

Moya and the Elephant Dance



Written by
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Illustrated by
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All Equal All Different
KS1/Early Years
Disability Equality
Resource Pack
Published by UKDFEA/DEE

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and Disability Equality in Education (DEE) and for the
Resource Pack Disability Equality in Education & United
Kingdom Disability Forum for European Affairs.

First Published by Disability Equality in Education and
the UK Disability Forum for European Affairs with a grant
from the Department of Work and Pensions for European
Year of Disabled People.

April 2004

ISBN: 0-954701-9-9

Book design: Caroline Grimshaw



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Julie McNamara is a disabled person being a mental health system user. Julie is a performance artist and singer. She currently works for London Disability Arts Forum and organises the Annual Disability Film Festival. Boruch Simons is an illustrator, artist, ex-primary teacher of 27 years and a disabled person.

Elephant dance has been set to music and is on the CD at the back of the Guide for Practitioners and Teachers.



UK Disability Forum
for Europe



Moya is a lively little girl of five, disabled and fed up with her hospital stays. She thinks four times every year so far is just not fair!

**She likes some of
her friends in
hospital.
There's Julie who
sometimes talks
to people
nobody else can
see. She often
makes her laugh
with funny jokes.**

**And there's a
small boy called
Daniel who has
very sore skin
and it hurts and
makes him cry
sometimes.**



Moya has to lie very still. She's in a big plaster cast. It gets very hot inside and makes her skin itch. Daniel says his skin itches too, but you're not supposed to scratch it.

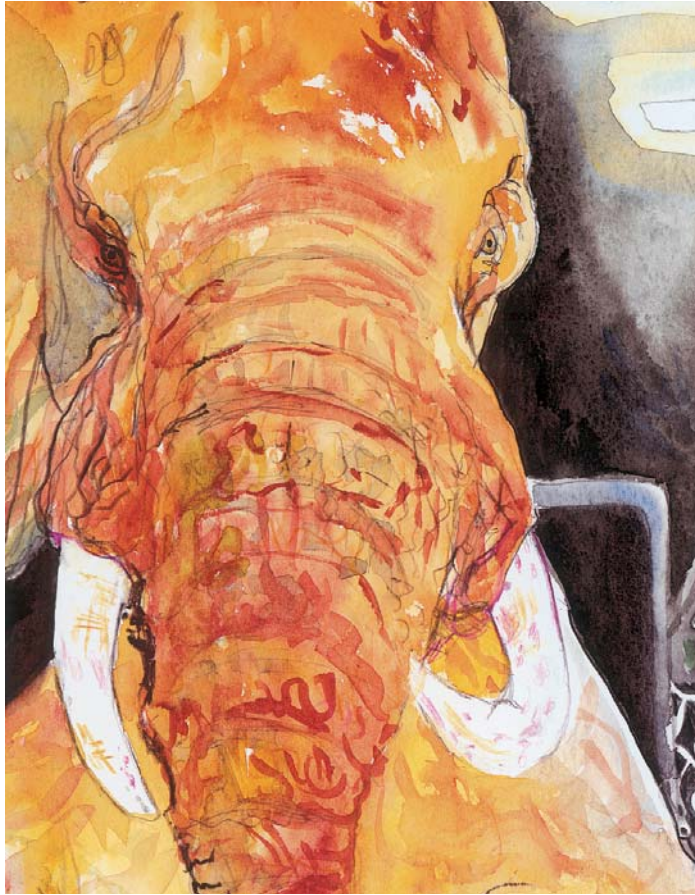


Julie and Daniel have both drawn on Moya's plaster. Julie can't write but her picture of a wobbly yellow sun makes Moya smile.



**One night,
whilst
lying in
bed, Moya
conjures
up an
elephant
who sits
at the foot
of her
bed.**





Meet Finbar, a grumbling one-eared African elephant who is an elder of the herd. (That means he's very old and very wrinkly.) He's also very wise. Moya wonders why Finbar has only one ear but he says, "That's just the way of it and two ears look a little odd to me!"

Finbar has been chosen by the elephant herd to become a special friend to Moya, her very own.

