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LITTLE I-AM-ME

Translated by Anthea Bell

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In a bright and flowery meadow
Walks a coloured animal
Roaming through the green, green
grass,
Glad to hear the birds while all
The pretty butterflies flit past.
It likes to see them in the air,
But little animal, beware
For then ...

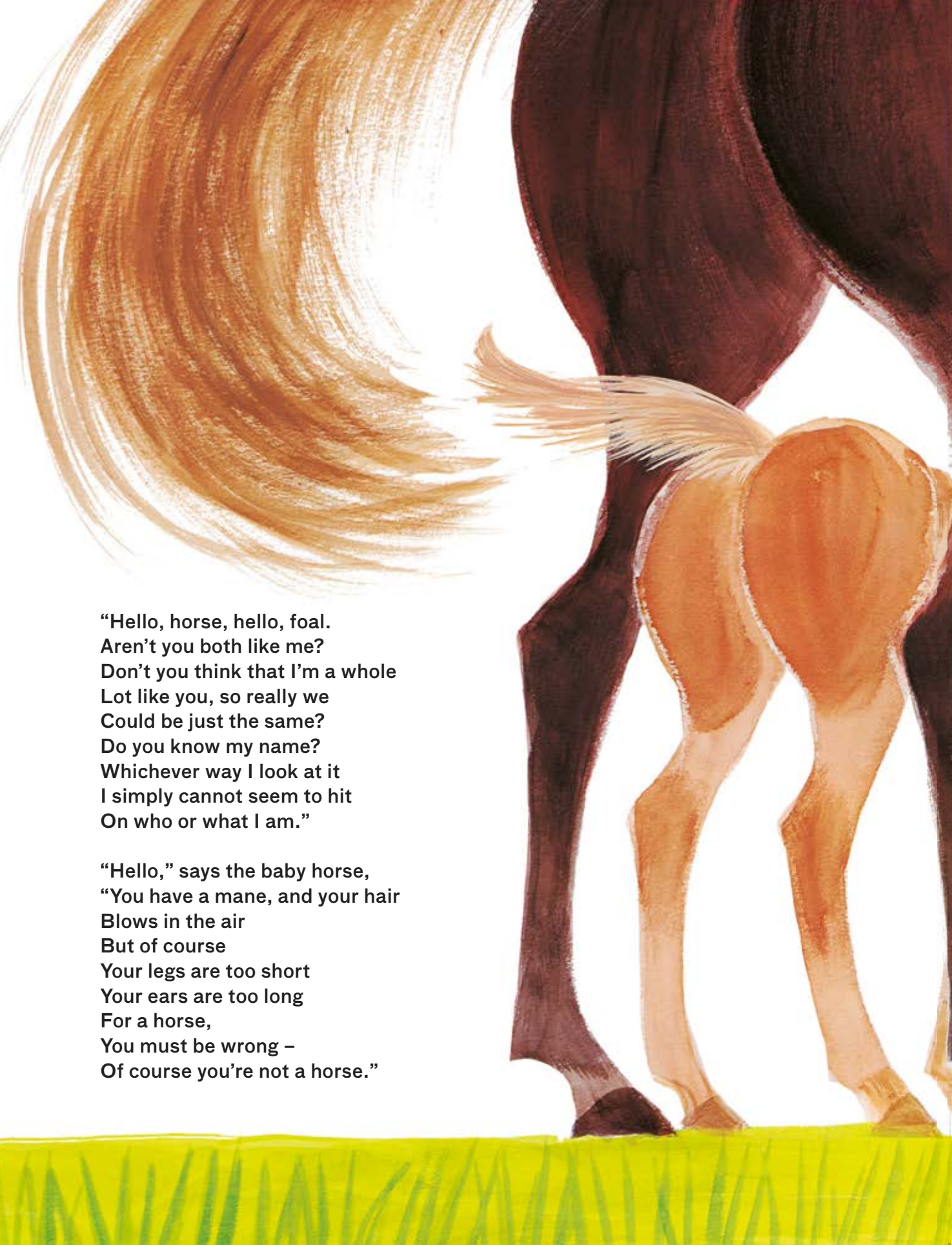


For then a tree
Frog comes its way
And asks it, "Who are you?"
The little creature, in surprise,
Looks the frog straight in the eyes.
"Who am I?" it asks the froggy,
"I don't even have a foggy
Notion who or what I am."
"Croak!" the frog laughs. "Ha, ha, ha!
An animal without a name?
If you don't know what you are,
I call that a crying shame,
So there!"

So off goes the little creature
Out into the world.
Off to find a helpful teacher,
Someone brainy, a real whiz
To tell it who and what it is.







“Hello, horse, hello, foal.
Aren’t you both like me?
Don’t you think that I’m a whole
Lot like you, so really we
Could be just the same?
Do you know my name?
Whichever way I look at it
I simply cannot seem to hit
On who or what I am.”

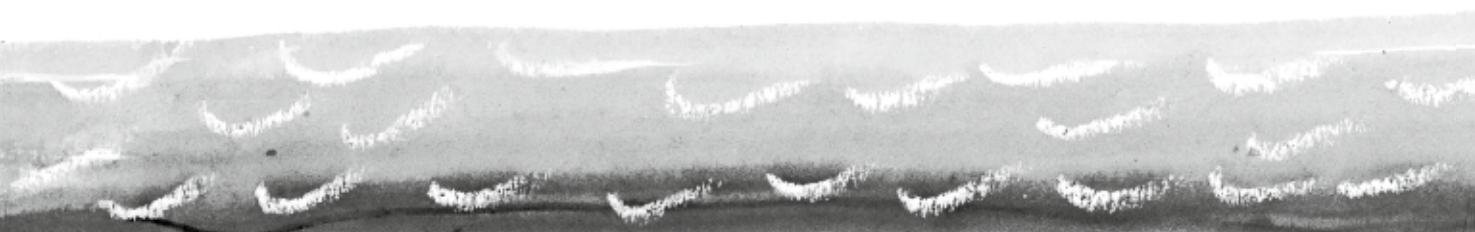
“Hello,” says the baby horse,
“You have a mane, and your hair
Blows in the air
But of course
Your legs are too short
Your ears are too long
For a horse,
You must be wrong –
Of course you’re not a horse.”





“No one,” says its mother.
“Would think you another
Of us. Why not a cat
With a colourful coat?
Or maybe a stoat,
Or something like that.
But a horse? Not a jot!
No, a horse you are not.”

The cow says,
“Moo, moo.
Whatever are you?”
Sheep and goat
Both agree
“You’re no horse,
We can see!”





Water splashes, water splishes,
A boat comes drifting up next minute
The little creature, getting in it,
Goes off to see the little fishes.

