

# The Lemur's Forest

Draw an image of the forest as it is described in the poem.



Looking out over  
the skeleton trees  
I contemplate my  
fate.



Everything  
around here is  
changing: the  
forests are  
thinning out;  
things once  
proud are  
disappearing.

Can you add annotations to your drawing to support your images?



Madagascar.  
Our home. Our  
womb. Our  
habitat.  
Our precious  
sanctuary is  
Under threat. I  
can feel it  
slipping slowly  
away like the  
whispering  
embers  
of a dying fire.



Remember  
us, else  
memories  
will be all you  
have.

