



Animal Poetry Competition Rules

Hurriyah, the injured fox that Caylin and Reema find in the back garden of their block of flats, speaks in verse. She calls vehicles '*monsters*', people '*two-legged beasts*', houses '*beast-boxes*' and the shed they are hiding behind the '*small box*'.

If you could write a poem from the point of view of an animal, what animal would it be, and how would it talk? What interesting words would it use, and how would it see the world? Write a poem from the point of view of this animal, and see if other people in your class can guess which animal it is from the way it talks. Then send it to me for judging!

- The competition is open to any pupils in P5, P6 and P7 or Year 4, 5 and 6.
- Only one entry per pupil.
- Entry forms must be completed with pupil name and school, with the name of an animal, a poem written from the point of view of that animal, and accompanying picture *in silhouette* (see examples below). Please make pictures as large as possible, filling the whole box.
- Poems can be more than one page long (the longer the better!) – please staple together any loose sheets to the pupil's entry to ensure these are not lost.
- This is a poetry competition, so I will be looking for the most interesting and well-written poems rather than the prettiest pictures!
- The top twenty entries will each win printed copy of the collected poems in booklet form and a certificate.
- Twenty runners up will receive a certificate and fox pencil.
- Closing date for entries is Monday 1st April 2019.
- Entries should be posted to:

Fox Girl Competition, Floris Books, 2A Robertson Ave, Edinburgh EH11 1PZ

Here is an example of the way Hurriyah talks when she is injured and living behind the shed. She has had cubs, but is still hurt and limps when she goes exploring at night. She can't hunt properly yet, and relies on Caylin and Reema to bring her food to feed her cubs. She wishes she was free and able to run and hunt like she used to:

Moonbeams glow and night comes calling,
Soon I will rise and steal through the dark.
Not soft as a whisper, but limp-legged, hobbling.
I am still broken, afraid of the pain.

But I am a hunter, a digger of secrets,
A reaper of field mice, a thief in the night.
This now is not me, for I am the wildness.
I dance in the shadows and run with the wind.

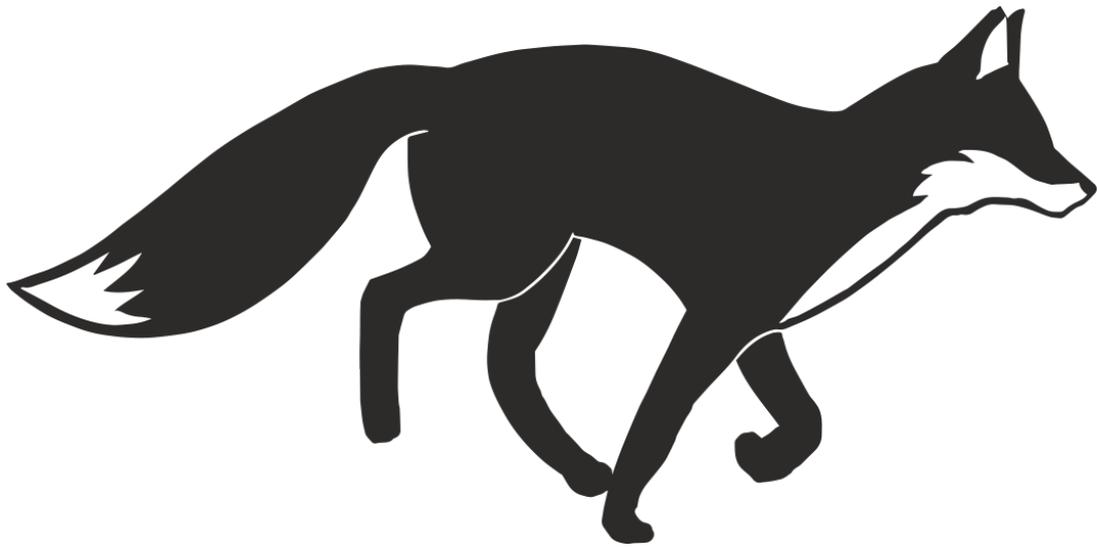
Here not a hunter, but merely a beggar,
Waiting for others to bring me my meat.
This is no life for my young ones to learn from,
Hiding and cowering, afraid to be seen.

If I could leave, then I would escape now,
Run far from the world of the two-legged beasts.
The time will come soon when my leg will be mended –
Straighter and stronger – and then we will run.

The time will come soon,
We will run, we will run.
Yes, the time will come soon.
We will *run*.

Where does your animal live – land, sea or air? What would your animal talk about? Going hunting for food? Being hunted by humans? Having their habitat destroyed by humans for roads or housing? Fighting with other animals over territory? You decide!

The picture of the fox on the book cover has been designed as a silhouette:



The gazelle is also a silhouette:



Draw a silhouette of your chosen animal to go with the poem. What parts would you colour black, and which parts would you leave white?