Once I was a tree,
but now I'm a book.
I was

For the record, crows are extremely nosy.
I should know – I used to hang out with a bunch of crows.
They were always putting their noses everywhere.
In my needles . . . under my bark . . .

Honestly, he's so good at drawing trees.
He can draw other stuff too,
but his trees are 10/10.

I said the story out loud.
Eoin just wrote it down.

Which is a
cracking library.

That's tree-mendous news.

Nice counting!

Dedicated to the book
that the tree became. – G.K.

Dedicated to the tree
I used to be. – The Book

illustrated by
Guilherme Karsten

written by a book
(with help from Eoin McLaughlin)

ONCE I WAS a TREE

Nosy Crow

ONCE I WAS a TREE

I wasn't just any old tree. I was a pine tree.
I was tall, green and handsome.

Don't believe me?
Just take a look!

that was me

Birds lived in my head.

Squirrels jumped
into my arms.

And moles tickled my toes.

I smelled good too . . .

Go on. Smell me. It's not weird.
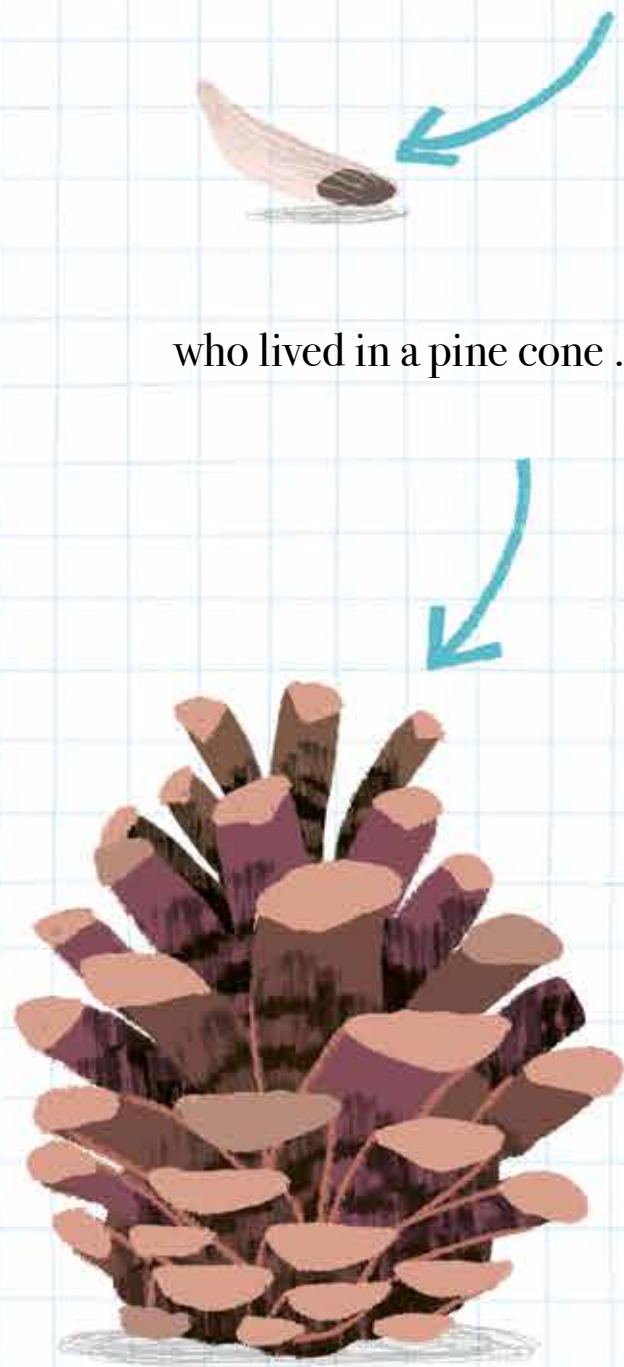Just go for it. Breathe me in.

