

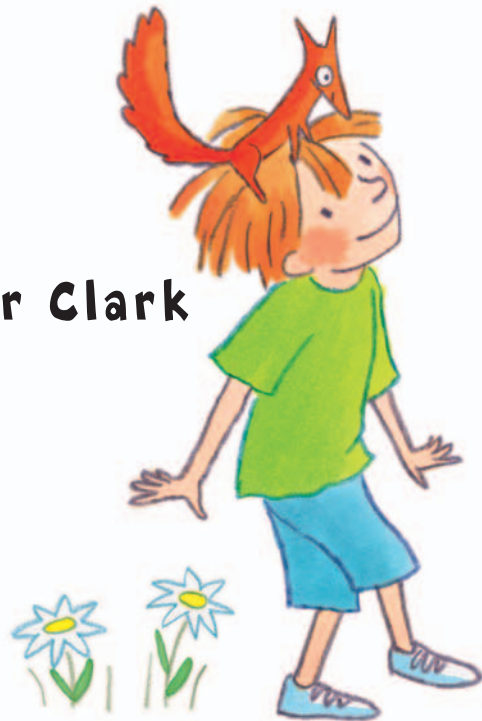
Will AND Squill

Emma Chichester Clark

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Will AND Squill

Emma Chichester Clark



for
Janice Thomson

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This is how Will met Squill,
and Squill met Will.
They were little.
Little Will and
little Squill.



“Oh, no darling!”
cried Will’s mother.



“Oh, no darling!”
cried Squill’s
mother.





“ . . . awful dirty squirrel!”
said Will’s mother.
“ . . . awful dirty baby!”
said Squill’s mother.

But Squill wanted Will,
and Will wanted Squill.





With Squill, Will
took his first steps.



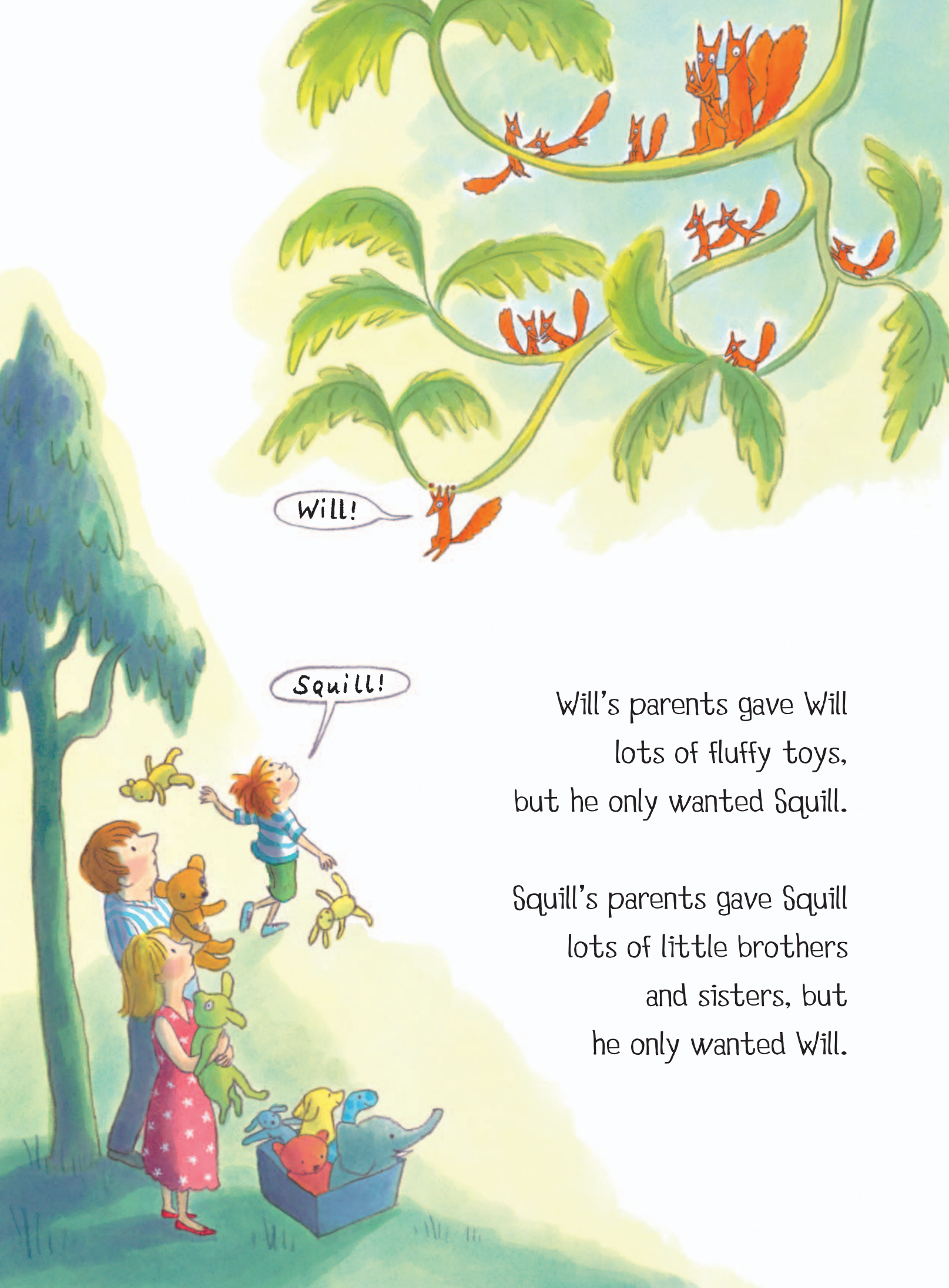
With Will, Squill
took his first swim.





