

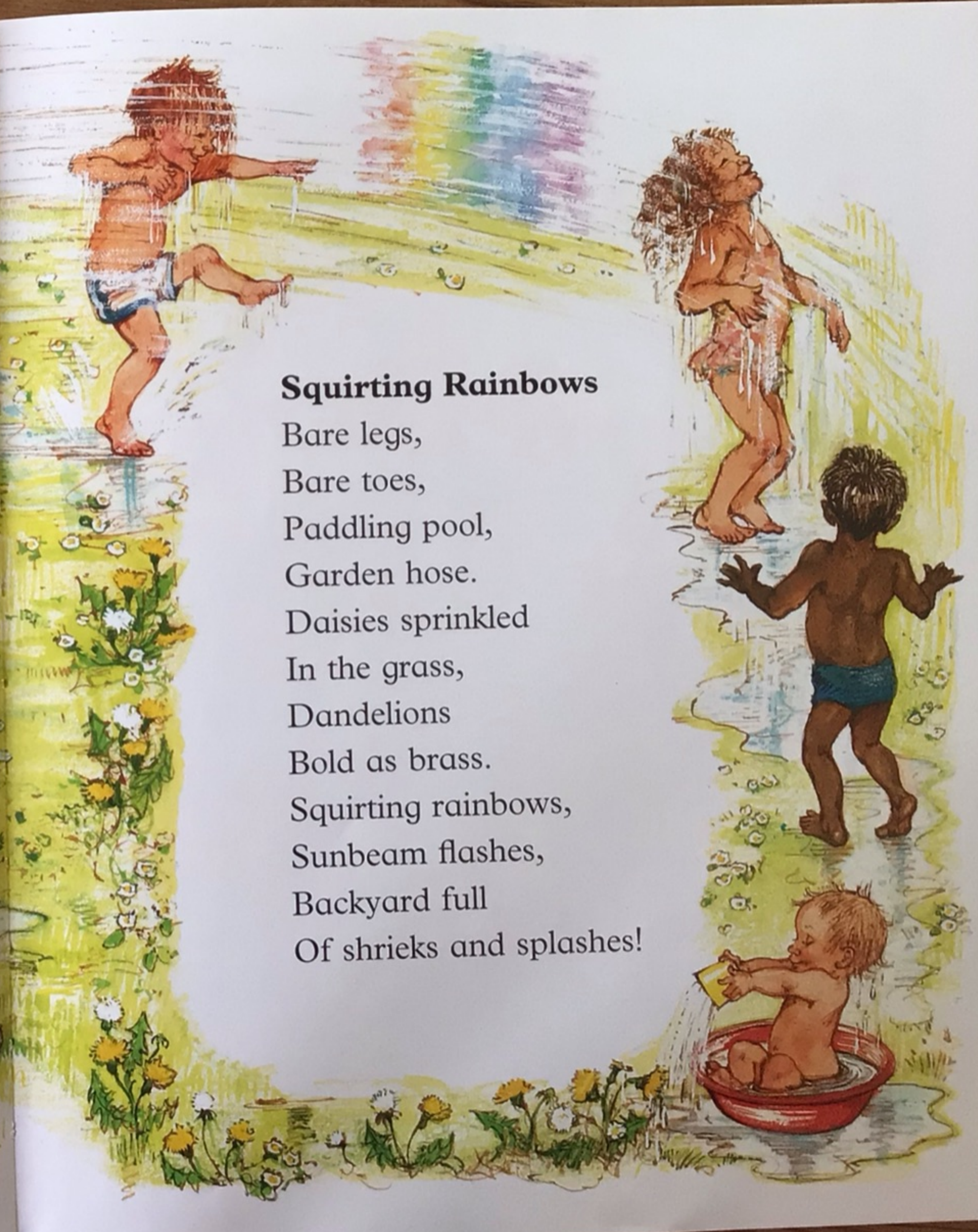
