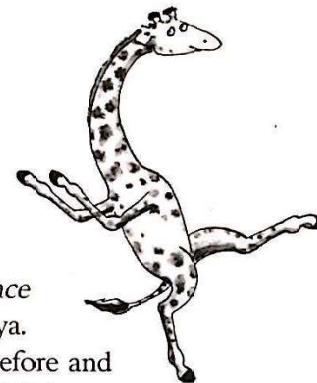
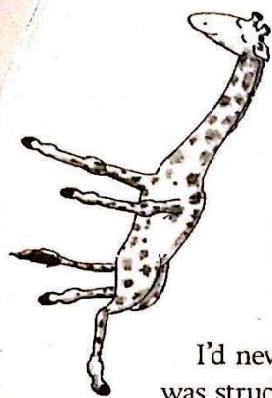


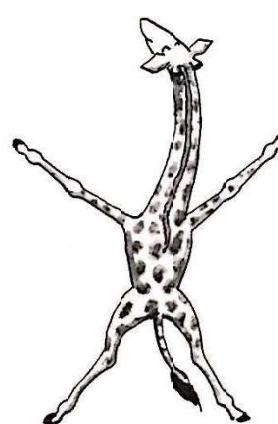
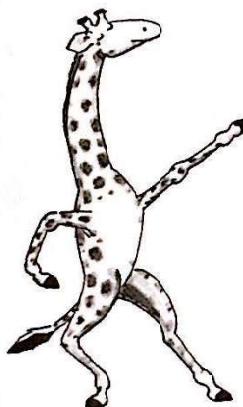


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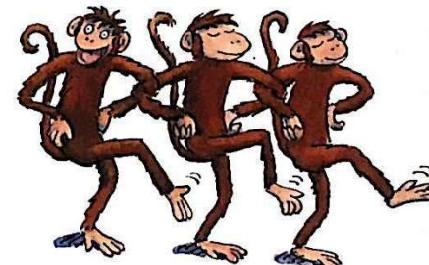
I wrote *Giraffes Can't Dance*
after a trip I made to Kenya.

I'd never seen giraffes galloping before and
was struck by their gracefulness - I didn't expect
such gangly creatures to move so beautifully.
This led me to thinking that we can all do things
which others don't expect us to. All we need is a
little encouragement - just like Gerald.

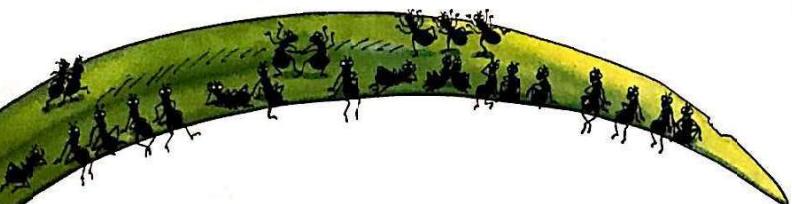


Giraffes can't dance.

GIRAFFES CAN'T DANCE



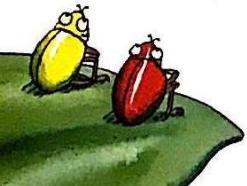
To my cousins at Sandbanks - Giles
For Fi, John, Rod and Andy - Guy



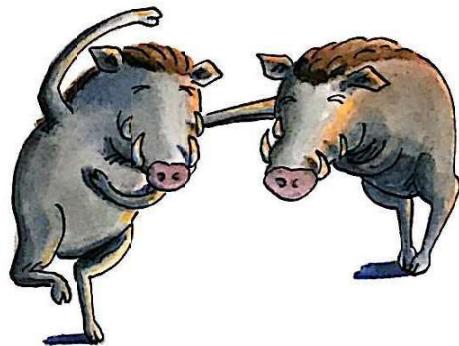
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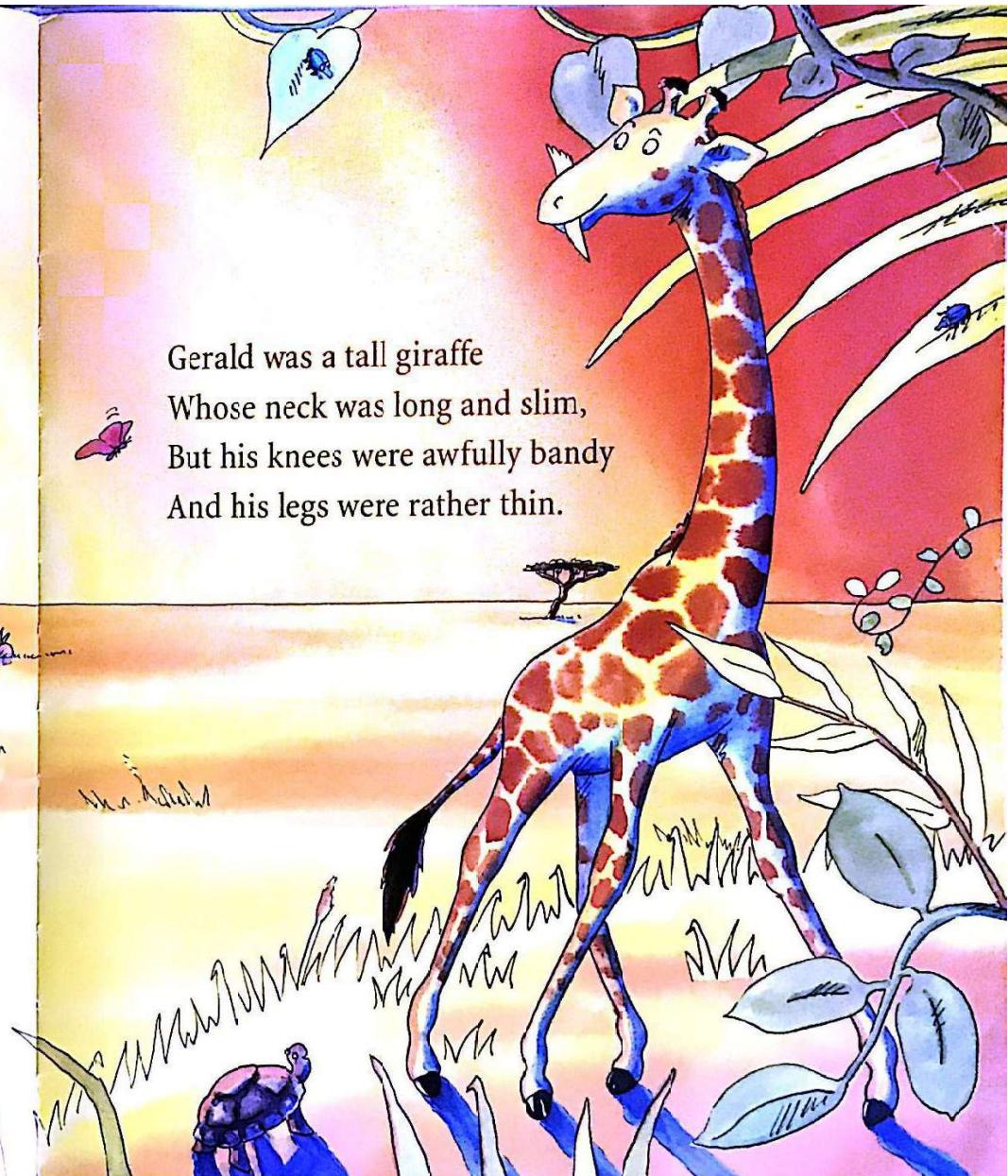
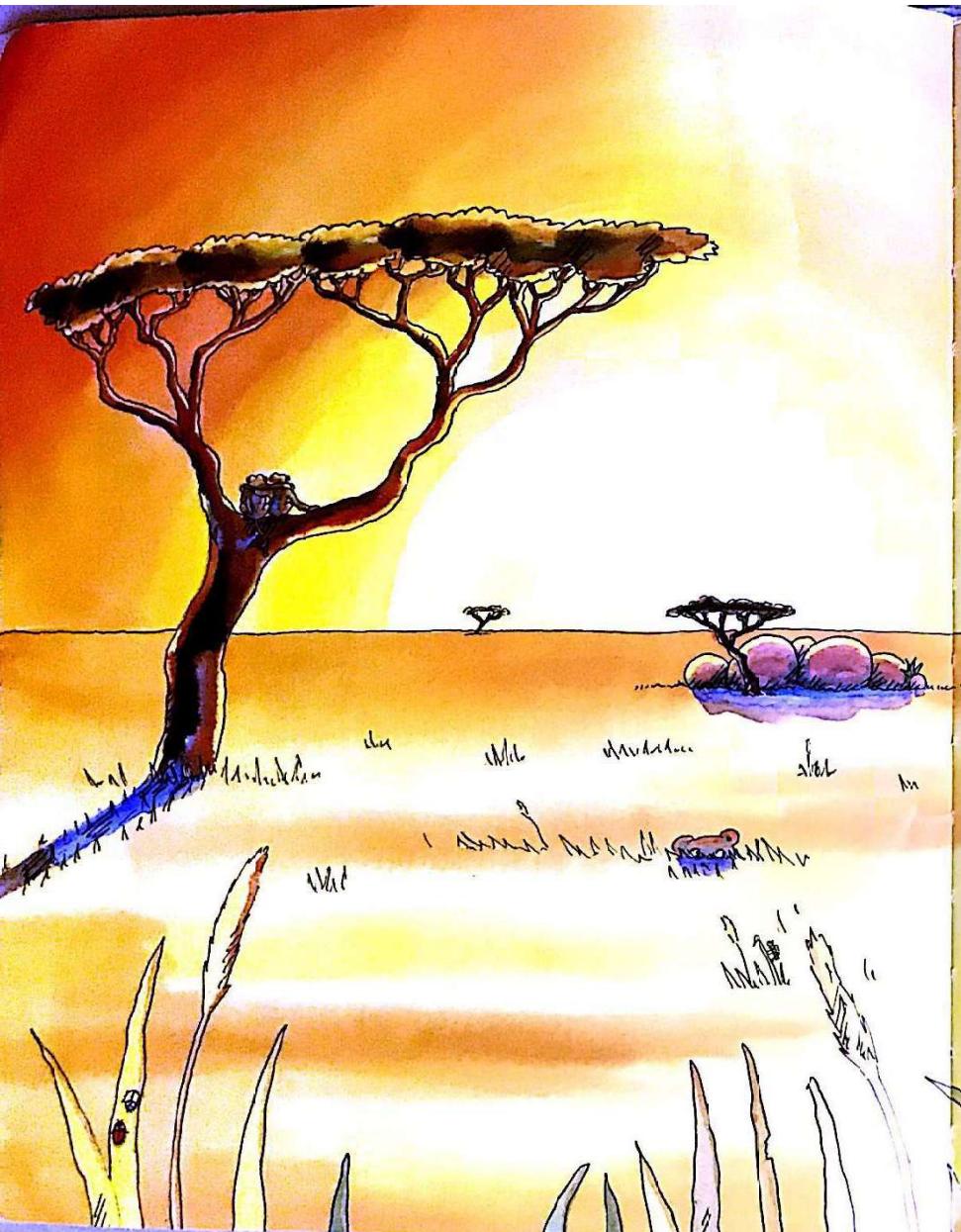


