

I was at the local ice rink,
when a gorilla
skated onto the ice.
He twirled and spun
and leaped through the air.
Not once, not twice, but thrice.

He performed a
flawless quadruple axel,
spinning as he flew into the sky.

Then straightened into a
vertical dive, ignoring the birds
that were flying by.

He spread his arms
out wide, as he hurtled
towards the ground.

Then landed lightly
on one toe, to claps and
cheers all around.

The next time I saw that gorilla,
he was on TV in the Olympic games.

He skated in a bright pink tutu.
Gerald was his name.

He got 10's from all the judges.
His performance was second to none.

He was the first gorilla in history,
to have entered the Olympics and won.

They presented
the gold medal to Gerald.
And before he spoke,
he politely bowed.
'O O, ah ah, O O, ah,' he said,
and a hush fell over the crowd.

No one knew what
Gerald had said.
Was he happy?
Was he proud?

Then a woman named
Jane yelled, 'I speak Gorilla,'
and stepped out from the crowd.

Gerald says,
'Find something you love to do,
and give it everything you've got.
Don't worry what people think.

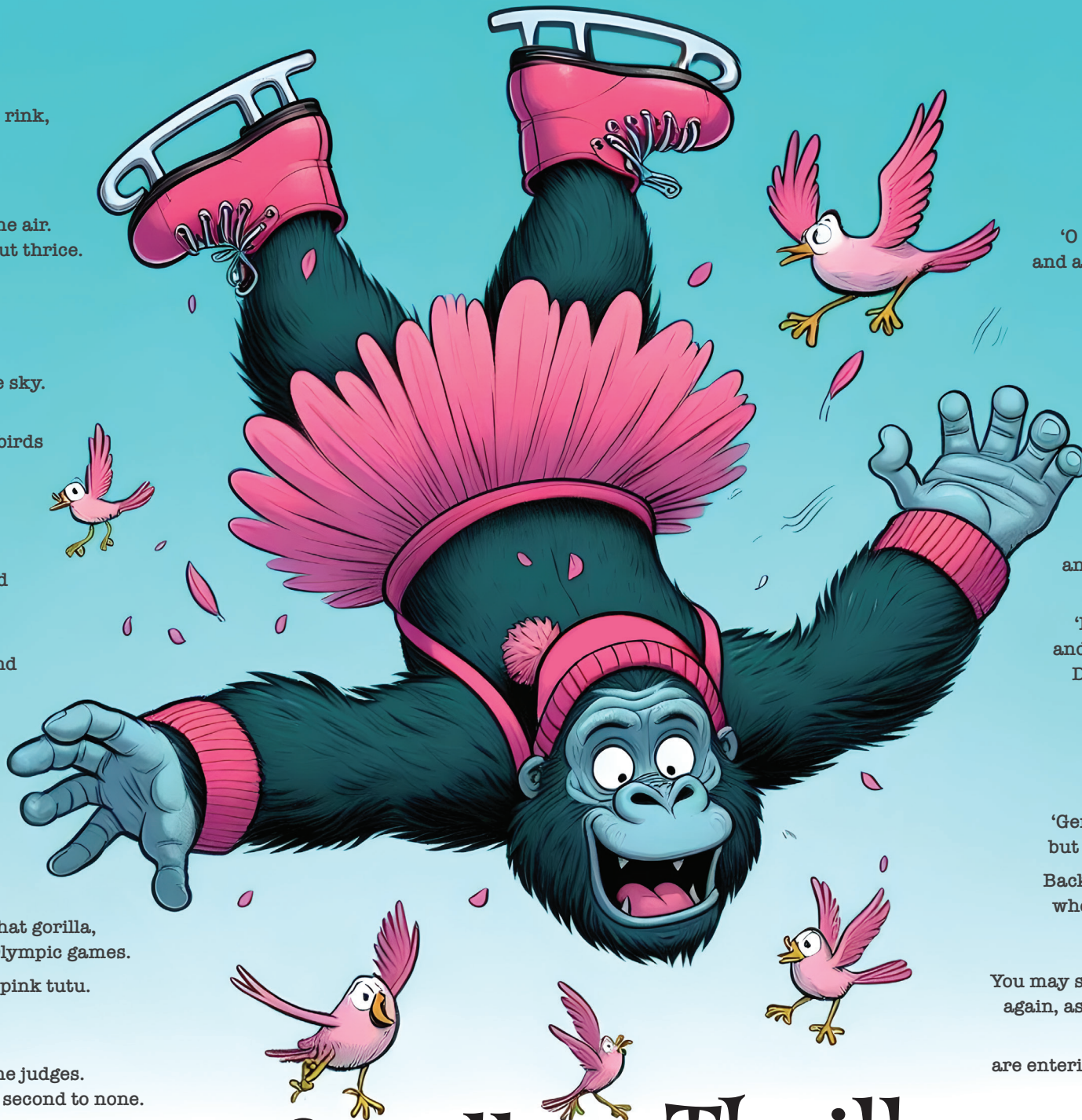
Work hard and you
can rise to the top.'

'Gerald thanks you all so much,
but it's time for him to go home.

Back to the rain-forest in Africa,
where his family likes to roam.'

You may see him back at the Olympics
again, as this was just the beginning.

He and some gorilla friends
are entering synchronised swimming.



Gorilla Thriller