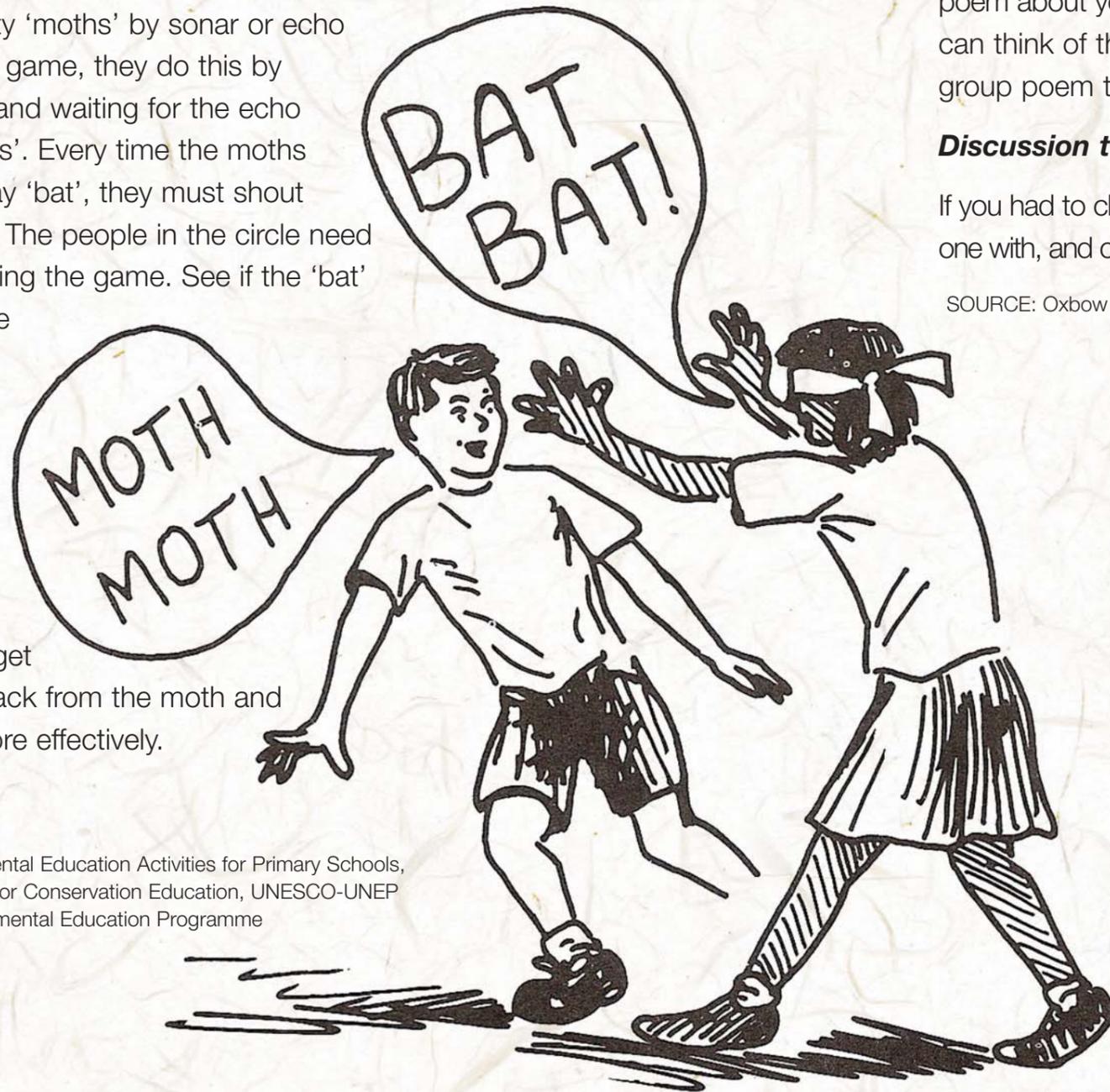


BAT GAMES

One player is a bat, and one, two or three others are moths. If there are lots of people, then you will probably have to take turns, and some can stand around the outside in a circle.

The 'bat' is blindfolded, and like a real bat, is hunting for tasty 'moths' by sonar or echo location. In the game, they do this by shouting 'bat' and waiting for the echo from the 'moths'. Every time the moths hear the bat say 'bat', they must shout 'moth' in reply. The people in the circle need to be quiet during the game. See if the 'bat' realises that the best way to catch moths is to produce a continuous stream of sound, like a real bat does! Then they will get more echo's back from the moth and catch them more effectively.

SOURCE: Environmental Education Activities for Primary Schools, International Centre for Conservation Education, UNESCO-UNEP International Environmental Education Programme



ANIMAL POETRY

You may find pretending to be a bat or a snuffling warthog an inspirational experience! Pick an animal and spend some time alone outside imagining where it lives, and how other plants and animals, including people, must look to it. When you've finished, write a short poem about your animal. If you prefer to work in a group, everyone can think of the same animal and then contribute one word to a group poem to be put together by the activity leader.

Discussion topic

If you had to choose between two very comfortable, safe places to live—one with, and one without, wildlife—which one would you choose and why?

SOURCE: Oxbow Park Naturalization Project, Ottawa, Canada

Message to the Naked Ones

I see you, naked Ones
 out of my big, brown, sad eyes
 I see you
 with your spindly limbs,
 lack of fur
 clever fingers
 thin necks
 big heads.
 I see you and I am puzzled.

I see your pain and your confusion and I wonder.

I wonder how you forgot
 that the ground, the grass, the earth
 longs for the touch of your naked feet,
 how the rain loves to caress your skin,
 how the wind enjoys playing with your hair.

I am Mountain Gorilla
 and I am on my way out.
 Farewell naked Ones -
 you may soon be the last primates left.

Extract from a poem from the Council of All Beings