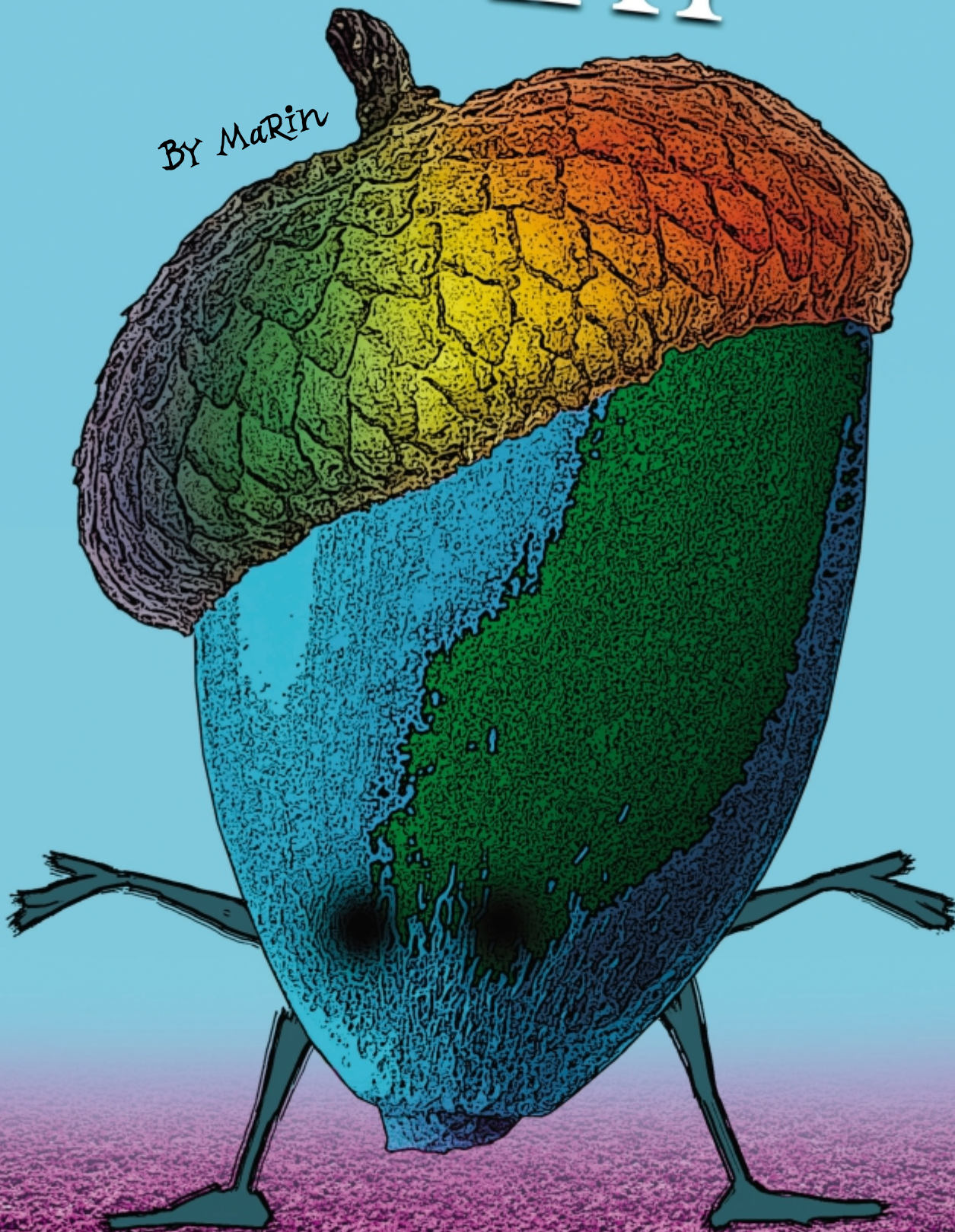


OAKY

By MaRin



Fontreal

OAKY

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OAKY

By Marin



From a straight man, with love:
to Scott Jones, a gay Canadian man whom I do not know at all,
but whose story moved me.

M.D.



Oaky lived in the kingdom of
squirrels.

He came from a typical family of acorns,
but he was
distinct.

From Day One.

He fell down from the family tree
without crying.

The colour of his skin was different.

His thoughts were different.

His nuts and bolts were different.



