



THE
CHALK
giraffe


Kirsten Paxton

Megan Lötter



One day I drew a giraffe out of chalk.

My giraffe came alive. He could eat, he could talk.

A giraffe with yellow and orange spots is looking up at a tree with brown branches and green leaves. The background is a dark grey color. There are some white and orange rectangular shapes scattered around, possibly representing leaves or other objects. The giraffe's mouth is open as if it is speaking or crying.

“I’m alone!” he cried out,
“there’s just grey all around.”

So I drew him a tree,
growing up from the ground.

My giraffe liked that tree.
Its green leaves were just right.
When they tickled his neck,
he was rather a sight.

But still I could see that
his face looked forlorn,
peering out from among
the Acacia thorns.



And he would not laugh. Instead he just said,
“I am tired! I can’t use this cement for a bed!”



So I drew him some grass. It was dark green and lush.
And soon the night came, and all was a-hush.