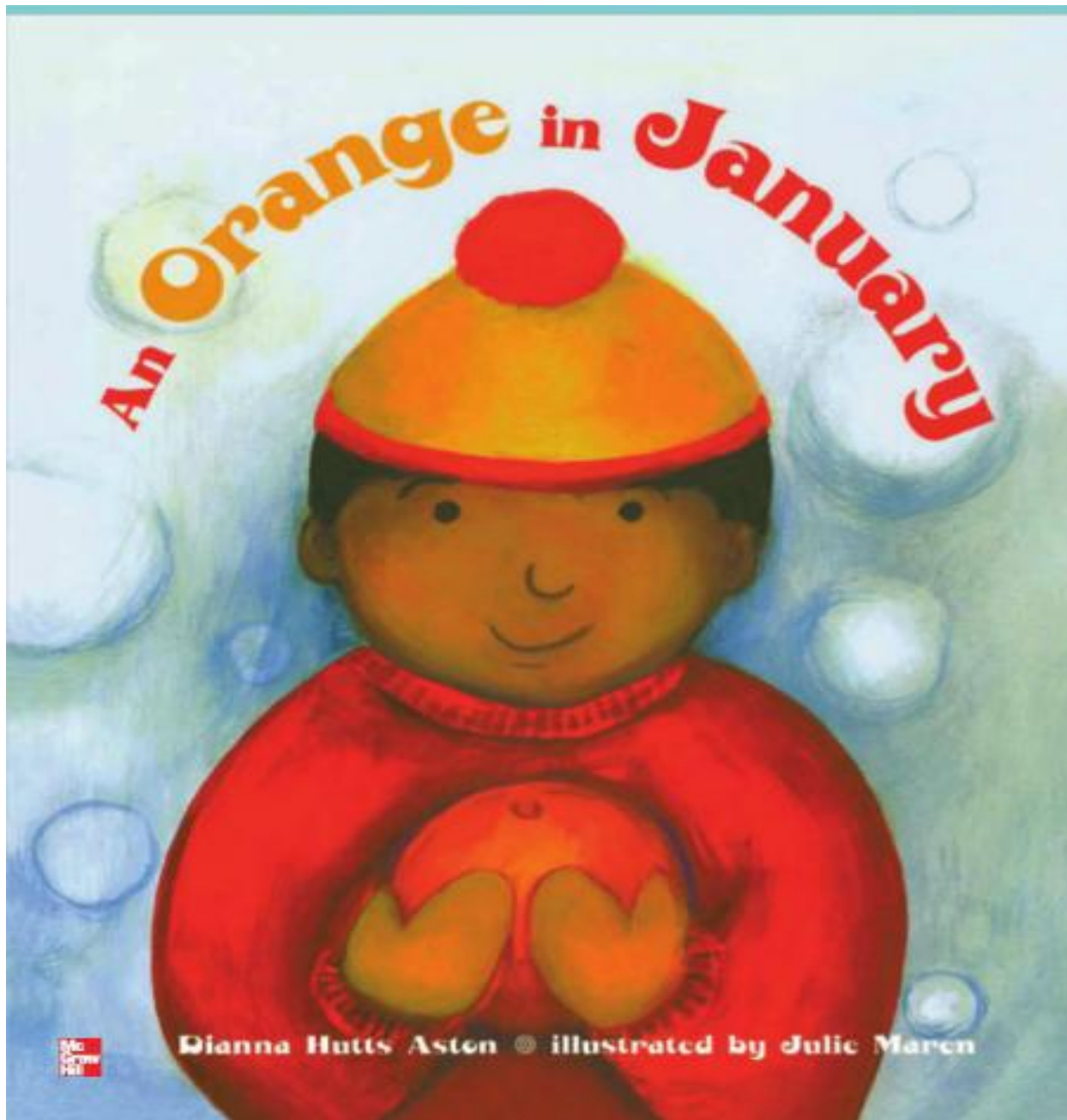


# An Orange in January



Dianna Hutts Aston © illustrated by Julie Maren



To my friend  
Christy Stallop,  
with love  
and gratitude.

—D.H.A.