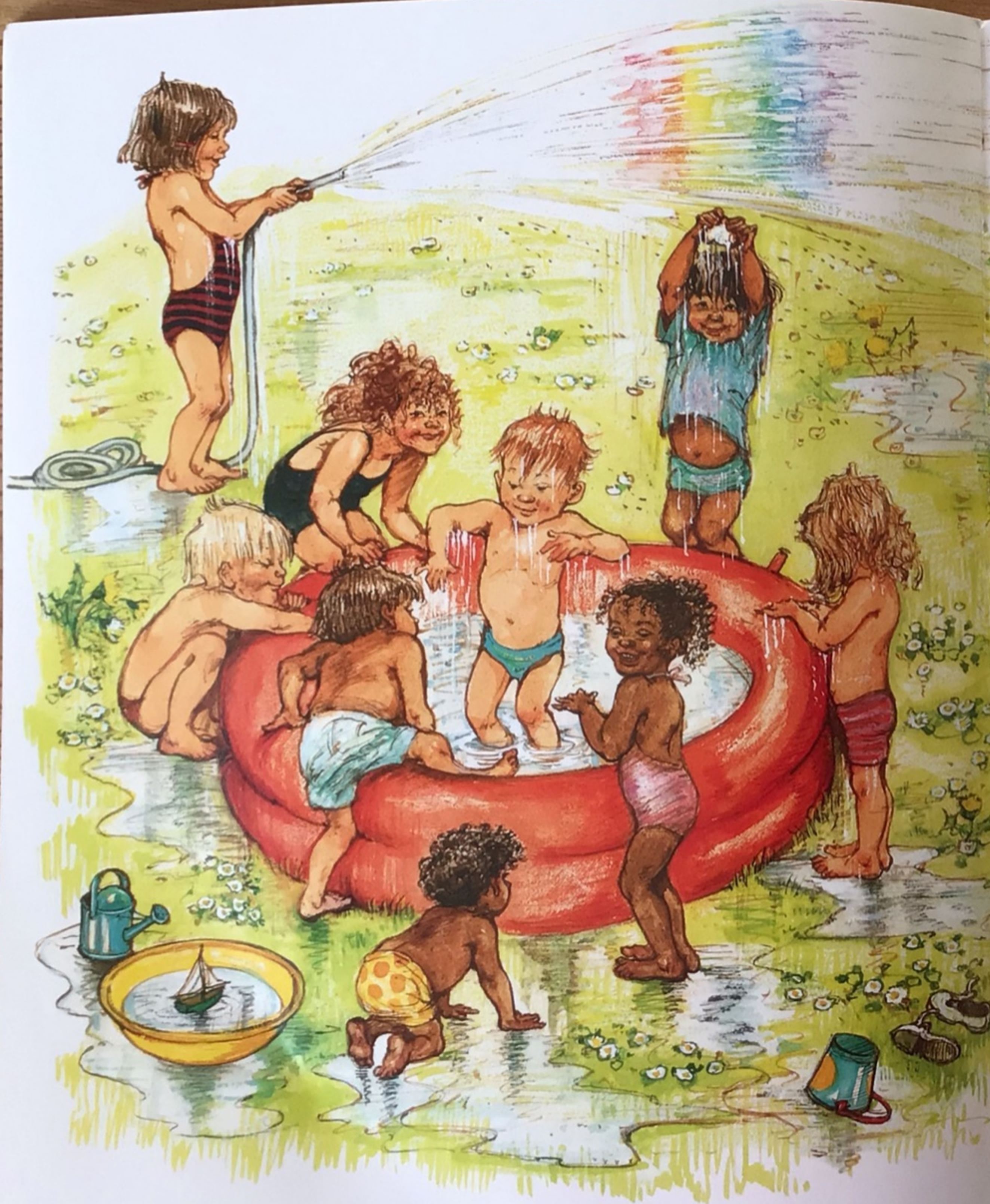