GRAFFES CAN'T DANCE

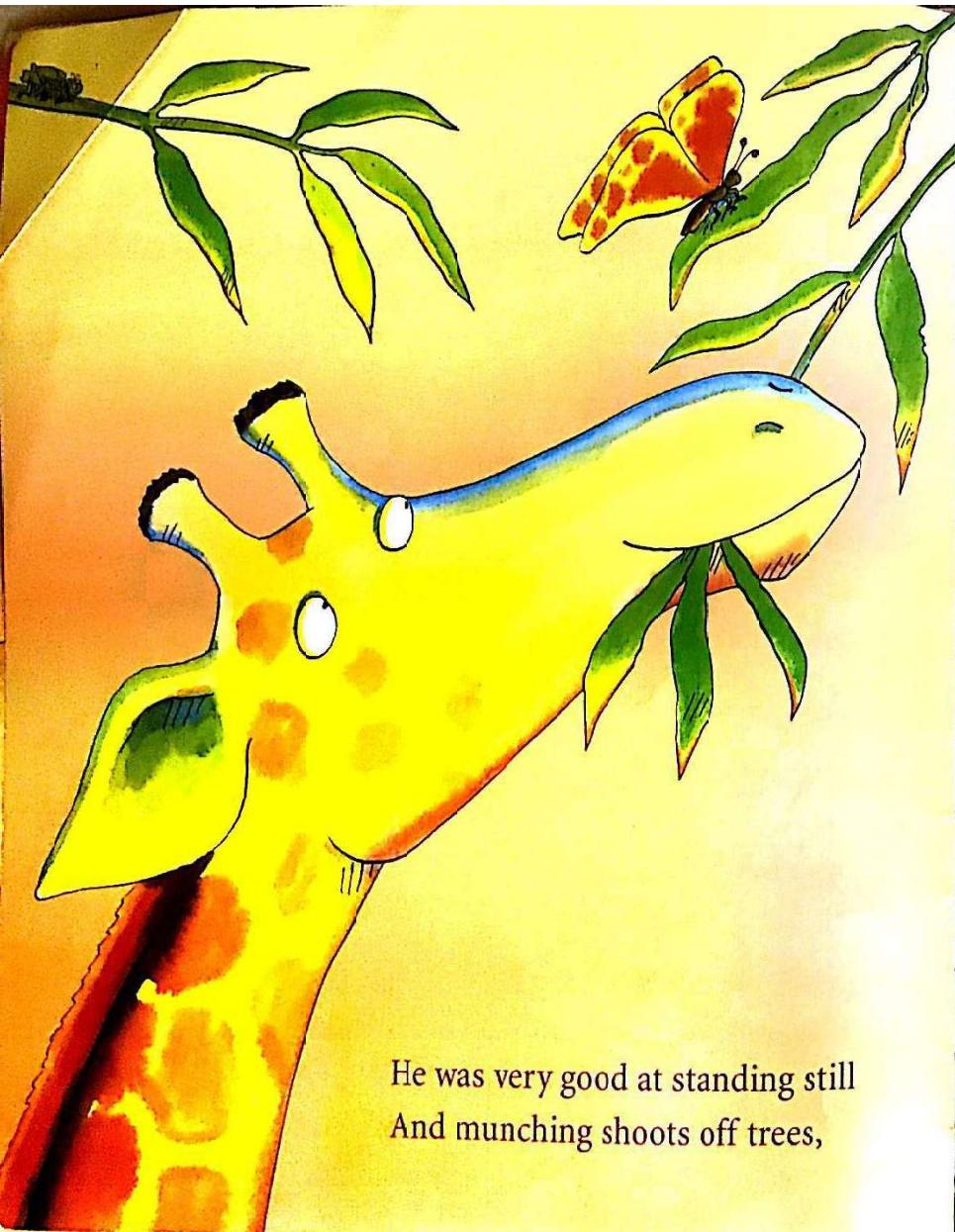


Giles Andreae
illustrated by Guy Parker-Rees

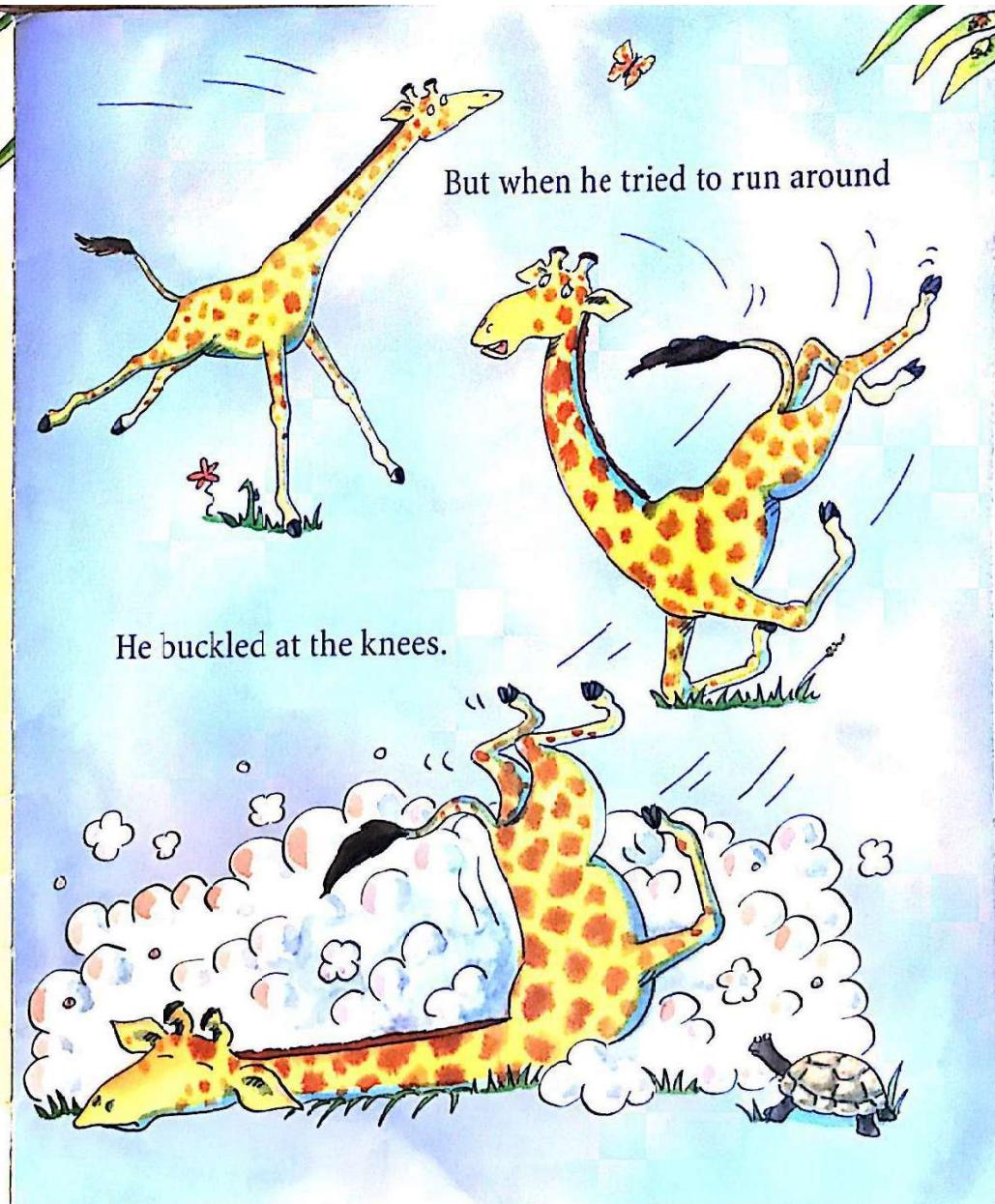
ORCHARD BOOKS



Gerald was a tall giraffe
Whose neck was long and slim,
