



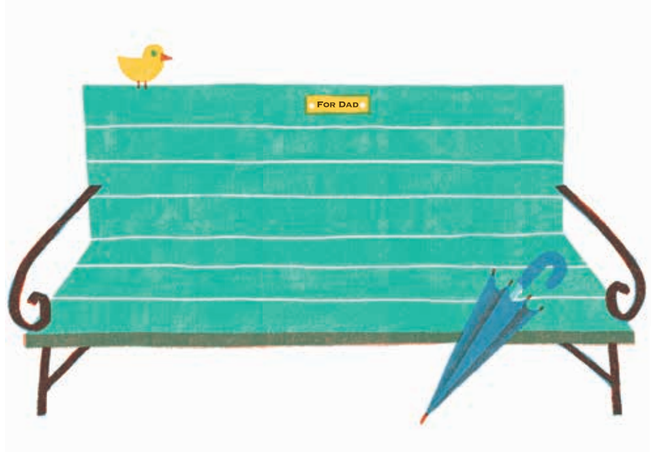
To Mum, Glen and Christabel,
thank you for all your support. – E.A.D.

To those who helped my cat, Clementine,
to get better. – M.A.

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THE BLUE UMBRELLA



EMILY ANN DAVISON MOMOKO ABE



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I saw a family shivering.
"Let's cover them too!"
"I don't think there's space," Mum said.
"It's worth a try!"

"Come and squeeze under
here!" Mum called.
"We won't fit!"
But Mum and I shuffled over anyway.

Somehow, they DID fit under my umbrella.
It wasn't a squash at all.
"It's bigger than I thought," the boy said, looking up.
I looked up, too . . .

The umbrella was bigger!
It had grown. Taller and wider.

The rain pelted down around us.
But under the umbrella was warm and dry.
"There's room for more!" I called around.









So we shuffled over.
For the kids by the goalpost.
For the families huddling
under dripping trees.







And I held the umbrella
over their heads.





Everyone looked up,
open-mouthed.

The umbrella had grown again.
Taller and wider.

