

Wilson's turn to share



Written by
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**The doorbell rang out with a ding and a dong,
And Wilson came skidding and sliding along.**

**He pressed his fat nose to the cold, glass pane,
And saw Sandy and Kiki and Judy—insane!**

**Three dogs on the doorstep! Three tails in the air!
Three noses, six ears, and fur everywhere!**

**Ee swung the door wide with a welcoming grin,
And Sandy and Kiki and Judy came in.**



**Now Wilson had toys—oh, he had quite a few,
A rope and a plushy and things he held true.**

**He kept them all close in a pile by the wall,
His tugger, his teddies, his big bright red ball.**

**Judy toddled over on small wobbly feet,
And reached for the rope with a waggle so sweet.**

**Wilson stepped forward and pulled the rope near,
“This rope is mine, thank you. It stays right here.”**



**Eeli sat down on the floor with a thump,
And Wilson leapt up with an excited jump.**

**“That rope sits alone,” Eeli said with a smile,
“Just waiting and waiting, untouched in that pile.”**

**"A toy that gets shared, is a toy that gets used—
A toy kept alone is a toy that's refused."**

**Wilson looked over at Judy and saw,
Her small wagging tail and her outstretched paw.**