But his knees were awfully bandy
And his legs were rather thin.



He was very good at standing still
And munching shoots off trees,

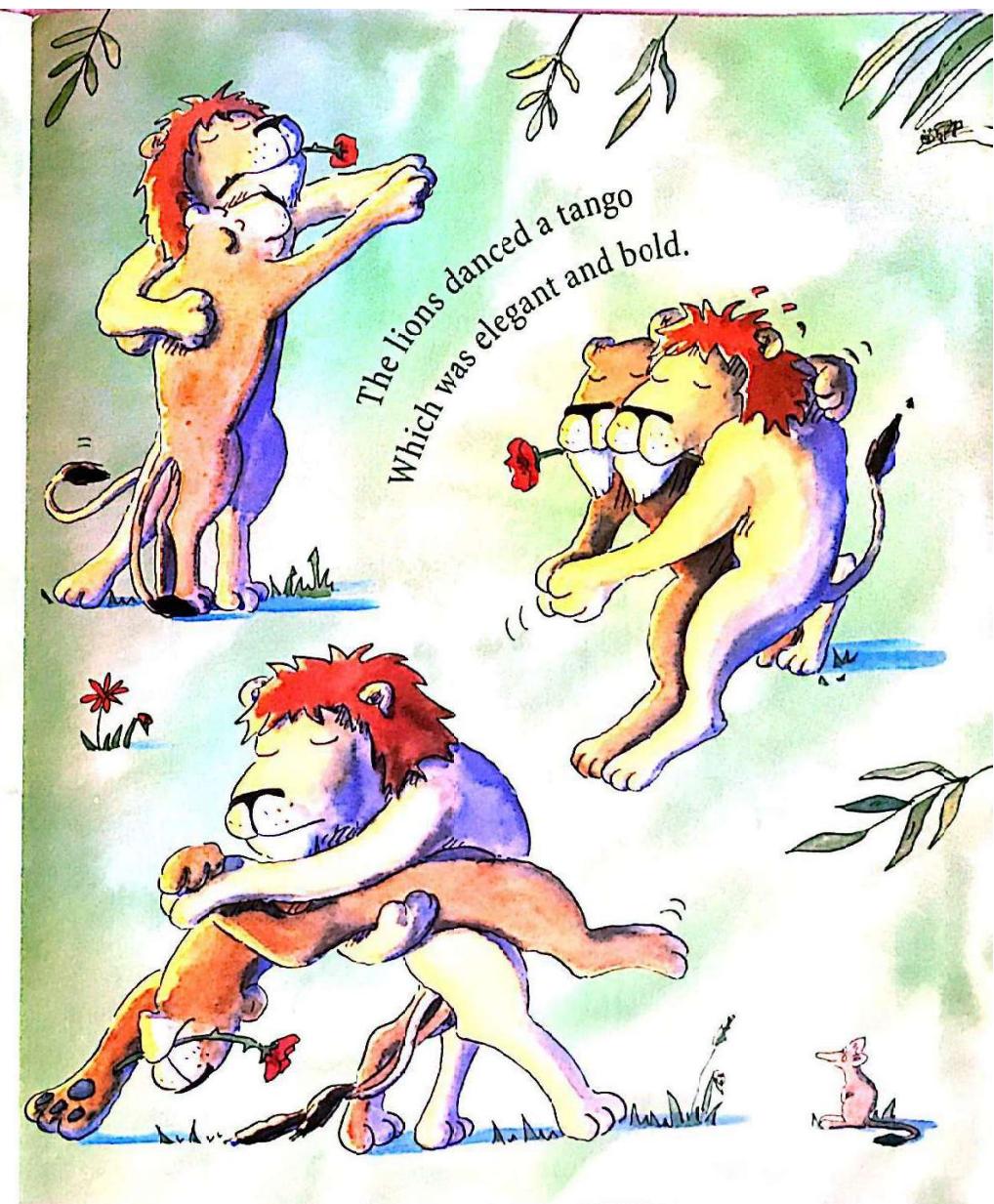
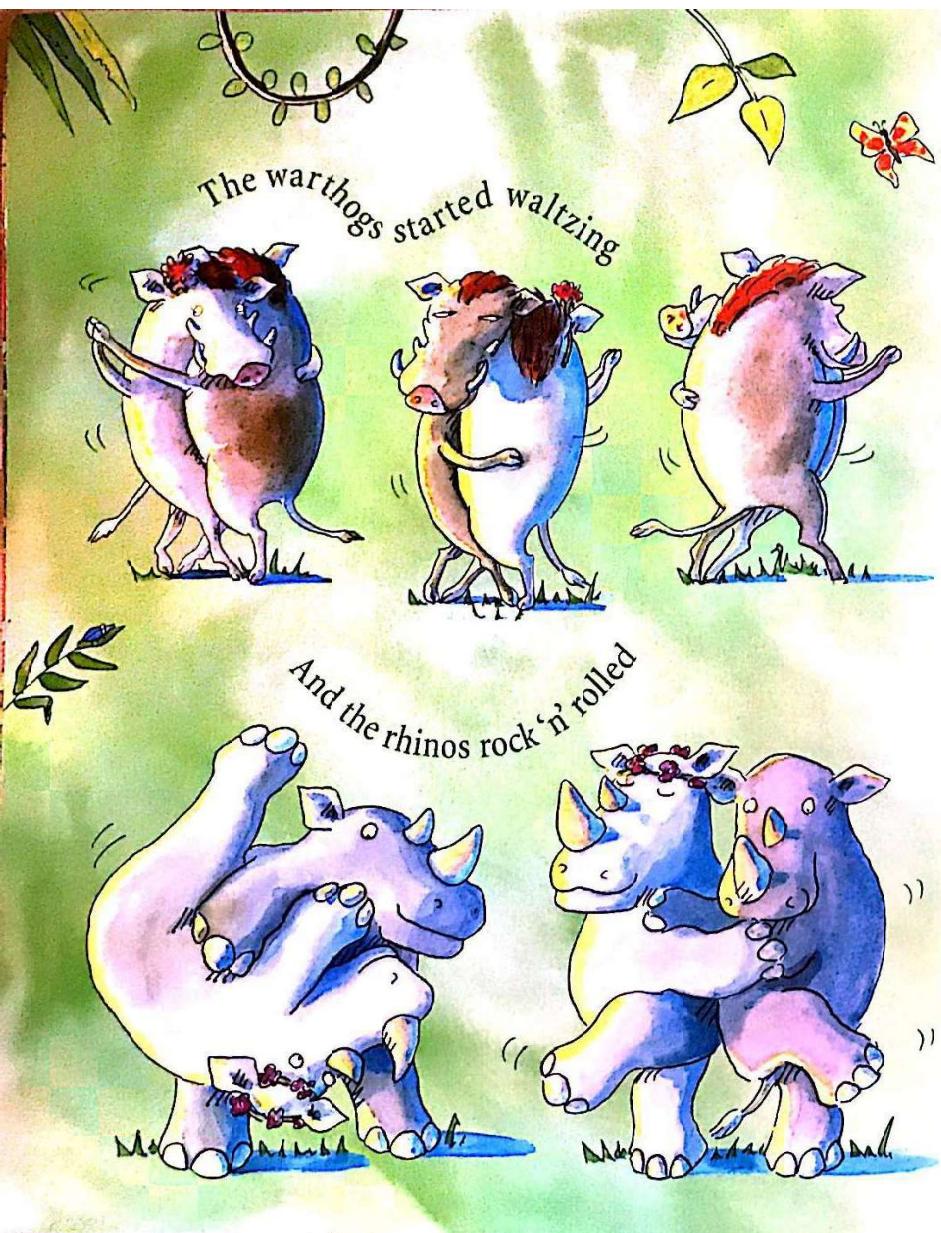


