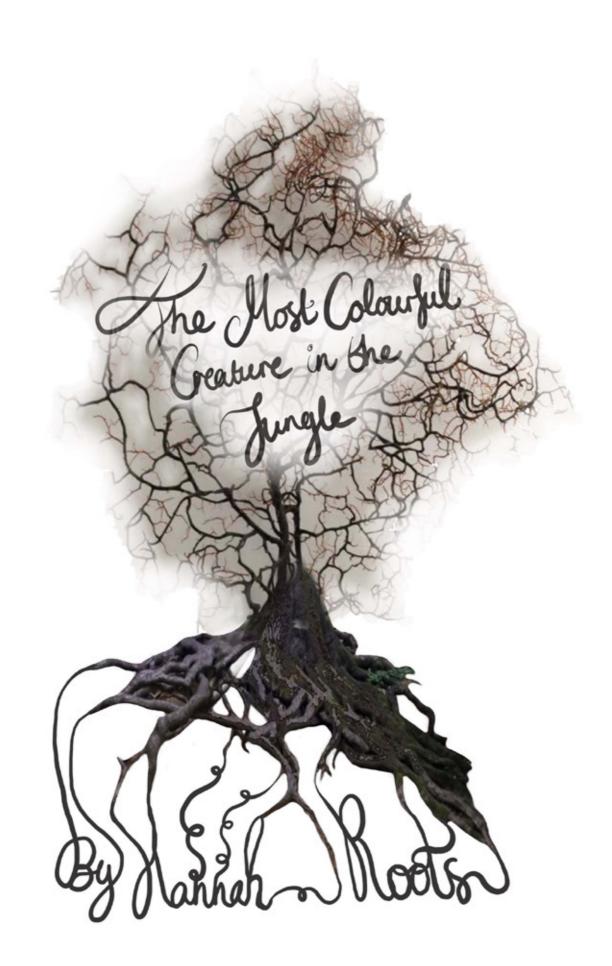




## In memory of Gill Conquest Thank you for all the colour







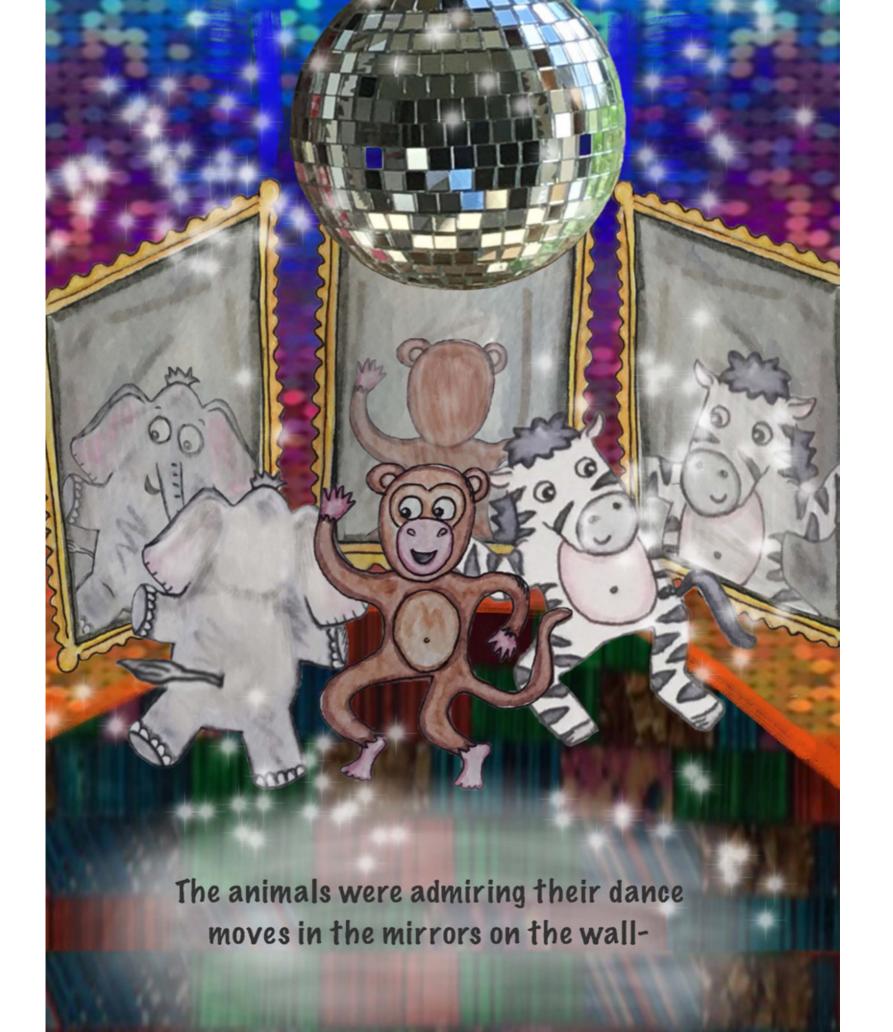


Chameleon could turn any colour if she thought about it hard.

