



# Frank and the Rhino Horn



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Many thanks go to a couple of wonderful ladies who volunteered their talents to help educate young and old alike as to the folly of using rhino horn products. The excessive use of rhino horn for numerous mythical cures is driving the species to extinction.

Sandy Robbins wrote this Dr. Seuss-like story and Christy Underwood provided the charming illustrations.

Sandy has written a soul searching novel, hilarious one act play and is now working on a screen play.

You can find more of Christy's unique work at

<http://www.oddberrycreations.com/>



This is Frank.

He stank.

It wasn't his armpits or his feet

It wasn't the cheese he liked to eat.

What was it about him

that did make him smell?

By the end of this story

you'll be able to tell.

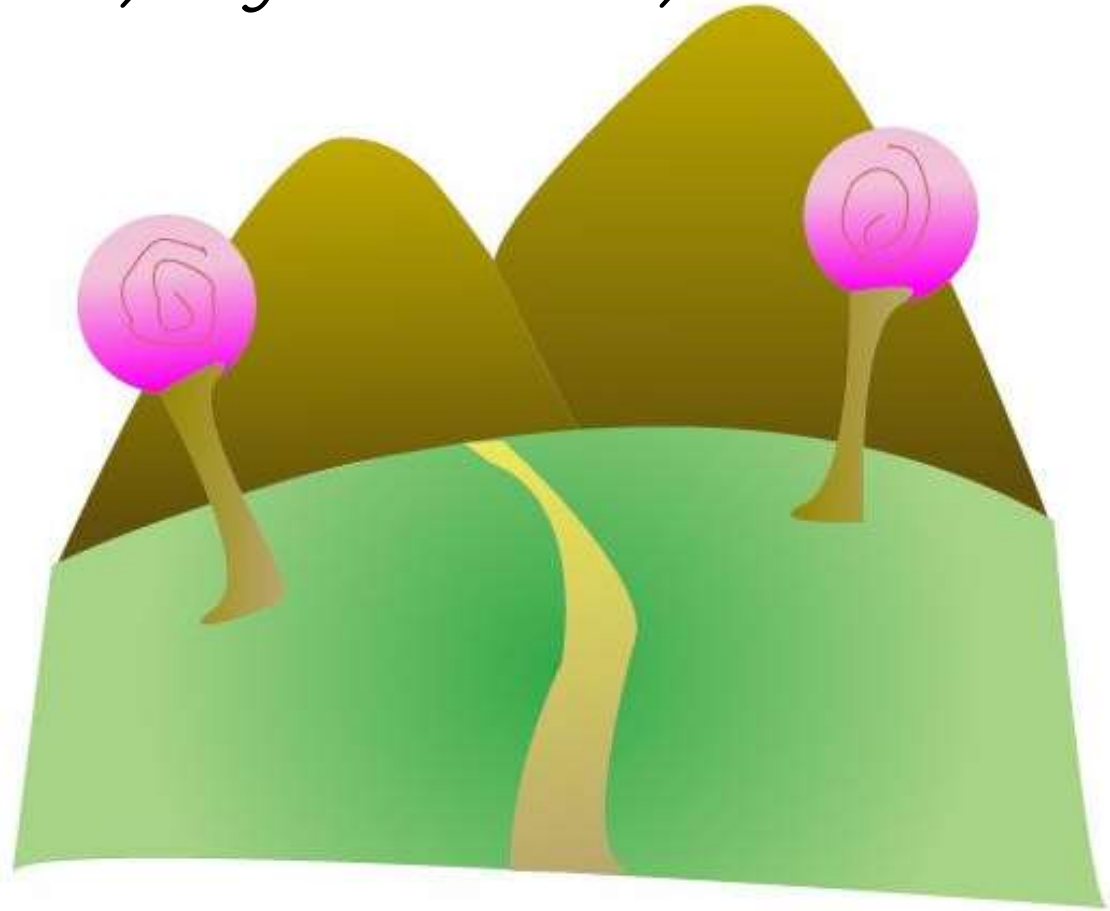




So frank loved candy,  
no matter what kind  
Chocolate or taffy,  
he didn't mind  
But soon smelly frank  
started to pout.  
The town he lived in  
simply ran out.

So he began his journey to find something sweet

*"I'll do just about anything for some candy to eat."*



And with that he tripped  
with a heavy KER-PLOCK  
He had stubbed his toe  
on a strange grey rock.  
Frank scooped it up and said,  
*"You're coming with me."*  
*"Until you give me good luck,  
I'm not setting you free."*





So Frank and his stolen rock  
came into town

There sat an old woman with a  
sweet and a frown.

Frank stopped close to her.

