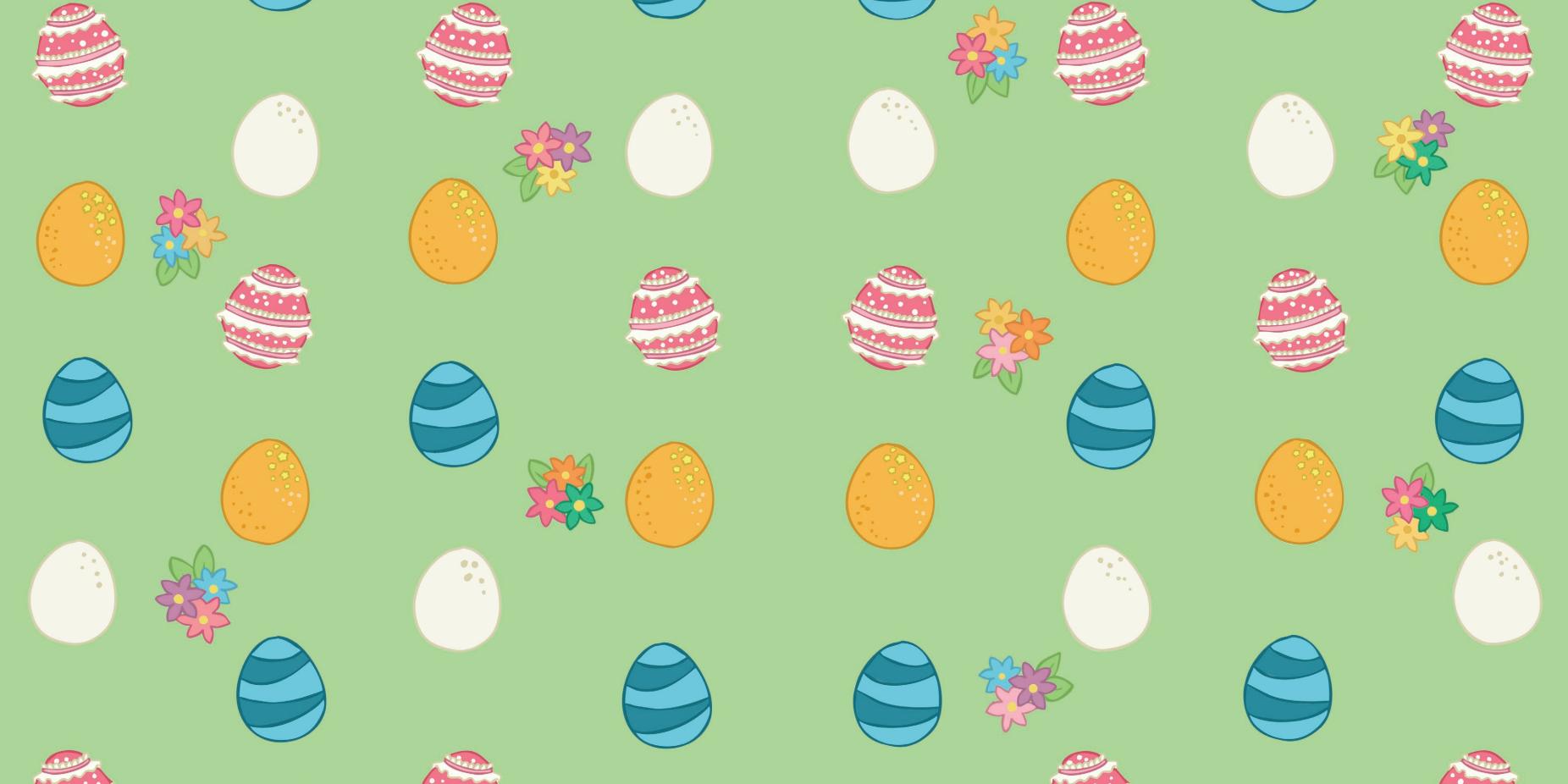


A TWINKL ORIGINAL



Brenda's Boring Egg







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A TWINKL ORIGINAL Brenda's Boring Egg



