

The background of the cover is a colorful illustration of a river scene. Two large, leafy trees frame the top and sides of the page. In the center, two children are jumping over rocks in a river. On the left bank, two brown otters are visible. On the right bank, two white swans are standing. The sky is a warm, yellowish-orange color, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The title 'Time Runs Like A River' is written in a large, brown, serif font in the center. The author's name 'Emma Carlisle' is written in a smaller, black, serif font below the title. The publisher's logo 'BIG PICTURE PRESS' is in the bottom left corner, and the 'Royal Botanic Gardens Kew' logo is in the bottom right corner.

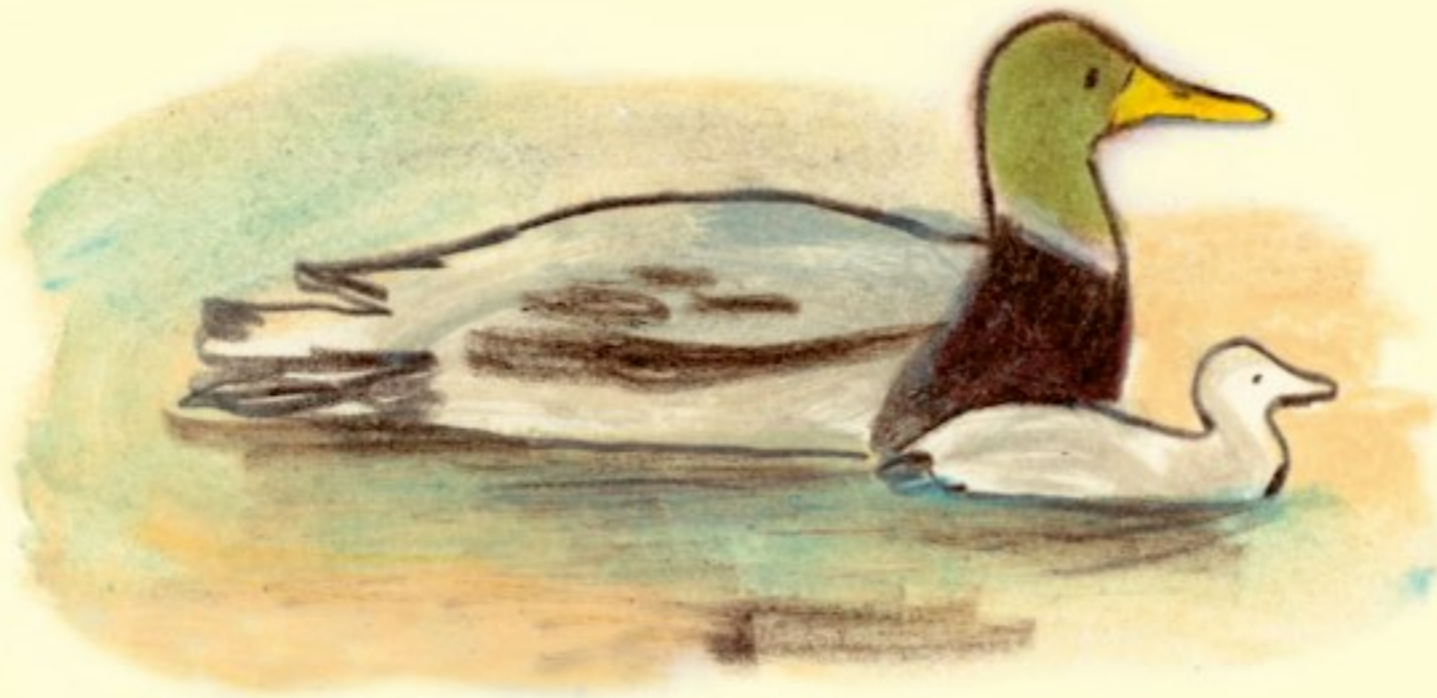
Time Runs Like A River

Emma Carlisle

B
I
G
P
I
C
T
U
R
E
P
R
E
S
S

Royal
Botanic
Gardens **Kew**

Time Runs Like A River



For Harriet



The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew carries out vital research in the fight against biodiversity loss to save all life on Earth. Situated next to the River Thames, Kew Gardens in London is home to over 17,500 plant species, as well as many species of birds and insects. Plants and animals also thrive in the ancient and beautiful landscapes of Wakehurst, Kew's wild botanic garden in Sussex, within woodlands, meadows and wetlands.

BIG PICTURE PRESS

First published in the UK in 2024 by Big Picture Press,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK,
4th Floor, Victoria House,
Bloomsbury Square, London WC1B 4DA
Owned by Bonnier Books,
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden
www.bonnierbooks.co.uk

Text and illustration copyright © 2024 by Emma Carlisle
Design copyright © 2024 by Big Picture Press

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

All rights reserved

ISBN 978-1-80078-594-6 (Hardback)
ISBN 978-1-80078-595-3 (Paperback)

This book was typeset in Ashbury and Gnapsmühle
The illustrations were created in pencil and watercolour

Edited by Joanna McInerney
Designed by Olivia Cook
Production by Nick Read

Printed in China



Time Runs Like A River



Emma Carlisle





Time runs past like a river.
The seconds drip by like drops.
Each minute trickles, an hour ripples,
But time never slows down and stops.




Each day flows by like water.
Every month seeps into a year.

Rushing and flowing, moving and growing...



...until it's farther away, than near.





For so long this river has wandered.
Giving life as it went on its way.

It made a place of its own, a space to call home,
for each oak, shrew, minnow and jay.