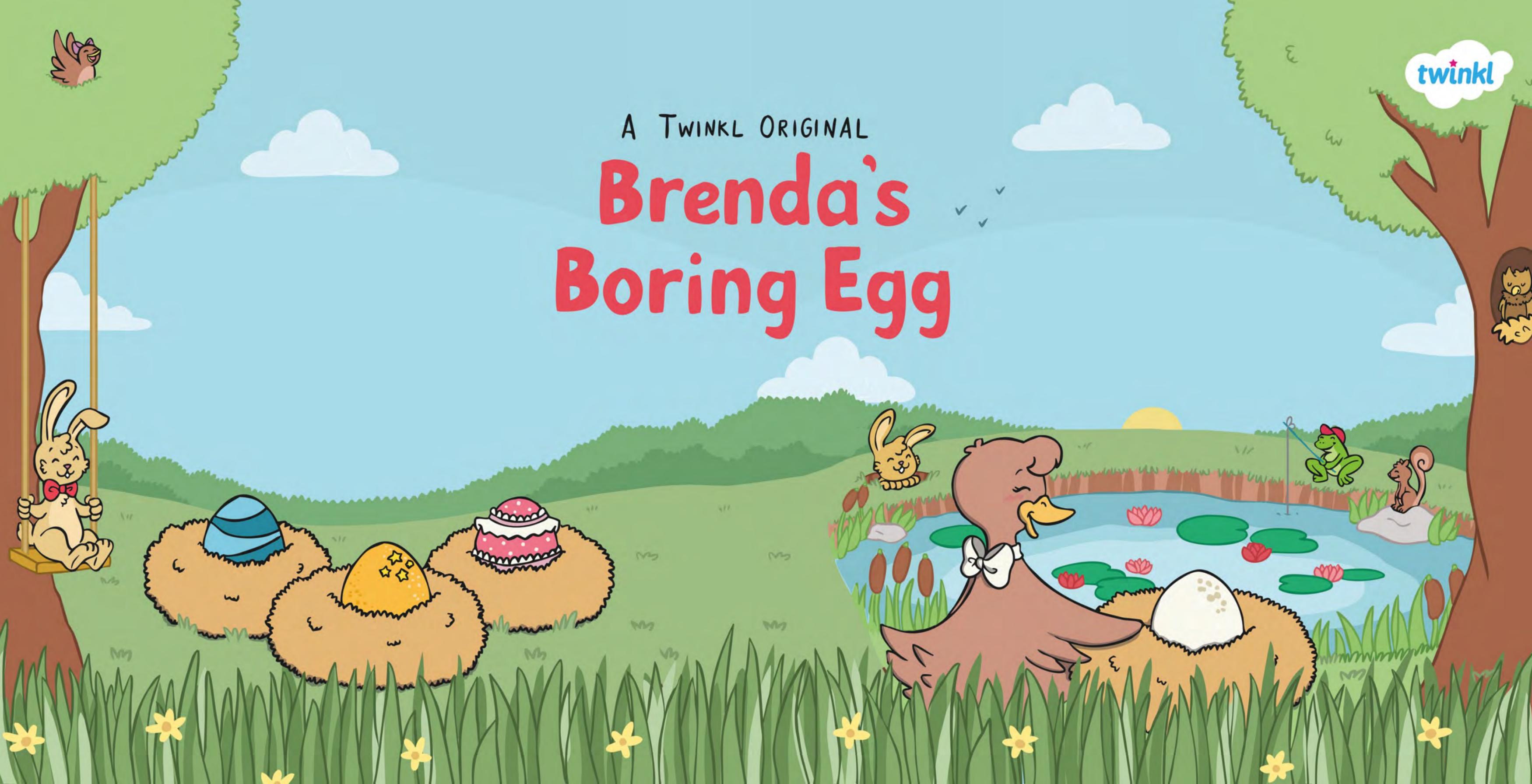
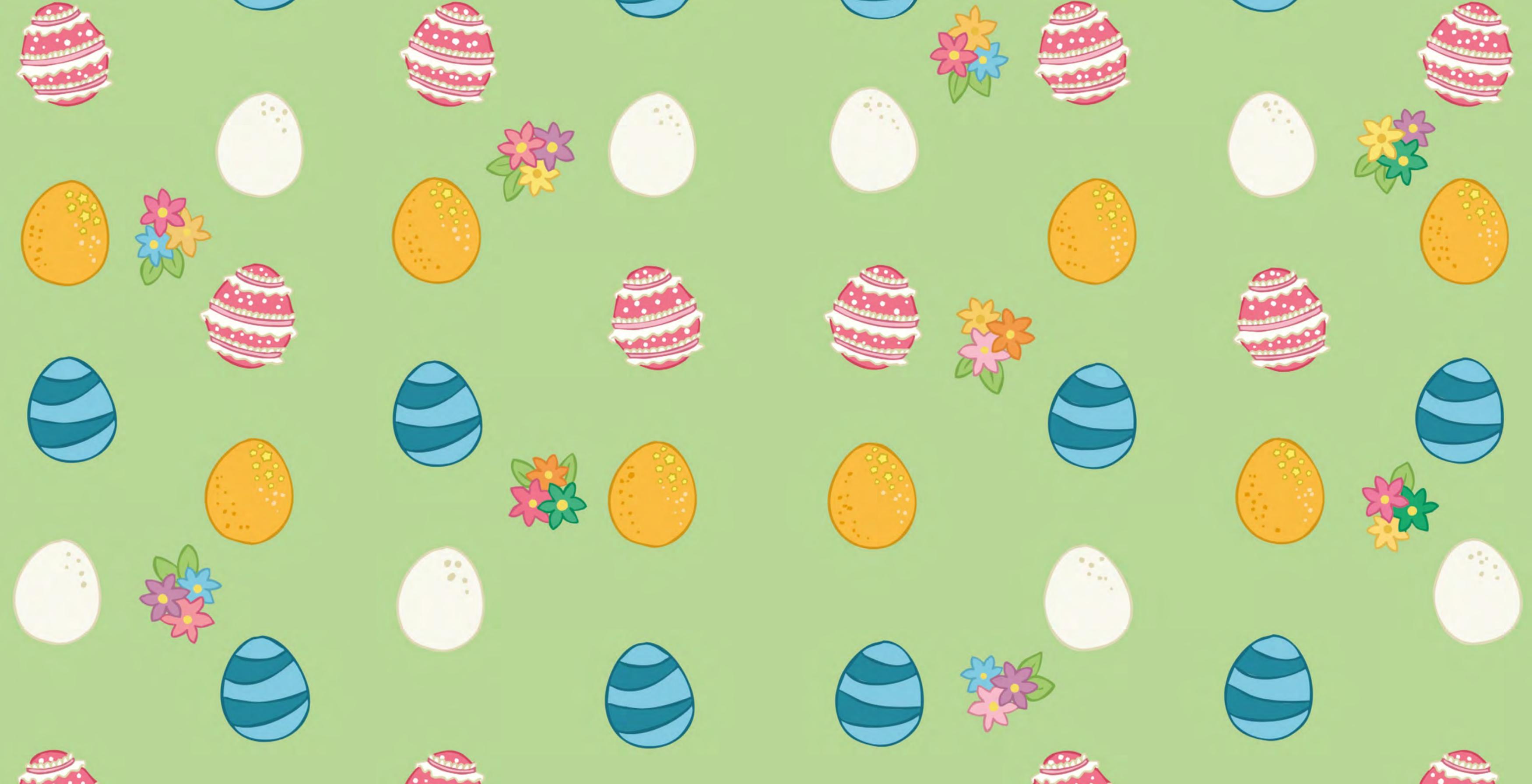