She looked great in any shade, but in orange she really starred.

Chameleon was a creature who loved to dance and jig; in fact her friends first met her at a moonlight jungle gig.

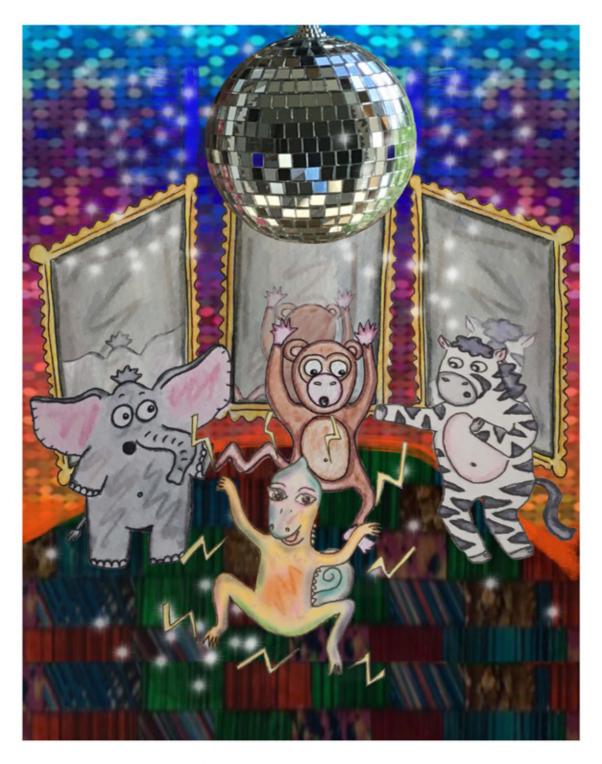




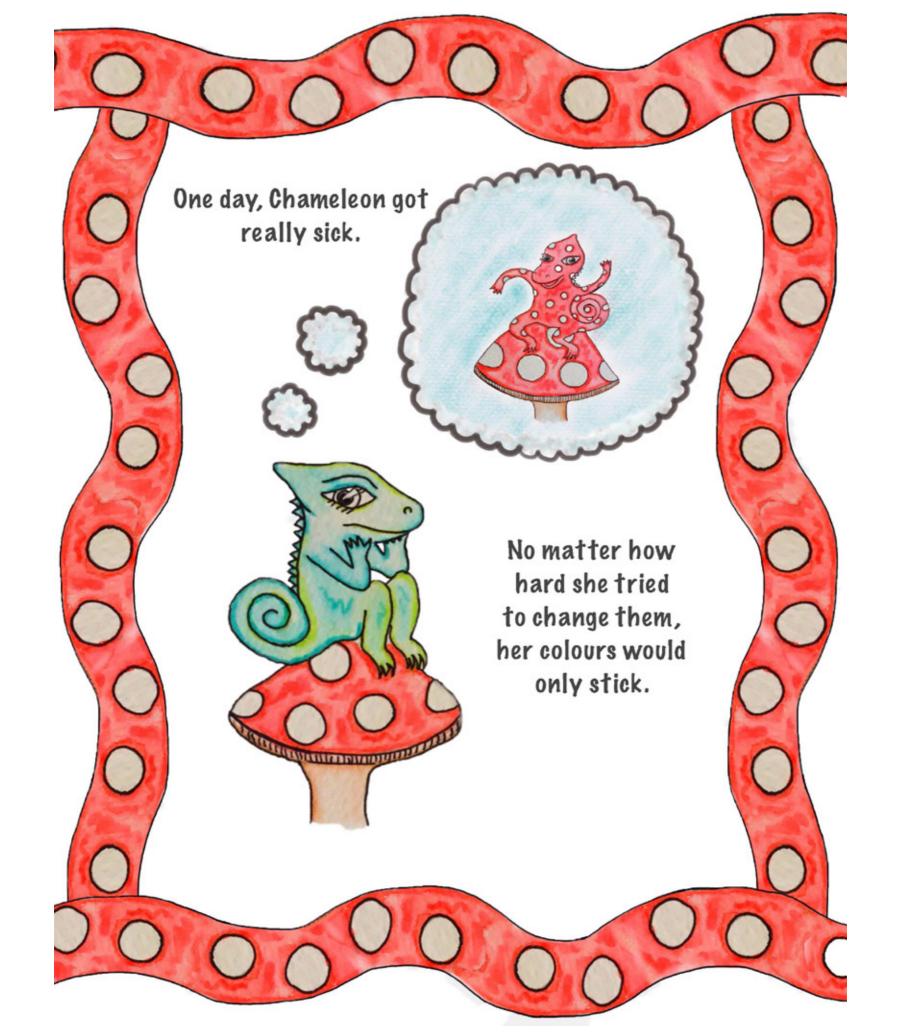


When Chameleon first appeared - under the disco ball!

