KNOCK!

He watched
the handle turn
and heard
the creaking
of the door.



There was
NO time
to tidy up -
his dad
walked in
and saw ...



... YELLOW things crash landed, on the carpet, from the air.
Dad saw his son, stood frozen,
yellow stuff spread everywhere.



The boy was terrified –
he could not breathe, he could not think.
He felt his dad's eyes on him and he felt his stomach sink.

“Don't worry,” said Dad softly. “I'm your dad and I love you.
So if you DO love yellow,
then I know just what we'll do.”



That wasn't what the boy had thought his dad was going to say.
But Dad's words made him think . . .