

GERALD GIRAFFE

**A Dr. Seuss-type Christmas Poem
by Jack Weyland**

**Gerald Giraffe was the tallest by far
Of all the giraffes in the plains of Magar.
He could stand in Sistoon and eat corn in Bezork.
For that you and I'd need a very long fork.**

**At the school that he went to the others did laugh
At the sight of poor Gerald, the tall-kid-giraffe.
He scrunched in his neck as he tried to look smaller
But that made the others laugh louder and holler.**

**Santa showed up before Christmas one day.
"For years we've done well," dear old Santa did say,
"With Donner and Blitzen, the whole reindeer pack,
I land on each roof with some toys in a sack."**

**"Down the chimney I go with my gifts and my toys
Making sure that each child has some sweet Christmas joys.
Then up to the rooftop, I hop in my sleigh,
With one little whistle, we're back on our way."**

**Then Santa looked sad; there was pain in his eyes.
He took some deep breaths and he breathed out some sighs.
Everyone noticed, stood quiet and still.
Santa said, "Here's the problem—I'll tell you—I will.**

**"We've been missing some homes, I've found out—it's true!
Can anyone help me decide what to do?
The Kilimaran live in tall bongo trees.
Well, they have to, you know, to avoid giant fleas.**

**“In no dictionary that comes from Tartuffe
Will you find on its pages the word for a roof.
They all live in snow caves on the top of a hill.
No way I can manage their stockings to fill!**

**“In Ogolstan, I’ve heard they live on high cliffs.
Now, how can I ever deliver their gifts?
In Hoboke Podoke they build every new home
On the backs of tall buffalo as they do roam.**

**“In Bolermo, they say, people live on huge rocks
By a river that’s churning where they wash their socks.
In Bazelle, houses hang down from tall bamboo shoots.
At night they light lanterns and play their reed flutes.**

**“But how can I reach these good people? I ask.
Will one of you help in this great, noble task?”
All eyes turned to Gerald Giraffe who indeed
Could surely help Santa in his time of need.**

**Then Santa gazed up at this tallest giraffe.
No one uttered a peep or a squeak or a laugh.
“Will you help me out, Gerald, my good long-necked lad,
To bring more children Christmas, make more children glad?”**

**“No, no, I won’t help you!” he said. “I’ll not go!
‘Cause why should I do this for folks I don’t know?
Do others show kindness to me? No, they don’t.
I don’t feel like helping! And that means I won’t!”**

**The village was silent as if it were frozen.
They thought, “Could it happen that one who’d been chosen
Could choose not to help, give no aid, bring no cheer?
Others help Santa -- the elves, the reindeer.”**

**With the aid of a ladder now Santa stood high
And spoke softly to Gerald and looked in his eye.
“I know others have hurt you, and that makes me sad.
But if you will help me, then we both will be glad.**

**“Dear Gerald, this isn’t about me or you.
Real joy comes from serving, I know this is true.
Helping others will help you have peace in your heart.
Good feelings will stay with you. Just do your part.”**

**The villagers strained to hear Gerald’s reply.
Would he flatly refuse, or give helping a try?
“I’ll do it,” he said, “if you need me that bad.
I’d hate to see children on Christmas day sad.”**

**And thus it did happen on Christmas Eve night:
A giraffe went with Santa—oh, what a grand sight.
First they went to each home with a good, solid roof,
Then they sped off to visit those caves in Tartuffe.**

**Gerald Giraffe, extra tall, very strong,
Got each gift in each home since his neck was so long.
At Tartuffe, then Bolermo, he did it with style,
Grabbed the sack in his mouth; Santa watched and did smile.**

**Gerald stood on his tip toes at homes on their way,
Slowly emptied the sack, then returned to the sleigh.
All his reaching and stretching, it made Santa laugh
At this wonderful helper, this tall-kid giraffe.**

**At Kilimaran one child heard the reindeer.
She went to her window and watched with no fear.
She stood there in darkness and said, with wide eyes,
“A giraffe helping Santa? Just look at his size!**

**“Thank you, dear helper, whoever you are.
Thanks for bringing us Christmas. You’ve come from afar.
I’ll never forget you as long as I live.
You must love me to come here, and love me to give.”**

**Gerald Giraffe gave a smile and a wink.
He got back in his sleigh, but her words made him think.
His heart felt so good. Maybe Santa was right.
The two of them chuckled and smiled all the night.**

**Gerald's not been the same since that wonderful day
When he rescued dear Santa and rode in his sleigh.
If others need help he will sure do his part.
They say Christmas is always alive in his heart.**

**Christmas can be in our hearts everyday
As we learn to love others. And, oh, by the way,
Gerald Giraffe sometimes visits the zoo.
Someday you may see him there winking at you.**