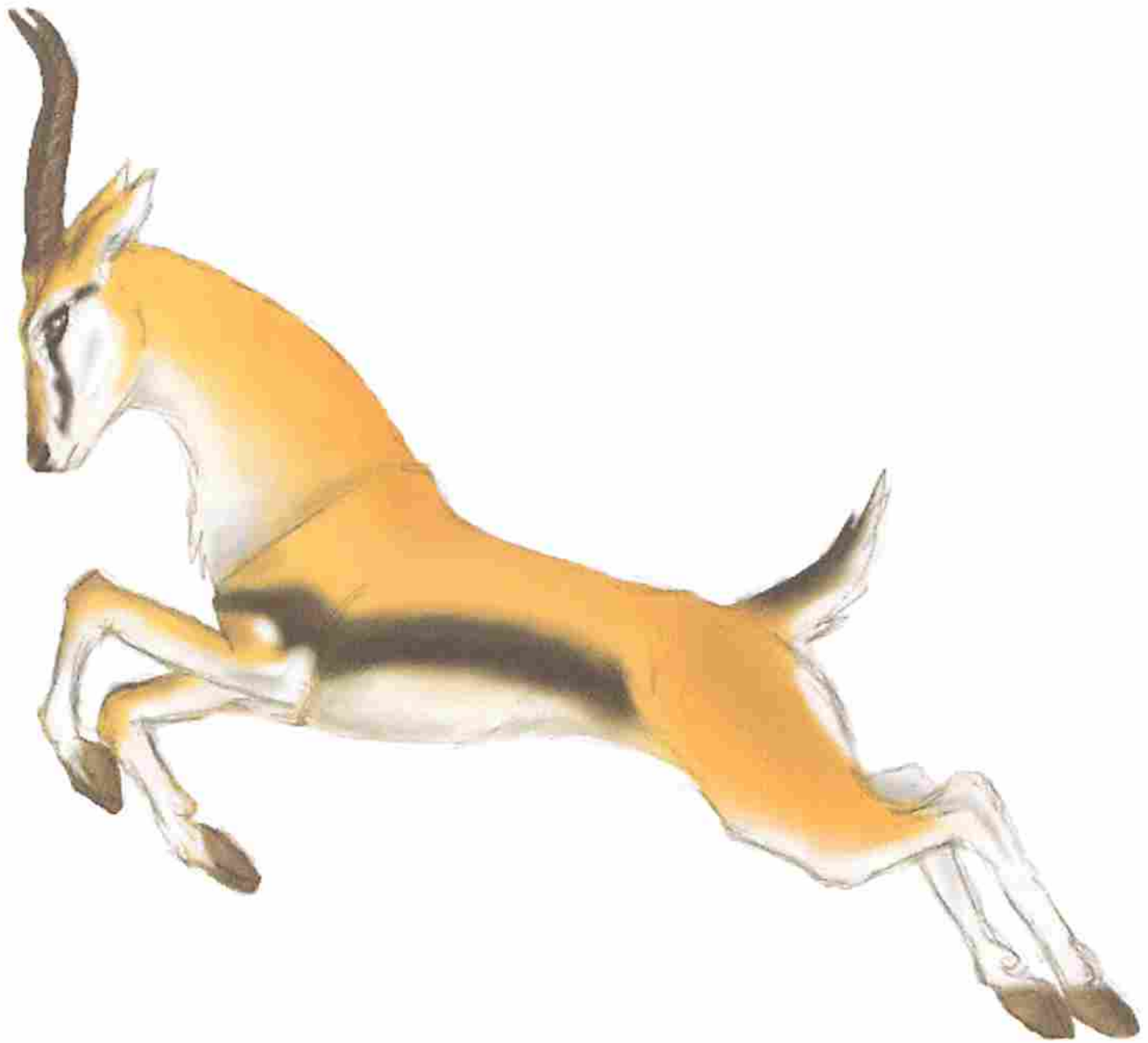




# Geoffrey the Giraffe

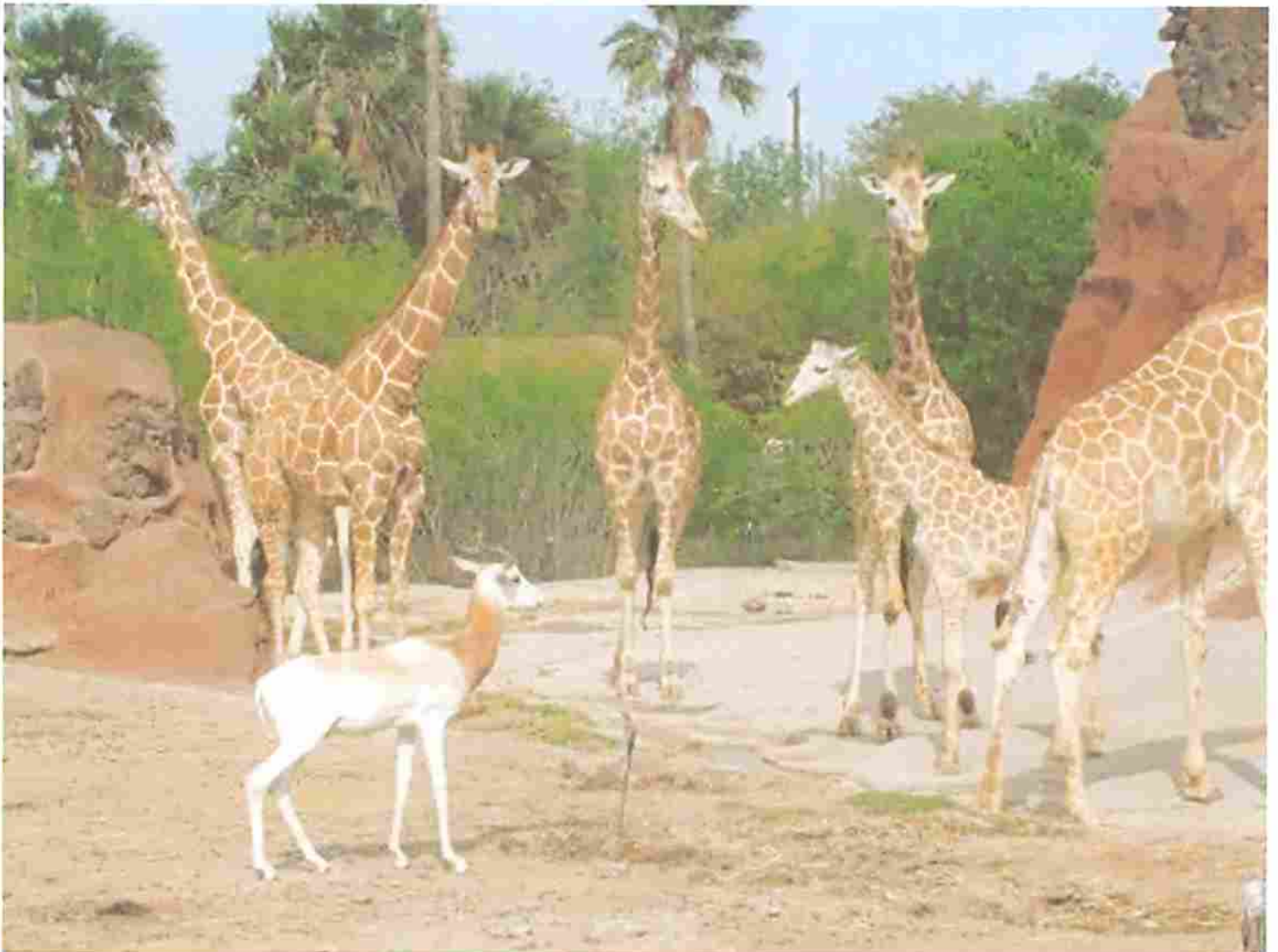
By Nikos Schwelm

Deep in the heart of the african serengeti there lived a  
Giraffe named Geoffrey.



Geoffrey was never quite like the other giraffes. He was much shorter. His fur was a solid gold color; he didn't have any spots.

When it came time for dinner all the other giraffes would eat leaves from the top of the big trees. But poor little Geoffrey couldn't reach any leaves, not even on the smallest little tree he could find. He had to eat grass off the ground instead. The other giraffes laughed and pointed at poor little Geoffrey. Nobody liked him.



One day, while all the giraffes and Geoffrey were eating, a great big lion came to attack the herd.

“ I only want to eat one of you,” said the Lion. “ now show me who here is weak and I will spare the rest of you!”

The chief called out “There, there is one who is small and weak, eat him” while pointing to poor little Geoffrey!

The Lion grinned a big toothy grin and started toward Geoffrey.



Poor little Geoffrey was terrified. “Help! Help he’s going to eat me!” But the other giraffes just turned and walked away. And the Lion was getting closer and closer...

Geoffrey had no choice. He turned around and ran. He ran as fast and as far as he could, leaving the giraffes far, far behind. Even the Lion couldn’t keep up with little Geoffrey.

Geoffrey ran until he couldn’t run anymore. Then he collapsed in the tall grass and fell asleep.



