

## A Tree For Me

By Nancy Van Laan; illustrated by Sheila White Samton. Knopf, 2000.

All around the hill where the brook runs free,  
I look, look, look for a tree for me.  
Big one, small one, skinny one, tall one,  
old one, fat one, I choose *that* one!

Up I go to the tippy tiptop.  
Uh-oh!  
Oh, no!  
Wait a minute. STOP!

I'm mistaken.  
This one's taken.

One owl nesting,  
golly gee!  
No room for me  
in this ol' tree.

All around the brook, frogs peep, "Chip-chee!"  
I look, look, look for a tree for me.  
Big one, small one, skinny one, tall one,  
old one, fat one, I choose *that* one!

Up I go to the tippy tiptop.  
Uh-oh!  
Oh, no!  
Wait a minute. STOP!

I'm mistaken.  
This one's taken.

Two possums dangling,  
golly gee!  
No room for me  
in this ol' tree.

In the weeds, grasshoppers fiddle diddle dee  
as I look, look, look for a tree for me.  
Big one, small one, skinny one, tall one,  
old one, fat one, I choose *that* one!

Up I go to the tippy tiptop.  
Uh-oh!  
Oh, no!  
Wait a minute. STOP!

I'm mistaken.  
This one's taken.

Three worms crawling,  
golly gee!  
No room for me  
in this ol' tree.

By the pond, butterflies flit and flee  
as I look, look, look for a tree for me.  
Big one, small one, skinny one, tall one,  
old one, fat one, I choose *that* one!

Up I go to the tippy tiptop.  
Uh-oh!  
Oh, no!  
Wait a minute. STOP!

I'm mistaken.  
This one's taken.

Four squirrels quarreling,  
golly gee!  
No room for me  
in this ol' tree.

On moss-covered rocks, crickets chirp, "Chirree!"  
as I look, look, look for a tree for me.  
Big one, small one, skinny one, tall one,  
old one, fat one, I choose *that* one!

Up I go to the tippy tiptop.  
Uh-oh!  
Oh, no!  
Wait a minute. STOP!

I'm mistaken.  
This one's taken.

Five spider spinning,  
golly gee!  
No room for me  
in this ol' tree.

Deep in the woods, I hear a chickadee  
as I look, look, look for a tree for me.  
Big one, small one, skinny one, tall one,  
Old one, fat one, I choose *that* one!

Up I got to the tippy tiptop.  
I climb and climb and do not stop.

No mistake.  
This tree *///* take!

No owl nest, no possums rest,  
no inchworms crawl,  
no squirrels at all,  
no spiders creep-

- just me, asleep.  
Chip-chee, chirree,  
fiddle dee,  
Zzzzzzz.