

Henry and the Magic Crayon: On Safari



by David Parsons

*For every little explorer who listens for the elephants’
hum.*

Henry and the Magic Crayon: On Safari

Henry's Crayon Adventures · Book 3

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henryscrayon.com



The last of the sunset
was fading from sight,
as Mommy bent down
to kiss Henry goodnight.



“Sleep well, little man,”
said Dad from the door,
as Cecil the pug
curled up on the floor.

But Henry couldn't sleep.
His head full of manes,
of stripes and of trumpets
and hot golden plains.



He grabbed all his crayons —
green, yellow and brown —
and drew a fine safari jeep
with the roof folded down.



It shimmered and sparkled,
then started to grow,
filling his room
with a sun-coloured glow.

Bigger and bigger
and BIGGER, and more!
With long golden grasses
all over the floor.



Its wheels stood like boulders.
Its doors clicked undone.
“Let’s go!” cried Henry.
“The adventure’s begun!”

They climbed up inside
and buckled in tight.
The seats felt like cushions,
all bouncy and light.

The engine went VROOM!
The horn gave a BEEP!
And off through the grasslands
went bouncing the jeep!



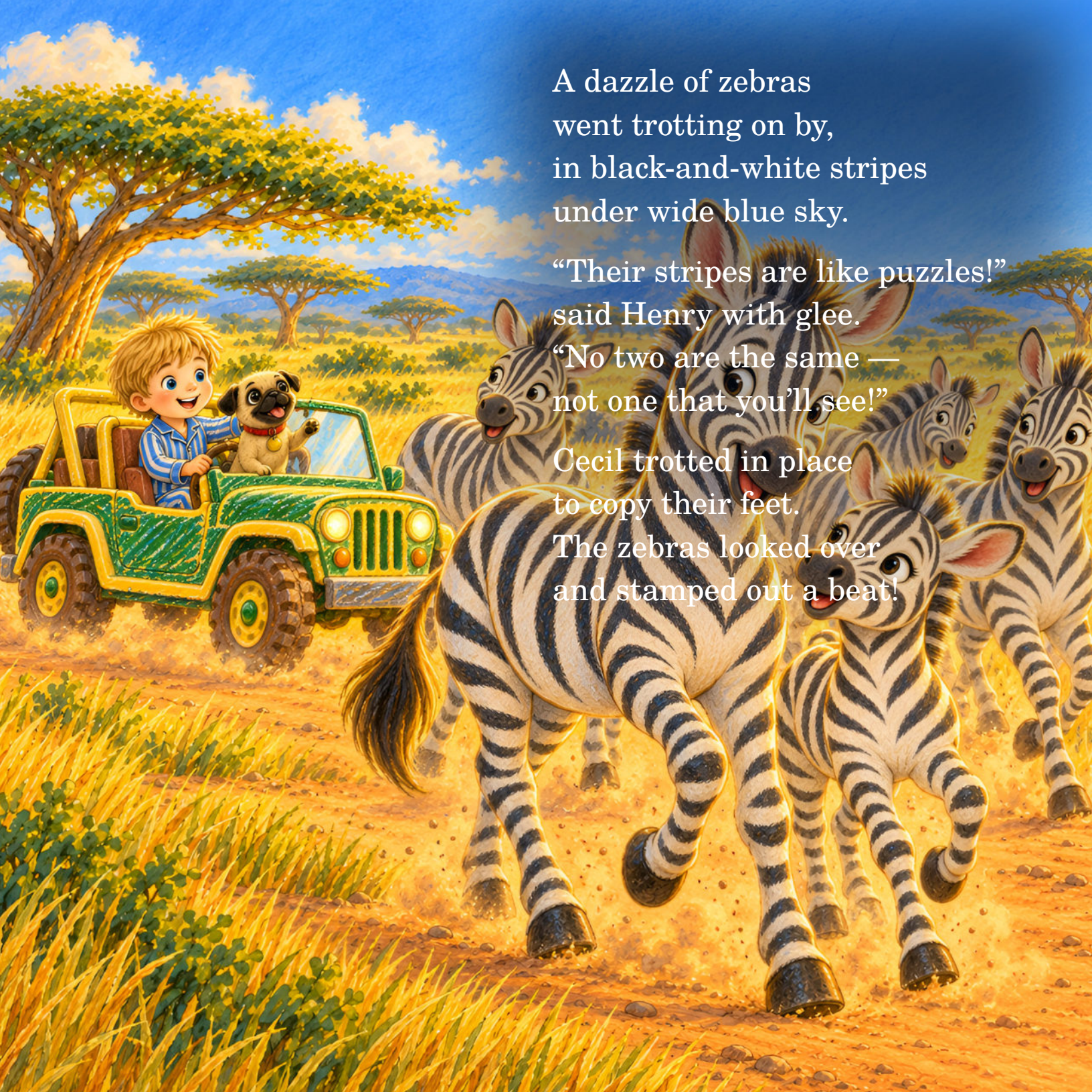


Their very first stop
was a wide golden plain,
that stretched to the sky
like a sea made of grain.
It rippled and swayed
with a warm gentle breeze,
where weaver birds chattered
in flat-topped trees.

“It goes on forever!”
said Henry. “Look there!”
Cecil stood up on his seat
and sniffed at the air.

*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*





A dazzle of zebras
went trotting on by,
in black-and-white stripes
under wide blue sky.

“Their stripes are like puzzles!”
said Henry with glee.

“No two are the same —
not one that you’ll see!”

Cecil trotted in place
to copy their feet.

The zebras looked over
and stamped out a beat!

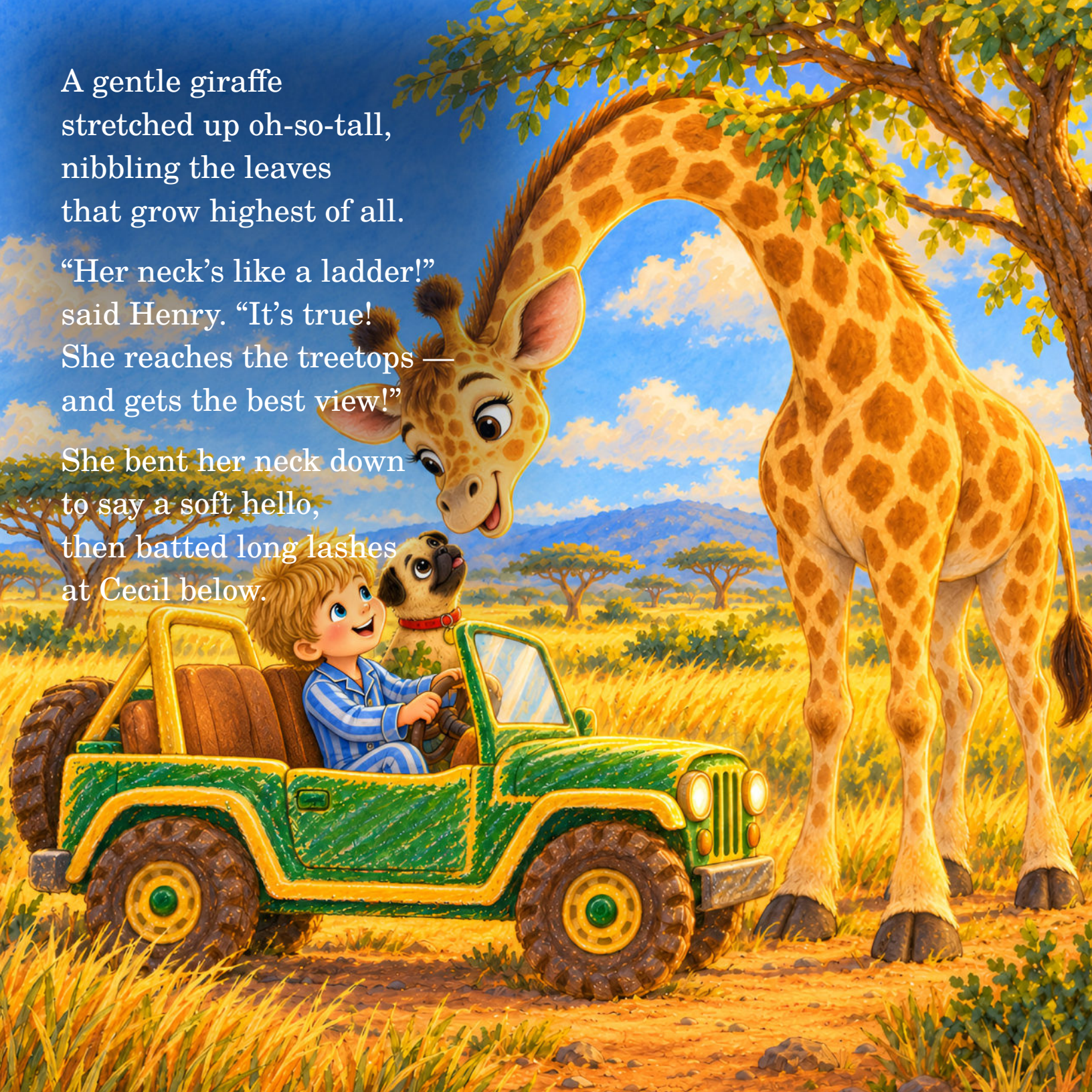
*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*



