

# Pinkalicious



VICTORIA  
KANN  
&  
ELIZABETH  
KANN



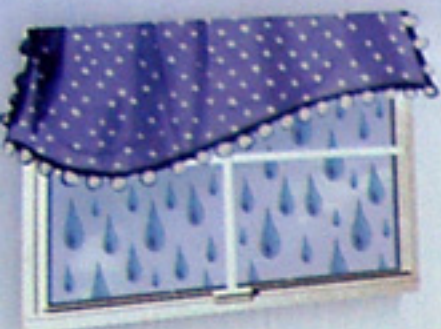
It was a rainy day, too wet to go outside.

Mommy said, "Let's make cupcakes!

What color do you want?"

"Pink!" I said. "Pink, pink, *pink!*"

Mommy put in some pink.  
"More!" I cried. "More, more, more!"




I gobbled up a couple of cupcakes while Mommy and I  
frosted them. They were so yummy—they were PINKALICIOUS!  
I offered one to Peter, my little brother, but he is very  
picky and didn't want to eat his. So I ate it.









But I got very upset.

"Please, Mommy, can I have **JUST ONE MORE?**"  
I begged when I woke up from my nap.  
"You get what you get, and you don't get  
upset," she said.



After dinner I ate more cupcakes.  
Then I refused to go to bed.  
“Just one more pink cupcake, and  
I’ll go to sleep,” I promised.



Daddy waved a tired finger at me. “You have had ENOUGH!”



The next morning when I woke up, I was PINK! My face was pink, my hands were pink, and my belly was the color of a sunset.



Daddy thought I had played with  
markers, so he gave me a bath.  
The pink did not come off.



My hair was the color of raspberry sorbet. I cried because I was so beautiful. I even had PINK tears. I put on my pink fairy princess dress and twirled in front of the mirror, while Mommy speed-dialed the pediatrician.

"I'm Pinkerbelle! Look at me, I'm Pinkerbelle!" I sang.

Mommy grabbed her purse.

"Just one more cupcake! PLEASE JUST ONE MORE!" I yelled on the way out the door. Mommy took me right to the doctor's office.





Dr. Wink looked at me and said, "You have a very rare and acute case of Pinkitis."

