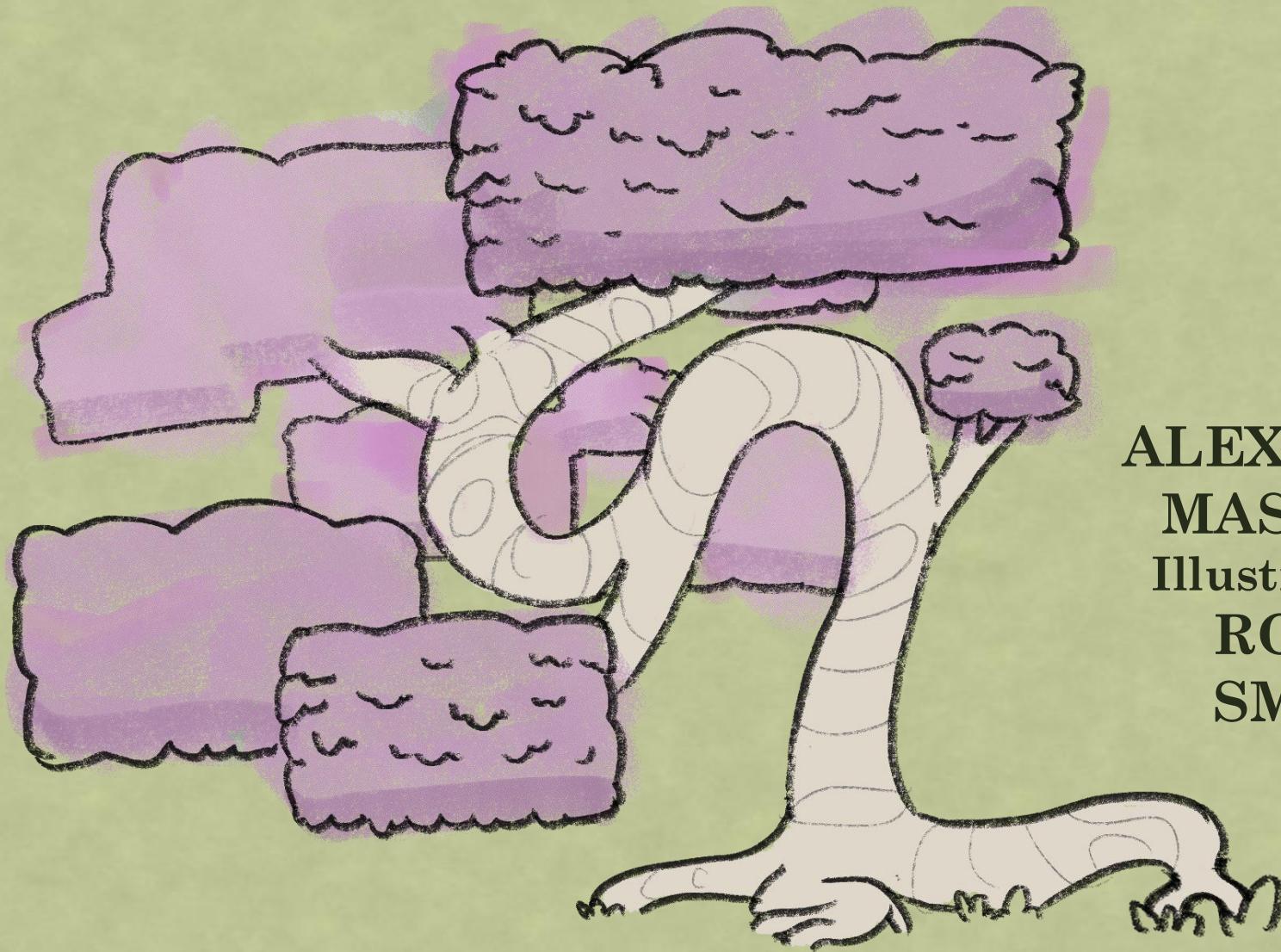


# Across the Street from a Tree



ALEXANDER  
MASSOUD  
Illustrated by  
ROBIN  
SMITH



Across the Street  
