

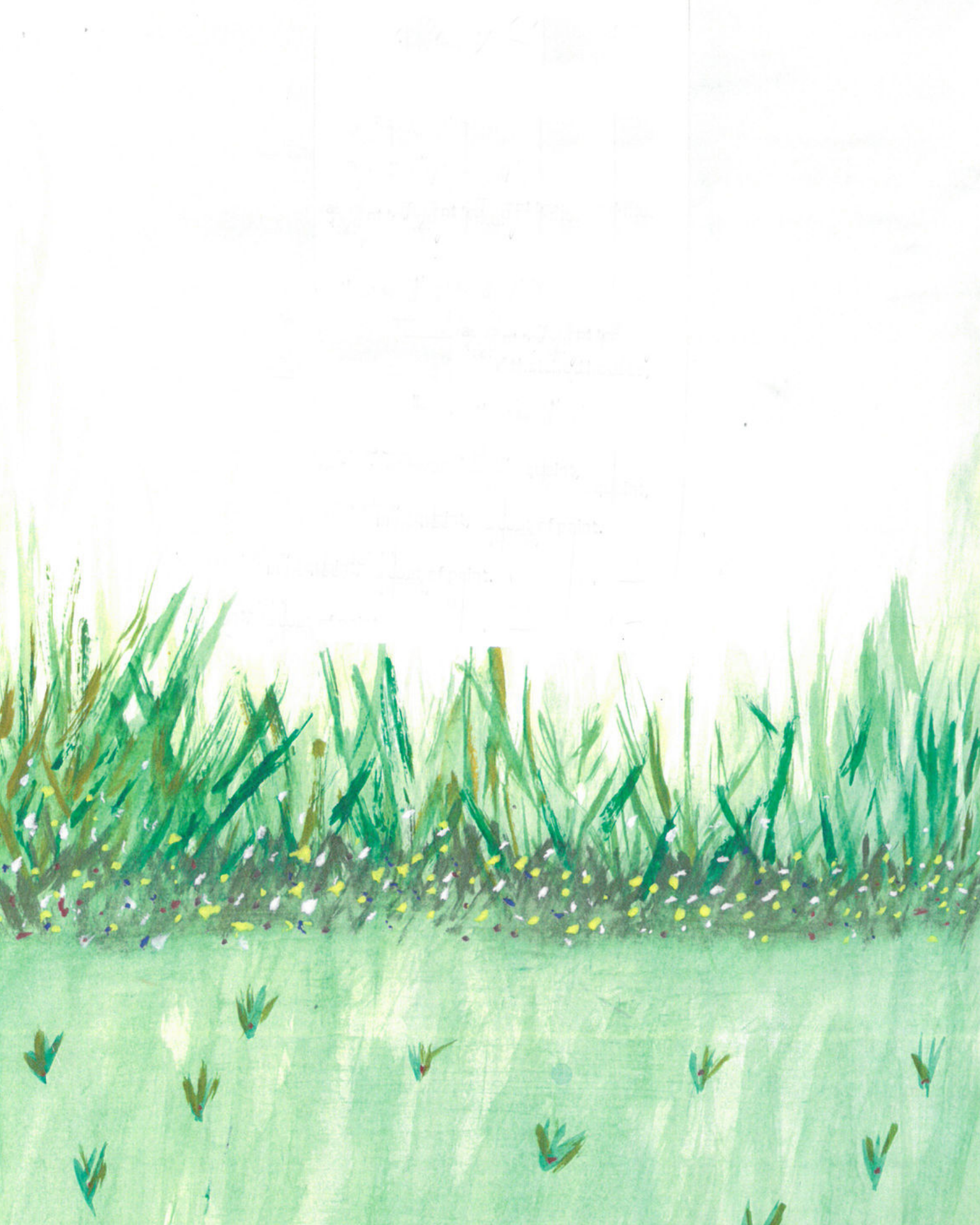
Jimmy Longtail

Sarah Ferris

Down in the valleys of Tillage Lea
lived Jimmy Longtail,
who was very different to you and me.

Down the yellow cobbled streets,
around the crooked lanes,
on past the cluster of thatched houses,
lies Jimmy's domain.

