

Pinky's Breakfast



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by Steven Tabor

Cover art: Emilie Tabor

Editing: Mayme Tabor

Illustrations: Maya Sullivan



Pinky sprinkled some fresh water
on her petals,
stretched in the sun
and stood up.

This was the first time
that she was going to
have breakfast with her new friend Freya,
and she was going to meet
Freya's parents at the
very same time.

What a special day this will be,
Pinky thought.
What a special day this will be.

So Pinky ambled through the yard
as Greenie the Grass called out:
“Who's walking on me ooorrrrr?”



“it’s just me,” answered Pinky.
“I’m off to have breakfast with Freya.”
“Well,” said Greenie the Grass
“have a nice time, and
say hi to Freya for me”.

“Will do”, said Pinky the Flower,
and with that,
she danced over to the house
and knocked on the back door.

Sitting in the kitchen, Freya heard:

Knock, knock, knock, and another knock.
Over and over and over again,
Softly, but steadily.

KNOCK KNOCK



Freya hopped down from her chair
and opened the kitchen door.

Euuuuuuup,
creaked the door.

Euuuuuuup,
creaked the door.

Then Freya looked to the right,
and Freya looked to the left,
and Freya looked straight ahead,
but no one was there.

But then she looked down.
And there was Pinky the flower
standing on the kitchen doorstep.

Kitchen



“Come in, come in, Pinky” said Freya.

“Come join us for breakfast.
and let me introduce you to
my mommy and my papa”.

So Pinky the Flower came in to the house,
hopped up at the breakfast table,
and sat herself right down on a stool
next to Freya.

Then Freya said in her big girl voice:

“Mommy and papa,
may I introduce my new friend,
Pinky the Flower.”

And Pinky the Flower, said:

“Thank you for having me to breakfast.
It’s so nice to meet Freya’s parents”.



Freya's parents got a very strange look on their face.

"Why do you have a little flower sitting next to you at the table?"

Freya's mommy asked.

"And what do you mean by Pinky", said Freya's papa.

"But don't you hear her," asked Freya?

"Oh," remarked Freya's mommy to her papa,

"Freya is just pretending that she can speak with a little pink flower.

Isn't that cute?"

With that, both Freya's mommy and her papa looked over at her, and gave her a big, warm good morning smile.

“Pinky,” said Freya,

“this is weird.

“Mommy and papa can’t hear anything that you say, and they don’t understand or believe that you and I are really new best friends.”

“Yes, it seems that this is the case,”
Pinky answered.

“Sometimes big people, are so busy working and taking care of their families that the tiny place in their heart, for talking flowers, just disappears”.

Freya thought about this.
At first she felt a bit sad
that her mommy and papa
couldn't hear Pinky the Flower.

Then she realized that
this didn't mean that she and Pinky
couldn't be best friends.

