

# IRREALLY WANT TO

SHARE!



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At school I let my classmates know  
that **everyone** should have their go.



It's *crucial* turns are taken, so  
they learn it's nice to share.



It's why for birthday do's I send  
**all** kids an invite to attend.  
I'm *such* a thoughtful, selfless friend,  
who knows just how to share.

But at my party, suddenly  
the focus isn't **all** on me!  
I stamp my foot! How **can** this be?



I do not want to share.

Yet still I **do** and on request,  
I get the cake and give each guest  
a bit of it, then hide the rest

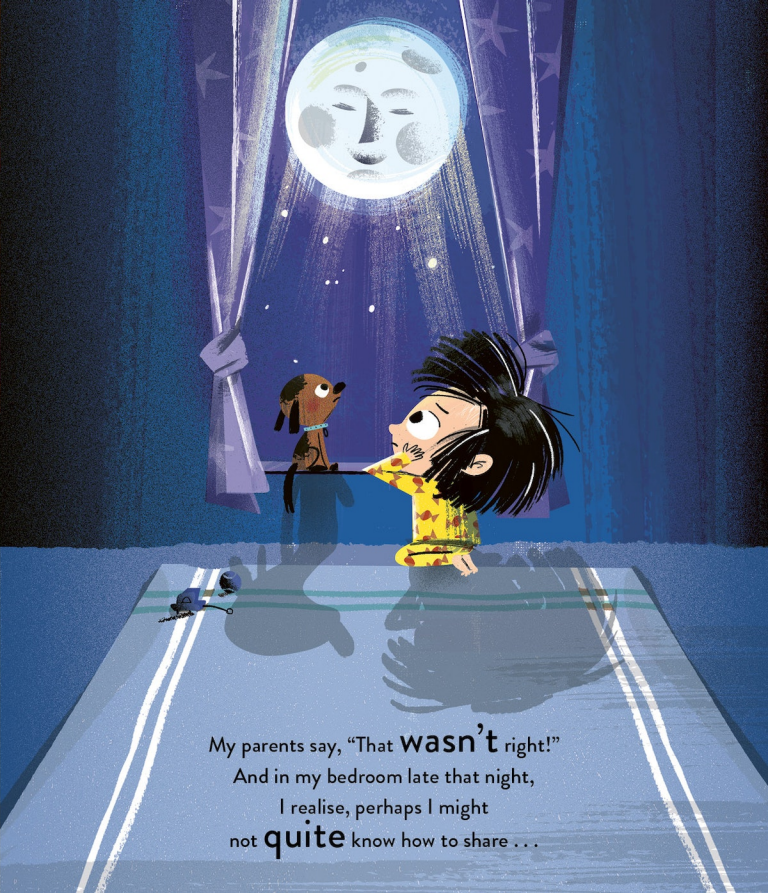


because I want **my** share.

But when they find my secret spot  
and see me gobble down the lot,  
they seem upset at what they got,  
and say, "You ate our share!"



My parents say, "That **wasn't** right!"  
And in my bedroom late that night,  
I realise, perhaps I might  
not **quite** know how to share . . .





Next day, I'm quickly whisked away  
to Gran and Grandad's house, to stay.  
They say the baby's due – today!  
*But what if I can't share?*



Then Grandad notices that I  
am not myself, and asks me why.  
“I always mess things up,” I cry,  
“because I cannot share.”

He smiles and says, “It can be tough  
to have to share your favourite stuff.  
My guess is you've not trained enough –  
one has to **learn** to share.”