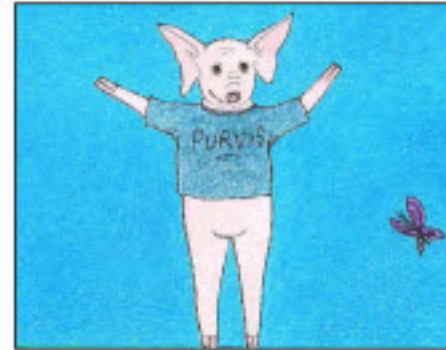


Purvis

NOT SMALL AT ALL



By Linda Engelbert Book

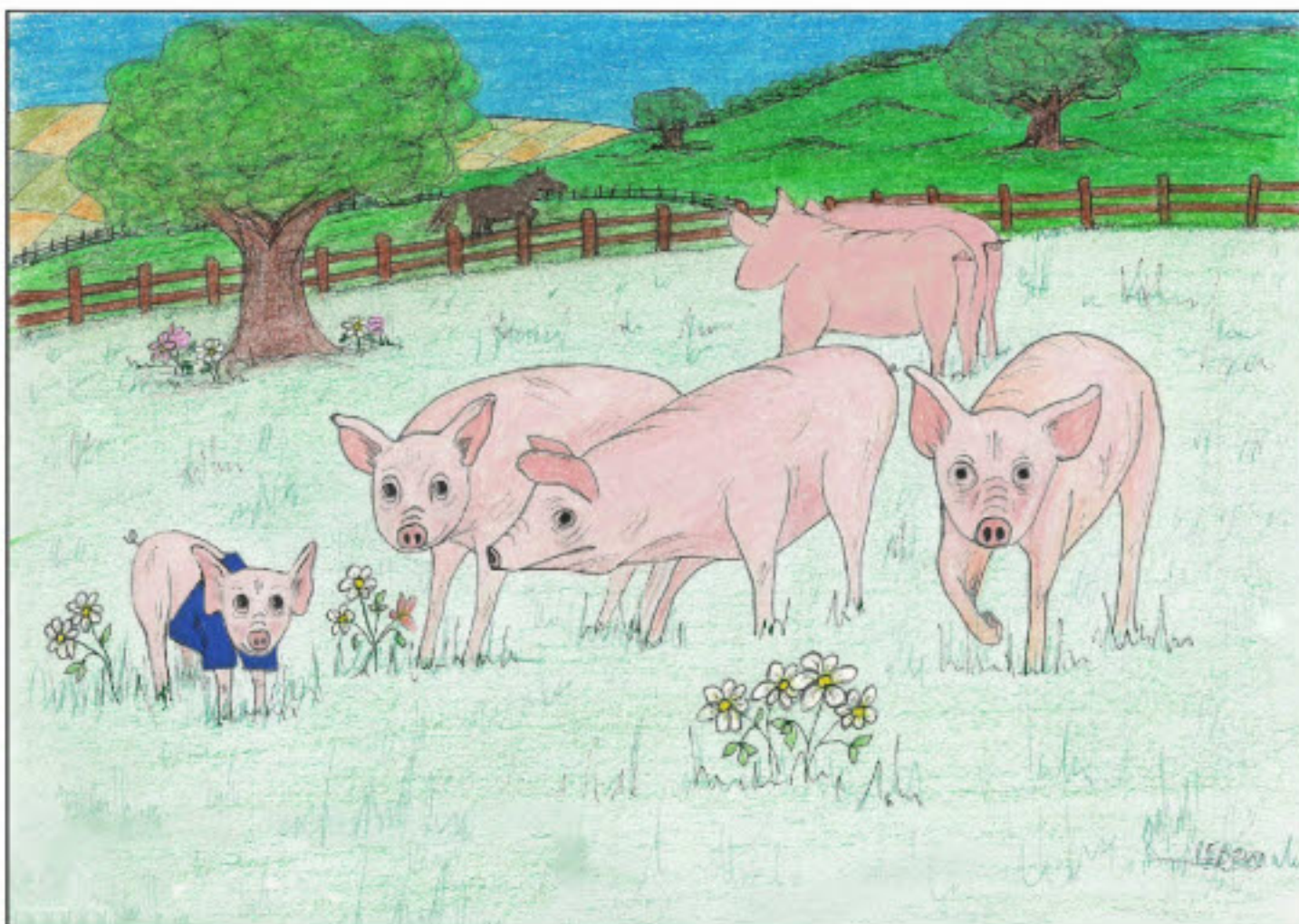


Purvis
NOT SMALL AT ALL

by L. E. Book



There once was a very most wonderful pig.
He was really quite charming, though not very big.



Oh no, for this pig was quite woefully small

And in fact, to be sure, he was smaller than all.



But Purvis was proud (and, yes, that was his name)

'Cause he knew he was destined for fortune and fame.

He didn't quite know how these things would occur,

But he knew he was special, he knew that for sure.

A name such as Purvis, for one thing or two

Had to surely mean something, but what - he'd no clue.



Poor Purvis was really so frightfully small

That the thing he most wanted was just to be tall.

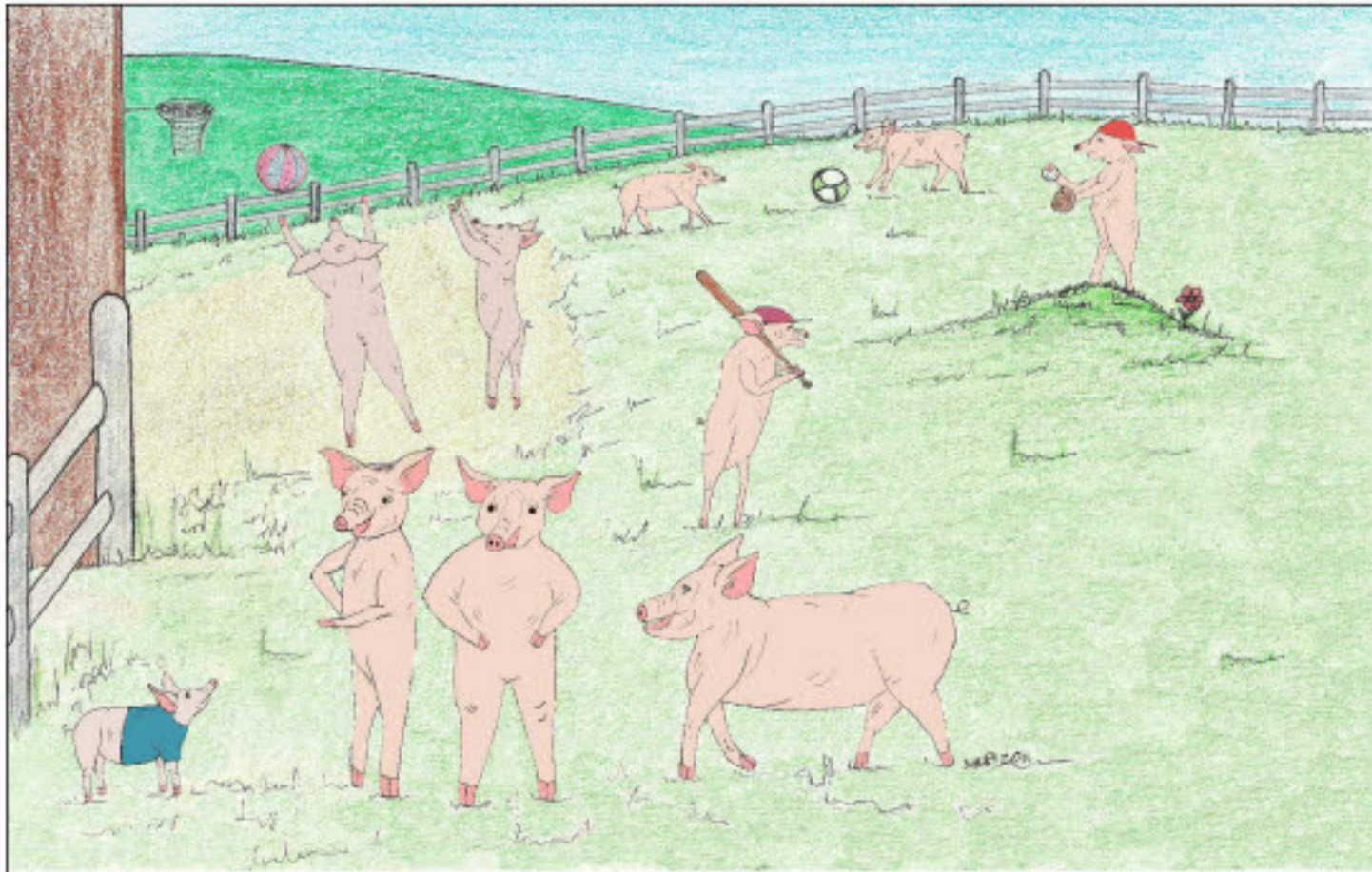


He stretched and he stretched and he stretched every day.