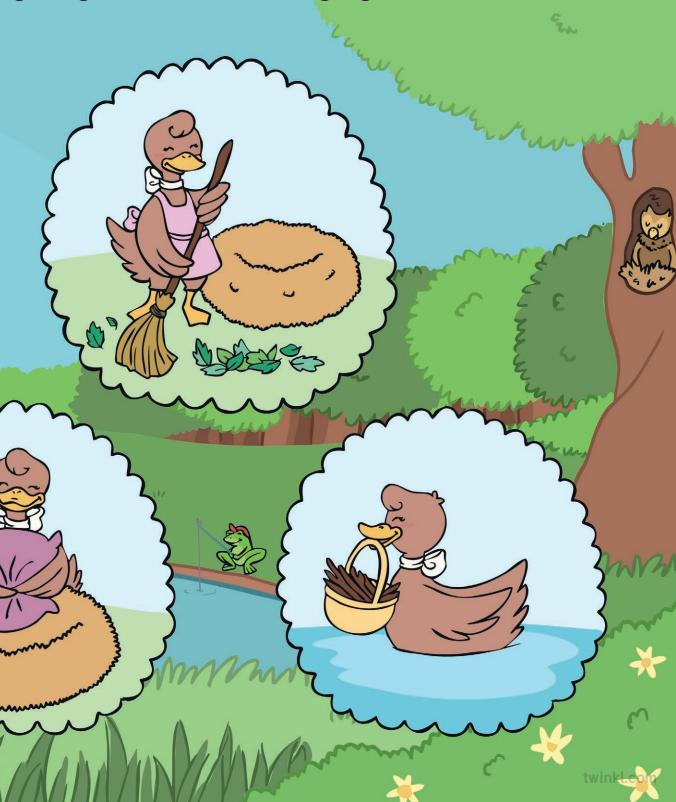


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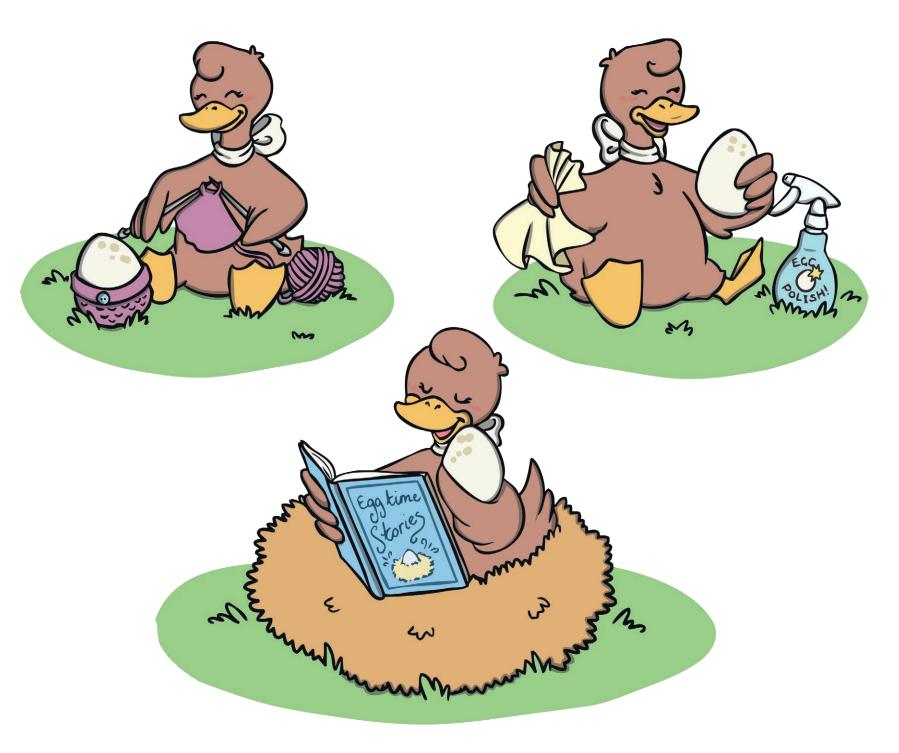
Down by the bulrushes, tucked in a nest, Lay Brenda the duck, who was having a rest.

