The Girl with the Tail

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Once upon a time,
Not too far away
There lived a young girl
Named Erin O'Shea.
Her smile was wide
And bright as the sun.
She baked,

and she fished,

and she painted for fun.
And though she was sweet,
and had the kindest heart,
There was one single feature
That set her apart.
You see, Erin O'Shea
Had a tail, as you'd say.

It was fluffy and orange,
Would flick and would sway.
Though her parents did love her
And loved her tail too,
Many people around her
Had a much different view.
They'd stare in the streets
And they'd point and they'd call,
"Whoa."
"Look at that tail!"
"That's not normal at all!"
Her eyes would still smile
When she went to school,
Though students would laugh
And would jeer, and be cruel.
They nicknamed her "Fluffy"
And then, though worse yet
They all asked permission
To take home the "class pet".
One day, our sweet Erin
Had had just enough.
She stood up in the classroom
Then she blinked, and huffed:
"I don't often speak up,  
But listen, while I do.  
I don't understand  
Why my tail bothers you."
The students were stunned. All of them looked about. Then one boy in the classroom coughed twice, and called out:

"All of us are tailless, And that's what is right."
Erin took a deep breath,  
And she still was polite:  
"I'm different, that's certain.  
I stand out- that's true.  
But that doesn't mean that  
I'm lesser than you."
My tail is unique,
'Not the same' isn't 'wrong'.
It's a shame that you all
Have thought that for so long.
The children all nodded,
And thought, and then said:

"We're so sorry, Erin."
She nodded her head.
"If you see any person who's not quite like you, respect them and realize. They're important, too."