

Annabella, Little Aardvark... Big Dream!



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By Samantha & Diana Shaul

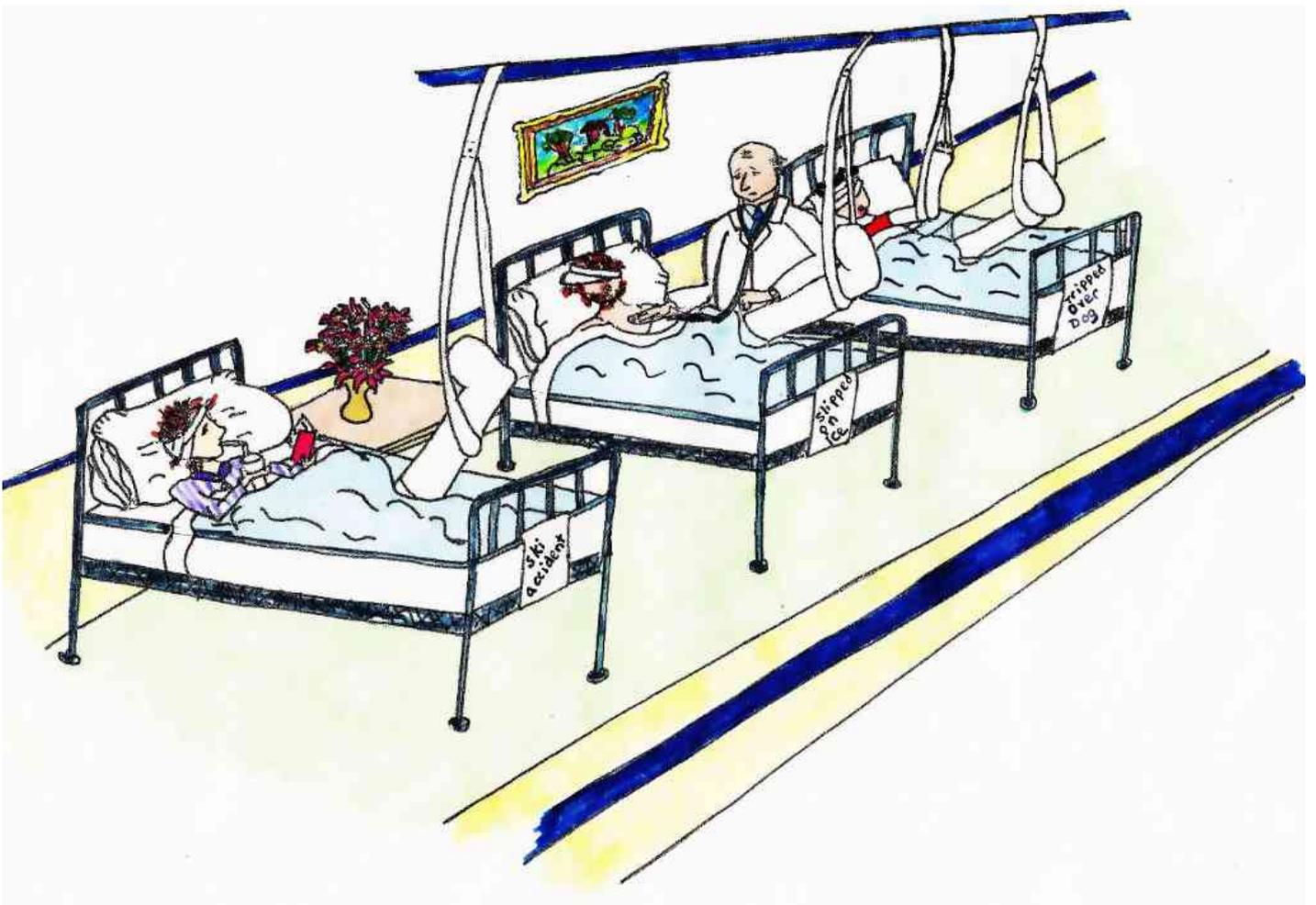
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Chapter 1

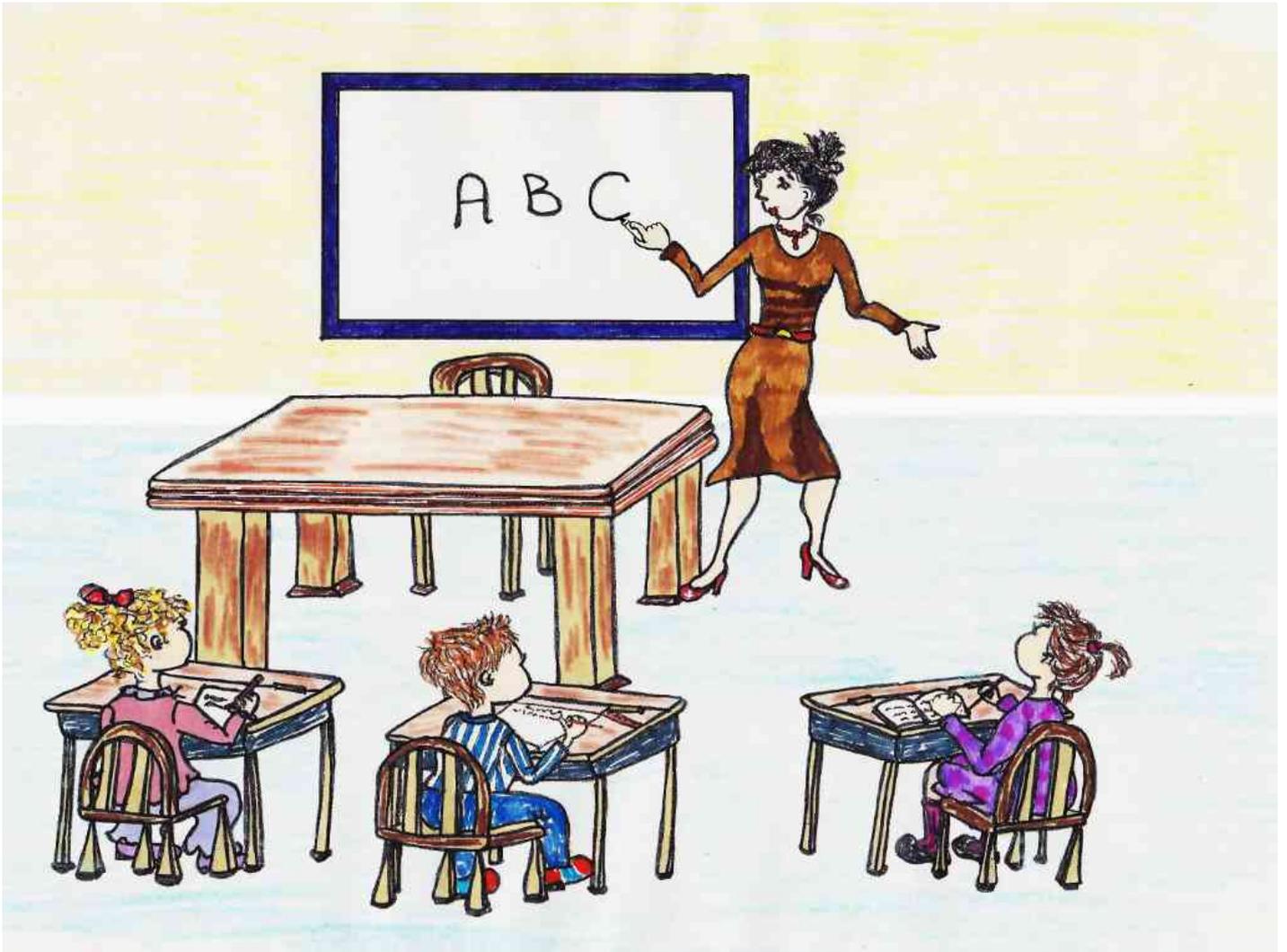
Annabella Needs a Job



Do you know in your mind what you want to do?
A doctor...?



A teacher...? Is that the job for you?



I've always known what I want to be:
I know what would be perfect for me.