A gentle giraffe
stretched up oh-so-tall,
nibbling the leaves
that grow highest of all.

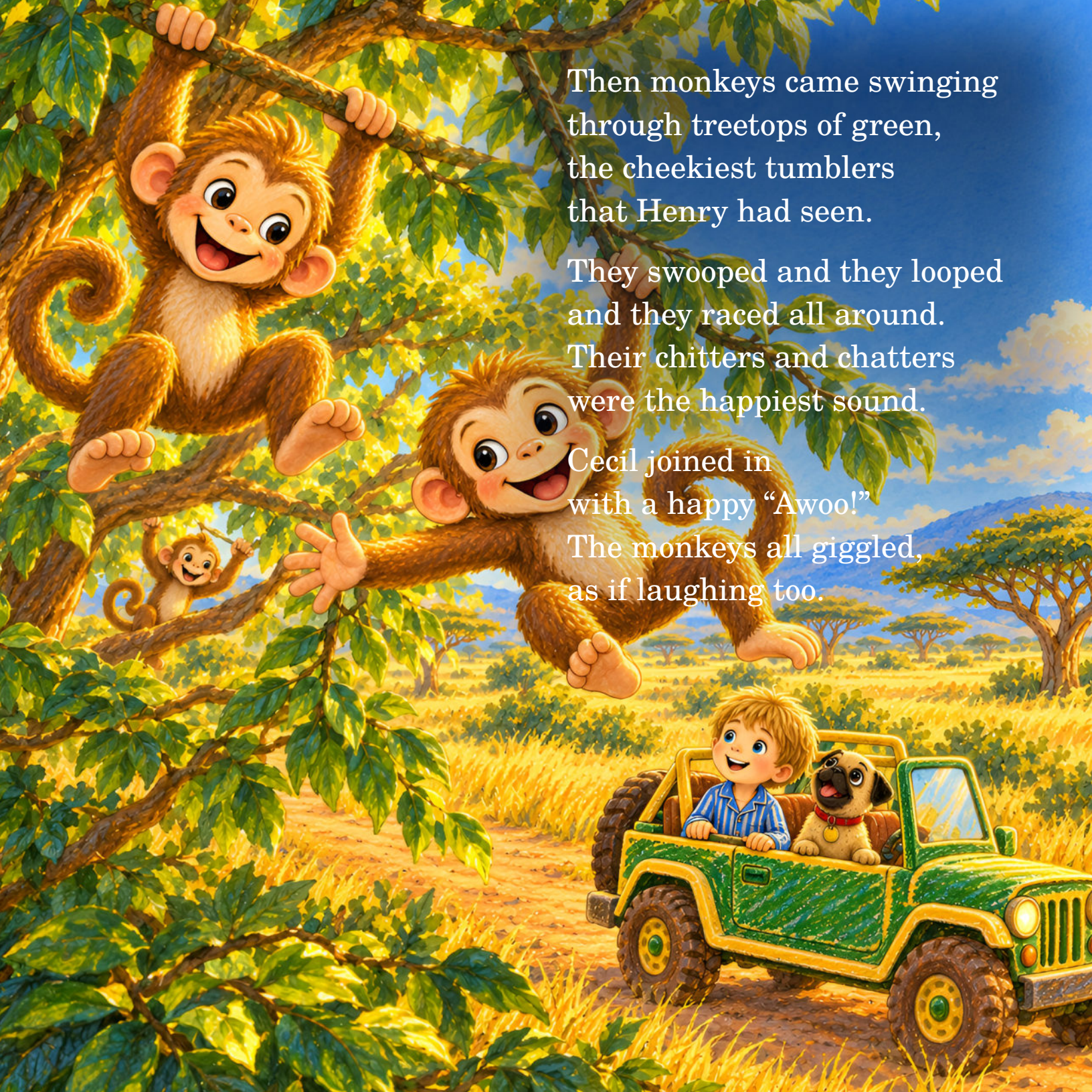
“Her neck’s like a ladder!”
said Henry. “It’s true!
She reaches the treetops —
and gets the best view!”