A TWINKL ORIGINAL

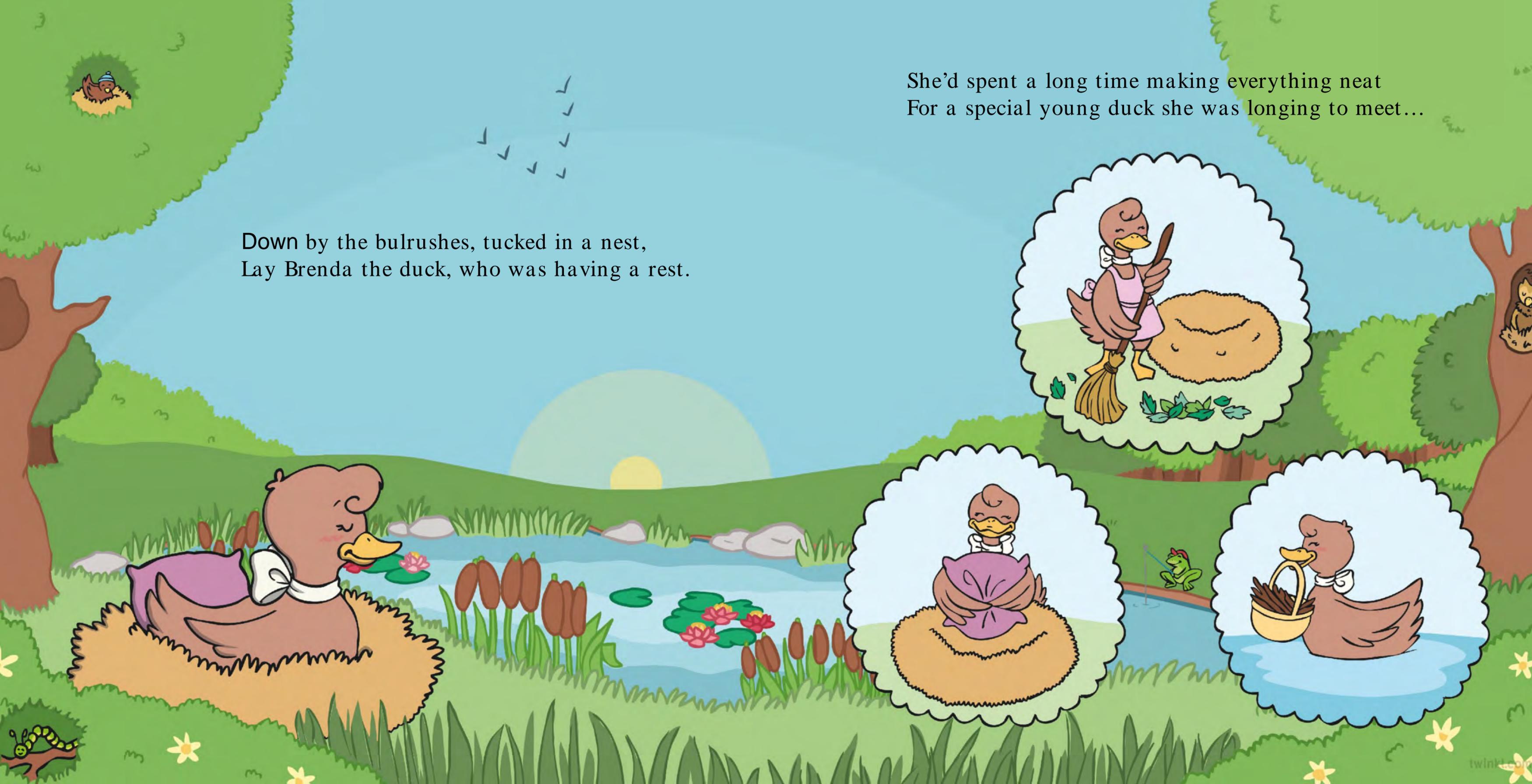
# Brenda's Boring Egg



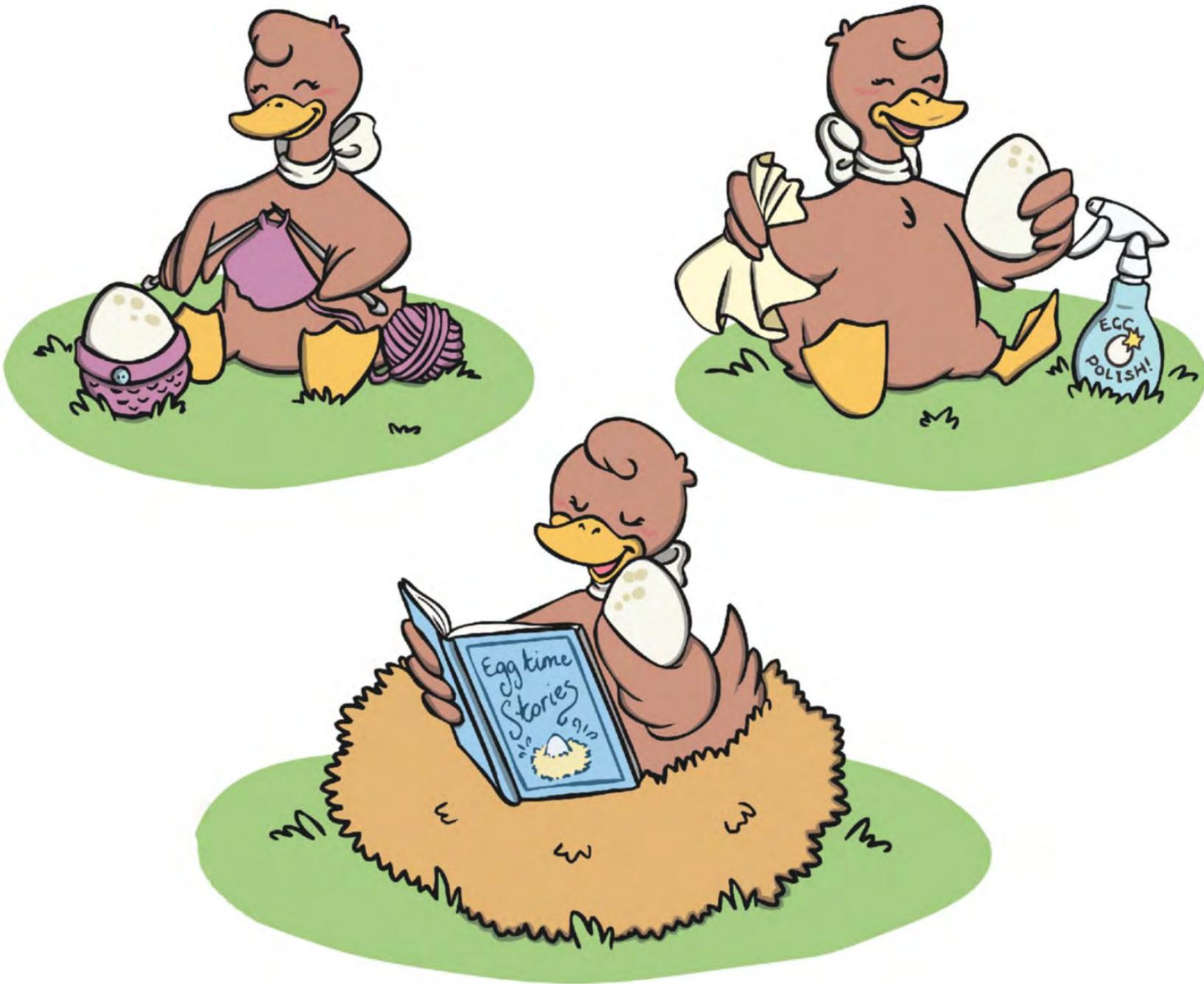


She'd spent a long time making everything neat  
For a special young duck she was longing to meet...

Down by the bulrushes, tucked in a nest,  
Lay Brenda the duck, who was having a rest.