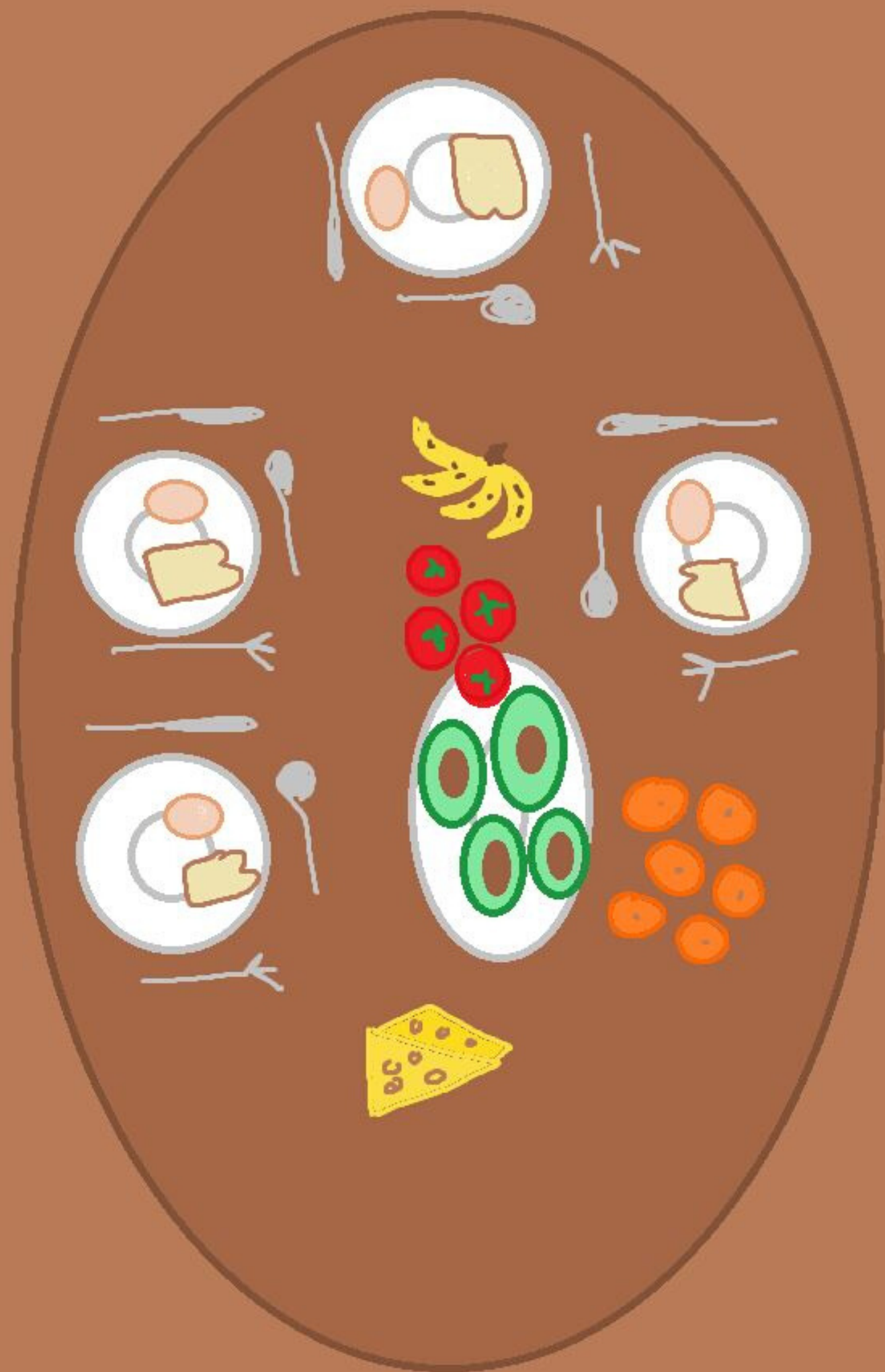
What it meant was that there was
more of Pinky the Flower,
and her new friends in the garden,
that she could have ALL for herself.

So Freya gave Pinky a big smile,
And a big wink and turned to her and said,
“What would you like for breakfast Pinky?”

“Most days I have a few sips
of water, together with a
big gulp of sun rays”, answered Pinky.

“Golly”, said Freya, “we have very different breakfasts.” With that, Freya waved her hand and pointed at the breakfast table covered with eggs
and cheese
and peanut butter
and bread
and oatmeal
and mango
and milk
and tomatoes
and her very own favorite---avocado.

“I don’t really know where to begin,” said Pinky.
“There’s so much here,
and it all looks so colorful
and smells so nice.”



“Don’t worry Pinky” said Freya.

“Just begin at the beginning, and
eat up until you are full,
just don’t eat too much,
and always try to finish what
is on your plate.

There are so many little children,
and little flowers,
who aren’t as lucky as you and I,
so we don’t want to let any of
this precious food go to waste.”

With that,
Freya and Pinky
had a delicious breakfast,
as did Freya’s mommy and papa.



After breakfast,
Pinky and Freya washed the dishes
and put everything back into the cabinets,
in the places where it all belonged.

Once everything was clean,
tidy and neat, Pinky turned to Freya and said:

“That was just fantastic,
But boy did that breakfast tire me out.
I think it’s time for a nap”.

“Me too”, said Freya.

And with that,
Pinky marched off to the garden,
and Freya to her bedroom.

In no time,
the two fast friends were sound,
sound asleep.

Sleep well, Pinky
Sleep well, Freya



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