With thanks to William Henry Davies.

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

— *Leisure* by W. H. Davies

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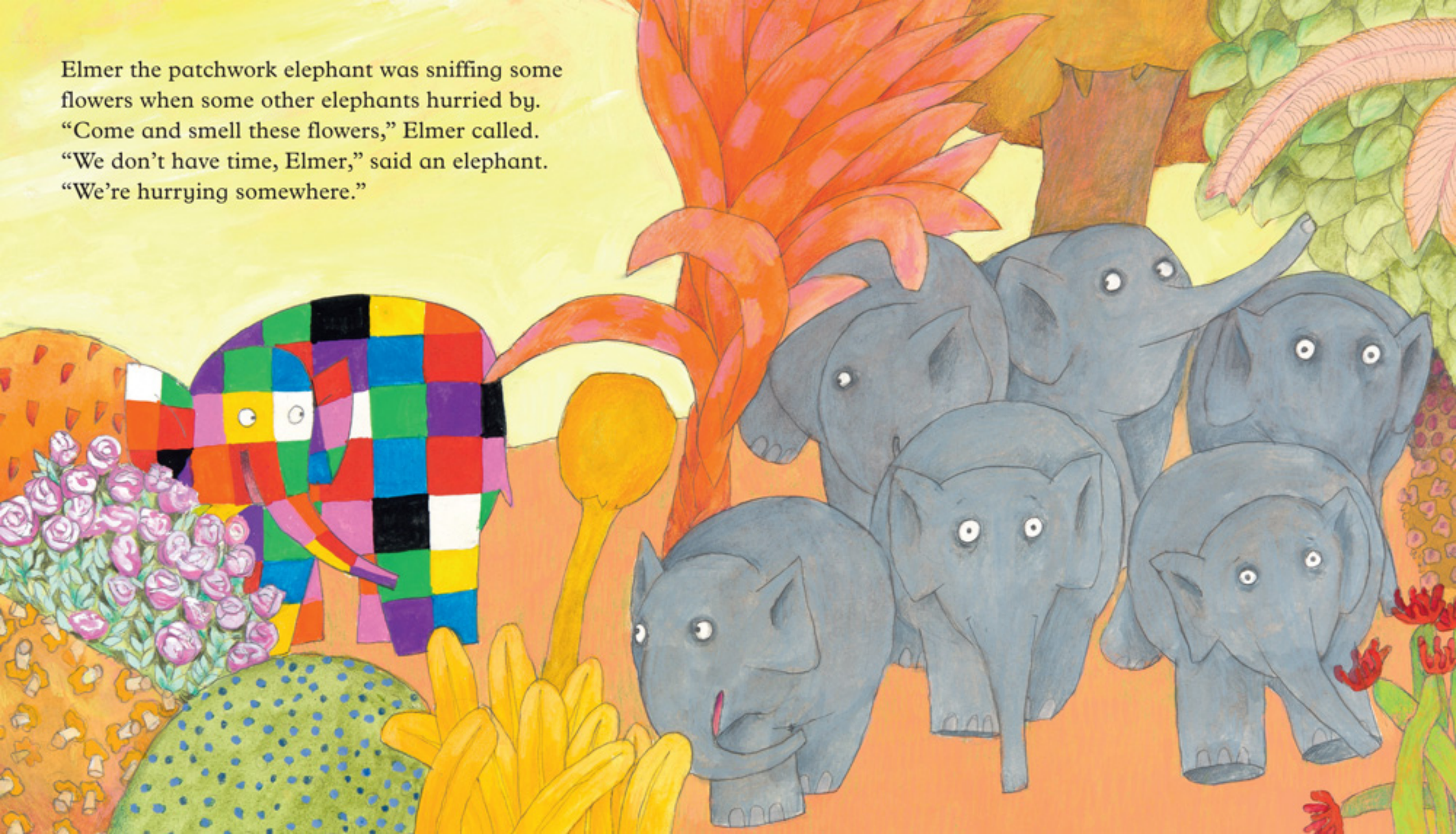
ELMER'S WALK

