



# OLIVIA'S ORANGE OSTRICH

by childbook.ai

Olivia brought a rock to show and tell,  
Painted with colors she loved so well.  
"It's just a rock," said Dillon with a sneer,  
While Bonnie and Beth began to jeer.  
"Next week," said Olivia, standing tall,  
"I'll bring something that will amaze you all!"  
"An orange ostrich!" she declared with pride,  
As Miss Tyus raised her eyebrows wide.





"An orange ostrich?" Carter laughed out loud,

"That doesn't exist!" said Ceci, proud.

"You'll see," said Olivia with a grin,

"Next Friday, I'll surely bring one in."

Miss Tyus smiled gently, "That's quite a claim,

But remember, show and tell's not a game."

Olivia nodded, her mind racing fast,

Where to find an ostrich? The die was cast.



That afternoon, Olivia searched a book,  
In every corner, each cranny and nook.  
"Ostriches are tan, or black and white,  
But orange ones? They're nowhere in sight!"  
She asked her mom, who laughed with glee,  
"Orange ostriches? Where would they be?"  
Olivia frowned, her promise felt heavy,  
But giving up wasn't in her levy.





On Saturday, the zoo was their destination,

Olivia buzzed with anticipation.

"Do you have an orange ostrich?" she asked the guide,

Who chuckled softly and shook his head side to side.

"Ostriches come in natural shades, you see,

Not orange like the fruit from a tangerine tree."

Olivia's shoulders slumped in defeat,

But then a new idea made her heart beat.





"If I can't find one, I'll have to create!"

Said Olivia, refusing to hesitate.

She gathered supplies from her crafting drawer,

Paper and glue and so much more.

With scissors snipping and colors bright,

She worked through morning until the night.

A paper ostrich began to form,

But would it be enough to weather the storm?





The paper bird looked nice, it's true,

But Olivia knew it wouldn't do.

"It needs to move and look alive,

Or my friends will never be surprised!"

She thought of puppets she'd seen on TV,

"That's it!" she cried out with glee.

"A puppet ostrich, bright and tall,

Will be the greatest show of all!"



Miss Tyus called Olivia after class,  
"About your ostrich..." she said at last.  
"I know they teased your painted stone,  
But making promises you can't own..."  
Olivia's eyes filled up with tears,  
"I don't want to face their jeers."  
Miss Tyus smiled, "I have a thought,  
Let's make something special, shall we not?"





After school in the art room they stayed,  
With fabric and buttons, a plan was made.  
Miss Tyus showed her how to sew and stitch,  
To bring to life an orange ostrich.  
With socks and felt and googly eyes,  
A puppet emerged, to Olivia's surprise.  
"It's perfect!" she squealed with delight,  
"My orange ostrich will shine so bright!"

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**Create**  
**Imagine,**  
**Inspire!**





All week long, Olivia practiced her show,  
Making her puppet dance to and fro.  
She gave it a voice, both silly and sweet,  
And taught it tricks that couldn't be beat.  
"My ostrich is special," she'd proudly say,  
"It's made with love, in a magical way."  
She named it Oscar, her orange friend,  
And couldn't wait for show and tell to begin.



Friday arrived with nervous delight,

Olivia clutched her puppet tight.

Dillon smirked, "Where's this bird you said?"

Bonnie and Beth both shook their head.

Carter whispered, "She made it all up!"

While Ceci giggled behind her cup.

Miss Tyus called out, "Olivia's turn!"

As all the children began to yearn.



Welcome to outw Class!



Olivia stood up, took a deep breath in,  
And pulled out Oscar with a confident grin.  
"Meet Oscar the Ostrich, orange and tall,  
The most amazing ostrich of all!"  
She moved the puppet with skillful grace,  
Amazement spread across each face.  
Oscar danced and bowed and sang,  
As through the classroom, applause rang.



"That's not a real ostrich!" Dillon cried,  
But Miss Tyus stepped quickly to Olivia's side.  
"It's better than real," the teacher said,  
"It's made from imagination instead."  
Beth asked to touch it, Bonnie too,  
Ceci and Carter formed a queue.  
"Sometimes," Olivia said with pride,  
"The best things come from what's inside."





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