But when he tried to run around
He buckled at the knees.

Now every year in Africa
They hold the Jungle Dance,
Where every single animal
Turns up to skip and prance.

JUNGLE DANCE

And this year when the day arrived
Poor Gerald felt so sad,
Because when it came to dancing
He was really very bad.

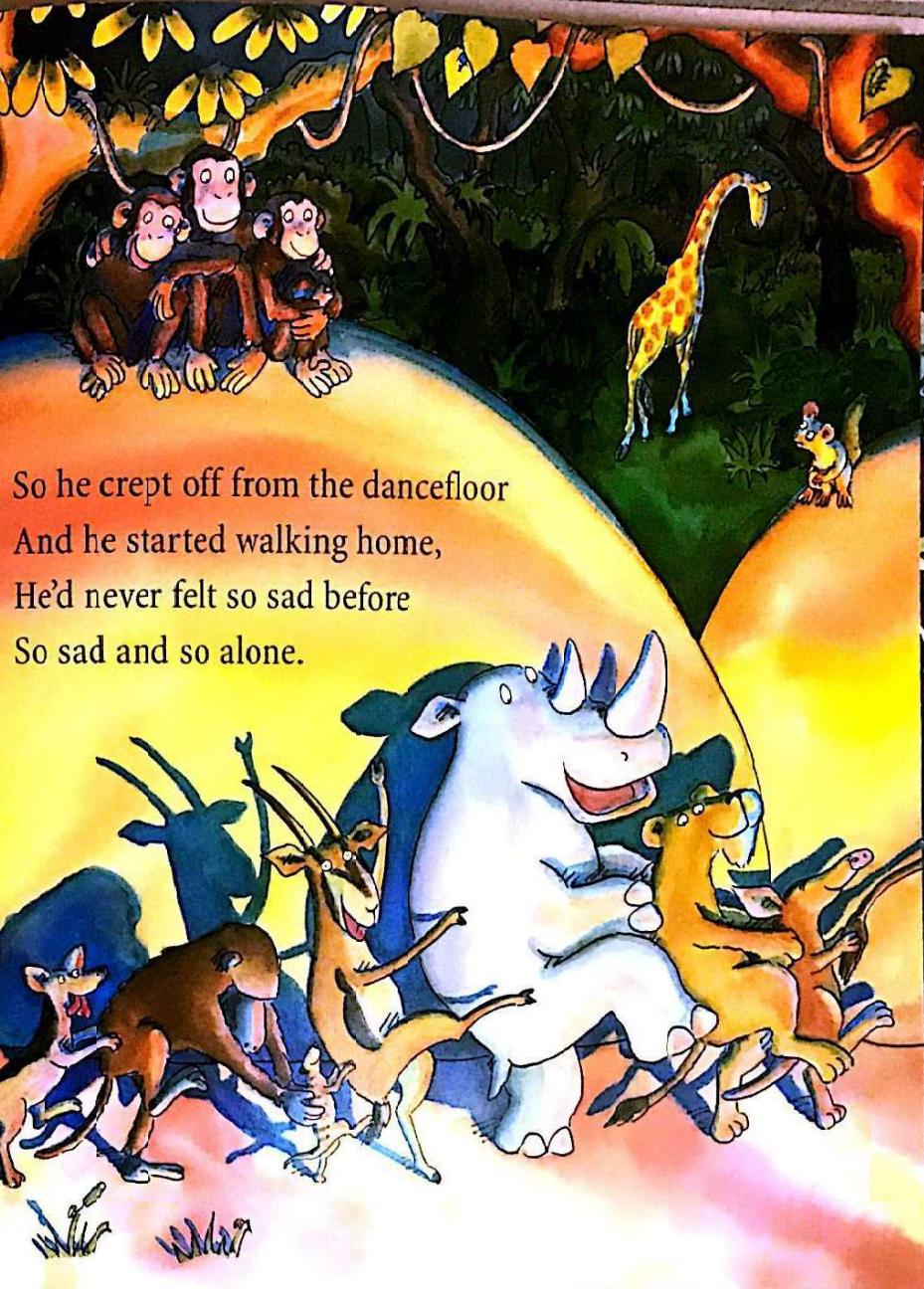
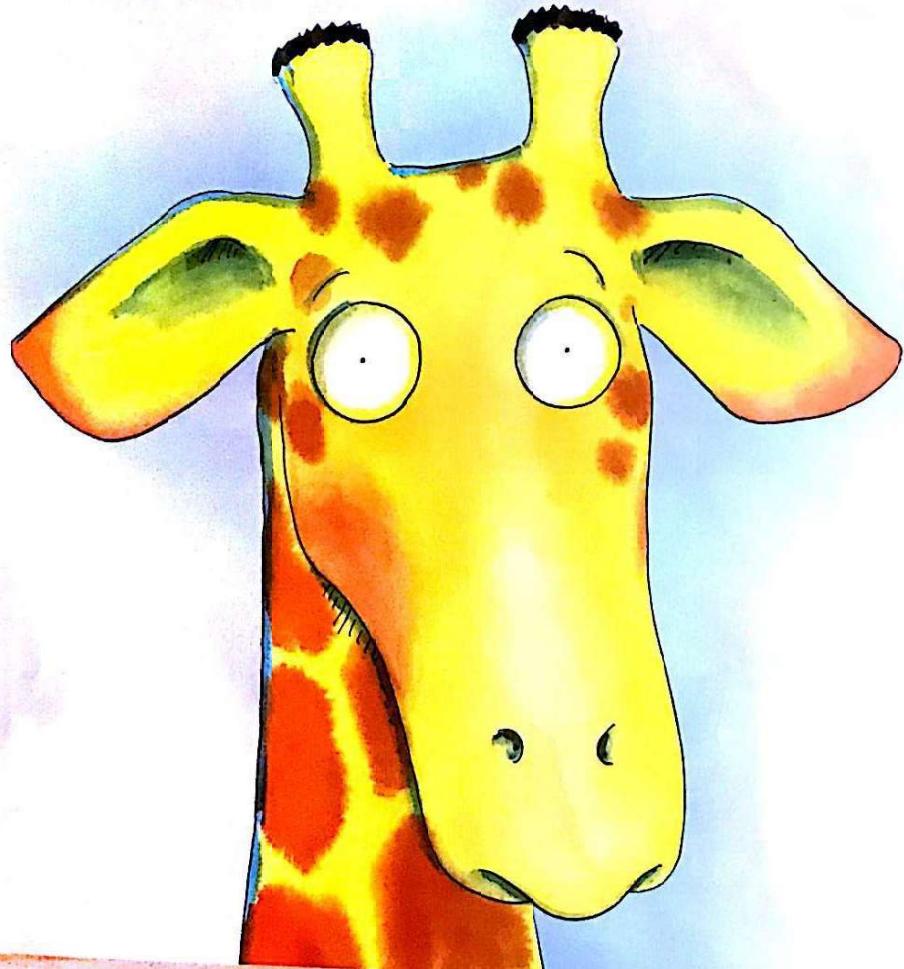