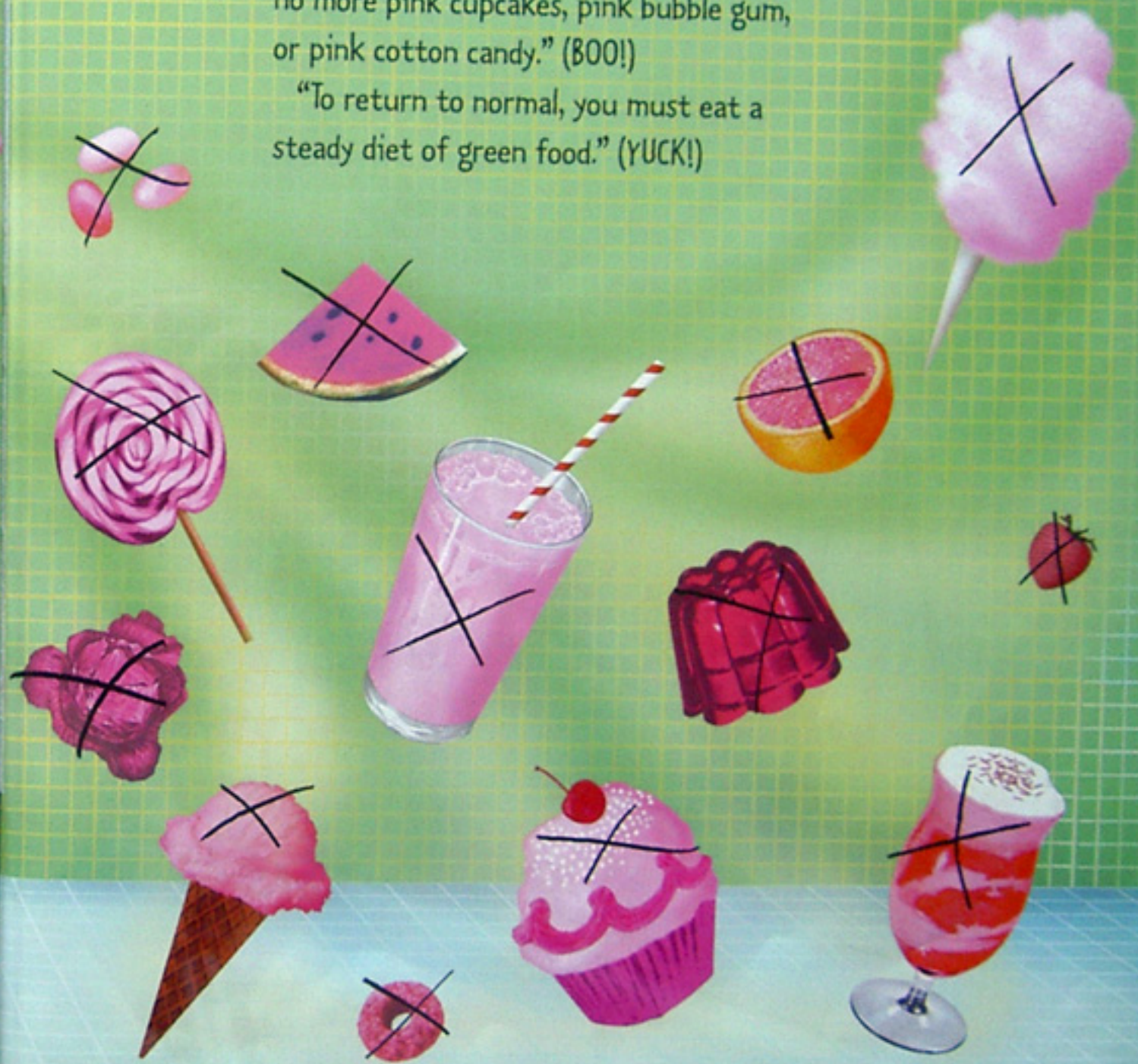


I guess that's not the worst thing that could happen.

Just call me PINKERELLA!

Then Dr. Wink said, "For the next week, no more pink cupcakes, pink bubble gum, or pink cotton candy." (BOO!)

"To return to normal, you must eat a steady diet of green food." (YUCK!)



On the way home, we stopped at the playground.  
My friend Alison was there, but she didn't see me  
because I blended in with the pink peonies.  
When I waved to Alison, a bumblebee landed on my nose.  
"Buzz off! I am not a flower!" I scolded the bee.





Soon I was surrounded by bees, butterflies, and birds.  
"MOMMY," I cried, "please take me home!"



