For Billy, because of Billy - R.T.

For Mum and Dad - S.M.

BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP, UK
29 Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin 2, Ireland

BLOOMSBURY, BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS and the Diana logo are trademarks of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
First published in Great Britain 2023 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Text copyright © Robert Tregoning, 2023
Illustrations copyright © Stef Murphy, 2023

Robert Tregoning and Stef Murphy have asserted their rights under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988, to be identified as the Author and Illustrator of this work

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the publishers

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 5266 2797 1 (HB)
ISBN 978 1 5266 2796 4 (PB)
ISBN 978 1 5266 2795 7 (eBook)

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed and bound in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong

MIX
Paper from responsible sources
FSC® C020056
FSC www.fsc.org

To find out more about our authors and books visit www.bloomsbury.com and sign up for our newsletters

Robert Tregoning

OUT of the BLUE

Illustrated by
Stef Murphy

BLOOMSBURY
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY

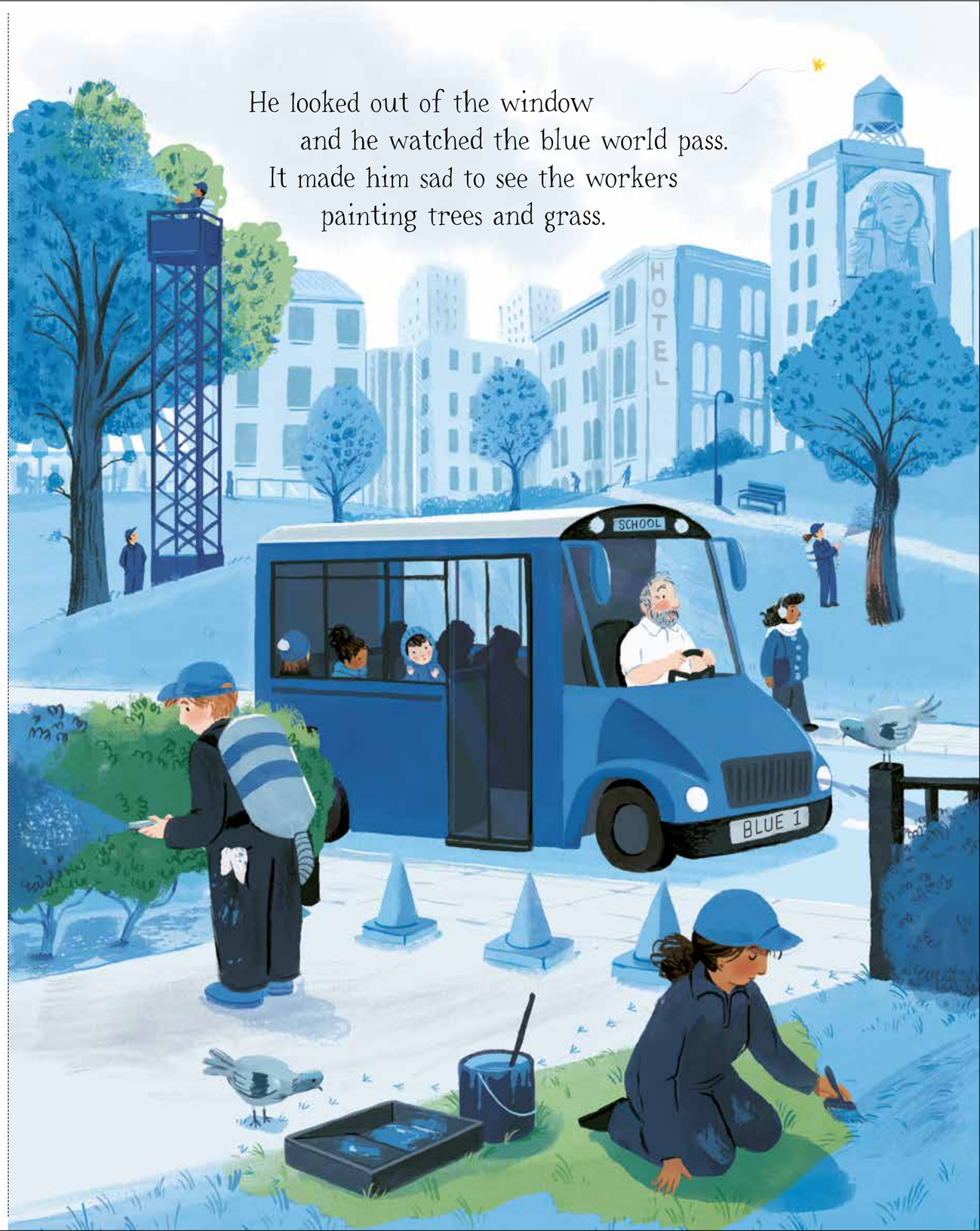
In a very BLUE house,
on a very blue street,
in his stripy blue pyjamas
on his blue bed sheet . . .

Sat a worried little boy
who was feeling very blue.
He loved the colour YELLOW,
but no one else knew.

The boy got dressed that morning
and, as always, made no fuss.

He waved goodbye to Dad
and ran to catch the blue school bus.

He looked out of the window
and he watched the blue world pass.
It made him sad to see the workers
painting trees and grass.