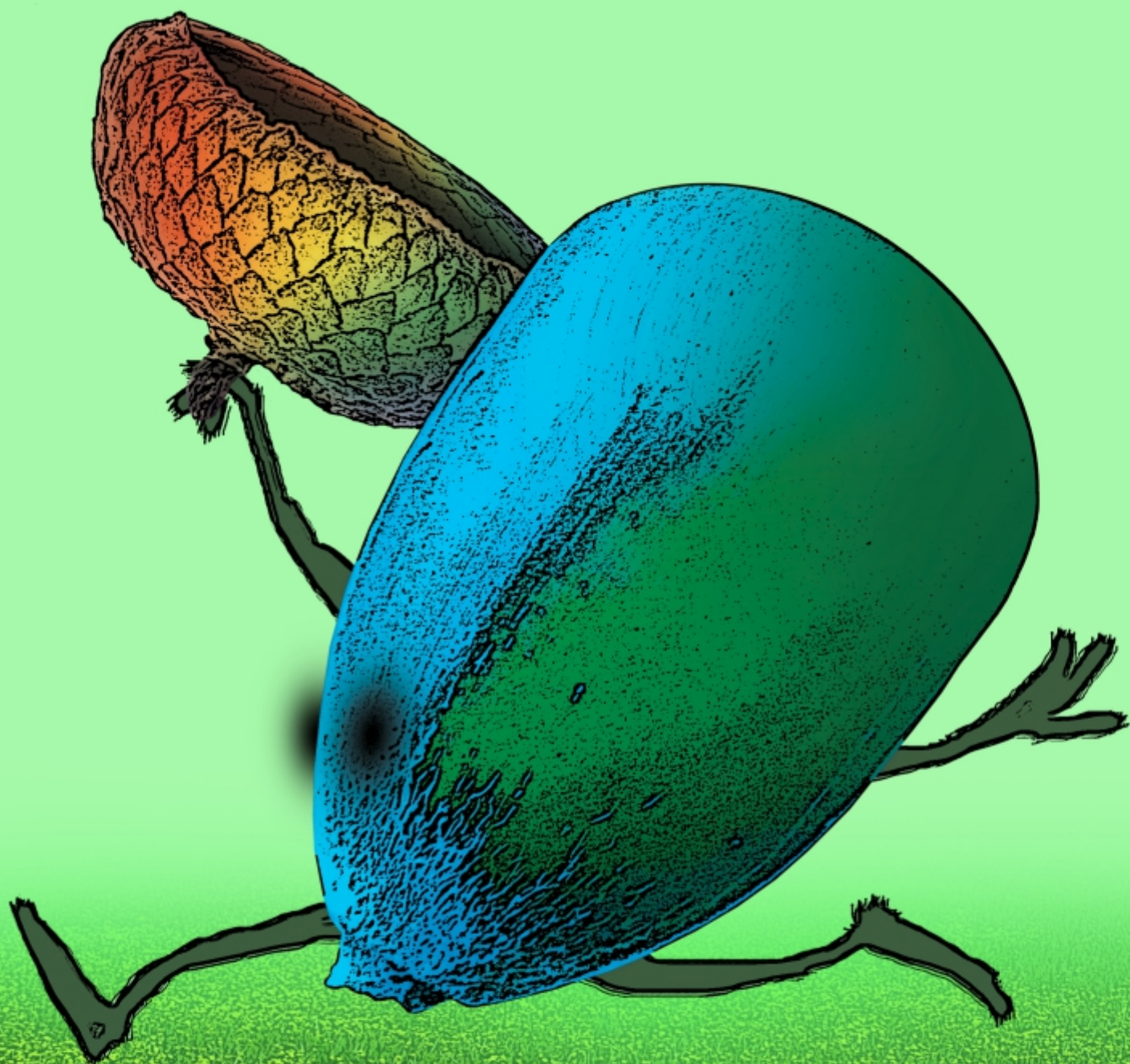
Even his hat was unusual.

It had colours of the rainbow
and leaned to one side of his head

instead of being straight.

He went everywhere with his colourful hat:
rolled in the meadow, swam in the river, explored the forest.

Others with similar hats hid in the grass.



