

Crabtree and Maple's Morning

By Bruce Simpson

"Good morning Crabtree. That was such a windy night!" Maple stretched.

"Good morning," Crabtree replied. "Yes, unusually windy. Oh, I see balloons on the door across the street."

"Ally must be having a party," said Maple.

"How old is she now?"

"I count seven balloons," answered Maple.

"How old am I?"

"I think you are fifteen. If you are fifteen then I am fifty," said Maple.

"Is that old for a tree?" Crabtree wondered.

"No, we're both young for trees," answered Maple. "We should grow for one hundred years or more."

"Oh," said Crabtree. "I hope we do!"

"We only have to worry about the big storms," said Maple.

"Tell me about the storms,"

"Wind and ice are the two that shake me to my roots," Maple shivered.

"Sounds terrible," said Crabtree.

"There's nothing we can do but trust," said Maple.

"Oh, well I do enjoy a little wind though. It reminds me of Ally dancing,".

"I sometimes think Ally is imitating us," said Maple.

"Maybe she is," Crabtree giggled.

"Let's not think about storms today. It's a beautiful spring day," said Maple.

"Yes, let's enjoy the sun. Oh, here's the first guest," said Crabtree.