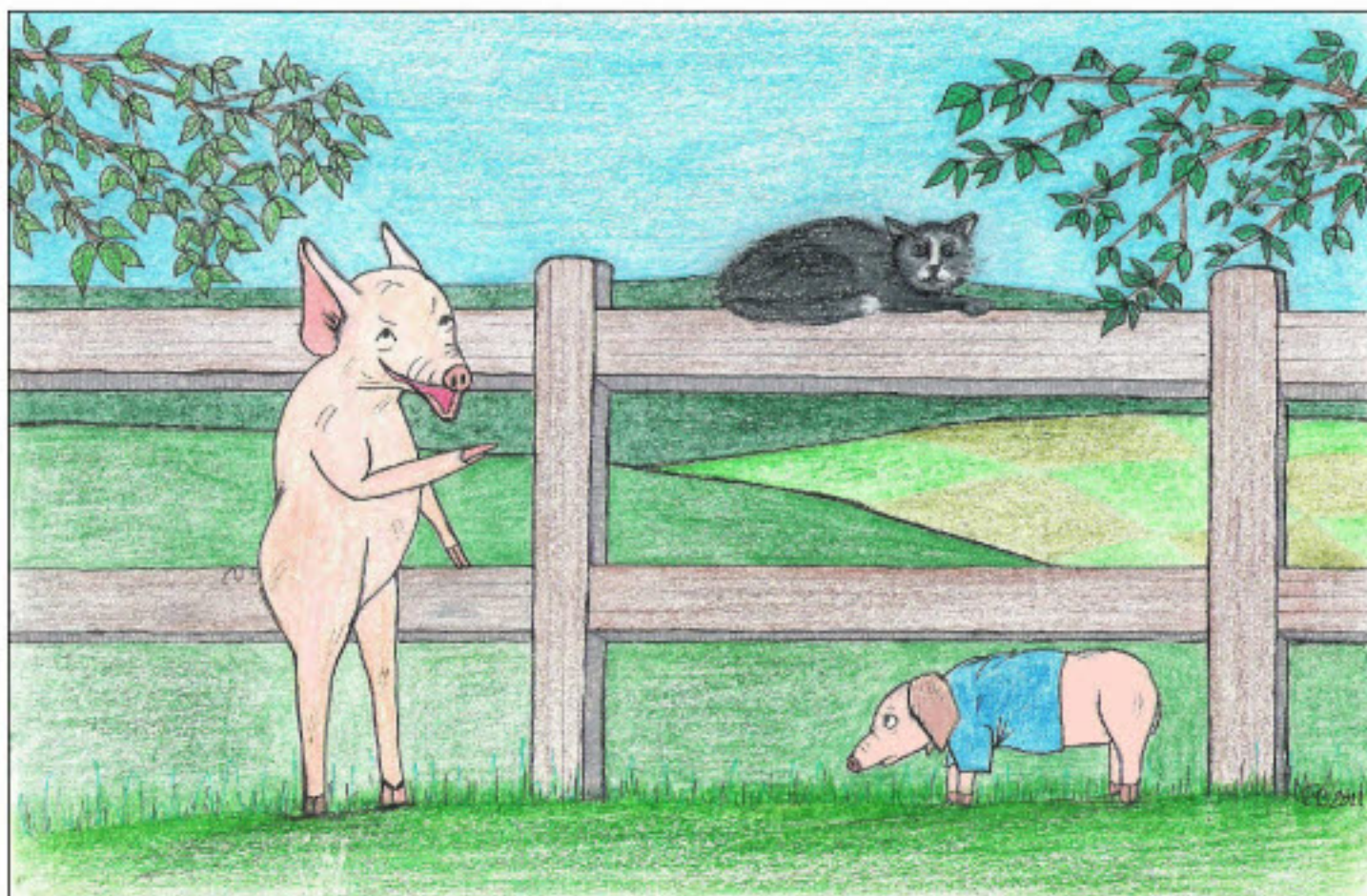
Oh, he tried to grow tall, yes, he tried every way.

No matter how hard Purvis tried to grow tall

Little Purvis stayed small and he grew not at all.



The pigs in the barnyard all gleefully played;
Little Purvis, the brunt of the jokes that they made.
Too little for this game, too tiny for that;
And they teased that he ought to go play with the cat!



"The cat is your size," they all teased with a grin.

"He's just lazy and stupid and you'd fit right in."

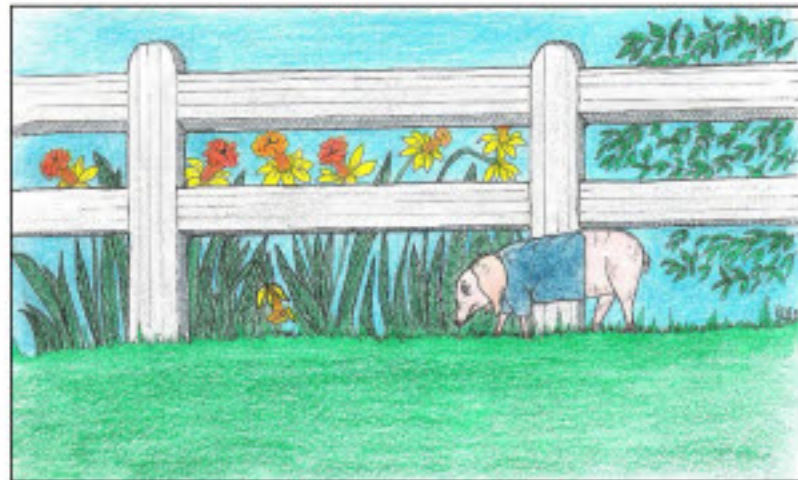
They laughed and they teased, and they teased and they taunted
Purvis slunk away sadly; ashamed and unwanted.

But pigs do not know very much about cats . . .

And this cat was quite clever and that's why he sat

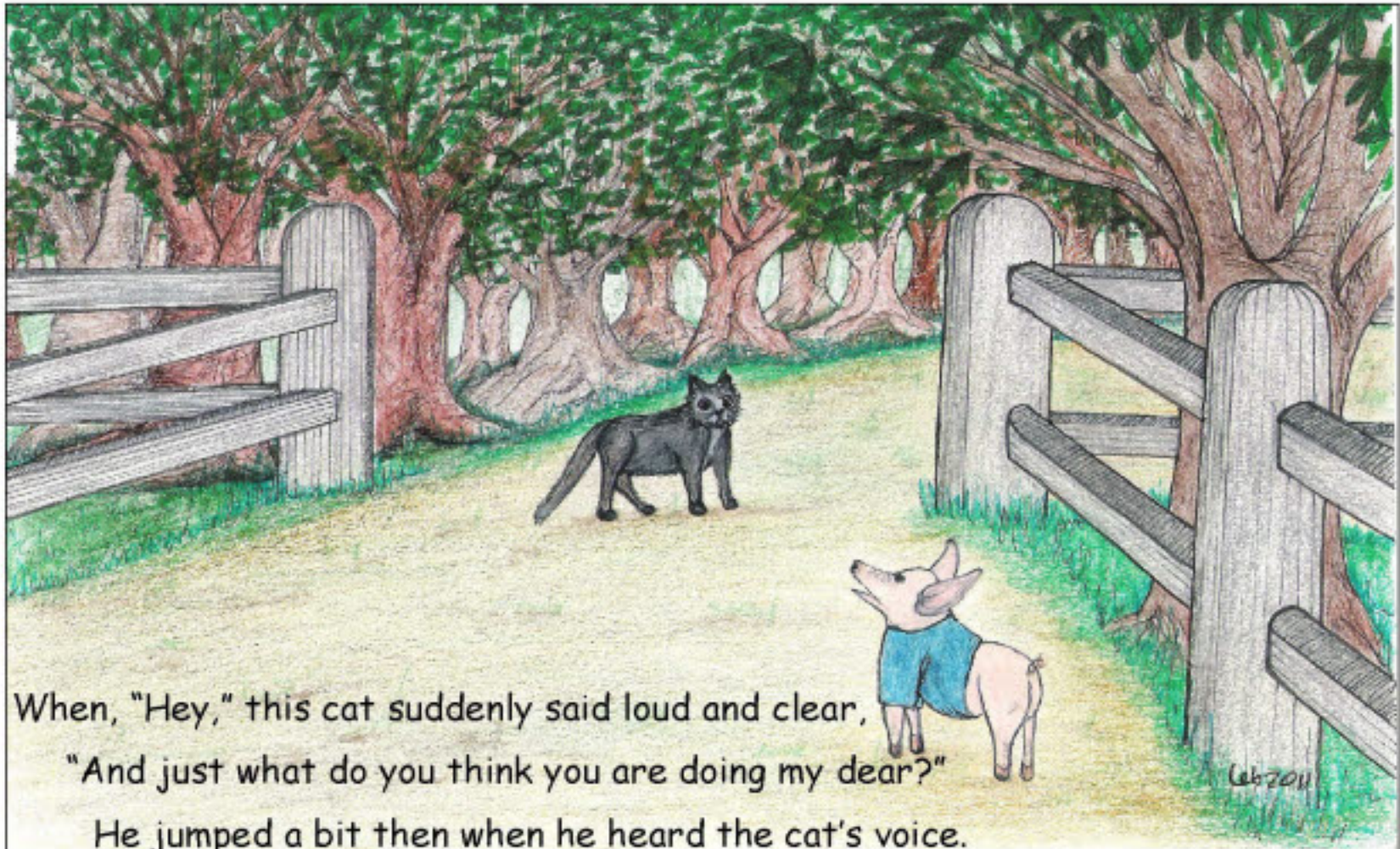
So near the farmyard where the animals played.

