The Pippolo Rose

514 words

A story inspired by The Bippolo Seed by Dr. Suess

One bright, cloudless day, an old duck named McFluff

Had a wonderful, wonderful piece of good luck.

He was skipping along when he saw on the ground

A marvelous thing that is quite rarely found.

It was a small silver box. And it looked very old

And on top of the box, it was written in gold:

*“Who finds this seldom box will be lucky, because that’s just how it goes,*

*For inside of this Box is a Pippolo Rose!*

*Plant it and wish! Then count up to three!*

*Whatever you wished for, whatever you chose*

*Will sprout and grow out of the Pippolo Rose!”*

“Well!” Thought McFluff. “Now what do you know!

I just have to wish, and my wishes will grow.

Now, what should I wish for…? Now, what do I need…?

I don’t need much, only food for my feed.

So I wish,” said McFluff as he opened his beak,

“I wish for duck food, enough for a week.”

Then he dug a quick hole. But before he could drop

The seed in the ground, a loud voice shouted, “*Stop!”*

McFluff whirled around and he saw a big cat.

“Now *why*,” asked the cat, “did you wish for just that?

One week’s worth of duck food. Pooh!

Why did you have to wish for something for you?”

Then McFluff said, “I- what do you mean?”

The cat glared at him and said, “I *mean*

If you only need duck food for your feed

Why not wish for something that others might need?”

“Oh I see,” said McFluff as a smirk crossed his face.

“So I wish,” he said, “For a place

In this world for all, no matter their gender or race.”

“There you go!” Said the cat.

“And I wish for 100 sun hats,

For people who get burned.”

The cat smiled as McFluff continued,

“And I wish,

For 500 fish!”

And so he went like this for hours

Until his voice sounded like he ate something sour.

Finally he croaked, “But wait,

I want all this to go to people in need.

Not people that are filled with greed.”

And so it was, but then a couple days later,

McFluff and his new cat friend were doing their job, working as waiters,

That was when, all of a sudden, there was a knock at the door.

They looked at each other and walked across the floor.

When they opened the door, a man said, “Hello. You wished with the Pippolo Rose?”

And McFluff and his cat friend said, “Yes, I suppose?”

“Follow me,” said the man as he strode

Strait out the door and onto the road.

“Your wish,” said the man, “was a rare one indeed.

Instead of wishing out of greed,

You wished for something that others might need.

For this, I’ll reward you,

Whatever you please.

But this time, it can be for you, not someone else.”

They looked at each other, then looked at the ground.

“No, we’re okay.” Said McFluff without a trace of a frown.

And so they walked off, happy as clowns.