A Twinkl Original

Little Acorns

A little brown acorn fell down to the ground,

one windy and wet autumn day.

The dry crinkly leaves quickly covered him up

and right there, he decided to stay.

He snuggled up warm in his big leafy bed,

deep down where he couldn't be found.

Along came a walker, who stepped on his head and

squished

him right into the ground.

The weather grew colder as winter drew in

and soon he was buried in snow.

He lay there so patiently, frozen in mud,

awaiting the right time to grow.

The chill of the winter months
dragged on and on; the snow
stayed around for a while.
Then finally, from behind heavy grey clouds,
the sun gave a welcoming SMILE.

The spring had arrived

so the acorn woke up

and let out a laugh and a

SHOUT!

He gave a small

wriggle,

a soft gentle

jiggle,

and started to grow and to sprout.

Below him stretched roots,

seeking water to drink and holding him firm where he stood.

So he could begin to grow bigger

each day and find his own place in the wood.

His roots travelled deeper, his stem

grew

up tall and soon his green leaves

were on show.

They reached for the sun and

its warm shining light; the

breeze

made them move to and fro.

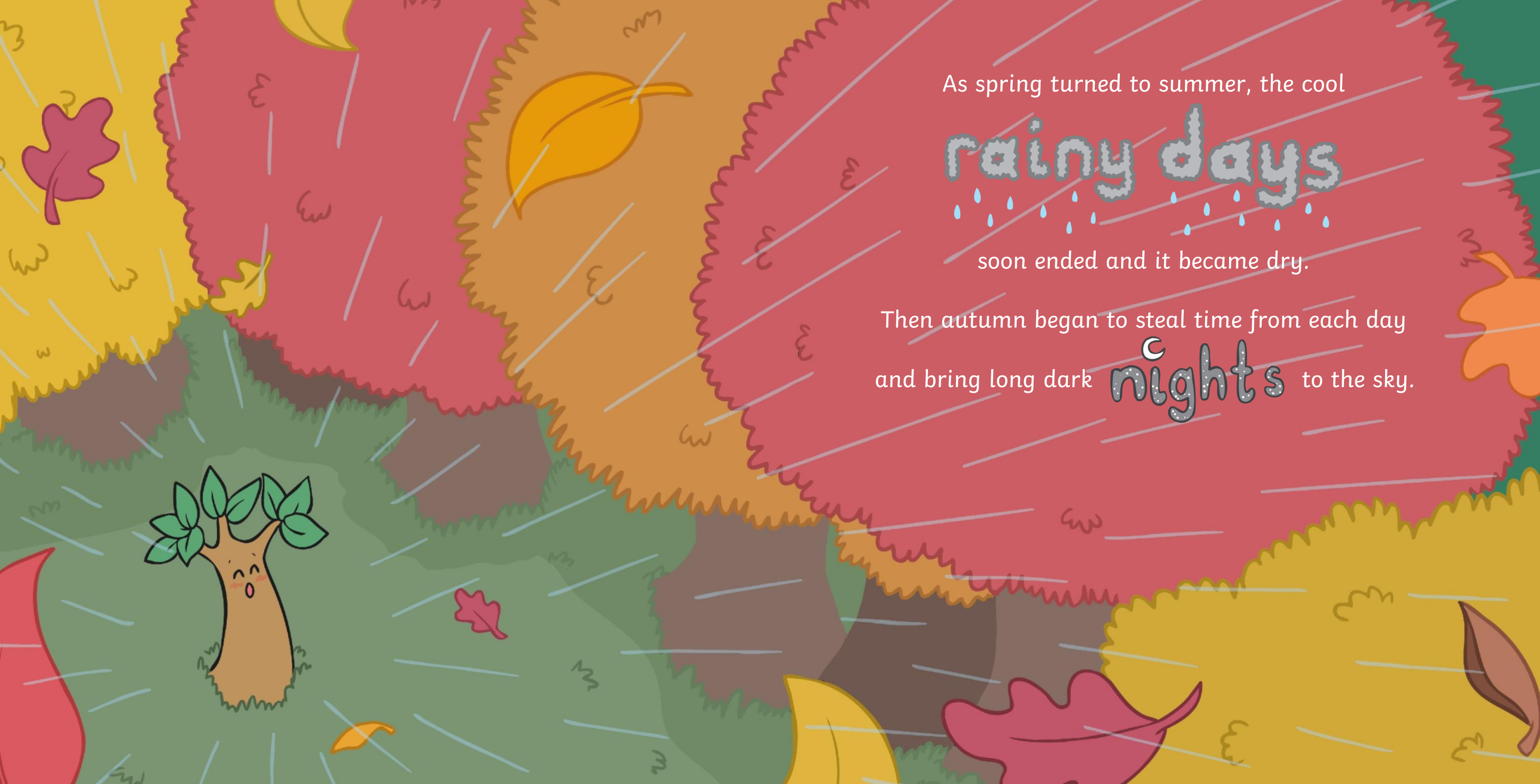
The little green sapling

grew slowly each day;

becoming an oak is not fast.

