

The Yellow Elf and the Sun

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Once upon a time there was an elf. He was a yellow elf and looked like a splash of sunshine. He zipped here and there quickly, so quickly he made your eyes dazzle. He loved buttercups and daffodils and sunflowers. He loved yellow tulips, marigolds and bananas. He loved to live in the happy eyes of children. And he especially loved the sun, and the yellow elf was sunny even when he was sad.

One day, as he was sitting on a daffodil, the sun called him.

“Little elf! Little yellow elf! It’s time to come home,” hummed the sun from high in the sky.

“Me?” said the elf, surprised the sun would talk to such a small splash as him.

“Yes, you,” said the sun, thrumming louder than ever.

“But how?” asked the yellow elf.

“Just jump,” sang the sun.

So the yellow elf jumped. Up he flew, light as a feather, and joined the sun.

That’s where he is now if you’re looking for him—but he’s hard to see because of all the light.