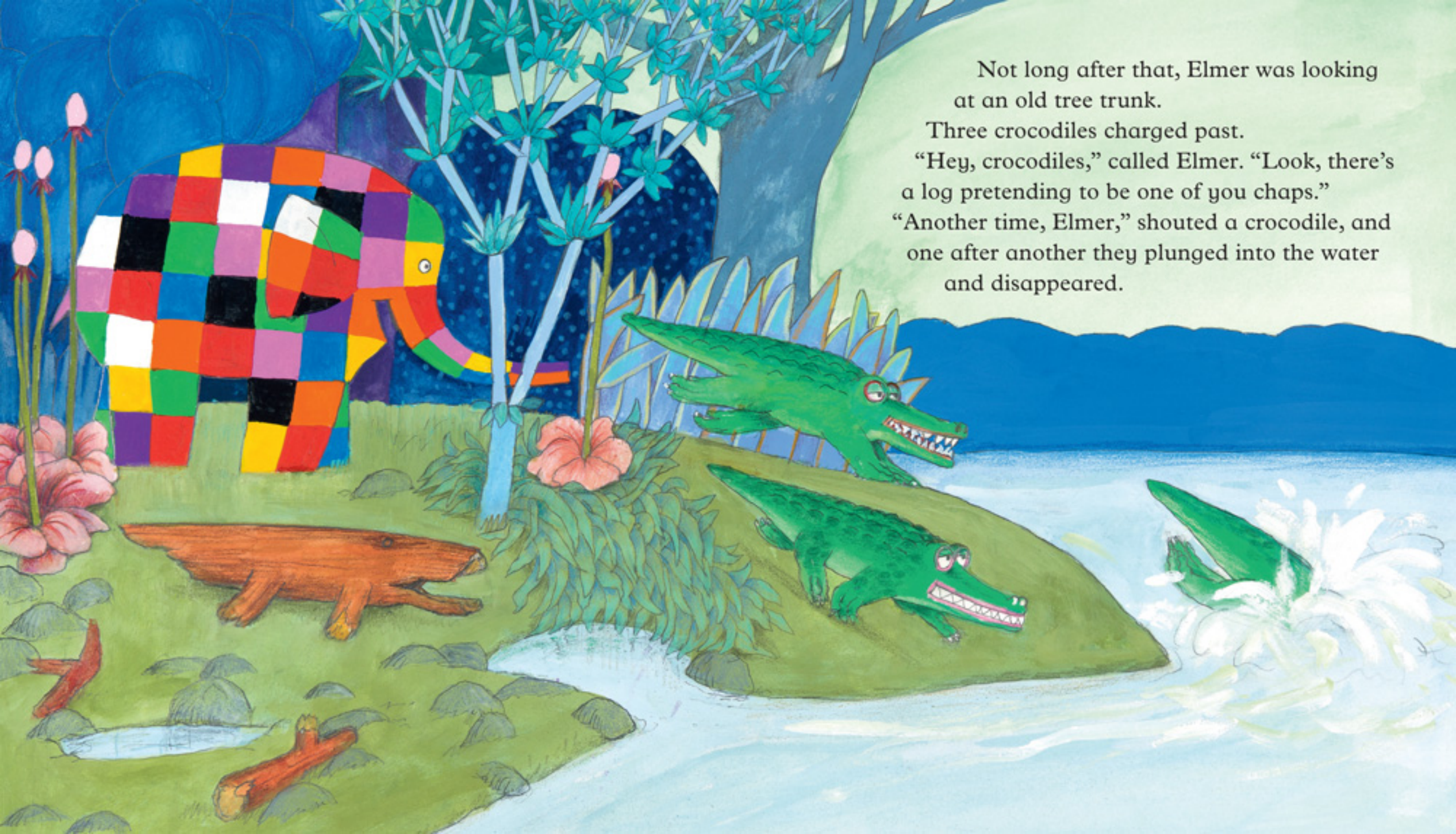


David McKee

Andersen Press

Elmer the patchwork elephant was sniffing some flowers when some other elephants hurried by.
"Come and smell these flowers," Elmer called.
"We don't have time, Elmer," said an elephant.
"We're hurrying somewhere."





Not long after that, Elmer was looking at an old tree trunk.
Three crocodiles charged past.
"Hey, crocodiles," called Elmer. "Look, there's a log pretending to be one of you chaps."
"Another time, Elmer," shouted a crocodile, and one after another they plunged into the water and disappeared.