

Tisha was catching  
blossom in her backyard.

'Hurry up,'  
cried Mummy.  
'You'll be late  
for school.'





In the classroom, Tisha found  
a book about space.

'Hurry up,'  
said the teacher.  
'We'll be late for assembly.'



At home time, Mummy kissed  
Tisha and took her bag.

'Let's hurry so we  
don't miss the bus.'

'No, thank you,'  
sniffed Tisha.

'What's the matter?'  
asked Mummy.

'I have done too much  
**hurrying up** today,'  
Tisha said.



'Can we please have a  
little **slow down**?'



Mummy smiled.

'If your legs aren't too tired, we could always  
walk home? It's only a few streets away.'

'Yes, please,' said Tisha.

On the walk home,  
they saw **five** seagulls,

**four** children,  
**three** blue umbrellas,

**two** sausage dogs,  
and one **enormous** hat.





Then, a soft wind blew,  
and the blossom began to fall . . .

‘Let’s catch it,’  
Tisha said.

Daddy could **crunch** the loudest,  
Mummy could **chew** for the longest,  
and Tisha’s tongue was the one that  
could **tingle** the most.