Squill grew. Will grew.



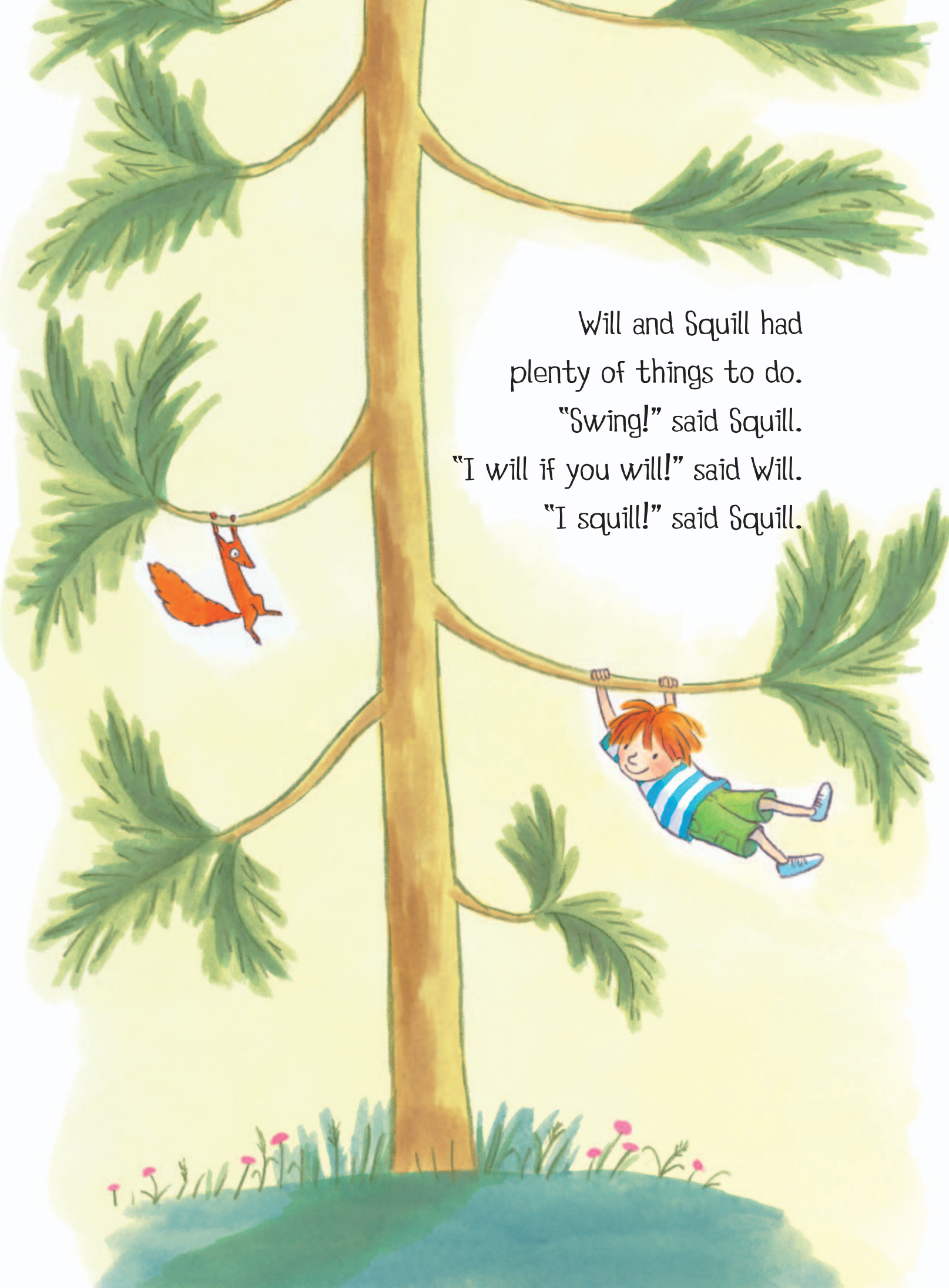


Will!

Squill!

Will's parents gave Will lots of fluffy toys, but he only wanted Squill.

Squill's parents gave Squill lots of little brothers and sisters, but he only wanted Will.

A watercolor illustration of a large tree with a thick brown trunk and several green, feathery branches. A boy with orange hair, wearing a blue and white striped shirt and green shorts, is swinging happily on a branch. A small orange squirrel is also swinging on a branch higher up. The background is a soft, pale yellow, and the ground at the bottom is a dark green mound with small pink flowers.

Will and Squill had
plenty of things to do.

"Swing!" said Squill.

"I will if you will!" said Will.

"I squill!" said Squill.



They had plenty of things to play.
“Squill will if Will will!” sang Squill.
