

The king and the colours

Gina was visiting the palace gardens with her class. It was very big and beautiful. The teacher was explaining a lot of things. Gina loved the flowers, especially the roses.

Gina had a very big bag of sweets. The sweets were all yellow. They were pineapple flavoured - Gina's favourites.

It so happened that the King was also walking in his garden and was also eating a big bag of sweets.

There were purple ones and blue ones.

There were brown ones and red ones.

There were green ones and orange ones.

There were black ones and white ones. There were even pink ones but there were no yellow ones. The yellow ones were the King's favourite and he had eaten all of them. There were no yellow pineapple sweets left.

Neither the King nor Gina were looking where they were going. They were both looking at their bags of sweets. They walked right into each other - CRASH.

Both bags of sweets fell onto the grass and the sweets were all mixed together.

Gina laughed but the King frowned. They both knelt on the grass to pick up their sweets.

Gina picked up 3 yellow sweets and put them in her bag.

The king picked up a red sweet and a black sweet.

The king picked up a yellow sweet.

"Oh, that's mine" said Gina. "It's yellow"

"No," said the King. "It's orange. It's mine."

Gina put more yellow sweets in her bag.

Gina looked at it. It was yellow.

The king picked up another yellow sweet.

"Oh, that's mine" said Gina. "It's yellow"

"No," said the King. "It's red. It's mine."

Gina looked at it. It was yellow.

The king picked up a yellow sweet again.

"Oh, that's mine" said Gina. "It's yellow"

"No," said the King. "It's green. It's mine."

Gina looked at it. It was yellow.

Gina stood up, put her hands on her hips and said,
"You have to tell the truth! You are taking my sweets!"

“No, no, they are mine,” said the King.

Gina stared at him and stared at him.
The King felt very uncomfortable.

Gina stared and stared.

The King said sadly, “Pineapple is my favourite.”

Gina looked at the King. “You have to tell the truth. You have my yellow sweets. Black is black and white is white.... and YELLOW is YELLOW.”

The King was ashamed and put his hand in the bag. He pulled out the yellow sweets and gave them to Gina.

Gina turned to leave but then took a yellow sweet from her bag and put it in the King’s hand.

He smiled. Being honest felt good.