



a giraffe ABOUT THE TOWN

A story by Krystyna Keir



One magical summer, on a wild July day,
A special giraffe lost his way,
Instead of roaming the African plain,
He was out on the streets dodging Scottish rain!



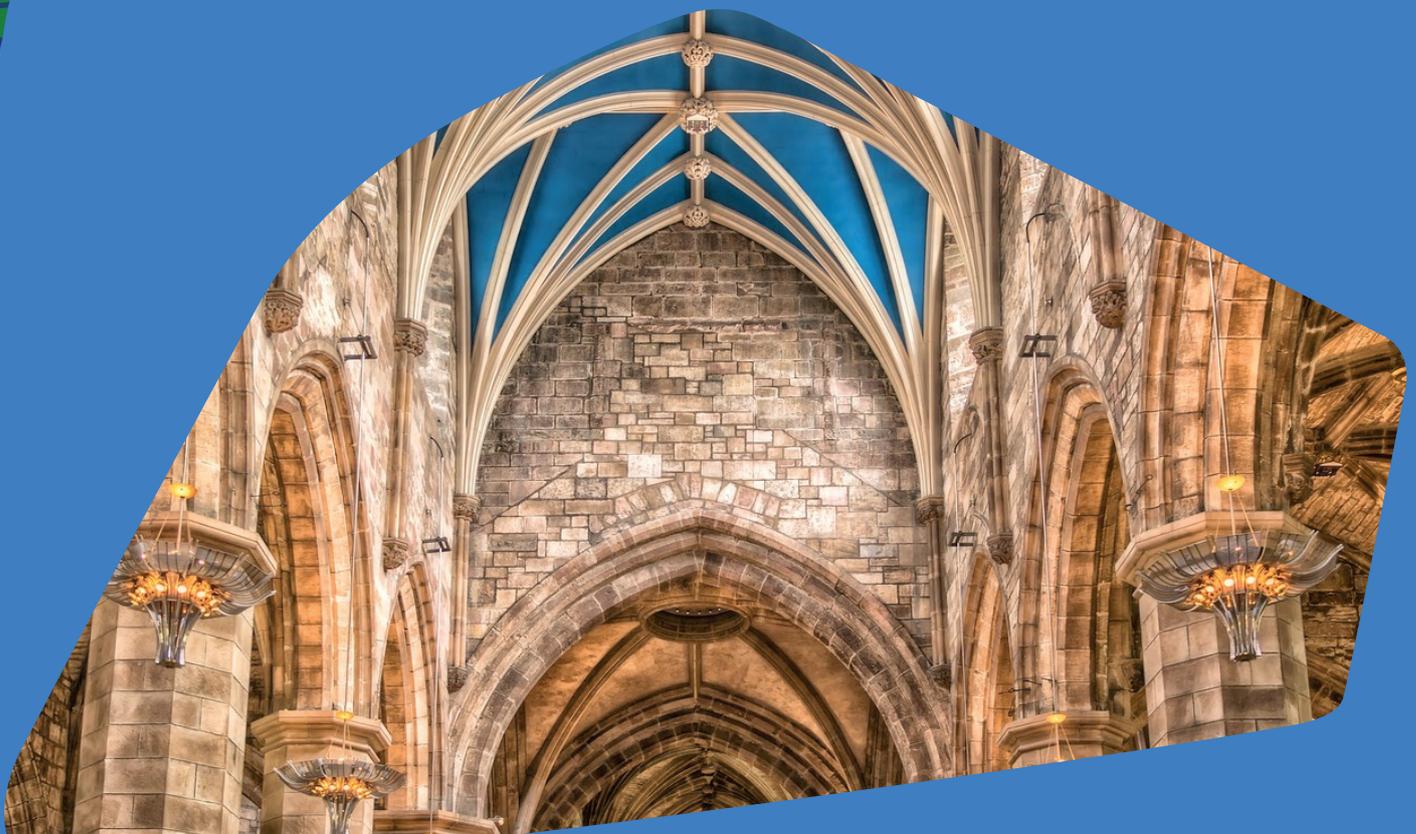
About 5 metres tall, as big as a bus,
He strode throughout Edinburgh and caused quite the fuss,
Across old, cobbled streets on the famous Royal Mile,
On his way to the castle, gathering stares all the while

He ducked his head into the old Woollen Mill,
The clerks in the shop all got such a thrill,
Watching the great big giraffe check out jumpers and socks,
Until the inquisitive beast got a telling off from the boss!

With a startle the giraffe scampered off in a fright,
A billowing scarf round his neck gave onlookers delight,
On spindly legs he made his escape,
His mottled brown hide blending into the landscape



The giraffe soon spotted another set of doors open wide,
He wriggled and squeezed his long body inside,
The cathedral was warm and inviting with benches and pews,
The curious giraffe stayed a while to admire the views



The woodwork was ancient, patterned ceiling in gold,
it truly was something, a sight to behold,
The giraffe lifted his head to get a much closer look-see,
But he a got a little too close, his horns scraped the gold leaf!



