

Uncle Elephant Trumpets the Dawn by Arnold Lobel

“VOOMAROOOM!” It was morning.

I heard the noise outside.

I ran to the window.

Uncle Elephant was standing in the garden.

His ears flapped in the breeze.

Ha raised his trunk.

“VOOMAROOOM!” trumpeted Uncle Elephant

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I always welcome the dawn this way,” said Uncle Elephant.

“Every new day deserves a good, loud trumpet.”

“I have planted all these flowers myself. Come outside and let me introduce you to everyone,” said Uncle Elephant.

“Roses, daisies, daffodils and marigolds, I want you to meet my nephew.”

I bowed to the flowers.

Uncle Elephant was pleased.

“This garden is my favorite place in the world,” said Uncle Elephant.

“It is my own kingdom.”

“If this is your kingdom,” I said, “are you a king?”

“I suppose I am,” said Uncle Elephant.

“If you are the king,” I said, “I must be the prince.”

“Of course,” said Uncle Elephant, “you must be the prince!”

We made ourselves crowns of flowers.

Uncle Elephant raised his trunk.

“VOOMAROOOM!” I raised my trunk.

“VOOMAROOOM!” We were the king and the prince.

We were trumpeting the dawn.

Uncle Elephant Feels the Creaks

Uncle Elephant and I went for a walk.

“Ouch!” cried Uncle Elephant.

“What is the matter?” I asked.

“I am feeling the creaks,” said Uncle Elephant.

“What is the creaks?” I asked.

“Sometimes they happen to old elephants like me,” he said.

“My back creaks, my knees creak, my feet creak, even my trunk creaks. The creaks are quite uncomfortable.”

We walked slowly home.

Uncle Elephant sat down carefully in his softest chair.

“Ah,” he said, “the creaks in the bottom part of me are gone.”

Uncle Elephant rested his head on the back of the chair.

“Ah,” he said, “the creaks in the top part of me are gone.”

Uncle Elephant put his legs on the footstool.

“Ah,” he said.

“The creaks in my feet are gone.”

“Are you feeling better?” I asked.

“Almost,” said Uncle Elephant

“If you let me tell you a story, I am sure all of my creaks will go away.”

Uncle Elephant Writes a Song

“Sing a song for me,” said Uncle Elephant.

“I don’t know any songs,” I said.

“Not one?” asked Uncle Elephant.

“Not even one,” I said.

“Then I will write you a song of your own,” said Uncle Elephant.

We wrote the words of the song on a piece of paper.

“I have a song.

It’s an elephant song.

I will sing it whenever I please.

With my trunk in a loop, I will sing while I

Swoop from the vines and the branches of trees.

I have a song.

It’s an elephant song.

I will sing it whenever I go.

Upside down on my head, with my ears as a
Sled, I will sing as I slide through the snow.

I have a song.

It's an elephant song.

I will sing it whenever I do.

When I sing while I munch on my peanuttty lunch, I will not miss a note as I chew.

I have a song.

It's an elephant song.

I will sing it and never forget that, of all music played, there is no better made than an
uncle

and nephew duet.”

Uncle Elephant made up a tune to go with the words.

Together, we sang my song.

We sang it over and over.