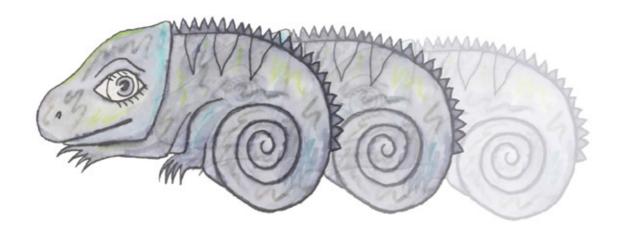
Chameleon made her way to the middle of the floor and began to dance a dance no one had ever seen before.



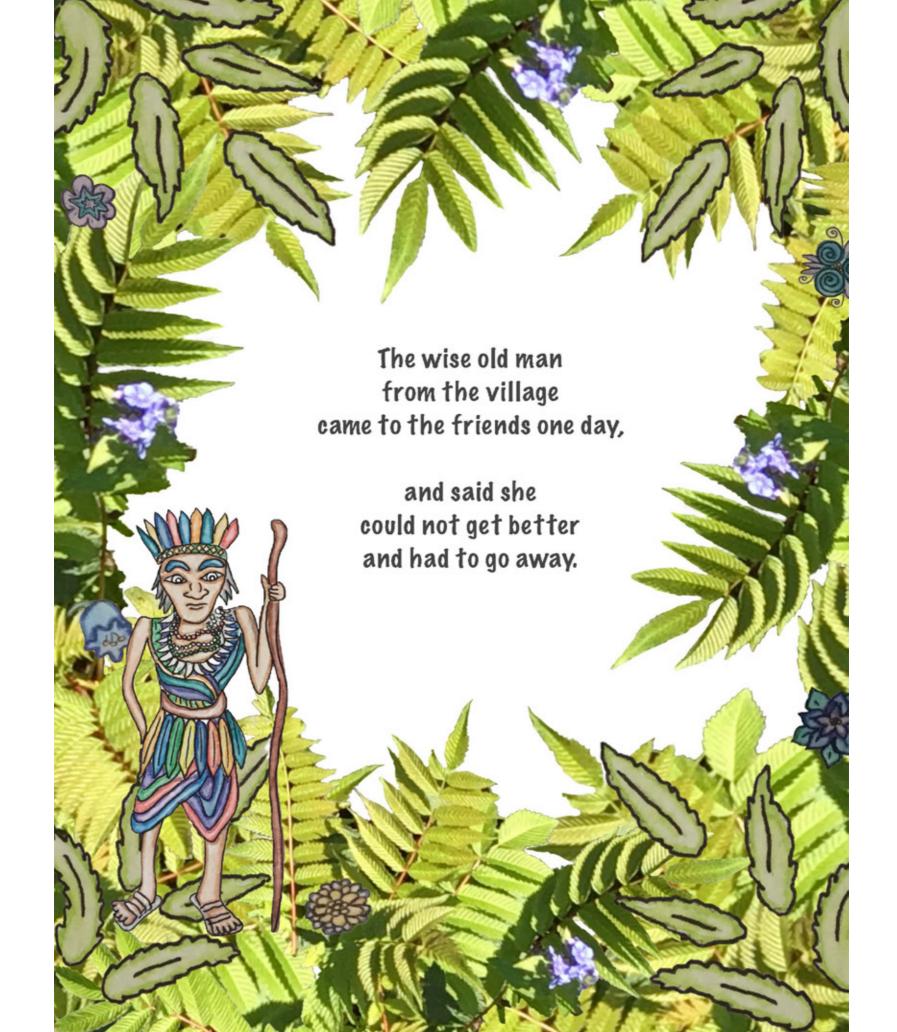
Slowly each animal turned around to stare at the crazy colourful lizard leaping through the air!



