

little

red

dot





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# little red dot

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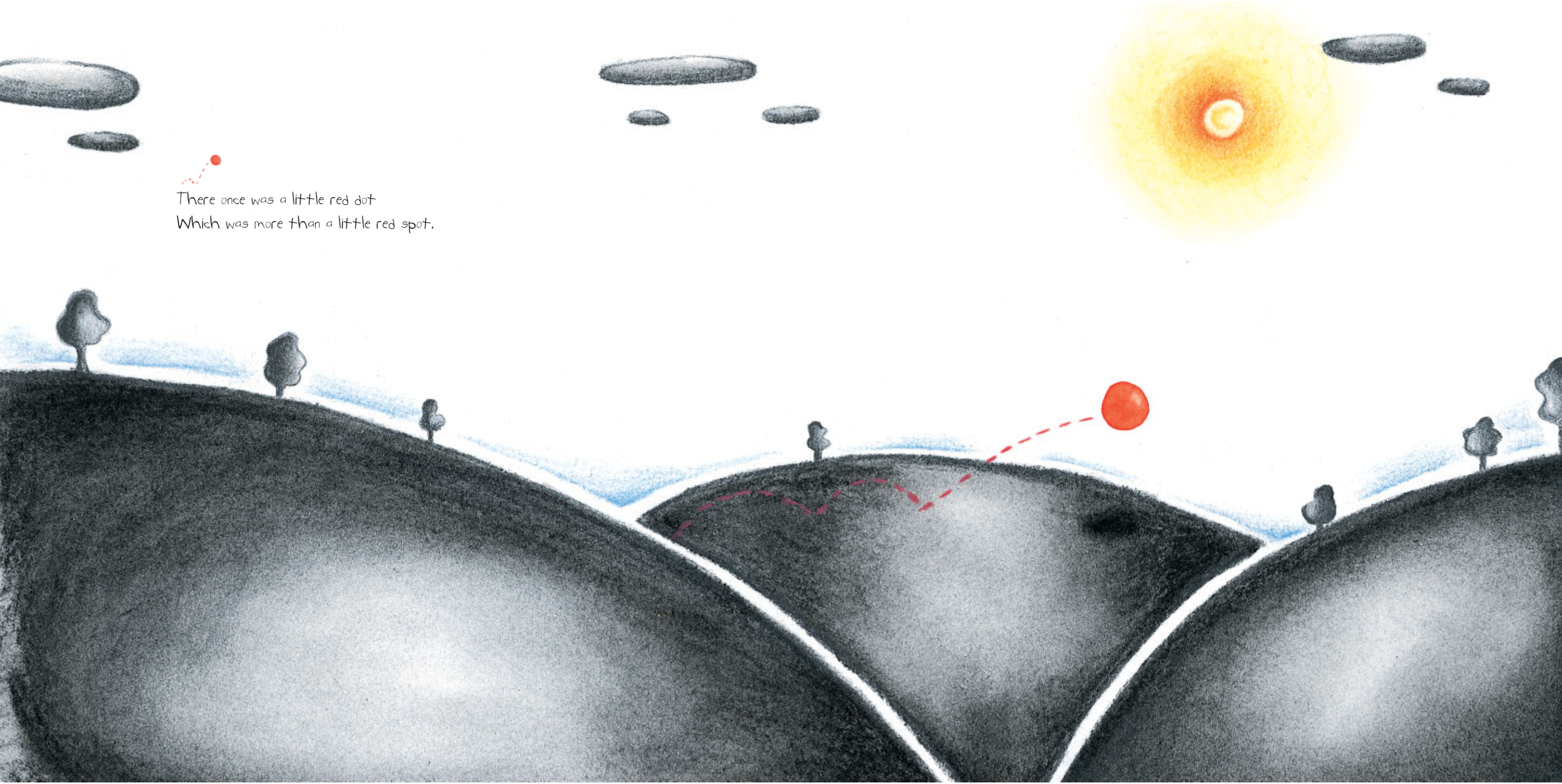
illustrated by Lancer Design







There once was a little red dot  
Which was more than a little red spot.





