They shared sweet tomato bites.
"We grew these," said Wukong.
Ao Bing smiled. "Together."



Wukong and the Tiny Tomatoes



By his front door,
Wukong had a sunny spot.
"Let's grow tiny tomatoes!"



They washed their little harvest.
Red tomatoes. Cool water.
"Now we can taste them!"



Twist, lift, plop.
They picked the red ones.
The green ones stayed to grow.



Ao Bing brought two plants.
They dug two little holes.
"One for you. One for me!"



In went the plants.
Pat, pat went the soil.
Wukong patted his tummy, too.



One morning... red!
Bright, shiny, tomato red!
Wukong did a tiny tomato dance.



They watered. They waited.
Green turned to gold.
Gold turned to orange.
"Almost!"



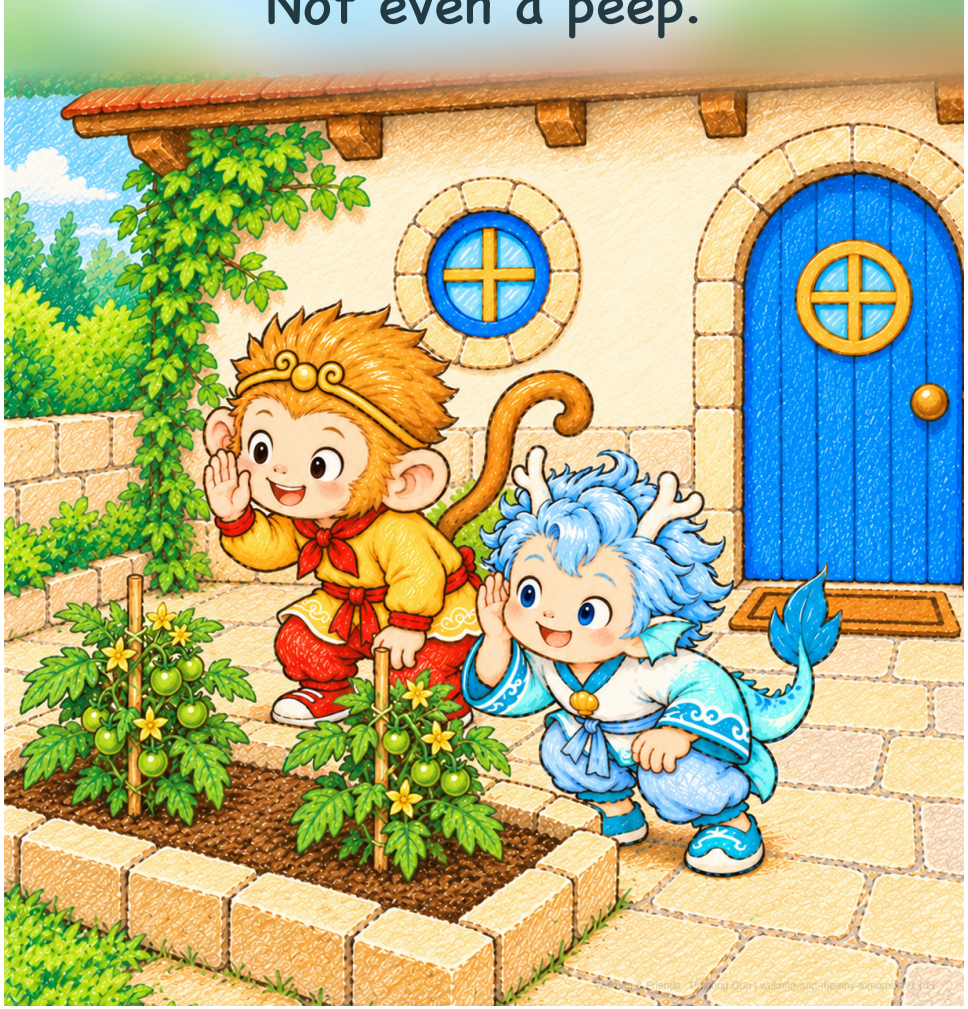
Wukong tipped his little can.
"A drink for you..."
Oops! A drink for his shoe!



Ao Bing made a tiny cloud.
Drip, drip, drip.
"Gentle rain!" said Wukong.



Wukong whispered,
"Please turn red."
The tomatoes said nothing.
Not even a peep.



Then came tiny green tomatoes.
"Ready?" asked Wukong.
"Not yet," said Ao Bing.



Each day, they checked the soil.
Dry? A little drink.
Damp? Time to play!



"Red yet?" asked Wukong.
He peeked under every leaf.
Ao Bing found his tickly nose.



Days went by.
Little yellow flowers opened.
"Hello, tiny stars!"

