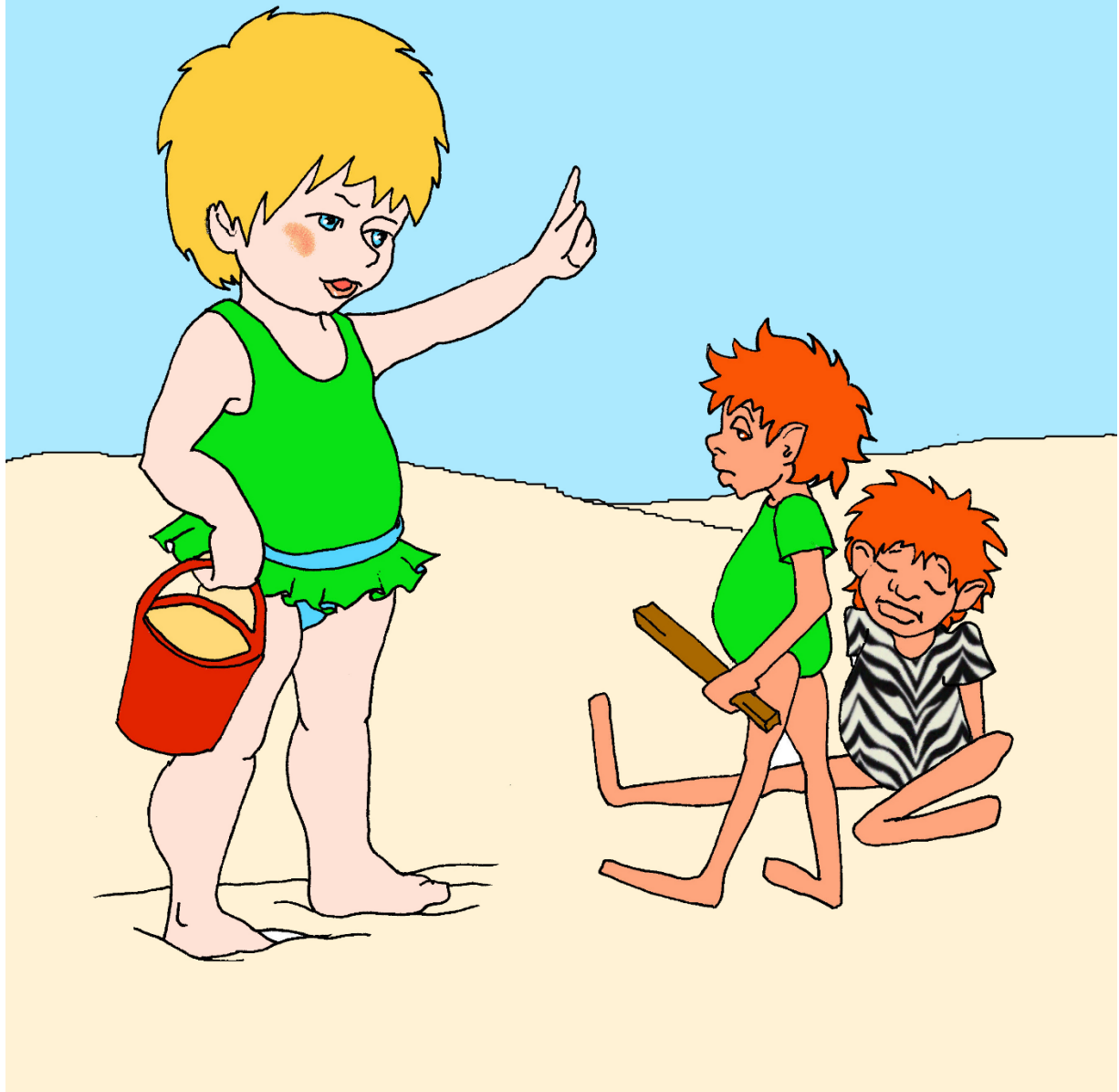


# Kristen and the Yum Yums



By Melanie Graham



Story and illustration by  
Melanie Graham



Written for Kristen a very long time ago

On a misty island far, far away,  
the Flitterbits would gambol  
and the Fuzztums play





The beaches all were sandy white,  
trimmed with shells in colours bright.