She bent her neck down
to say a soft hello,
then batted long lashes
at Cecil below.



*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*





Then monkeys came swinging
through treetops of green,
the cheekiest tumblers
that Henry had seen.

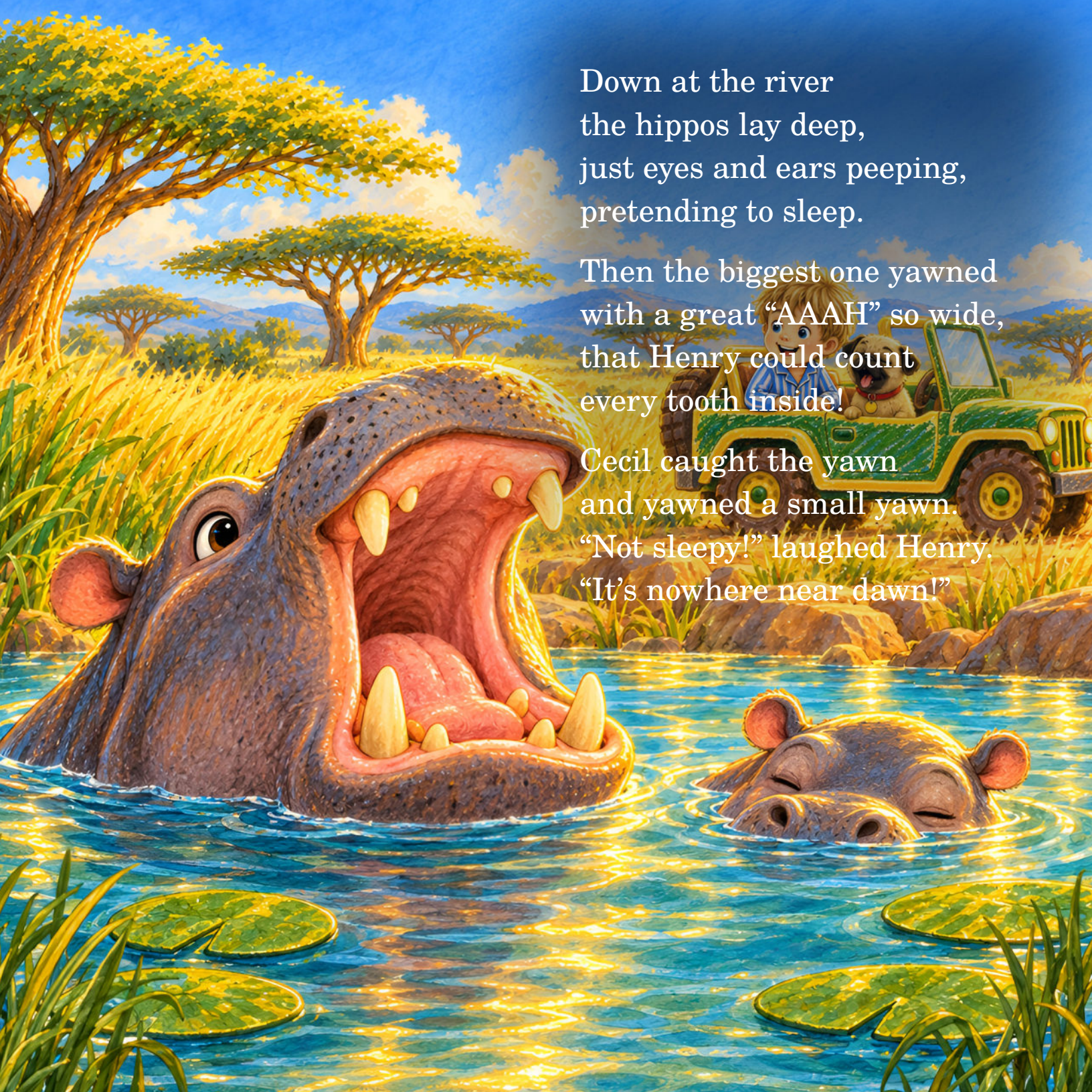
They swooped and they looped
and they raced all around.
Their chitters and chatters
were the happiest sound.

