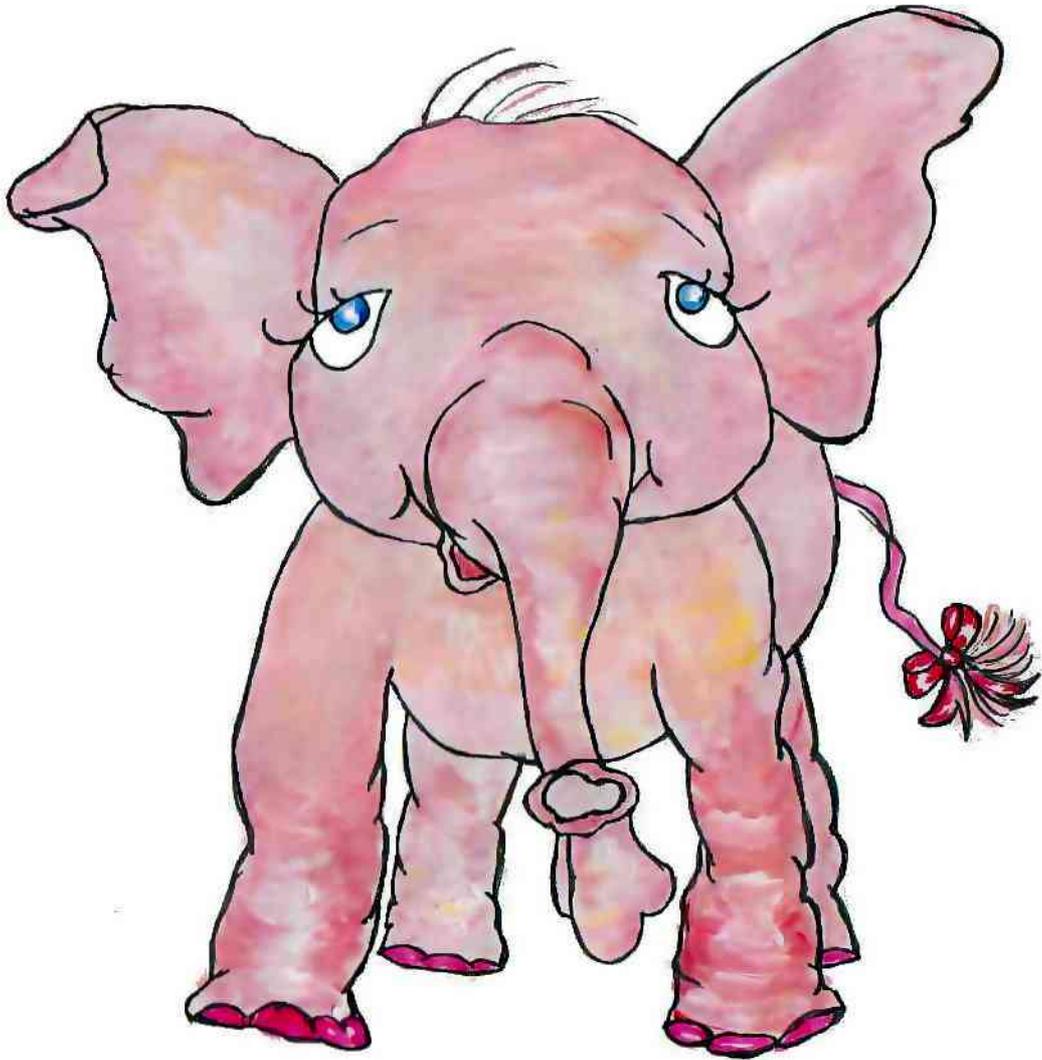


Pink Ethel



A book from www.storiesformylittlesister.com

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By Samantha & Diana Shaul

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Chapter 1

The Mud Bath



Once in every five generations,
an elephant is born who's quite a sensation.



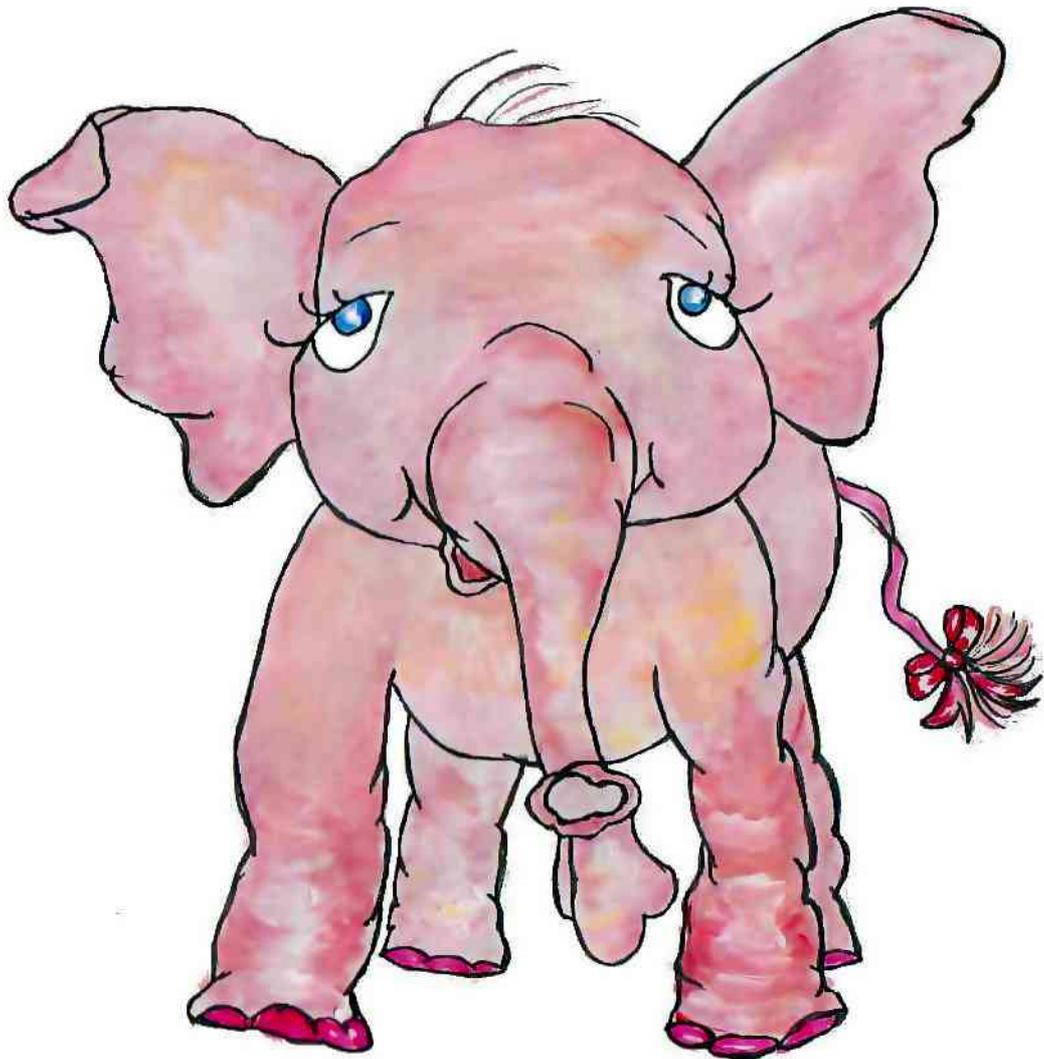
That elephant is a bit different, you see,
and in this generation, that elephant's me.

