

Tidy Part 2

And afterwards a LOT of

MUD!



Pete called in the diggers,
He called in the mixers,
He called in the concrete,
The rakers, the fixers.



No mud
No leaves
No mess
No trees.

Perfectly tidy and perfectly neat.
"This forest is practically perfect," said Pete.



"I'm hungry!" he thought. "I deserve a treat."
So he hunted around for something to eat.

But the beetles and worms that he usually found
Were under the concrete, deep in the ground.



And so Pete decided to go home instead,
If he couldn't have dinner, he'd go straight to bed.

But when he arrived and took out his key,
There wasn't a door where the door used to be!



Later that night, Pete tossed and he turned.
His belly was empty, it rumbled and churned.

As he lay in his mixer, wide, wide awake
He started to think, "I have made a mistake!"

So . . .





The very next morning, when it got light,
He set about trying to put everything right.



Then the animals came – from the strong to the weak,
And they lent him a paw, or a claw, or a beak.



They put everything back, as it always had been
(But maybe less ordered – and not quite as clean).

And Pete? Well, he promised to tidy up less,
But if he succeeded is anyone's guess!

