

Ella the Elephant's Wobbly Walk



Deep in the jungle, where the tall trees sway,
A baby elephant was born one bright day.
Her name was Ella, with ears big and round,
And her little feet barely made a sound.

She blinked at the world with curious eyes,
And looked up at the birds soaring in the skies.
But something was wrong, she could feel in her toes,
Her legs were wobbly, like they'd been tied in bows!

"I want to walk like Mama so tall,"
But every step made her stumble and fall.
She tried once more, with a hop and a skip,
But slipped in the mud—oh dear! What a trip!

Ella sighed and looked up at her dad,
His legs were sturdy, not wobbly or bad.
"Papa," she asked, "will I walk like you?
So strong, so steady, like the others do?"

Papa smiled with a knowing gleam,
"Of course, little Ella, just follow your dream.
Your legs may wobble, your steps may be slow,
But soon you'll find the right way to go."

Ella blinked and gave it another try,
Her legs still wobbled but she aimed for the sky!
"I can do this," she said with a grin,

And she stepped once again with courage within.

The jungle cheered as she took her first stride,
The birds and the bugs flapped along at her side.
The trees whispered softly, "You've got it, dear,"
While the river hummed with a laugh and cheer.

But as she walked, she found a surprise—
A family of ants, tiny but wise.
"We're small, you see, but we march so proud,
Each little step makes us feel so loud!"

Ella giggled and watched them parade,
Their tiny legs dancing in the shade.
"If ants can do it, then so can I,"
And her feet felt stronger, as she gave it a try.

With every wobble, with every slip,
Ella kept walking, not missing a trip.
She moved past the trees and over a stream,
Her heart full of joy, like a bright, shining beam.

Her mama and papa were waiting ahead,
"Look at our Ella!" they proudly said.
"She walks so tall, she walks with grace,
Our brave little girl has found her pace!"

And so Ella walked, through the jungle she'd roam,
With a brand-new confidence all her own.
The jungle critters clapped and sang,
Their voices echoed with a joyful clang!

Now Ella's steps weren't wobbly or slow,
They were strong and steady, in rhythm and flow.
And when she danced under the moon so bright,
Her feet twirled gracefully, light as flight.

So remember this tale, if you ever fall,
Just like Ella, you'll grow big and tall.
Take your time, give it your best,
And soon you'll be walking with all the rest!

The End.