Cecil joined in
with a happy “Awoo!”

The monkeys all giggled,
as if laughing too.

*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*





Down at the river
the hippos lay deep,
just eyes and ears peeping,
pretending to sleep.

Then the biggest one yawned
with a great “AAAH” so wide,
that Henry could count
every tooth inside!

Cecil caught the yawn
and yawned a small yawn.
“Not sleepy!” laughed Henry.
“It’s nowhere near dawn!”

*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*



Then out of the grasses
a lion strolled by,
with a mane like the sun
and a watchful gold eye.

“He’s king of the plains!”
Henry said. “Wow!
But we’re safe in our sturdy jeep.
Wave to him now!”

Cecil gave a gulp,
then a brave little grin.
The great lion nodded
and lifted his chin.



*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*



Then over the water
at soft setting sun,
flamingos stood dreaming,
pink every one.

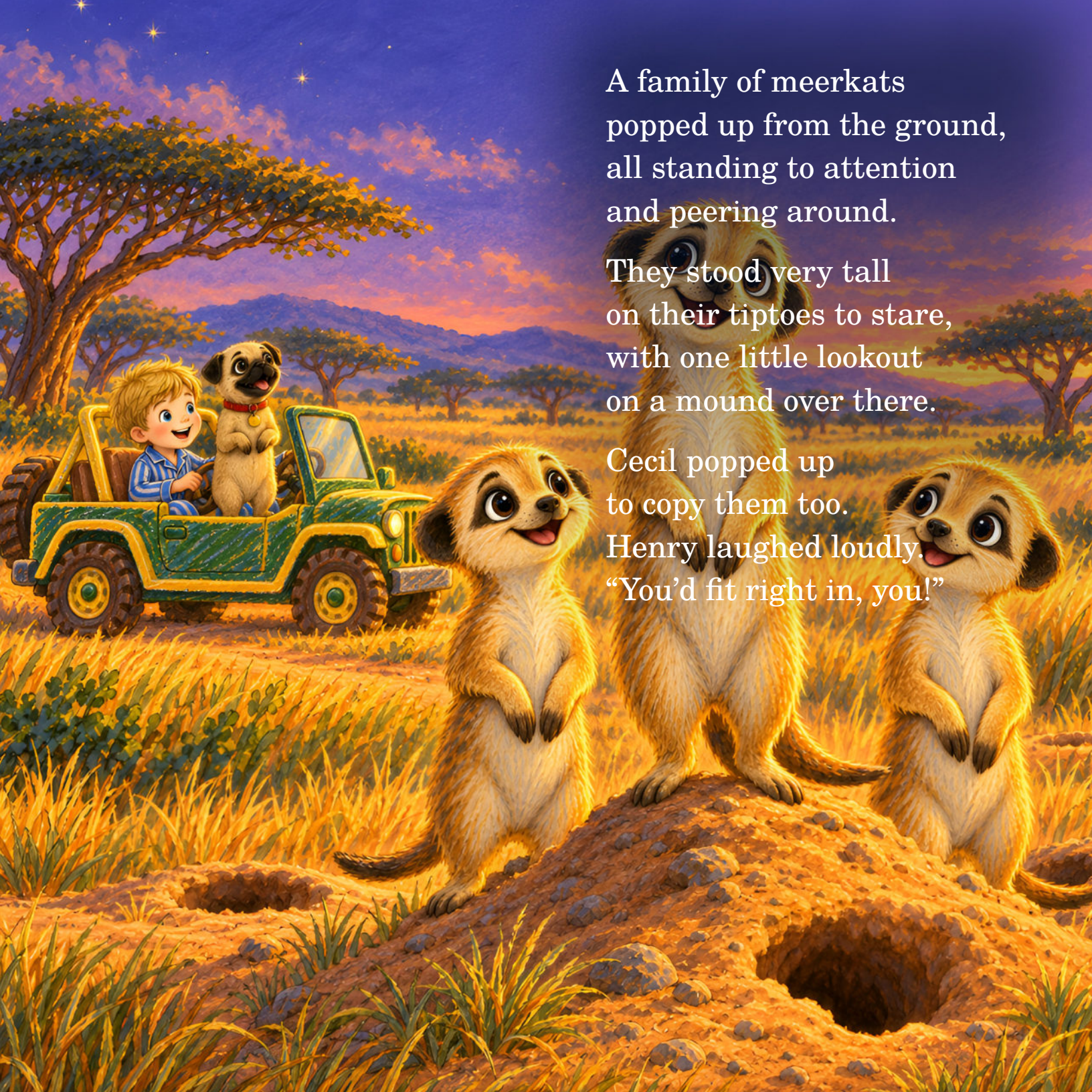
They balanced on one leg
like dancers on toes,
with heads tucked in feathers,
in elegant rows.