A closer look would show that  
It was really made up of many little red dots.  
There were dots of all shapes and sizes,  
Dots with curly hair, long hair and even no hair.  
There were mama dots, papa dots  
Grandma, grandpa and kiddie dots too.

Everywhere they went,  
They went as a single red dot  
As there was a special glue that kept them together.





But the glue would come unstuck  
Whenever they had trouble working with one another.  
There was sometimes trouble deciding  
Where to go, when to go,  
What to do, how much to grow.  
In times like these, the little red dot  
Looked nothing like a perfect spot  
But more like an ugly splotch.







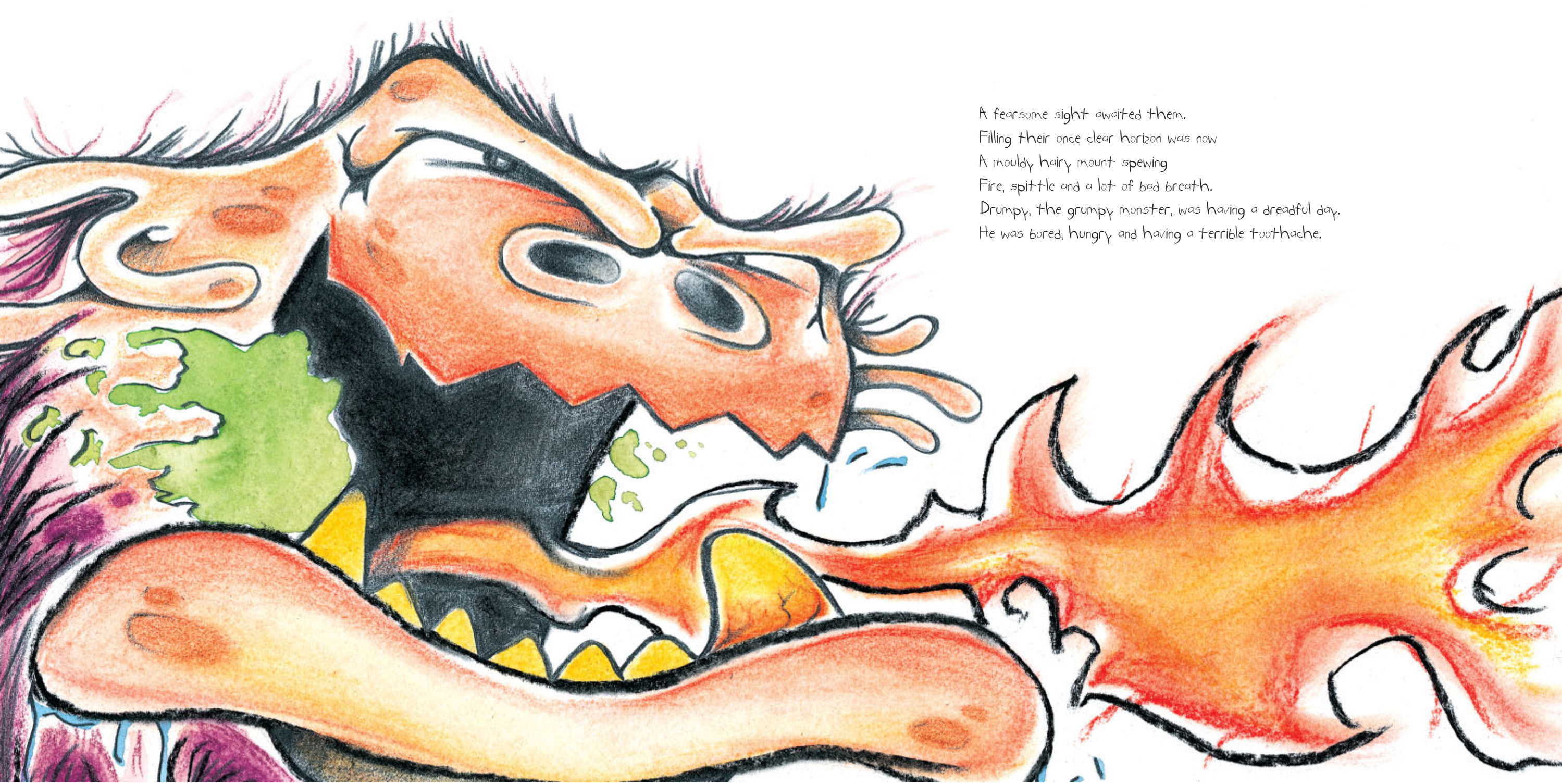
Then one day, they had a strange experience  
That sent them scattering in all directions.  
The earth shook,  
Rumbling like it was having a terrible tummy ache.  
The little red dots were tossed  
Up and down like smarties in a blender.  
A strong hot wind  
That seemed to be growling and howling  
Blew in their direction.  
This was followed by what looked like  
Huge drops of rain and a thick layer of fog.  
The little red dots trembled wherever they fell,  
Running to take cover  
From the rain, heat and wind.



