

On sunny summer afternoon in the middle of the Himalayan pine forest a little baby elephant called Harley was born.

She was cute as a button; everyone cooed and clucked at her.

Mama elephant was very proud.

Harley grew stronger and bigger with each passing day, but unlike mother she wasn't very kind or gentle.

"Ask the plant nicely before you take its fruit," said mother.

"Why should I, am bigger and stronger, am not going to ask. No am not."

And she bounced away, munching on succulent juniper berries: not a thank you or please was muttered by her.

"I'm not that big and I can't stop her from eating my berries, but a thank you would be nice." Said the Juniper tree

"I agree," Chorused the pine tree. "She scratches her back on me and do I get a please, may I or thank you, No."

"She's not a good elephant I tell you! She might be as cute as a button, but she sure is as sour as a grape," whispered the box myrtle tree.

Mama elephant was very sad, if Harley didn't change soon, no one would want to be her friend.

"I am so sorry everyone," said mama elephant.

"It's not your fault, you've done your best mama elephant" the pine tree replied; "I wish someone would teach her a lesson."

The next day whilst strolling to the watering pool, it started to rain. Harley didn't like the rain.





She thumped and pounded her feet, throwing a tantrum commanding the rain to stop.

But the rain didn't listen to her.

Hiding under a tree she carried on muttering and complaining. Tired of hearing her complain the tree smacked Harley on the head with its fruit and Harley went silent.

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Finally the rain stopped and Harley ran off heading for the watering pool.

"Wait Harley, you haven't said thank you to the tree for giving us shelter." Mother cried with a sad face.

But Harley was long gone, selfish as ever.

With a big squish Harley drank from the watering pool, when she was done she went in search of a lunch snack.

Wait what was that in the corner, Harley had never seen a tree like this one, tall and slender with branches like an umbrella. Bet it has juicy fruits too thought Harley walking towards the tree.

There on the ground beside the root was a fruit Harley had never seen before, without as much as a please or may I, Harley reached out and grabbed the fruit.

It was brown and had three circles; they made the fruit look like it was smiling. Sitting down with her back to the tree, Harley tried to eat the food.



Wait what's happening? Harley thought falling to the ground.

Maybe I didn't sit close enough she thought, I'll just try again.

Once again holding the fruit tightly, she shifted her back to lean on the tree.

Again her back hit the ground, now she was sure of it the tree was moving. She had never met a tree that could move and bend so easily.

I've never seen a moving tree before.

"How do you do that?" she asked the tree.

"It's my secret and trees don't tell their secrets."

"Secret, I don't think so" said Harley walking round the tree to see how it moved, but she didn't find anything.



"What kind of tree are you and why won't you let me lean on you?"

"I am the mischief makers' tree; no one leans on me unless they ask nicely,"

"Ask nicely hmmph, no way! Now hold still so I can lean on you and enjoy my launch."

Again she tried and once again she fell.

Running back and charging forward she tried again, but the tree bent over and flogged Harley on her bottom ... TWANG.

BARAAG!!! Harley shouted in pain.

"You're a mean tree, I won't lean on you." Harley cried walking away with her coconut.

Relaxing to eat the coconut she whelped in surprise, baraaagh!! The coconut had jumped out of her hands unto the floor: Harley couldn't believe her eyes.



She reached out for it and just as she picked it up, it laughed, winking at her before rolling away very fast.

Harley chased it with all her strength, but she couldn't catch it. Soon she was very tired. She hadn't eaten all day, her bottom hurt, she felt very sad and alone.

She sat on the floor crying while all the trees laughed.

A tap on her shoulder made her look up; standing there was the coconut tree holding out one of its fruit.

"We don't want you to go hungry, but everyone loves to be asked nicely and a thank you goes a long way. It will make you feel better, try it."

"Please, may I have a fruit?"

"Yes you may."

"Thank you," Harley said and she did feel better. The tree let her rest under its lovely shade as she munched away happily.

"Wake up Harley, the rain has stopped; here have a berry before we go to the watering pool." Mummy elephant called.

Harley yawned, stretched, blinked her eyes and looked around; sure enough there wasn't a coconut tree in sight. Everything was just the way it was before she sat under the tree for shelter.

"Thank you mother"
her mum.

Mama elephant was
first time Harley had



said Harley hugging

surprised, it was the
ever said thank you.

She smiled “you’re welcome.”

“Thank you Mr. Tree for sheltering me during the rain.” Harley called as she ran off to the watering pool.

Everyone looked surprised, but also very happy. Perhaps cute as a button Harley was back, beauty truly lives inside everyone.



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