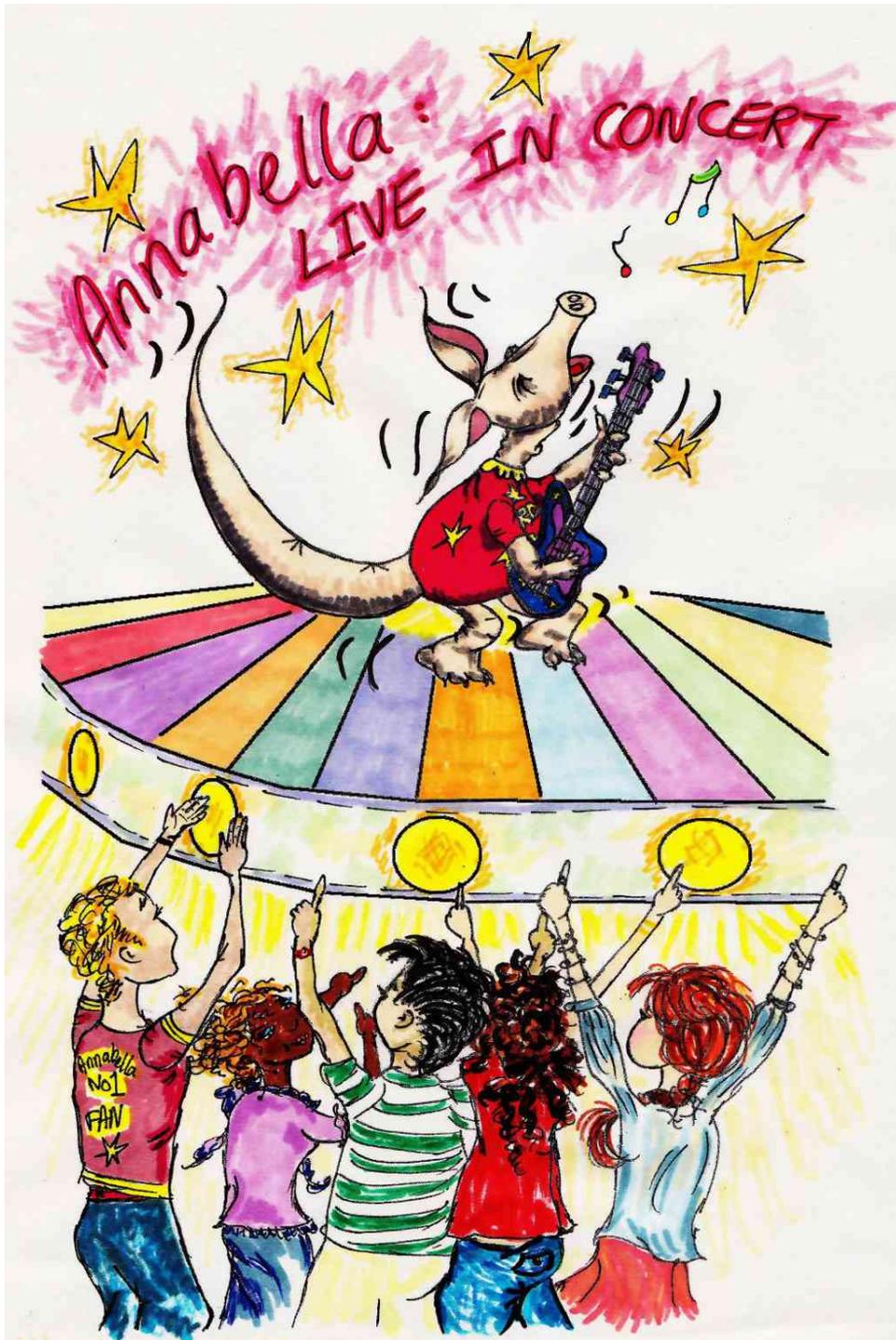


From the way I look, you would never guess,
but I have a big dream, I must confess.
On the outside, when you look at me,
a little aardvark is all that you see,

but in my mind I'm a star of stage and screen,
for to be a rock star is my big dream.
In my mind, I'm a singing, dancing sensation
who's watched on TV by the whole nation.

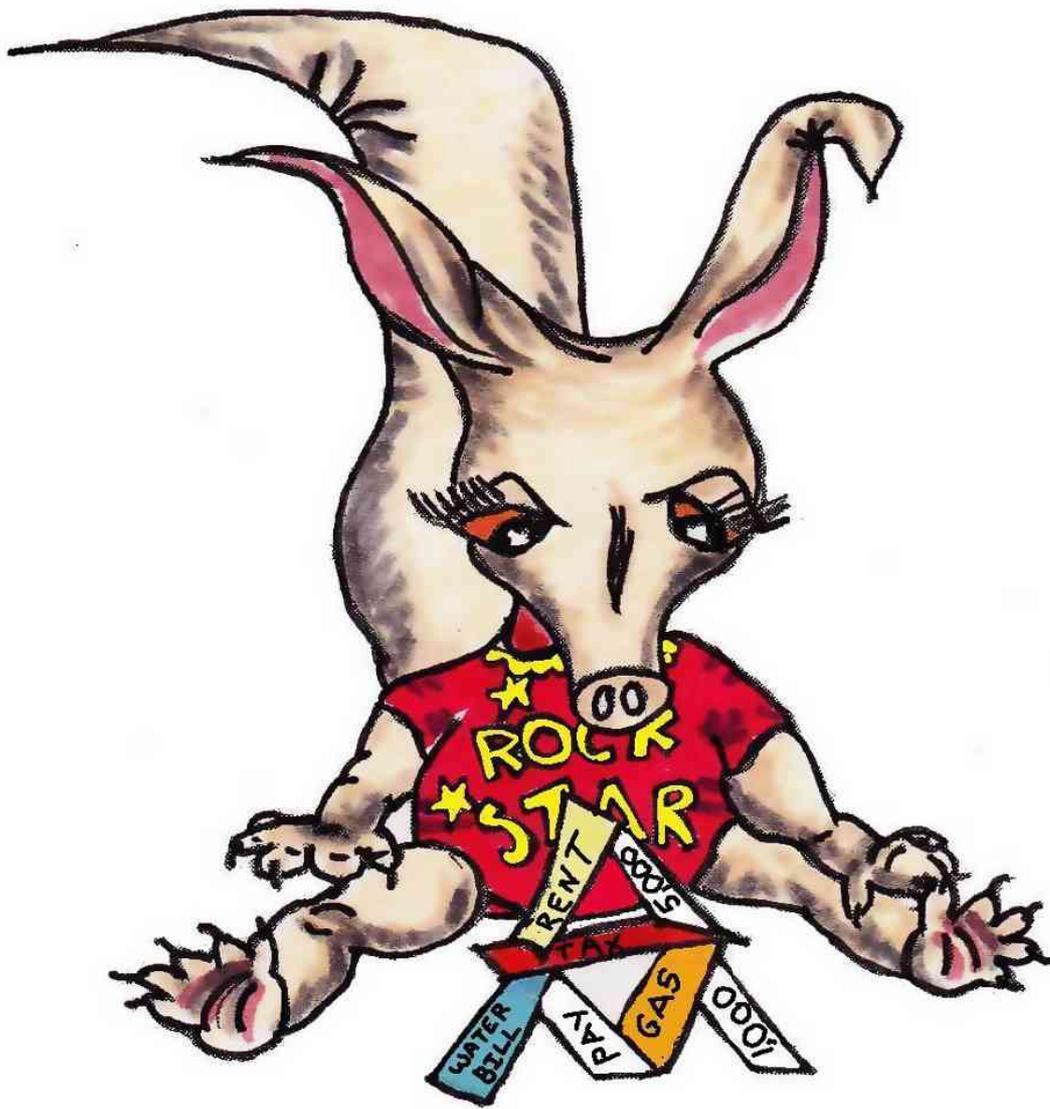


In my mind, to a packed stadium I play,
and in my mind, my dream is not far away.



In my mind, I'm Annabella, rock star,
even though with my dream I've not got very far.

Right now, I have lots of bills to pay,
and to earn money a job's the best way,



so I'm going to the job centre, you see,
and I'm hoping they'll have just the job for me.

The perfect job would be on centre stage,
singing and dancing to earn a good wage.

I could also sing on the radio,
or star in my very own TV show.



At the job centre, Gary says he'll help me out, but first he needs to learn all about what exactly it is that I think I can do, so I say, "I can sing really well and I can dance too."



He looks at me hard and writes something down, types on his computer and looks up with a frown.

He scratches his head, types some more,
and then shakes his head and looks at the floor.



"You say you're an aardvark who can sing and dance,
but to make it in showbiz, you have no chance!
Those casting directors tend to be choosy,
and no one wants an aardvark who can boogie.

Now, pest control is where aardvarks excel.
At pest control, aardvarks do very well.
You see, no one likes to have too many ants
in their garden or on their plants.



Eating ants is, of course, what aardvarks do,
so pest control is the career for you!"

"I'm sorry to say, I don't eat ants.
In fact, I'm an aardvark who only eats plants.
I'm a strict vegetarian, you see,
so pest control is just not for me."



As I say this, he is shaking his head,
his mouth forms an O, and his cheeks are all red.
"An aardvark, vegetarian?" he replies.
"You don't eat ants at all?" he cries.



"Well, there is one other job an aardvark can do.
I think I have just the job for you.
Over there in the road, holes they must dig,
and aardvarks can quickly dig holes that are big.

