

The Different Little Lion
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Printed by IngramSpark
ISBN 978-1948577076

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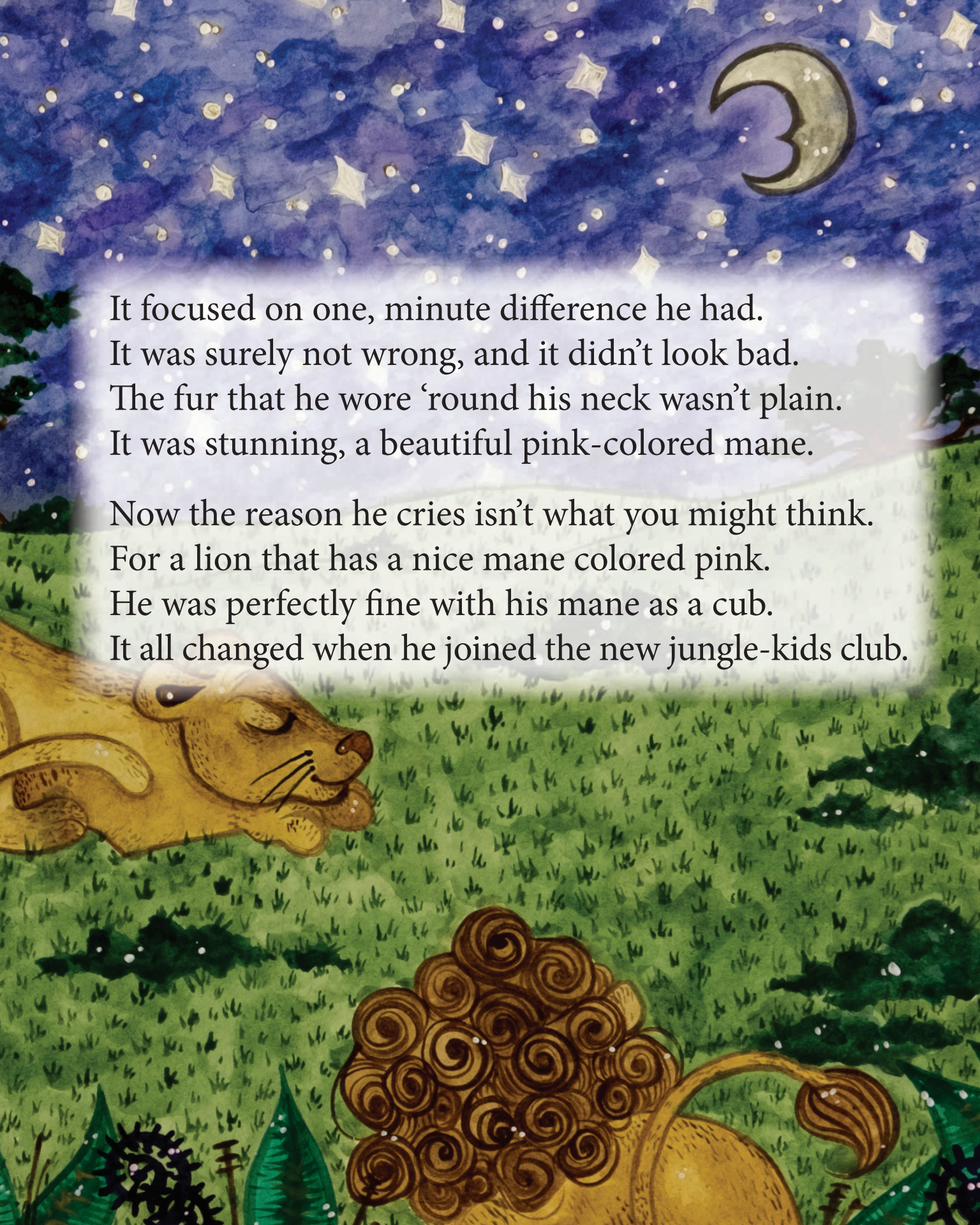
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the
different
little lion



In the jungle down deep, lived a sweet tiny lion,
Who sometimes was heard in the night softly cryin'.
It wasn't because he was small or too weak.
It wasn't because he was scared or was meek.