For my precious  
nephew, Shepherd.  
Welcome to  
the world!

—J.M.



# An Orange in January



Dianna Hutts Aston • illustrated by Julie Maren





In a land that glowed  
with spring light,  
an orange blossomed.

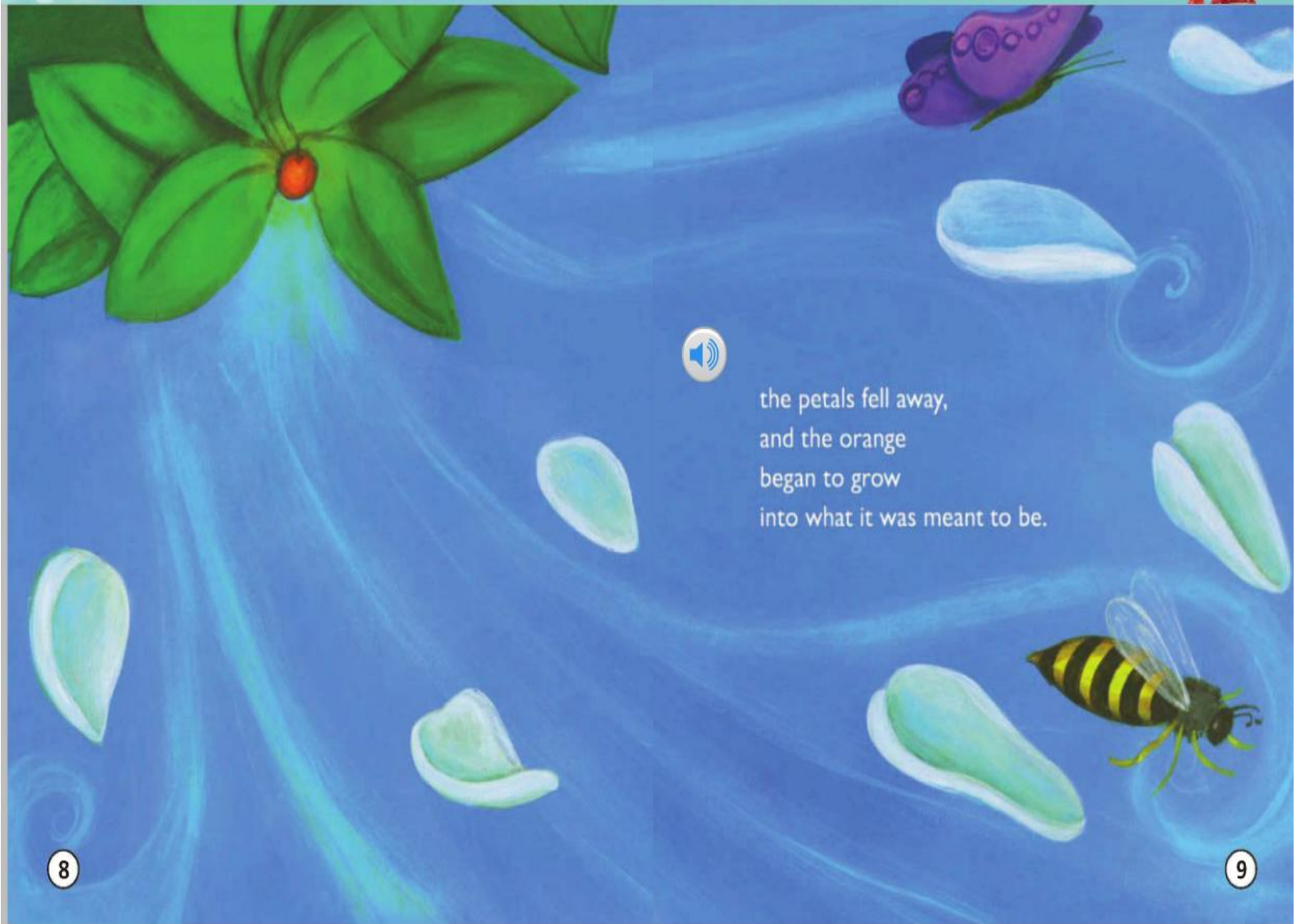