(While pretending to sleep,
he heard all that was said.)



And Purvis knew nothing at all about cats

He just moped around, sad at the size that he lacked.



When, "Hey," this cat suddenly said loud and clear,
"And just what do you think you are doing my dear?"

He jumped a bit then when he heard the cat's voice.

Purvis tried to escape but soon saw he'd no choice -

This cat blocked his way and he stared the pig down

Until Purvis was honestly scared to go 'round.



The cat did not look like he meant any harm,
So poor Purvis tried hard to control his alarm.
And then the cat said in a calm, gentle way,
"So why don't you sit down here and visit? Please stay."
Then Purvis relaxed as he met the cat's eyes;
And for once, he forgot to remember his size.

He sat there and listened; the cat chattered on.
And he learned the cat's name, it was Sylvester Tom.



"Now, that's a neat name you have there," said the pig.

"Why, it makes you seem fearless, important and big.

Oh, you have a much better name than do I

But I guess that I'll never get big so why try?"

Then Purvis was crying, much to his dismay

And he felt like a babe going on in this way.

"Stop crying there now," then said Sylvester Tom,

"With a name such as Purvis I see nothing wrong."



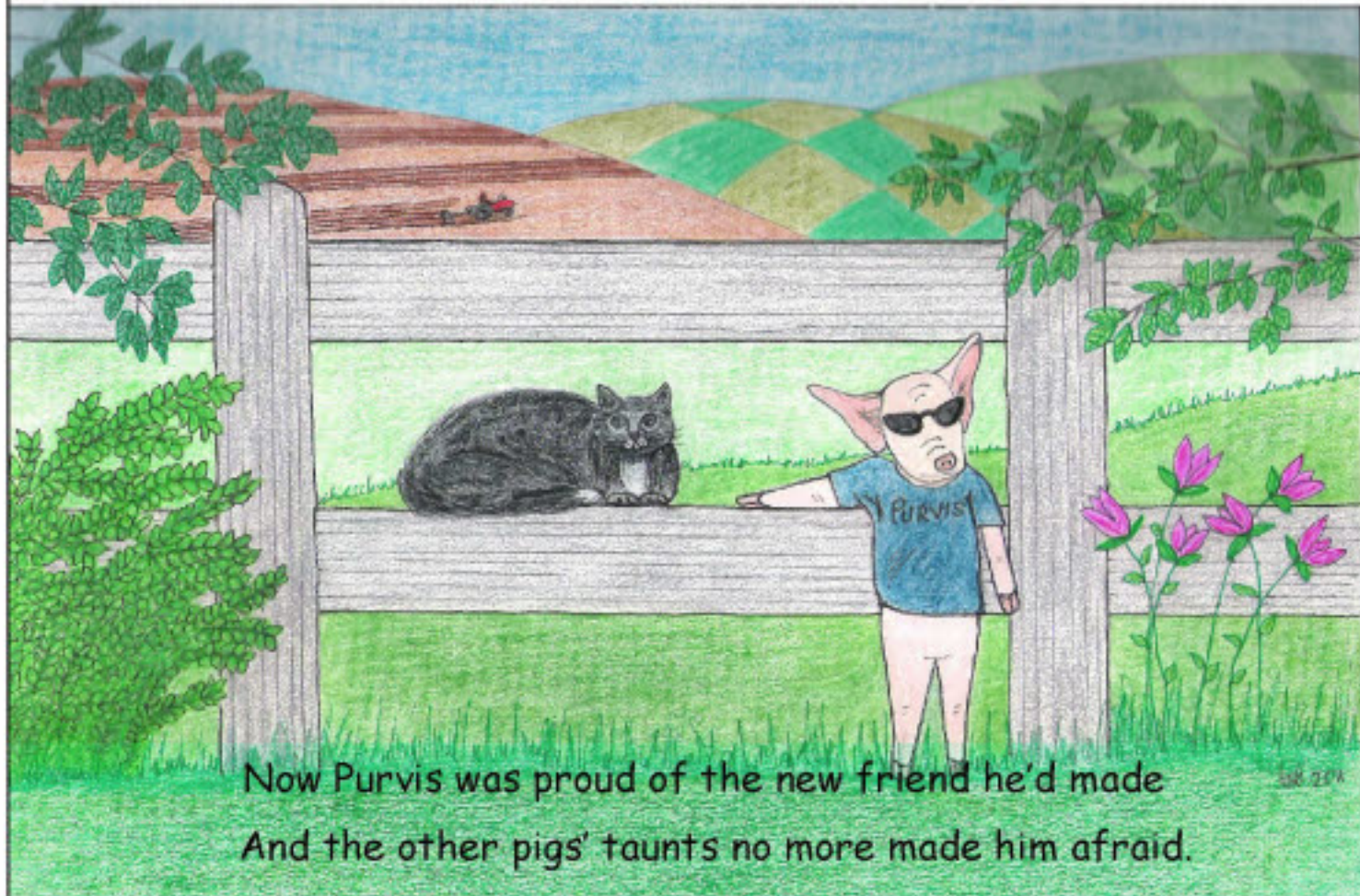
"A name does not matter - means nothing at all,

For a name is a name, just a name, big or small.



"Just be who you want, you can do anything!
And one's size does not count, look at me, silly thing.
Go play, you young pig, and enjoy this fine day,
And tomorrow we'll talk; some fun games we will play."
The cat sauntered off, leaving Purvis behind
then to wonder if all cats were good and so kind.

