

I Remember



For Terry Bolongaro

J.W.

To my father

R.C.

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I Remember



written by Jeanne Willis

illustrated by Raquel Catalina



There was someone at Kathleen's door.
It was a little boy in a blue coat.





“How lovely to see you!” said Kathleen.
“Come in.”



The boy came in and made himself
at home.



“I haven’t seen you for a while,” said Kathleen.

“Not since yesterday,” he said.

“Was it only yesterday?” she wondered.

“Yes,” said the boy, “but it feels like forever,
because I missed you and you missed me.

We had so much fun, didn’t we?”

“Remind me,” said Kathleen . . .



“Well, first I gave you a cuddle,” he said, “then you cuddled me back.”

“Like this?” asked Kathleen.

“Just like that,” said the boy. “Then you gave me a chocolate biscuit.”

“Did I?” said Kathleen.

“Yes, because they’re my favourite – are there any more?”

“I can’t remember where I put them,” said Kathleen.



"I can," said the boy.



"I'm good at finding biscuits."



There was only one left . . .



so he broke it in half, and they shared it.