She thought,

*"What is that smell?"*

Eyeing her candy he said,

*"You're not looking too well."*

*"I'm old." She replied, "My bones always hurt."*





*"Where did you find that?"*

He explained, *"In the dirt."*

*"I've heard it said, and I want to believe,*

*That rock of yours  
will quit the hurt in my knees."*



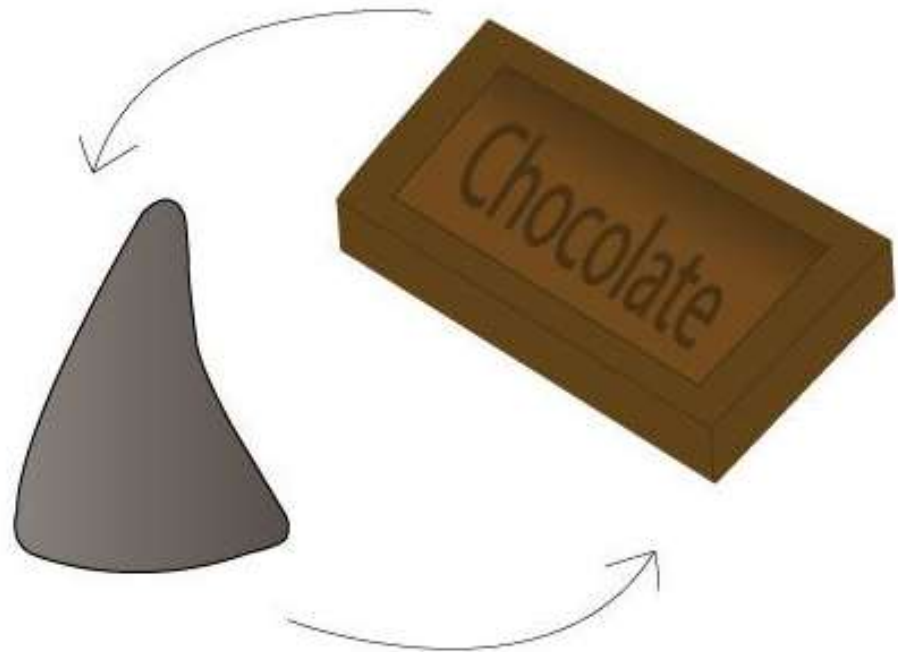


He thought for a moment as he licked his lips

*"I'll give you a piece, in exchange for chocolate."*

And so went his day, one after another,

He'd find a poor soul with a pain or a bother,



A piece of his rock he would give with a promise,  
Their aching would heal if they just put it on it.  
But of course this generosity came with a price  
He would charge them cupcakes or sweet sticky rice.  
Day after day,  
they lined up at his door,  
Each with a promise  
their ailment he'd cure.



Quickly he noticed this would not work at all

The size of his rock was becoming quite small.

He searched all through town under puddles and pears

What it took to find more, he didn't care.



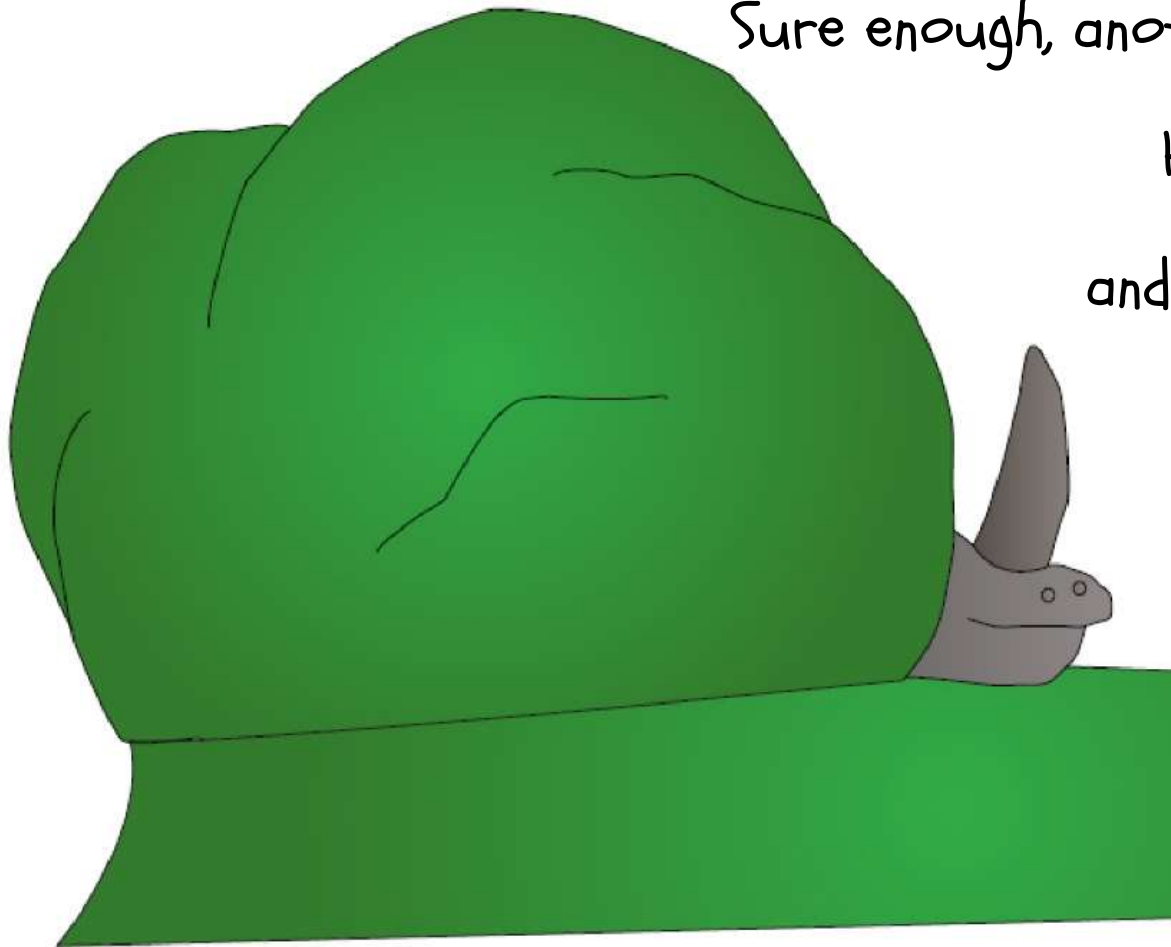
He decided to go back where he'd stumbled on the first.

