

BRUCE THE BRUSHTAIL BREAKS UP A FIGHT

The sky was dark,
the stars were bright,
the moon was high
late one night.

Upon a branch
high in a tree
sat Bruce the brushtail,
eating tea.

On the ground
beneath his feet
two echidnas
arranged to meet.

They didn't chat
or play a game,
they fought and scratched.
What a shame!

"Hey, down there,
enough of that!
Stop. Shake hands.
It's time you sat.

"You need to talk,
have a chat,
sort it out,
this little spat."

On the ground
at Bruce's feet
two echidnas
took a seat.

First they talked,
soon they laughed,
all their problems
quickly passed.

"My job is done,"
said Bruce with glee.
"Talk it out,
That's the key."



Gina Smith