Everyone always knows me on sight,
and to get noticed I don't have to fight.



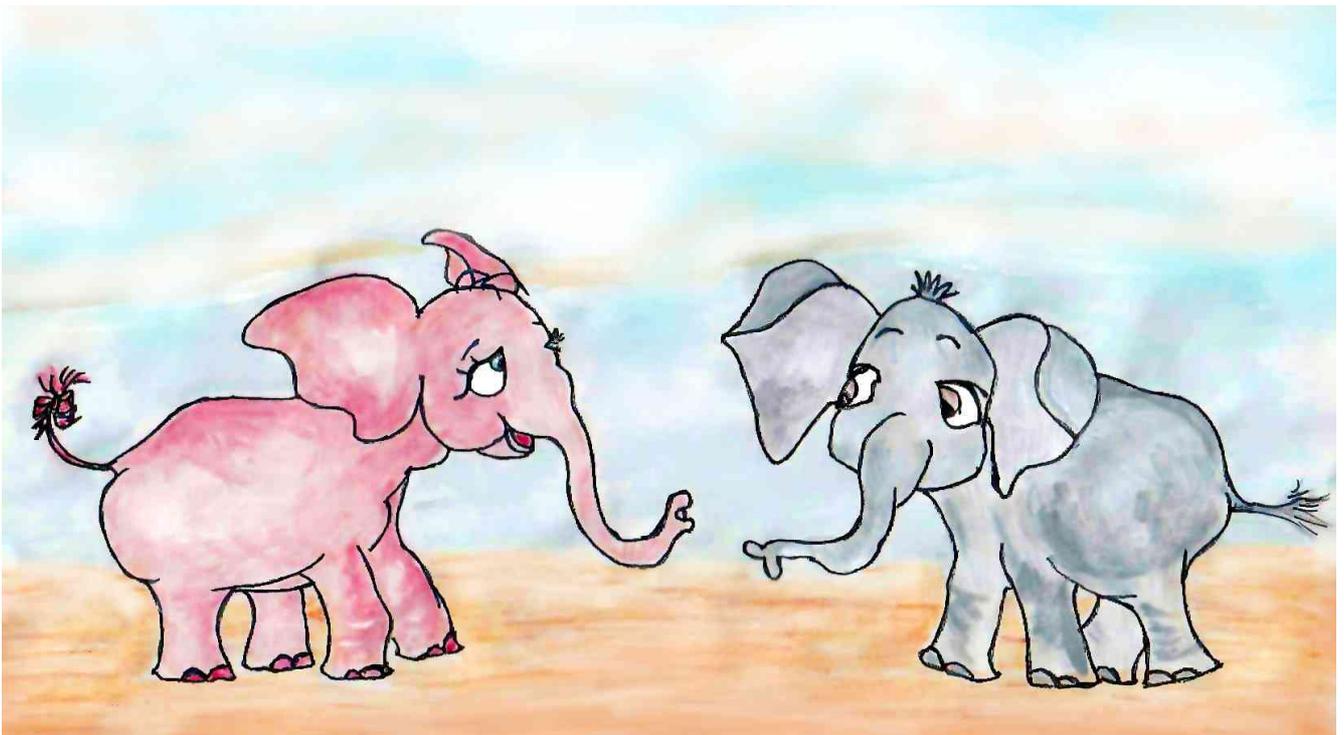
I stand out in a crowd with no effort at all,
and if you need to find me, there's no need to call.

There's a clue in my name, so you'll know me on sight.
I'm called Pink Ethel, and - yes, that's right -



I'm pink all over: my trunk and my tail,
my head and my body, and even my nails.

Oh, you'd think being pink, I'd be having a ball,
but I think being pink is no fun at all.
When I meet someone new, they just notice I'm pink.
They don't get to know me or ask what I think.



Like everyone else is how I'd like to be,
so that no one would ever just stare at me.
Elephants are meant to be grey, you see,
and grey is what I so want to be.

When I look around, everything that I see
is, well, a whole lot less pink than me.
The elephants are grey, the sky is blue,
the tree trunks are brown, and the mud bath is too.



The mud bath is, too? The mud bath is, too!
I've just had an idea! I'll explain it to you.
Brown's a lot closer to grey than pink,
and covered in mud, I'd be brown... don't you think?

Into the mud bath is where I shall go,
and when I'm covered in mud, that I'm pink will not show.
I'll put mud on my legs and my feet and my nails,
and then with my trunk, I'll squirt mud on my tail.



Even my face will no longer be pink.
That'll take a whole lot of mud... don't you think?
When I'm brown, I'll fit in so much better, you see,
and when I'm brown no one will just stare at me.

As covered in lovely brown mud I emerge
from the cool mud bath, my good feelings surge.



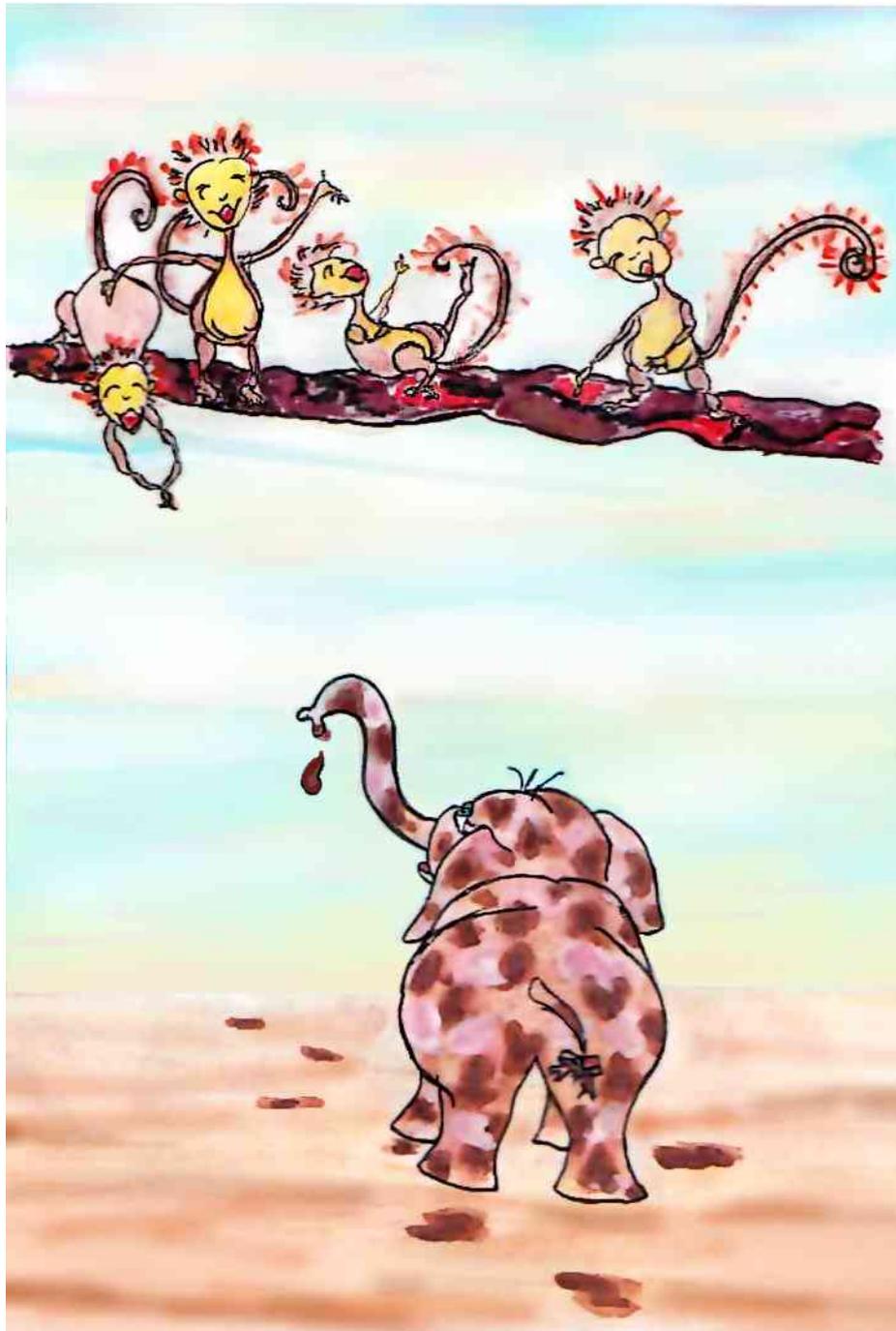
I think that now no one will notice me.
After all, now I'm brown, like the trunk of a tree.