THE NURSERY  
COLLECTION

# SUMMER



*Shirley Hughes*



### Squirting Rainbows

Bare legs,  
Bare toes,  
Paddling pool,  
Garden hose.  
Daisies sprinkled  
In the grass,  
Dandelions  
Bold as brass.  
Squirting rainbows,  
Sunbeam flashes,  
Backyard full  
Of shrieks and splashes!



## Water

I like water.

The shallow, splashy, paddly kind,  
The hold-on-tight-it's-deep kind.



Splish it out of buckets,  
Spray it all around.

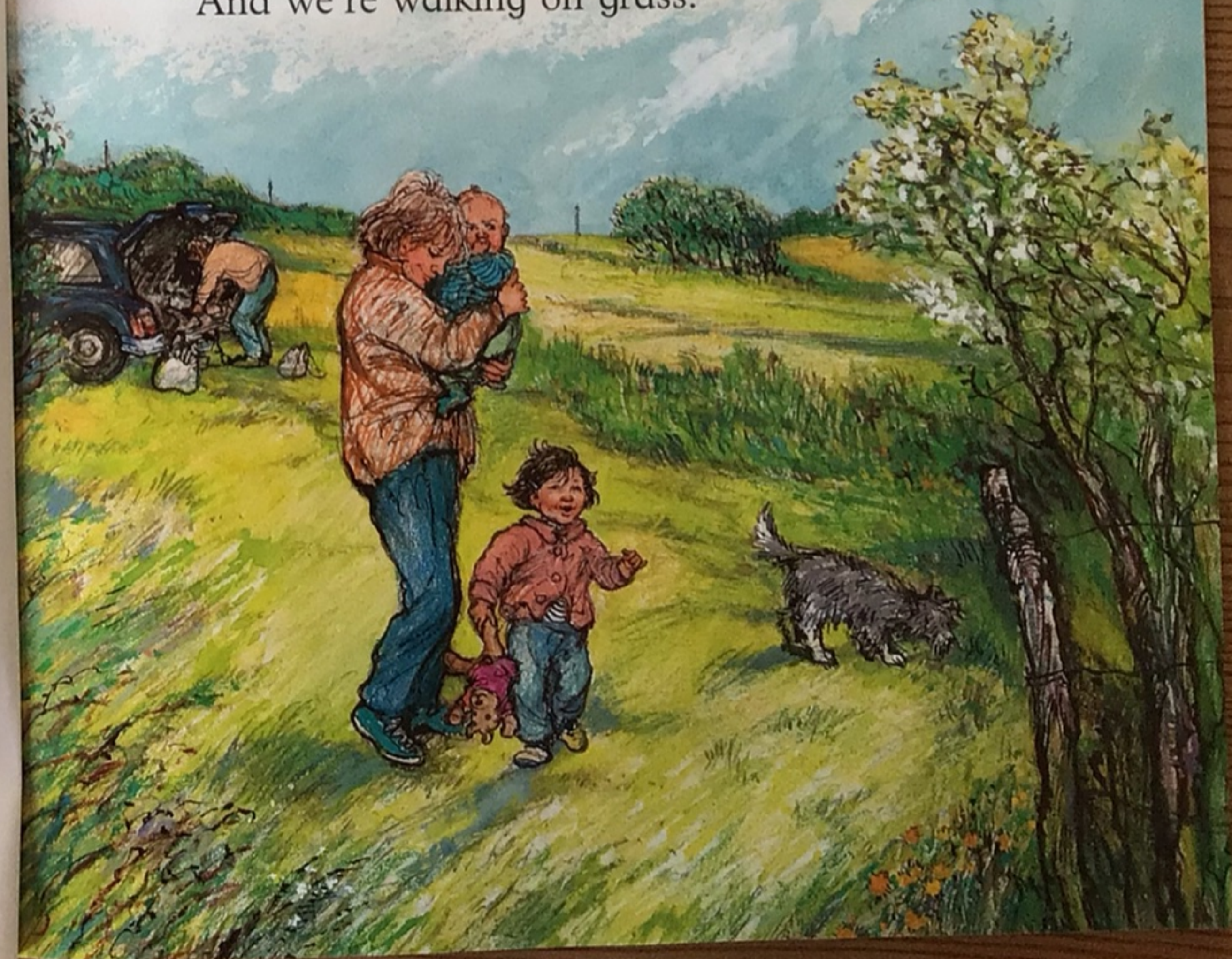
I *do* like water.

### Car Ride

We're in the car,  
Strapped in our seats.  
We sit and we sit,  
Looking at other cars  
And the backs of trucks.  
Olly is cross,  
Bemily's feeling sick,  
As we watch the lampposts  
Gliding past – fast!  
Like people in a long, long line.  
And still we sit.  
Olly sucks his thumb  
And dozes off.  
I've got my book  
But I still look  
At the huge signs  
(which I can't read)  
And the places for petrol,  
And the lampposts,  
Rushing past.  
And I wish and I wish we were there.



Then, at last,  
We stop!  
Olly wakes up  
(Still cross)  
But we're there!  
We're there, in the bright air!  
And we're walking on grass.





### Seaside

Sand in the sandwiches,  
 Sand in the tea,  
 Flat, wet sand running  
 Down to the sea.  
 Pools full of seaweed,  
 Shells and stones,  
 Damp bathing suits  
 And ice-cream cones.



Waves pouring in  
 To a sand-castle moat.  
 Mend the defences!  
 Now we're afloat!  
 Water's for splashing,  
 Sand is for play,  
 A day by the sea  
 Is the best kind of day.





### Sand

I like sand.  
The run-between-your-fingers kind,  
The build-it-into-castles kind.  
Mountains of sand meeting the sky,  
Flat sand, going on for ever,  
I *do* like sand.





