

Weeds and Worms and Things That Squirm

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Weeds!

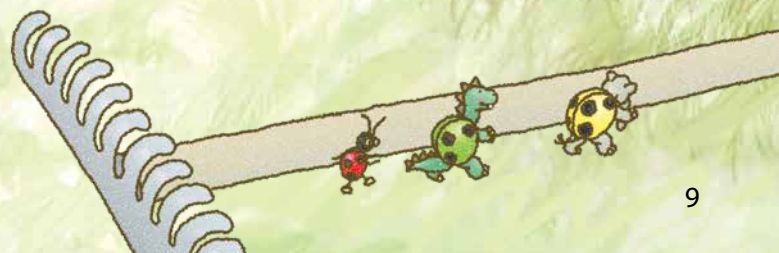
Anna and Mommy stood by the rusty old wheelbarrow looking at the jungle that was once their tidy garden. A bunny nibbled on some grass nearby.

"Looks like everything grew wild while we were away on vacation," said Mommy.

"Especially the weeds," said Anna.

Mommy slipped on her blue flowery garden gloves. Anna didn't wear gloves. She liked the feel of the moist green leaves and the crumbly black dirt on her bare hands.

Thunk. Mommy tossed a weed into the wheelbarrow.





Anna reached down and pulled hard. "Uh-oh," she said.

"What's the matter?" asked Mommy.

"I got a carrot," said Anna. "Can I eat it?"

"Sure," said Mommy. "Just wash it off first."

Anna turned on the hose and cleaned her carrot under the dribble of water.

Crunch. Anna took a bite. The wispy, fernlike leaves dangled down over her arm. The bunny in the grass stopped eating for a moment to watch.

Anna climbed back into the garden to look for more weeds. She pulled and pulled. Thunk, thunk, thunk. The weeds landed in the wheelbarrow. Then she pulled some more.

"Uh-oh." This time the "weed" was a bright red radish. "Can I have it, Mommy?" she asked.

"Why don't we save that for our salad at dinner tonight?" said Mommy.

"O.K."



Anna set the radish aside, then poked her hand in the dirt where it had been. A worm slithered across her fingers, tickling them. She giggled. Then she pulled more weeds.

“Uh-oh!” she said.

“What did you find this time?” asked Mommy.

“I got awell, I got a furry plant.”

“A furry plant?” asked Mommy.

“Look.” Anna held out a handful of fur and dried grasses all matted together.

“Show me where you found that,” said Mommy.

The bunny in the grass stood perfectly still, watching closely.

Anna and Mommy bent over the spot in the garden. Suddenly it wiggled!

Mommy carefully moved aside a clump of grass and fur.

“Bunnies!” cried Anna.



Three baby bunnies snuggled and wiggled together.

Blink. A tiny black eye opened and closed.

“Can I have them?” asked Anna.

“I think they already belong to somebody,”
answered Mommy. “See?”

The mother bunny in the grass sat up tall.

“Let’s hide the bunnies again,” said Anna.

They covered the baby bunnies with the matted
fur and grasses and patted the spot gently.

Anna and Mommy made up a rhyme to say as
they worked on the rest of the weeds:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
how does your garden grow?

With weeds and worms and things that squirm,
like bunnies all snug in a row! 🐇