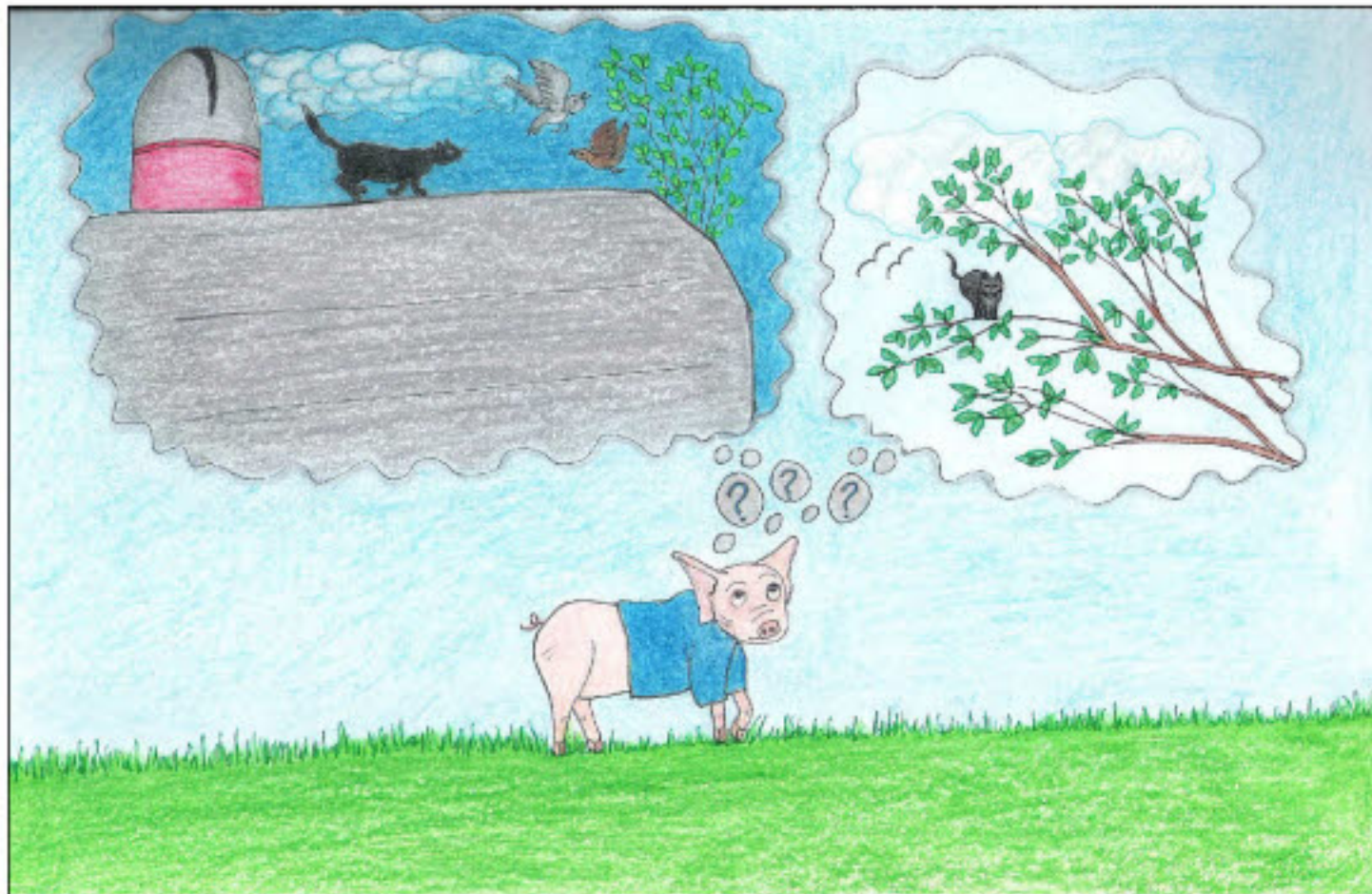
The cat and the pig soon became best of friends
And this Sylvester Tom's helpful hints had no end.



Now Purvis was proud of the new friend he'd made
And the other pigs' taunts no more made him afraid.

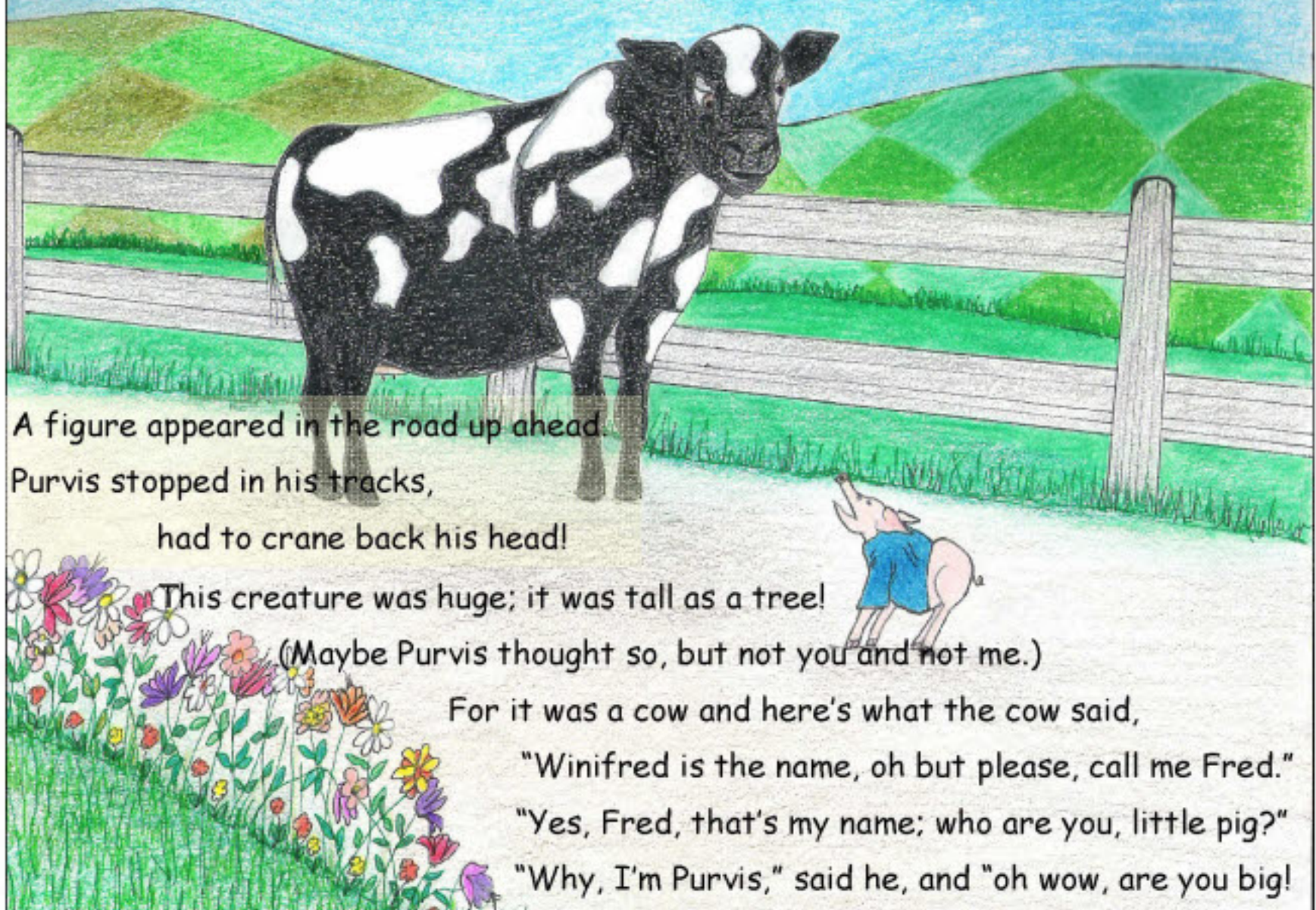
Yes, cats may be small, thought young Purvis, it's true;
But then, cats were the smartest things he ever knew.

And Purvis learned so many things from the cat
That he wanted to be just like him; that was that!



Now Purvis just strutted around, head held high;
Just to be like this cat he would certainly try.
But Purvis soon learned that a cat he was NOT,
And to be like a cat was more tough than he'd thought. . . .

One day as young Purvis was walking along,
Just enjoying the sunshine and singing a song



A figure appeared in the road ahead.
Purvis stopped in his tracks,
had to crane back his head!

This creature was huge; it was tall as a tree!
(Maybe Purvis thought so, but not you and not me.)

For it was a cow and here's what the cow said,

"Winifred is the name, oh but please, call me Fred."

"Yes, Fred, that's my name; who are you, little pig?"

"Why, I'm Purvis," said he, and "oh wow, are you big!"

I want to be big," said our Purvis to Fred.