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



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

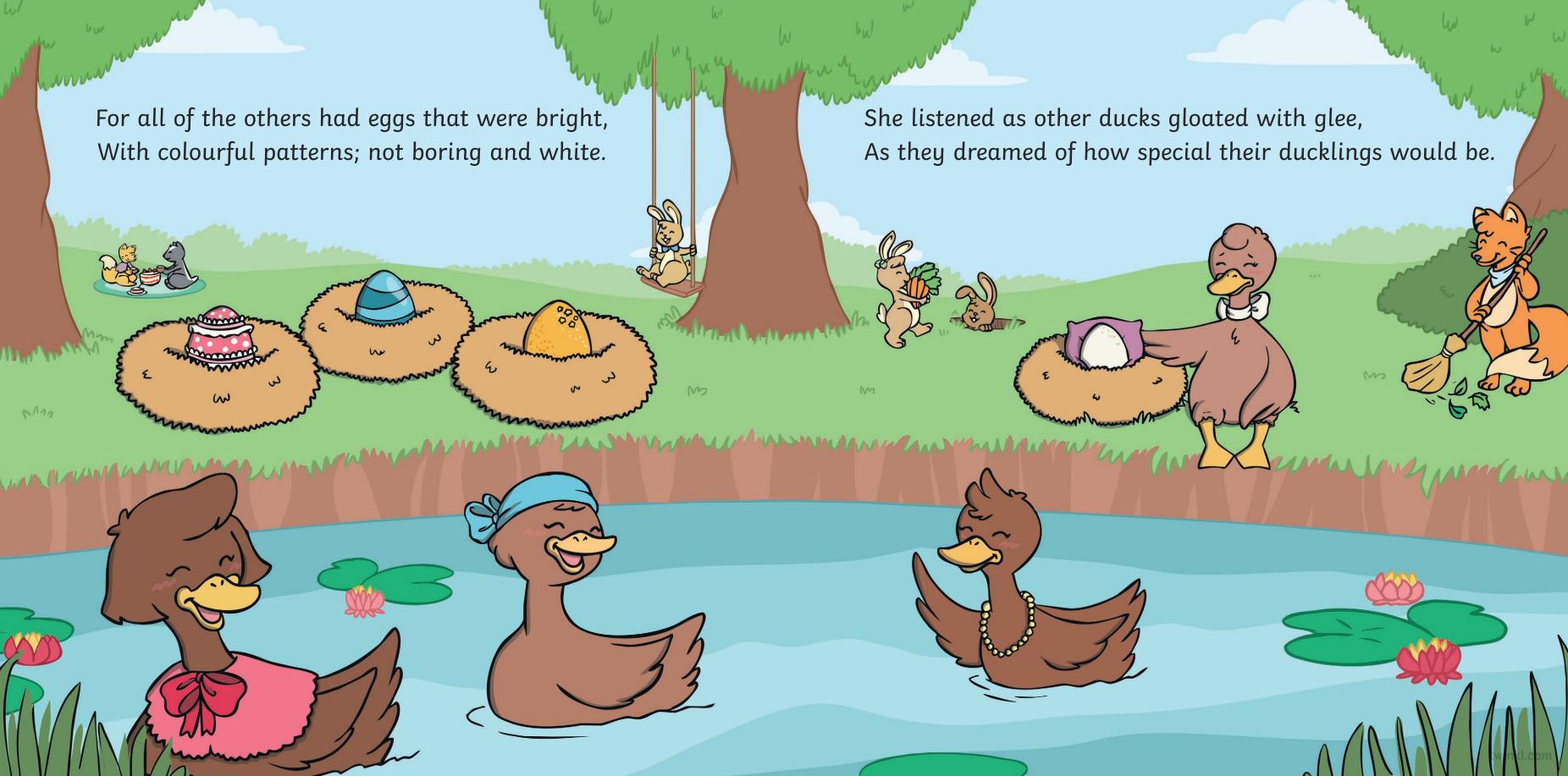


And she loved it, despite its uninteresting shade.