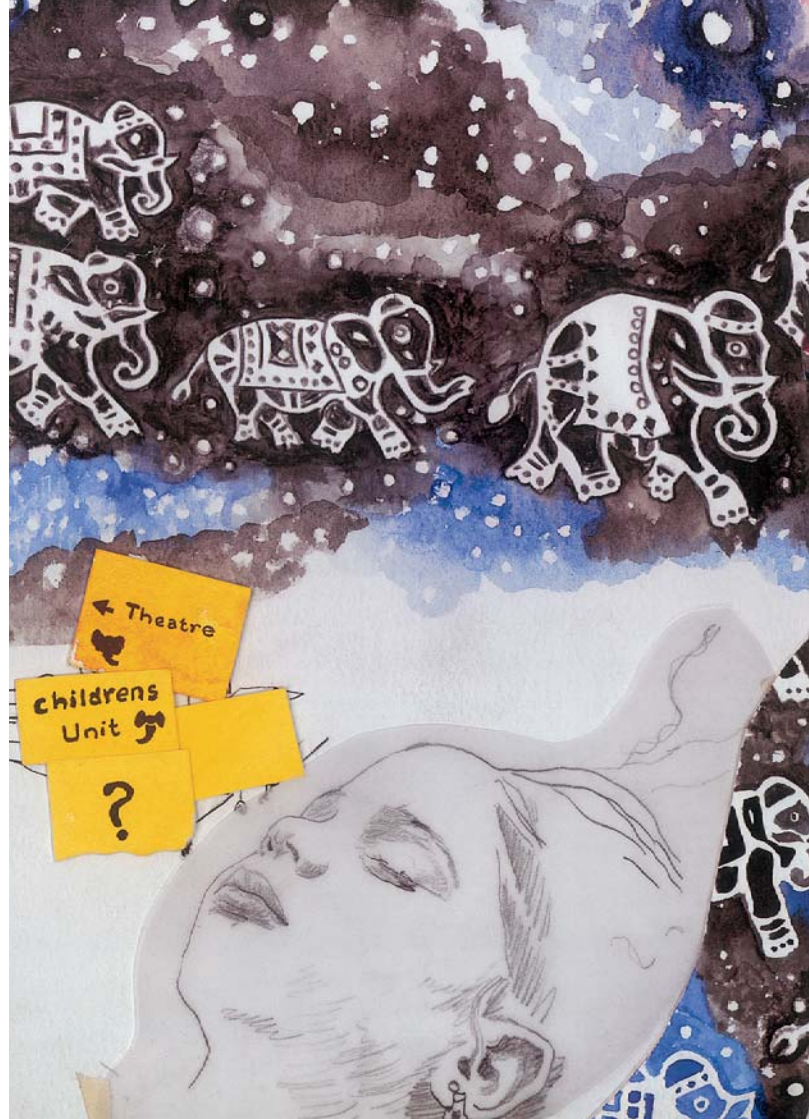
Moya is spellbound and Finbar, who has an ear only for the griefs and grumbles of a little one, gradually becomes her fierce protector and magical guide.



**One by one,
all the other
children on the
ward grow to
like Moya and
her elephant
friend. Even the
bigger children,
who thought she
was no fun at all
at first. Each
became part of
the mystery of
Finbar's visits to
her bedside.**