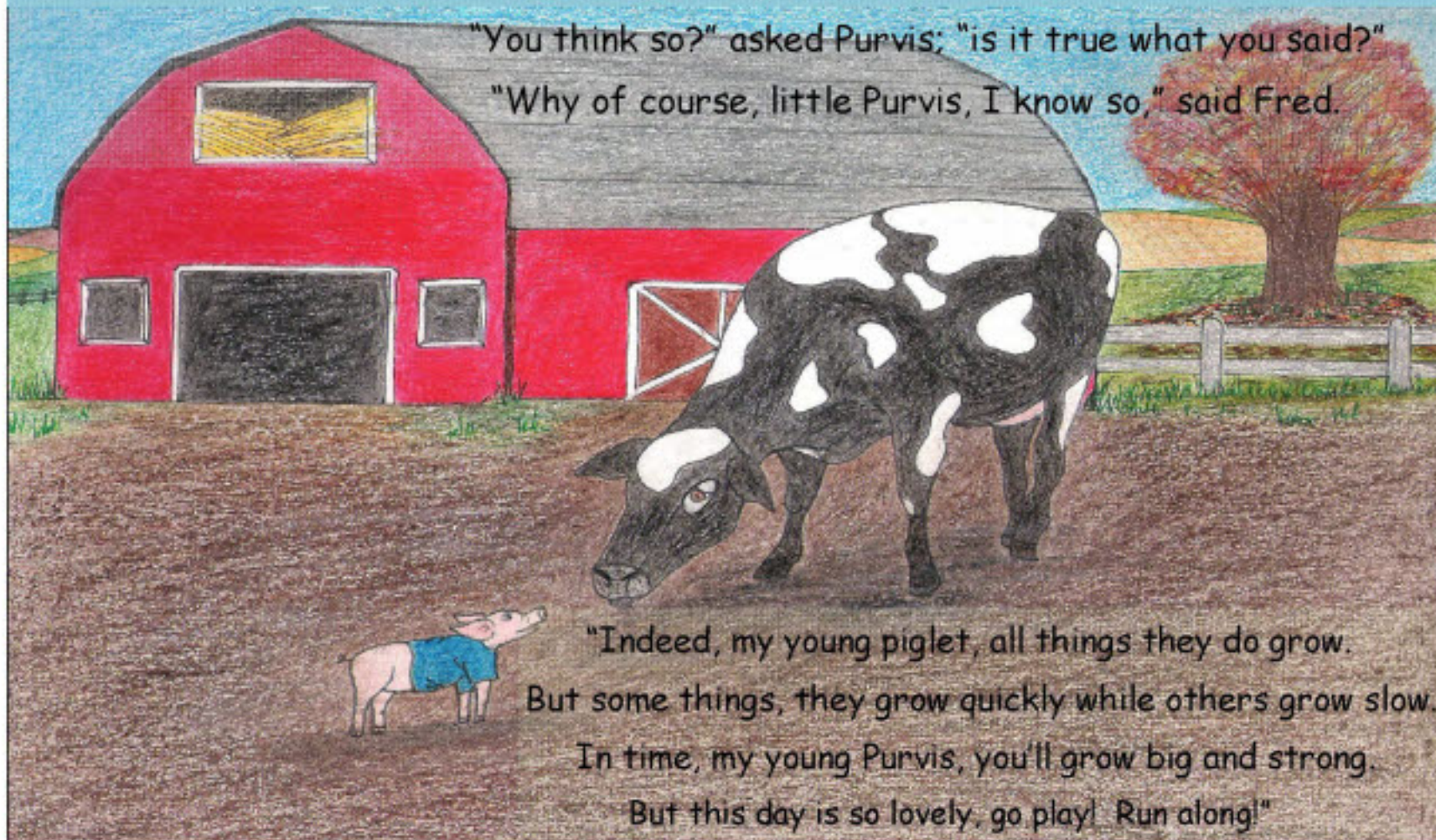
"Oh, I want to be big just like you," Purvis said.

"Well, cows are much bigger than pigs, don't you know;

But then, you will get bigger, my friend; you will grow."

"You think so?" asked Purvis; "is it true what you said?"

"Why of course, little Purvis, I know so," said Fred.



"Indeed, my young piglet, all things they do grow.

But some things, they grow quickly while others grow slow.

In time, my young Purvis, you'll grow big and strong.

But this day is so lovely, go play! Run along!"

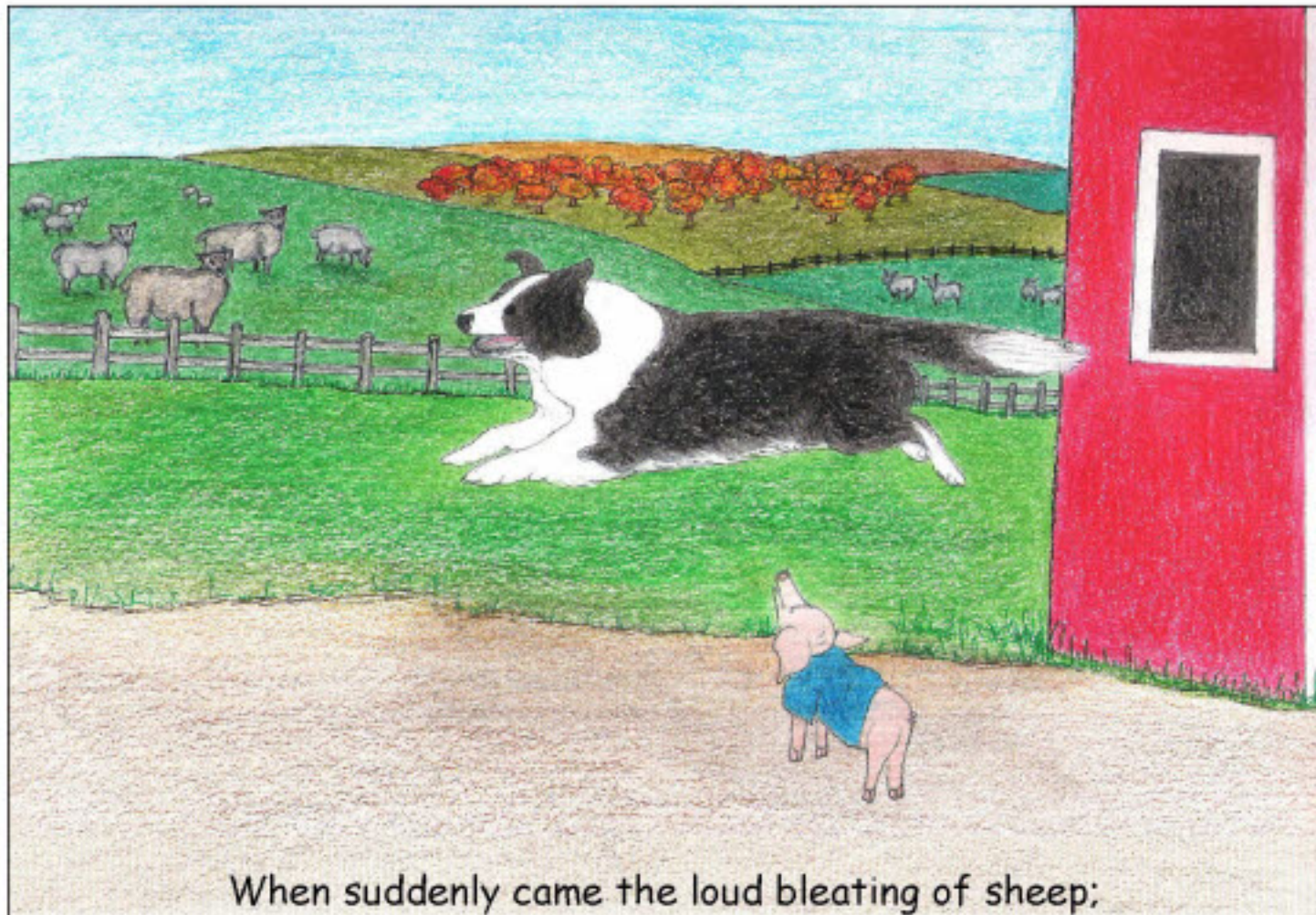
The cow trundled off towards the barn with a groan
Leaving Purvis, again, with his thoughts, all alone
Well, cows are sure big, but they are kind of slow.
I don't want to be slow; I just wish I would grow.