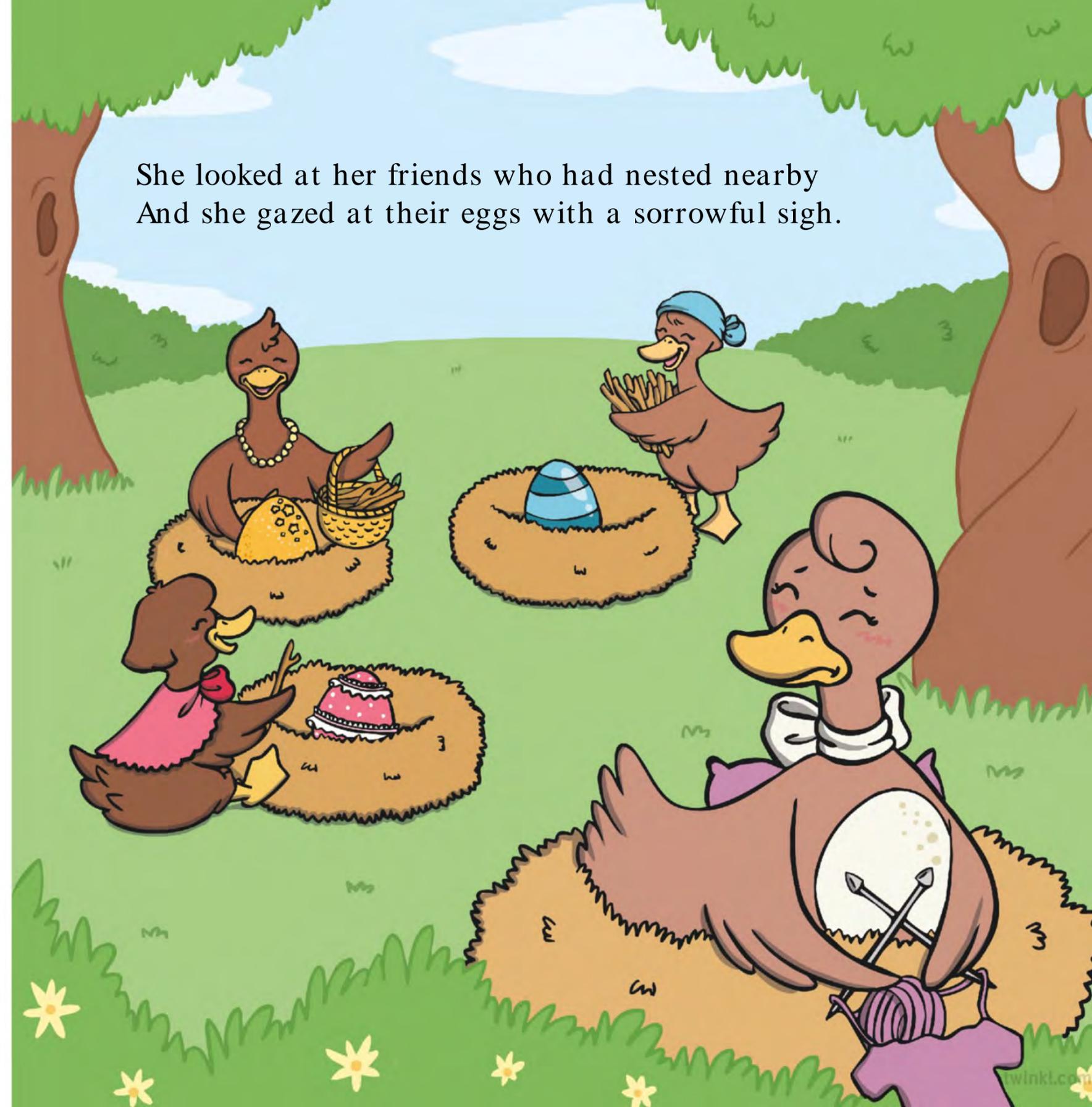


She'd cared for her egg since the day it was laid



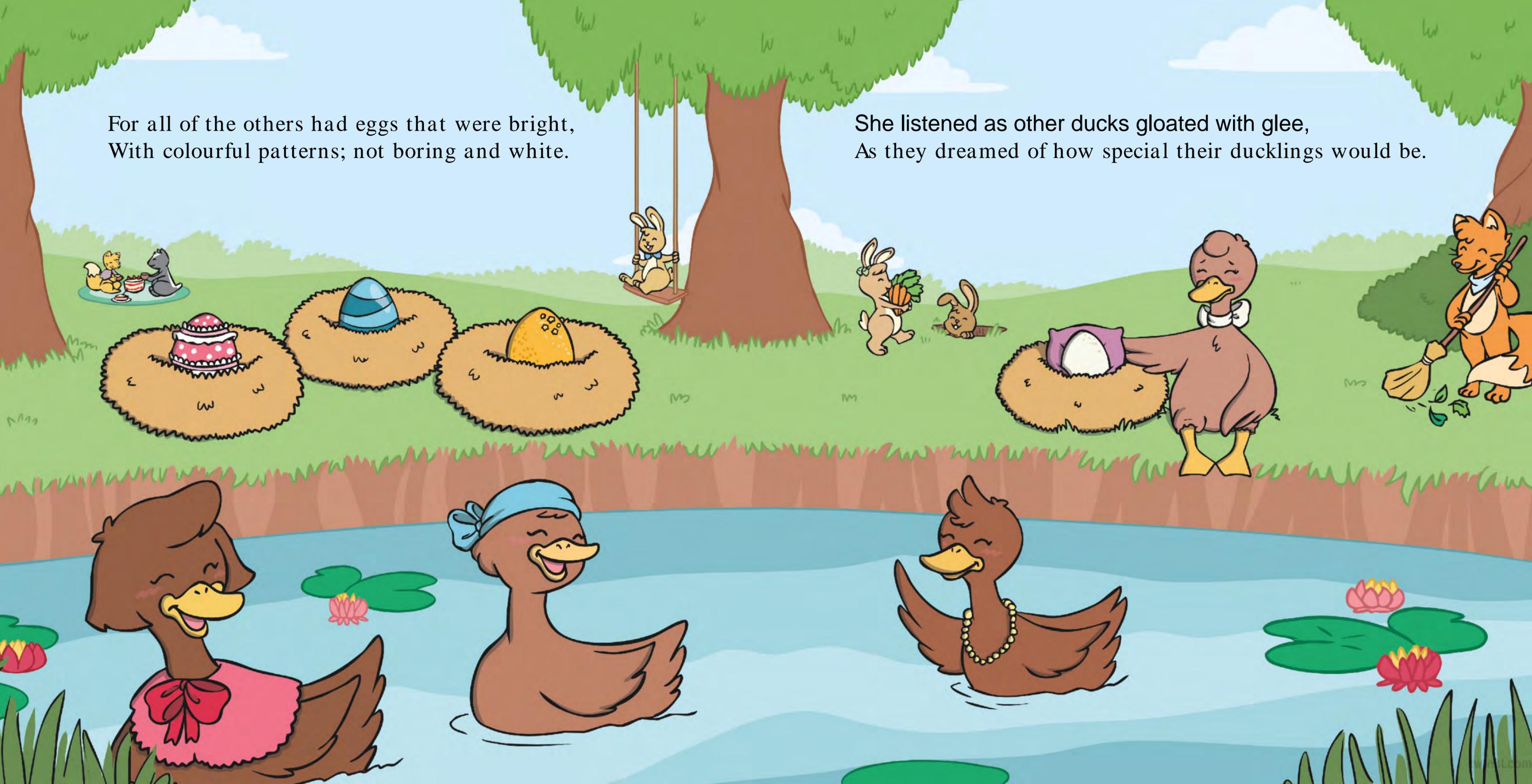
And she loved it, despite its uninteresting shade.

She looked at her friends who had nested nearby  
And she gazed at their eggs with a sorrowful sigh.



For all of the others had eggs that were bright,  
With colourful patterns; not boring and white.

She listened as other ducks gloated with glee,  
As they dreamed of how special their ducklings would be.



“My egg is so blue,” Brenda heard Betty boast,  
“My baby will turn out much wiser than most.

