

**POT OF COLORS**  
**A Spring Tale**  
**By Carole L. Cooney**

Setting: The Land of Evernow

Characters:

Narrator

Teeny, an elf

Middy, an elf

Daunt, a mischievous elf

Albis, the Most High Elf

Narrator: Spring came suddenly to the Land of Evernow. It was time for color to splash everywhere. The Elves were rising early from their homes beneath the forest rocks to color hundreds of eggs for the yearly Egg Hunt. This year it was commanded by the Most High Elf, Albis, that the colors were to be different!

Teeny: (yawning) Oh, I'm so tired of stirring these pots of dye. I've worked from sun-up until sun-down and they're still not blended.

Middy: What's the matter, Teeny? You seem very upset!

Teeny: The most high Albis said we had to make new colors for the eggs and I'm having a hard time getting these colors to blend.

Middy: What colors are in the pot?

Teeny: I put in canary yellow, rose red and cornflower blue.

Middy: Those would make an interesting new color.

Teeny: I thought so, but they just won't blend.

Middy: Well, if we are to make new colors, why not just leave them unblended. That would be different.

Teeny: Do you think it would work?

Middy: Why not give it a try.

Narrator: Teeny and Middy crept to the hen house to snatch an egg before anyone saw them. Suddenly there was a great swooshing sound that shook the trees. The two elves ran as fast as they could out of the hen house and into the forest where the pot of colors was bubbling.

Middy: Quick! Teeny, put the egg into your pot.

Teeny: All right! I hope it doesn't crack open.

Narrator: The large white egg slid into the swirling colors and rolled over and over and over.

Middy: Do you think it's done?

Teeny: Yes! Let's take it out of the pot. Oh, I hope this works!

Narrator: As the egg was being lifted out of the pot, Daunt, the mischievous elf, sat in the tree above Teeny and Middy, laughing. He swung down on a branch and grabbed the egg.

Daunt: (shouting) It's mine! This egg is mine!

Narrator: Suddenly, the egg began to crack. Teeny and Middy shivered with fright. Before their very eyes, they saw a chicken pecking its way out of its shell.

Daunt: (frightened) Wha...wha...what is it? Get it away from me!

Narrator: As the little chick pecked and pecked the shell, Daunt was so terrified that he dropped the egg and ran as fast as he could into the forest. As the egg landed on the dusty ground, the chicken stepped out of its shell, looked at its colorful, striped body and began to strut around with pride.

Middy: (laughing) Ha, ha, ha! Look at Daunt running away from that little chicken.

Teeny: (loud whispering) Oops! Don't look now, but here comes the Most High Albis.

Albis: (booming voice) What is going on here? Why is Daunt running and screaming through the forest? And what have you done to this little chicken?

Middy: Sir, Teeny was experimenting with a pot of new colors. He was upset because the colors wouldn't blend.

Teeny: So, I took an egg from the hen house and put it into the pot to see what would happen.

Middy: Daunt tried to steal the egg, but when it began to crack open, he ran away scared.

Teeny: Then the chicken pecked its way out of its shell and began to march around. I think it likes its colorful-striped downy coat.

Albis: Yes, it looks that way. Well, I like it, too! Now that I understand what has happened, I congratulate you, Teeny! Your experiment is quite remarkable. You have worked wonders with your pot of colors. Let me see... As your reward, I promote you to become the Director of Colors for the Great Egg Hunt.

Narrator: All the elves cheered mightily for they knew the colors of the Great Egg Hunt would be the best ever!