

Autobiography of a Giraffe

Willa Gibson

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Teacher: Amber Workman

1st Place Winner (Grades 5-6)

Hello down there! I am a giraffe. I live in a zoo. I eat lots of plants. All the animals tease me. They say things like, “How’s the weather up there?” That’s not even the worst part. They won’t invite me to play limbo because, “I’m too tall.”

You may think living in a zoo would be fun. Well, it’s not. The elephants run everywhere because they thought they saw a mouse. The monkeys scratch places you wouldn’t want to know about. The zookeeper- don’t get me started with the zookeeper! First, he never waters my tree, and he always gives me meat. I’m an herbivore for goodness sake! He thinks he’s a good dancer. Reality check-He’s NOT!

Still think the zoo is fun? This will change your mind. Little kids with grubby little hands always try to touch me. Then the parents go, “Oh, honey! Don’t touch that.....it may bite!” That’s very offensive, thank you very much! I have lived here since I was born. I won’t live in the jungle. I hear the frogs are very aggressive. Also, the tadpoles will eat you whole. The trees are dead. The water isn’t sparkling. I can go on for a long time, if you like. Let’s just say I’d rather live in the zoo, and that’s a lot coming from me!

I just received some news. I am getting moved to the San Francisco Zoo, the most wonderful place ever! I’ll see lots of exotic animals like goats-the kind that waddles, zebras, antelope, and lots more! So, I’m packing my bag, putting some leaves in my carry-on pillow, and some toothpaste-a girl always has to brush her teeth!

Here comes the zookeeper! Eek! I'm going to San Francisco! I'm going to San Francisco!! I walk on the plane and I have to bend my neck. I better be in first class. When I got to the zoo, it was better than I thought it would be. I took a deep breath and stepped off the plane and into the bright sunshine. When I got settled, I quickly realized these animals were classier than the animals at my old zoo. A friendly giraffe quickly welcomed me. Her name was Spots. I restrained from giggling at her name. She showed me the mineral-enhanced food, sparkling water, and the most luxurious sleeping quarters I have ever seen. I quickly fell asleep. When I woke up, I was being stared at. All the other giraffes were walking around like super models, so I gave it a try. I pranced around like everybody else. I got lots of camera flashes and applause. I was famous.