With feathers azure like the sparkling sea,  
What a dazzling creature my duckling will be!”



Then Gretchen went by with a satisfied grin,  
“My glistening egg holds a starlet within.

Brimming with confidence, charming and bold,  
Its feathers will twinkle with shimmering gold.”

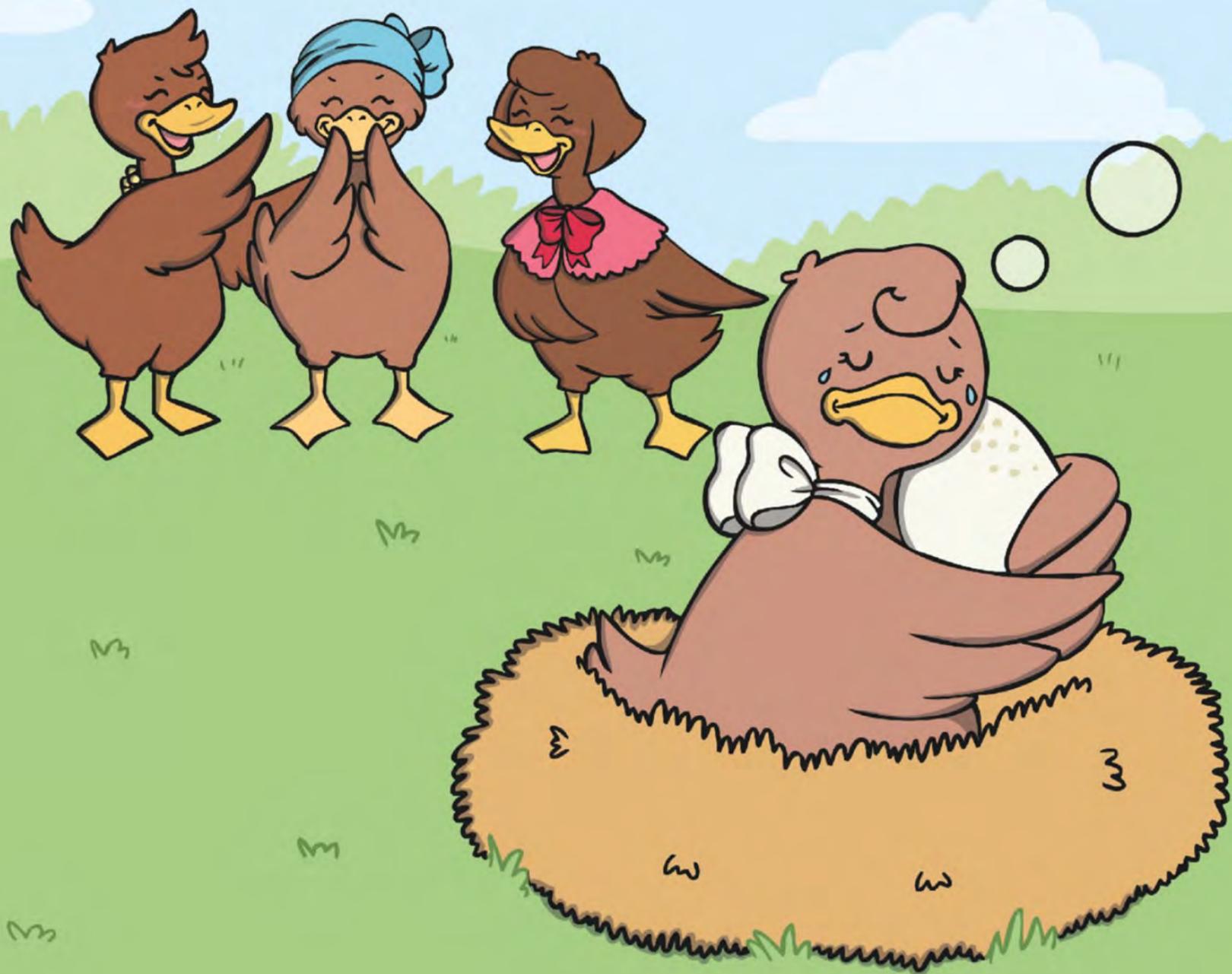


“My egg is so frilly, it’s pink and it’s white,”  
Said Penny one day, as she gleamed with delight.