4

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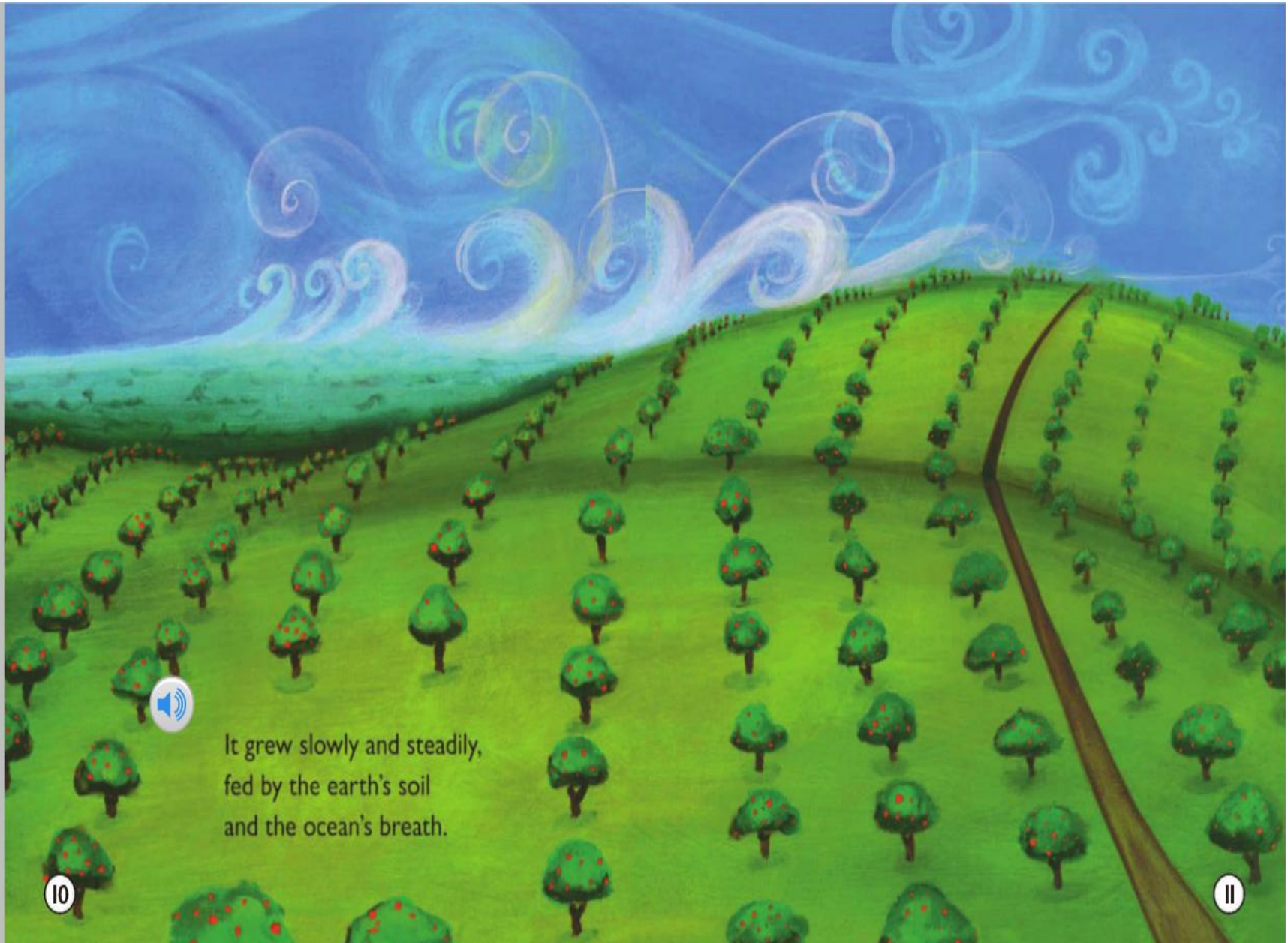


Bees feasted  
on nectar sweet as honey,  
until . . .





the petals fell away,  
and the orange  
began to grow  
into what it was meant to be.



