How the flamingo got its colour

There was once a lonely flamingo who had no colour, she was all grey and dull. Every day and evening she would keep hidden so no one could find her. After a few more days she got fed up and went out to try and make some new friends.

After a short while she found all the others and said “Hello can I play?” and all the other flamingos ignored her.

The next day she packed a few little things and went out exploring to see what could change her colour. Not long after she approached a stream surrounded by three large, vicious snakes. “Leave me alone!” Screamed the tall, dreary, flamingo. With no fear she took a step forward and kicked two snakes.

Completely forgetting about the third snake, it slithered behind her and bit her on the heel with its sharp, venomous teeth. “Oww that hurts” cried the flamingo in pain. “Why did you do that?” keeping an eye on the snake.

Looking at herself she didn’t like it at all. After a while she got extremely hungry but not long after she found a great big tree with the biggest, reddest, apples on it. So she pulled, pulled and pulled on it but it never fell so she searched the floor and saw the only apple below, picked it up and ate it.

She didn’t like the colour she was, which was yellow so she carried on walking through the jungle and stopped right in front of a pile of poisonous frogs but didn’t realise. Without noticing one hopped onto her and turned her blue with green and orange shiny, glittery legs. “Eww,” said the flamingo, “why do I look like this?”

She carried on walking but then she saw the most beautiful, glamorous, extraordinary thing she had ever seen. “Wow” said the excited flamingo, “that’s the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen,” she replied in a joyful voice. As quick as a flash she ran over and jumped in.

It was filled with all coloured fish, red, blue, green, orange, purple and all other different colours but there was one small one which was swimming around her leg. It was the only pink one, she knelt down, picked it up and ate it.

Not a few seconds later she was pink, she had pink feathers and white glittery legs. “Yay!” screeched the pink flamingo. She ran as fast as she could home and everyone gathered around her. “Are you ok?” said the other flamingo, looking curious why she’s pink.

She explained how she became pink and they all ran to the river because they were all desperate to be another colour apart from white. They were all different to each other and the pink flamingo had lots of friends and wasn’t being called names.

That’s how the flamingo got its colour.

By Brooke Young