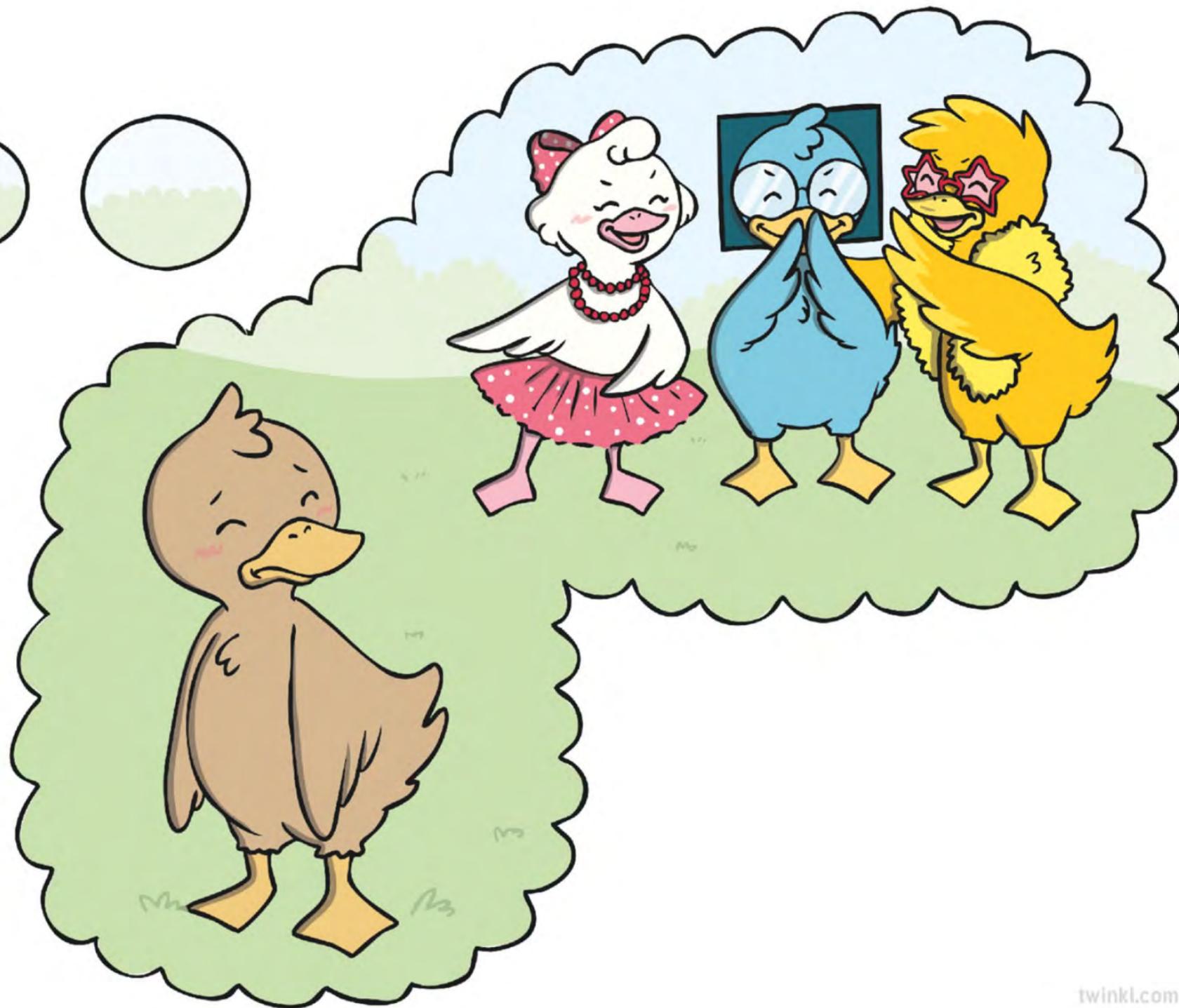
“My duckling is sure to be talk of the lake;  
Creative and talented, make no mistake.”



Brenda felt sad that her egg was so plain,  
As the other ducks stared at her nest with disdain.



She worried her duckling could never compete  
When its friends were so gifted, the world at their feet.



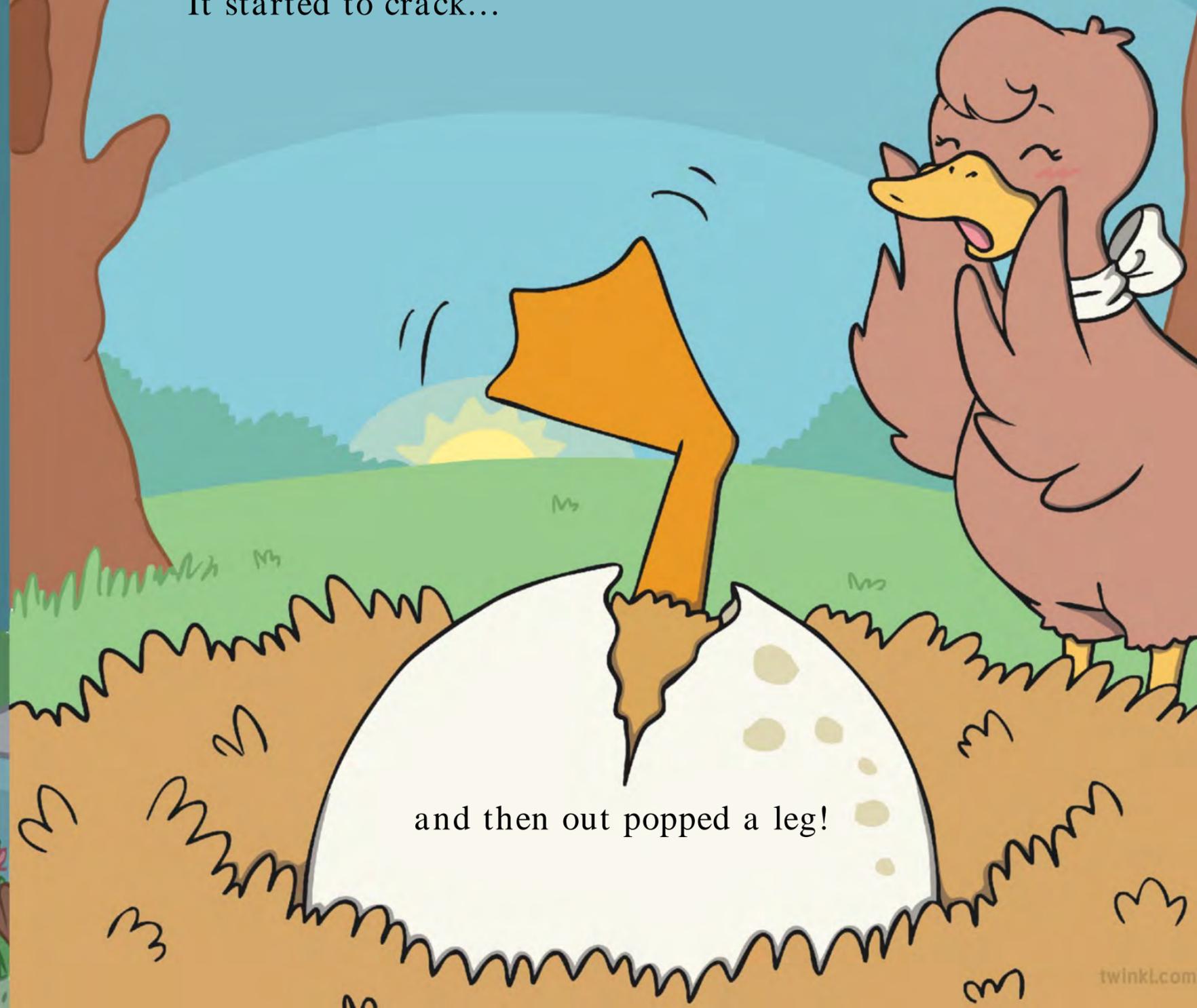


She said, "Well it might not be shiny or blue  
But I know that my duckling is loved through and through.

