

HENRY THE REMARKABLE ELEPHANT

Chapter 3

As Cal was staring in amazement at the cave gallery of Henry's paintings, the loggers were moving fast. Their five yellow logging trucks were making their way through the jungle, like five giant robots. They had large saws attached to their front bumpers. It was these saws that cut down the trees. When every tree had been sawed down, another set of bigger trucks would come to take the trees away. The trees would then be sold for wood.

The loggers' leader was a man called Jim. He had been promised lots of money if he managed to knock down EVERY SINGLE tree in the jungle. When he and his men had finished with this jungle, they would move onto another jungle and cut down more trees there.

Jim had not thought for one moment about all of the animals that might be living in the jungle. He had not thought that they and their families might have lived here for hundreds of years. All he had thought about was the money he would be getting.

"SPEED UP!" shouted Jim at his logging truck drivers. The drivers sped up, their saws working faster, and more trees went crashing to the ground.



Henry had learned how to paint when he was very young. One day he'd come across a group of humans a long way from where he and the other animals lived. He watched the humans from behind a rock. They were on a painting holiday. Each one of them had an easel, several pieces of canvas, different tins of paint and water and some paintbrushes. Henry had been amazed at the way they used their paint and their brushes to create wonderful works of art. When they went, they left behind several paintbrushes. Henry picked these up and walked until he found an empty cave. "This will be my private painting studio," he told himself.

From that day on, he used his trunk to make easels from bits of wood and canvases from sections of tree bark. He collected different coloured berries from different trees and bushes to make all sorts of amazing paints. Over the last few years he had painted many pictures but he had never shown them to anyone else - not even to Frank, Gary and Jade. He thought they would say that animals don't paint pictures and make fun of him.

He had no idea that Cal had been spying on him that day. He didn't know that Cal would slink away, run back to King Oscar and tell him what Henry was up to. Henry was far too busy working on his cardboard canvases.

When Cal returned, the rock and stone wall was still going up around the jungle animals' home to protect their trees. Everyone was working as fast as they could. You could now hear the loggers' trucks loudly rumbling forward. It would not be long before they got here and the wall was quite a long way from being finished.



Oscar the King saw Cal hurrying over to meet him.

"So?" asked Oscar. "Where does Henry go?"

"He sneaks off to a cave," replied Cal.

"And what does he do in this cave?"

"He paints."

"Paints?" cried Oscar. "How will painting help us keep the loggers away? How will painting save our special home? How will painting do ANYTHING for us?"

Frank, Jade and Gary had heard this conversation. They were amazed at what they were hearing. Henry was an artist! That's why he always sneaked off.

"I think it's pretty cool," said Jade.

"Me too," nodded Gary.

"COOL!?" shouted Oscar who had heard them speaking. "It is not cool at all. When Henry should be here helping us protect our home, he is painting in a cave."

"But he always comes back," said Jade bravely. "He only ever goes off for an hour or two."

"I don't care if he only goes off for five minutes!" roared Oscar. "When I see him again I will tell him that he is BANISHED from our home. I cannot accept his selfish behaviour. He will have to find somewhere else to live!"

Jade, Gary and Frank all looked as if they were about to cry when an Indian flying fox standing on the top of the wall shouted down at everyone, "I can see the loggers' yellow lorries. They will be here in a few minutes. This is the end of our home!"