from a Tree

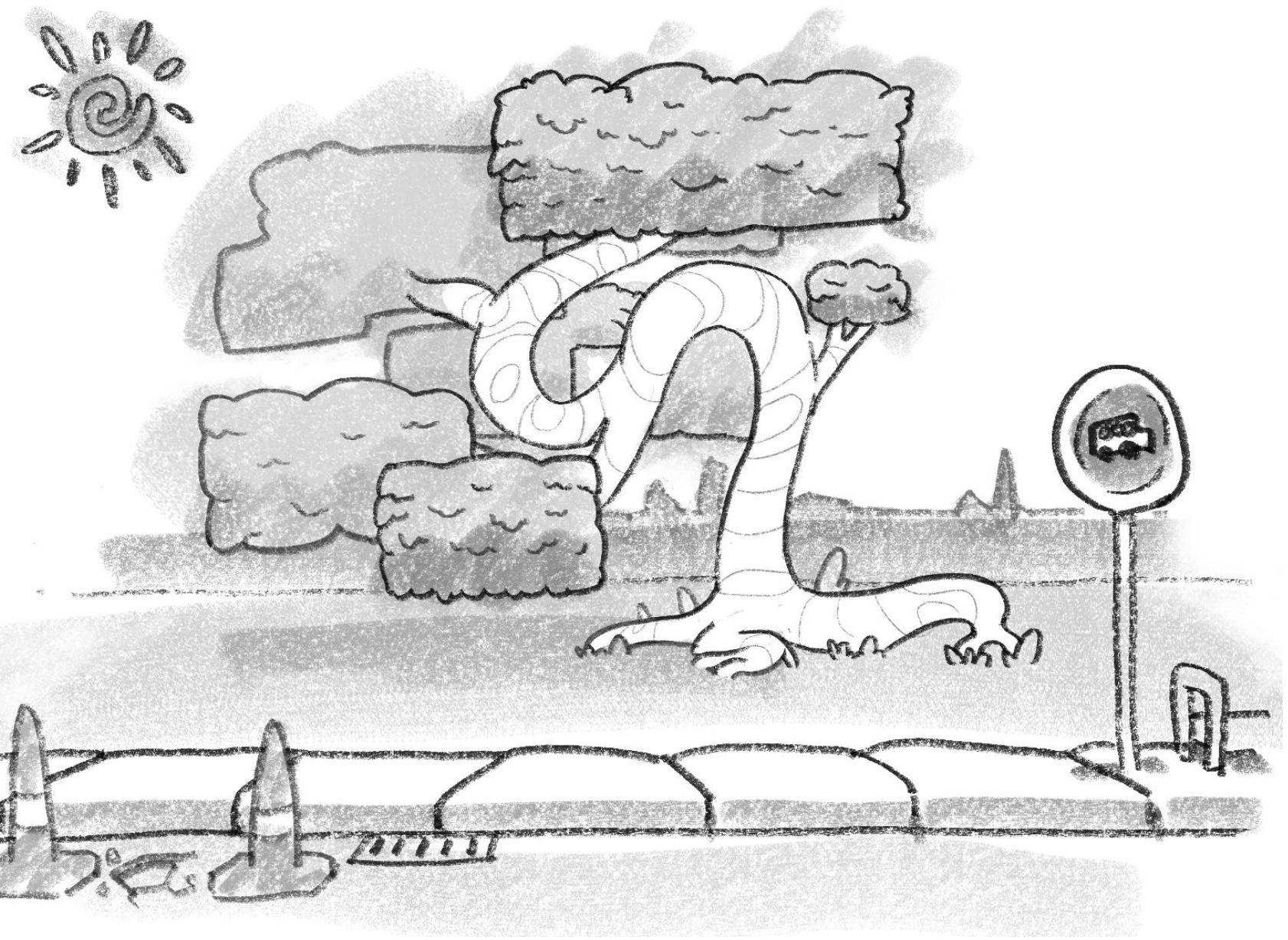
ALEXANDER  
MASSOUD  
Illustrated by  
ROBIN SMITH

DEDICATION

~

For John Francis,  
Happy second  
birthday!