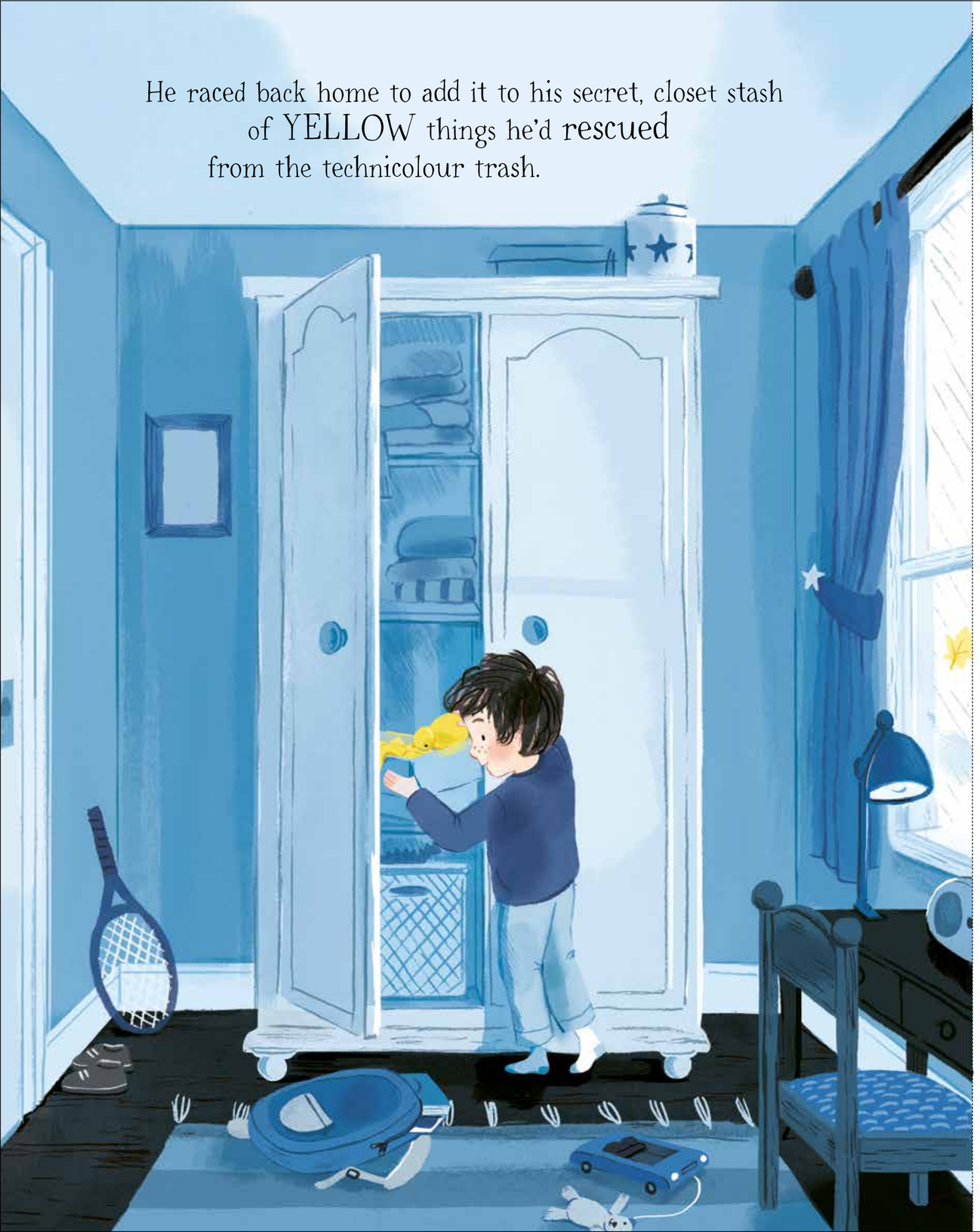
Once at school, he went outside and joined the litter pick.
Anything that wasn't blue was tossed in bin bags quick.

A dump truck came that afternoon, to take what had been found.
And the rainbow-coloured rubbish was buried underground.

This little boy, however,
lifted something from the truck
and hid inside his bag . . .

a little, YELLOW
rubber duck.

He raced back home to add it to his secret, closet stash
of YELLOW things he'd rescued
from the technicolour trash.



"Dinner's ready," came Dad's call.
It gave the boy a fright!
He hid his yellow duck away
and shut the blue doors tight.

He sat and ate blue cheese on toast
and wished he could tell Dad . . .

But in his heart he felt that
loving YELLOW must be

BAD.

That night in his bedroom,
while the world was fast asleep,
the boy crept to his closet,
just to have a little peep.

He lifted out his rubber duck
and handled it with care.
Then in a sudden flurry . . .

. . . tossed his treasures in the air!

All his things flew round the room like dancing YELLOW kites.

His sticky notes,

his submarine,

his pair of yellow tights.

He leapt into the whirling glow

and **bounced** among it all.

But twirling round, he heard the sound . . .

. . . of FOOTSTEPS
in the hall!

He heard them creeping closer
and he stood in total SHOCK.

He saw the landing lights
turn on and heard the . . .

KNOCK,
KNOCK,
KNOCK!

He watched
the handle turn
and heard
the creaking
of the door.

There was
NO time
to tidy up –
his dad
walked in
and saw . . .

. . . YELLOW things crash landed, on the carpet, from the air.
Dad saw his son, stood frozen,
yellow stuff spread everywhere.

The boy was terrified –
he could not breathe, he could not think.
He felt his dad's eyes on him and he felt his stomach sink.

"Don't worry," said Dad softly. "I'm your dad and I love you.
So if you DO love yellow,
then I know just what we'll do."

That wasn't what the boy had thought his dad was going to say.
But Dad's words made him think . . .