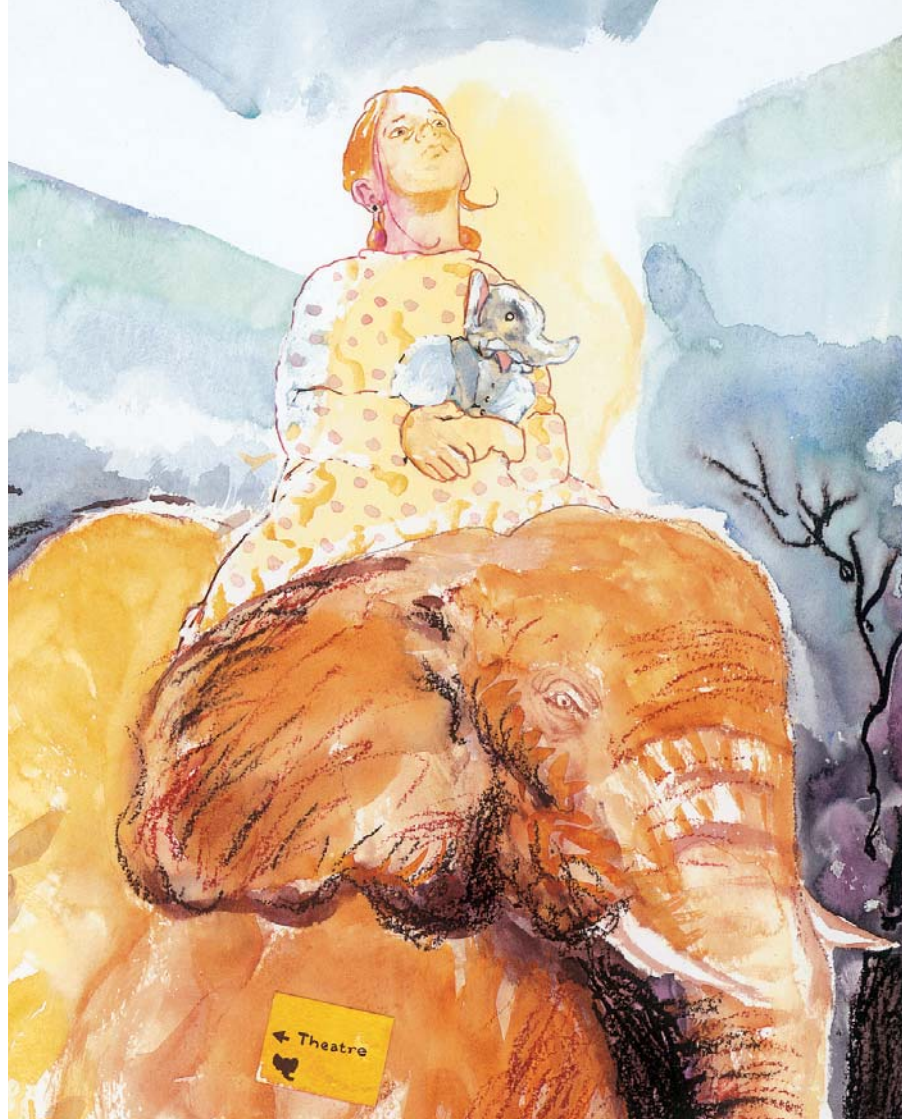
Then one fierce windy night, when the air was cold with goose bumps and even the shadows had taken fright, Finbar shares the secret of the Elephant Elders of the forest.





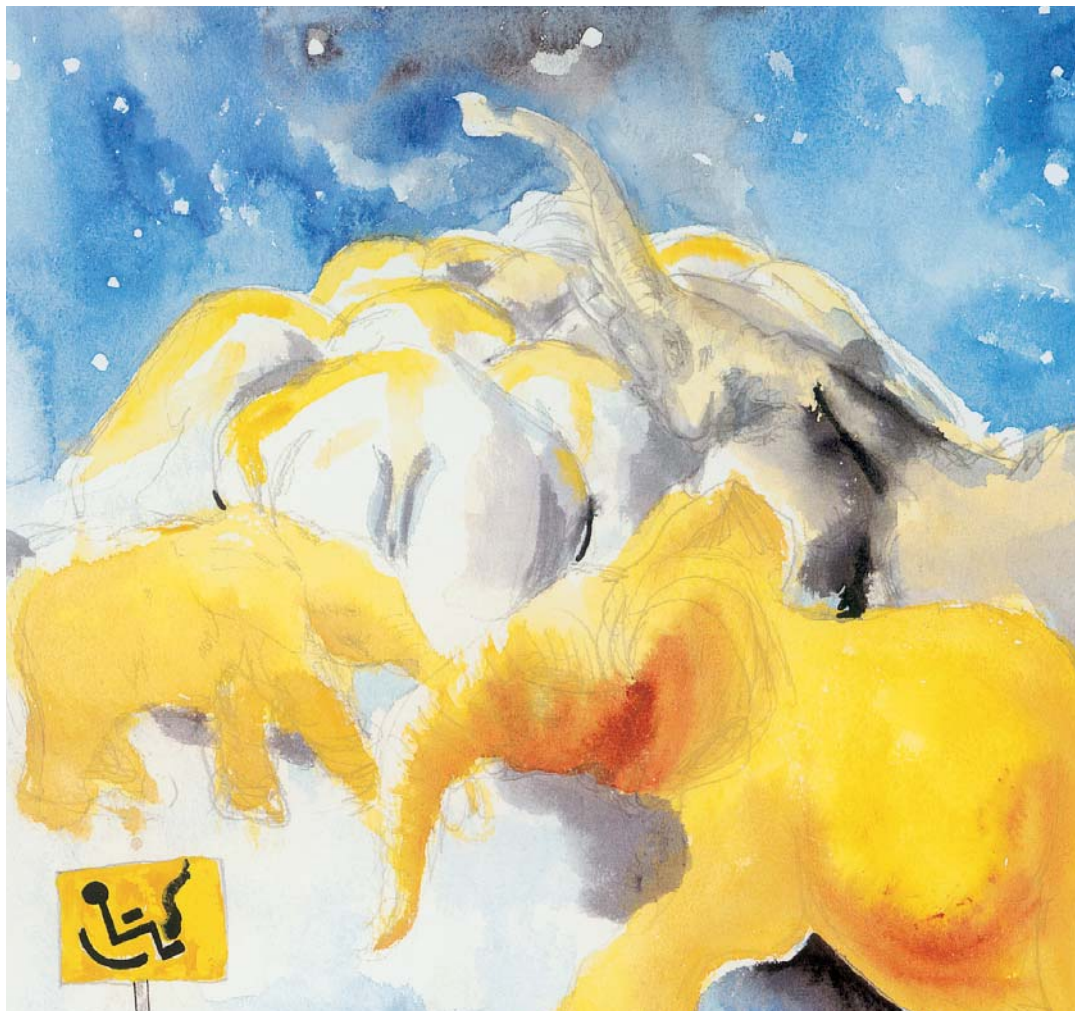
**Tonight is the night
before her next
operation, when Moya
is sick with fear.**

