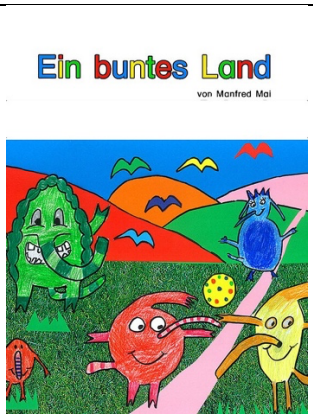
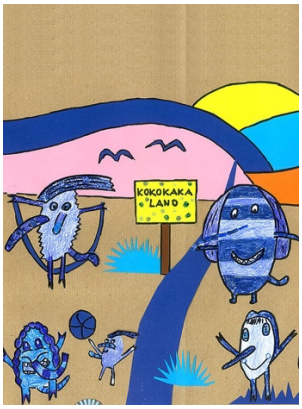


A Colourful Country

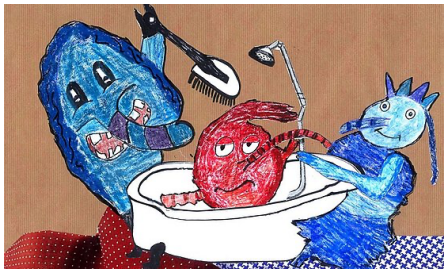
by Manfred Mai

übersetzt von Jan Bruder



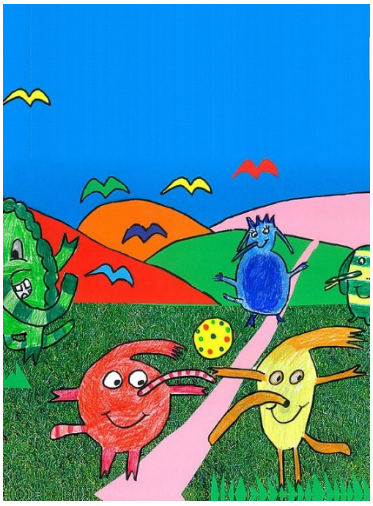
Kokokaka was a country beyond the mountains. There, the Pumpus had lived for a thousand years. In every era, there were big and small, chubby and thin, smart and silly Pumpus. But as different as they could be, all Pumpus had one thing in common: blue fur.

Until one day, the first Pumpu with red fur was born.



His parents were very surprised when they saw their red child. They washed and scrubbed it over and over, but the fur of their child stayed red. "I love it anyway," said the mother. The father nodded. "The main thing is that it's healthy and happy." The red Pumpu became healthy, but not truly happy. Because even though its parents loved it and most Pumpus were nice to it, the red Pumpu felt that it was different. And sometimes, because of that, it was sad.

	One morning, it said to its parents, "I'm going away and will search until I find red Pumpus." The parents were startled, just like when they first saw their child. "You don't need to go," replied the father. "There are no red Pumpus." "But I am red." "But you're the exception." "Maybe there are more exceptions," said the red Pumpu. "And I want to find them." It couldn't be persuaded or held back by its parents and set out on its journey.
	But in the entire country of Kokokaka, it didn't find a single red Pumpu. Disappointed and sad, it made its way back home. Its parents were very happy when their child stood before them again. And most of the other Pumpus were also delighted that the red Pumpu was back home.
	"If I'm honest," said a chubby Pumpu, "I missed the red one." "Me too," said his thin friend. "I think it's nice that there are not only blue Pumpus but also a red one." "I'd like to have a different colour, too," mumbled a small Pumpu, closed its eyes, and thought about the bright yellow of the marigolds by the stream. "I've been wishing for green fur for a long time," admitted a big Pumpu. "I‘ve just never dared to say it until now."
	The big Pumpu filled a tub with water, gathered various herbs, and tossed them in. Soon, the water turned green, and the big Pumpu got into the tub. It carefully turned and twisted; sometimes its bottom and its tail were underwater, sometimes its head and its trunk. It didn't take long until a green Pumpu emerged from the tub. It looked down at itself and beamed. "Well, I don't know," mumbled an old Pumpu, "we Pumpus were always blue. And I think we should stay that way." "You can stay blue," replied the green Pumpu. "But I like my green fur better than my blue one."

	In the following weeks, others also dyed their fur, and soon there were Pumpus in many colours. The country of Kokokaka was more colourful than ever before. Most Pumpus found it much prettier than the monotonous blue—even some of those who preferred to keep their blue fur. Among the many colourful Pumpus, the red one finally felt comfortable and was now very happy.
	The End