And Kristen of this magic land  
with pail and shovel in her hands,  
made castles tall and rivers wide  
and places where the Trubs could hide.

There were  
no faces  
long  
or sad  
and nothing happened  
that was bad.





Then one day the Yum Yums came  
and things were never quite the same.  
For everywhere the Yum Yums play  
They leave a mess along the way.

They break things and make lots of noise and never, ever, share their toys.



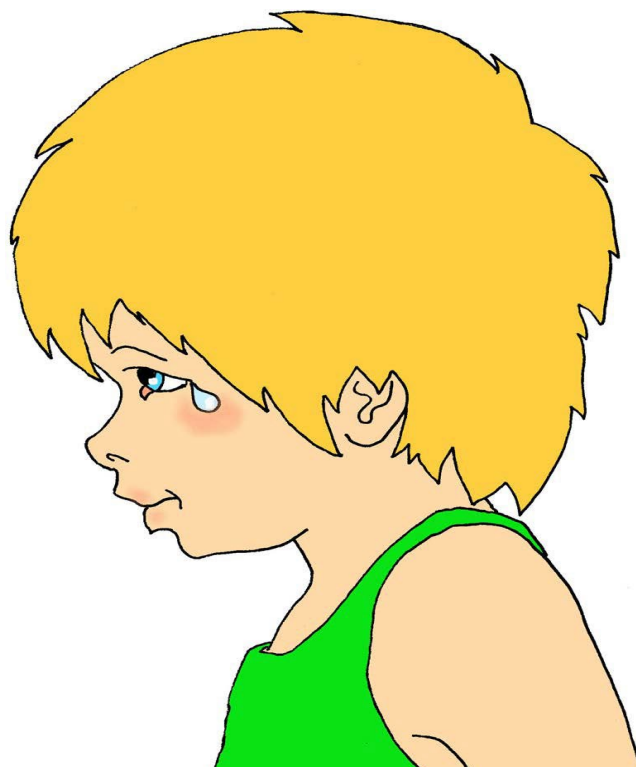
They fight, and yell, and cry, and shout, and knock each other round about.



On the misty island far, far away  
The Yum Yums chased the Flitterbits  
while Fuzztums ran away.

Kristen with her sandy pail looked  
along the Yum Yum's trail.

Her pretty face grew very sad. Things  
were getting awfully bad.



Someone ought to fix this mess  
and save her friends from their  
distress.