It focused on one, minute difference he had.
It was surely not wrong, and it didn't look bad.
The fur that he wore 'round his neck wasn't plain.
It was stunning, a beautiful pink-colored mane.

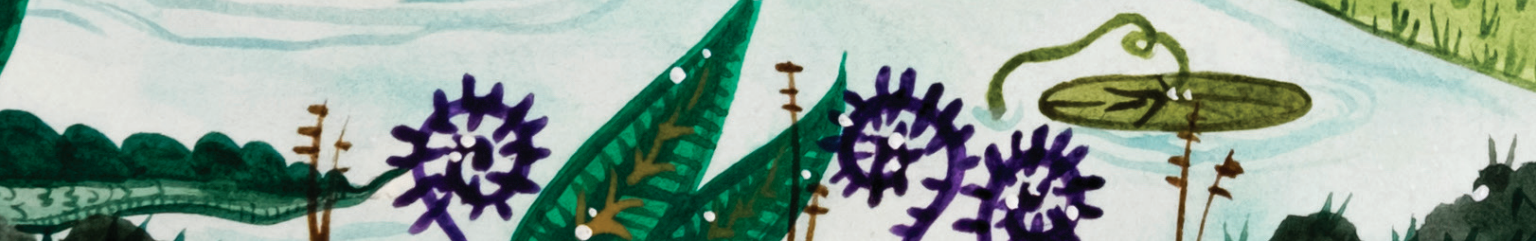
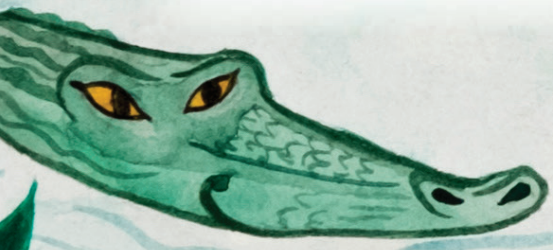
Now the reason he cries isn't what you might think.
For a lion that has a nice mane colored pink.
He was perfectly fine with his mane as a cub.
It all changed when he joined the new jungle-kids club.




His bright-pink-colored mane they all wanted to touch.
He could not understand why it mattered so much.
But soon the appeal began turning to jeers,
And on really good ones the others would cheer.



The tiger, the gator, giraffe and the bird,
Why, even the fish all said mean, hurtful words.
The poor little lion just wanted to cry,
So he packed up his things and told them goodbye.







