

A TWINKL ORIGINAL

Little Acorns





A little brown acorn fell down to the ground,
one windy and wet autumn day.

The dry **crinkly** leaves quickly covered him up
and right there, he decided to stay.



He snuggled up warm in his big leafy bed,
deep down where he couldn't be found.

Along came a walker, who stepped on his head and

Squished
him right into the ground.





The weather grew colder as winter drew in

and soon he was buried in **snow.**

He lay there so patiently, frozen in mud,

awaiting the right time to **grow.**



The chill of the winter months
dragged on and on; the snow
stayed around for a *W h i l e*.

Then finally, from behind heavy grey clouds,
the sun gave a welcoming





The spring had arrived
so the acorn woke up
and let out a laugh and a

SHOUT!

He gave a small
“**rriggle**,”
a soft gentle
“**jiggle**,”

and started to grow and to sprout.



Below him **stretched** roots,

seeking water to drink and holding him firm where he stood.

So he could begin to grow **bigger**

each day and find his own place in the wood.



His roots travelled deeper, his stem

grew

up tall and soon his green leaves
were on show.

They reached for the sun and
its warm shining light; the

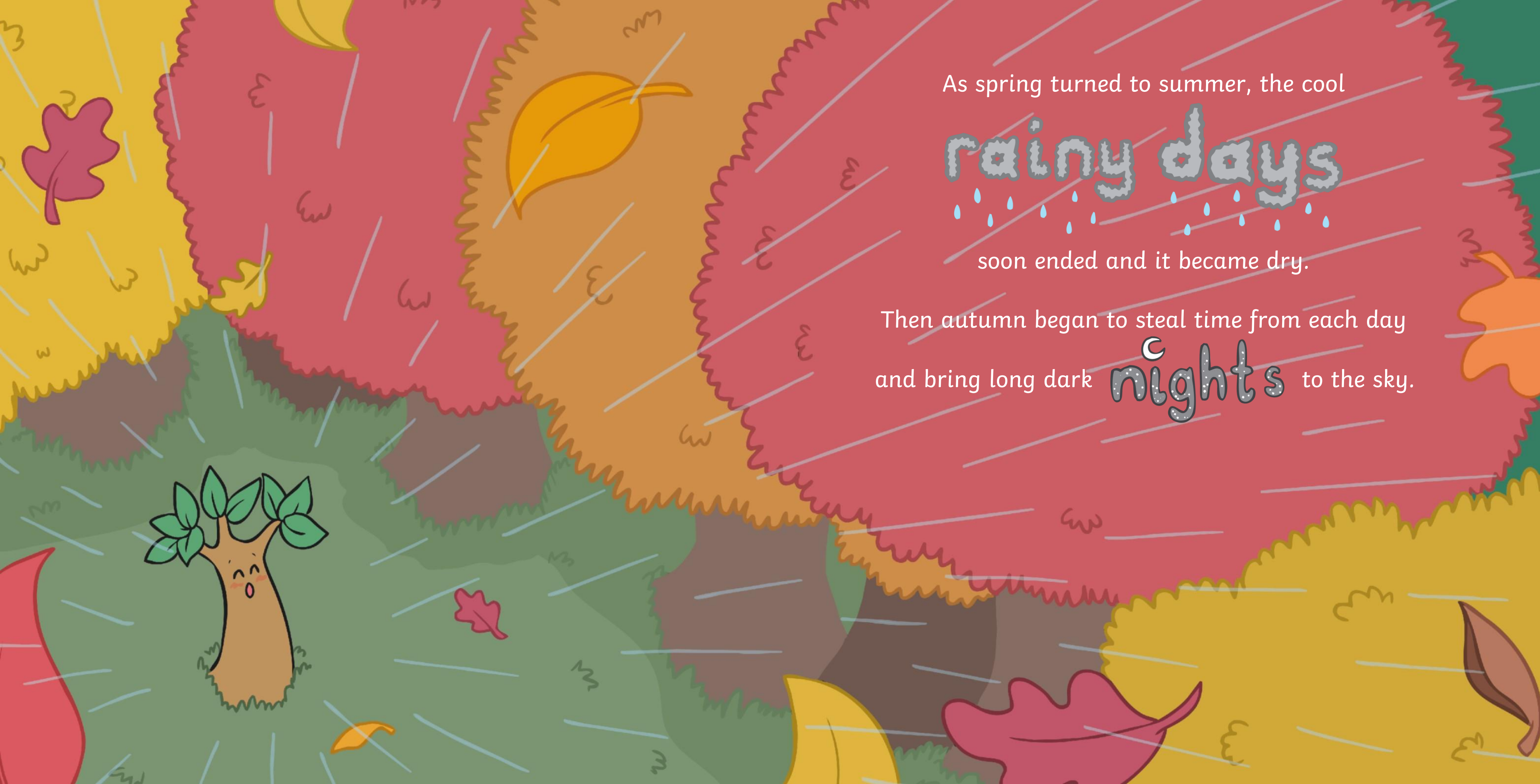
breeze

made them move to and fro.

The little green sapling
grew slowly each day;
becoming an **oak** is not fast.



It takes many years to grow just **BIG** enough
to be noticed if someone walks past.



As spring turned to summer, the cool

rainy days

soon ended and it became dry.

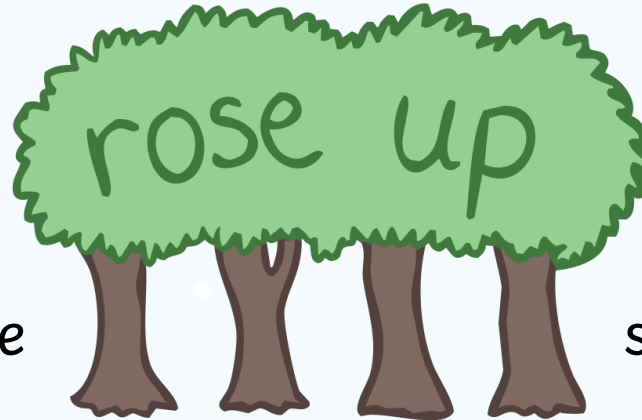
Then autumn began to steal time from each day
and bring long dark

nights

to the sky.



The seasons  flew  by and in no time at all,
the acorn grew into a tree.

He  so slowly, straight up to the sky,
trunk thickening for all to see.



Now, twenty years later, he's reached his full

height

and stands up so mighty and strong.

His branches are

stretching

as wide as can be, his roots now incredibly long.



The oak guards the forest
by day and by night and listens
for each  and howl.

His branches are home to the squirrels and
,
some bats and a wise tawny owl.



All

huddled together,

new acorns hang on,

each ready and raring to go.

On each of his

branches

they sit tight and wait,

excited to see what's below.

The summer soon ends; no more
blazing hot
days or beautiful, sunny blue sky.

As autumn returns, with its rich reds and browns,
the trees wave the

-sunshine-
goodbye.





A little brown acorn *falls*

down to the ground, one windy

and wet autumn day.

The dry *crinkly* leaves quickly cover him
up and right there, he is happy to stay.



