



THE LONELY JACARANDA

BY RUSSELL IRVING

The Lonely Jacaranda

By Russell Irving





Once there was a tree that lived all alone, for a stranger had taken her a long way from home when she was just a seed.



He planted her in front of his house to give some shade and colour. He had hoped for a big and purple tree; instead, she grew slow and sad for she was all alone.

'I'm a Jacaranda,' she told the trees nearby, 'but you can call me Jaca if you wish.'



The trees all laughed at her thinking she was strange, 'what self-respecting tree loses all its leaves?' they asked and left her all alone.

The birds only came to rest then went quickly on their way. They never stayed to sing their morning song, they never built their nest. It was clear the birds already had their favourite tree, and it was not a Jacaranda.





'I sit high in the giant White Fig to look for food below,' said Brahminy Kite.



'We hide amongst the Flame tree flowers, darting in and out,
'Zwit, zwit, zwit,' said Flame Robin and Zebra Finch.



'We love to warble and laugh to each other from our Eucalyptus' said Magpie and Kookaburra. 'Why won't you come and visit me?' Jaca would often ask. 'You have no leaves in winter, you're far too cold and windy. Our feathers are not purple, your flowers are the wrong colour - aagh ugly,' they would say.





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A lonely Jacaranda tree lives all alone, far, far from home,
dropping her flowers and leaves like teardrops.
Some of the birds and trees ignore or laugh at her,
others come together to help.

This beautifully illustrated fable will appeal to all ages,
a timely reminder of the value of caring for one other.