Behind me a little snigger I hear,
as I look up and see what I always fear:
a monkey pointing and staring at me
as he rolls about laughing high up in his tree.



I cannot figure out the source of his mirth,
but he carries on laughing for all he is worth.

He calls out to his friends, who join him to see,
and they all sit there laughing, up in their tree.



I ask them, "Why are you laughing at me?"
They say, "Creatures like you, we don't often see!
Why, you are an elephant with pink and brown spots.
We've never seen an elephant covered in dots!"

Chapter 2

The Bathroom

In the mirror at home I can see what they mean.
The mud has flaked off and my skin can be seen.



I look as if I've got pink and brown spots.
Why, yes, I'm an elephant covered in dots.

I hop into the bathtub to scrub myself clean,
still thinking about how those monkeys were mean.



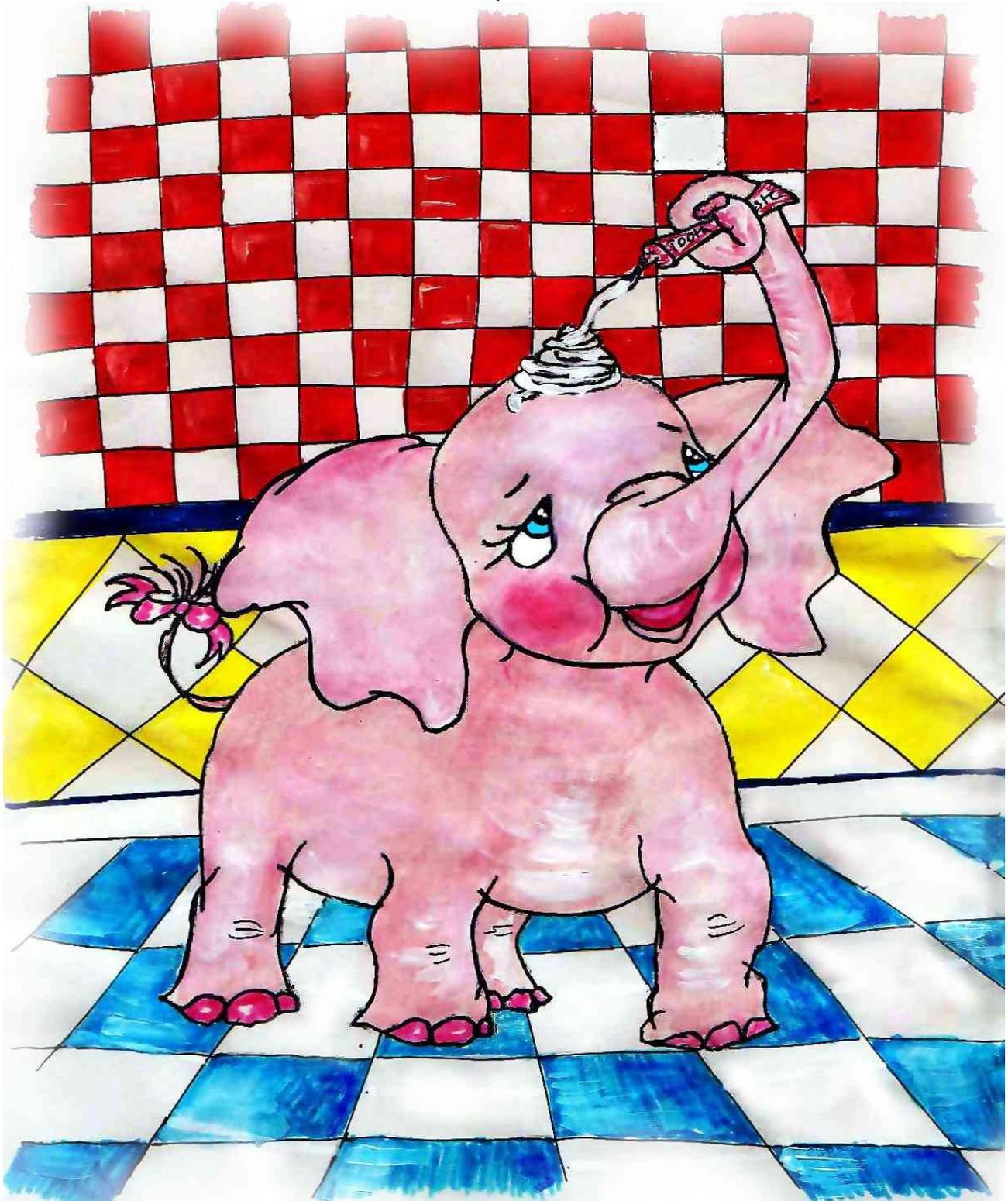
The bathtub is filled with white soapsuds,
and I think something white might be better than mud.

I look all around and find things I can use,
all of them white - why, I cannot lose!
With toothpaste and night cream, I shall be white,
and my pink colour will no longer be bright.