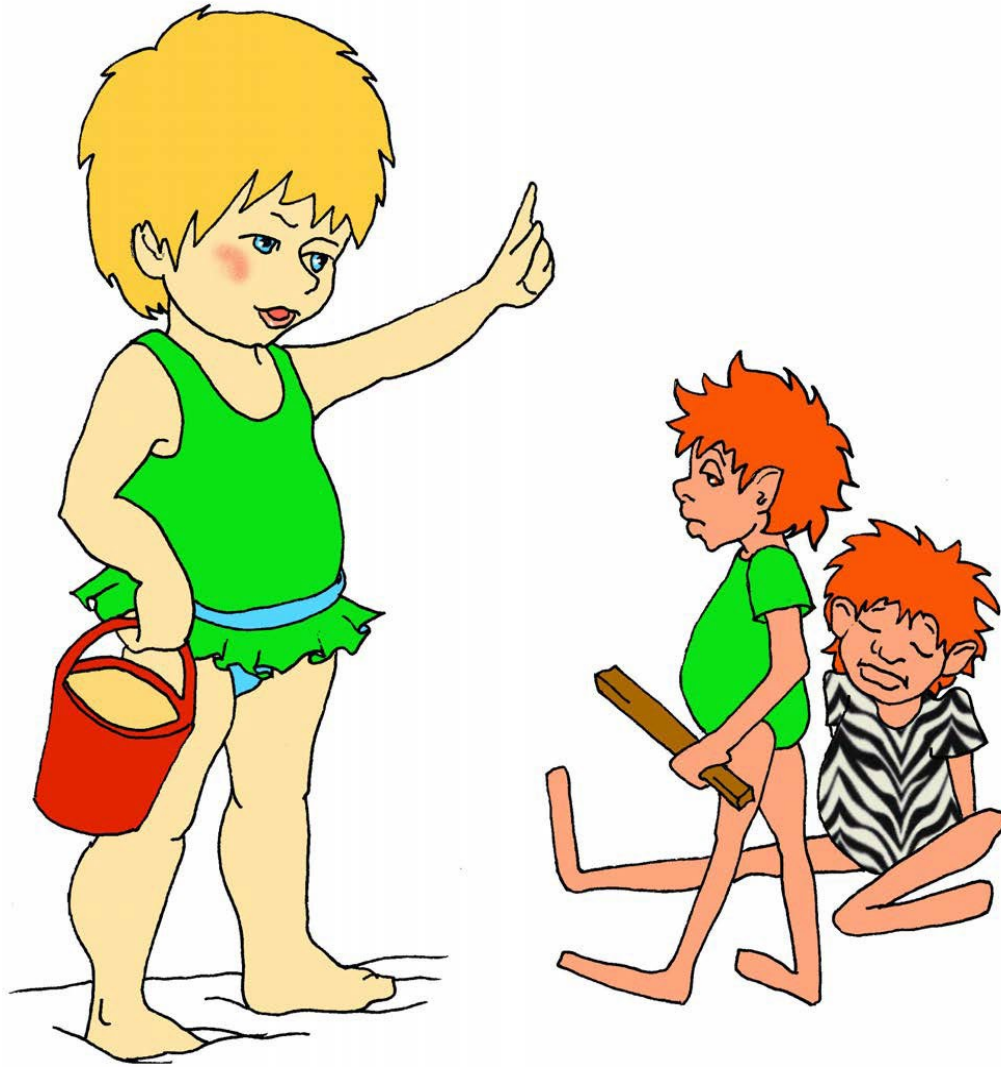
But no hero brave appeared that day to  
make the Yum Yums change their  
ways.

Kristen squirmed  
and Kristen sighed

Her patience was being  
sorely tried.

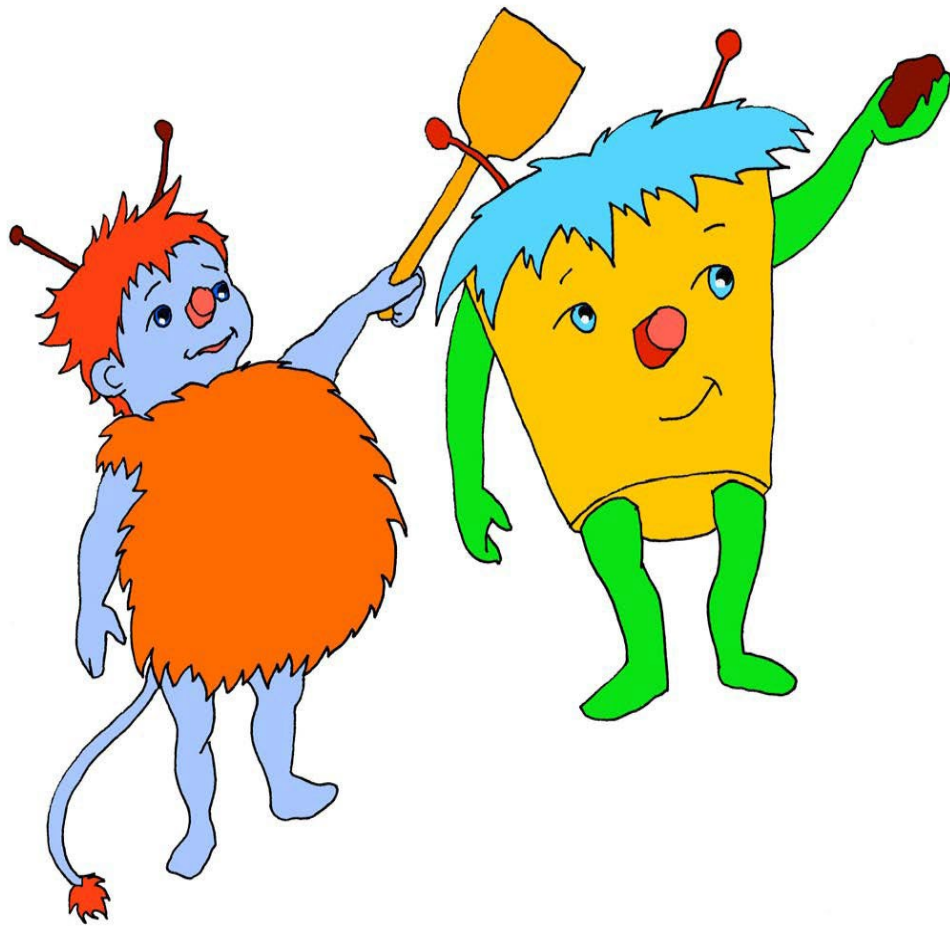
The Yum Yums  
had to understand.  
This was a peaceful,  
happy land.

