



The wonder disappeared when the clouds rolled in.





When the sun appeared, the friends  
read together, pausing to listen to the  
buzz of pollen-laden bees or the  
pitter-patter of petals on pages.



A home of buzzing  
and budding, scuttlers  
and flutterers, and  
tweets and squeaks.

At the bottom of the garden  
grew an old pear tree.