After what seemed like a long time,  
The rain and fog were gone.  
The little red dots came out  
To see what had turned their world upside down.







A fearsome sight awaited them.  
Filling their once clear horizon was now  
A mouldy hairy mount spewing  
Fire, spittle and a lot of bad breath.  
Drumpy, the grumpy monster, was having a dreadful day.  
He was bored, hungry and having a terrible toothache.





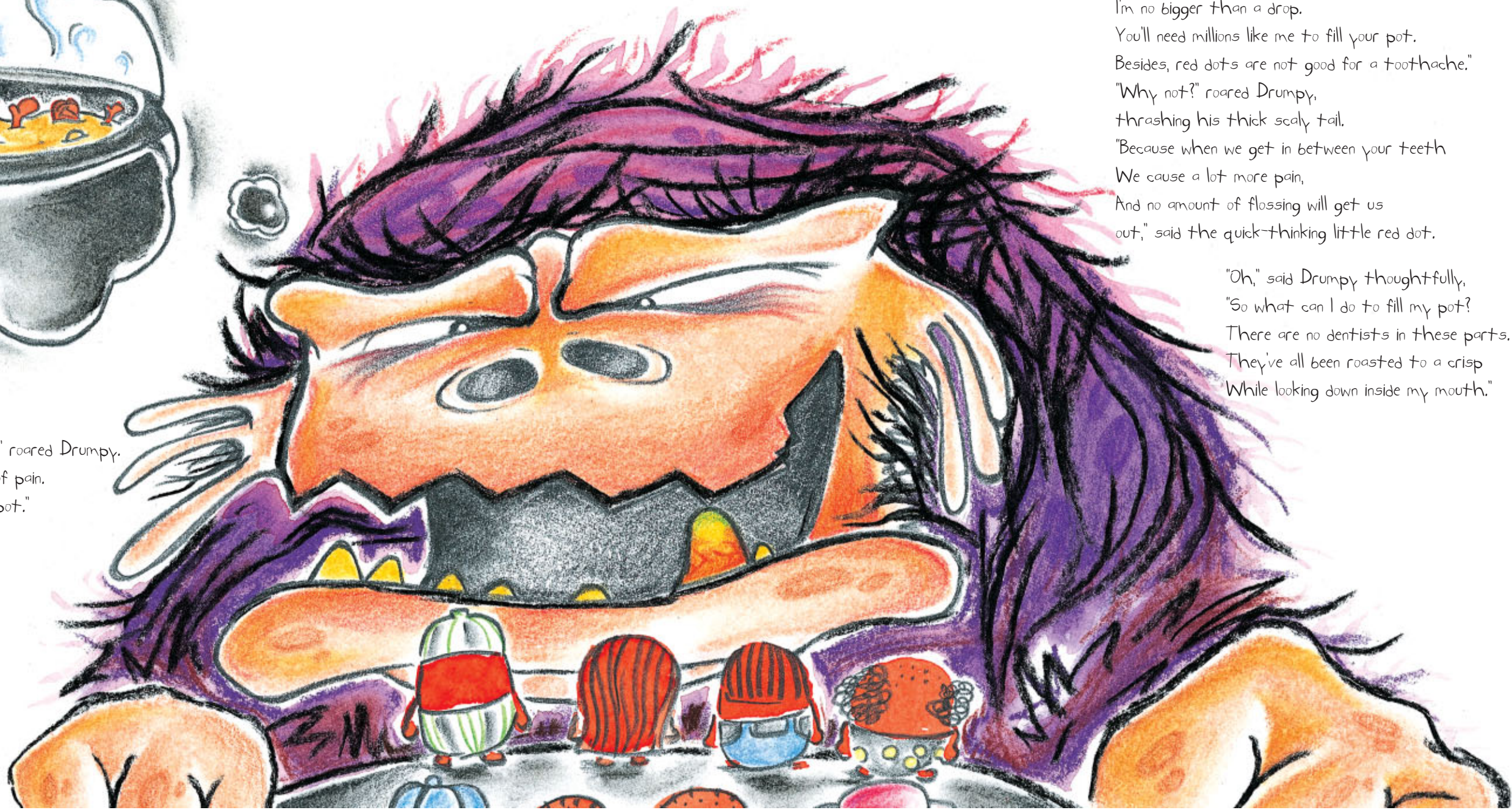
"ROWRR," he bellowed at a retreating red dot  
Who had just pelted him with some rocks.  
The others bravely tried their luck  
Hurling thorns and frogs and even durians too.  
But nothing brought Drumpy down.  
The little red dots were scattered all around.

