The Little Cell
Who Lost Its Way

Ramtin Resai-Kashkooli & Carolyn Leslie
Illustrated by Ramtin Resai-Kashkooli
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Once upon a time there was a little cell, who believed it could be anything in the world. It had plenty of ideas, but all of its thoughts were twirled.

This little cell dreamt of a life that was larger than just working alone—it wanted a partner. Someone to join with, to make a big impact. What could it become, who could it contact?

mmmhm, what should I be when I grow up?
It thought and it thought ... then an idea came to mind. ‘I’ll be a muscle, the biggest and strongest of any kind! To do this, I’ll need friends to join with my plan.’ So off it departed, to find its new clan.

I want to be a big strong muscle!
With a skip and a jump, a big smile and a chuckle,
It began its adventure ... to grow into a muscle.
It made its way forward and strolled down a track.
But that path was not easy, for it led to attack.
On to the path jumped two tall and strong bones.
‘Oh no...’ thought the cell, who was all alone.
The scary bones yelled ‘You don’t belong here!’
Their voices made the little cell want to disappear.
The little cell had gone down the wrong path, and did not want to stay. This cell did not want to become a bone today. So it ran away without a plan. It ran and it ran as fast as any cell can.
It found a new track, there was no one in sight.
With hands in the air, the cell ran with all its might.
Then it saw two signs, with special pants ahead.
Would wearing these orange pants make its body turn red?
The cell put on the pants.
Something magical happened, quick and fast.
The cell was now red. It was a big myoblast!
It was now on the right track to achieving its dream.
But there was still something missing, it needed a team
Around the bend, it met red cells that were swell. These new cells were myoblasts as well. These cells were just like it, with cool pants to share. The little cell was so happy to have new friends who care.
They gave it new pants, that looked like red leather.
And with these pants they would stick together.
These cell-pals connected with chitter and chatter,
and more from the same path all gathered together.
They were playing and jumping and climbing too, the cells were now forming into one super crew. They climbed on each other and then, as a group, they quickly formed into a tall myotube. Now they were joined and all was fine, until they reached the very last sign.
They played on the see-saw, it was such fun. In no time at all they would be one. They bent and they flexed, stretching higher and higher. Because they were now formed into one big muscle fibre.
Their work completed, the cells were united. They were stronger together, no longer divided. The little cell grinned from its place in the stack. ‘I love being a part of this of this wonderful pack!’