The minister was furious, the visitors aghast,
They all looked stunned at the gold-horned giraffe,
As he'd overstayed his welcome, the giraffe made his way,
Back out of the cathedral and once more into the rain

He followed the scents of flowers up and over the Mound,
Trains raced out of Waverley and filled the air with new sounds,
The giraffe carried on, onto bustling Princes Street,
He traipsed through the gardens, mud splashing all up his feet



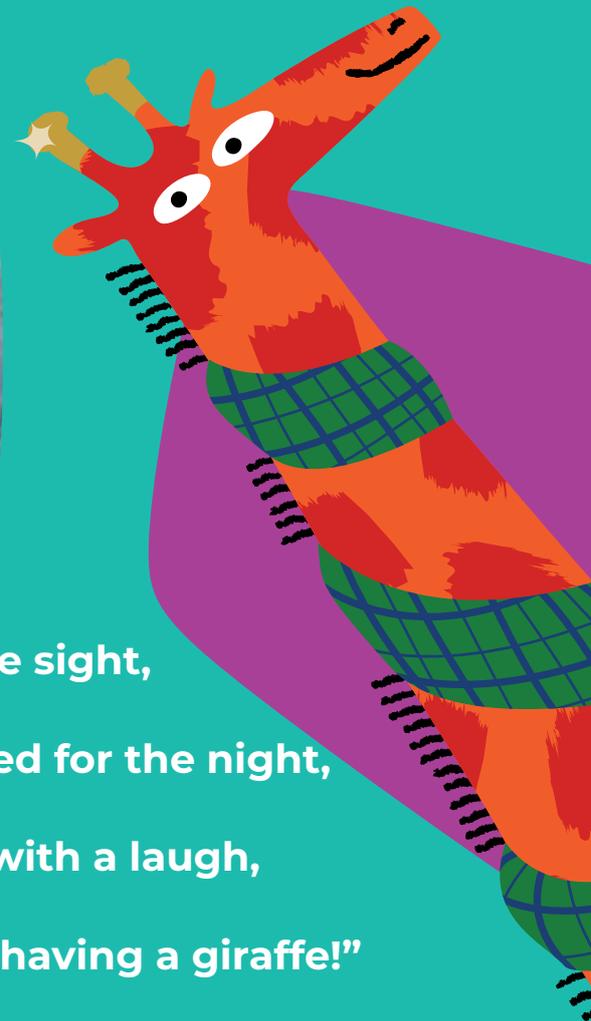
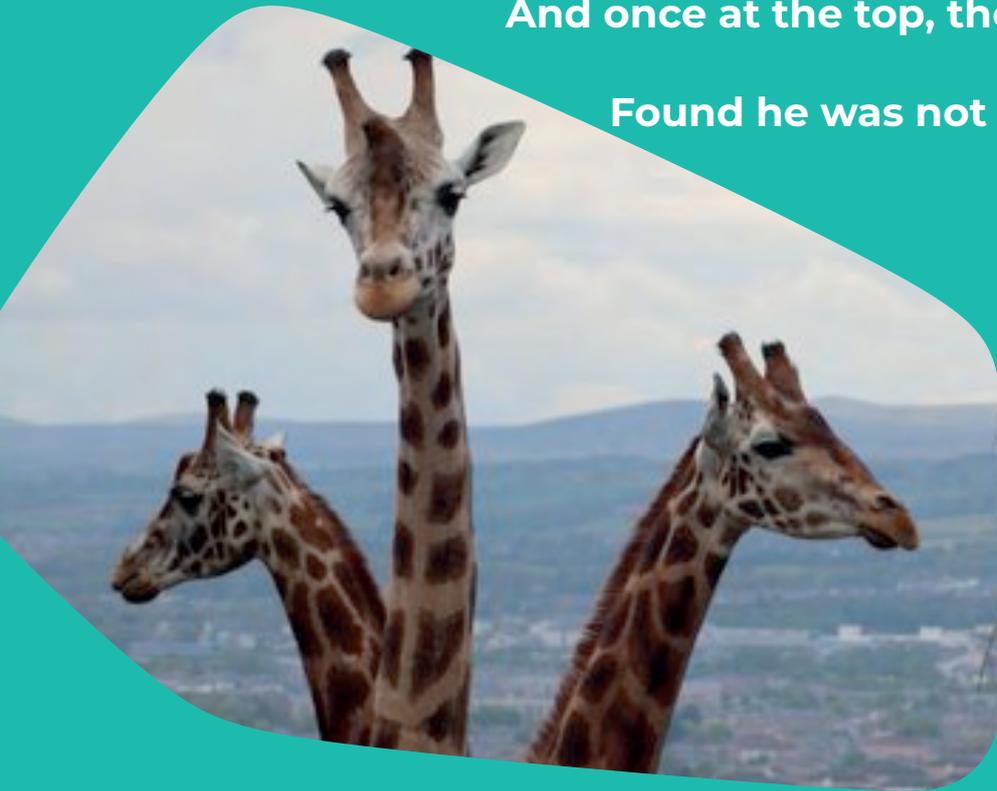
He continued to go north, determined to see it all,
Past towering statues that made him feel small,
Passed lots of restaurants and galleries, cafes, and shops,
Only at the Water of Leith did the giraffe finally stop



As he leant down for a drink, his scarf became stuck,
After all his mishaps, it was just like his luck,
So he tugged and he pulled at what held onto him tight,
When out the ground came a thistle, purple and bright

The giraffe carried on his lost, merry way,
As the sun was setting on an interesting day,
But in this strange land, the giraffe heard something he knew,
The humming of another giraffe! Or maybe a few?

Excited, the giraffe clambered up a steep slope,
Past meerkats and gibbons and pygmy hippos,
And once at the top, the giraffe from the town,
Found he was not the only giraffe around!



“Oh my,” said their keeper, surprised at the sight,
Of such a well-dressed visitor as they closed for the night,
“What adventures you’ve had!” they said with a laugh,
“If I’d not seen it myself, you’d think I was having a giraffe!”



And that's the tale of how a giraffe about town,
Turned the city of Edinburgh upside down,
And if you visit the city on a warm summer's day,
You might just see one yourself... or that's what they say!

