

## There once was an oyster

Whose story I tell,  
Who found that some sand  
Had got into his shell.

It was only a grain,  
But it gave him great pain.  
For oysters have feelings  
Although they're so plain.

Now, did he berate  
The harsh workings of fate  
That had brought him  
To such a deplorable state?

Did he curse at the government,  
Cry for election,  
And claim that the sea should  
Have given him protection?

"No," he said to himself  
As he lay on a shell,  
Since I cannot remove it,  
I shall try to improve it.

Now the years have rolled around,  
As the years always do,  
And he came to his ultimate  
Destiny—stew.

And the small grain of sand  
That had bothered him so  
Was a beautiful pearl  
All richly aglow.

Now the tale has a moral,  
For isn't it grand  
What an oyster can do  
With a morsel of sand?

What couldn't we do  
If we'd only begin  
With some of the things  
That get under our skin.

~Author unknown