“Will will if Squill will!” sang Will.






And they had plenty of things to try.
“Will you try some spaghetti, Squill?” asked Will.
“I will, Will,” said Squill. “I love squilletti!”
“And wilkshake!” said Will.



They even had
the same bedtime,
in different places . . .



Time for bed, Squill!



Time for bed, Will!



but sometimes,
in the same place.



"Goodnight, Squill,"
said Will.
"Goodnight, Will,"
said Squill.





Then one day,
Will's parents
had a surprise
for him.

"Oh!" cried Will.



"Your very own kitten!"

they said.

"Here, little kitty!"

said Will.



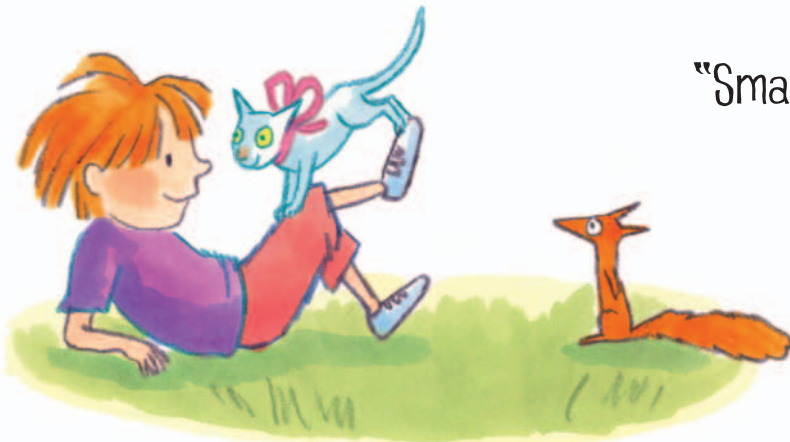
“Good little kitty,”
said Will.



“Look! She’s dancing!”
said Will.



“Smart little kitty!”
said Will.





"Come on, kitty! Catch, little kitty!" said Will.

"Roly-poly, tickly tummy!" said Will.



