

# Felix Forgets to Wash His Face



Felix lived on the land so free,  
With family close as can be.  
His long brown hair danced in the breeze,  
As he ran through fields with ease.  
Grandmother watched with loving eyes,  
Her wisdom spanning earth and skies.  
Their home was filled with joy and love,  
And traditions passed from above.



The family gathered round to eat,  
With stew and bread, a tasty treat.  
Felix gobbled up his food with glee,  
As happy as a child could be.  
His face got messy, sauce and all,  
But washing up slipped his recall.  
"I'm going to play!" he quickly said,  
And off to bed he later sped.



The morning sun peeked through the sky,

Felix woke with a little sigh.

His face felt strange around his lips,

A tightness at his fingertips.

The mirror showed a crusty sight,

Dried food had stayed there through the night.

His skin looked red and felt so dry,

Poor Felix couldn't help but cry.



Throughout the day his face grew sore,

The pain he couldn't ignore.

Tiny cracks began to form,

This wasn't just the usual norm.

His skin felt tight and started to bleed,

To soothe the pain was what he'd need.

Felix tried to hide his face,

But discomfort left its trace.



"What's happening to my face?" he cried,  
As tears welled up in his eyes.

"It hurts so much, it stings and burns,  
My smooth skin now in painful turns."

He touched his cheeks with gentle care,  
The soreness caused him to despair.

Felix wondered what to do,  
His worry and his fear just grew.



Grandmother's eyes missed nothing at all,

She noticed Felix in the hall.

"Come here, my child, let me see,

What's troubling you so visibly?"

She looked at Felix's cracking skin,

And knew right where she should begin.

"Tell me, child, what did you do,

After eating your dinner stew?"



"I forgot to wash my face," he said,  
Looking down and filled with dread.  
Grandmother nodded, wise and kind,  
"That's what I thought I'd find."  
"Food left on skin can cause such harm,  
But there's no need for alarm.  
Washing after meals, you see,  
Keeps your skin healthy as can be."



"Our ancestors knew just what to do,  
When skin was damaged through and through.  
Animal fat, we call it tallow,  
Heals the skin both deep and shallow.  
This knowledge passed through time and space,  
To help our people, every race.  
The Earth provides all that we need,  
If we just listen, watch and heed."



To her special box Grandmother went,  
For healing things that heaven sent.  
She took out tallow, smooth and white,  
That she had rendered just last night.  
"This comes from animals we respect,  
Their gifts for us we must protect.  
Nothing wasted, all is used,  
In ways our elders have infused."



With gentle hands so soft and slow,  
She spread the tallow, row by row.  
Across his cheeks and round his lips,  
With careful strokes from fingertips.  
"This balm will heal your hurting skin,  
And let new healing begin.  
By morning light you'll feel anew,  
The ancient ways are tried and true."



The sun rose high the next day bright,

Felix touched his face with delight.

The pain was gone, the cracks all healed,

Grandmother's wisdom had revealed.

His skin felt soft and smooth once more,

No sign of damage as before.

"Grandmother, look!" he cried with glee,

"Your medicine has healed me!"



"Thank you for teaching me today,  
About our ways, the special way.  
I'll wash my face after I eat,  
To keep my skin both clean and neat."  
Grandmother smiled with loving pride,  
As Felix stood there by her side.  
"Our knowledge flows like rivers deep,  
These lessons learned you'll always keep."



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