Instead he turned bright pink and then  
red and roared yet again, "ROWRR,"  
Scattering them with another gust of bad breath.  
This time they hurled homemade laksa,  
pepper crabs and fiery sambal too.  
But it still did not bring Drumpy down.  
The little red dots were scattered all around.





"Come here, you little dots,  
Before I squash you on the spot," roared Drumpy.  
I'm hungry and bored and in a lot of pain.  
You look like the sort to fill my pot."



"Oh no," squealed a little red dot,  
"You can't be full if you eat me...  
I'm no bigger than a drop.  
You'll need millions like me to fill your pot.  
Besides, red dots are not good for a toothache."  
"Why not?" roared Drumpy,  
thrashing his thick scaly tail.  
"Because when we get in between your teeth  
We cause a lot more pain,  
And no amount of flossing will get us  
out," said the quick-thinking little red dot.

"Oh," said Drumpy thoughtfully,  
"So what can I do to fill my pot?  
There are no dentists in these parts.  
They've all been roasted to a crisp  
While looking down inside my mouth."





The little red dots knew they were in a spot.  
They could not risk being a splotch as one wrong  
move would put them in the pot.  
So they huddled together to plan as one red dot.



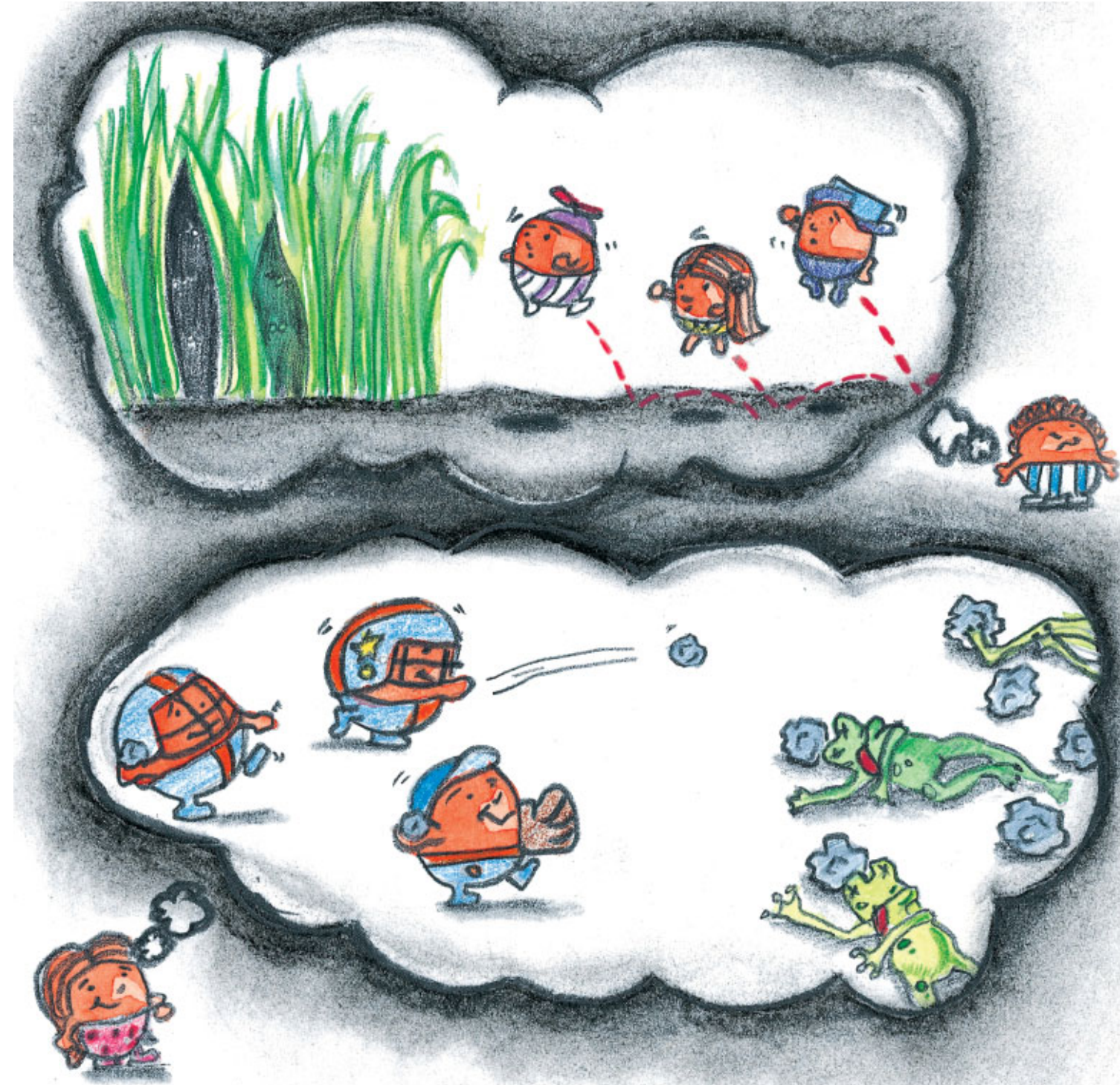


"Why don't we just bounce away to avoid the old monster's breath," cried one little red dot.

"No, no, we should give him more pain, then he won't bother us again," said another.

