WHERE DO THE LEAVES GO IN WINTER?

A Gentle Autumn Story



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Tala and Grandpa raked the red, orange and yellow leaves into a big pile.


Grandpa, where do the leaves go in winter?
asked Tala.


"Let's see," said Grandpa. The leaves will guide us.


Wind blew a leaf across the garden
and Tala went after it.


It fell close to a little hedgehog's nest. "Leaves make a nice bed," Grandfather whispered.


Tala put a few leaves round the nest and the hedgehog curled up in the nest.


A beetle and a frog tucked away under the hedge amongst the leaves.


Tala spread leaves on the sleeping flowers in the garden. "A blanket over the roots."


It rained, and the leaves grew soft and brown.


Little worms nibbled at them, bit by bit.


"The leaves turn to dirt," Grandpa said.
"Food for the trees".


Then the first snow came and covered everything like a quilt.


Tala looked at the naked tree. "From whence its leaves?"


“Hold on for spring,” said Grandpa. The tree is keeping little buds safe.”


Little green buds opened on every branch one sunny morning.


The old leaves fall to the ground," said Tala. "They help the new ones to grow."


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