

Dear Mr. Grump With A Wonky, Wobbly Bump

by Anni F.

Mr. Grump was an apple, all bumpy and bent,
With wrinkles and bumps that made him discontent.
The shiny red apples would snicker and stare,
And poor Mr. Grump thought, "Life isn't fair."

"Who'd ever want me with this terrible bump?
I'm bumpy, I'm different, I'm more of a slump."
He hid under branches, away from the crowd,
Feeling too odd, never standing too proud.

One day he rolled off and tumbled right down,
Far from the orchard, away from the town.
He landed beside a pear, shaped quite strange,
And a wrinkly walnut who'd seen lots of change.

"Hey there!" said the pear with a wobble and sway.
"No need to be sad; we're quirky today!
I've got my own curves, and I think they're great,
It's what makes me me—there's no need to hate."



"And look at me!" said the walnut with pride,
"I'm wrinkled and rough, but I've nothing to hide.
We're all a bit different, that's what makes us bright,
Your bump's just a feature, not something to fight."

Mr. Grump blinked and then started to grin,
Maybe his bump wasn't something to pin.
"I guess I'm unique," he said with a cheer,
Embracing his bump and losing his fear.

So Mr. Grump smiled, no longer so blue,
He'd found his own place with a friend or two.
He learned being different was truly the key—
To be proud of yourself is the best way to be.

