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# Letters to Anyone and Everyone

written by

**Toon Tellegen**

illustrated by

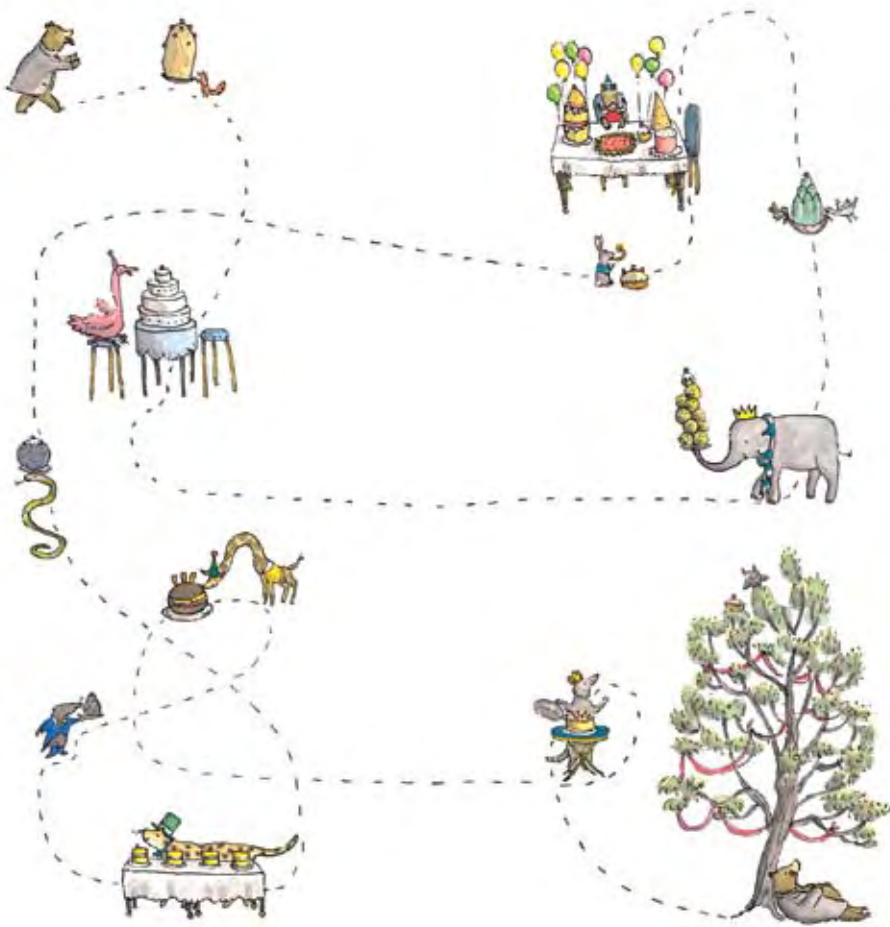
**Jessica Ahlberg**

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*Letters to Anyone  
and Everyone*

STORIES BY  
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ILLUSTRATED BY  
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*Martin Cleaver*

BOXER BOOKS

## Introduction

Toon Tellegen first began to invent animal stories to tell his daughter at bedtime. Then, when his daughter grew older, he decided to write them down. He created a world where there is only one forest, one river, one ocean, and one oak tree; a world of imagination where anything is possible. Toon has been writing stories about the squirrel, the ant, and the other animals in the



forest for over 25 years, and to date more than 300 of them have been published in his native Holland. His work has been translated into many different languages and enjoyed by children all over the world. *Letters to Anyone and Everyone*, and its companion, *The Squirrel's Birthday and Other Parties*, are the first titles in a new series.



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# *Dear Snail*





Dear Snail,

May I invite you to dance with me on top of your house? Just a few steps? That's what I want most of all.

I promise I'll dance very delicately, so we won't fall through your roof.

But of course, you can never be really sure.

The elephant



Dear Elephant,

Thank you for your letter.

I'm certain I'd like to dance with you on my roof one day.

I'm almost convinced of that.

I think I'm a very good dancer.

But unfortunately I don't think it's such a good idea just at the moment.

The snail



*One Winter's Day*





One winter's day,  
the squirrel wrote  
a letter to the ant:

*Dear Ant,*

*Ant Ant Ant*

*Ant Ant Ant*

*Ant Ant Ant.*

*Dear Ant*

*Ant Ant Ant*

*Ant.*

*Dear Ant.*

*Dear Ant.*

*Ant.*

*The squirrel*

It was a strange letter and the squirrel didn't really know why he'd written it. But he dressed it in a hat and coat because it was chilly, explained which way to go, and opened the door.

The letter stepped outside cautiously, climbed down the beech tree, walked through the snow, and tapped on the ant's window.

"Who's there?" asked the ant.

"The letter," said the letter.

"The letter?" the ant replied, and he opened the door in surprise.





"I'm a letter for you,"  
said the letter. It bowed  
slightly and took off its hat.



The ant studied the letter from all  
sides, then opened it cautiously.

"I think I'll read you," he said.

"That's fine," said the letter.

When the ant had finished reading,  
he rubbed his hands together and  
said, "Do sit down, letter, sit down.  
What would you like?"

"Well," said the letter hesitantly,  
"I don't really know."

"Something sweet?" the ant asked.

"That's a good idea!" said the letter,  
rustling with pleasure.

The ant took his pen and wrote  
*something sweet* at the top of the  
letter. He stopped and thought  
before writing *something warm*  
at the bottom.

Then he ate  
some honey.



The letter and the ant sat  
together for a long time.

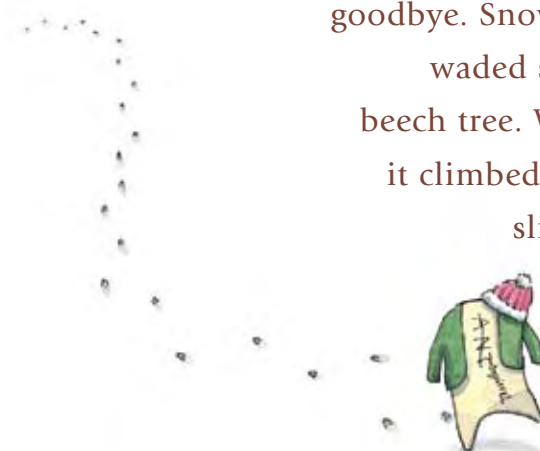
Occasionally the ant stood up and  
wrote something in the letter's margin.

When darkness fell, the letter said  
goodbye. Snow was falling as it

waded slowly toward the  
beech tree. When it got there,

it climbed up the trunk and  
slid itself under the

squirrel's door.



"Well I never," said the squirrel.  
"You came back."

"Yes," said the letter, and it told  
the squirrel all about what had  
happened on its visit to the ant.

"Do you know what the ant thinks  
about you, Squirrel?" asked the letter.

"What does he think?"  
said the squirrel.

"Just read me," said the letter.

The squirrel read, and when he'd  
finished, he asked the letter if he  
could put it under his pillow.

"Of course," said the letter.

The squirrel's house creaked as  
the storm raged outside.

The snowflakes  
got bigger  
and the world  
became whiter  
and whiter.

But the squirrel  
and the letter noticed  
nothing of that.  
They slept and  
dreamed of words  
and sweet ink.