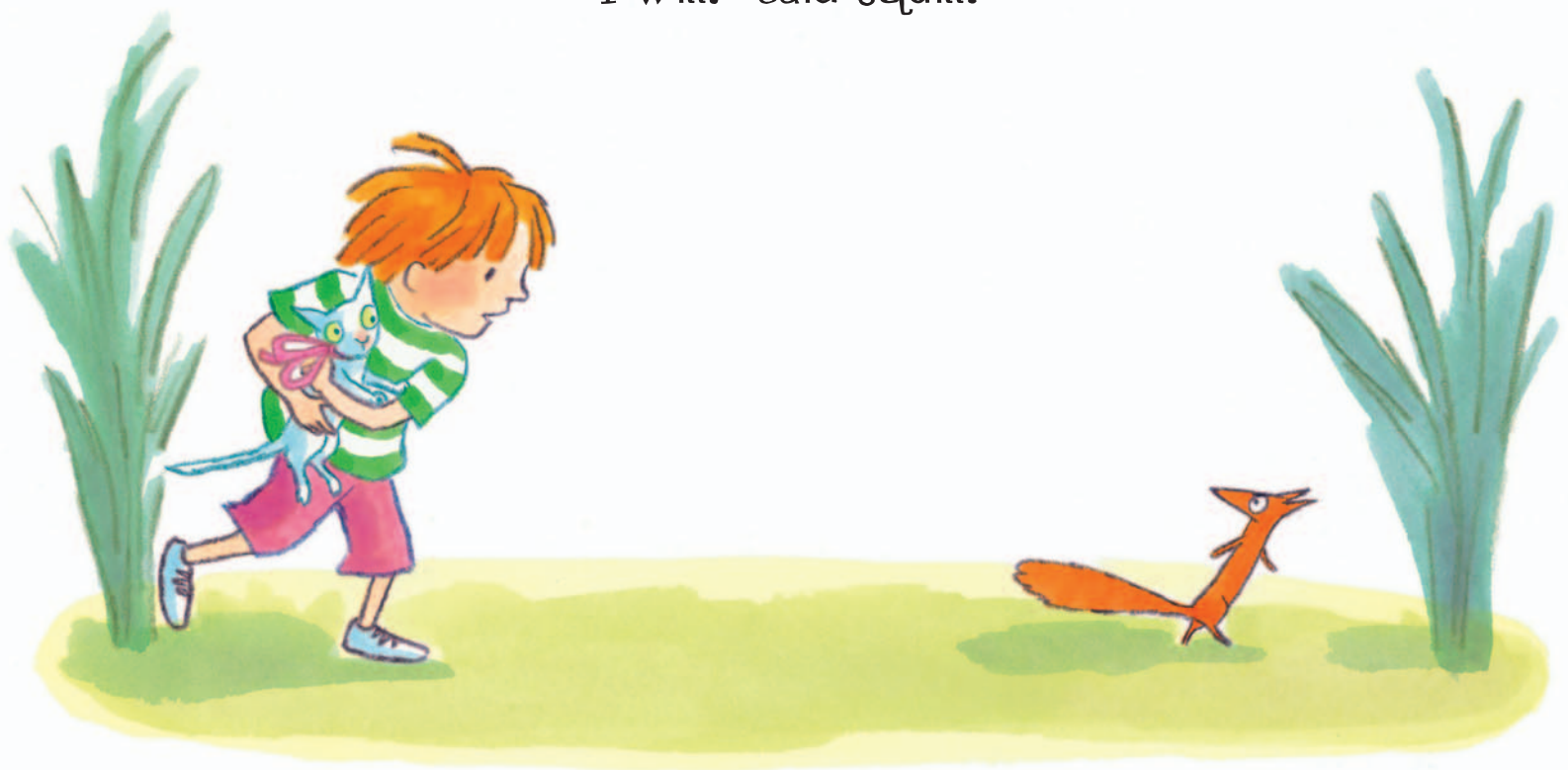
"Silly little kitty!"
hissed Squill.



"Hey, Squill!"
cried Will.
"Stop that
right now!"



"Poor little kitty!" said Will.
"Go away!" said Will to Squill.
"I will!" said Squill.





But . . . the kitten didn't really like bouncing.
And the kitten didn't really like soccer.





The kitten didn't really seem to want to do anything . . . except sleep . . .



and sleep.

The kitten wasn't
really much fun
after all.





Will missed Squill.
He missed everything about Squill.





“What’s the matter, Will?”
asked his parents.
“I miss Squill,” said Will.



“Where is Squill? Will he ever come back?” wondered Will.

And then,
Will saw Squill!



"Squill!" said Will.

"Will!" said Squill.

"You look silly!" said Will.

"I feel squilly!" said Squill.





"I really miss you, Squill," said Will.

"I really miss you, Will," said Squill.





"Will you say sorry?"
asked Squill.

