

## The Tree That Visited a Beauty Salon

After the summer sun

And with autumn to come

The tree had lost some of its beauty

And booked into a beauty salon

To get its roots done

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Its coloured mane

An unusual green that had no name

Was starting to go brown

With a streak of a fiery red flame

The autumn wind made it unable to tame

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The beauty therapists fussed and preened

To help the tree look its best it seems

They all soon realised

They could not recreate nature's green

And coloured the tree yellow where brown had been