



# Creative Writing

Think about a forest and what may live in it. Think about what native plants and animals mean to you.

Create characters from this forest (for example Scamper Squirrel).

Write a story or poem about a forest or character adventure, including important facts about it.

To give you some ideas start by reading the poem about Forest Restoration and the short story titled Sponge.

You can also do some research on forest animals and plants. Take a visit to a Natural Museum, a zoo or a national park. Draw a picture to go with your poem or story too.

## Sponge

I can remember the day easily. I was ten years old. The spirits of the giant trees had whispered, "the mountains will stop giving". Today, the Village woke with no fresh water.

That evening, sun setting, I sat beside an enormous tree. A strange bird, one I had not seen before, sat in the branches. The bird flew away. I wanted to know where it lived, so I decided to follow. But I forgot about time and without warning, I had run into a wet, dark green forest. It was full of noises and all sorts of strange creatures. Then from above I heard a loud squabbling. As I looked up, down fell a shower of a thousand seeds, from the trees around me. Now I am not sure why, but I collected the seeds before realizing I was lost. I thought I would never leave the forest.

A brightly dressed man appeared. The man said it was getting late and I better following him back to his village. He would take me home in the morning. His village had fresh water. He told me it was because of the forest in the mountains. But I did not understand. He said the forest is a sponge and soaks up the water, without it the water just runs away.

The next morning the brightly dressed man took me back to my village. I convinced him to tell my village what he had told me. My village wanted to plant a forest. The brightly dressed man said he would help us. He said he had planted forest.

We germinated seeds, and grew small trees, just like our crops. We planted these small trees, just like our crops. The months and short years to follow the trees grew into a small forest. The trees grew fruit, the birds and small animals came to eat them. And the mountain started to give water. Watering our crops, animals and allowing us to live happily again.

Now I am 19 years old, but I have heard many mountains still stop giving water!



## Forest Restoration

In the forest a tiger roars

An owl hoots, a lazy gibbon snores.

At sunrise, engines start

Nightfall, more giant dipterocarpus depart.

In the forest a barking deer runs

A squirrel scampers, noisy crickets drum.

At sunrise the burning fires leap

Nightfall, nothing sleeps.

Is there no forest left for salvation?

Sunrise must bring forest restoration.

The Education Section would love to see your stories, poems and pictures. Our website [www.forru.org](http://www.forru.org) has our contact details.



Forest Restoration Research Unit  
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