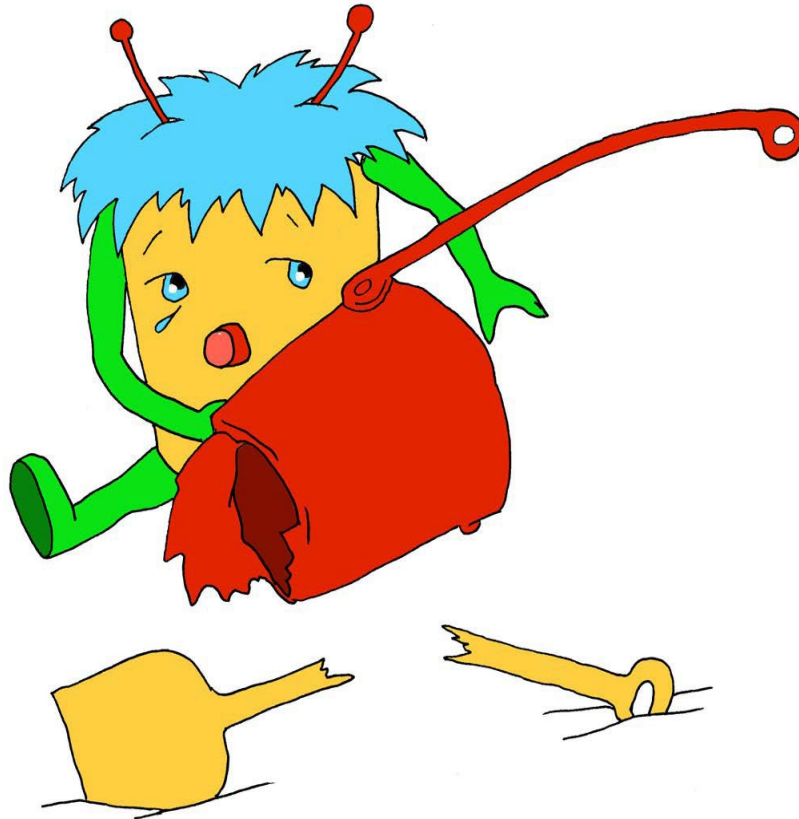
With pail and shovel  
still held tight  
Kristen called  
with all her might.



Yum Yums,  
please,  
stop your nasty play,  
and hear  
what I have got to say.

Fuzztums, Flitterbits and such  
as Trubs and I,  
we don't ask much.  
We're more than pleased  
to share the land  
And play with you along the sand.

