Dry Day

It was a strange day on the savannah. A young paleontologist, Ichabod Rimshaw, had just finished a day of digging. He, hot and greatly in need of a bath and a cold drink, remembered the fancy dress dinner that would be happening tonight. Would he have time to change? Would beautiful Rachel be there? Would she notice him? He looked into the direction of the setting sun and sighed. Down by the watering hole, a herd of quiet giraffes awkwardly bowed down to sip the sparkling water, ears pricked to catch the sound of any lightly padding predator. Quietly they drank, pausing to nibble on the dying savannah grasses. Two hours later, it was time for the party. Rimshaw was standing glumly, yet, talkative, envisioning giraffes silently yawning, gentle, eating grass so obviously yellow… weird.

By Mrs. McCart