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

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"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!"

Welcome



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



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

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"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."

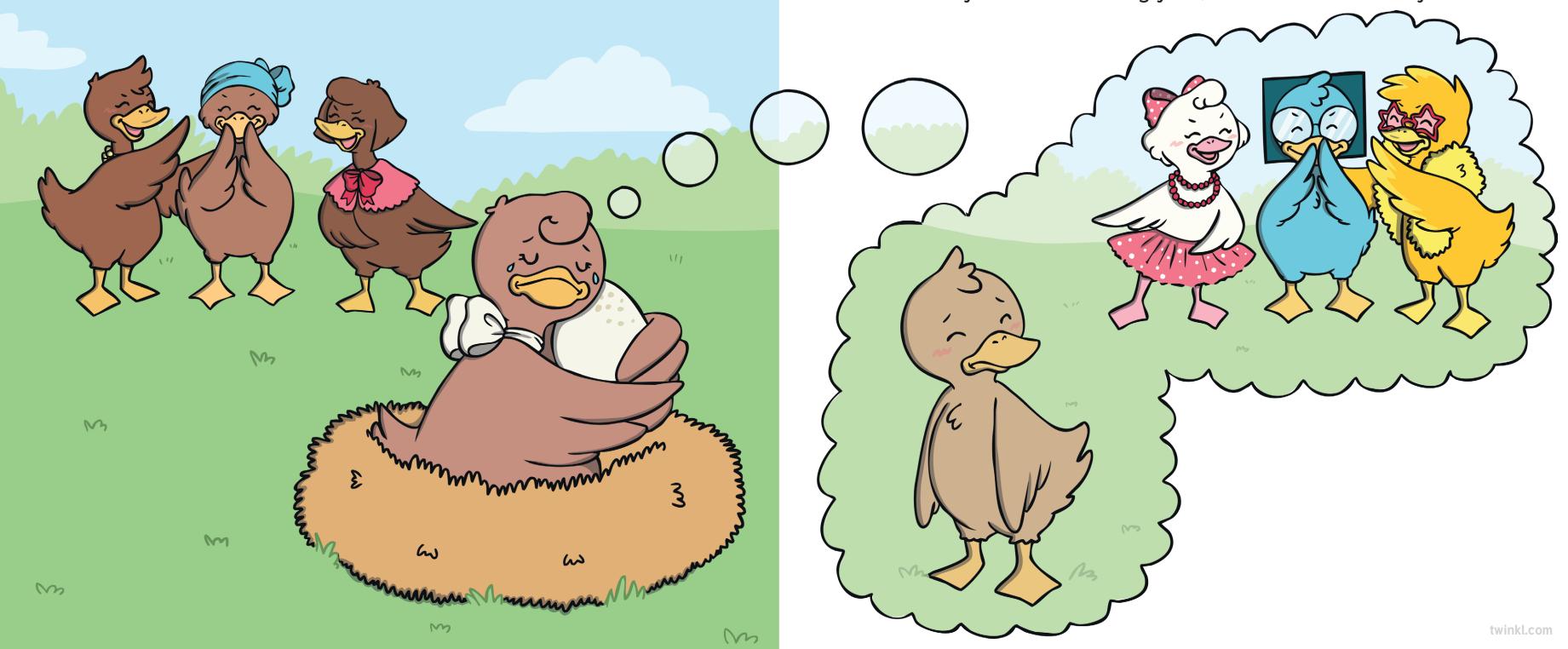
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Brenda felt sad that her egg was so plain, As the other ducks stared at her nest with disdain.

