

The Story of Lili, the Spotless Giraffe



Book Information

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Author: Mónica Canário

Translation: Flavia Della Valle, under the supervision of Professor Marco Neves, from Faculdade de Ciências Sociais e Humanas da UNL (NOVA FCSH)

Illustrator: Teresa Oliveira (Divisão de Ensino, Rectorate of NOVA University Lisbon)

Design & Layout: Teresa Oliveira (Divisão de Ensino, Rectorate of NOVA University Lisbon)

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the Spotless Giraffe**





When Lili was born on a sunny, hot day in the African savannah—the main ecosystem of this region—her mother and father were overjoyed, showering her with love and affection.

An only child, her parents had tried for many, many years to have a baby. She was born small, with long legs, big lashes, and... **no spots**. Entirely golden-yellow, Lili always felt accepted and a part of her family, surrounded by giraffes who loved her.

She grew up in a large, noisy, and fun family, full of aunties, uncles and playful cousins. And in the village, all the animals would tell her:

“Lili, it doesn’t matter that you’re not like the other giraffes. **You’re more than your spots. Lili, you are love!**”

For Lili, living in the savannah was always very fun. With its hot, dry climate, it is where some of Africa’s largest animals live, also known as being home to countless herbivores like zebras, elephants, and rhinos.









At six years old, Lili was very excited to learn how to read and write. She couldn't wait to go to school, make new friends, and explore the world through books. With her new backpack on her shoulders, she nearly ran to school, eager to sit at her desk with her pens.

"Look, look!

*Where have you ever seen...
a giraffe without spots?!"*

The comment came from Dora the zebra, surrounded by Helena the hyena and Tomás the leopard, who laughed maliciously.

Some classmates joined the chorus of laughter, leaving Lili with tears in her eyes and deeply saddened.

— *“Why don’t you have spots, Lili?”*

some classmates shouted.

— I don’t know... I was born this way, – Lili replied.

— *“Why aren’t you normal? What’s wrong with you?”* – asked another.

— I have a giraffe neighbour on my street, and she’s nothing like you. She’s big, beautiful, covered in brown spots of all shapes and sizes, – said João the buffalo.





Suddenly, Mrs. Ana, an elderly lion with glasses and years of experience, entered the classroom. The class sat down and fell silent. Lili shrank into her chair.

Tears streaming down her face, hurt by her new classmates' remarks. At breaktime, no one played with her. The teasing about her lack of spots continued.

— Mum, I don't want to go back to school, – Lili said when her mother picked her up at the gate.

— Lili, why do you say that? Just yesterday, you were so excited about your new books and the friends you'd make... – her mother asked, alarmed.

— My new classmates don't want to play with me. They laugh because I'm not like you or Dad. They don't like me because I have no spots. *Mum, why can't I be like all the other giraffes?* – Lili sobbed between tears.

— Lili, you're special. You're beautiful, funny, and very clever. Having spots—or not—doesn't make you any less of a giraffe, – her mother said, hugging her and wiping her tears.



— *Then why was I born different?*

Why me, Mum?

— **Because you are love, Lili. Boundless love.**

You're the rainbow on rainy days, because the sun appears. You're the rain that comes on the savannah's hot days.

You're important and loved by our family. What other animals think or say about you can never matter more than what you think of yourself.



“What’s important is that I love myself,”
Lili repeated.

She repeated it for *many,*
many,
many years,
trying to convince herself while also convincing
the animals around her. Years passed, and Lili
became a beautiful, elegant giraffe standing
four metres tall. The brown spots never appeared,
and Lili grew accustomed to her golden-yellow
fur that blended with the colours of the
African savannah.





Her curiosity about other countries and animals never faded. She was often seen reading the newspaper under a baobab tree, a thick-trunked tree that stores water to survive droughts.

During one reading break, Lili saw an article about a doctor who had solved all his patients' problems.

She jumped up and *ran* home, clutching the newspaper.

— Mum! Mum! Where are you? – she shouted as she got near her home.

Her startled parents rushed to her side.

— Mum, Dad! This doctor can make me grow spots! – she said, pointing to the article.

— Lili... We've talked about this. I thought you'd resolved this issue. That you'd accepted yourself as you are.

— Mum, I need to try. I want so badly to be like you, like all the other giraffes I see. I don't want to be sidelined anymore, or have them ask why I don't have spots or laugh at me for being different, – Lili confessed.



The conversation continued, with Lili's parents trying to convince her that spots wouldn't change how her friends and family felt about her. But Lili was focused on trying to get brown spots like the other savannah giraffes. The article mentioned the name and phone number of Dr. Hippo Jorge's clinic. Lili called and booked an appointment for the next day.