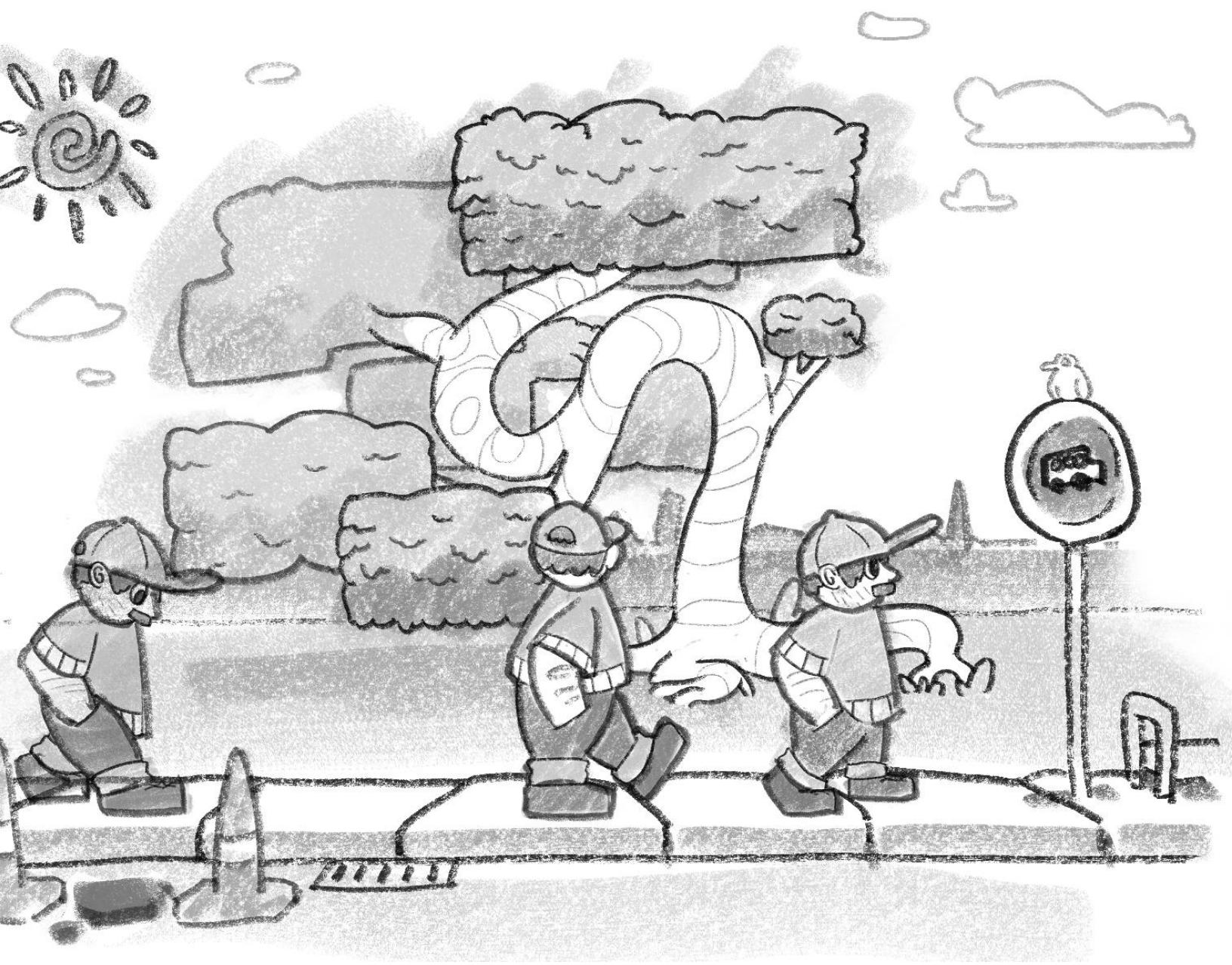
I live across the street from a tree.  
The tree comes back on Monday.