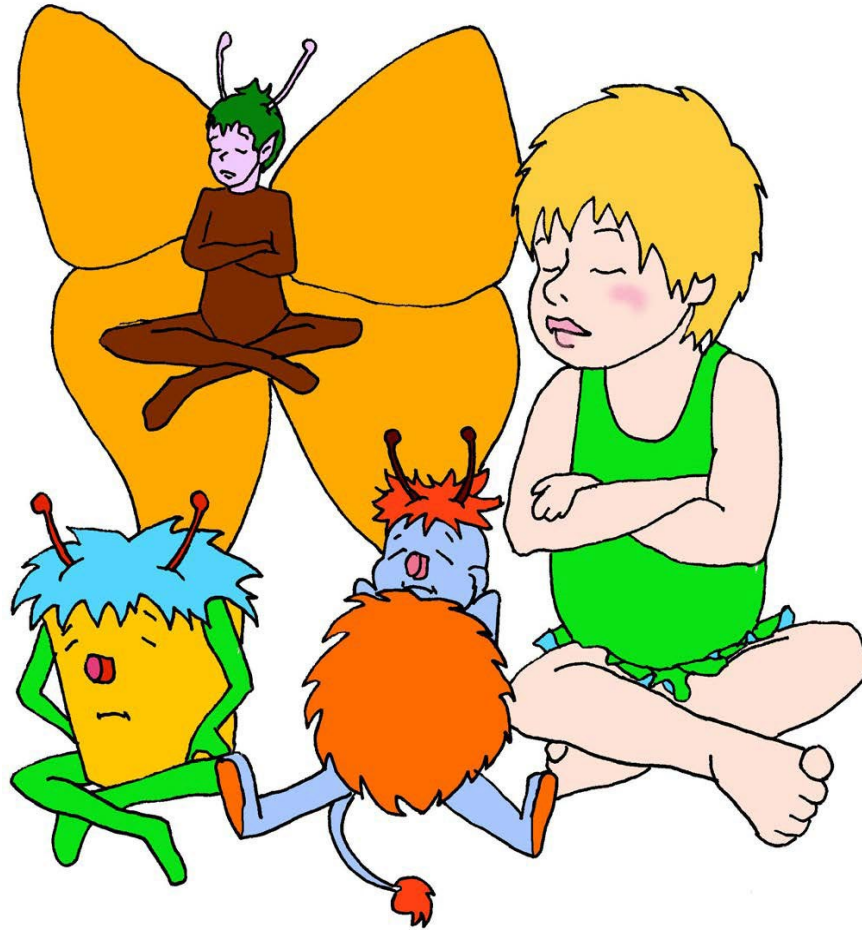




---

But please oh please  
why can't you see  
that games are best played  
peacefully?

