

‘Tree?’ said Grasshopper one morning,

‘What day is it today?’

‘Today?’ said Tree, ‘Let me see...’

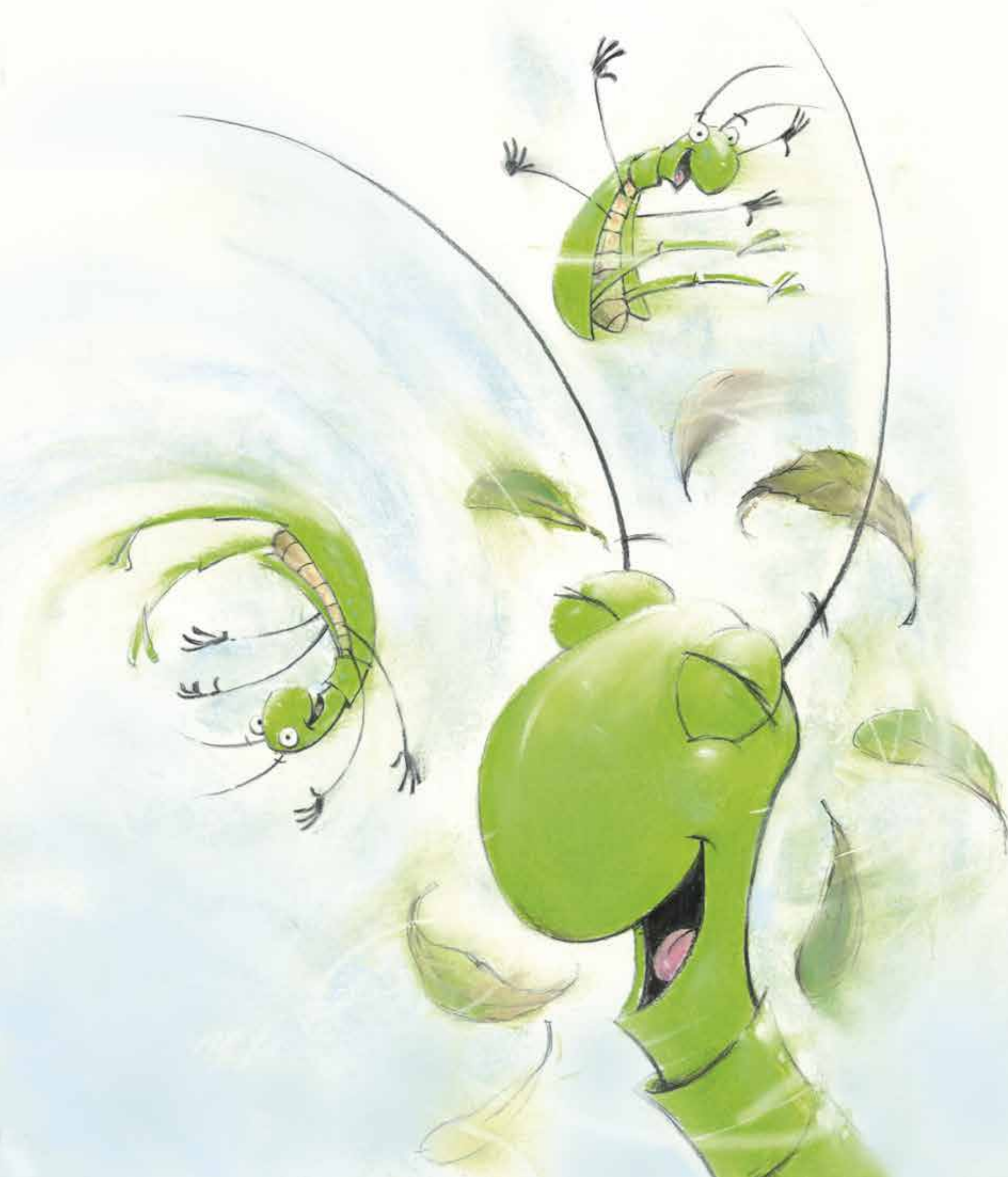
Then he thought for a long while.

At last he said, ‘Today is Wild-Wind-Day.’

‘Not Monday?’ said Grasshopper.

‘Monday?’ said Tree, ‘Perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn’t.

But it is definitely Wild-Wind-Day.’



And almost at once a wild wind arrived from the West.
It whipped Grasshopper into the air...

bouncing him on breezes...

and gliding him on gusts.

And in the wind, Grasshopper could smell old leaves...

