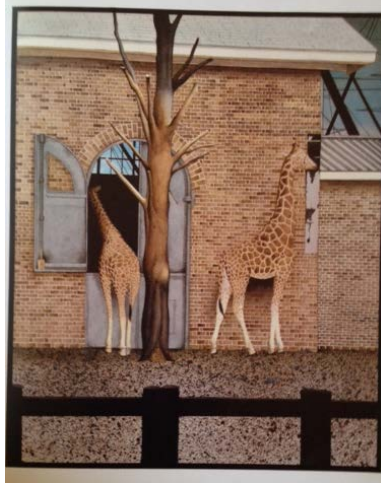


GIRAFFE

By Rose 5LW



As usual the keeper shoved a pitiful portion of dried leaves under the barbed wire fence. Another long hungry day in this beastly jail for me. The sun was fully up now and the regular group of early risers made their way to me in my giraffe cage. The enclosure was small and plain and held one dead tree right in the centre. As for the walls they were orange brick and nothing about them made me think of home. I held myself up against the wall to blend in with the brickwork. Some people watched me very closely, others took photos. There is no privacy in this place. I licked my lips with my long purple tongue, everyone gasped and snapped more photos.

The day went on with nothing to do except watch more people come and gape at me. I sometimes dreamt about leaving this prison, going back to the luscious grass fields, but when I awoke the next morning I would remember that the gate was too high to jump over and went too long under the ground to dig under. What did I ever do to get locked up here?

It is late afternoon now and the warm sun is dying. The gates would close very soon and finally I would get some peace and quiet. The keeper came with my usual dinner and something else silhouetted in the shine of the moon. Something tall like me. That's when I realised it was another giraffe, and from there and then I knew we were going to be friends.