Broken toys  
are not much fun,  
and hitting  
can't help anyone

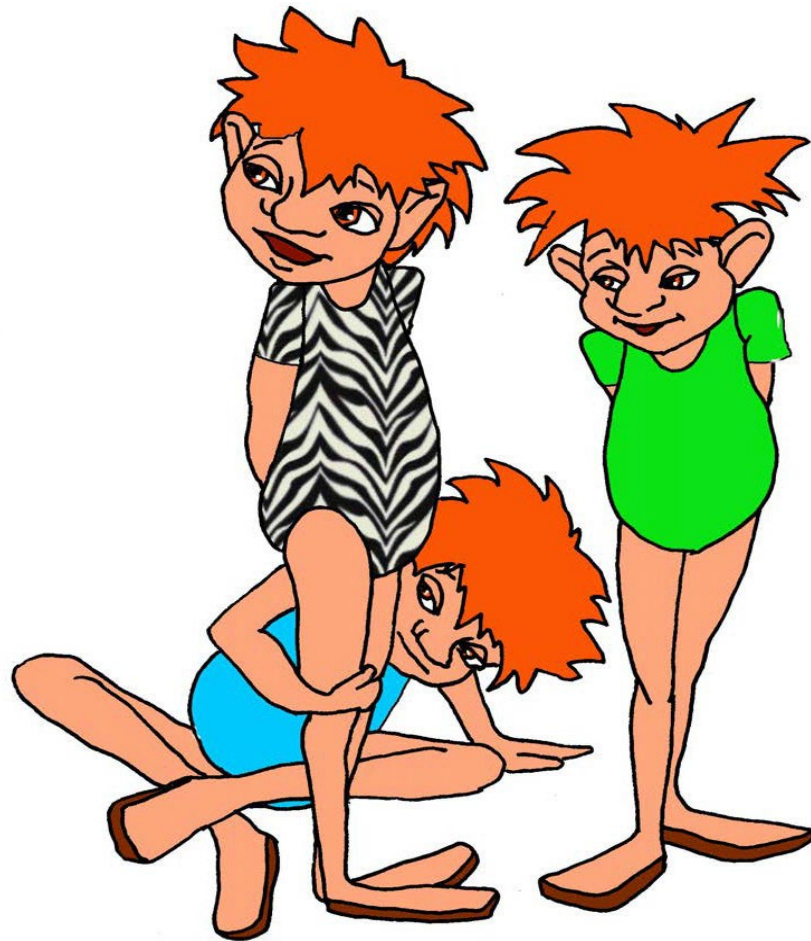


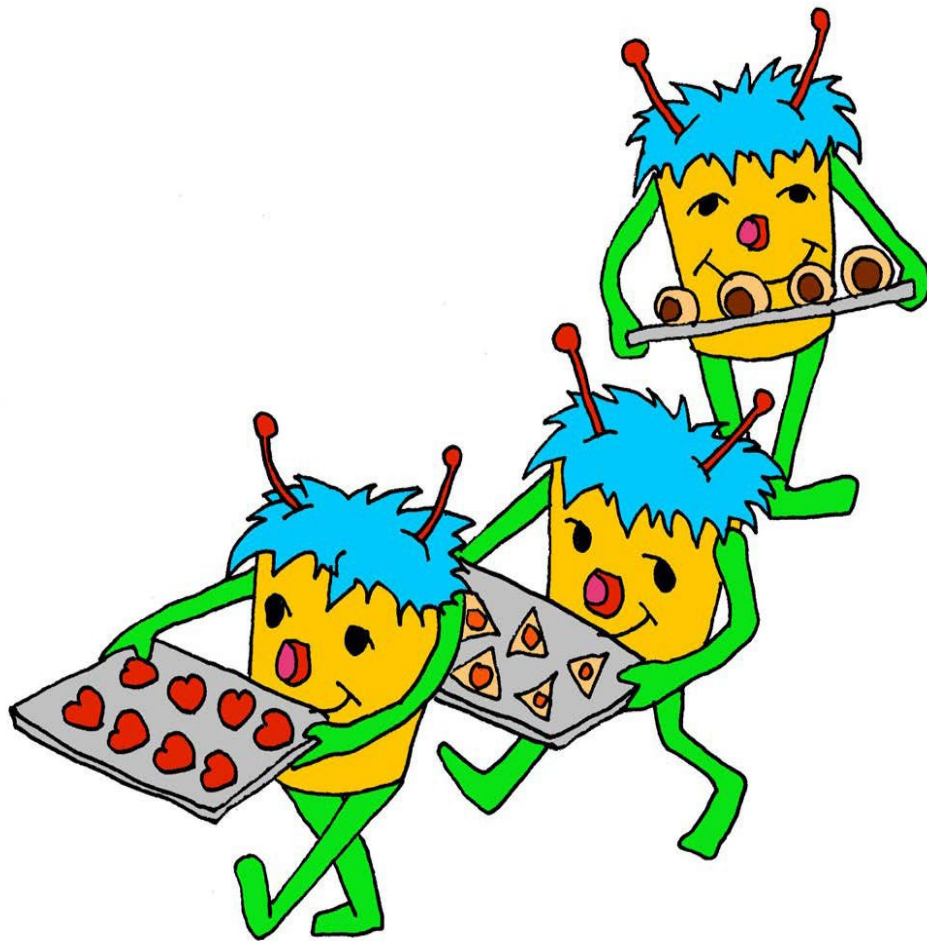
We're glad to teach  
our gentle games,  
but we won't play  
if you call names.

We'll hide our lovely toys away  
and sit until you change your ways.

And we won't talk, or look or move,  
until your rough house ways improve.

The Yum Yums stopped  
and looked to see  
if Kristen's words would truly be.





Would all the creatures of this place  
teach the Yum Yums  
gentle ways?

First one,  
then two,  
then three,  
and four,  
then five,  
and six,  
and maybe more

Flitter bits and Fuzztums came to teach  
the Yum Yums all their games.

And Trubs came bearing  
trays of snacks  
to help their new found  
friends relax.

Kristen smiled along the beach.  
It really was quite fun to teach  
the Yum Yums games of gentleness.

It seems it long had been their wish.

Now on the misty island,  
not so very far away,  
Flutterbits and Yum Yums dance  
while happy Fuzztums play.





And Kristen with her pail in hand  
builds Trub castles in the sand.

There are no faces long and sad and  
Yum Yums are no longer bad.