It grew slowly and steadily,  
fed by the earth's soil  
and the ocean's breath.





Soaked with rain  
and drenched in sunshine,  
the orange grew plump and bright,  
until . . .



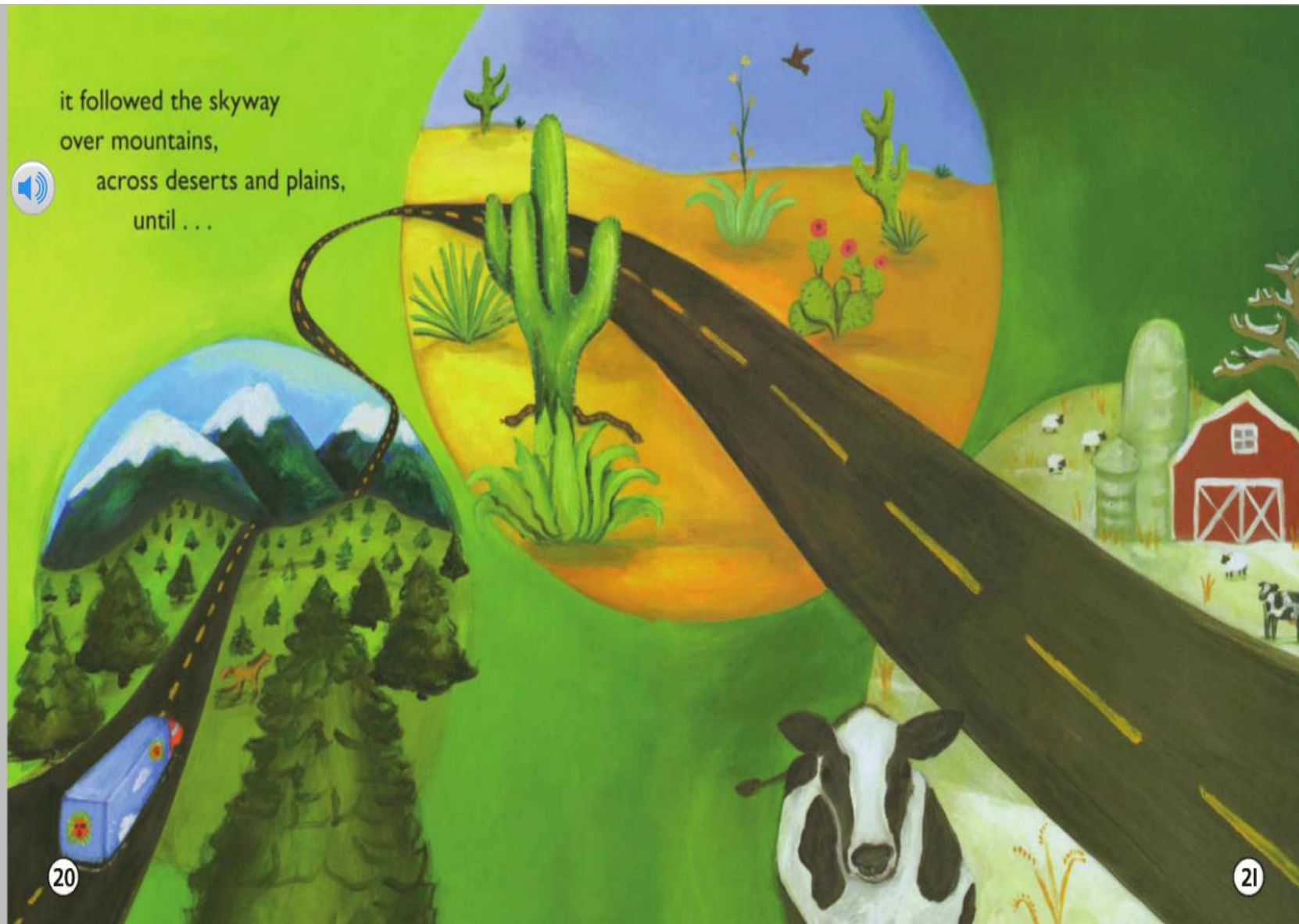
From bag  
to basket,



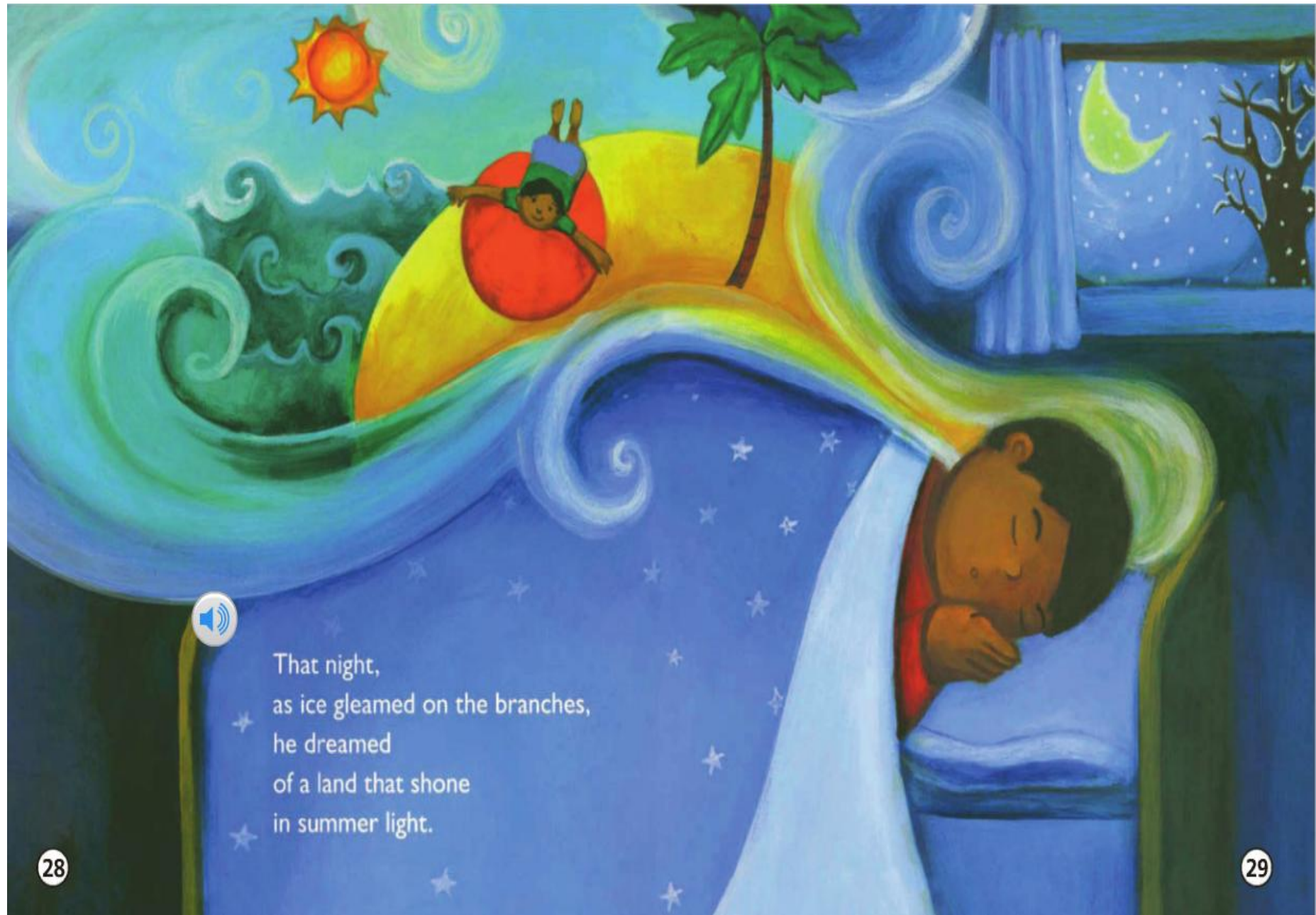