Gerald swallowed bravely
As he walked towards the floor,
But the lions saw him coming
And they soon began to roar.

“Hey, look at clumsy Gerald,”
The animals all laughed,
“Giraffes can’t dance, you silly fool,
Oh Gerald, don’t be daft!”

Gerald simply froze up,
He was rooted to the spot.
“They’re right,” he thought, “I’m useless,
Oh, I feel like such a clot.”

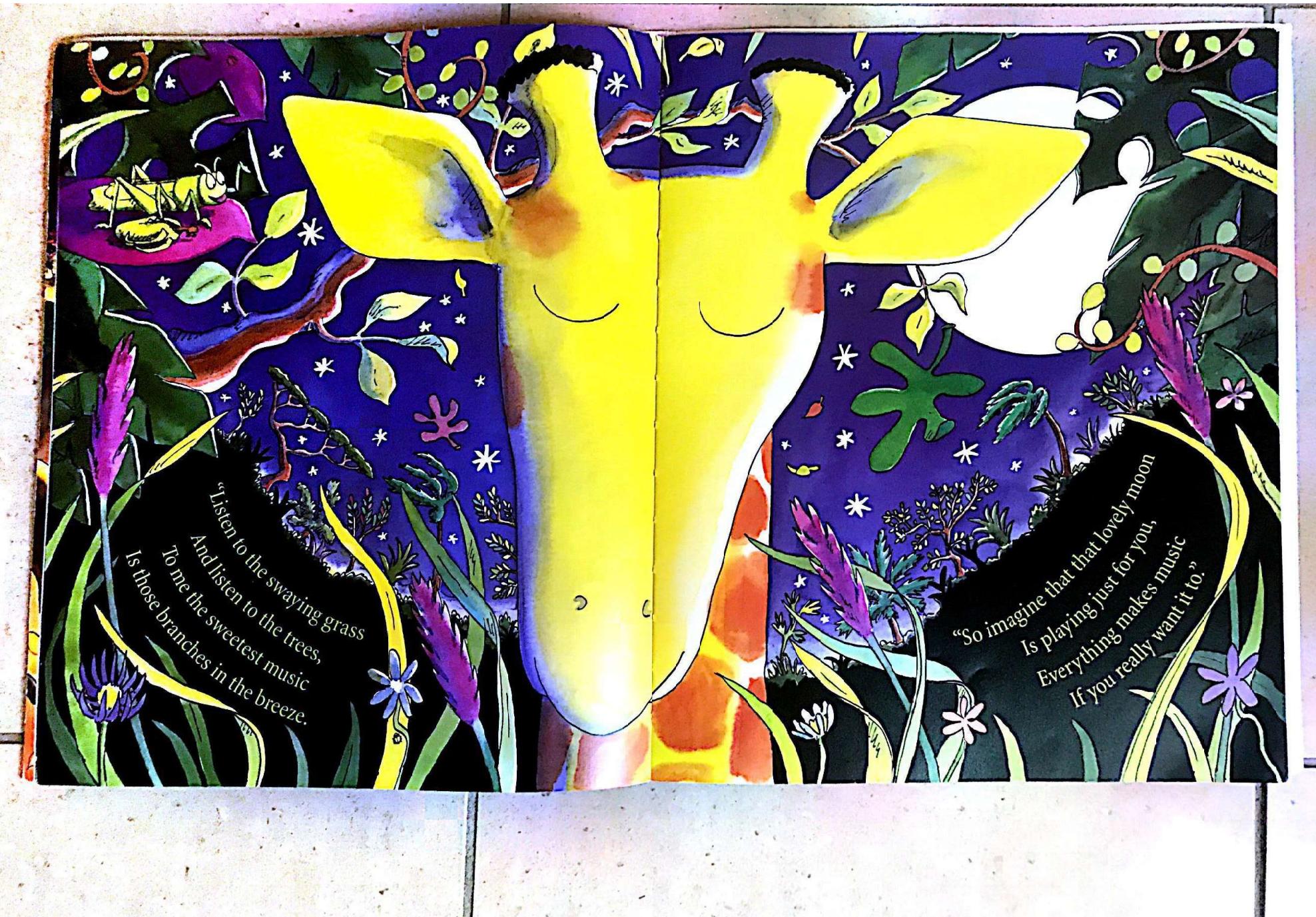


So he crept off from the dancefloor
And he started walking home,
He’d never felt so sad before
So sad and so alone.



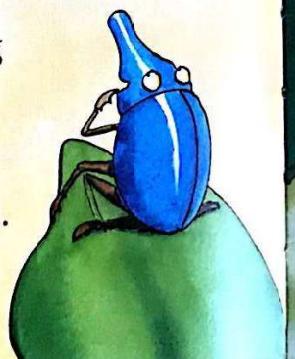
Then he found a little clearing
And he looked up at the sky,
“The moon can be so beautiful,”
He whispered with a sigh.

“Excuse me!” coughed a cricket
Who’d seen Gerald earlier on,
“But sometimes when you’re different
You just need a different song.”