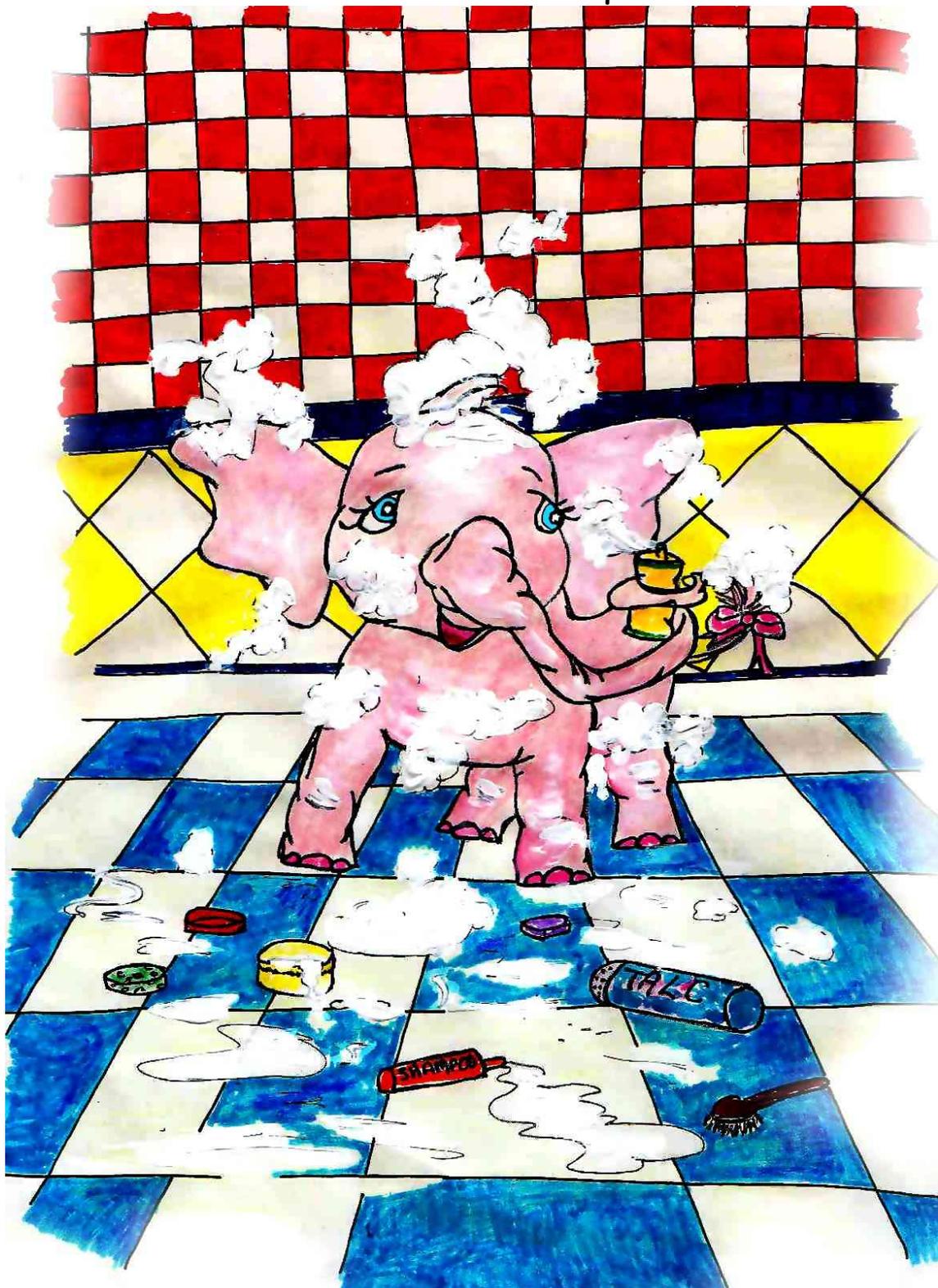
Then I will roll around in the dirt -
grey dirt, of course. It really won't hurt,
and before you know it, well, I shall be grey
and that horrible pink will just go away.

I start with toothpaste and squirt some out.
I know I will need quite a lot, no doubt.



The tube is so small that there won't be enough,
so I start to use all the other white stuff.

I use shaving foam and Mummy's night cream,
and in the bathroom I leave quite a scene -



cream and toothpaste and foam everywhere -
so I think I'd better get out of there.

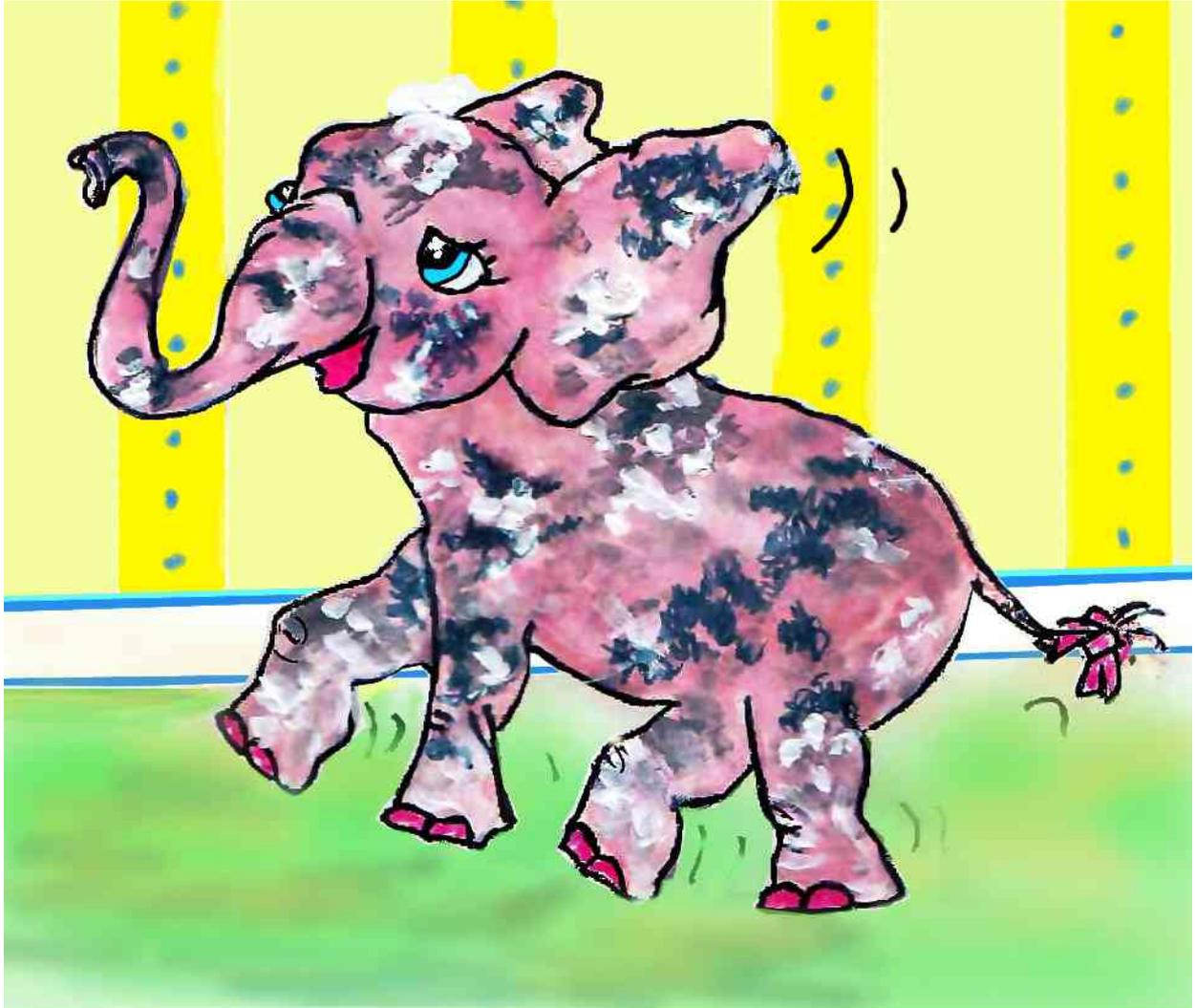
Quickly I hurry outside to the yard,
and into the dirt I throw myself hard.