Cecil sat staring,
his eyes full of light.
The lake glowed like sunset
as day turned to night.



*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*



A vibrant, cartoon-style illustration of a savanna scene at sunset. In the background, a young boy with blonde hair, wearing blue pajamas, sits in the driver's seat of a green and yellow open-top jeep. A small, light-brown dog with a red collar and a gold bell sits beside him. The jeep is parked on a dirt path. In the foreground, three meerkats are standing on their hind legs on a mound of earth. The meerkat in the center is the tallest and is looking up at the jeep. The two smaller meerkats on either side are also looking up. The background features rolling hills, scattered acacia trees, and a sky with soft orange and purple hues and a few stars. The overall mood is whimsical and adventurous.

A family of meerkats
popped up from the ground,
all standing to attention
and peering around.

They stood very tall
on their tiptoes to stare,
with one little lookout
on a mound over there.

Cecil popped up
to copy them too.
Henry laughed loudly.
“You’d fit right in, you!”

*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*





Then over the hills
rolled a grumbling cloud,
with flickers of lightning
and thunder so loud.

The little jeep gave
a bump and a sway.
Cecil held tight
all the way.

“Don’t worry,” said Henry.
“Look — there’s a light!”
A thousand small fireflies
danced through the night.

*Come on, Cecil,
look through the grass —
can you guess
who's going to pass?*





Then down at the waterhole,
silvered with moon,
stood a family of elephants,
humming a tune.

A mama, a grandma,
a baby brand-new,
with trunks gently twining
the way that trunks do.

Cecil leaned close.

“I’m glad we’re in here.”

Henry smiled warmly.

“Me too, my dear.”

A boy with blonde hair, wearing blue and white striped pajamas, sits on the ground with his back to the viewer. He is holding a small, light-colored dog with a red collar and a gold bell. They are looking up at a vast, starry night sky. The sky is filled with numerous bright stars and a prominent, colorful nebula or galaxy in shades of purple, blue, and orange. Below the sky, a savanna landscape is visible, featuring tall golden grass, several acacia trees, and distant mountains under a dark blue night sky. The scene is illuminated by the soft light of the stars and the warm glow of the landscape.

Then out on the plain
as the night settled through,
the sky filled with stars
like the ones Henry drew.

A million bright stars
went winking up high,
like glittering diamonds
spilled over the sky.

Henry sat quietly.
Cecil sat too.
Some sights are so wonderful,
words simply won't do.



At last Henry yawned.
“It’s getting quite late.”
The jeep turned for home
at a comfortable rate.

It shimmered and sparkled.
It shrank bit by bit.
Back into the drawing
where Henry had sketched it.



He climbed into bed.
Cecil curled at his feet.
The stars through the window
now twinkled so sweet.

Mom peeked through the doorway.
Dad smiled with delight.
As Henry and Cecil
dreamed all through the night.