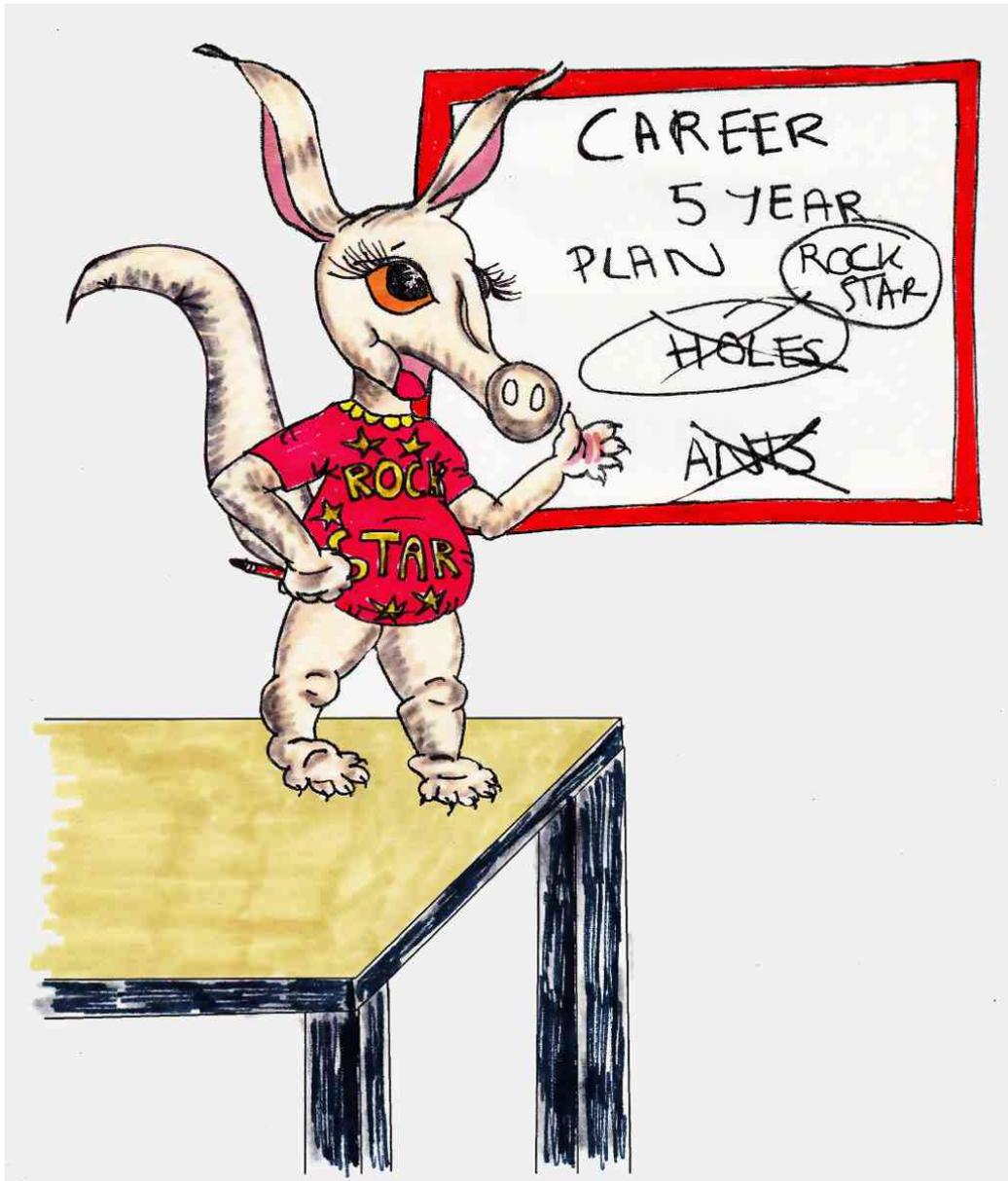


You can start work today if you can dig holes.
Why, holes should be your career goals!"

"At digging holes, I'm not very good.
I don't dig holes as an aardvark should.
What I generally do with holes is fall in,
and then I get bruises all over my skin.



I'm just not your typical aardvark, you see,
so I can't do what you expect of me.
Now on stage with my music, I know I'd go far.
I just know I could be a great rock star."



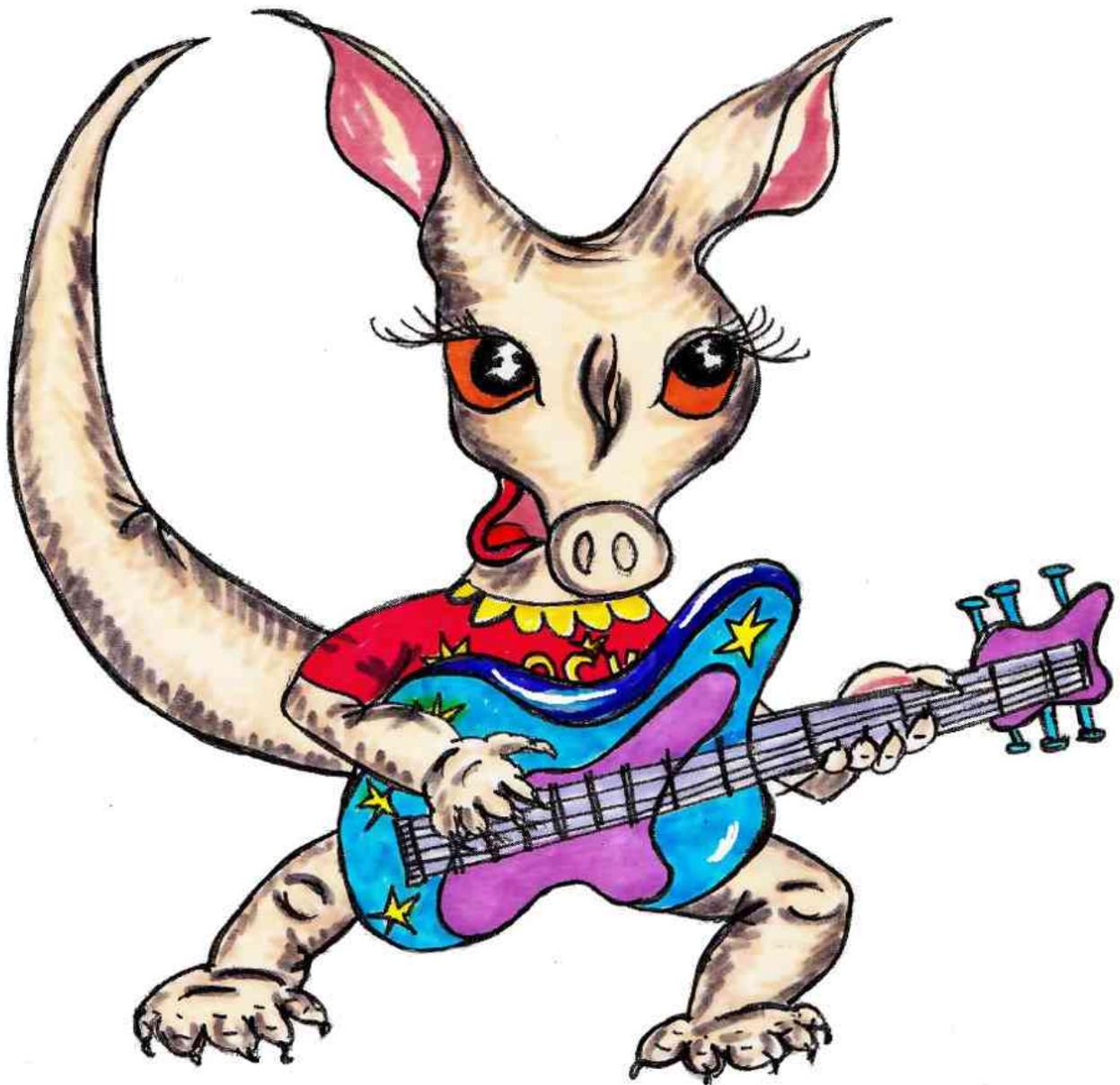
"Is there anything else you think you can do?
I'd love to find a great job for you.
Could you be a maid in a hotel?
Do you think as a maid you could do well?"

"Well, a maid is not what I want to be,
but if, for now, you have only that job for me,
I'll give it a try, my very best shot,
and I'll be a good maid, believe it or not!"



"Well, tomorrow, go to the Grand Hotel,
say that you're the new maid, and I sent you as well.
Work as hard as you can, and do what they say,
and at the end of the day they'll give you your pay."

I am a bit sad to start off as a maid,
but I cannot allow my big dream to fade,
so I'll do my best as a maid at the hotel,
but in my mind I'll be a rock star as well.



Chapter 2

To Work



At nine o'clock sharp I'm at the hotel,
and on the front desk there is a bell.
I ring on the bell, and a tall man comes out,
and says, "Who rang the bell? There's no one about!"



He cannot see me as I'm not very tall.
Even for an aardvark, I'm really quite small.
"It was me, Annabella!" loudly I shout.
"I rang the bell because you weren't about."