Sure enough, another lay covered in dirt.

He tugged and he pulled  
and he cursed just a little.

This one was stuck.

How to get it off  
was a riddle.





*A chain saw of course.*

It started with a roar, and he grinned,

*"Here we go."*

The rock moved and shifted.

It was a RHINO!

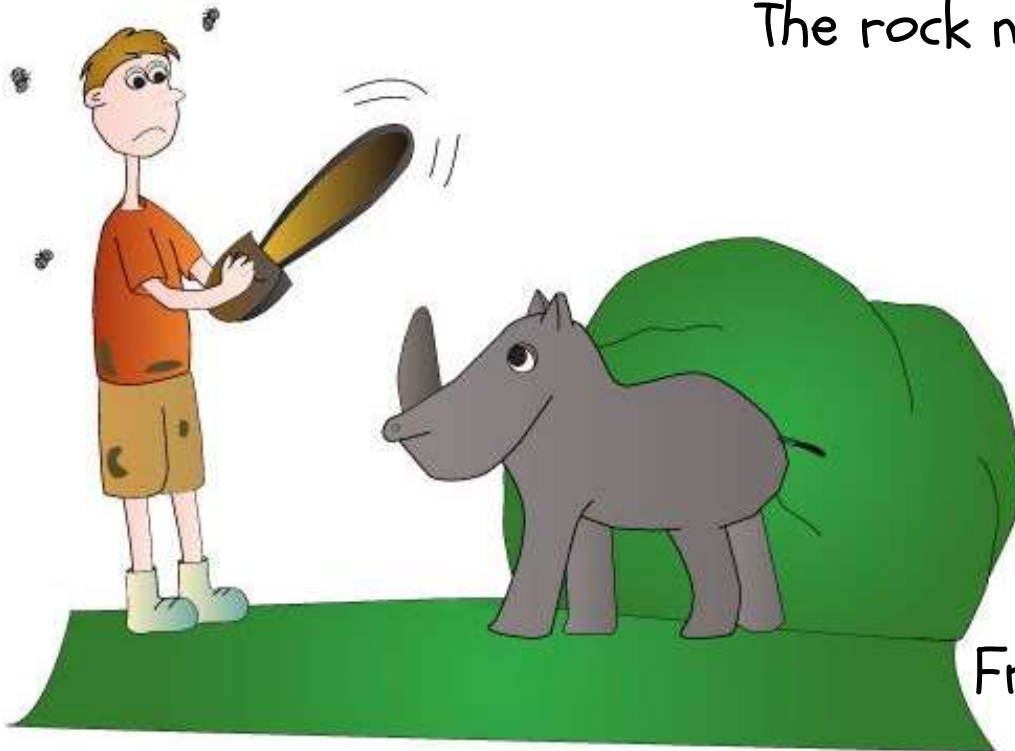
Shocked.

They stared.

The rhino ran with a snort.

Frank stood with his chainsaw.

Feeling very short.



In that moment he realized  
what about him stank  
Not armpits  
or sweaty feet  
or sour milk he drank.  
But his heart was so rotten,  
corroded by ego  
He had almost cut off  
the horn of a rhino!





No wonder it stank!

That old heart of Frank!



He ran into town with a new set of plans  
Telling the truth  
to every woman and man  
Never again would he put his greed first  
Hurting people  
and rhinos that was the worst.



And from that moment on, Frank.  
No longer stank.

### It's True...

Each day in South Africa two or more rhino are killed for their horn by bad people called “poachers”. The horn is taken to China and sold to people, like the old woman in the story, who believe it will help them get better.

Rhino horn is not medicine. It does not help people get better. Rhino horn is made of the same stuff as your finger nails.

Please don't buy or use products made from wild animal or bird parts. Like the rhino they are hurt or killed to make bad people money.

