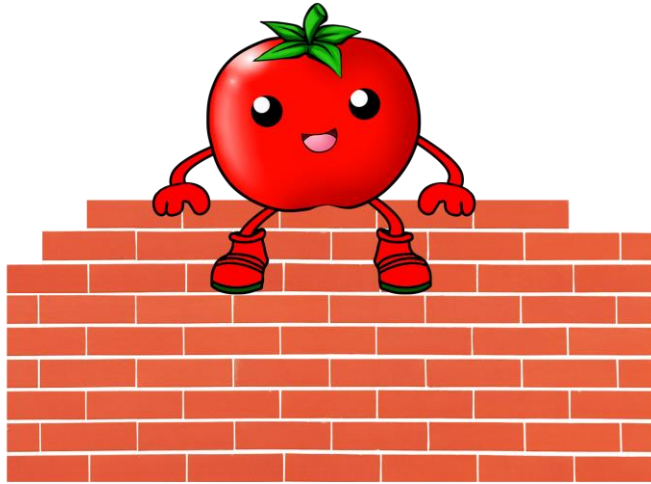


Tom Mato was a jolly little chap
Sitting on his wall with his bright green cap,



Looking at the plants and thinking way back when
He began his journey into the world of men

Tom Mato was raised from One small seed.

That seed was from his father's fruit before was used to feed



The family that had brought him from the local supermarket

To where the farmer had sent all his fruit once all were cut.

The children thought it would be fun to grow some fruit from seeds,
So mother found a pot and soil way out amongst the weeds.



To be successful growing us, there are some things we need:

We need clean pots, and sterile soil, light, water and good feed.

It's not a real big secret but conditions should be nice
So when we're on your table and it's time to take a slice



You'll think of all that loving TLC for us your plants;
Your garden'll be the talk of the town and better than
your Aunts.

My seed was planted in a pot along with my two friends.

The mother washed the pot real clean and threw in some soil she'd cleansed.



The pot was deep a good three inch and had a lot of space

For we three seeds to plant apart yet still keep up the pace

Of growth that was expected.

We knew that Dad'd be proud of us.

She gently picked up each of us with tweezers with gold tips

Then pushed us down into the soil in a triangle of strips



She wiggled her mouth and sang a song which made the children giggle

She poured some water from the can and danced a little jiggle.



She talked while working, made us feel like we were a big deal

Encouraging us to grow, be strong pushing our way up through the soil.

She carefully cut a plastic bag and threw that round the top

To make us warm that we could grow out of our small plant pot



It wasn't long – just 5 days that my head pushed through the soil

With plant food, warmth and TLC, it really was worth all the toil.

The pH levels mother found out should be 5.8 to 7;
She invested her time and her expertise and even sent a
prayer to heaven.



And sure enough it all did work, not sure which one
was best.

It didn't matter 'cause from now on we would pass the
test.

A bigger pot was needed now a home for each of us,
So our roots could spread out underneath till time for
mother to truss



Us as fully-grown tomato plants – each stage was only a
beginning

And planting us each separately would not require a
further thinning.

There came the day that we could be forever in the sun
Mother and children already knew that their work was
almost done.



Tom Mato would soon become the leader of the patch
Where he'd sit on his wall and smile to them all
underneath his bright green cap.