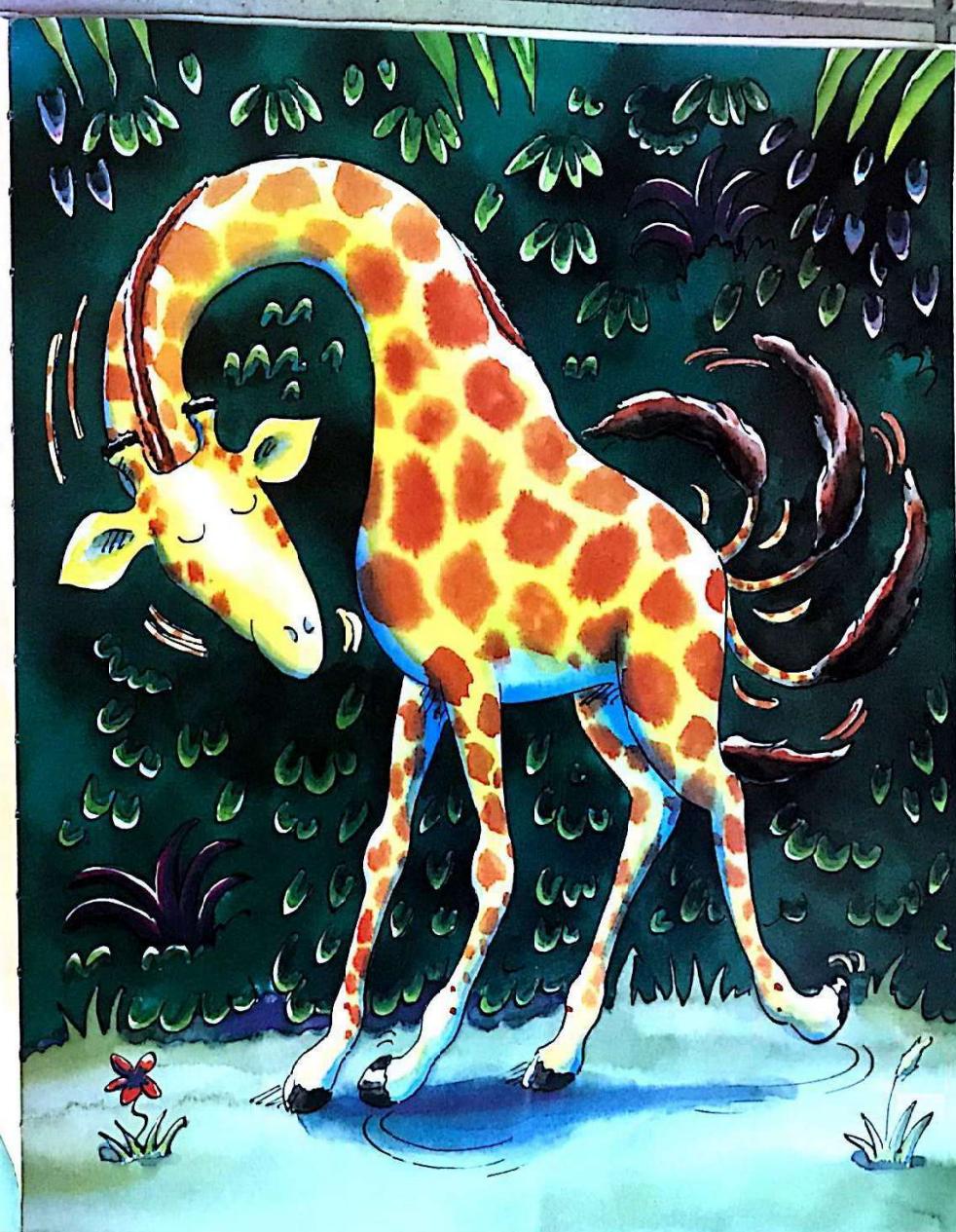




With that, the cricket smiled
And picked up his violin.
Then Gerald felt his body
Do the most amazing thing.



His hooves had started shuffling
Making circles on the ground,
His neck was gently swaying
And his tail was swishing round.



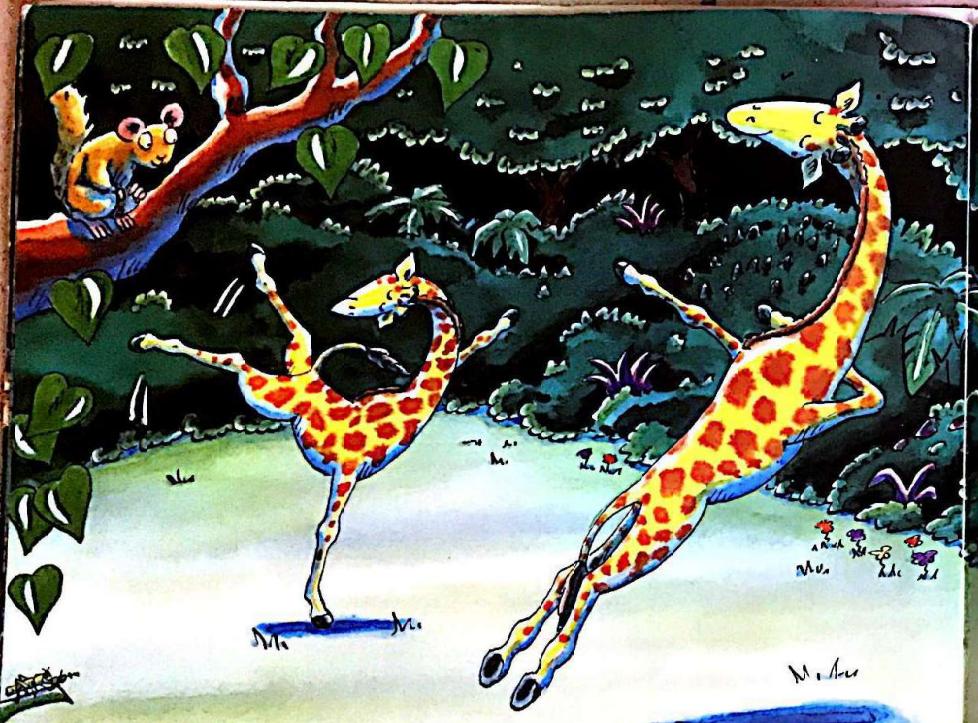


A vibrant illustration of a giraffe performing acrobatics against a dark blue night sky filled with white stars. The giraffe is shown in three dynamic poses: one where it is suspended in mid-air with its front legs tucked under its body, another where it is swinging its long neck and front legs, and a third where it is leaping upwards. The giraffe's body is patterned with large orange and yellow spots, and its long neck and legs are a lighter color with darker spots. The background features a large, bright white circle on the left side, possibly representing the moon or a planet.

