

The Giraffe's Sneeze

Sad-sack Sally,
A tall and slender calf,
Slumped under a tree,
She was a sick giraffe.

"A-A-ACHOO!
Me-oh-me, me-oh-my,
What should I do?"
She said with a sigh.

Billy Buzzard
Flew to the shady tree.
"How's it going,
My sweet friend, Sally?"

Answer she tried,
But she could only sneeze.
"You got chilly
From the evening breeze?"

"I was silly—
Got first wet, then so cold!
Oh my, Billy,
I didn't do as I was told."

"You've learned that now,"
Said her kind buzzard friend.
"It won't be long
Till your sneezes will end.

"A few more days
And then you'll play and run.
But while you wait
You can still have fun.

"How 'bout we try
Something diff'rent to do:
Use some gratitude
Till you're as good as new.

"Cheer up, and laugh,
Not ev'rything is wrong.
You're still a giraffe,
And your neck is still long."

That was funny,
So she started to tell
A joke, a praise—
And very soon she felt swell.

"I'll do my best
To rest, and I can laugh:
I may be sick
But I'm still a giraffe."
Sally was soon well.
Without a sneeze
She felt swell
Eating leaves off the trees.

