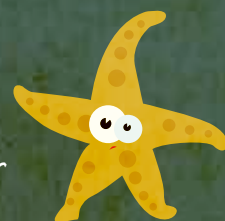
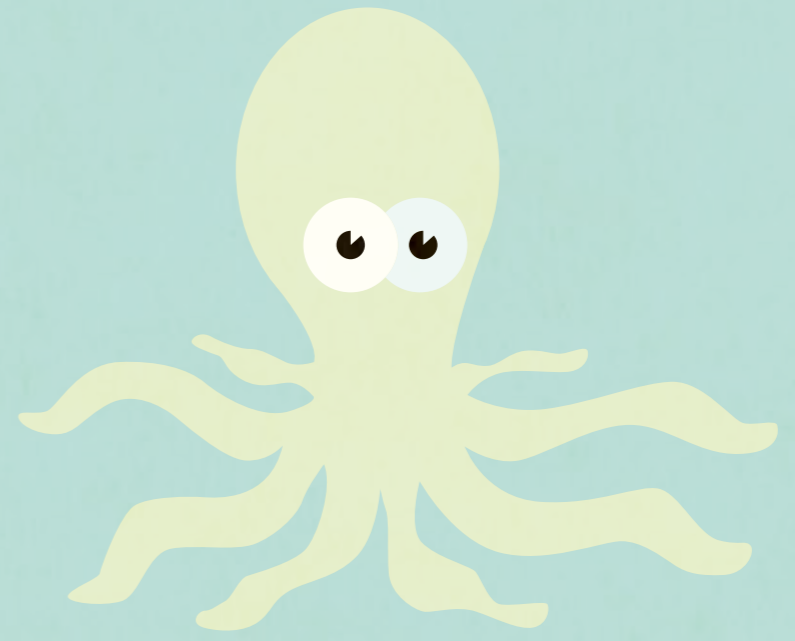
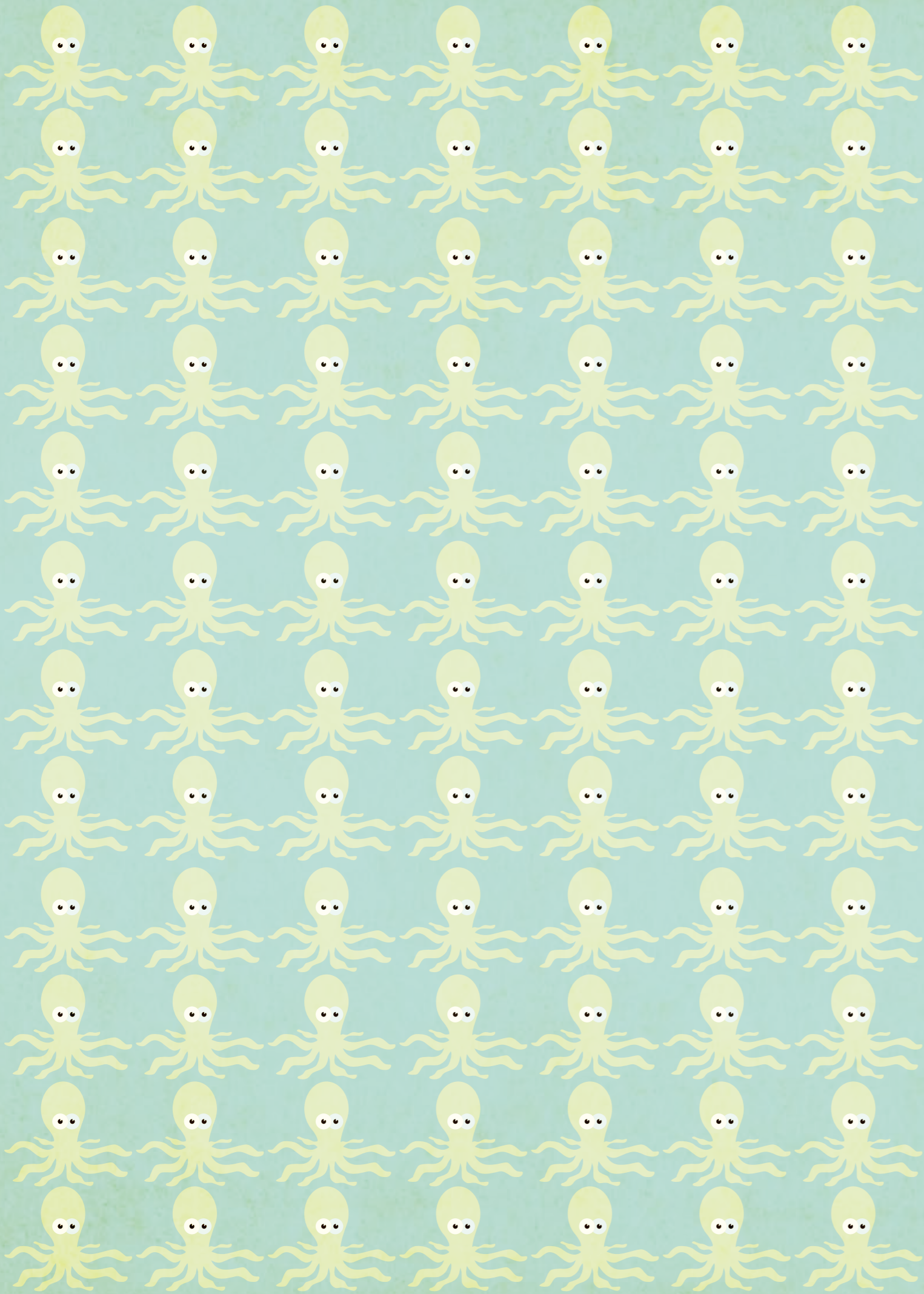


