Iris and Walter

by Elissa Haden Guest

A Walk and a Talk

Iris and Grandpa went for a walk. “Can I tell you something?” Iris asked. “You can tell me anything,” said Grandpa. “I hate the country,” said Iris. “Why?” asked Grandpa. “Because there are no children here,” said Iris. “The country is a lonely as Mars.” “Iris, my girl, there must be some children somewhere,” said Grandpa. “Do you think so?” asked Iris. “I know so. We shall have to find them, Iris, We shall be explorers. Iris and Grandpa walked down the road. The birds were singing, the roses were blooming. And around the bend, someone was waiting. Iris and Grandpa walked around the bend. They saw a great big green tree. “What a tree!” said Grandpa. “So green!” said Iris. “So beautiful,” said Grandpa. “I want to climb it,” said Iris. Down came the ladder. “Amazing! I wonder what’s up there?” said Grandpa. “I’ll go see,” said Iris. Iris began to climb. “How is it up there?” called Grandpa. “It’s very green! yelled Iris. Iris climbed higher and higher until she was almost at the top of the great big green tree. “Grandpa?!” called Iris. “There’s a house up here.” “Amazing!” said grandpa. Iris knocked on the door. “Come in,” said a voice. Iris opened the door. “Hi, I’m Walter,” said Walter. “I’m Iris,” said Iris. Iris and Walter shook hands. “Hey Grandpa, there’s a kid up here named Walter!” yelled Iris. “How wonderful,” said Grandpa and it was.

 A New Life

Iris and Walter played every day. They climbed the trees. They rolled down hills. They played hide-and-seek. When it rained, Walter showed iris his hat collection. And Iris showed Walter how to roller-skate-indoors. On some days they rode Walter’ sweet pony, Sal. Other days they sat on a fence and watched a horse named Rain running. “Tell me about the big city,” said Walter. “Well,” said Iris, “in the big city, there are lots and lots and lots of people.” “Ah,” said Walter. “but in the country there are lots and lots and lots of stars.” Iris and Walter played every day. But still Iris dreamed of the big city. She dreamed of her noisy street and her wide front step. For in the country, there were red-tailed hawks and starry skies. There were pale roses. And there was cool grass beneath her feet, There was a wild horse named rain and a sweet pony named Sal. And across the meadow, over the stream, high in a tree, was a little house. And inside there was a new friend…Walter.