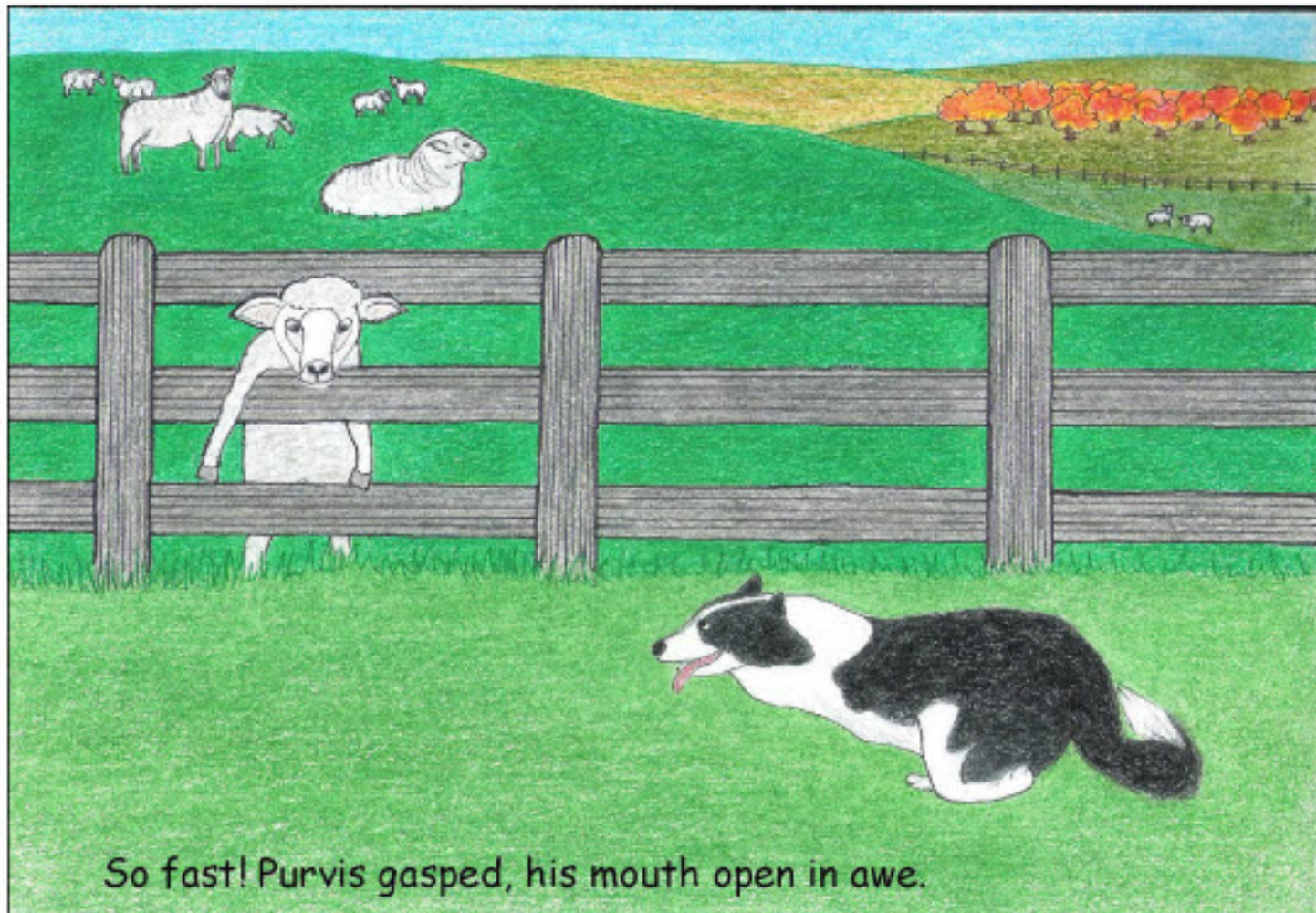
He then saw the sheepdog that guarded the sheep
Lying in the barn doorway— he looked fast asleep.



He tried to creep by without making a sound;
Purvis really cared not to disturb the old hound.



When suddenly came the loud bleating of sheep;
The dog flew over Purvis in one giant leap!
He raced by like lightning; was soon out of sight.
Purvis sat there, amazed, blinking in the sunlight.

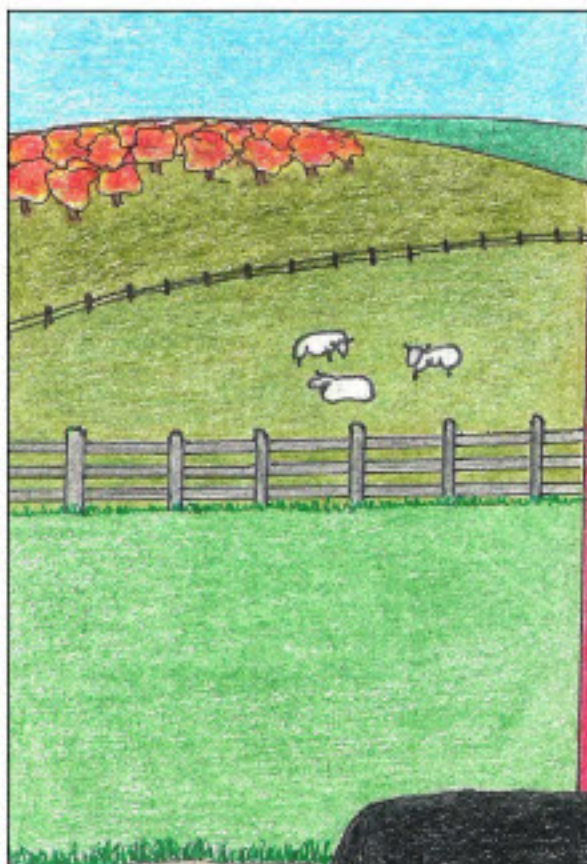


So fast! Purvis gasped, his mouth open in awe.

And that dog, he's not big, why he's not big at all.

"That's true," said a voice, "not much bigger than you."

The dog suddenly stood there and said, "Hi, I'm Lou."



"Oh wow," Purvis said, "can I be like you are?
You can run like the wind; you're fast as a racecar!

The cat is so smart and the cow is so big,
But I think that I'd rather be fast!" said the pig.

"Well pigs can be fast," said the dog to the pig.
And I'm sure you'll be fast enough once you get big.

And why would you want to be like a dog now?
Tell me, why like a cat - and why ever a cow?"

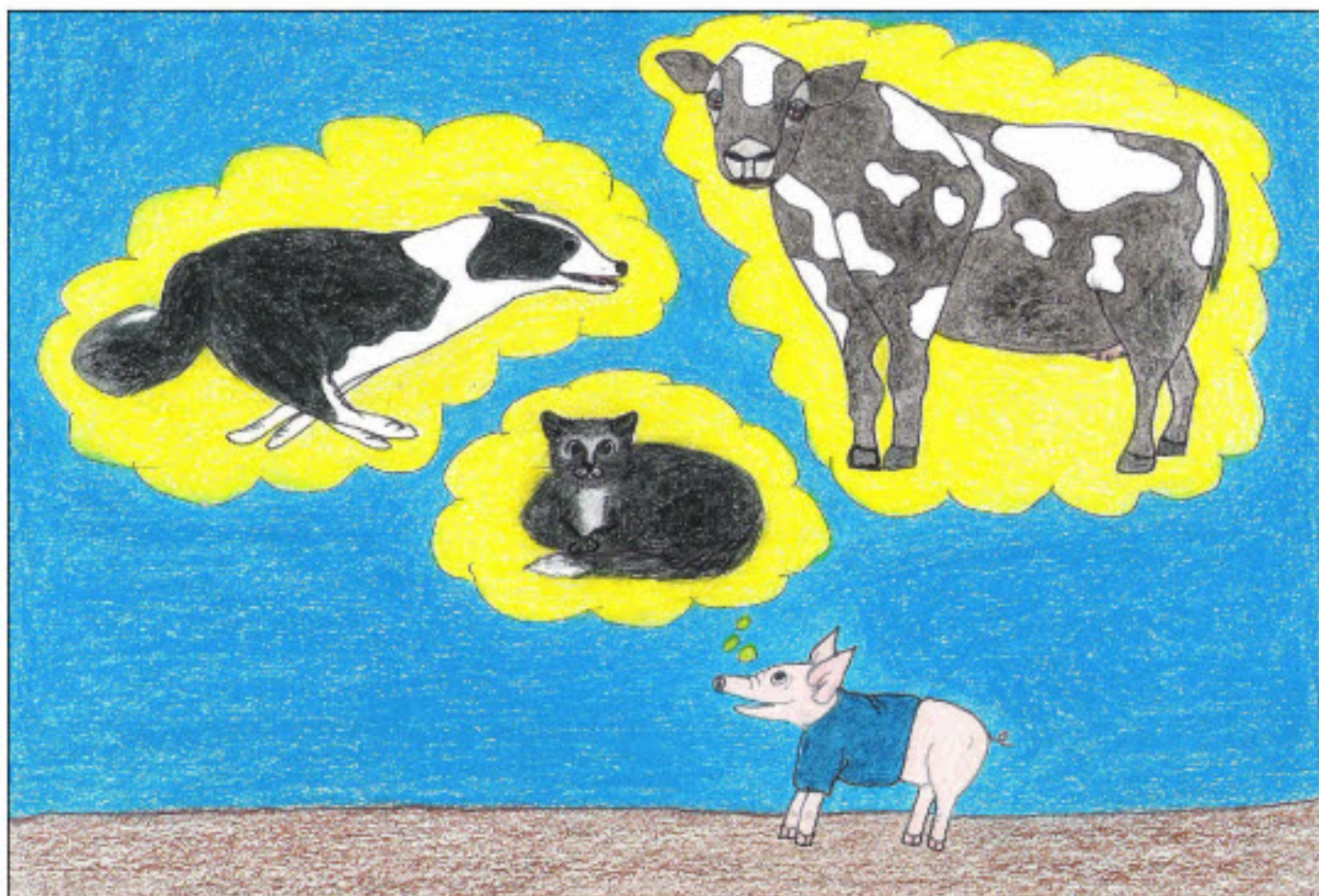
"Why, cows are no fun and...

well, cats can be strange.