truck  
to truck,

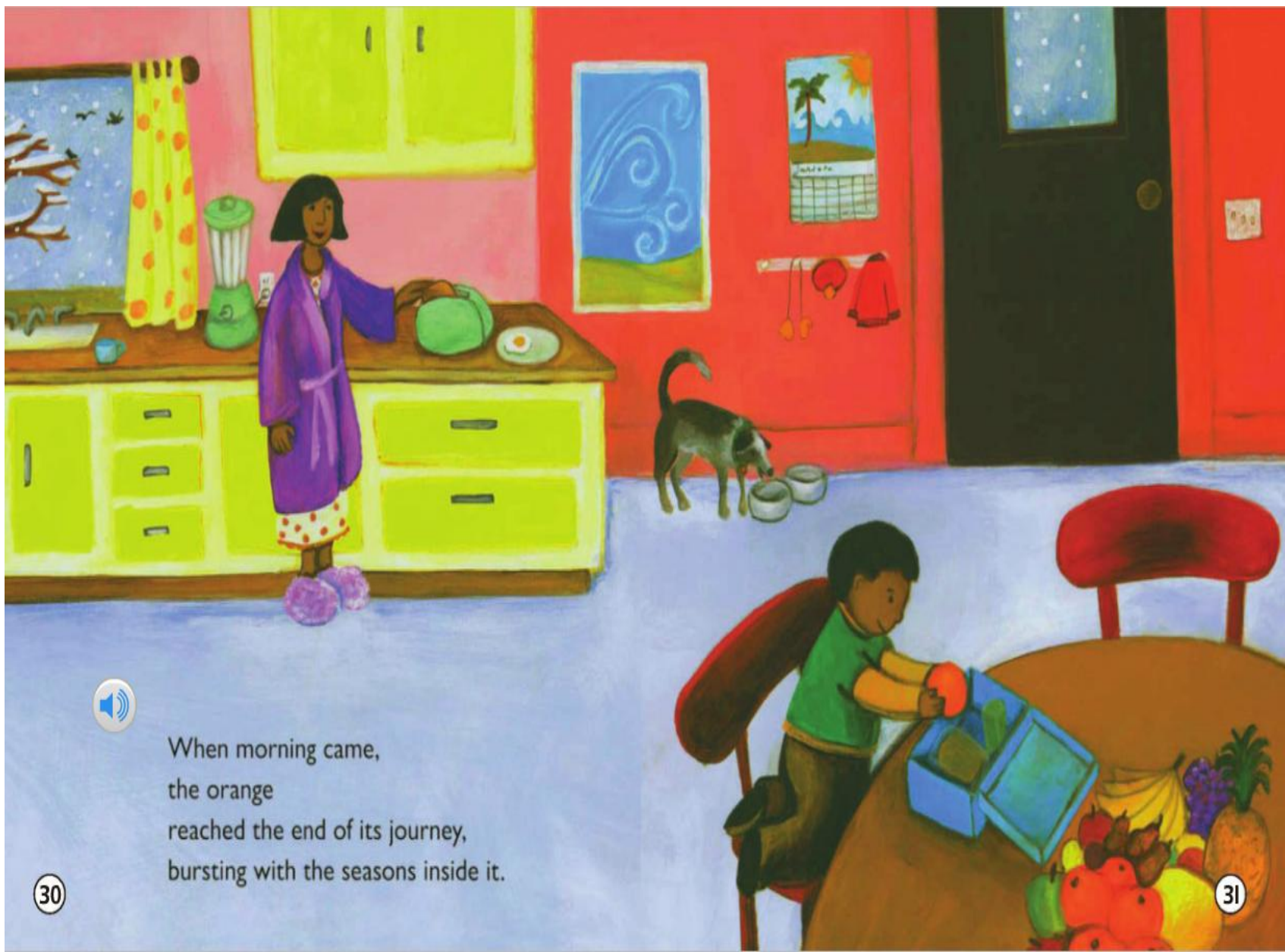
it followed the skyway  
over mountains,  
across deserts and plains,  
until . . .





