

# Bernice Bernie

by Danielle Landy

Once upon a time there was a lion named Bernice Bernie  
And everyday she would sit under a big leafy palm tree  
She watched as the other lions went out to play  
And she watched as they came back at the end of the day  
She watched them chase Nazzle-Wobbles and watched them play tag  
And she slowly became so lonely, so sad

So one bright, sunny morning, she went out to play  
With her tail in the air, ready for what may  
And as she pranced, having fun in the sun, she let out a squeak, just a one

"What WAS that squeak?" all the other lions asked  
"What was is? What was it? It couldn't have been us! We are lions. No other.  
We are the best!"

So Bernice went back to her home, a den of sort  
And sat there for hours, regretting her lack of retort

As she sat in her lair, she couldn't go to sleep  
For that evening events were making her weep  
The other lions didn't like her, she wasn't like them  
To them she was squeaky, geeky, contrasting their Zen  
What can I do? Oh, what can I do?  
My voice is so high, so terribly off cue

She soon fell asleep, cuddled up in a heap, and dreamed many things  
Of chasing Nazzle-Wobbles, Nittle-Boogles and things that all snort  
Oh! Those others lions thought of her as the very best sport  
She ran and she leaped and sped into the air  
And the greatest part of her dream? The other lions didn't care,  
For she was a lion, a hunter, no longer a squeaker full of despair

As the sun rose up and she opened her eyes  
She knew what to do, to be part of their lives  
Upon walking out her den, she opened her mouth  
And out came the most diverse sound of the south  
Her roar was so squeaky, her roar so high, but she looked with peace, upon her pride

Then she ran down the hills, the rocks, and the grasses  
And joined her fellow lions as they welcomed her by the masses  
Because she was comfortable in her voice so unlike  
She was courageous, and easy to like

Bernice was different, yes, and at first quite scared,  
But when she didn't care what others thought, she didn't need to be prepared  
For she was fine being herself, as you should be too,  
For true friends will accept you if you are just you.