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

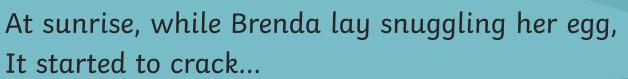


She said, "Well it might not be shiny or blue *But I know that my duckling is loved through and through.

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

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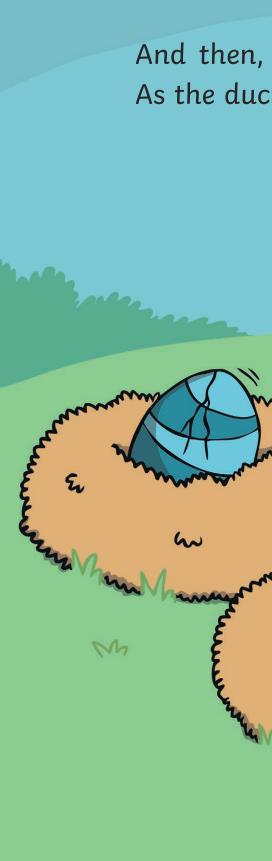


and then out popped a leg!

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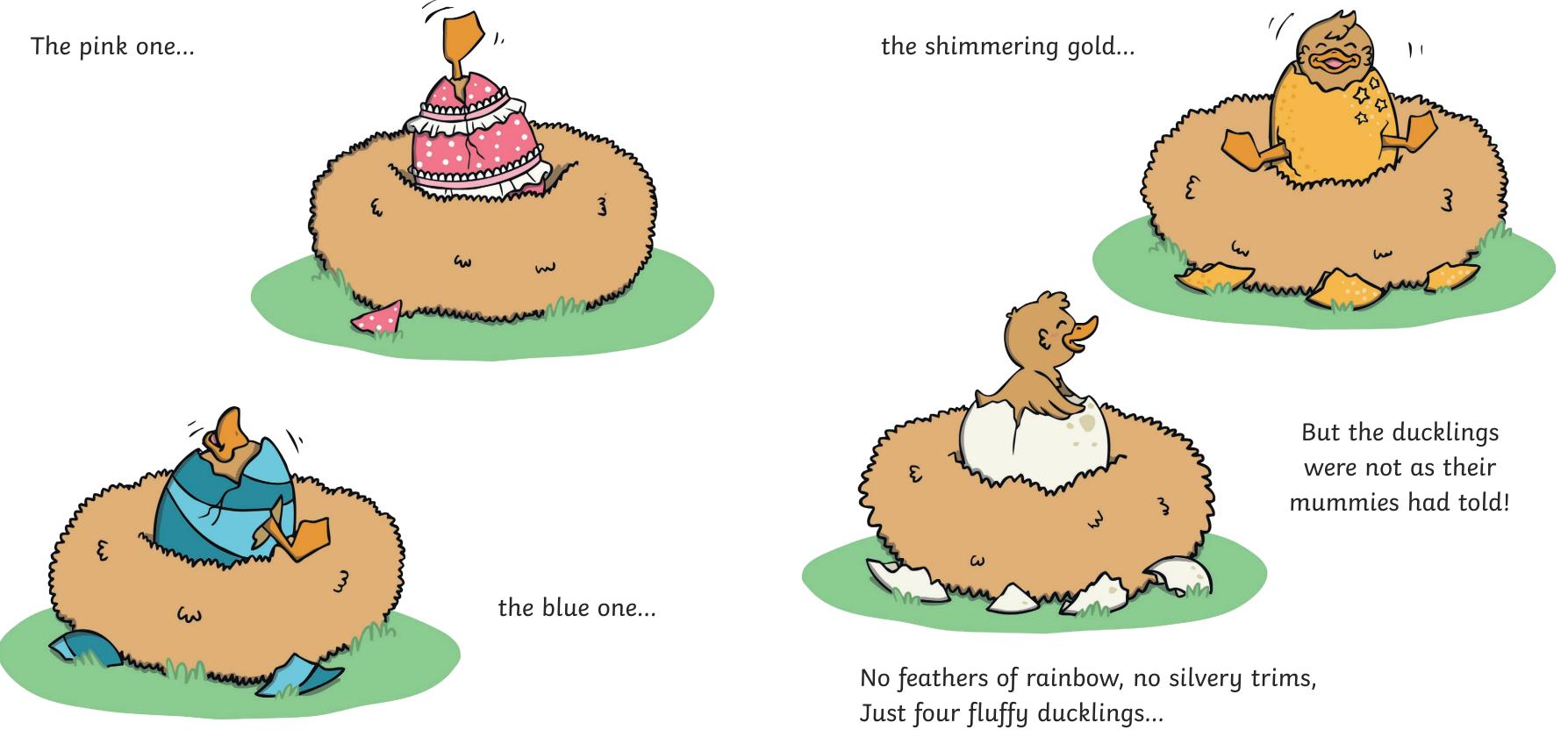