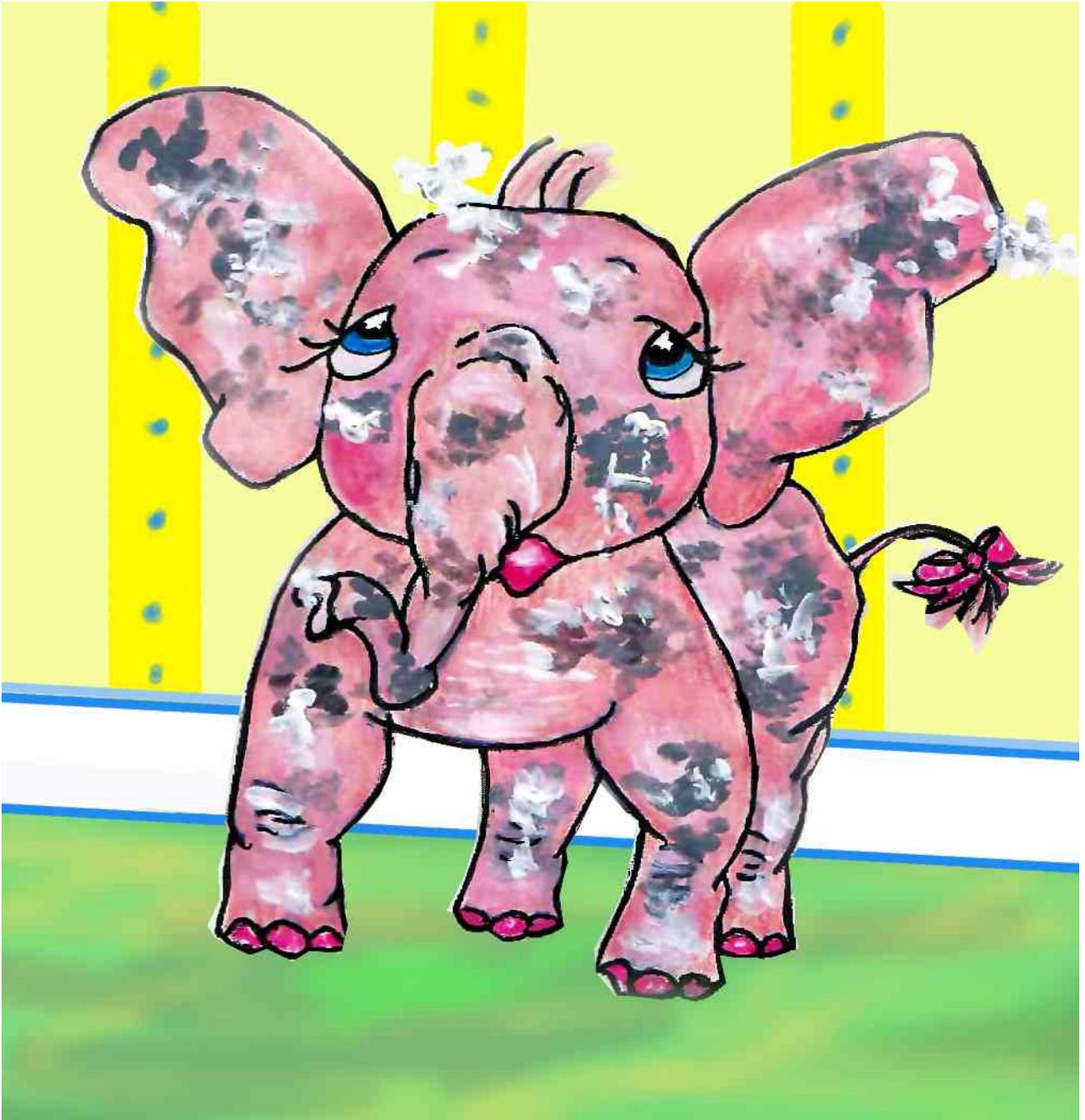
I roll around and around in the muck,
hoping the dirt will truly get stuck.



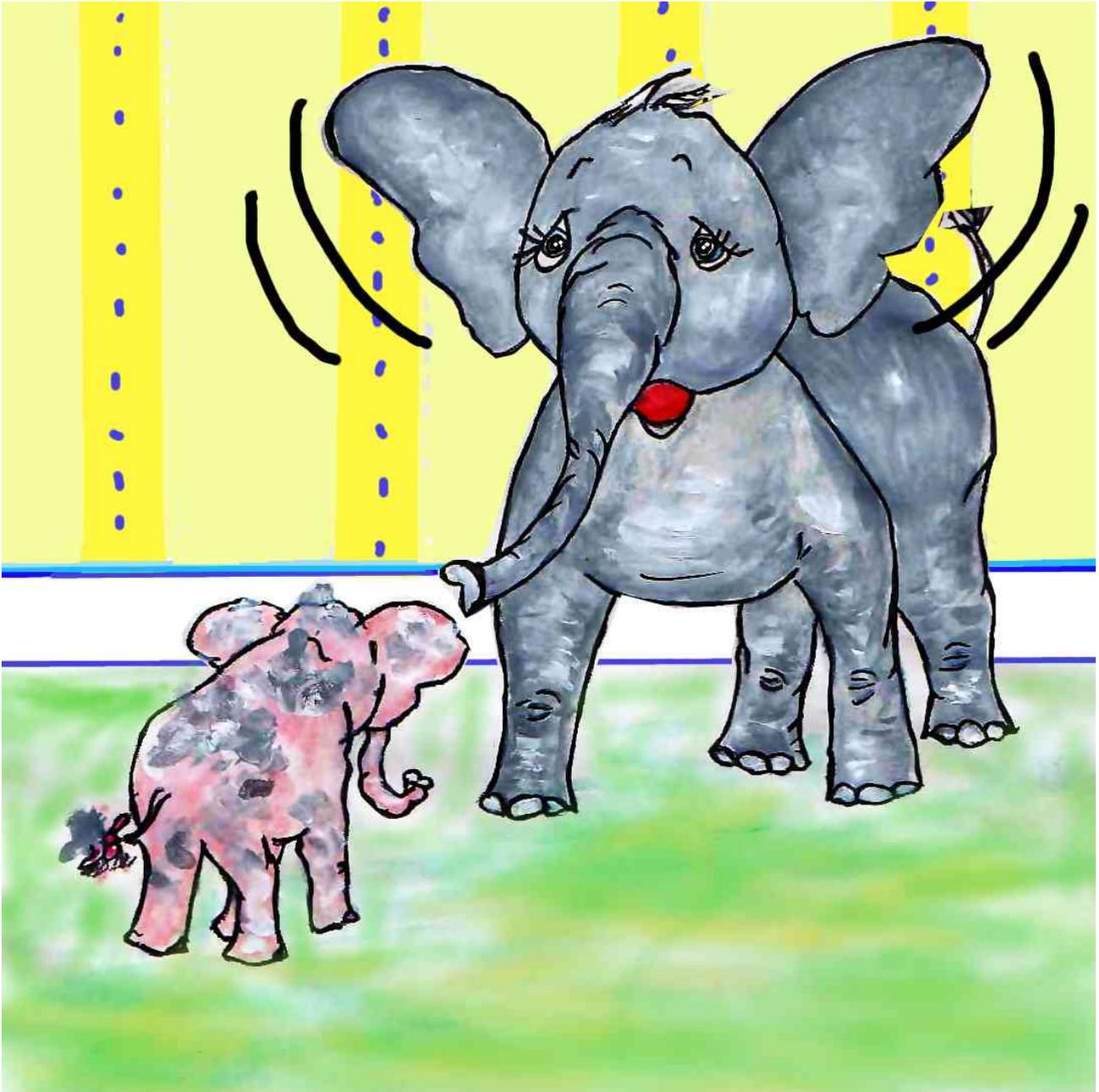
I go back inside to check myself out.
I'm sure I'll be grey, without a doubt,