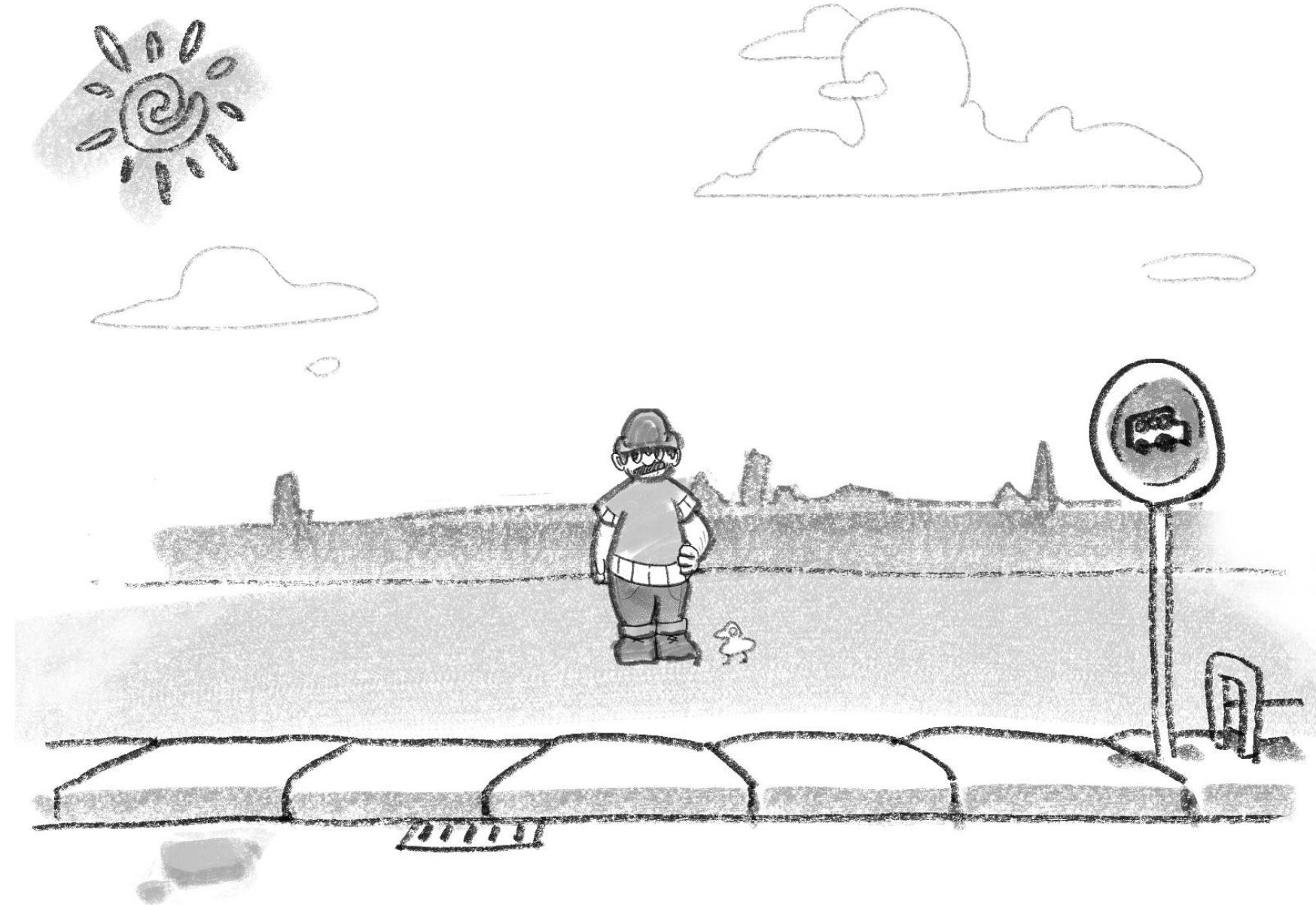
Monday morning, I walk to work. I walk fast.  
I look at the tree. It does not speak.  
Neither do I.  
We do not say hello. We do not say goodbye.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. There's the tree. It's still there.  
Friday. Saturday too.

Sunday morning. I don't work.  
The tree. I look across the street.



The tree is all gone. All gone?  
There is no tree on Sundays.