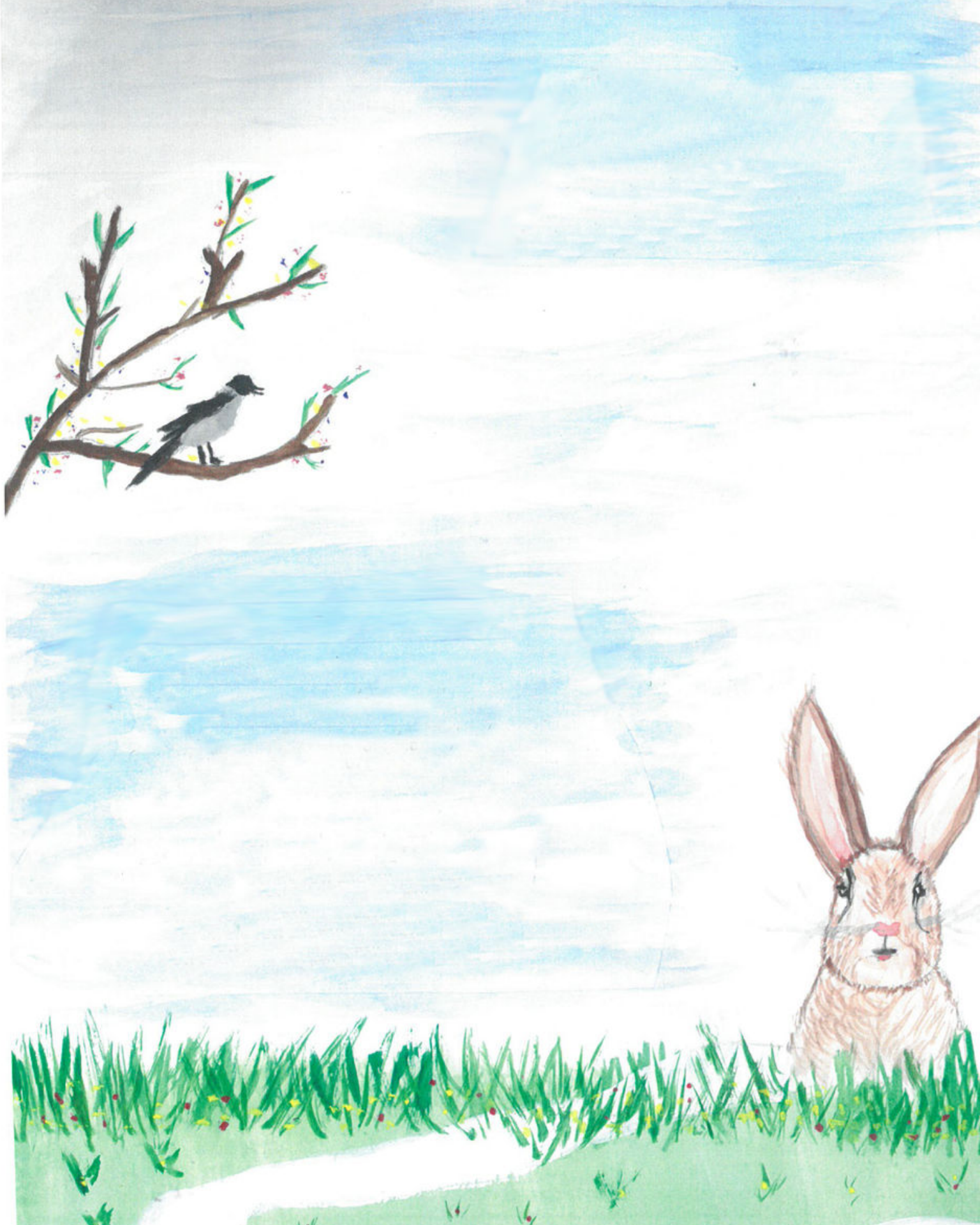
The Longtail house was cute and quaint,
in no need of a coat of paint.
no neighbours near to this humble abode,
no one wanted to live near this postcode.



Their land stretched far and wide,
The perfect place for a rabbit to hide.
Jimmy was not like the other rabbits,
Despite how hard he tried.

Jimmy had long soft ears, just like his mother.
He had a proud pink nose, just like any other.
He had great big feet, and a thick tan pelt,
But Jimmy had an odd feature that he'd been dealt.

Instead of a tail like a small white tuft,
Jimmy's tail was like a skipping rope, long and rough.
Friends were few and far between.
The other rabbits were keen to be mean.



He had one good friend, Beau the Crow.
He'd been his one good friend among all the woes.
He had been there to wipe Jimmy's angry tears,
When Jimmy couldn't understand everyone's fears.

Jimmy often wondered when things would change,
When his life would move to a different stage,
Where he would be included in village games,
When he wouldn't be considered so strange.



The friends ventured to the markets of Tillage Lea,
As Beau quite fancied a cup of tea.
Beau soared as Jimmy hopped, tail lagging behind.
“Oh! do hurry up Jimmy!” Beau whined.

“Help! help” they heard someone cry.
“Did you hear that,” Jimmy yelled, “that came from
somewhere near by”.

They hurried to the forest edge for a closer look,
and saw a small rabbit drowning in the Brook.



The friends looked at each other. "What should we do?"

Jimmy stayed by the water, as Beau flew.

He broke through the town calling for help,

"A rabbit is drowning, come quick!" he yelled.

The village people came with ropes, sticks and sheets,

Jimmy was so scared; his heart skipped beats.

As the current pulled the rabbit under.

"How will we save him?" Jimmy wondered.

First of all, they threw the rope.

But when they pulled him up it broke.

Then, they tried the lengthy stick.

It was strong enough but his hands slipped,



Last of all, they tried the sheets,
They cast them, but it fell short by feet.
With the rabbit still in danger, the village knew they had failed.
“I know!” cried Jimmy “Let’s use my tail”.

He raced to the water, slung his tail with all his might,
It wrapped around the rabbit, hugging him tight.
Jimmy pulled and pulled, his tail did not break,
It was long enough and strong enough to take the rabbit's weight.

Jimmy knew he would save him, by hook or by crook,
The village cheered as the rabbit was pulled from the brook.
“Your tail saved my life” the young rabbit cried.
Jimmy smiled ear to ear, his heart full of pride.



From that day on, Jimmy's life really changed.
He was always included in the village games,
He never felt strange because of his tail
A hero to all, belonging for real.

So here lies a lesson, for you and for me.
Jimmy Longtail -
not so different, it's easy to see!