In school,

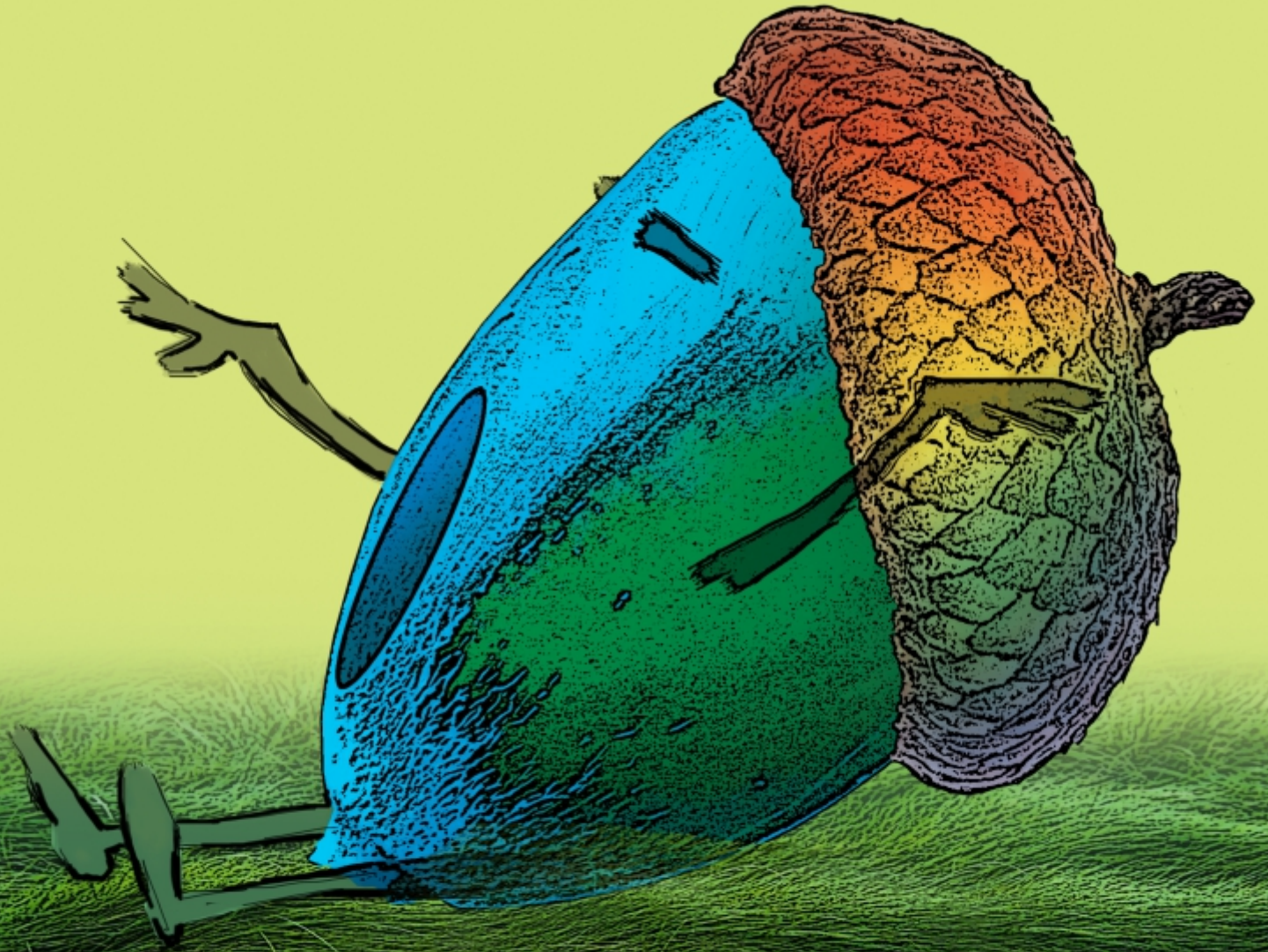
Oaky

enjoyed art the most.

He liked to paint with dew,

dance with twigs

and sing songs with leaves.



At recess he played
his favourite game, chess-nut,

while others pushed each other

toward the wall-nut tree

in the schoolyard.



He taught others

how to catch dandelion parachutes



with their hats

and how to stag away

from nutcrackers.





Although a gentle soul,
he was a very **strong** little acorn.

He regularly found time

to tell others how to protect themselves from being kicked.

Or cracked.

Not only pee-nuts and poo-nuts, all kid-nuts

loved him

because he also told them that school was cool.



