**Read Along to...Olivia 🌟**

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**Look into your imagination and find…**

Olivia

in a story about Kindness and Acceptance

When the cockerel crows for morning, and the sun bursts out each ray,

Olivia rubs her eyes to wake, now what will happen today?

What will she learn, how will she grow, what adventures are in store,

Come join her and her Fairy Guide Peach, as we step through the magic door…

For…

A Story about Kindness

Olivia has a fairy guide, whose dress is white as snow,

Her name is Peach, and she will teach, us truly how to grow,

When Olivia wakes, the day begins, the magic door opens wide,

Adventure is a jump away, I wonder what's inside,

Peach and Olivia jump on through, a new world opens up,

Of cotton trees, and purple bees, and a castle shaped like a cup,

And on a road of precious gems, a family walk on by,

The Dad is sad, the Mum is too, the son and daughter cry,

'Excuse me, please,' Olivia says, 'are you ok, please say?'

Mum shakes her head of reddish hair, 'it's been a tough old day,'

'But why? asks Olivia all confused, 'this world is so immense.'

'It's not the world,' the father said, 'it's the people here you sense.'

'Our skin is blue, our hair is red, they tease us everyday.'

'But why if you have done no wrong? Oh no, that's not ok.'

And just as Olivia spoke the words, a King's guard rode on horse,

'What are you doing with these things?' he asked without remorse.

'These people are my friends you see, and they've done nothing wrong,'

'They're blue and strange, with bright red hair, and their nails are really long!

Now come with me,' the King's guard said, 'The King will see your ways,

These 'blues' are not our equals miss, that's what the rule book says.'

Upon a throne room, full to the brim, the King he sat and stared,

'Who is this one who comes in bliss, the fool!' the King declared.

'Now bring the blues upon the floor, so she can see each flaw.

Us red's are leaders, smart and true, the blues are worse by law.

'My King, please tell, what have they done, for all I see is fine?'

'What do you mean?' the King began, 'do they need to wear a sign?

Their skin is blue, their hair is red, they're beneath us, can't you tell?'

'All I see is different skin, but for this one thing you yell?'

And Peach jumped in with wand in hand and sprinkled as a start,

'It's not the skin, that we lay in, as kind comes from the heart,

My King if you can't see the folks, are kind and just and true.

Then maybe you'll see a different world as every red turns blue.'

And with one fell swish, she cast a spell, to turn each one to change,

Now reds were blue and blues were red, and everyone felt so strange,

The King, he cried, the guards they sighed, as the King fell to his knees.

'We are beneath the reds, oh no, now go ahead and tease.'

The blues now red, stood up and said, 'what silliness you say?

We're not above you or below, our skin doesn't change our way.

It's the things we do and the things we say, that make us kind or not,

Kind's from the heart and deep inside and the colour matters not.'

The King was sad for what he'd done, and invited reds to sit,

He'd always believed what he'd been told and never questioned it,

And now he saw the fool he'd been, he declared a brand new start,

Where red's and blue's had equal rights, and what mattered was the heart.

And Peach she changed each red to blue as blue returned to red,

Olivia smiled as each one hugged, and this is what she said,

'Colour is a difference yes, but that is just skin deep,

Its not your look, where kindness grows, but the actions from the heart.'

And Peach she cast a magic spell, the magic door in wait,

They both stepped through, and just in time for school.