### **The Grass House**

The grass house  
Is my private place.  
Nobody can see me  
In the grass house.  
Feathery plumes  
Meet over my head.  
Down here,  
In the green, there are:  
Seeds  
Weeds  
Stalks  
Pods  
And tiny little flowers.

Only the cat  
And some busy, hurrying ants  
Know where my grass house is.



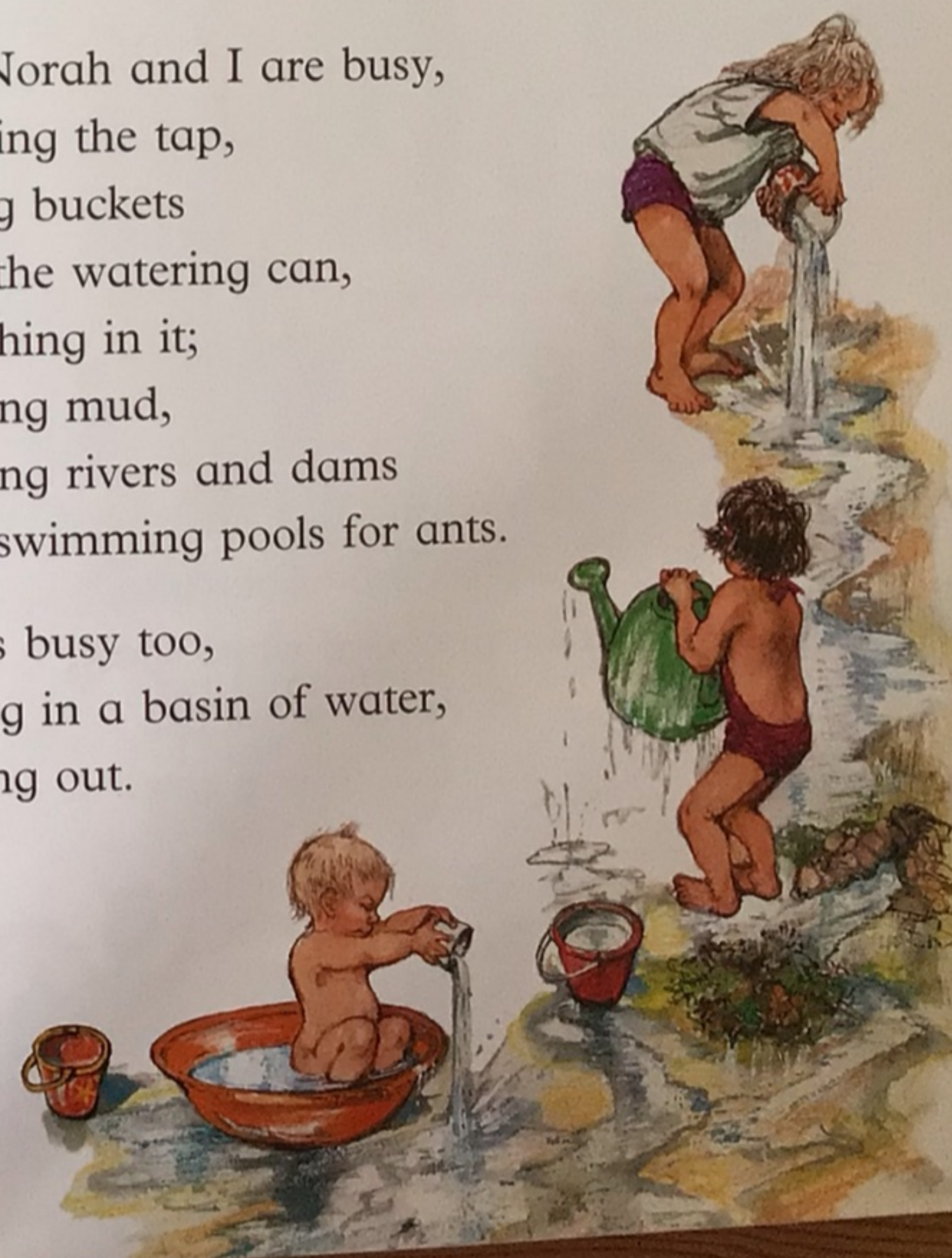


### **Splishing and Splashing**

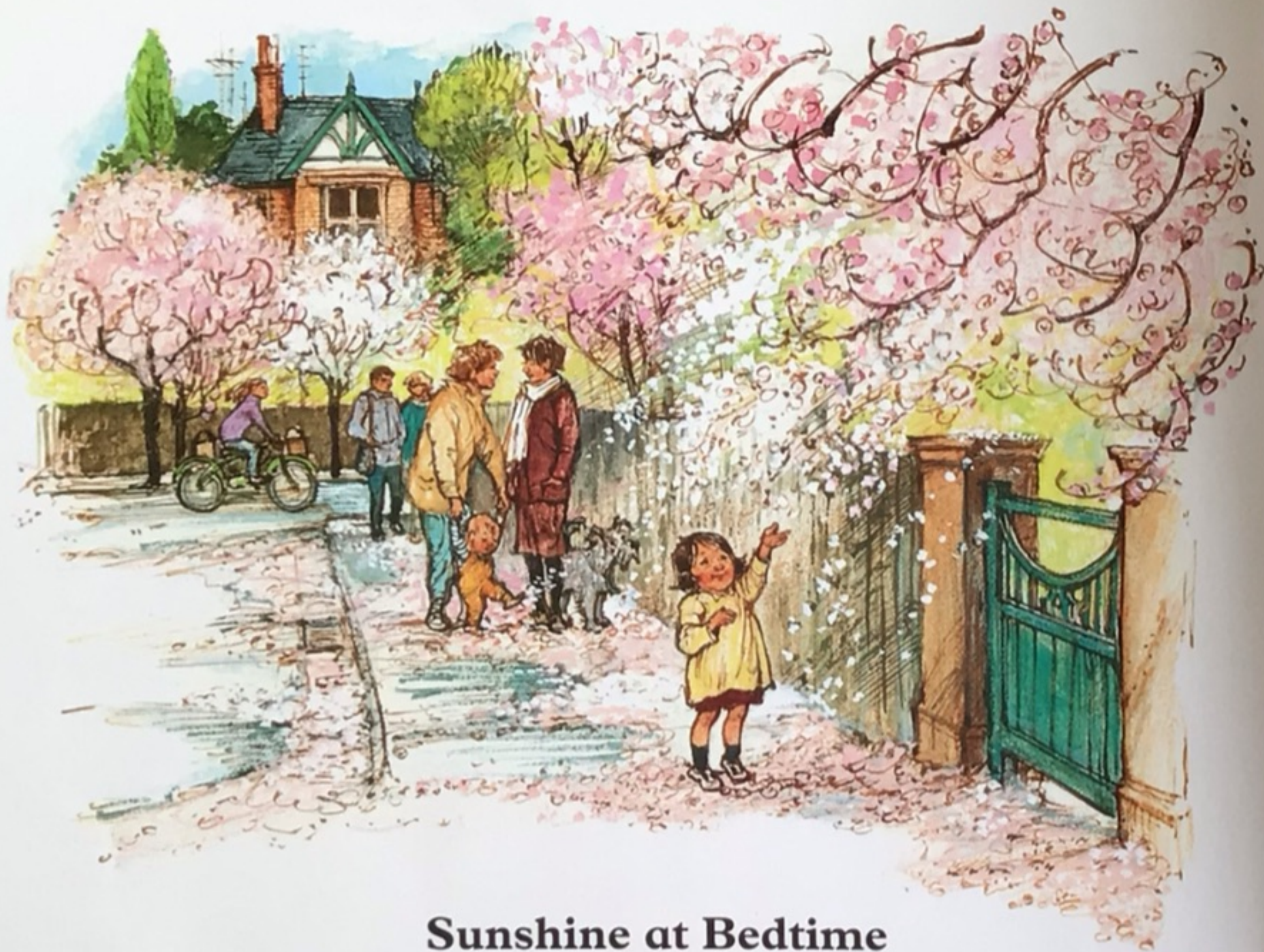
Deep in the green shade  
Two mums sit, lazily chatting.

But Norah and I are busy,  
Turning the tap,  
Filling buckets  
And the watering can,  
Slooshing in it;  
Making mud,  
Making rivers and dams  
And swimming pools for ants.

Olly's busy too,  
Sitting in a basin of water,  
Bailing out.







### Sunshine at Bedtime

Streets full of blossom,  
Like pink and white snow,  
Beds full of tulips,  
Tucked up in a row.



Trees full of "candles"  
Alight in the park,  
Sunshine at bedtime,  
Why isn't it dark?



Yet high in the sky  
I saw the moon,  
Pale as a ghost  
In the afternoon.



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Splashing in the garden, building sand-castles  
at the beach and going to bed while  
the sun is still shining – all the fun of summer.  
Join Katie and her little brother Olly on  
their journey through the seasons in  
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