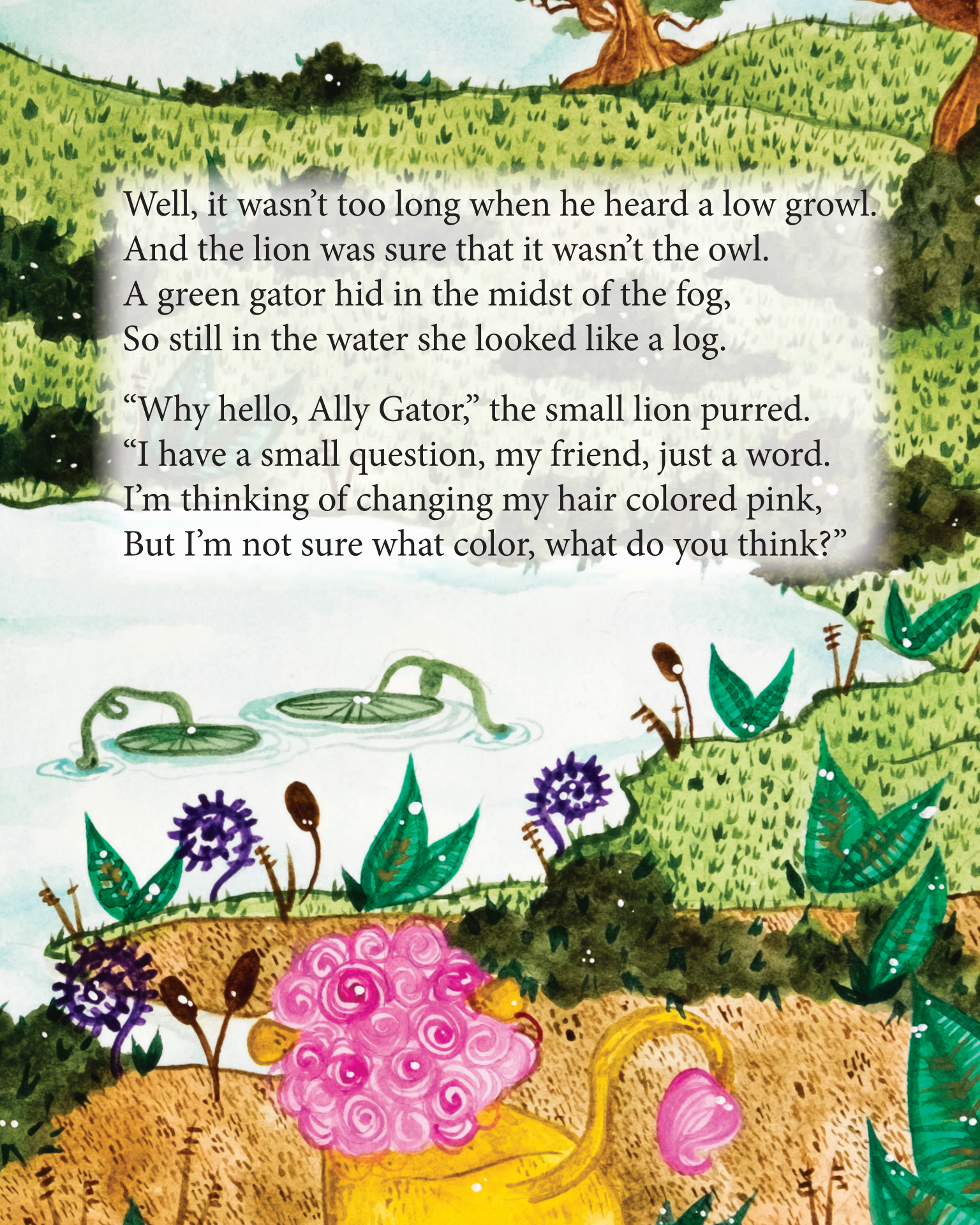
The sad little lion did not want to go back,
So for days he just played with his own lion pack.
But he wanted so much to make new jungle friends.
And he thought of a way he could make the jokes end.

He would change his mane color to better fit in.
If he didn't look "weird" he could lift up his chin.
What would the new color for his mane be?
Perhaps white like the clouds or blue like the sea?

He decided to take a slow afternoon walk.
The gray-spotted owl would sit down and talk.
He was wise beyond years and would know what to do,
And would give the small lion an answer that's true.