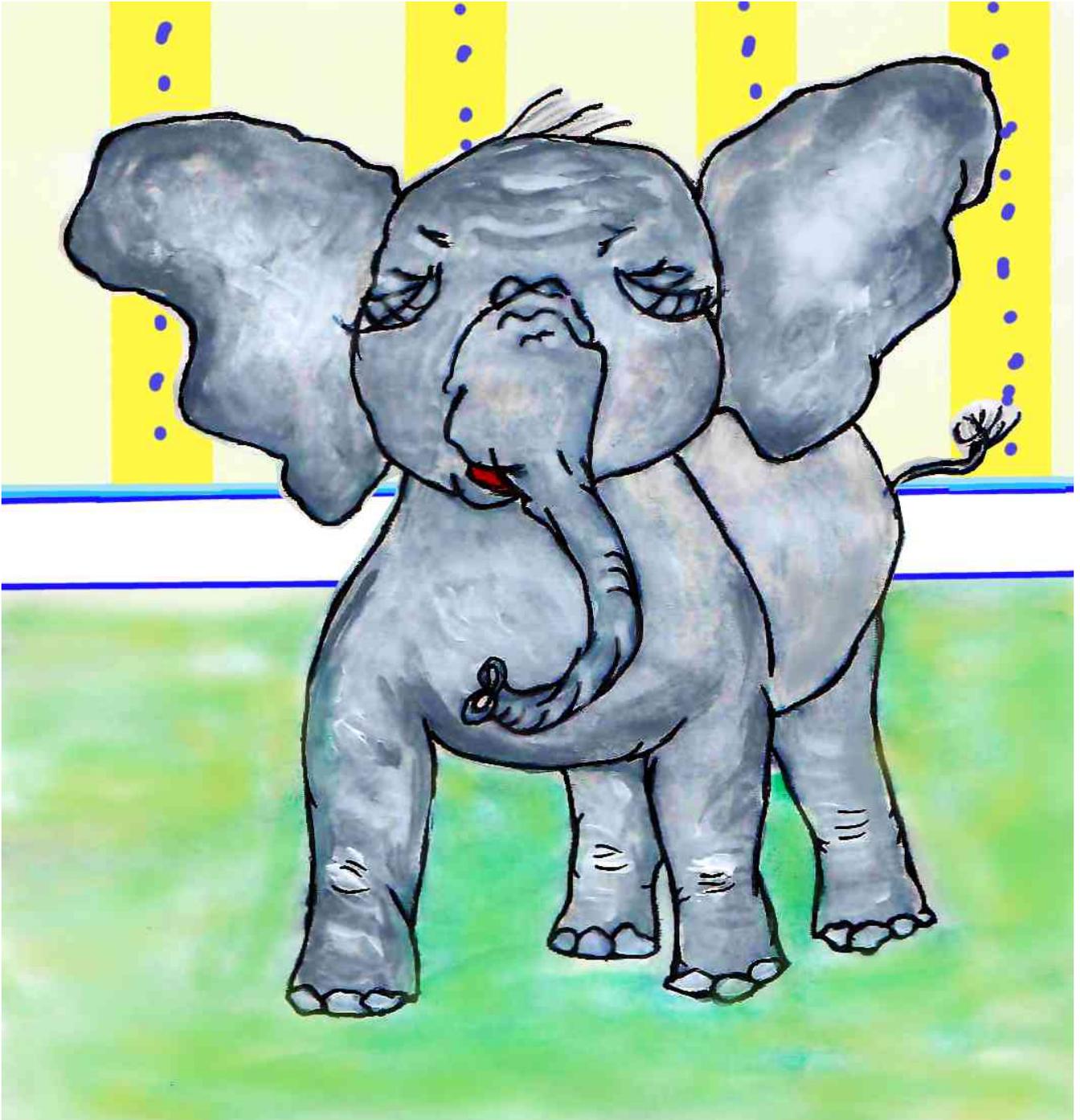
but before I can reach the mirror I hear
a trumpet so loud that it rings in my ear.



There is my mother, just staring at me,
shaking her head at what she can see.



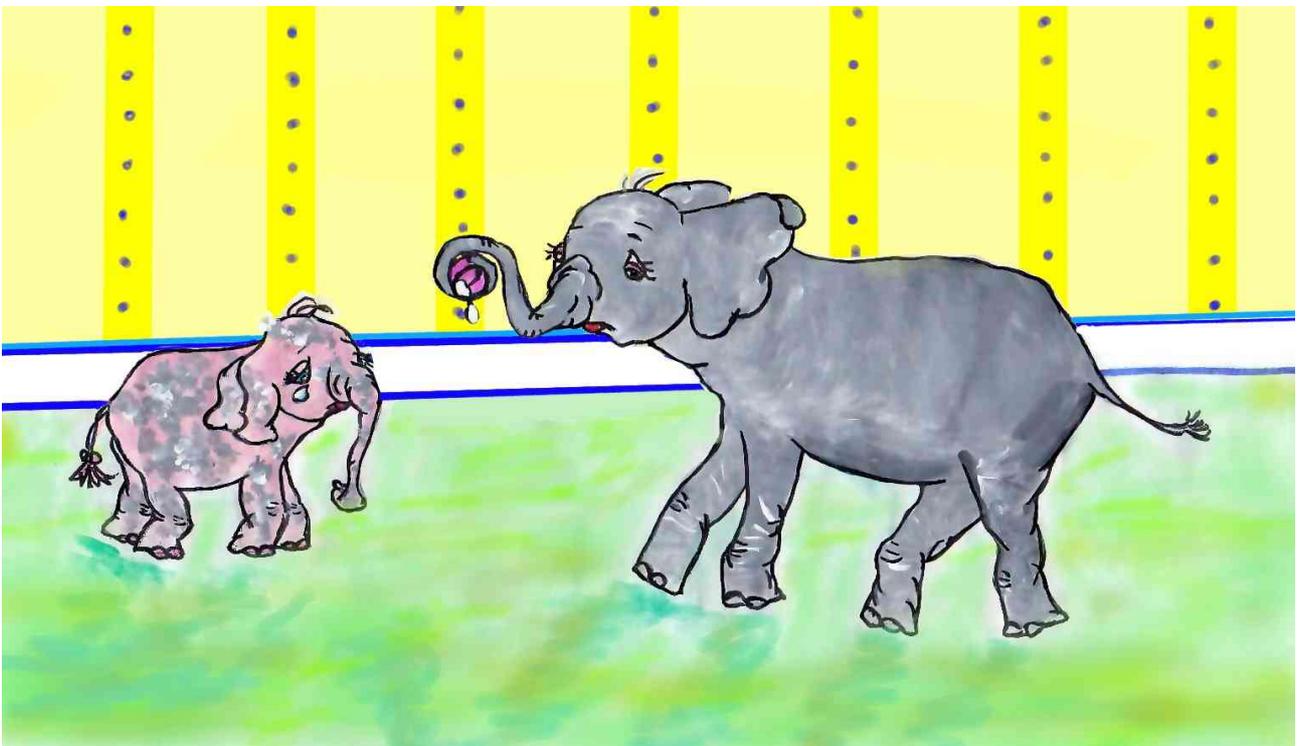
She screws up her eyes, blink, blink, blink, blink.
She never did that when I was pink.



