

My Elephant Is Blue



a book about big, heavy feelings

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One morning I woke to find an elephant sitting on my chest.



I found it hard to get up or move around, to breathe or talk.

“I’m Blue,” the elephant said.
“Can you please move, Blue?” I asked.
“I don’t want to move. This is a good spot for me to sit.”
“You’re crushing me,” I said.
“Yet I find you very comfortable,” said Blue.



Mom and Dad were worried.
They said, "Perhaps if you cheered up a bit . . .
or smiled at it."

But it's hard to cheer up or smile
with an elephant sitting on your chest.

