

Elizabeth Y

I had been walking for hours. My throat was dry and I couldn't make my tongue moist no matter how hard I tried.

My name is Rose. Not that any roses grew in our area. Apparently my dad had found one on his journeys. I wish he was here now.

My mother had sent me to try and find food as there was a terrible drought where we lived so none of the plants could grow. I was inside Namib Desert which was miles away from our home. There was still no sign of food though. My dad knew everything about animals. He would tell me all about them, look out of the window and pointing out small creatures which were scurrying or flapping about. I was just thinking about this when I saw it.

A tall creature with an enormously long neck towering right above me. It was dotted with small brown shapes, which looked like a small child had drawn them. The word giraffe formed in my mind. I remembered my dad talking about a similar creature.

Suddenly, another one appeared. The second followed the first as if protecting it. These creatures seemed smart. They must know where food was!

A third giraffe appeared on the horizon. I figured that

was where the food was and started venturing slowly forward. I had to crawl as I was too hot and tired to walk.

The third creature suddenly started charging forwards. For a second I thought it was coming for me but it ran straight past and head-butted one of the other giraffes. It was terrifying. I saw some sort of vehicle in the distance and thought about calling out but I decided against it.

The fight continued on, both giraffes using an incredible amount of strength, until one finally swung at the other with such force that it knocked it to the ground.

It lay there for 1, 2, 3 minutes and I was just about to assume it was dead when it climbed up and ran away. Then I realised something. I had just witnessed a very rare occurrence.

In the end I did find some food. I had been where the third giraffe had come from. By the time I got home the drought was already over. It didn't matter though.

I became fascinated with animals started working at a zoo. I'll bet you can guess which animal is my favourite!

Anna P

I perched high in my tree, protecting and guarding my cosy nest from thieves. Beneath me, an enormous giraffe approached. A pile of sand shifted under my clawed feet. It was a male; another male. Somehow I knew that there was a female close by. One they both desired.

All of a sudden, the intruder pounced, smacking its head on the female's current mate. I saw his fur ripple and undulate. Ouch!

Now it was the trespasser's turn to be whacked. He was shoved backward into the trunk of my tree, causing the nest to vibrate and wobble. My eyes were filled with sand. Luckily, I managed to grab on, otherwise I would've been catapulted far into the hot desert of Namib.

The defeated giraffe toppled over and lay down for three minutes. I thought he was dead but he forced himself up and left the female and her mate in peace.

Ewan

Today in the Namib Desert, I was getting out my camera for another day of filming. I could just make out a giraffe standing next to another giraffe standing next to another giraffe (one being female and the other male).

On the edge of the glistening horizon I could make out another male trodding slowly on the scorching sand. This was going to be a fight, I rushed down not even putting my shoes on.

Deep in the dry, humid forest in a sandy ditch the two magnificent creatures stood tall bracing themselves.

Then it began. They charged at each other slapping with their long necks. One wobbled and the other saw his chance and headbutted the wobbling giraffe. He fell to the ground with a thud!

As he slowly got up bleeding, the other giraffe fell to the ground.

I thought he was dead, he lay there motionless and didn't get up for three minutes. It was a one in a lifetime experience.

Raghav J

Giraffe Tussle

Whoosh, the balmy breeze blew, brushing off some sand from the dunes and making the dry-leafed trees of the barren, sweltering savannah sway. A tower of magnificent giraffes slowly munched on some crispy, baked leaves that rested on the tall trees. Each giraffe had a unique patterning of beige patches, their enormous necks reached lofty heights and they had long, black tongues. All of a sudden, one of the giraffe's ears pricked up and nose twitched. He smelled an intruder! Instantly, it sprung off to approach him. The two plodded around in a circle, wearing intimidating looks on their faces before crossing their necks against each others' as a handshake. Whack! The intruder smacked his back like a hammer. The battle continued for some minutes when the giraffe took a critical blow on his rival's neck. Thud. He collapsed. After he got up and gave up, the triumphant giraffe trudged back to his tower as the glorious, marigold sun gradually set behind him.