A duckling emerged with the softest of down, Which was coloured a beautiful yellowy brown.



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

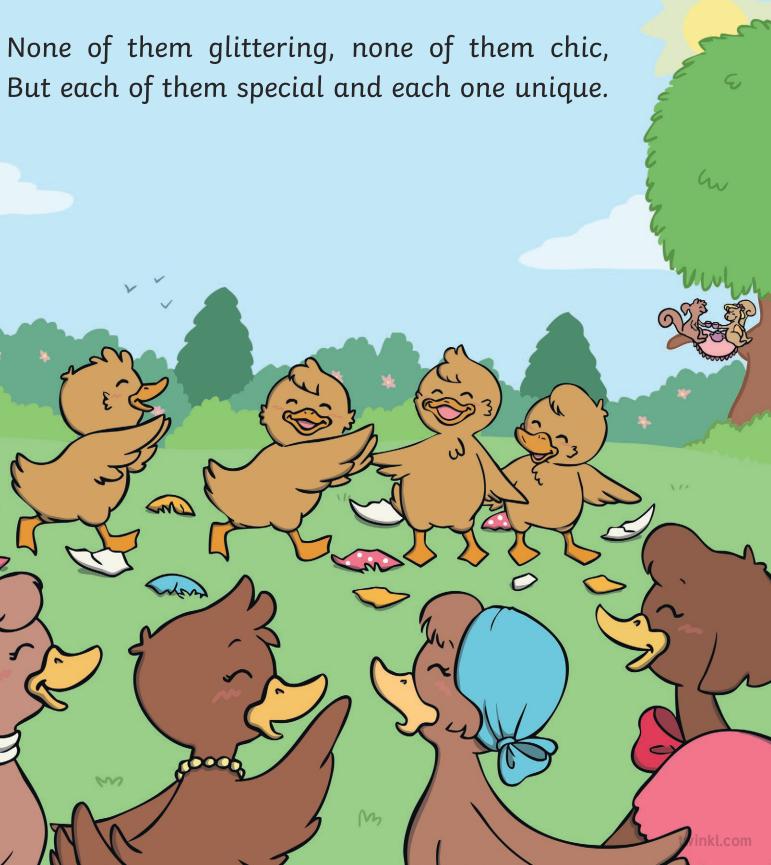
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...two hers and two hims!