And you should
always help and

never assist others

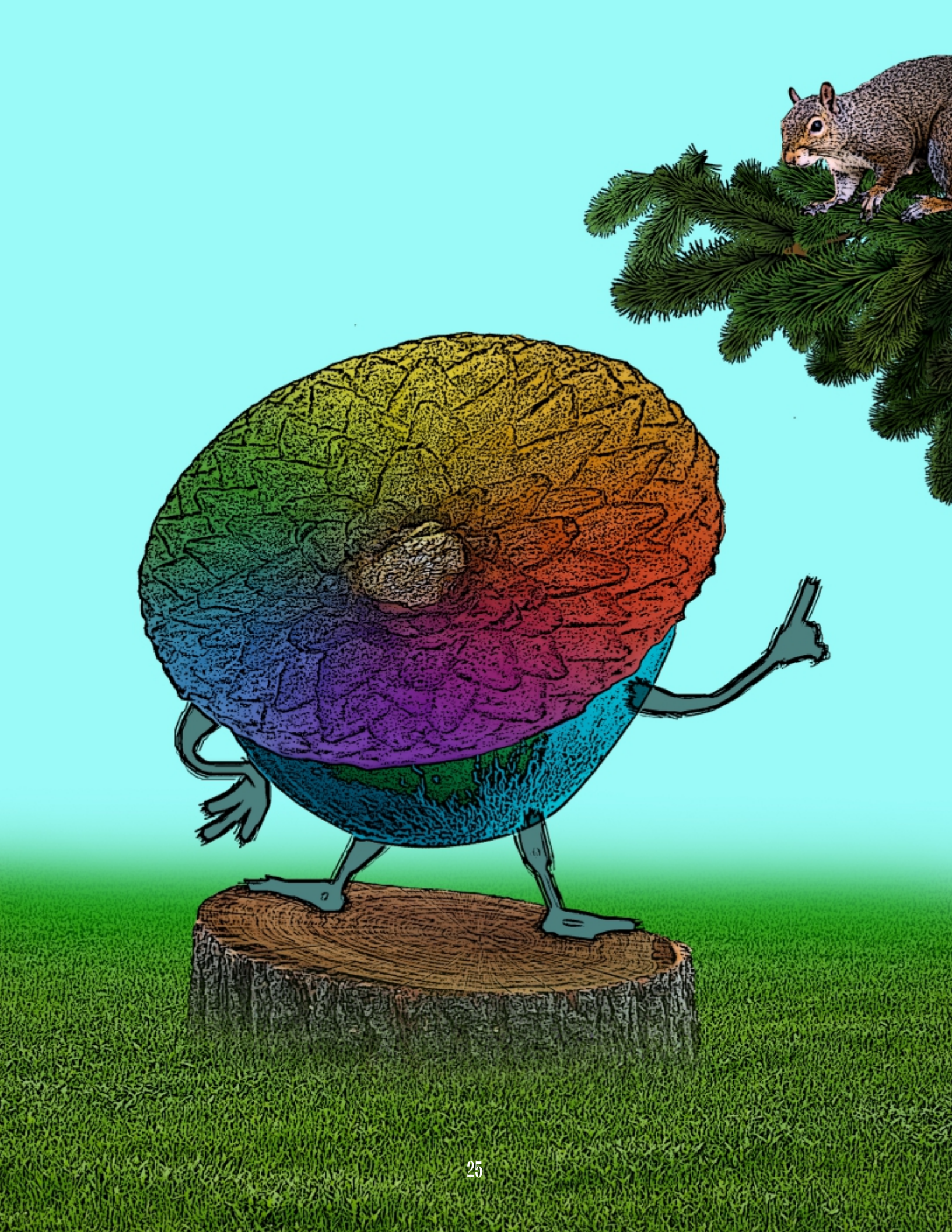
no matter how **different** they are.



He even **taught** squirrels not to eat kernels.

He told them nutmeat might not be nutritious.

Little by little, squirrels became allergic to nuts and
nuts were not afraid
to go out in the open.



All of them became courageous,

so when they heard a squirrel cough
or sneeze “cashew” they did not hide.

They clapped hands.

In the kingdom of squirrels, nuts no more asked
themselves to **be or nut to be.**

Because, in a nutshell, they were appreciated.

And happy.



Like Oaky – the acorn with the tilted rainbow hat, who was

proud to be just the way

he was.





Marin Darmonkow
lives with his family in Canada.
This is his sixth published book.

The author is all ears.
Tree leaves
whisper stories all the time
and he will share
some of them with you
in his next picture book.

Prejudice is ignorance spelled differently.

This story is a sonnet about diversity!
And its message is delivered in the most pleasant
and non-prescriptive manner.

Being different is never easy, but Oaky,
the acorn with the rainbow hat, finds strength
to be who he is. And becomes who he wants to be.
Oaky tells us so much with so little!

If you have enjoyed the book,
please tell others.
Also, email us to send you a gift.
mail@fontreal.com