Harvey Hermit's




Another bedtime winner
By Tom and Joanne Skinner





For our son Finley
& all his fish loving friends



Harvey the Hermit lived alone
In any place he could call home
Yet he dreamt of living under the sea
Somewhere cosy and snug as can be



His **first** home
was so incredibly small
For it was a fuzzy furry tennis ball

Whatever it was he didn't mind
He'd try out everything he could find
Searching all day and all of the night
He couldn't find anywhere really quite right



His **second** home
was too big by far
Because it was a
green pickle jar

His **third** home
he thought was fine
Until, that is,
It started to
chime



His **fourth** home was see-through and scary
A glass milk bottle, lost from the dairy



His **fifth** home
he wished he'd left sooner
As it was a musty tin
of mouldy tuna



His **sixth** home and still no luck
For he looked rather silly in a rubber duck

His **seventh** home
was really too smelly
No wonder as it was an
old rubber wellie





His **eighth** home
was way too hot
For it was a flowery
china teapot



His **ninth** home
didn't go to plan
Covering him in oil from
an old rusty can

Now he'd given up hope
when off downstream
He spotted what could be the
home of his dream

Not too small, too **big,**

too **noisy,**

scary or musty

And neither too silly, smelly,

hot or rusty



His **tenth** home
was a beautiful shell
that fitted just right

Which meant Harvey the Hermit
slept soundly at night



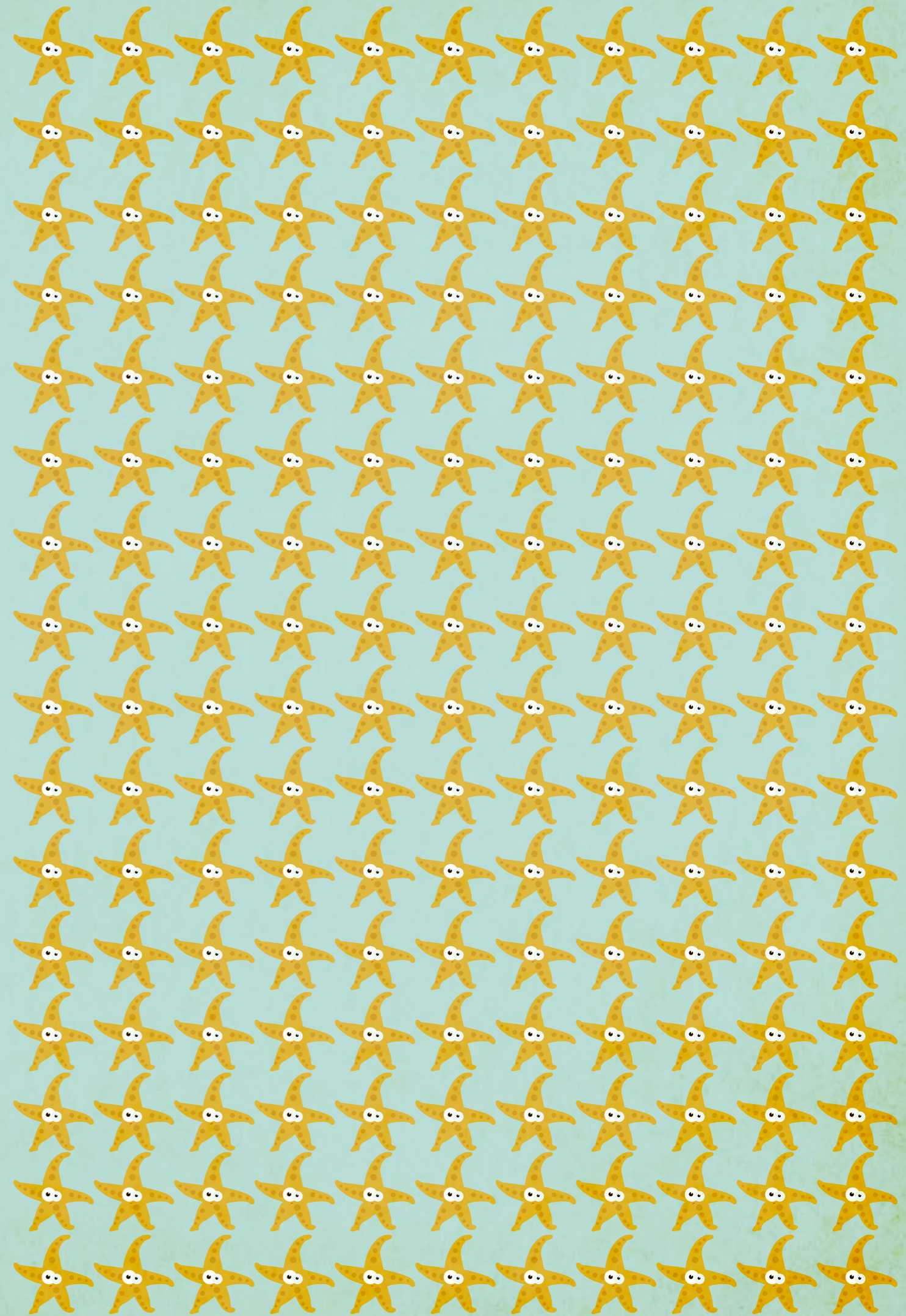


The End

Home



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Harvey the Hermit lived alone
In any place he could call home
He searches all day and all of the night
But will he ever find anywhere
really quite right?