She barely slept! The excitement of finding a solution to something that had troubled her for years kept her awake. She couldn't even eat her favourite acacia leaves. She left home early and arrived at the clinic before it opened, tucking the day's newspaper under her arm to read while she waited.

— Giraffe Lili, – called the assistant.

— That's me! – she exclaimed excitedly.

Lili followed the assistant to Dr. Hippo Jorge's office.

The elderly hippo was very large and seemed quite old. He wore tiny glasses perched on the tip of his snout, a white coat with two pockets, and a stethoscope around his neck. He greeted Lili and asked her to sit down to discuss her reason for coming.







— Dr. Hippo Jorge, I was born like this without a single brown spot, – Lili said, gesturing to her body. The truth is, I’ve always felt different from other giraffes. At school, animals laughed at me, didn’t want to play, or invite me to birthday parties. Even though I feel loved by my family, it’s always been a struggle to be accepted outside of it, – she confessed, eyes brimming with tears.

— Lili, I can help you seek a solution for your lack of spots, **but you must follow my instructions very carefully.**

— **Really, Doctor? Thank you so much!** – she exclaimed, louder than intended.

— Yes, I can. But I believe brown spots won't solve everything. *Lili, you need to love yourself—with or without spots. And when you love yourself, the other animals will too.* – Dr. Hippo Jorge said.

Lili still didn't understand why no one wanted her to have spots. *Why couldn't they see how much she wanted them?*

Dr. Hippo Jorge prescribed her a special syrup that would grow one spot per day if taken correctly.



— For this treatment to work, you must take two spoons of this syrup daily: one in the morning and one at night. Never take more than this amount.

Do you understand?

Lili nodded, but her mind was already racing with images of beautiful spots dotting her golden-yellow fur. She could hardly wait to finally be like all the other giraffes. She raced home, her heart leaping with joy, eager to tell her family about her appointment with Dr. Hippo Jorge and how she'd soon have spots.

— Mum! Dad! I'm going to have spots!
Beautiful brown spots! I'm so happy! – she
shouted, jumping and twirling under a tree

Lili started the syrup that very evening.
For a week, she took it exactly as prescribed:

“one spoon in the morning,
one at night.
Not a drop more.”

And every day, a timid brown spot appeared
on her fur.



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But Lili was known for her impatience. She wanted more spots, and one a day wasn't enough. So, she decided to take two spoons in the morning and two at night. On the first day she did this, two new spots appeared, and Lili was overjoyed.

"For every two spoons of syrup, I get one spot. For four spoons, two spots! *Maybe if I drink the whole bottle, all the spots I want will appear!*"
– she thought aloud.



Determined to cover
herself in brown spots,
Lili gulped down *the entire
bottle*, leaving not a single
drop behind.



“Now I’ll be a real giraffe!”
she whispered as she drifted off to
sleep, hoping to wake up covered
in spots.

She barely slept, anxious to see the results. At dawn, she twisted her long neck to inspect her fur—but gasped. Her entire body was brown! Not a trace of golden-yellow remained.





– **Mum! Mum, hurry!**
she cried, eyes flooding
with tears.

— Lili, what's wrong? – her mother asked, alarmed.

— Mum, my fur! It didn't work!
I'm all brown... – Lili sobbed.

— Lili, Dr. Hippo Jorge warned you what could happen if you didn't follow the instructions. Did you take it properly? – her mother asked.

— But Mum, I just wanted my brown spots...
I just wanted to be like the others...



— I know, darling. But you're trying to be like others when you should just be yourself.

You're beautiful, and it doesn't matter if your fur is golden, golden with spots, or all brown. What matters is that you're a good daughter, kind to everyone, and treat others as you'd want to be treated. Your fur doesn't define the wonderful giraffe you are.

**Being different doesn't make you any less.
It makes you unique.**

Even spotted giraffes like me don't have identical spots—they vary in shape, size, and shade.



**So, Lili, never forget: you are love!
Before others love you, you must love
yourself. Accept every inch of your
body and personality. – her
mother said.**

Of all the conversations she'd had with her mother, Lili had never seen things from another perspective. She finally understood that her appearance didn't matter—she was more than fur, whatever its colour. She would learn to accept herself and ignore the hurtful remarks made by animals who didn't respect differences.





— Mum, I get it now.

I can be any colour, with or without spots.

What matters is accepting others as I'd want them to accept me.

That's what I'll do for the rest of my life:
show others that differences shouldn't divide us—they should unite us.

Animals of all races, sizes, and colours make this savannah the best place in the world.

That's what I believe, and that's the message I'll share.

Because a world full of giraffes
—with or without spots—





will be a much happier place.



The End.



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