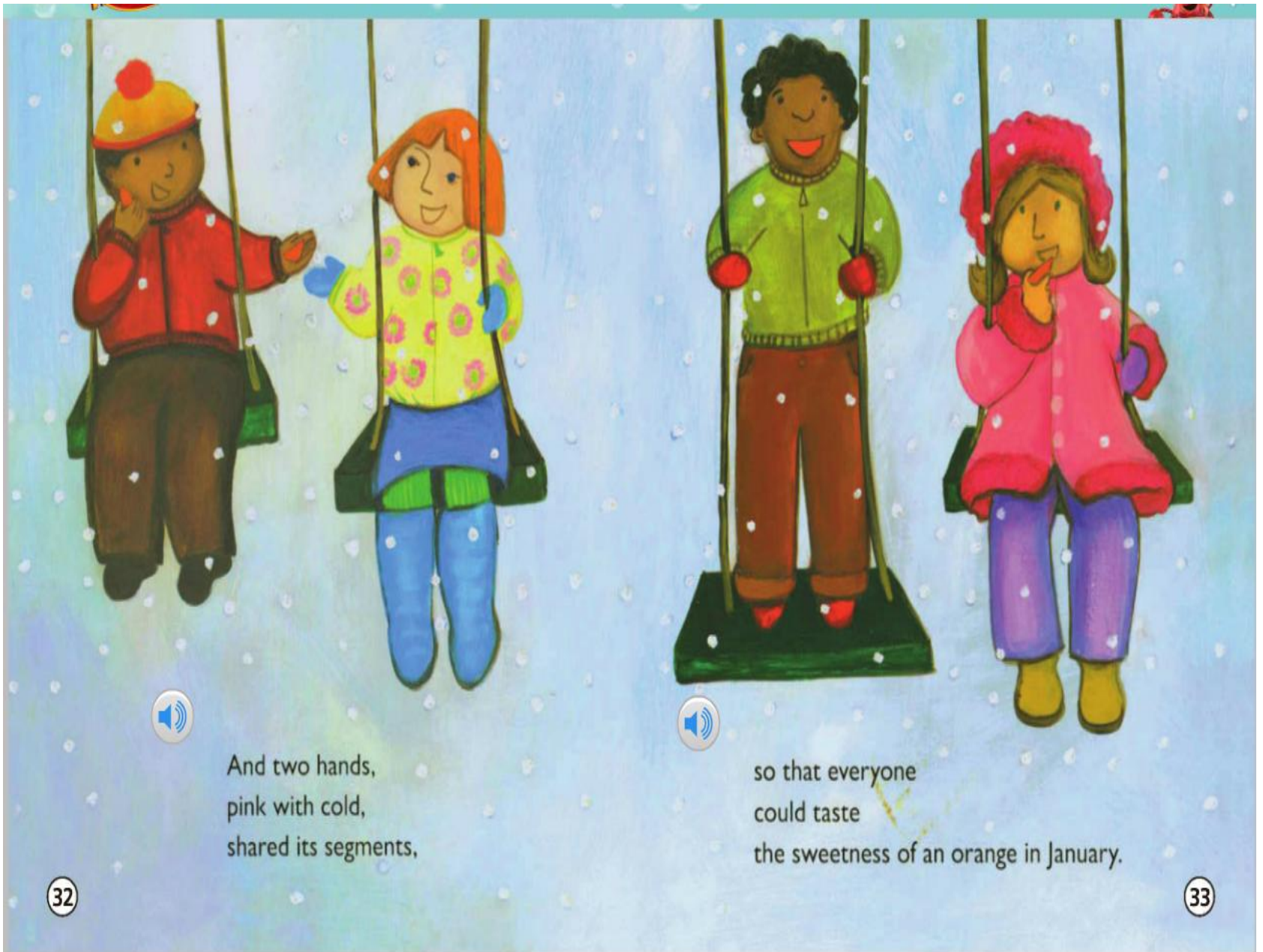


That night,  
as ice gleamed on the branches,  
he dreamed  
of a land that shone  
in summer light.



When morning came,  
the orange  
reached the end of its journey,  
bursting with the seasons inside it.





And two hands,  
pink with cold,  
shared its segments,



so that everyone  
could taste  
the sweetness of an orange in January.