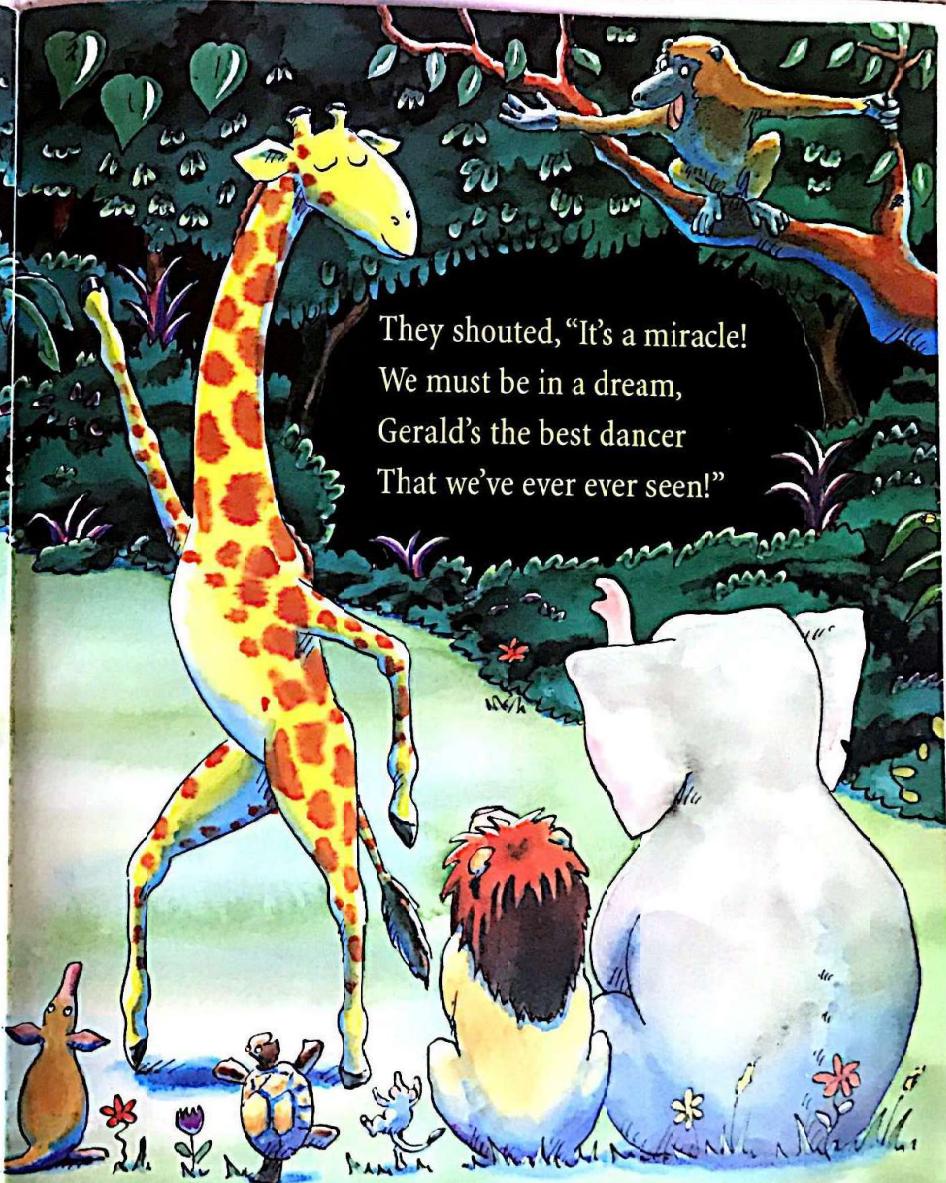
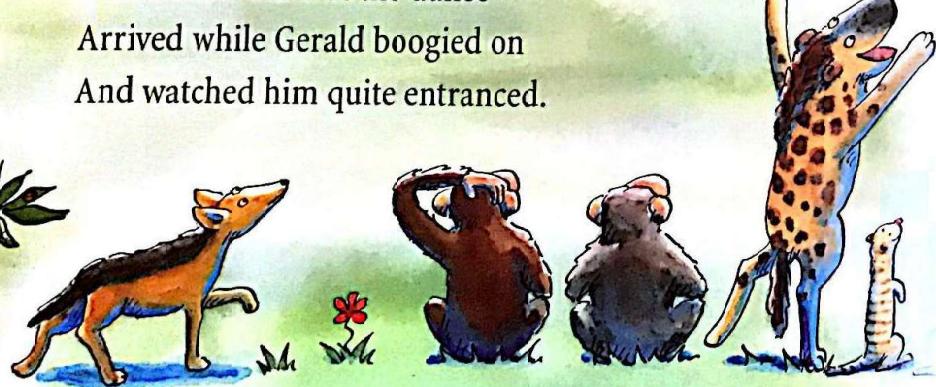
He threw his arms out sideways
And he swung them everywhere,
Then he did a backwards somersault
And leapt up in the air.



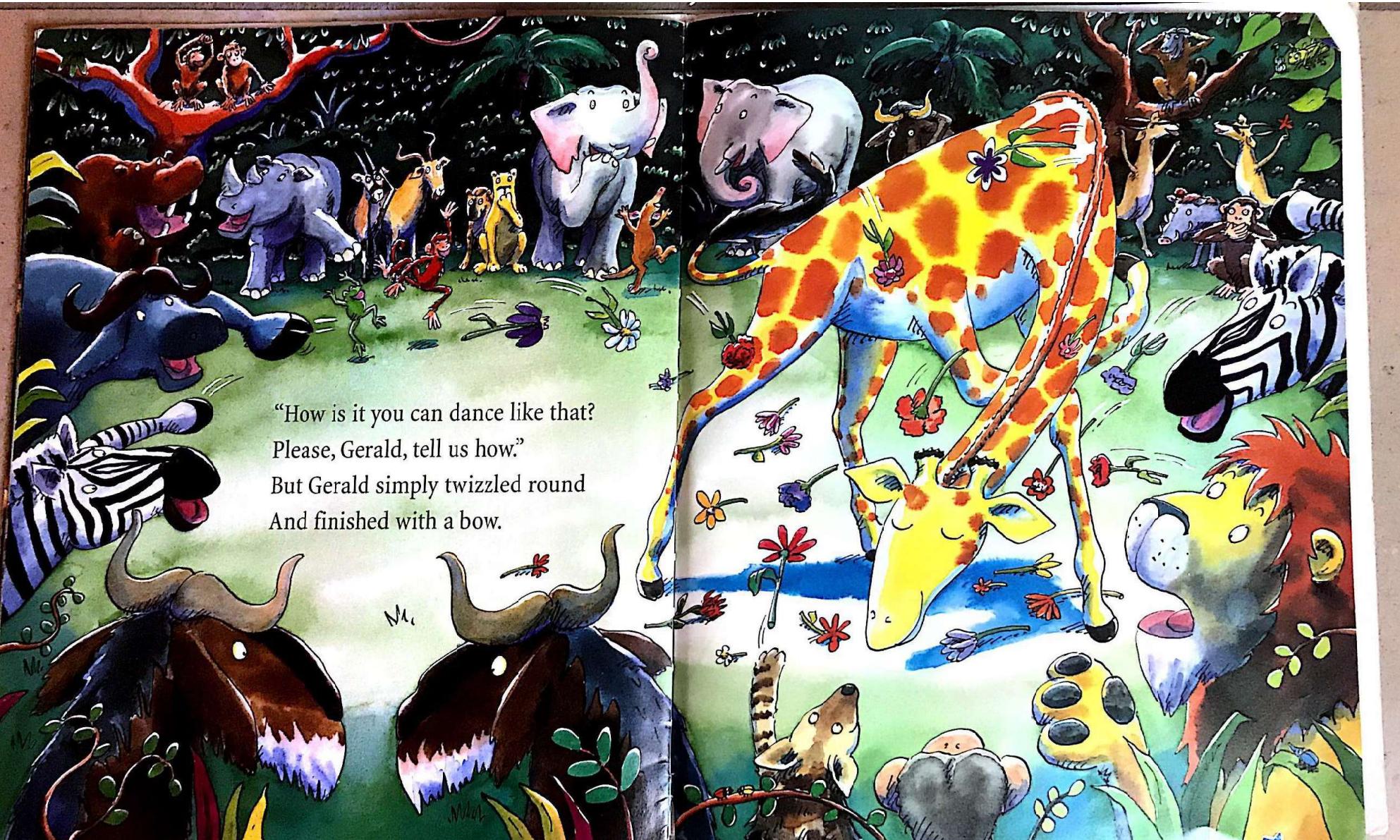
Gerald felt so wonderful
His mouth was open wide,
“I am dancing! Yes, I’m dancing!
I AM DANCING!” Gerald cried.