"Why don't we just throw rocks at him? The last time that killed the frogs,"

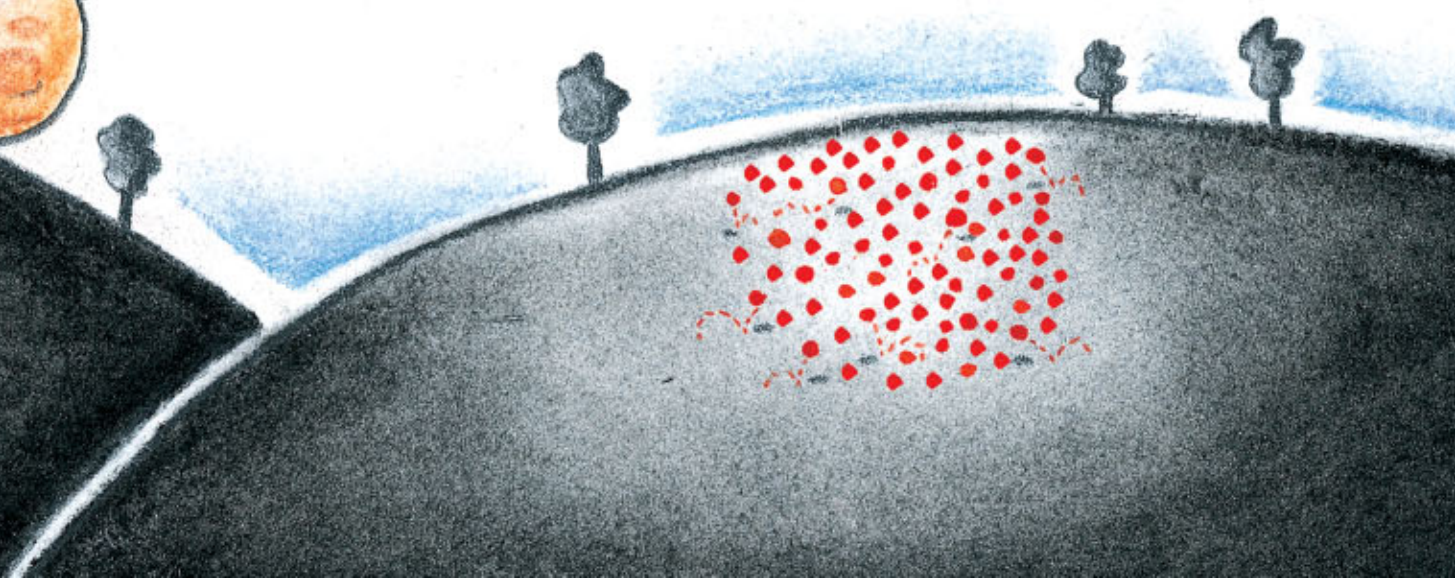
"We need a good plan fast," said another as they huddled even closer to solve their troubles.







"We've got just the thing for your troubles, Drumpy," said the little red dots.  
"We can fit some wholesome soup for your tummy and tooth,  
Made from ginkgo nuts and dates, lizard tails and spiders too.  
It's good fibre and gives bulk to fill your pot.  
Crunchy when you munch,  
And your pain will be gone in no time,"  
Drumpy thought for a while.  
Lizard tails and spiders were not mild,  
But he thought he would give it a try.  
"OK," he bellowed, "but I need it real quick."





The little red dots hurried to cook their soup.  
Some ran to get the dates and tripped over the nuts,  
Others just ate the nuts and forgot their task.  
The lizard tails and spiders were tricky to get  
But with some smart stunts they got a variety in the end.





"You must wear this magic band over your head  
to enjoy the soup," said the little red dots,  
pointing to a long length of creepers and vines.  
The little red dots sprang into action  
To put the magic band in place.  
They tied one end to the aching tooth  
And the other to the tip of Drumpy's tail.  
"You must thump your tail as you  
slurp your soup or you won't enjoy it  
as you should," said the little red dots.

"Alright, alright," said Drumpy,  
thinking it was the latest soup-slurping fad.  
"But if it doesn't work, you're in hot soup."  
The little red dots stood at a distance,  
watching as Drumpy sat down for lunch.





"Thump! Thump! Slurp!" went Drumpy as he thumped his tail with each mouthful.

"Thump! Thump! Slurp!"