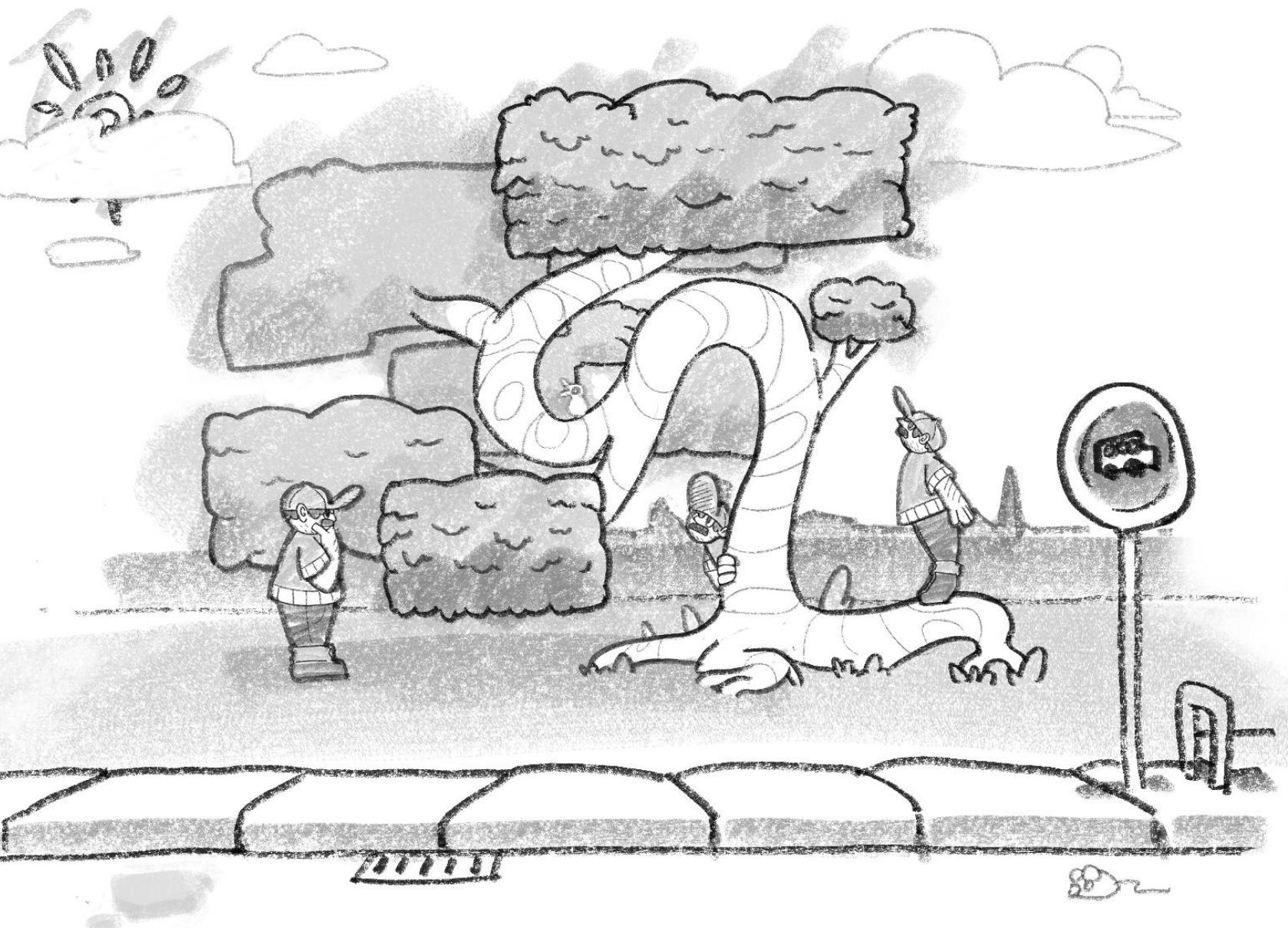


One Monday, I've decided. I will try different work. I walk across the street.

The tree! I look at the tree. I don't stop looking.

Tuesday comes. I am looking again.  
I look, and I look, and I look.

Wednesday, Wednesday, Wednesday.  
It feels like I look for two days, three days, six or seven or eight.



Thursday. By Thursday, I am MAD at the tree. I can't say why.  
I stay inside and watch the sky through a window.

