



Pom and the Last Berry

An Oodleloo story

2-5

Made with Oodleloo

Pom found a berry. Not just any berry, the roundest, reddest
berry of the whole summer.

Pom held it very carefully in two soft paws and thought about
how sweet it would be.

Just then Rory came along, tummy rumbling like far-away
thunder.

Pom looked at the berry. Pom looked at Rory. The berry was so small, and there was only one.

"We can split it," said Pom, and pressed the berry gently until it came apart in two halves.

One half for Pom. One half for Rory. They ate them at exactly the same time.

Half a berry is smaller than a whole berry. Everyone knows that.

But somehow it tasted sweeter, and the sweetness stayed a long time after the berry was gone.

"Let's find another," said Pom. And they looked together,
which was the best part of all.