

29 July 2022

To: Julia Donaldson
c/o
Verlagsgruppe Georg von Holtzbrinck GmbH
Gaensheidestraße 26
70184 Stuttgart
Germany

Dear Julia,

I'm writing this letter to you,
In the hope there something that you can do,
To stop your publishers from hunting me down,
To cancel the songs that I freely passed around,

I know that the Gruffalo belongs to you,
And the mouse and the snail and super worm to,
Yes the witch and her broom, and the man made of stick,
Are all from your musings, it's not a fight that I pick.

I never sought profit from the songs that I wrote,
Just a melody stream on which your words could float,
As I know there are children with needs quite unique,
Who respond better to singing, than to things we speak.

Your publishers just like that selfish old rat,
Seek to pillage the highway, and make the world flat,
Filled only by things that they made and control,
Robbing the world of its magic and soul.

Thankyou for listening to the words of a snail,
For I know the world's so hard to turn, like a whale,
But creations of fans, make the world full and fine,
And the benefits come back to authors in time.

Yours Sincerely,

Daniel Kelly

Daniel Kelly
Yass, New South Wales,
Australia
ozfolklounge@gmail.com