I'm your new maid, and I start work today,
and Gary sent me, he told me to say."

Over the desk he peers down at me,
saying, "Oh, right you are!" and, "Oh, yes I see!"



He shows me behind the desk, through a gate,
and in a small office I sit down and wait.

A radio is playing, and I hear a nice song,
and of course I have to start singing along.



I get up and dance, like a real rock star,



when a woman comes in and says, "There you are!"

I stand very still, and say, "How do you do?
I'm Annabella, and I'm pleased to meet you."
She says, "I'm in charge of all the maids here,
and we've got fifty rooms that we need to clear.
Your uniform's here. Get changed right away.
Hurry up, Annabella! We don't have all day!"



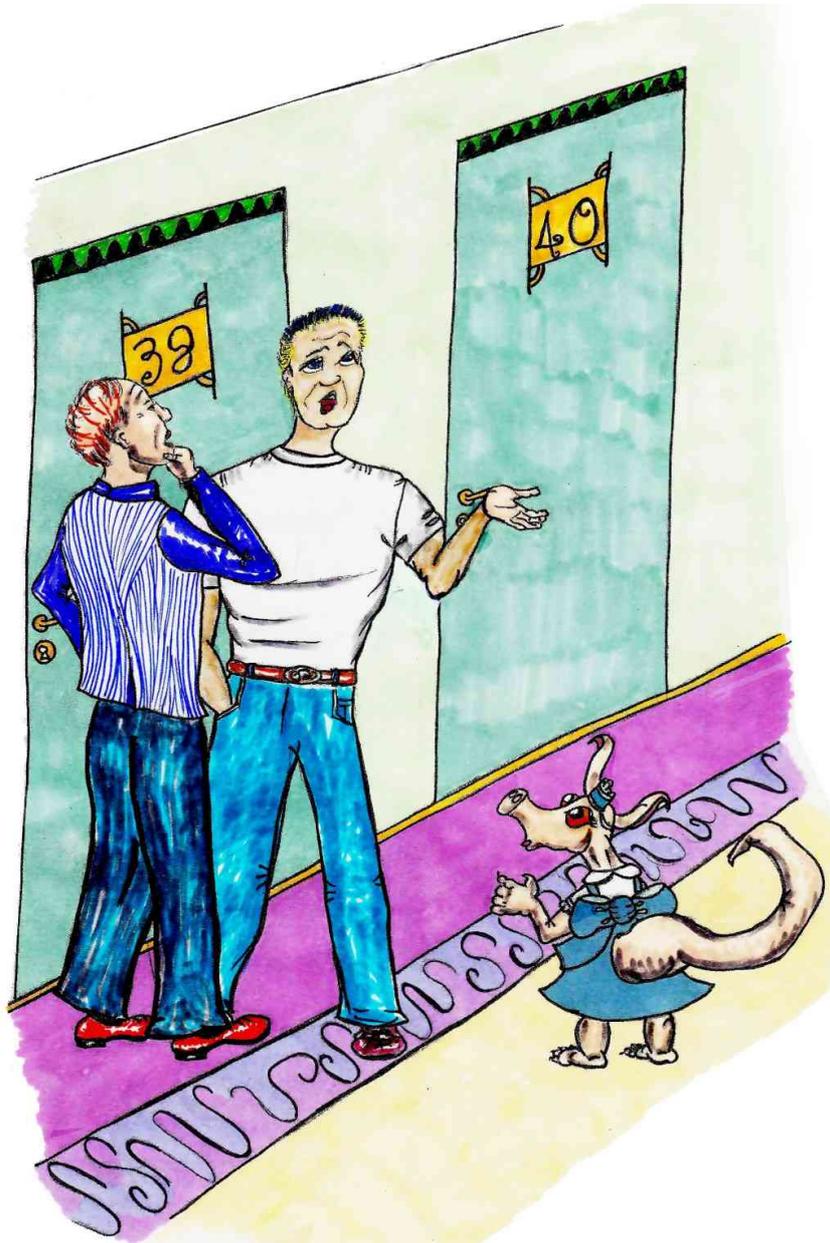
My name is Ann, but call me Mrs Burke.
Come on Annabella! You need to start work!
All the rooms here must shine and gleam.
You need to get on and clean, clean, clean!"

I change and follow her into a hall,
not looking like a rock star at all.



I don't have any stars on my shirt,
and I'm wearing a silly hat and a skirt.

Out in the hall, two men are talking,
and I listen to them whilst I am walking.
I can hear every word, because they are near,
and one of them says, loud and clear,



"I need to find someone with razzmatazz,
someone who has a bit of pizzazz!
There's just not a shred of talent around.
I've searched and I've searched, but none have I found."

I think that this could be my big chance,
if only he could see me sing and dance.



He'd know I'm not really a maid at all.
He'd know there's a rock star right here in this hall!

Before I can catch the man's attention,
which is my single-minded intention,
down the hall he carries on walking,
and while he is walking he carries on talking.



"I'm so tired out, I'm worn to a frazzle.
Oh, where is that someone with razzle-dazzle?
All the people I've seen have been such a bore,
and I need to find someone who won't make me snore:



someone who lights up the stage with her smile,
someone you might like to watch for a while.
I'll know when I see her, if I ever do...
but who will she be... who, oh, who?"

I know that the person he needs is me,
but in this outfit, what will he see?
I don't look like Annabella, rock star,
but a hotel maid who'll never go far.



The two men go along on their way
before I get a chance to say,
well, anything that would make them see
all of the talent that's inside me.

Chapter 3

Hard at Work



Mrs Burke says, "The rooms you must clean are all these,"



and she hands me a ring with lots of keys.



"Knock on each door and shout, 'Housekeeping!' and don't enter rooms where guests are still sleeping."



I start work right away, wasting no time at all.
There are so many rooms along this long hall,

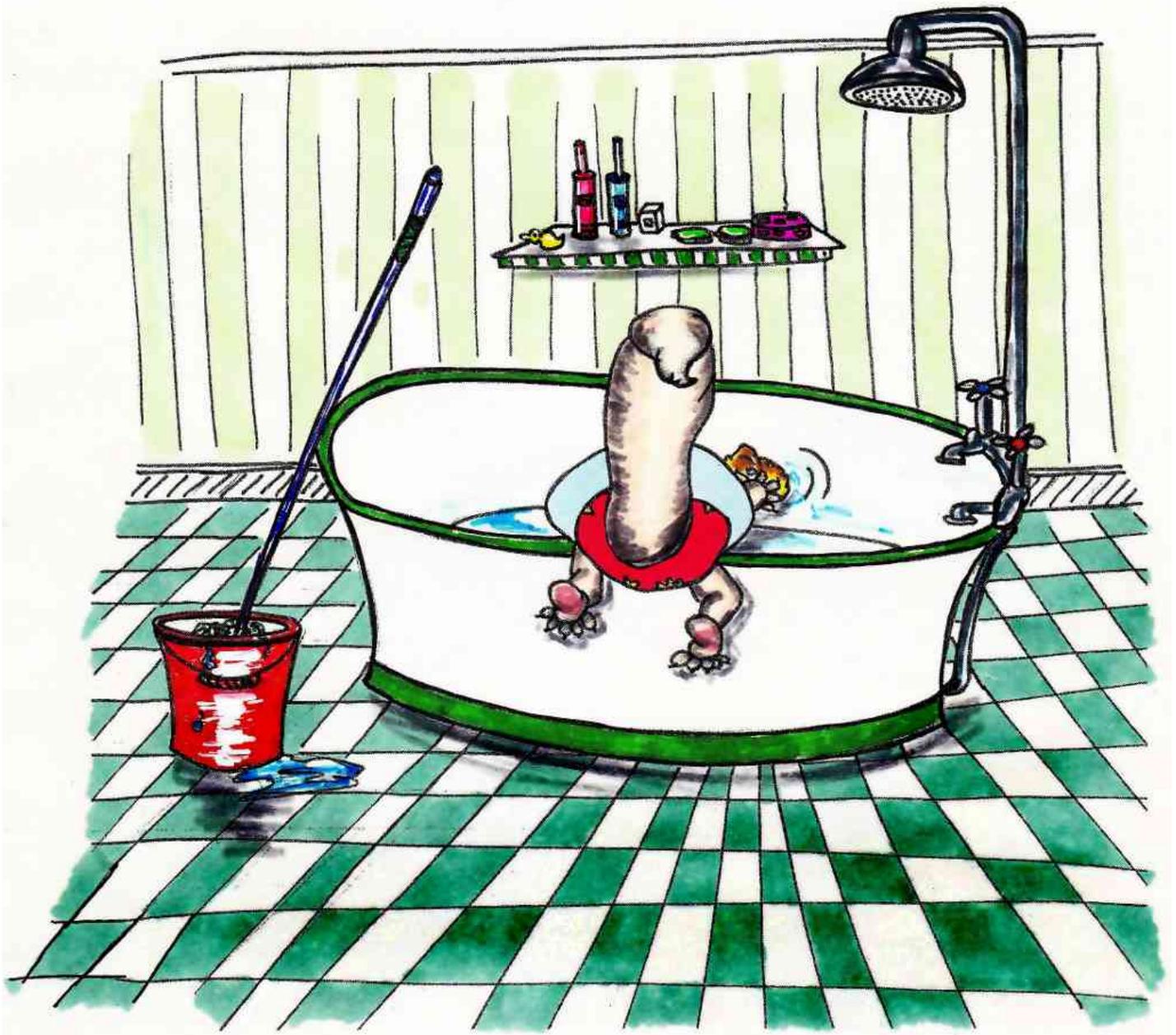


and all of them need to be cleaned by noon,
and I won't finish in time if I don't start soon!