It is warm under the covers. I sleep all day.  
Birds sing in my dreams: *Poo-tee-wee, poo-tee-wee*

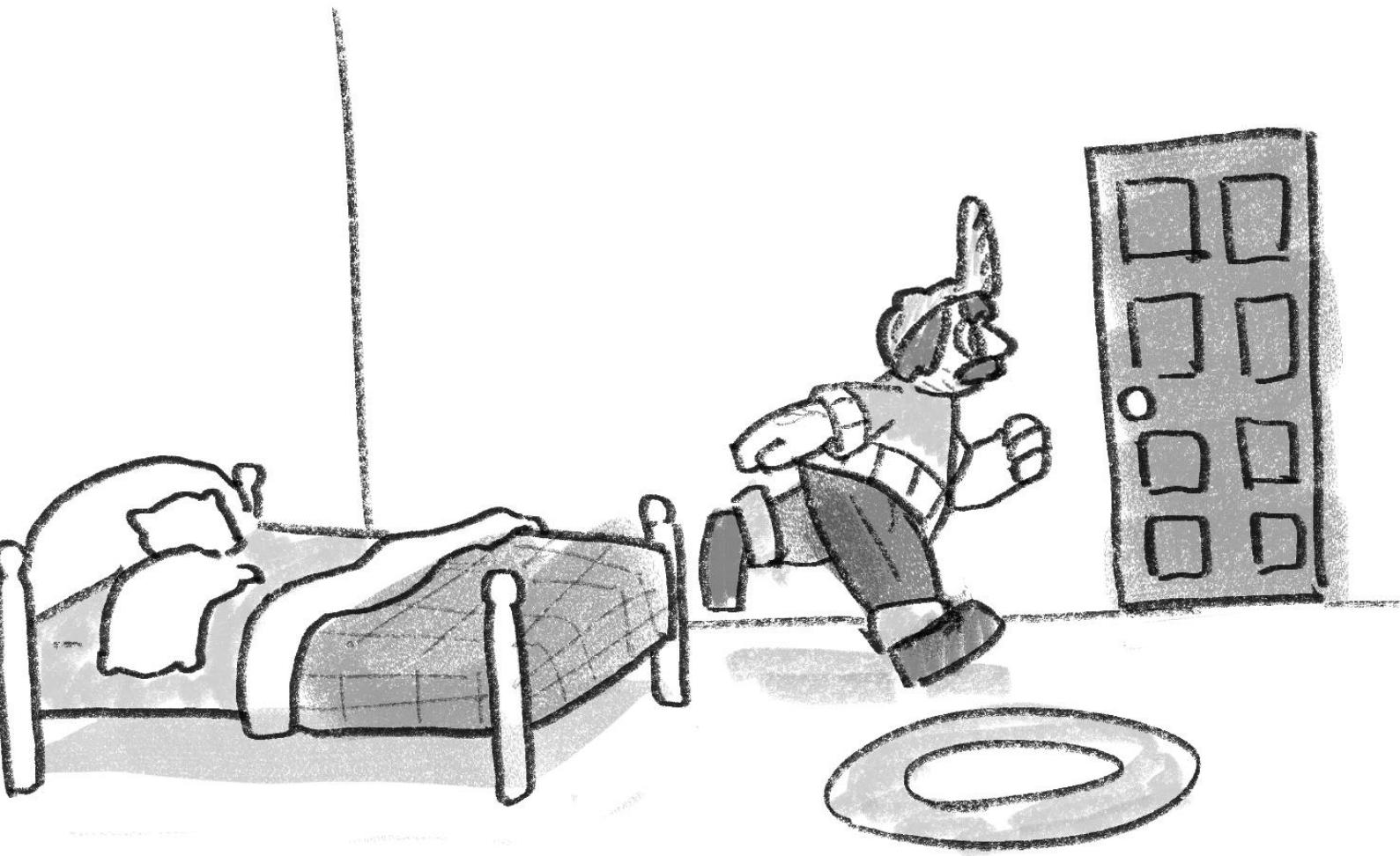
Leaves,  
trees,  
and me

The birds,  
the sky,  
just being



Oh no! It's Sunday!

The tree, the tree, please *please* let it stay!



