







Penelope Rose Goes to India

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*Dedicated to my wife, who started this
journey wanting a story about a flying pig,
and to my daughter, who brings me such joy
I soar among the clouds.*





Well, this is the tale of Penelope Rose,
a beautiful pig with white wings.
The last time we saw her she flew through the clouds,
determined on doing great things.







As she landed she got all the gazes and gawks.
A few snickers and points came her way.
But none of it bothered Penelope Rose.
She waved back and wished them, "Good day!"

Folding her wings, she continued to search
for the creature who sounded so sad.
She found a small elephant hiding away
and wondered why he felt so bad.





“Hello, little elephant. How do you do?
My name is Penelope Rose.
Why are you crying here all by yourself?”
He turned, and she saw his long nose.



Now, elephants' noses are long to be sure,
but his was a sight to be seen.
She now understood why his cheeks ran with tears,
and was sure all his "friends" had been mean.



“My poor little friend, I can see why you’re down,
but believe it or not, we’re the same.”
She proudly unfurled her white wings with a smile,
“So, why don’t you tell me your name?”