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

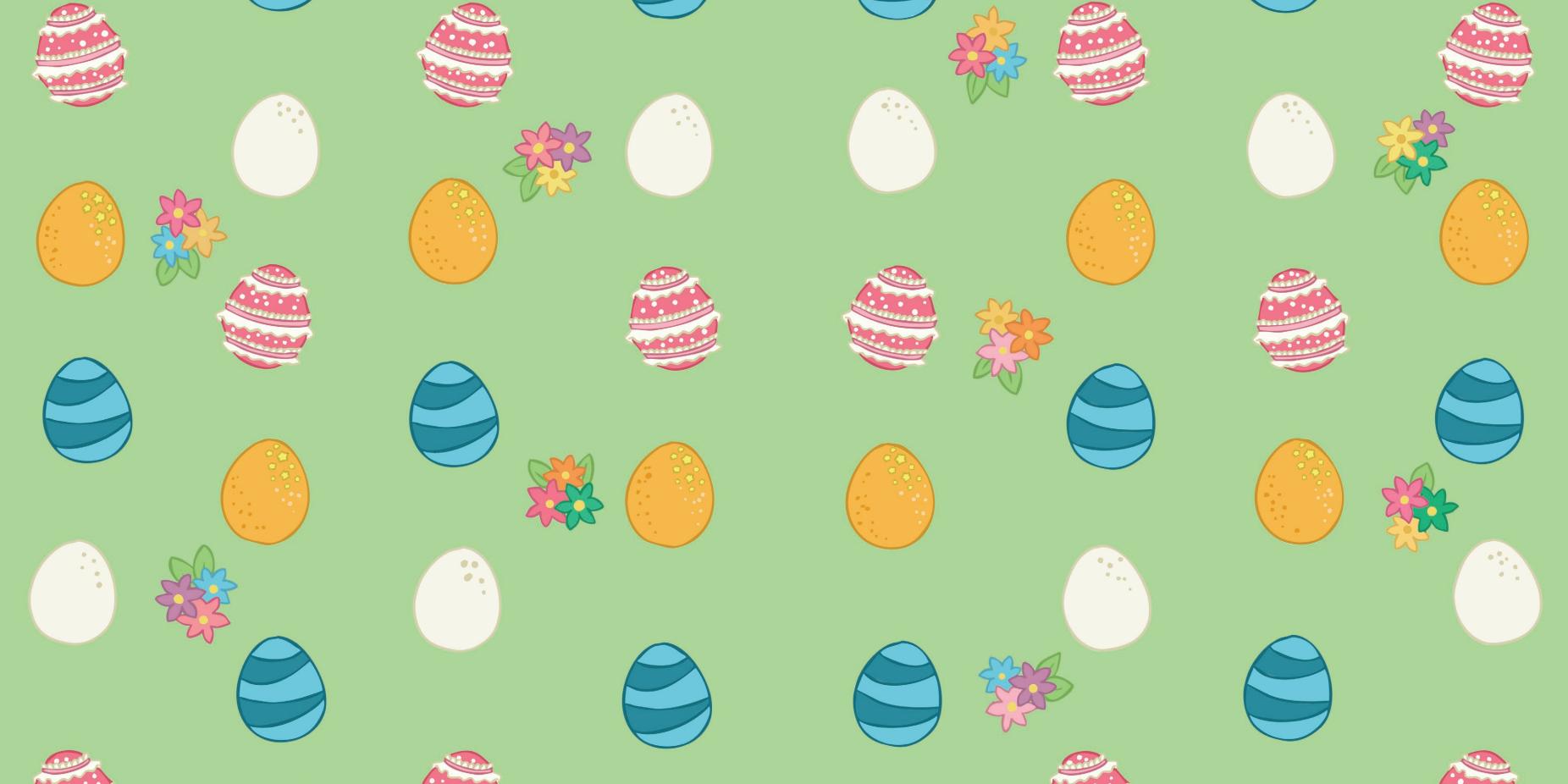


The ducks were now sorry and felt very bad That their boasting and gloating had made Brenda sad.

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.







Brenda loves her egg but is it as special as the colourful eggs her boastful friends have laid?

"She'd cared for her egg since the day it was laid and she loved it, despite its uninteresting shade."

Come down to the duck pond, where Brenda and her friends are learning that what makes us special may be more than shell-deep!

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