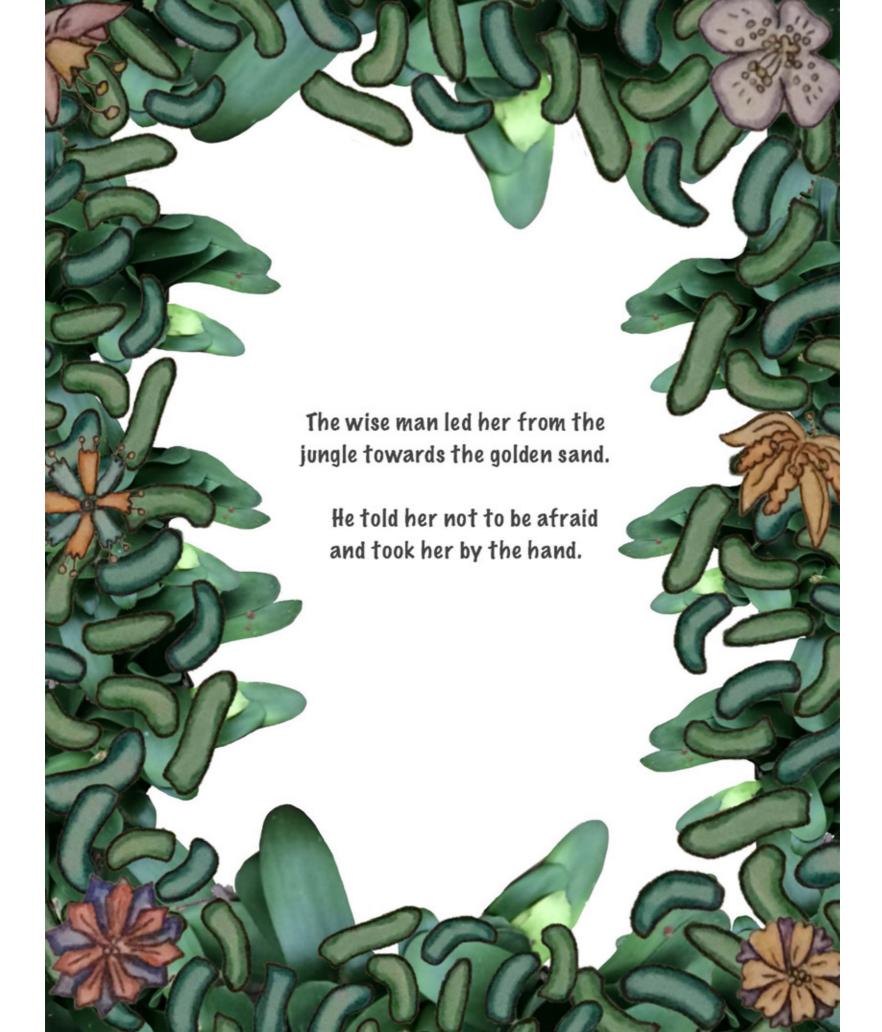
## Everyone rallied round helping as they could,



but Chameleon just grew paler; nothing would do any good.









The animals searched for their friend, feeling cross that she'd gone and left them, alone with their loss.



Bowing his head, the wise man sighed. When the animals were sitting down he explained Chameleon had died.



The animals could not believethey needed time to start to grieve. The friends offered things for Chameleon's return.