"Thump! Thump! Slurp!"

"Thump your tail harder,"

cried a little red dot, doing a little jig on the spot, "it adds to the taste."



By now, the other little red dots were dancing to the thumping too.

Drumpy had never seen dancing dots.

"What a lot of dotty dots," he thought,

"But this sure is fun," and he

too did a jig on the spot.

"Thump! Thump! Slurp!"

"Thump! Thump! Slurp!"

"Thump! Thump! Slurp!"

"Thump! Thump! Slurp!"





Drumpy had been thumping his tail for some time now.  
There was even a depression under his tail.  
Unknown to him, each time he thumped his tail,  
His aching tooth was jerked out of its bed.  
Finally, he slurped his soup and with  
a deep breath, gave a big thump.



The thump was so powerful it sent Drumpy hurtling backwards,  
With the aching tooth flying upwards.





Drumpy sat with his once-aching tooth next to his tail.

"Hmmm, that does feel good," he said looking very pleased with himself.

"My toothache is gone, I'm not hungry any more  
And I've found friends who don't come with tails.  
Oh, you've all been so good to me. How can I return  
you the favour?"



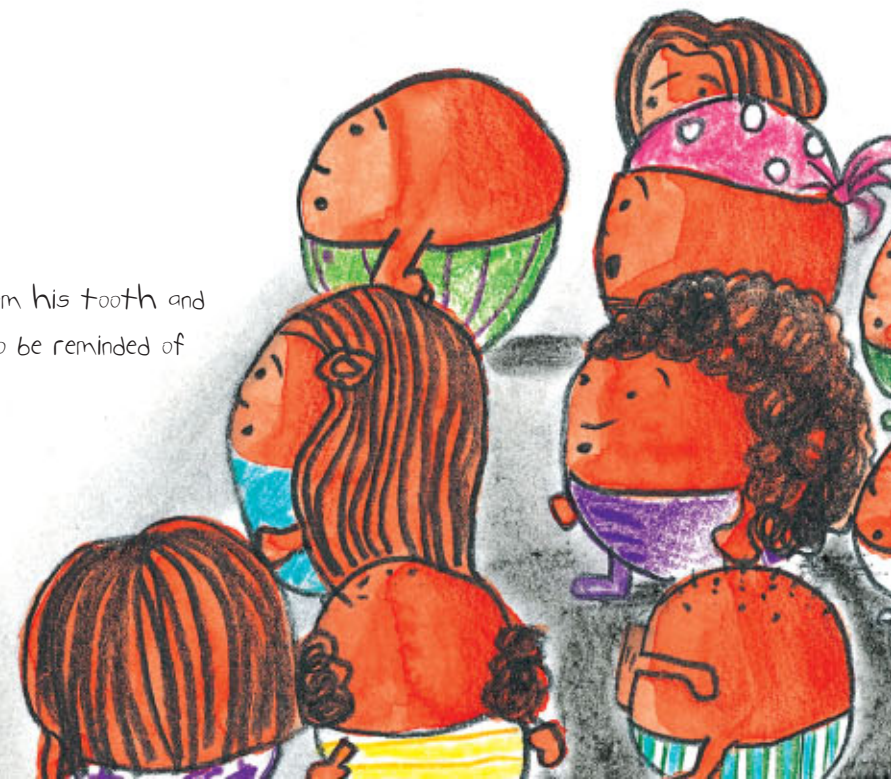
The little red dots looked at the magic band with the tooth attached and thought for a while.



So he eagerly offered them his tooth and magic band, not wanting to be reminded of his toothache.

"Can we keep this magic band as a sign that we are pals? We'd also like to take rides every day on top of your head so we can see what's up ahead."

"Simple requests," thought Drumpy, "We might even have some fun while they are up on my head."





And every day Drumpy would set out doing a jig  
As the little red dots happily hopped up his head  
To see all the lights and colours for miles ahead.