In the first room, clothes are all piled on the bed, so I hang them up in the closet instead.



I scrub down the bath and take out the trash,



and then on to the next room I must dash.

In there, some food has been left on the table,
so I tidy up as fast as I'm able.
I scrub and I polish, make everything shine,
and tell myself being a maid is just fine.



In the third room, crumbs are all over the floor,
so I vacuum the carpet and tidy some more.
I scrub and I polish, make everything gleam,
and go on to the next room that I must clean.

I've been working hard and doing my best,
so I sit down in the hall and take a short rest.



I'm feeling a little bit sad and blue,
but I'm grateful to have a job to do.

I want to be a great maid, for sure,
but for the rest of my life, I need something more.
It's just not enough to think inside my head
that I'm not really a maid but a rock star instead.



Mrs Burke said I must clean, clean, clean
until all of these rooms shine and gleam.
Well, she didn't say I can't sing while I scrub.
Why, I'll sing whilst I scrub every bathtub!

Why, yes, and I'll dance while I vacuum.
I'll dance while I clean each and every room!



I put on my headphones and I get moving,
for now when I clean, I will be grooving!

Chapter 4

My Big Chance



In the next three rooms I clean whilst I sing,
and it is the most amazing thing.



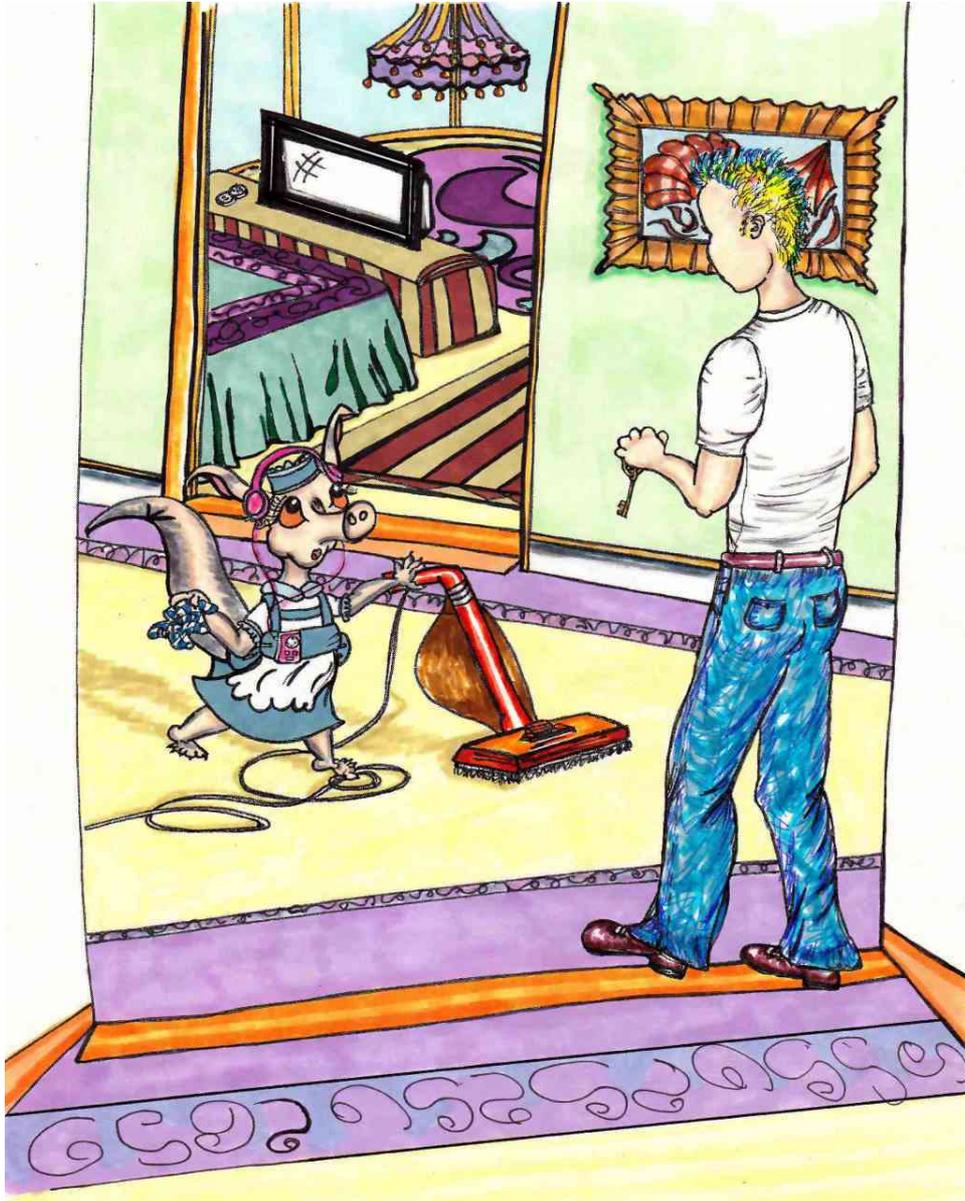
When I sing, cleaning is not such hard work,
and I'm sure that I'm going to please Mrs Burke.

The next room I must clean is a very grand suite, and I'm pleased to see that it's really quite neat.



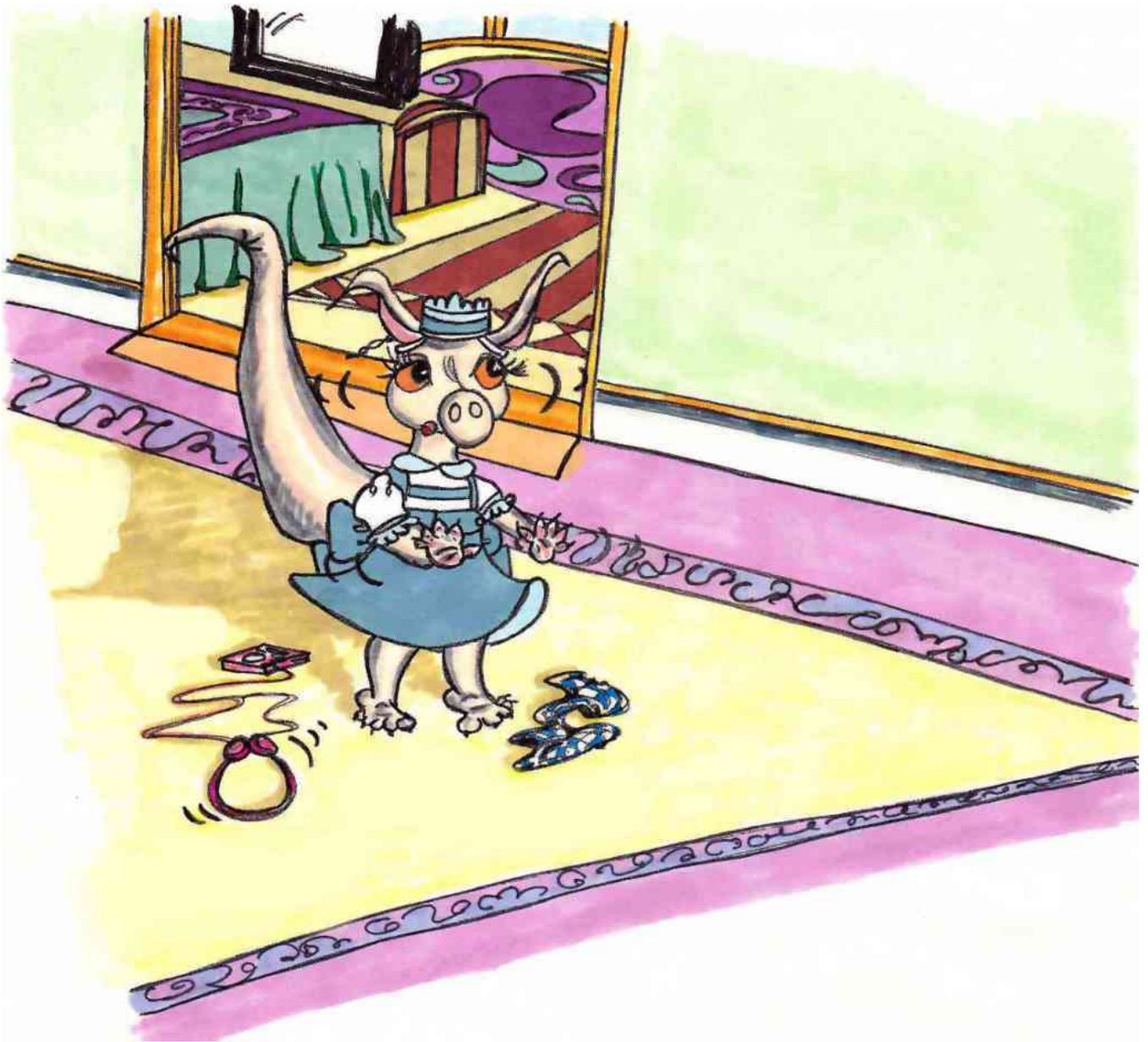
The guests have not made much mess at all, but I still get my cleaning stuff from the hall.