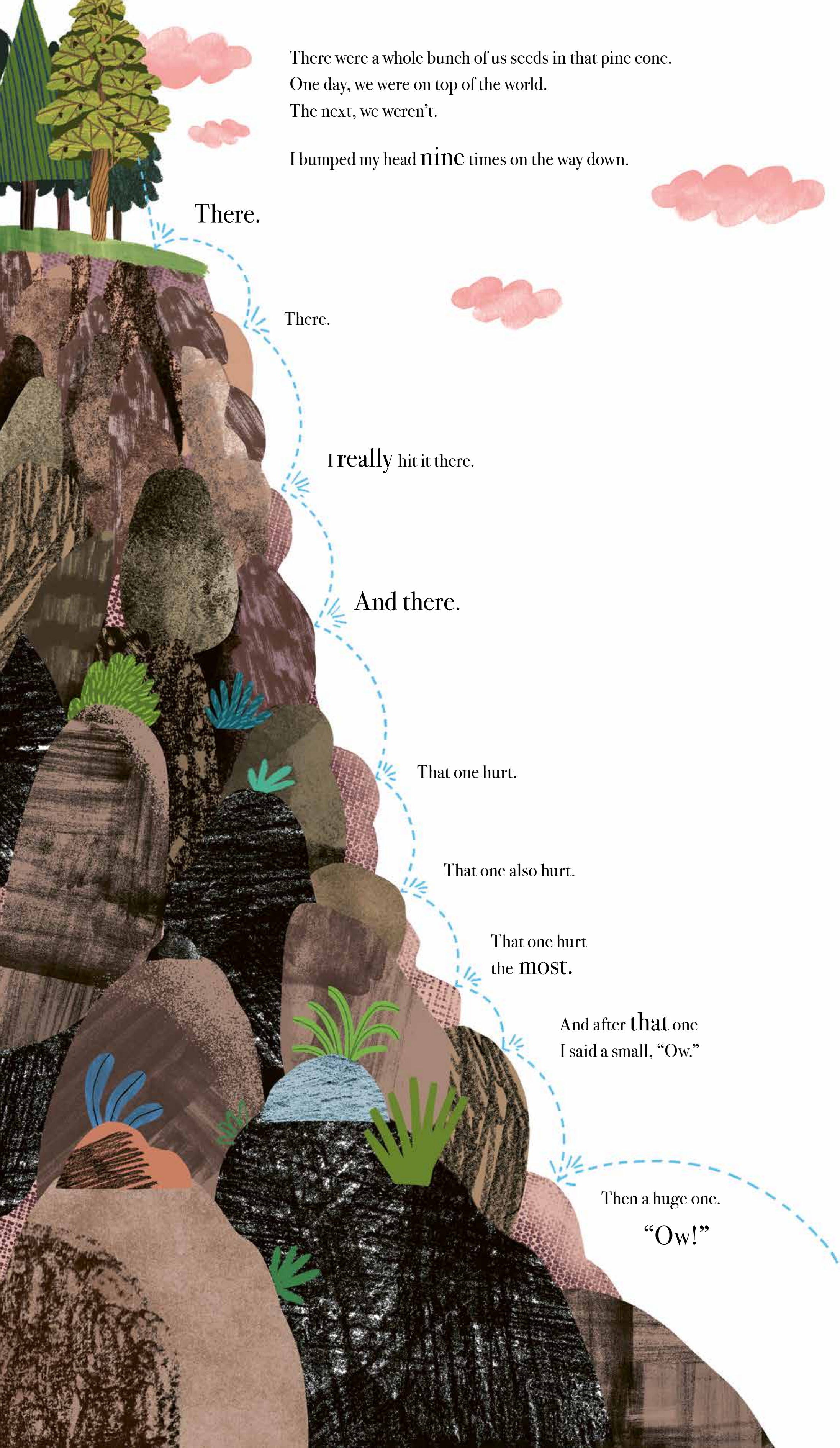Mmmmmmmmm.

Yep. Better believe it. I used to be a tree.

And before **that,** I used to be a seed . . .

who lived in a pine cone . . .

who came out of a
squirrel's bottom.

I should explain.

There were a whole bunch of us seeds in that pine cone.
One day, we were on top of the world.
The next, we weren't.

I bumped my head **nine** times on the way down.

There.

There.

I **really** hit it there.

And there.

That one hurt.

That one also hurt.

That one hurt
the **most.**

And after **that** one
I said a small, "Ow."

Then a huge one.

"Ow!"