

Ruby B

My Mother tells me the outside world is Painful - full of hurting. Father tells me it's a land of wonder and joy. Delilah is too young and happy to have a thought but I'm eager to know what beyond these restricting bars.

Sometimes when I lay under stars, I hear noises of birds and others noise of Man - that's what mother calls them - destroying the rain forest around us and drawing nearer and nearer. Father says our wrinkles are of wisdom but at the moment they feel like wrinkles of pain. Isolated, trapped alone but yet so not.

Zoe

The first Rhino that came into my hands was a female. They called her 'Rathu', though in my mind, I called her 'the first'. She was scared. Very scared. I so wanted to comfort her as she cried out for her home and rested ~~my~~^{her} head over my shoulder. It made me want to cry. She was in my arms for the best possible reason, but after a day of crying, I wanted to open out and let her out into the world. The first finally calmed down and started to get used to her schedule. Eat, sit by my feet, eat and then sleep. She would talk to herself saying a muddle of directions repeatedly. It seemed to keep her going, and it kept me going to: knowing she was always there.

Then one day, my heart opened. A dark, grey Rhino came in. He ruined everything. He broke my heart. The first slowly started talking to the second one. About everything we talked about. Then 2 more came. Though they were smaller. All of me had gone. They decorated me differently. They changed it all. The first and the second left. Then the smaller ones. Then everyone. They came and went. the same things happened everytime. They cried to me, then left me. I knew it was for their own good. To come and to go. It was always the rhinos. Where are the rhinos? How are the Rhinos? No-one ever thought about the bare fence surrounding it all, slowly disappearing into the ~~dark~~, deep, dark jungle.

Lucinda B

"I promise!"

"Well done!" cries my new boss, the conservationist of the Sumatran Rhino Sanctuary. "You have completed the pledge. You do realize that accepting the job is taking on a big responsibility, don't you?" he says, his usually cordial face suddenly serious.

"Yes, I know," I reply.

"Good!" he smiles, thrusting a uniform into my arms. I bite my lip. It's all I can do to stop myself from screaming with excitement. I walk through the forest, watching the trees sway, whispering to each other. As I head to the employees' rooms, I put on my most serious yet friendly face - I want to show that I understand the importance of my job!

That's when I see her. Most would be disgusted by her rough, sand-papery skin, wrinkly with thirst; her thick, clumpy toenails on flat, grey, ankleless feet, or her eyes, so black and shiny. But to me she is a precious gem in a quarry of rocks. A female Sumatran Rhino. My heart thuds so wildly that I think it will burst out of my chest. She looks up and I find her deep, black eyes locked with mine. A wave floods through my body. I picture her, desperately writhing in a poacher's net, helpless and fearful, a gun pointed to her head... The thought is so awful, yet so real, that I have to give my head a little shake to clear it. In that moment, I know she has to be rescued.

Soon she is inside the enclosure. I know she's sadder than before, but it breaks my heart to see her so restricted, so wistful. The sanctuary workers name her Ratha and we all realize she might be our only hope for increasing her species' numbers. After all, there are fewer than eighty of them left in the wild. My task is to look after her and make sure she is fed properly. It makes sense for this job to be mine because, although I have only just been hired, it was I who found her.

Every day, I place food in her enclosure, and every day she leaves it. The only food that she will eat is food that she has found independently. I try to make sure she is comfortable and happy, although as long as she is in captivity, I know she never will be. Whenever she sleeps, I hear her cry out for consolation. Nothing that us humans can do will stop her cries, her pining for freedom. She yearns for creatures of her kind, for the comforts of the forest. She grows more desperate by the day, so I talk to her. I tell her about the time when she will be set free. I tell her about the treetops, swaying in the warm breeze. I tell her about the other rhinos, who are special, like her.

Perhaps it's the sound of my voice that soothes her, or the fact that she has a friend, but she listens to me. Whenever she sees me approaching, the restlessness that haunts her disappears just a little. She trusts me. I can sense it.

It never occurred to me that one day we would have to part. But, of course, we do. Rather is to be paired with a male, Angalis. He's larger than her with a stronger build. I arrive at Rather's enclosure as usual and I end up watching her. Just watching her. She's too busy playing with Angalis to pay any attention to me. He chases her around the pen in, what seems to me, a bullying manner. This is a pattern that goes on for a while, before Angalis starts to warm to Rather. All the workers worry that Rather won't produce the future generations of Sumatran Rhinos. Not me. I have faith in her. I can already see her, in my mind's eye, tending to her young, roaming free in the wild, calling to me. But her calls are no longer sad - they're happy. She calls to assure me that all is well, that there is hope. And I smile.

Fern H

The silky sand was soft between my toes and the sun was searing through my skin. I carried the empty bucket to the well to gather water for the village. When I looked up and into the distance, on the horizon was a large grey figure. As it came closer I could make out the animal, a Samatran Rhino.

I ran towards it. The rhino's leathery skin was wrinkled with stress and its eyes showed sadness and longing. She looked feeble and exhausted. I had to help. Carefully, I laid down the bucket and filled it with water from the well. Then, I stepped back and motioned towards the drink. She tentatively stepped forward, trusting someone she couldn't trust. Once all the water had been drunk she locked eyes with me.

A glimpse of trust flickered through her eyes and I knew I had to do something to save this almost extinct species.

Nicolas S

Deep in the forest of South East Asia, you can find the Sumatran Rhino species, sadly there are only 80 of these Rhinos alive. Due to deforestation and poaching not many are left, since Sumatran Rhinos are solo it has become hard for them to breed mostly because of deforestation and poaching. Since this is the truth in 1996 they built a breeding place or if you will a hidden sanctuary, in 2005 the first female named Rathu was brought in since she had entered the village looking for water; then a few months later they found a male Rhino. ~~Rathu~~ Rathu got impregnated twice but the babies in her womb died, after a few months a baby was born the Rhino's name was Antandu the Rhino was a boy. Then a sister came along her name was Delilah, and so two Rhinos were added to the population of 80.

Sofia R

Every year there is less yet they do not stop - never. They are aware of what they have caused and I see what they have done. The fear they have showed into the Sumatran Rhinos until they are ripped apart from the inside. Very few stop, watch and think this is wrong. Wrinkles of fear have formed reaching out to cover more. They think they're doing enough yet they fail to see they are still mourning, every evening, every morning mourning still and maybe for ever more.

Others are watching but I have seen more for I am a bird who watches the helpless with a heart full of no hope and sorrow. One day I will fly somewhere else, somewhere different, somewhere with hope.

Ella K

My name is Rathu, I'm a Sumatran Rhino. Since I have been born, my mother has told me that the outside world is not a safe place. I'm 2.5 feet and weigh $1\frac{1}{2}$ a tonne. Please help to save us as there are only 80 Sumatran Rhinos left. We're not in a safe environment as a few years ago, due to drought, I escaped to a town near by to find water, I ended up having to be rescued.

Now it's hard ever to get food because of deforestation and poaching. For me being the age to breed it's very hard because of the environment.

Sadly, I have failed pregnant twice but both failed. Now, after a long time I have got two beautiful calves. To help us feel free in life we need lots of sanctuaries to help us.