I'll teach it to share and to always be kind,  
For a kind duck's the best duck you ever will find."



At sunrise, while Brenda lay snuggling her egg,  
It started to crack...

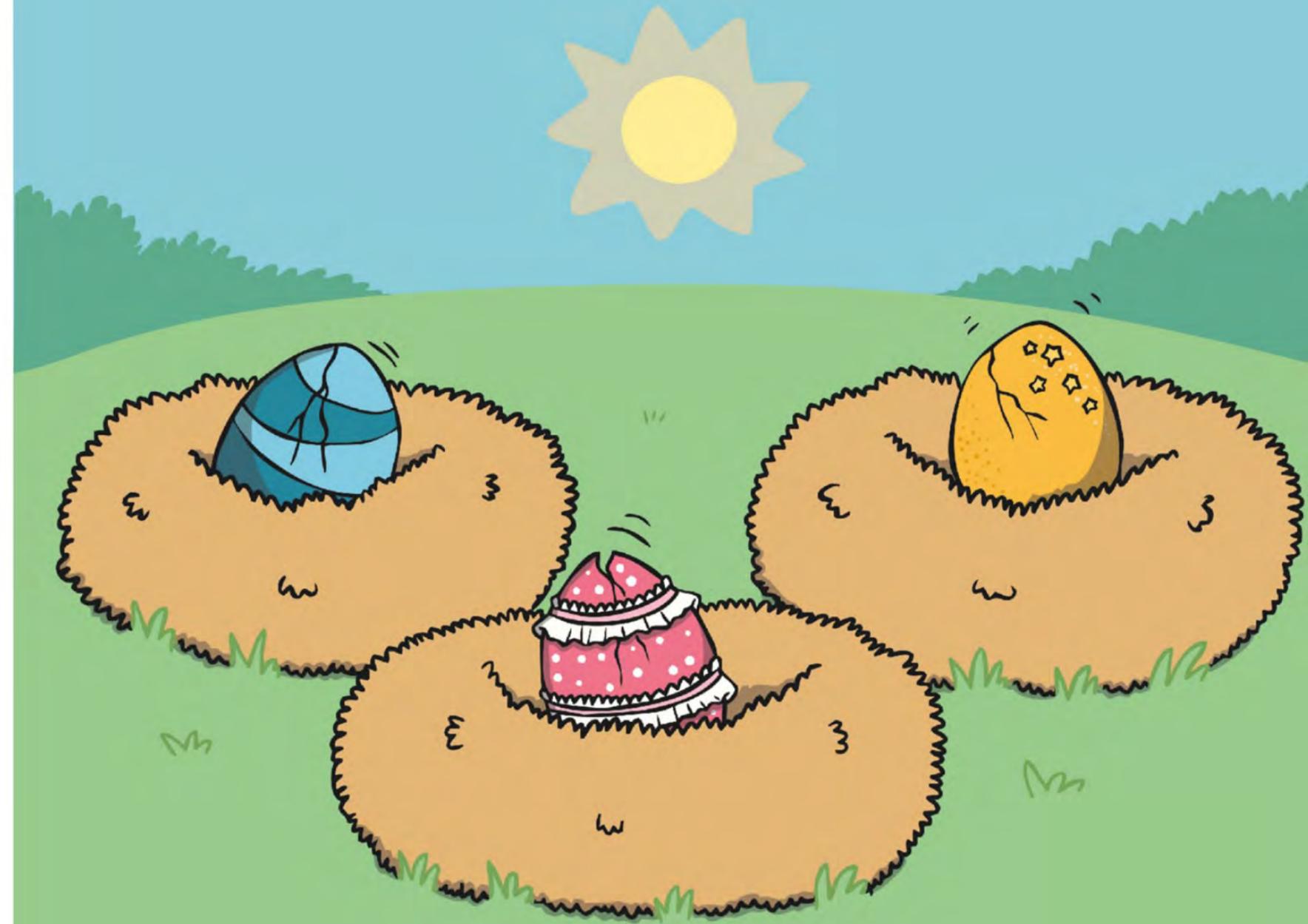


and then out popped a leg!



A duckling emerged with the softest of down,  
Which was coloured a beautiful yellowy brown.

And then, sure enough, came a series of cracks  
As the ducklings were born in a flurry of quacks.