You should know dogs are best,
but say, why should you change?



And pigs are okay, and that is what you are;
Be the best pig you can be and you will go far."



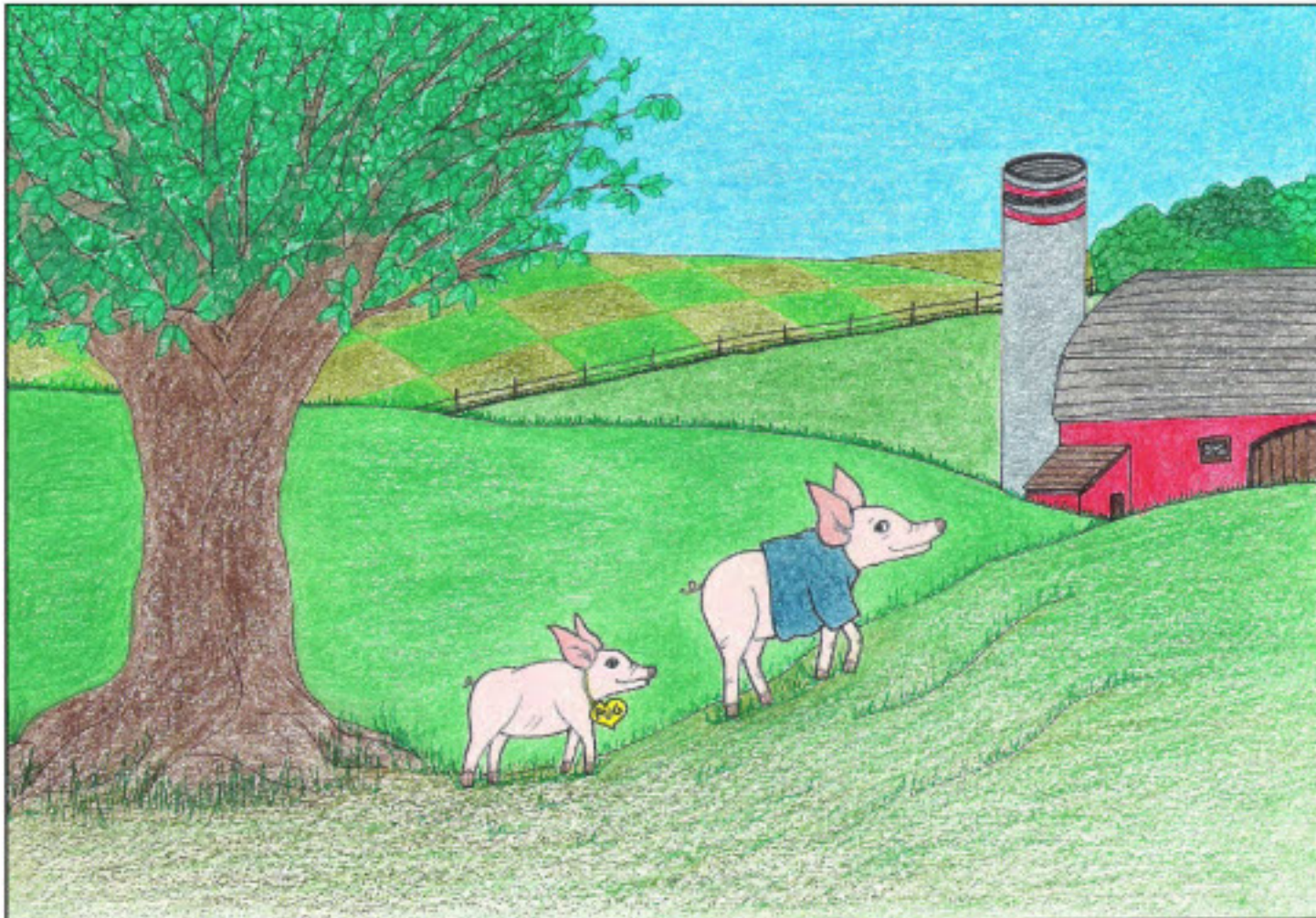
But Purvis heard not, he was lost in his thoughts
Of fast dogs, big cows, smart cats and all he was not.



The days then went by and more friends Purvis made
And he wanted to be just like them I'm afraid!



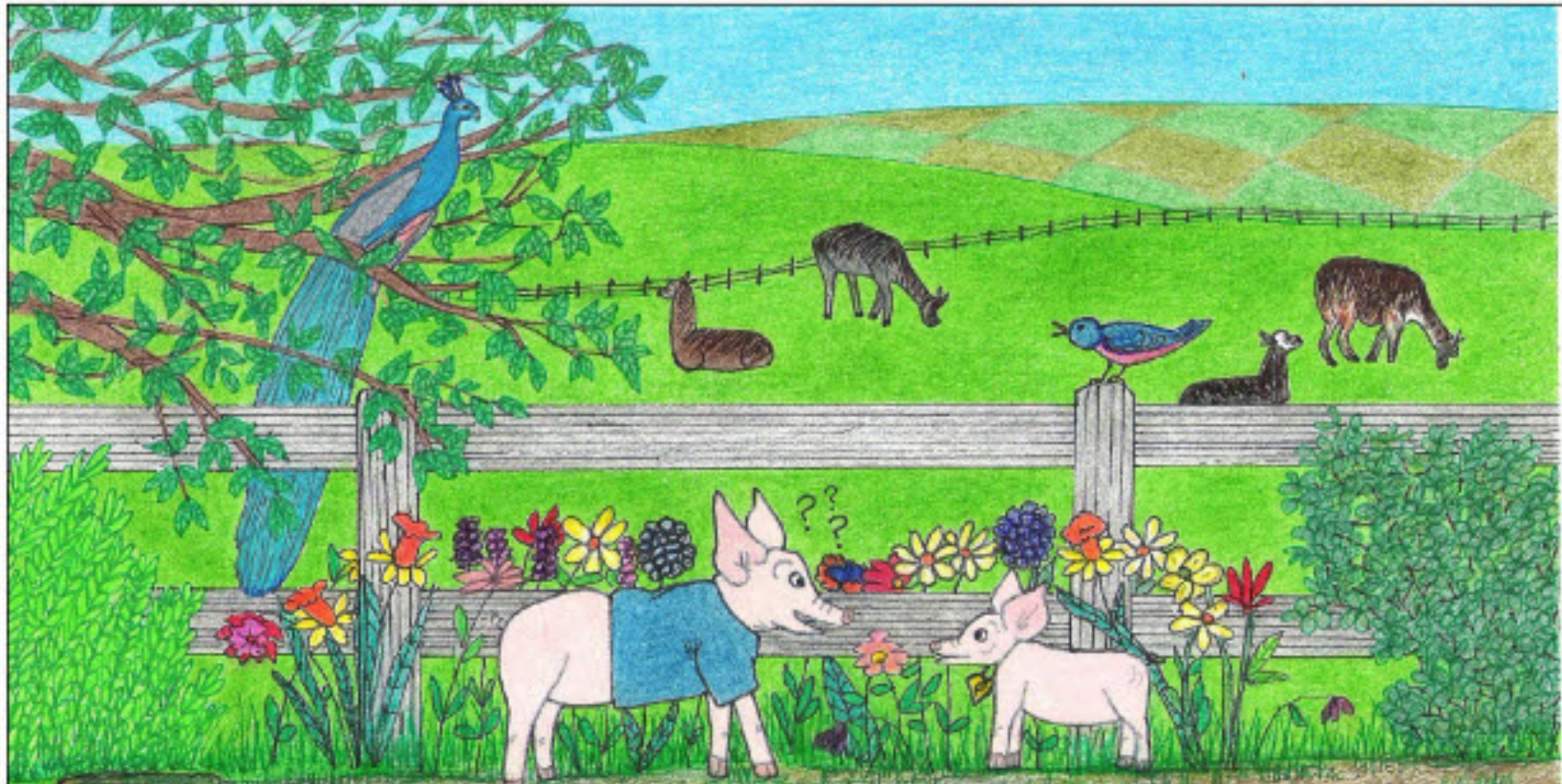
The days, they went on 'til one day there arrived,
A new brother for Purvis, much to his surprise!