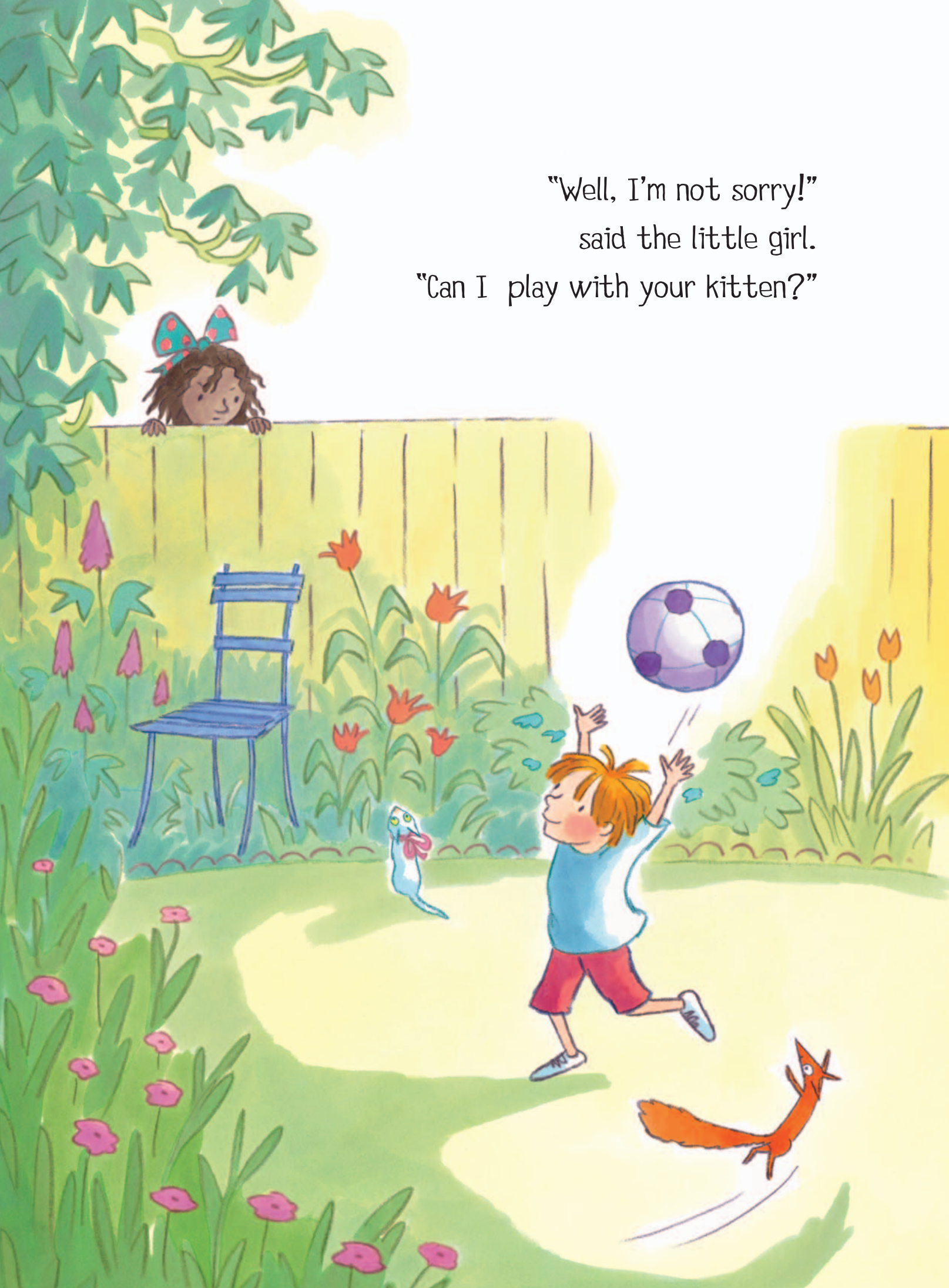
"I will if you will,"
said Will.

"I squill if you squill,"
said Squill.

"I'm sorry!" said Will.

"I'm sorry!" said Squill.

“Well, I’m not sorry!”
said the little girl.
“Can I play with your kitten?”