I vacuum and polish and spray and shine,
singing and dancing all of the time,
when through the door a man comes in,
and I feel afraid when I see him.



I wonder if, maybe, he's going to complain.
If he does, I'll be out of a job again!
Then I realise just who he is:
I saw him before, talking showbiz!

"Who was that singing on the TV?"
"It was not the TV; it was just me!
I'm so sorry if I disturbed you.
Singing is just what I love to do.

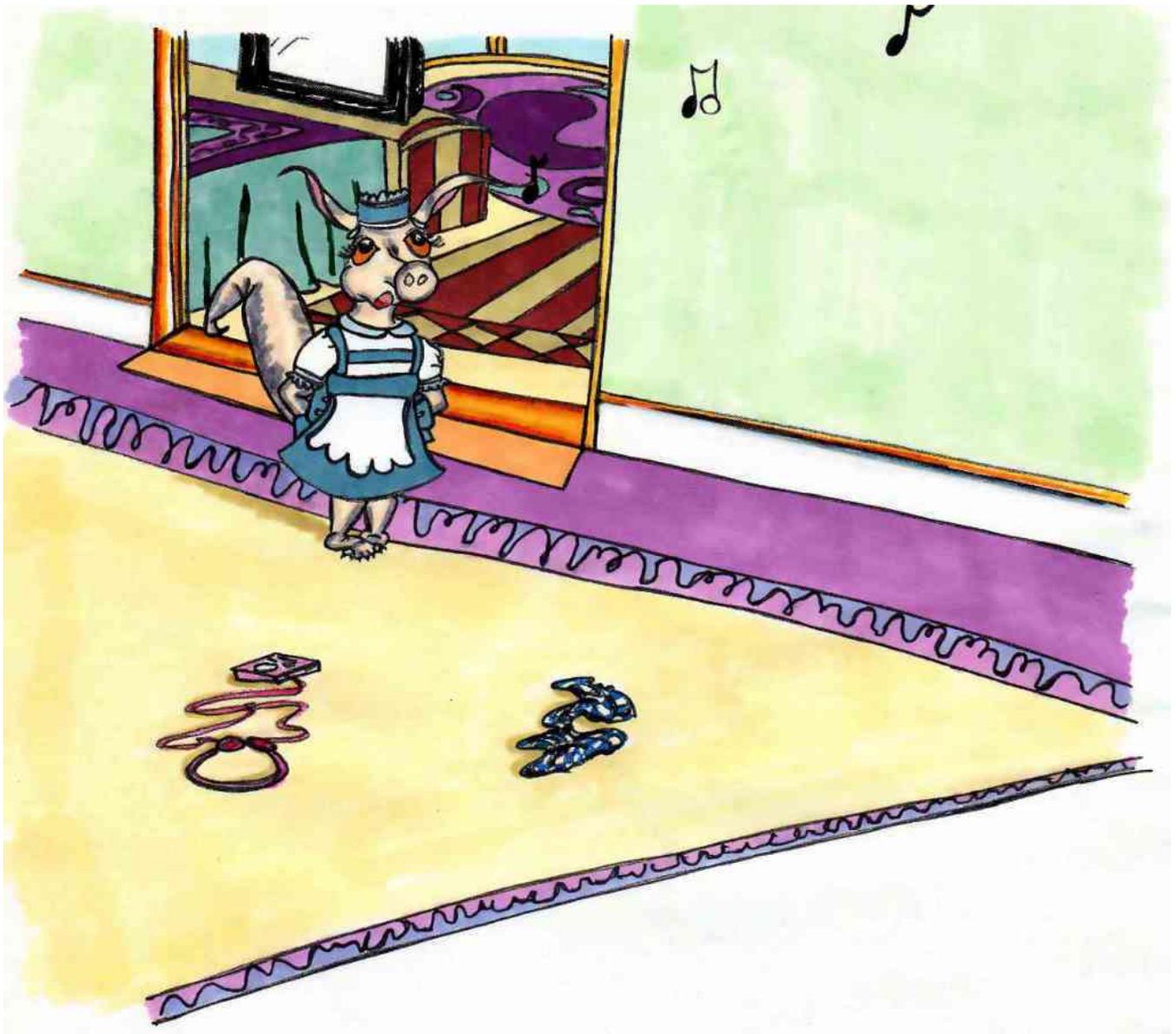


Please, oh please, don't complain about me.
I need this job quite desperately.
I will stop singing whilst I clean your room.
I won't even dance or hum a tune."



"Now, did I tell you not to sing?
No, I did not say any such thing!
In fact, I'd like to hear you again.
Start singing as soon as I say 'when'!"

I sing a few bars of my favourite song,



and soon the man starts singing along.



Around the room I can't help but dance.
I think this could be my big chance!

When I finish the song, I look up to see the man clapping his hands, applauding me.



"At last someone with razzmatazz!
You've got loads and loads of pizzazz!
I can make you into a star!
You, little aardvark, are going to go far!"

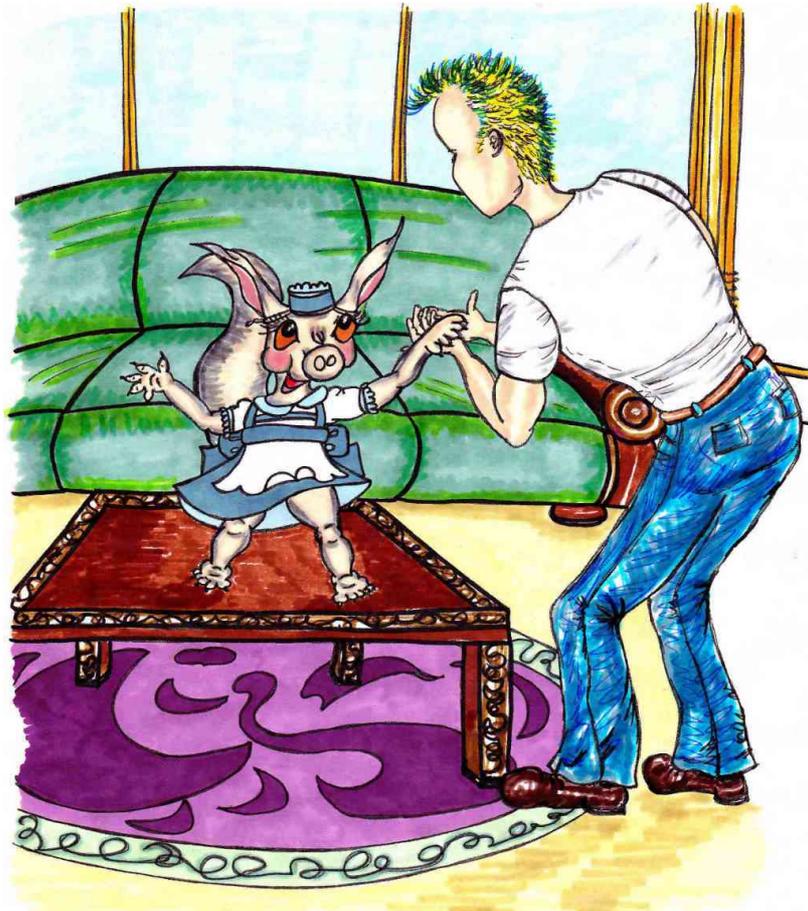
I cannot quite believe what he has said,
and I'm so excited my cheeks go all red.

"I've always dreamed of being a star!

Do you really think that I can go far?

By the way, I also play the guitar.

I know I can play like a true rock star!"



"In my studio, show me what you can do:
sing, dance and play guitar too.