Chapter 3

Out and About

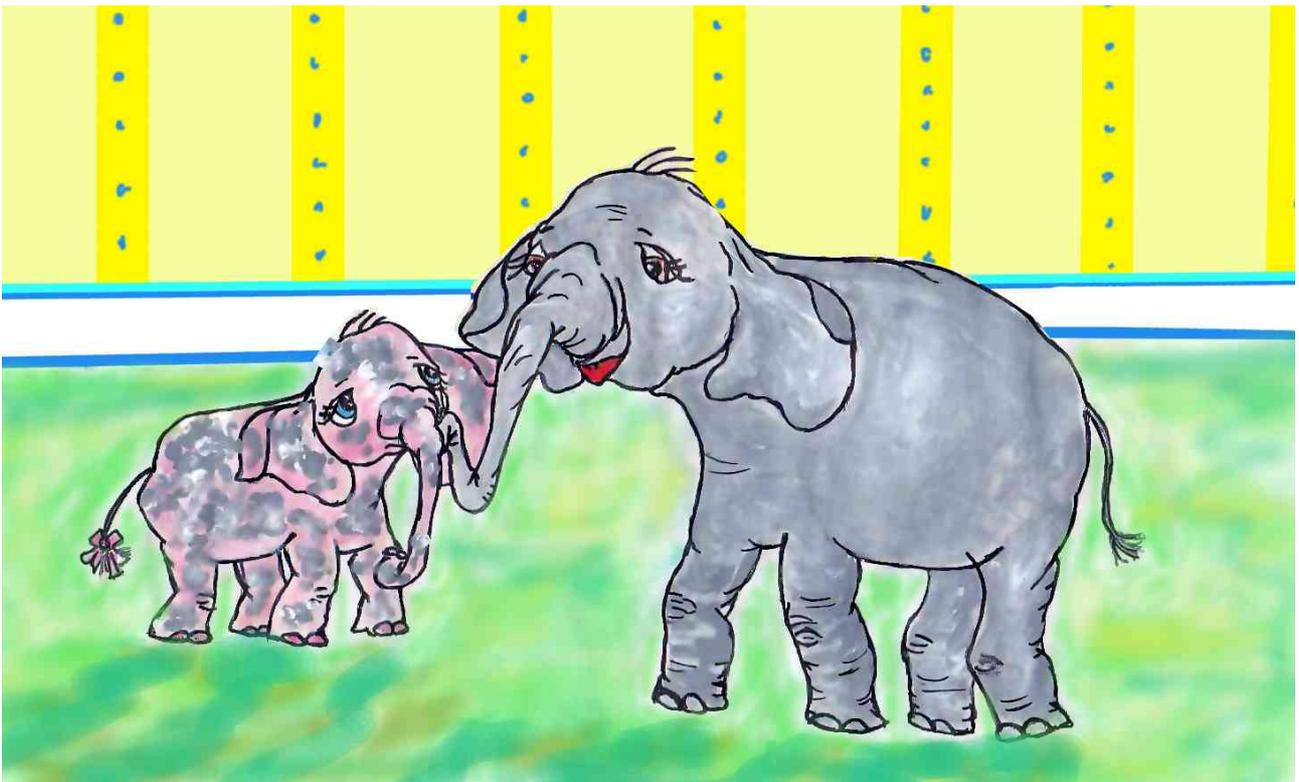
She says, "Little one, what on earth have you done?
Your lovely pink colour is all but gone.
What is that goo? It's dripping off you.
It looks like toothpaste and night cream too!"



"I want to be grey, just like you.
That's why I'm covered in sticky goo.
I'll never fit in for as long as I'm pink.
I'd be better off grey: that's what I think."

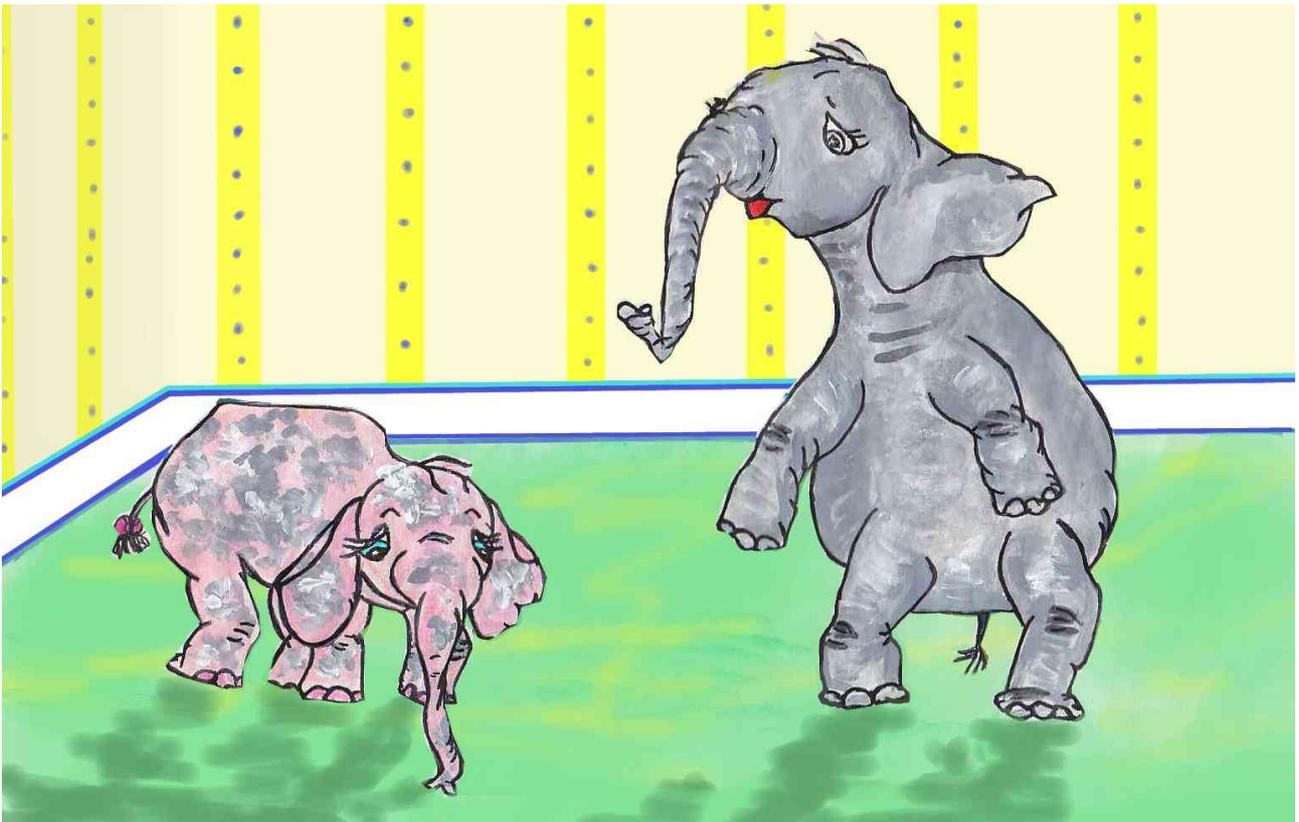
"You are pink - of course, that will always be true -
but I love who you are and the things that you do.