It takes many years to grow just BIG enough

to be noticed if someone walks past.



As spring turned to summer, the cool

rainy days

soon ended and it became dry.

Then autumn began to steal time from each day

and bring long dark nights to the sky.

The seasons flew by and in no time at all,

the acorn grew into a tree.

He rose up so slowly, straight up to the sky,

trunk thickening for all to see.

Now, twenty years later, he's reached his full

height

and stands up so mighty and strong.

His branches are

stretching

as wide as can be, his roots now incredibly long.

The oak guards the forest

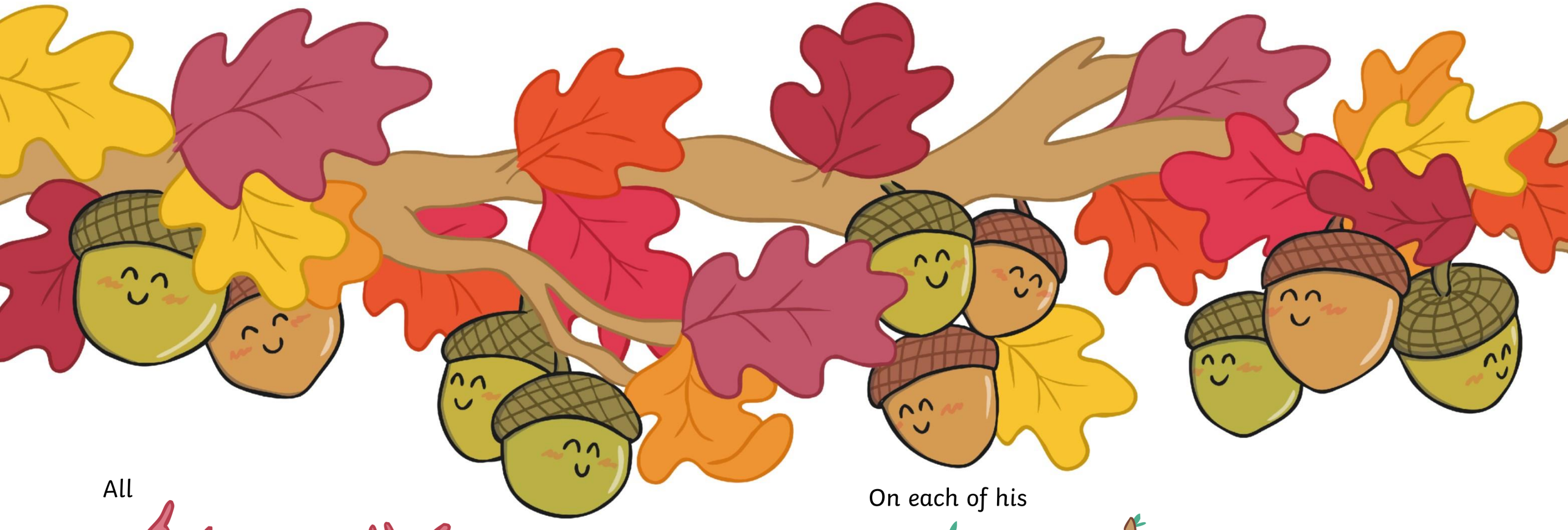
by day and by night and listens

for each hoot and howl.

His branches are home to the squirrels and

bugs,

some bats and a wise tawny owl.



All **huddled together,**

new acorns hang on,

each ready and raring to go.

On each of his **branches**

they sit tight and wait,

excited to see what's below.

The summer soon ends; no more

blazing hot

days or beautiful, sunny blue sky.

As autumn returns, with its rich reds and browns,

the trees wave the

sunshine

goodbye.

A little brown acorn **falls** down to the ground, one windy and wet autumn day.

The dry **crinkly** leaves quickly cover him up and right there, he is happy to stay.