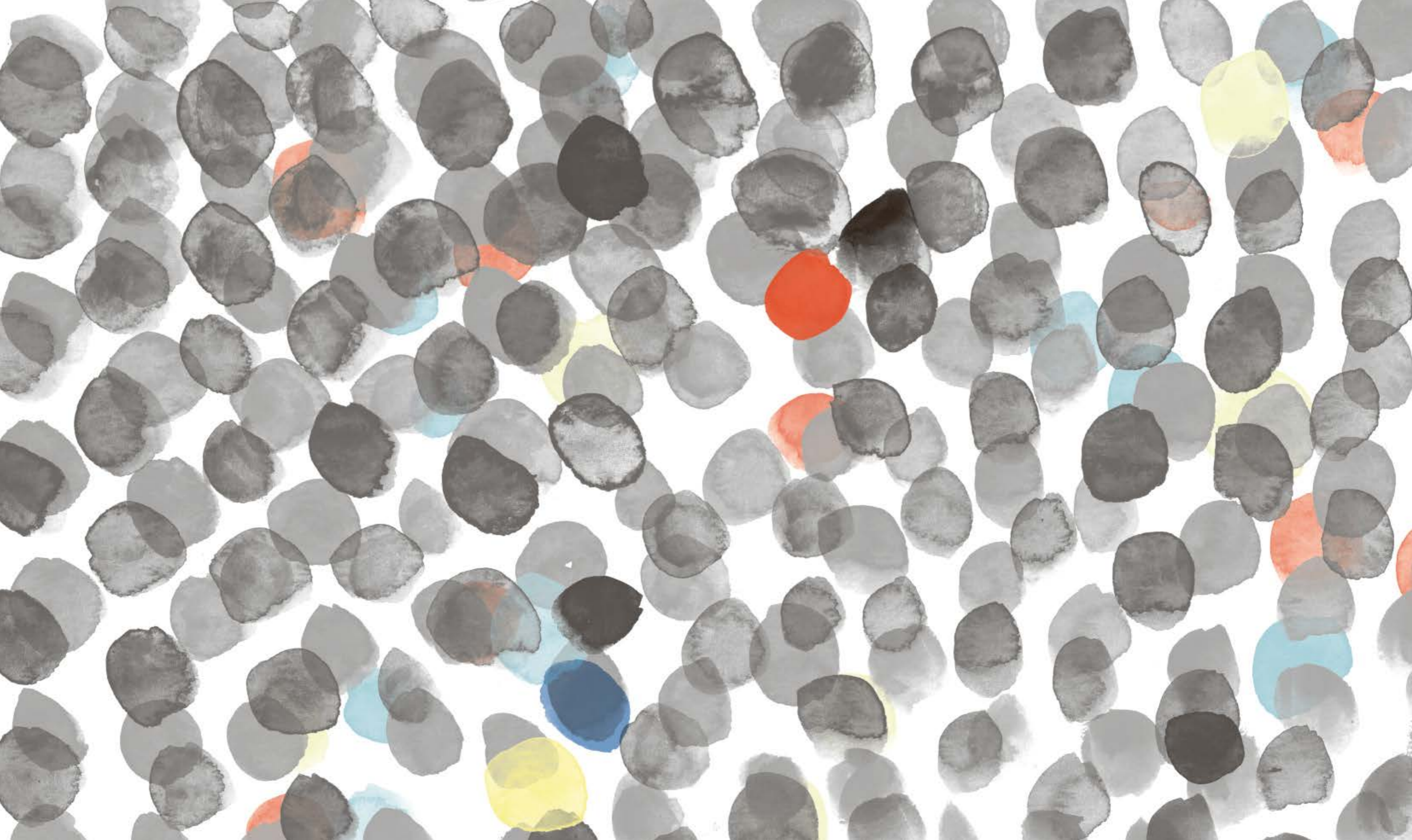


GRÅ

NINA NORDAL RØNNE







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It was a fine morning, foggy and grey.
I put on a warm jacket.
Then I walked to the beach.
I hoped I would meet someone there.
But the fog lifted, and there was no one.



My pockets are almost like mittens.
They are a good thing to have when my hands get cold.
But this morning I filled my pockets with rocks.
Grey rocks.
Striped, grey rocks.
Spotted, grey rocks.
Strange, grey rocks.



I held onto the finest one
and ran to the meadow.
There was Red, Blue, and Yellow.
“Who wants to see my rock?” I asked.
They just smiled and laughed,
as if they couldn't see me.



I wish I was more like Red,
I thought. Red is so brave.



I wish I was more like Blue,
I thought. Blue is so pretty.



I wish I was more like Yellow, I thought.
Yellow is so funny. And quick.



“Hi,” said Yellow. “I haven't seen you before.”
Yellow seems nice, I thought. Maybe we could be friends?
“Do you want to see my rock?”
“Boring!” said Yellow.
“I think the colors are nice,” I said.
“Then I'm going to take it!” laughed Yellow.
“Give it back!” I called.
But Yellow ran away.



Title: «Grå» / «Grey»

Published: 2017

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Translator: Becky Crook

Publisher: Magikon

Agent: Magikon

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Magikon forlag

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