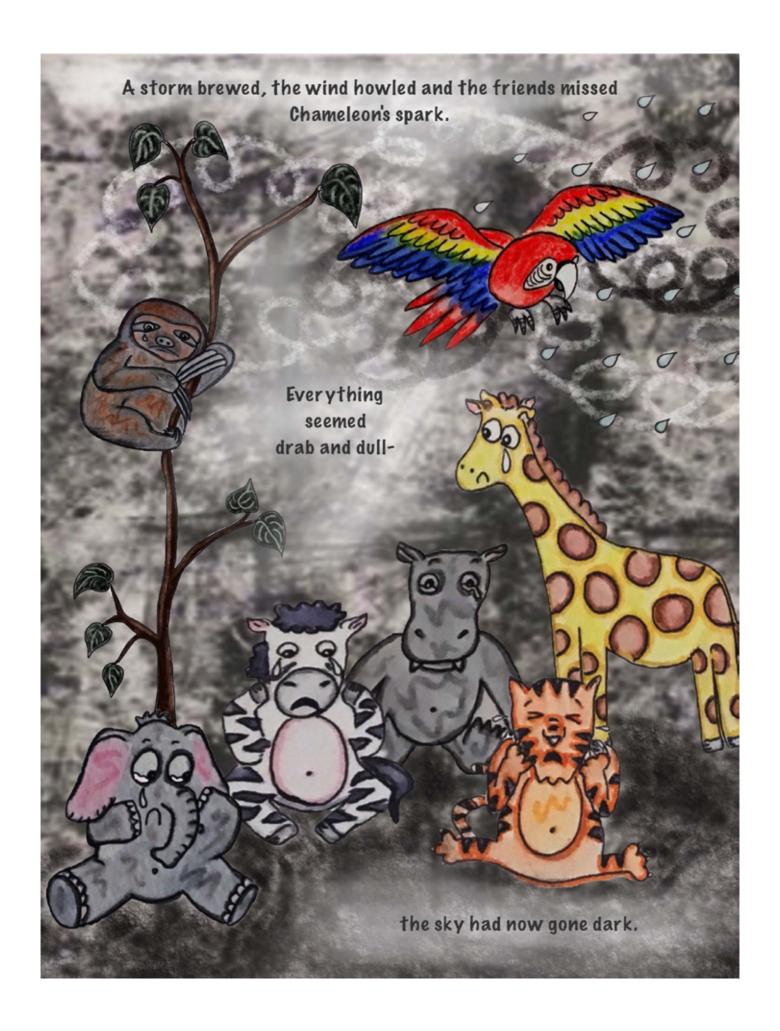
But it just couldn't happen; it was a hard thing to learn.

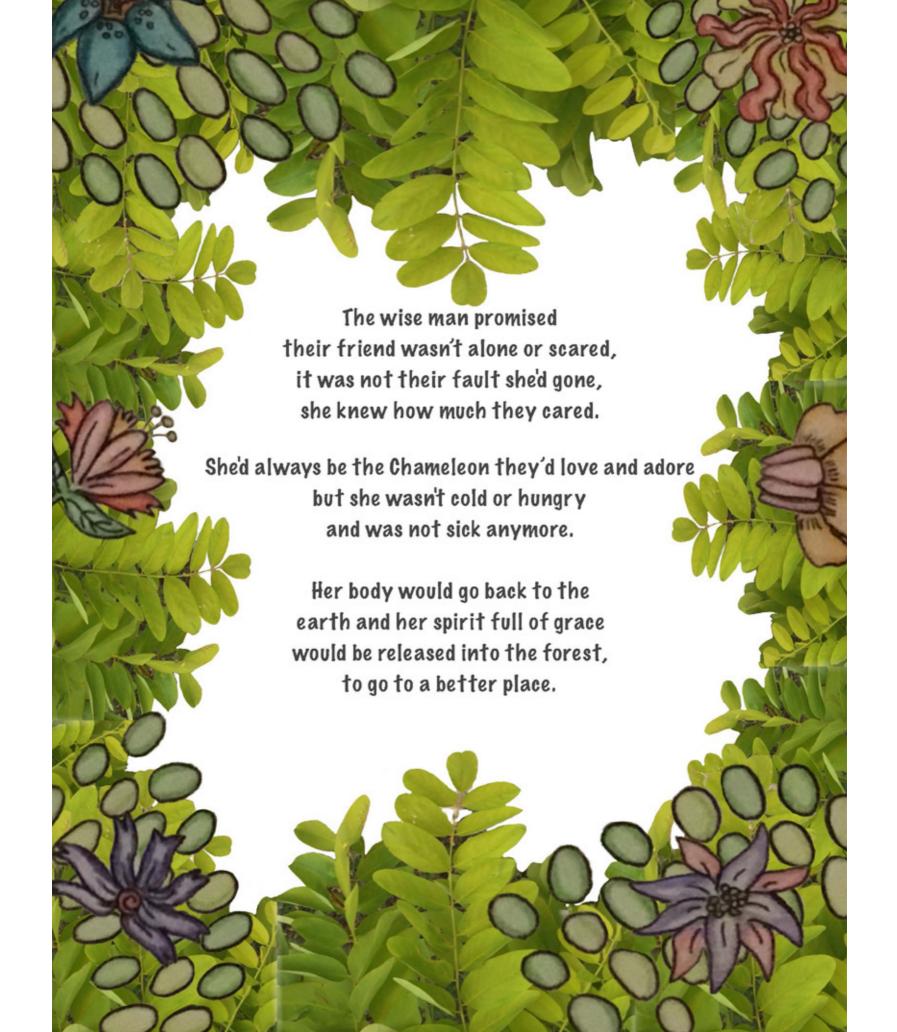
Chameleon loved them and didn't choose to go,

the man told the sad little animals they could let their feelings show.