This brother (named Pug) followed Purvis around;
A more loyal companion could never be found.



"You're great" said his brother, "you've got lots of friends;
And you're smart;" he went on, "what you know never ends!
You're big and you're fast and you're fun, it's all true
And I want nothing more than to be **JUST LIKE YOU!**

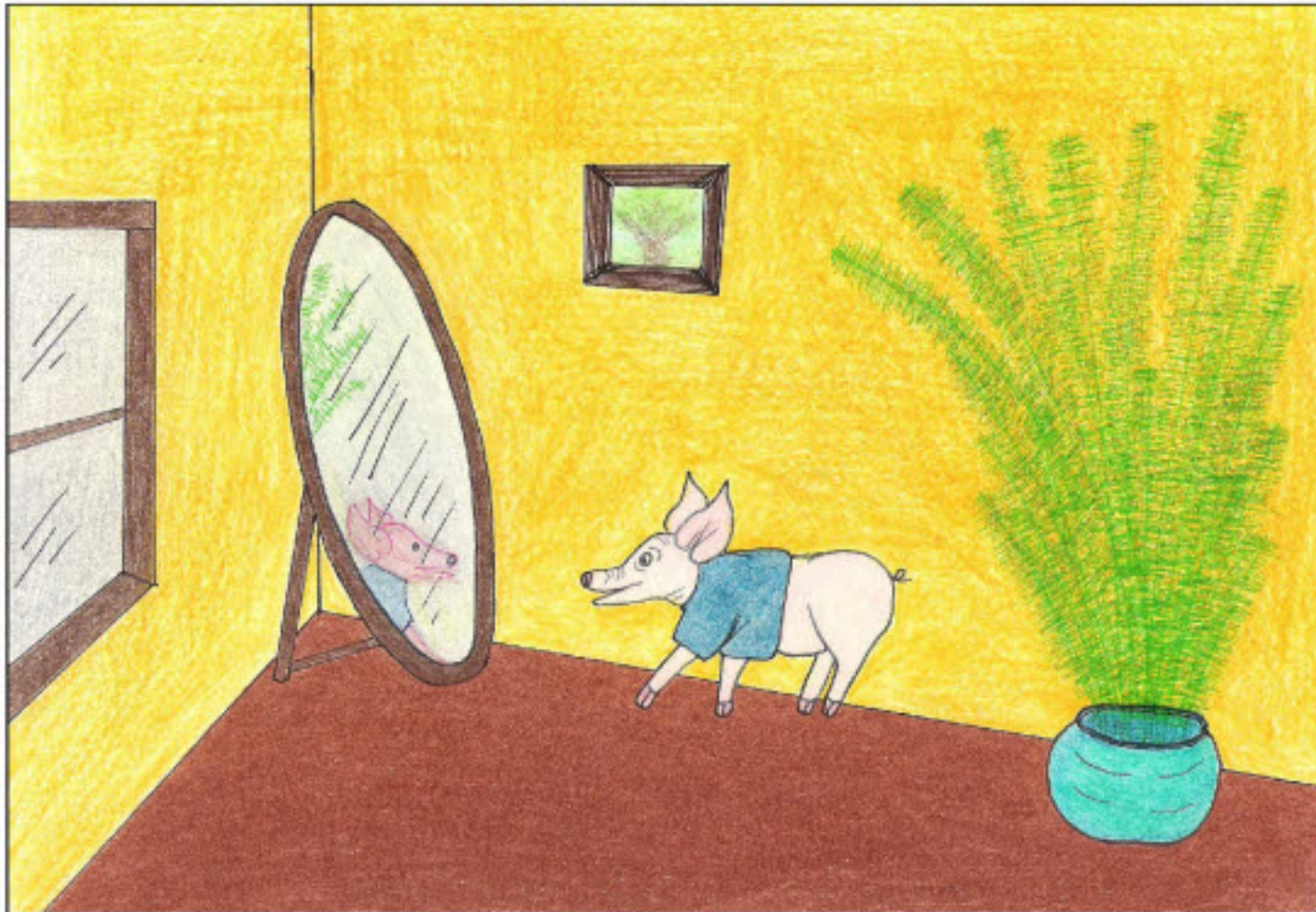


He stared in amazement at Pug, so surprised!

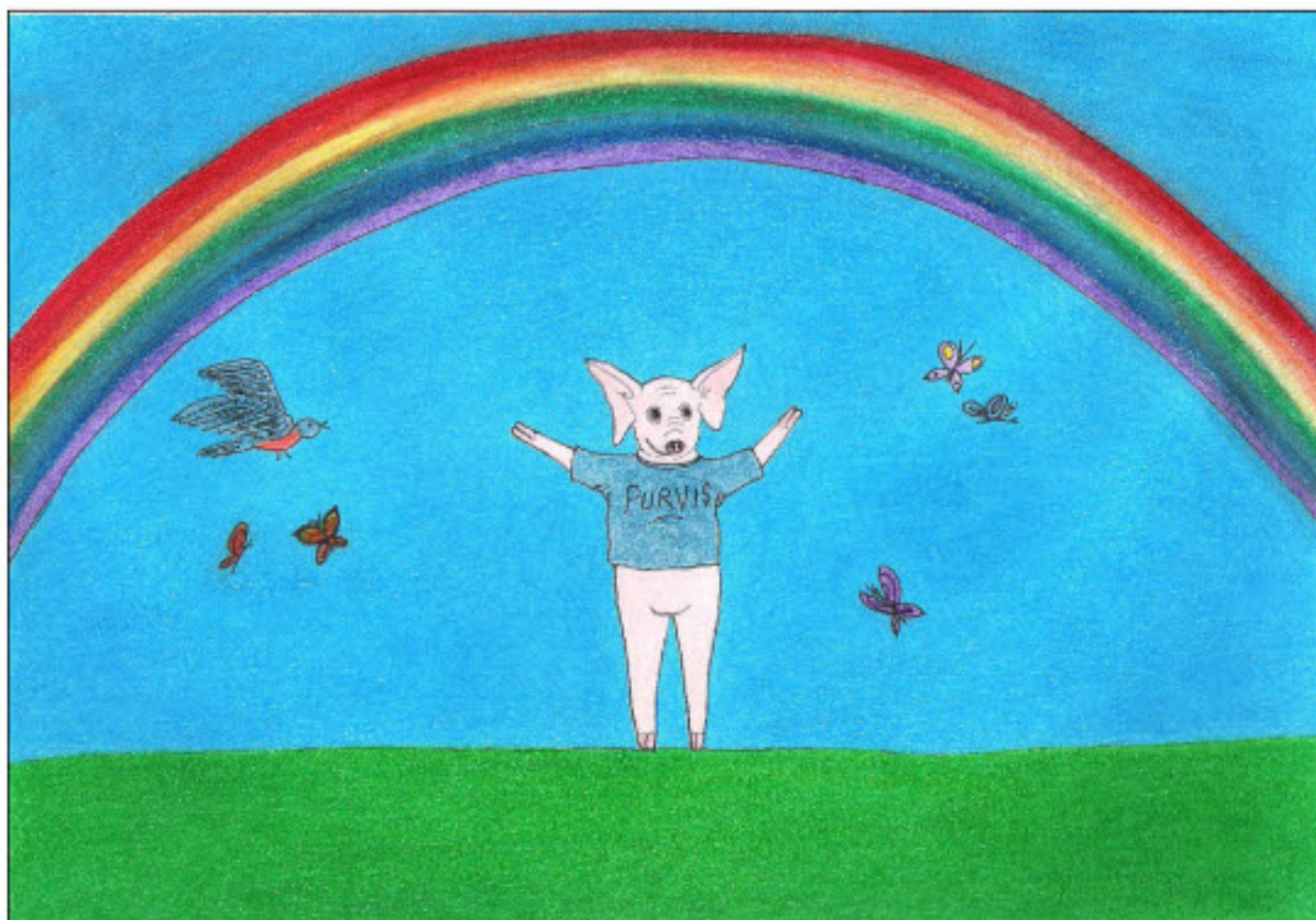
He need be just *himself*, Purvis now realized.

He was really okay the way he was now -

Not a cat, dog or llama, nor goat, horse or cow!



Just a pig Purvis was but a good pig was he —
...and it seemed he'd grown bigger; was growing finally!



A pig Purvis was - and himself he could be...
He decided right then, I *can* be **JUST LIKE ME!**



THE END.