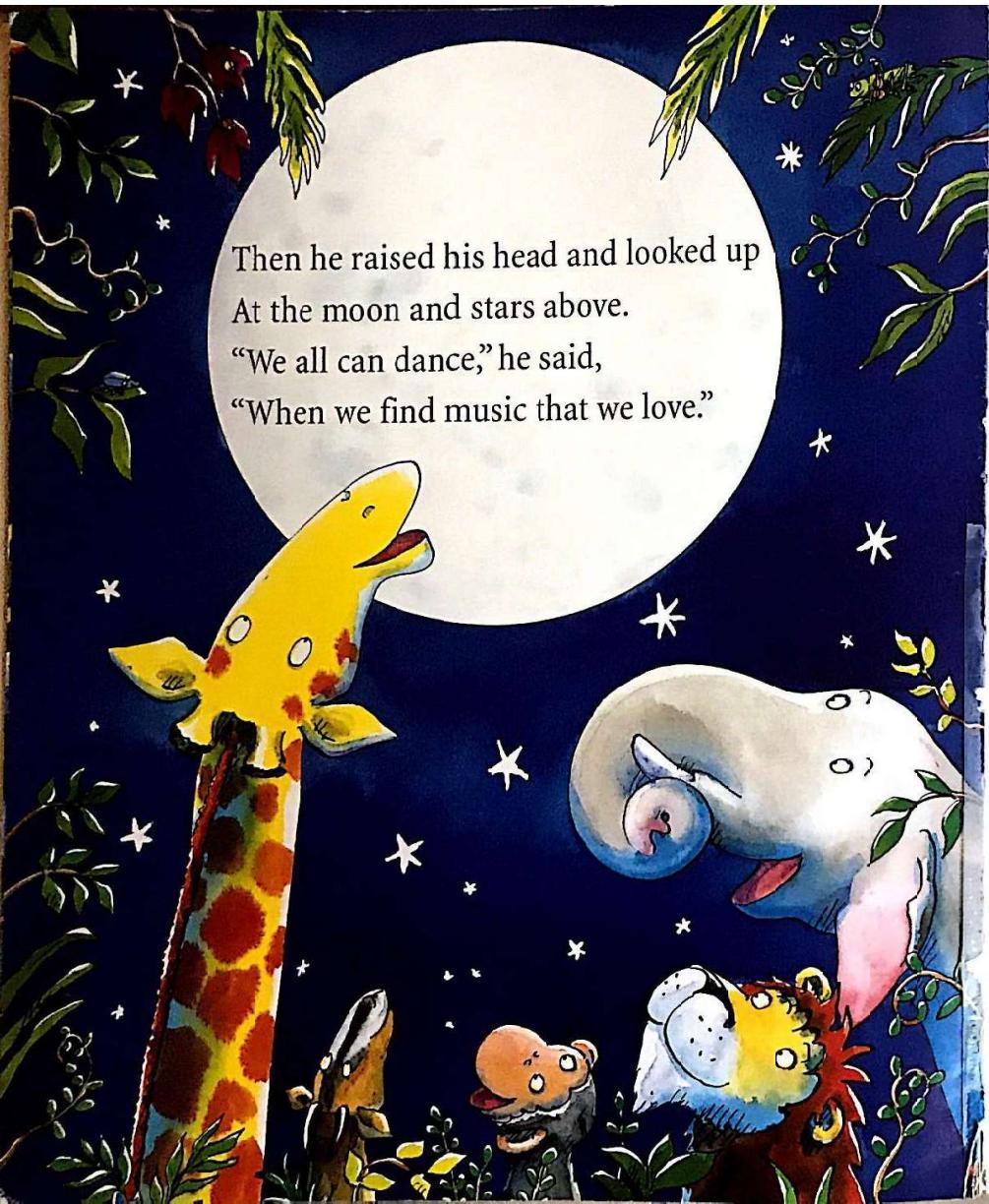
Then one by one each animal
Who'd been there at the dance
Arrived while Gerald boogied on
And watched him quite entranced.



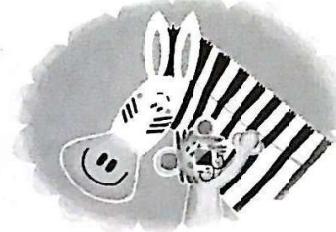
They shouted, "It's a miracle!
We must be in a dream,
Gerald's the best dancer
That we've ever ever seen!"



"How is it you can dance like that?
Please, Gerald, tell us how."
But Gerald simply twizzled round
And finished with a bow.

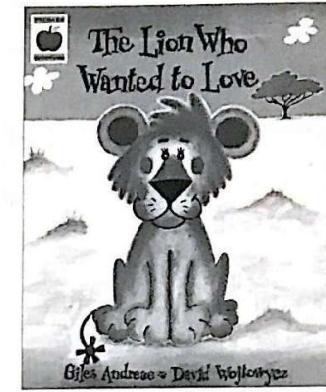


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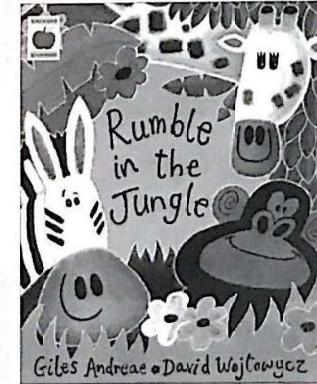


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Whose neck was long and slim,

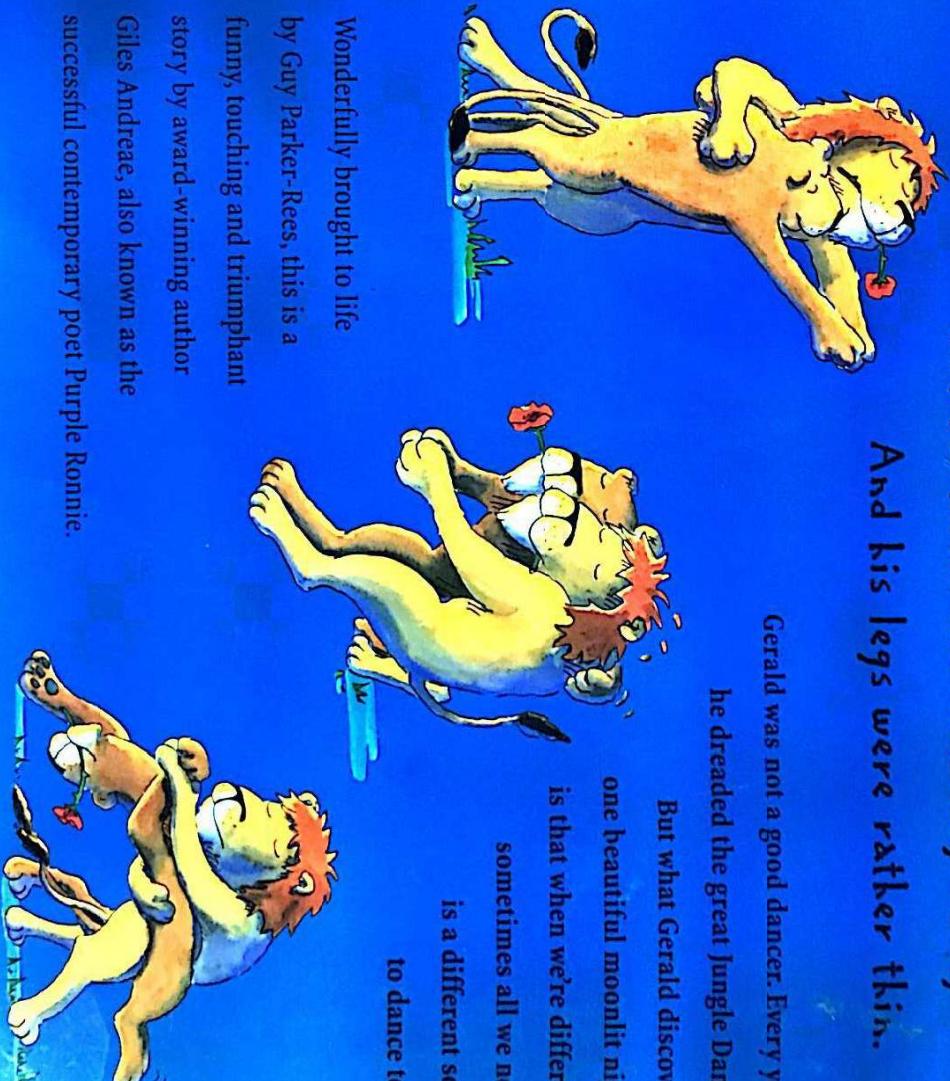
But his knees were awfully bandy
And his legs were rather thin.

Gerald was not a good dancer. Every year

he dreaded the great Jungle Dance.

But what Gerald discovers
one beautiful moonlit night
is that when we're different
sometimes all we need
is a different song
to dance to...

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