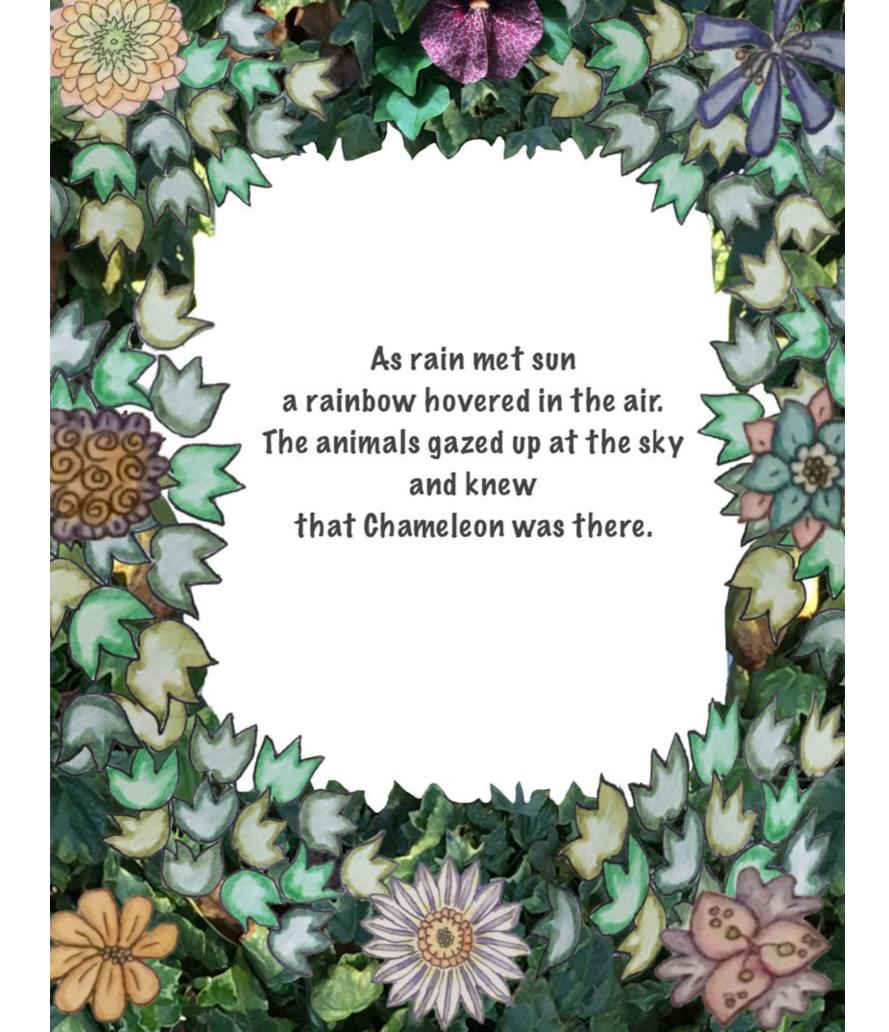


It seemed the whole jungle was crying as it began to rain. Even the sky felt sad and could understand their pain.











## The animals felt everything was at an end but slowly began to see things reminding them of their friend.









They remembered how Chameleon turned the colour of the flowers







spotting the beauty in everything, passing many happy hours.

They started to look closer at each petal, fruit and leaf.
Noticing everything Chameleon loved helped them with their grief.



The jungle wasn't dark, empty, dull or bare it was full of rainbow colours, all the brighter because she'd been there.

## The friends told tales around the camp fire of all the good times that they'd had -



because they'd known Chameleon they felt happy, they felt glad.

The sun glowed orange in the fading of the light and it seemed like Chameleon was saying goodnight



As the animals fell asleep, they dreamed about their friend and they dreamed in rainbow colours about a game that had no end.



they felt that Chameleon would somehow be with them, because love always gets through.