The next Morning when he woke up he found himself surrounded by strange looking animals with long horns on their heads.

“Whats your name?” asked one of the animals. His fur was dark gold, and he had the biggest ebony horns of the whole group.



**“I’m Geoffrey” said geoffrey.**

**“Well Geoffrey, how did you come to be sleeping in our grazing field?” asked the wise old animal.**

**Geoffrey was a little scared by all these strangers staring at him. But they seemed friendly. “I had to run away from my home because the other Giraffes were going to let me get eaten by a lion!”**

**“Other giraffes?” asked the wise animal. “But you’re not a giraffe.”**

**“Yes I am!” said little geoffrey, “Im just small”**

**The wise old animal laughed. “No you’re not! I know exactly what you are. You are a gazelle!”**

**“A gazelle? I’ve never heard of a gazelle. What do they look like?”**

**“Like me! And like you! and like the rest of us!” exclaimed the wise old gazelle**

**Geoffrey looked around. They were all golden brown like him. They all had hooves on their feet like him. They all had short little tails like him. And they were all small like him. Maybe he was a gazelle? He had one more question**

**“How do gazelles reach up to eat leaves off the trees?”**

**The wise gazzelle looked confused. “Eat leaves? Gazelles don’t eat leaves! We eat grass off the ground!”**

**Then Geoffrey knew that he was actually a gazelle all along!**

Geoffrey the Gazelle lived happily ever after with his new herd. He never saw the mean old giraffes or the nasty lion ever again.



THE END