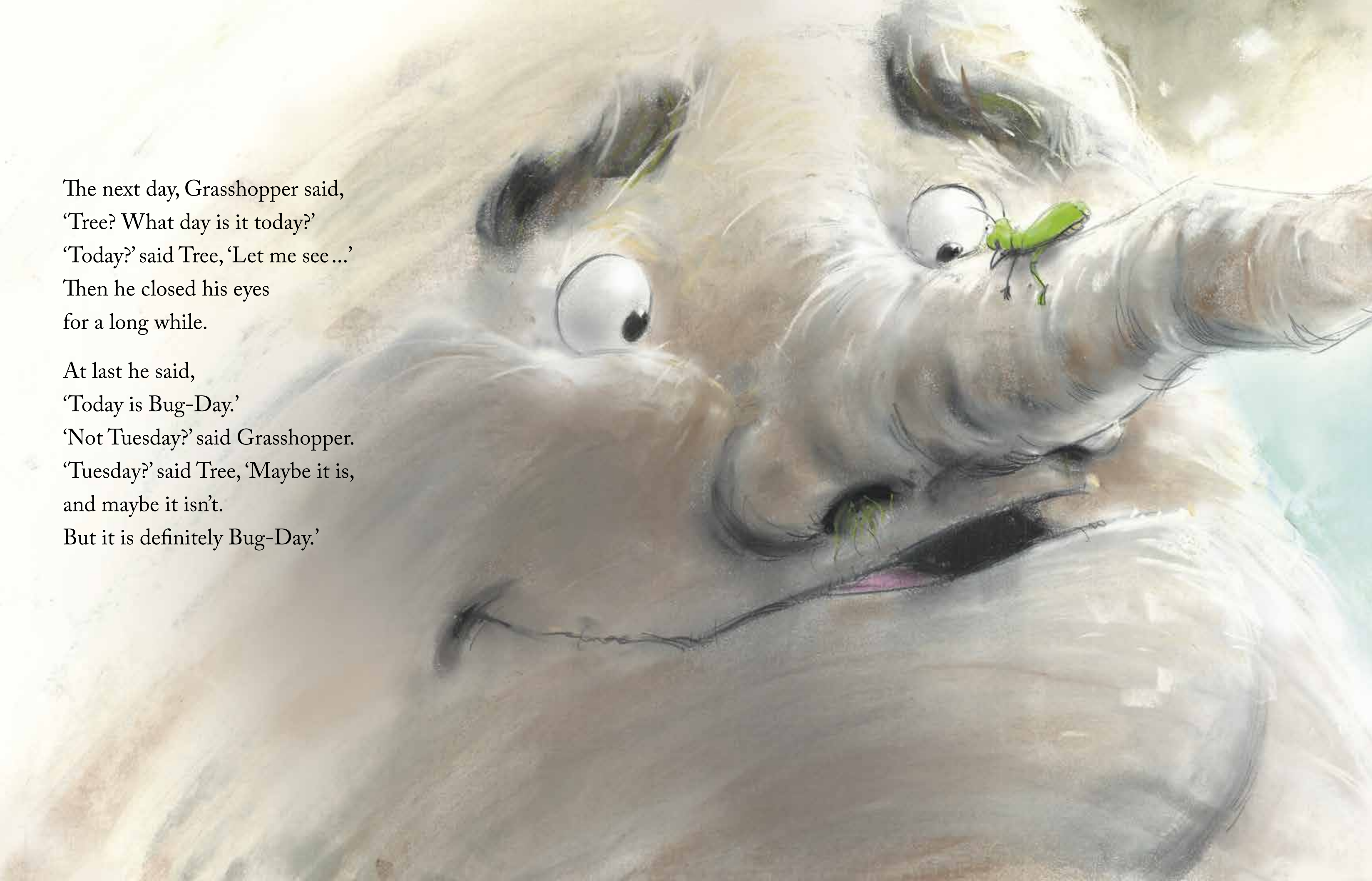
and lost secrets...

and forgotten ice.



And for the rest of that day,
Grasshopper and the wind
danced around the tree.



A detailed illustration of a tree's face, rendered in a soft, painterly style. The tree has large, expressive eyes, a prominent nose, and a slightly open mouth. A small, bright green grasshopper is perched on the bridge of its nose. The background is a light, textured wash of colors, suggesting a natural setting.

The next day, Grasshopper said,
‘Tree? What day is it today?’
‘Today?’ said Tree, ‘Let me see...’
Then he closed his eyes
for a long while.

At last he said,
‘Today is Bug-Day.’
‘Not Tuesday?’ said Grasshopper.
‘Tuesday?’ said Tree, ‘Maybe it is,
and maybe it isn’t.’
But it is definitely Bug-Day.’



And almost at once there came a flash of green and a loud CRASH! followed by an 'Ow!' and an 'Oooh!'

'Are you okay?' asked Grasshopper. 'Oh!' said Bug. 'It's just that I'm not very good at landings you see.' 'Ahh,' said Grasshopper, 'I can help you then.'

And for the rest of that day, Bug practised her landings whilst Grasshopper offered advice.