Don't you know it by now, my dear Pink Ethel,
that it's not being pink that makes you so special?



I'd be crazy about you, pink, grey or blue.
You're special, Pink Ethel, because you are you.
You must never feel bad about who you are:
if you're proud of yourself, then in life you'll go far."

"I wish I believed that what you say is true,
but I think you alone love me pink, grey or blue.
Other people, well, they say what they think,
and what they think is that they don't like pink."



"Get into the bathtub and scrub off that goo.
We're going out, and I'll prove it to you.
We're all a bit different, each in our own way.
You're not alone, and I'll show you today!"

My mother takes me to see old Grandpa Joe,
who has just one tusk, as white as fresh snow.
He says, "Look hard at me, my dear Pink Ethel!
Why, having one tusk makes me quite special.



I should have two tusks - I know that it's true -
but when I was a lad, one tusk alone grew.
I could spend my time crying and feeling blue,
but I'd rather be happy and so should you!"

Then we call on Aunt Martha-Jane,
who walks with a limp and needs a cane.
She says, "One of my legs is too short, you see,
but I've come to accept that that's, well, just me.



I still get around from place to place,
and look at the smile I wear on my face.
It's not very easy when you don't quite fit in,
but if you are happy, you'll always win!"

We bid hello to everybody we know,
and everyone has something different to show.



All of them have the same message, you see,
which is that I have to enjoy being me.

I know that I'm really just stuck being pink,
but perhaps that's not quite as bad as I think.

After all, being pink is just who I am,
and nice things are pink, like strawberry jam.



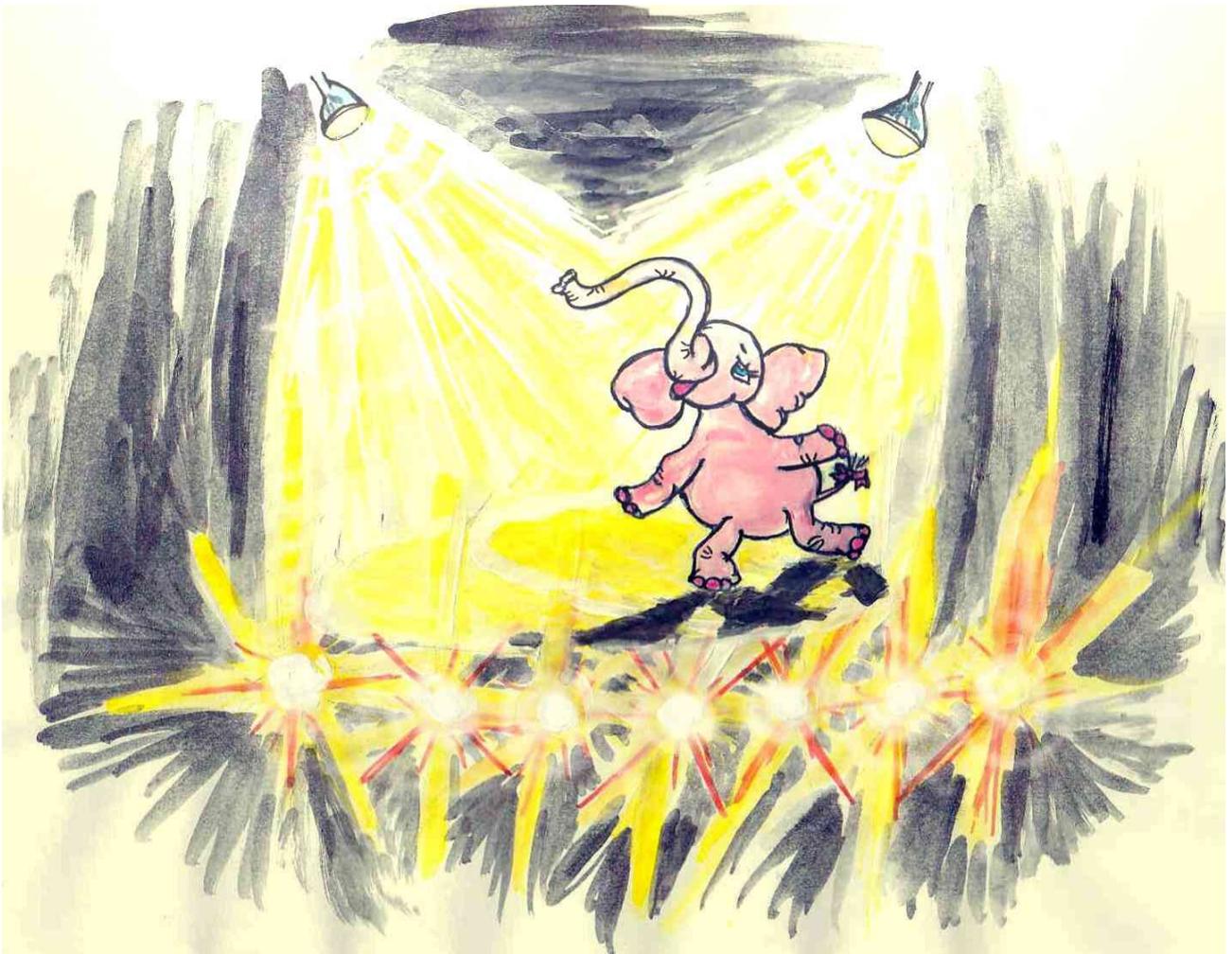
I think I can learn to like being pink;
I just need to change the way that I think.
I'll take Mummy's advice and stand proud and tall,
for in being pink, there's no shame at all.

So when I see you for the very first time,
if you stare at me, I'll feel just fine.

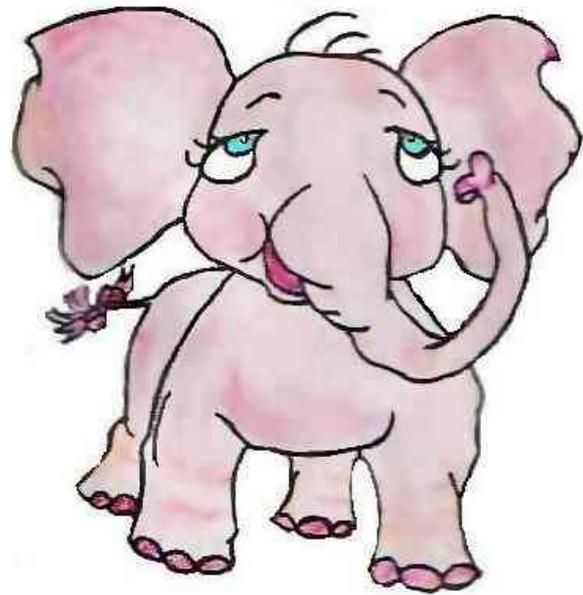


After all, that I'm pink is just what you see,
and if you think I'm special, well, I'll agree,

"I'm pink, Pink Ethel, pink as can be;
pink, Pink Ethel, yes sir, that's me!
A problem with pink I don't have, no siree,
for I like being pink and I love being me."



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