



LUNA AND THE SKITTLES

by Adam E. Holton

In the house on Wood Hill
Each morning she starts
On an old pastel blue rug
In a room red as hearts

Then down the hill
To the village she goes
To find new ideas,
Kafuffles or a story, who knows?

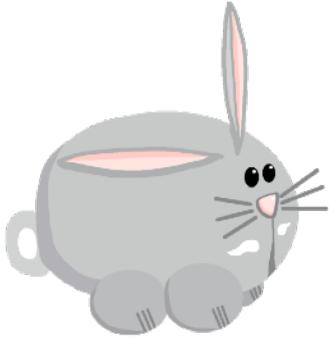
She hopped round the streets
And there beside the village pond
A normally happy group
Making hard work of time once fond.

“My dress is prettier than yours,”
“My hair is more wild,”
“My nose has a better shape”.
Gathered little tempers, no longer playful and
mild.

“My eyes are stronger than yours,”
“No holes in my shoes,”
“My skin doesn’t burn in the sun,”
Each cheek turned scarlets or blues.

Luna sat and listened
As differences spilled out
From each of their mouths,
Whispering like lions; big eyes and all shout.

She didn’t stay long,
An idea had grown,
How to knock away the contrary fairy
They had to be shown.



She found the toy maker
And put her paws on his knee.

“Hello little Luna,
Got something for me?”

She leapt into his hands
Then to the desk like a cat
And when he turned round
She was in the big thinking hat.

Up and over she went
Until she was sat on his head,
Inside was so quiet
Like when everyone’s in bed.

She closed her eyes tight
Heard their rattles and tittles,
Thought out loud,
Make them into funny looking skittles.

Through her fur to his hair
Then to his brain they did sink
And when she hopped off
She heard his brain cogs clink.

4 o’clock bells and the toy maker was done
Luna came in and with her eyes did see
A wide array of characters
“Knock ‘um all down and happier they’ll be”.

All was packed up
With instructions as well
And put in a wheelie cart
Specially made, so when Luna bounced nothing fell.



She bounced back to the pond
And their words fell away
Differences are only different,
Really they hold little sway.

They read out the instructions
And began straight away,
Two balls and six faces,
Luna saw smiles and decided not to stay.

Instead of going home
She went up to the Wonder Tree
On the hill across from her house
Where her ideas could roam free.

Sometimes we all get caught
In little fights she mused
It's better to remember
To climb out before you get too confused.