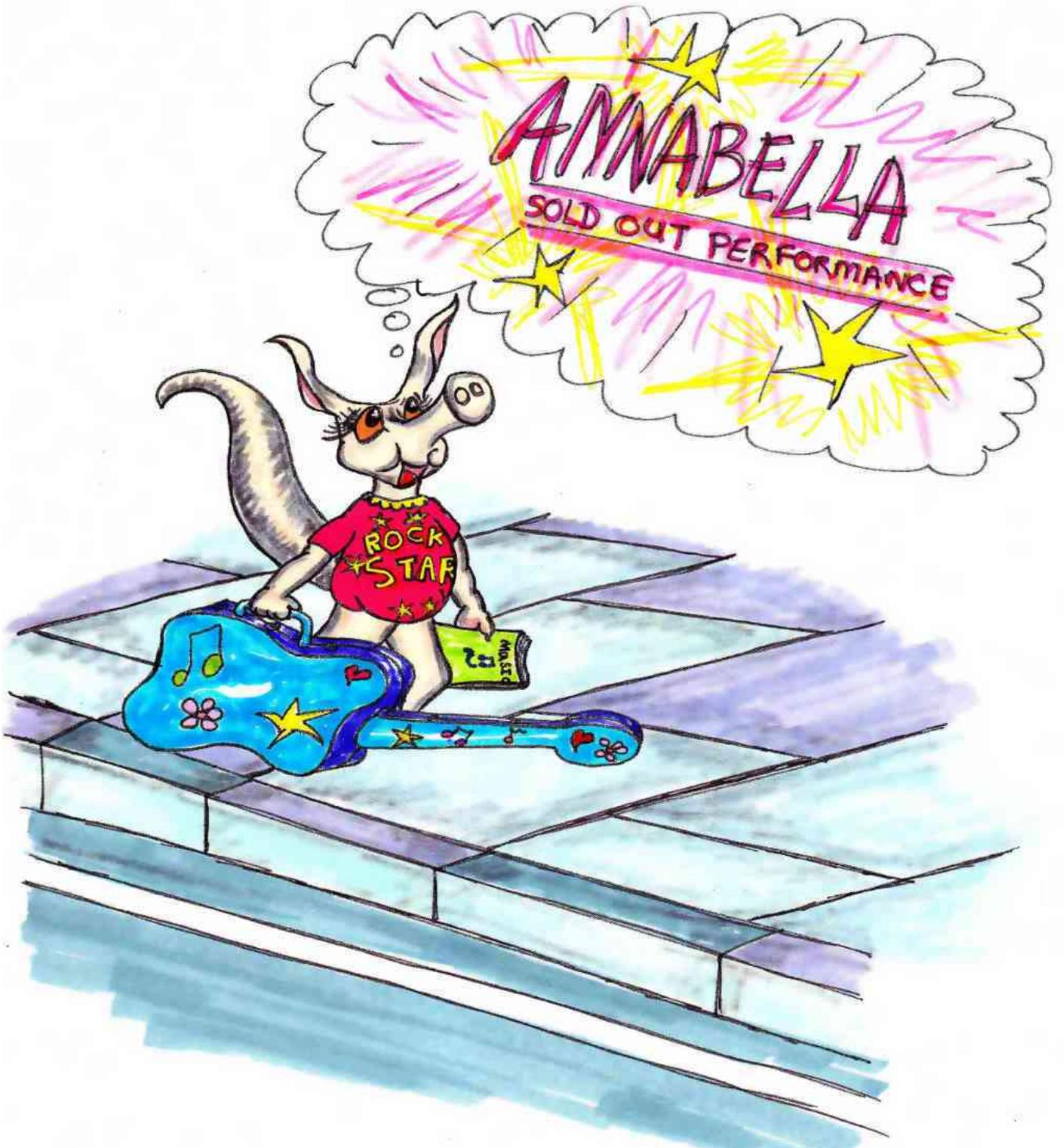
You've got potential and I want to see
how big a star you might possibly be."

"I'll be there tomorrow and I'll show you my stuff.
For my big chance, I can't thank you enough."
I practise all night for my big audition
and of my favourite song, I prepare my rendition.



I put in some runs, and I hit the high notes,

and I head off in the morning with very high hopes.

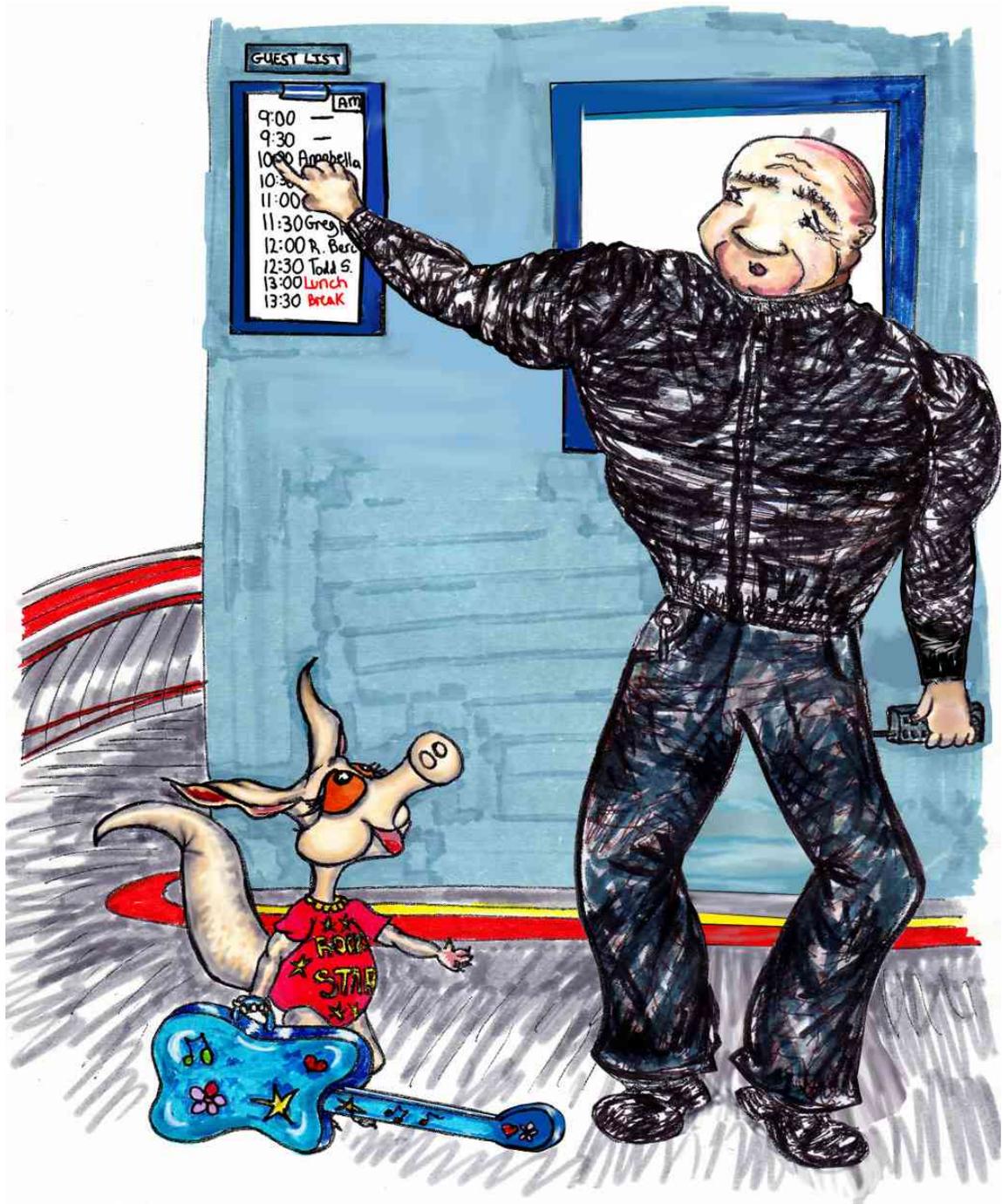


Chapter 5

Can Dreams Come True?



I arrive at the studio bright and early,
and speak to a guard, who is big and burly.
"I'm Annabella, and I'm here to audition.
To be a rock star is my big ambition!"