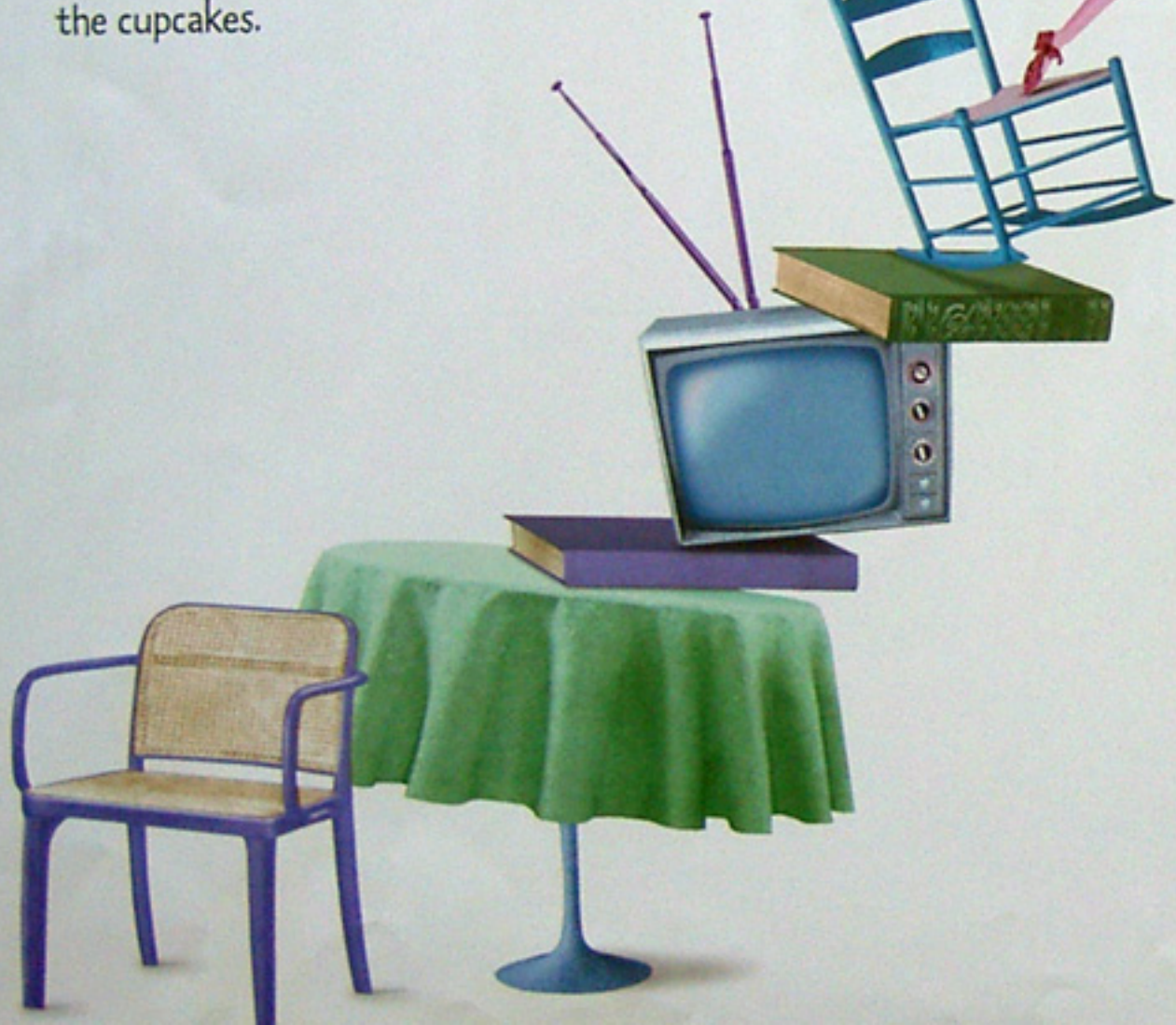
When we left the playground, I asked Mommy if I could eat another pink cupcake when we got home.

"Don't you remember what the doctor told you?" she said. "NO MORE CUPCAKES!"

Peter tugged at my pinktails. "I wish I were pink like you," he said.

He was green with envy.

That night, I pretended to eat my dinner of mushy, dark green vegetables. After everyone went to sleep, I sneaked into the kitchen, climbed onto a chair, and reached on my tippy toes to the top of the refrigerator, where Mommy had hidden the cupcakes.



I  
took just  
one  
more  
pink  
cupcake  
and ate it.  
Then I  
licked  
the  
pink  
cupcake  
wrapper  
clean.



When I woke up in the morning,  
I felt different. I ran to the mirror  
and peered at my reflection.

I was a deeper pink than I had ever  
seen. In fact, I was no longer pink.

I was red!

"Oh, no, not RED!" I screamed.

I didn't want to be red. I should NOT  
have eaten that pink cupcake last  
night! I wanted to be myself again.  
I knew what I had to do.



I opened the fridge, held my nose, and squeezed a bottle of icky green relish onto my tongue. I ate pickles and spinach, olives and okra. I choked down artichokes, gagged on grapes, and burped up Brussels sprouts.

Next thing I knew, my arms tickled, my ears tingled, and my feet twitched.





I was no longer red. I was no longer pink. I was me, and I was beautiful.

“So what happened to the rest of the cupcakes, Pinkalicious?” Daddy asked.

Just then Peter ran in and yelled . . .



“Pink-a-boo!”