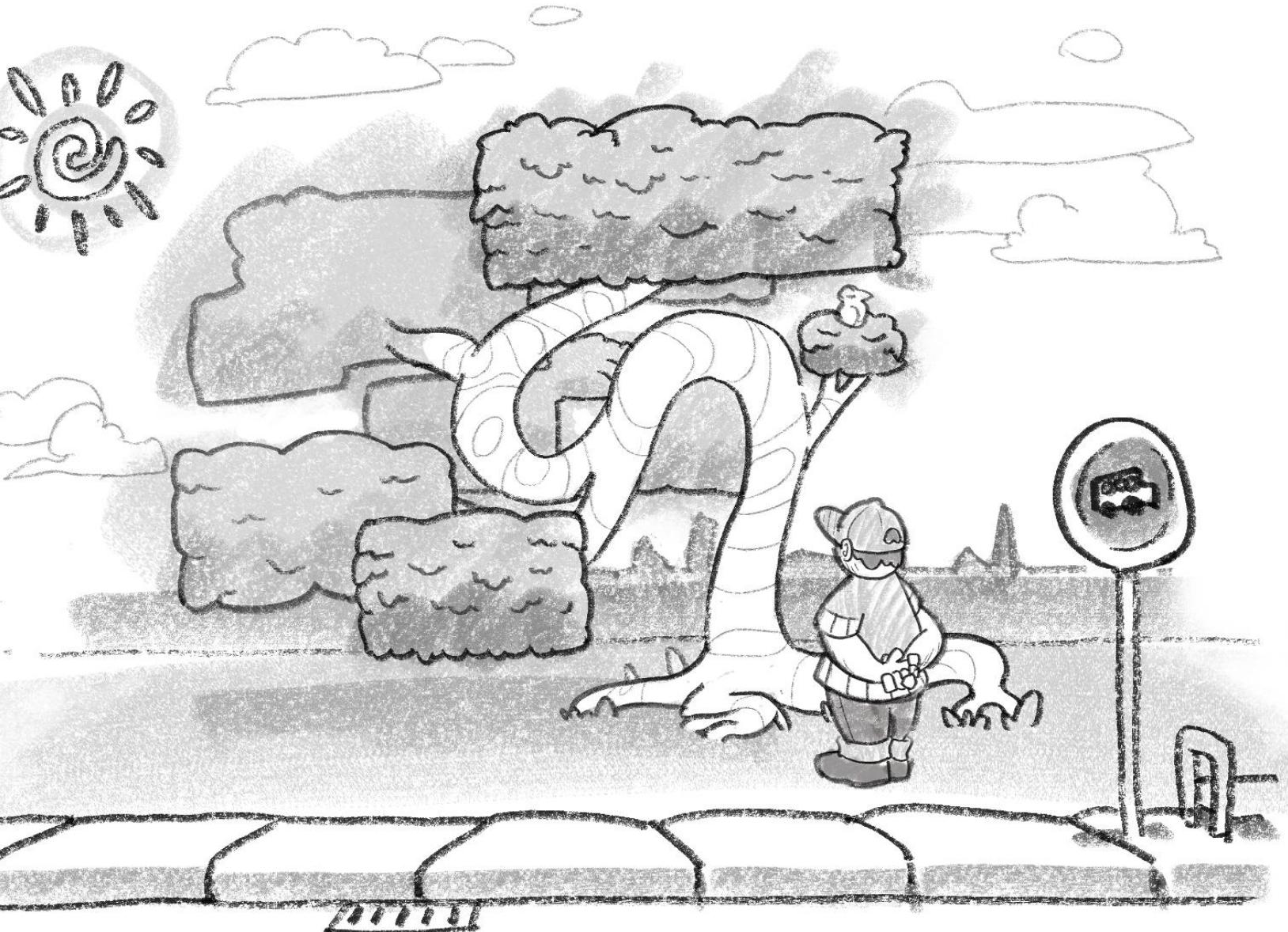
There, there, across the street!

I run until we're roots-to-feet.

Sunday morning. It is Sunday morning.

The tree, me, the rising sun,  
The flying birds, the crawling bugs,  
The air, the sky, the ground, the clouds

I don't look, I see,  
And I feel a big,  
big  
difference



I said, "Thank you," to the tree,  
And I heard the words it said back to me

