Whose button is this?
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This book belongs to
Whose button is this?
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with the help of the Book Dash participants at Cape Town on
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ple, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights
may limit how you use the material.
Tinny Tim was sitting on the road when a button bounced his way.
“I wonder where this comes from,” he said. He wanted to find out.
It was busy on the side of the road.

“Woah!”

He nearly got squashed.
He made a lucky escape.

“It’s scary out here,” he said.
“Hey there, is this yours?”
The green man said nothing. He just turned red.

“What a rude person.”
Tinny Tim carried on looking.

“Whose button is this?”
“Woah! ...
...at least he’s friendly.”
“I’ve got to get to the other side. I’m sure that’s where this comes from.”
SPLASH!

“That was close.”

He waited for the cars to pass before he carried on.
Maybe this was who he was looking for.

“Hello, who are you?”
“I’m Ruby Rags.”

“I think this is yours,” he said.
“Thank you, little robot. Can we be friends?”