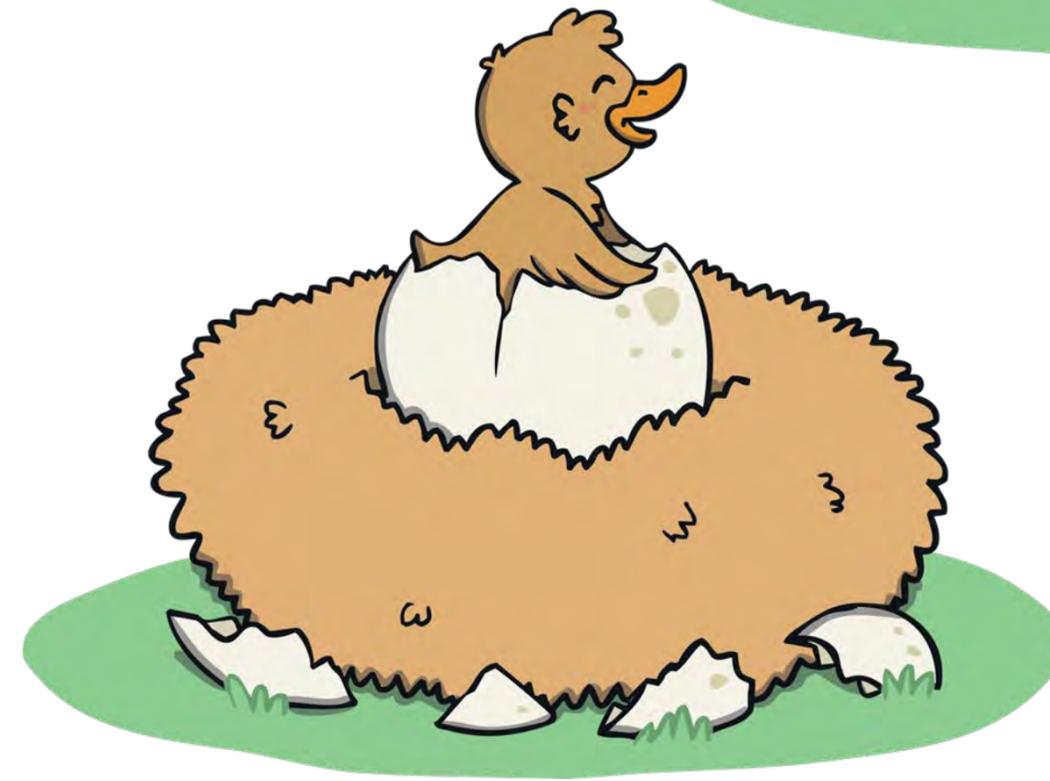
The pink one...



the shimmering gold...



the blue one...



But the ducklings  
were not as their  
mummies had told!

No feathers of rainbow, no silvery trims,  
Just four fluffy ducklings...

..two hers and two hims!

The mummy ducks gasped as the ducklings all hatched.  
Their beaks looked the same and their feathers were matched.



None of them glittering, none of them chic,  
But each of them special and each one unique.



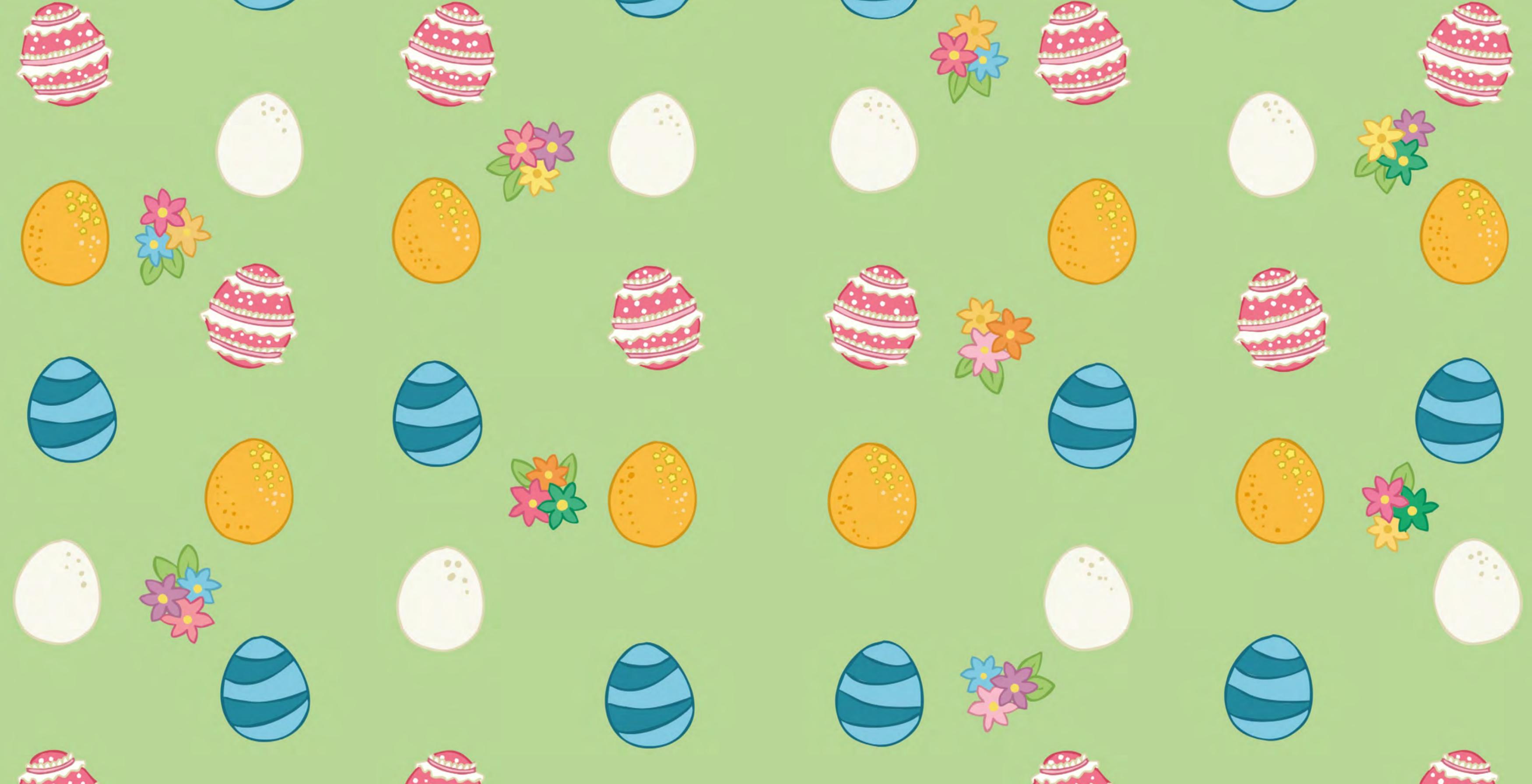
The ducks were now sorry and felt very bad  
That their boasting and gloating had made Brenda sad.

All thoughts of the eggshells were now cast aside  
As their hearts started bursting with love and with pride.

The eggs they had nurtured were lovely, for sure,  
But the ducklings inside mattered very much more.

They waddled and played as the mummies looked down  
At their cute little ducklings of yellowy brown.







twinkl  
ORIGINALS