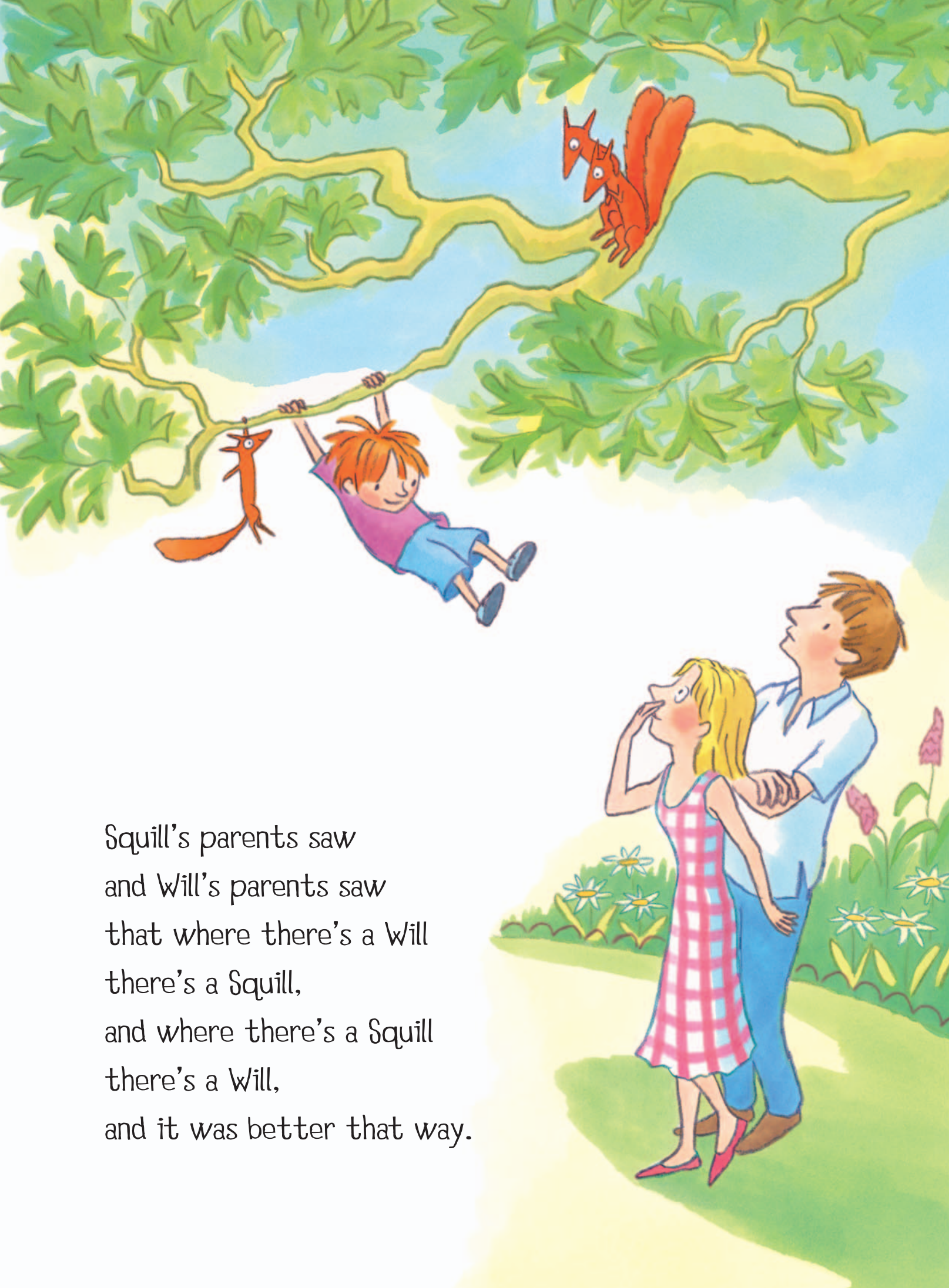


"Yes!" said Will.
"Definitely yes!"
said Squill.



"Good little kitty!
Time for a nap!"
said the little girl.
"Yes!" purred the kitten.





Squill's parents saw
and Will's parents saw
that where there's a Will
there's a Squill,
and where there's a Squill
there's a Will,
and it was better that way.



"I hope we'll always be friends," said Will.

"Squill will if Will will!" sang Squill.

"Will will if Squill will!" sang Will.

"So we will!" said Squill.

"Yes, we squill!" said Will.

And they were.

forever.