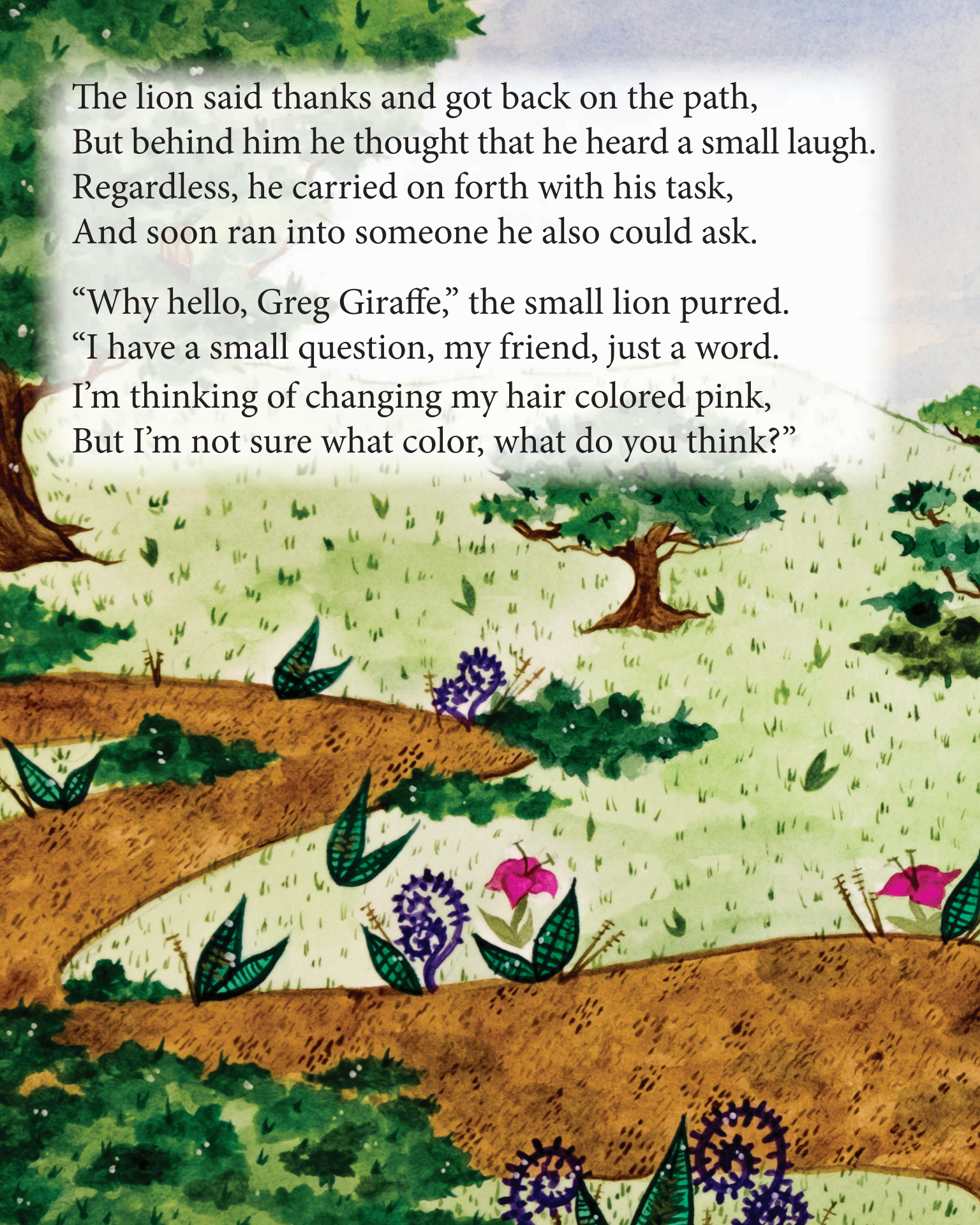
Well, it wasn't too long when he heard a low growl.
And the lion was sure that it wasn't the owl.
A green gator hid in the midst of the fog,
So still in the water she looked like a log.

“Why hello, Ally Gator,” the small lion purred.
“I have a small question, my friend, just a word.
I'm thinking of changing my hair colored pink,
But I'm not sure what color, what do you think?”



“Well,” growled the gator, “I’d change it to green. It’s the prettiest color that I’ve ever seen. I wear it quite well on my skin, don’t you think? More beautiful than your weird mane colored pink.”






The lion said thanks and got back on the path,
But behind him he thought that he heard a small laugh.
Regardless, he carried on forth with his task,
And soon ran into someone he also could ask.

“Why hello, Greg Giraffe,” the small lion purred.
“I have a small question, my friend, just a word.
I’m thinking of changing my hair colored pink,
But I’m not sure what color, what do you think?”







“Hmm,” mulled giraffe, he was rather quite tall.
“Well, I think my yellow’s the greatest of all.
It covers me nice from my head to my toes.
Yes, yellow’s the best, I’m sure everyone knows.”