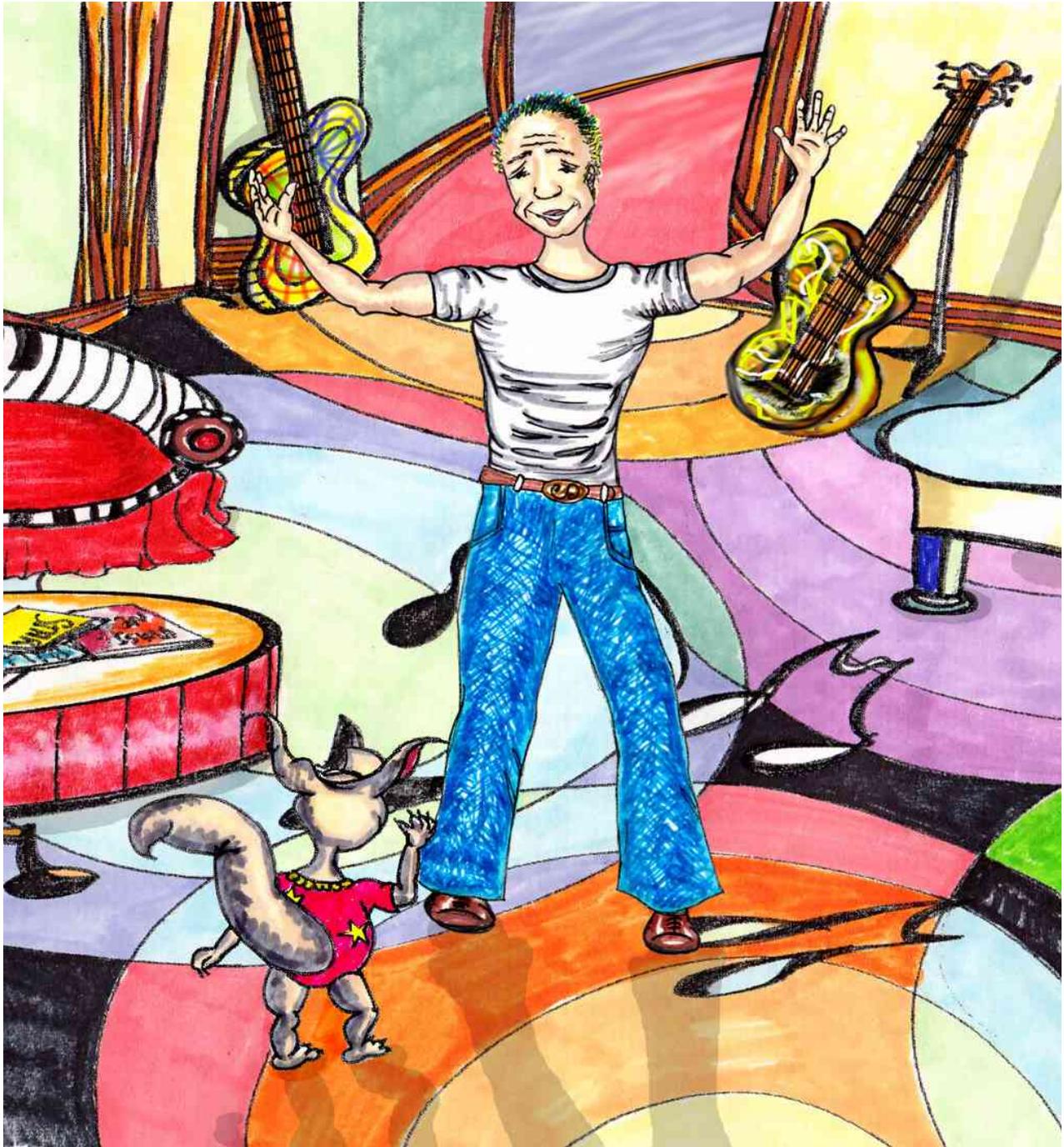
"You're early, my dear, but what I can do
is call the big boss man to come and get you."

I look all around the vast lobby space.
On the walls there are records all over the place:



platinum discs and gold discs as well...
to record here would be really swell!

Just then, in walks the big boss man,
and I jump to my feet as fast as I can.



He greets me, "Hello there! It's nice to see you!"
I say, "I'm so pleased to be here. Again, thank you!"

He leads me through a big, heavy door,
and behind it there is equipment galore.
There are buttons and levers; I don't know what they do,
and right then I think, 'I haven't a clue!'



My heart beats very loudly and my hands start to shake,
and I begin to think this is all a mistake.

"Annabella, my dear, are you okay?" asks the man, as I think about running away. I look up at him with tears in my eyes, and I try very hard just not to cry.



"I don't think I'm ready to audition, though to be a rock star is still my ambition. I have no idea which buttons to press, and which levers to pull, I cannot guess."

He smiles and says, "There, there, that's okay," and tells me to wipe my tears away.

He says all I must do is what I do best, and that it's his job to take care of the rest.

I step into a booth with a microphone,
and he tells me to sing as if I were at home.
He says, "Sing, dance, and play guitar too.
I just know you can do it. I believe in you!"



I look at the mike and my hands start to shake.
I still think this audition might be a mistake.
How terribly nervous do I feel,
just when I need nerves of steel!

I take a deep breath and I start to sing,
and somehow I just forget everything.
I forget that this is my big audition.
I even forget about my ambition.



I sing as I sing in my room at home.
I sing as I sing when I'm all alone.
Soon I'm strumming my guitar strings,
and dancing around, just doing my thing.

Then my song ends and the music stops,
and that is when my heart just drops.



I remember that I'm not at home.
I remember that I'm not all alone.

I rush out of the booth and down the hall.
"Annabella!" I hear the studio boss call.
I get to the lobby and head for the door,
but just as I'm leaving, I slip on the floor.



The kindly guard comes over and sees
that I've fallen over and I'm on my knees.
He helps me back up on to my feet,
and offers me a comfortable seat.

Just then the studio boss walks in,
and I really do not want to see him.
I know just what he's going to say:
he's going to tell me to go away.



He thinks that I have no talent at all,
that I should only sing in my shower stall.
I have no choice but to be polite,
though my knees are sore and I look a fright.

I say, "I'm so sorry about my audition.
I know I must find a whole new ambition.



I forgot all about impressing you,
which was all that I came here to do.

I have so much fun when I sing
that it makes me forget most everything.



For wasting your time, I'm very sorry,
but I'm leaving now, so you don't have to worry."

He says, "Annabella, how silly you are!
You have a huge talent, and you will go far.
When you sing, you have razzmatazz!
When you sing, you have loads and loads of pizzazz!
Singing is what you were born to do,
and I've been searching for someone like you.
I'd like to make your dreams come true.
On behalf of this label, I'd like to sign you."



"Does that mean that I get to sing and dance?
Are you really going to give me that chance?"

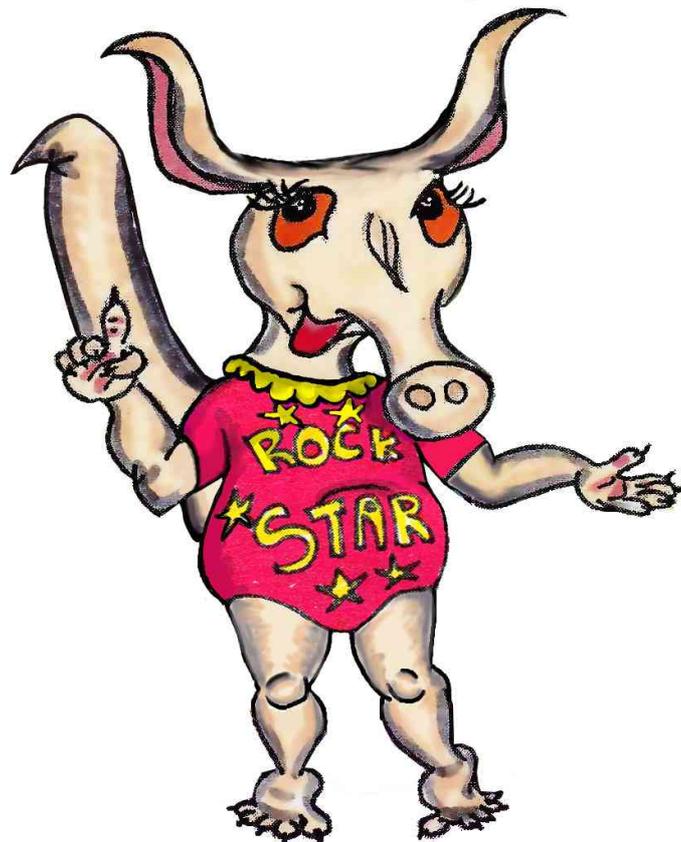
"Sing and dance and play guitar too:
those are the things that you must do.
You are going to be a rock star.
You're on your way now. Oh yes, you are!"



I can't believe what has happened to me,
just a little armadillo, as you can see.
It just goes to show that dreams can come true,
and if you don't give up, it might happen to you.

It doesn't matter what job you do,
as long as to yourself you are true.

Your job, after all, is just one part of you,
and there is no job that's too humble to do,
but all of your dreams you must pursue
in everything that you say or do.



Whilst I was cleaning a room, I was singing a song,
and that's how my big chance came along.
You never know when it could happen to you,
that one of your dreams just comes true.
You might think you're not as lucky as me,
but with that I simply cannot agree.
If you know what it is you were born to do,
and you work hard, your dream might come true.

Epilogue



Annabella released her first album to critical acclaim and chart success. Tickets to her 'Aardvark Rock' tour have sold out all over the world.





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