**Finbar soothes her
troubled brow and
takes her away on a
special visit to witness
the mystery of the
Elephant Dance!**





**On a moonlit night
when the silvered
stars shimmering
with delight
Are winking at the
towns below
sleeping out of sight.
The lumbering
sturdy elephants
Make through the
trees to join their
dance**



**With wrinkled flesh and baggy knees
They slowly gather in the midnight breeze**



**And side
by side in
fine array
The heavy
ones
begin to
sway**

**Their rumbling
pierces the
clouds
As the wee ones
trumpeting
aloud**

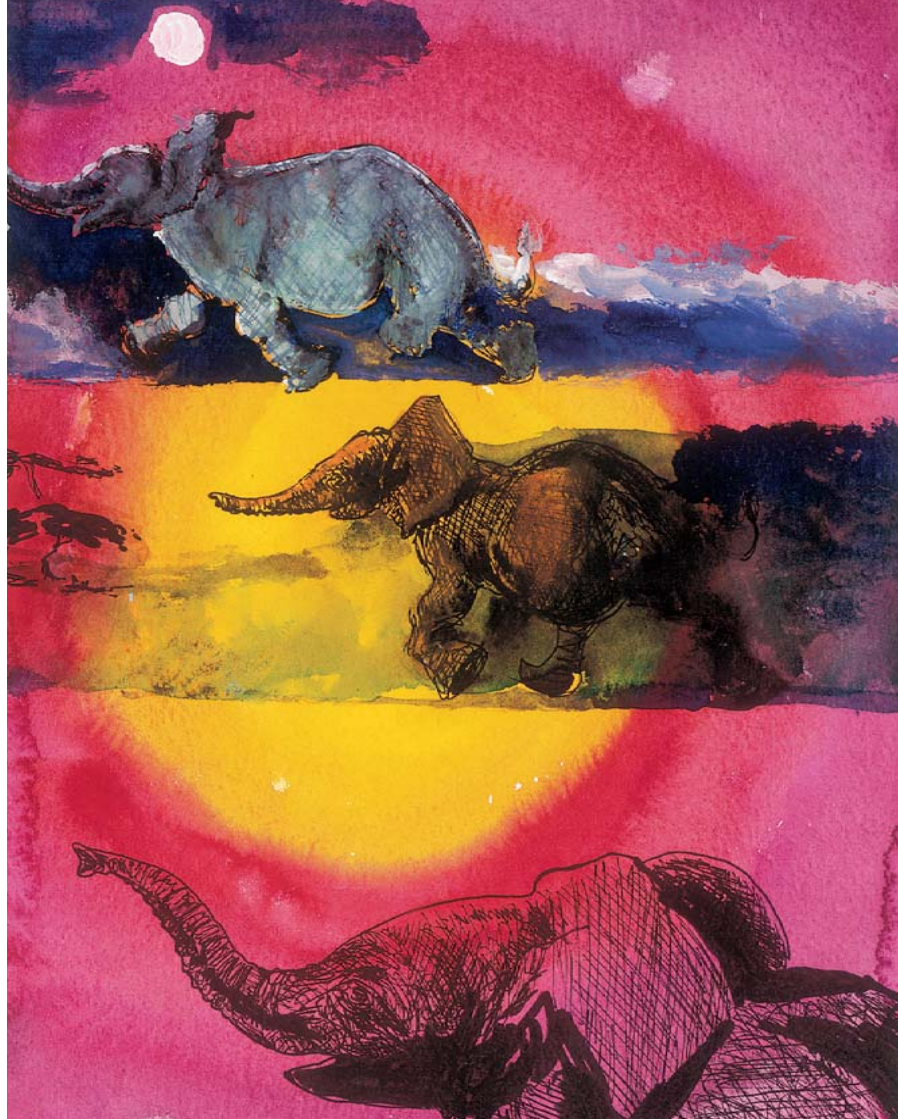


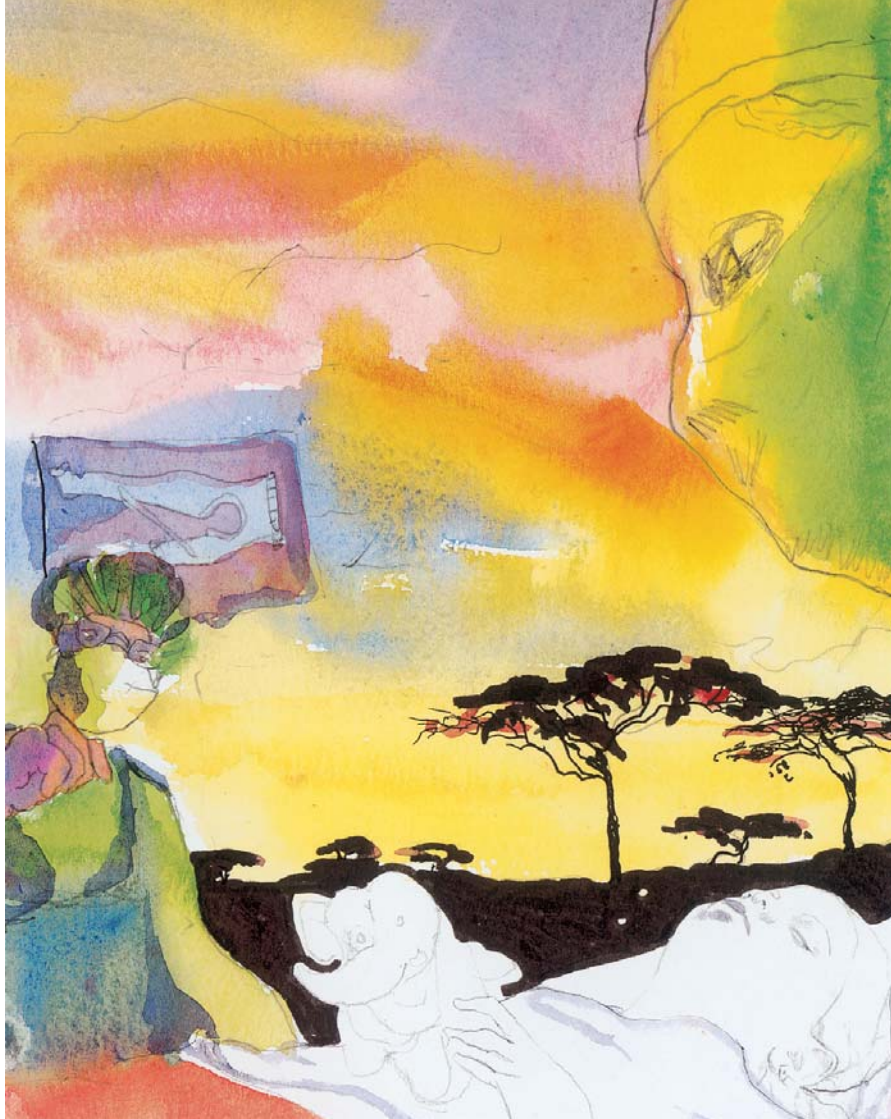
**Step inside the gentle trance
Of FIFTY elephants who dance
And to this day we can't know why
They meet to shiver heave and sigh**



**But the thunder of their
wondrous thighs
Can move the storms
to lullabies**

**Mesmerising all
who feel
the vibrations of their
Ele-wheel
A circle of earth-
bound big-eared
beasts
Majestic movers
to the feast**





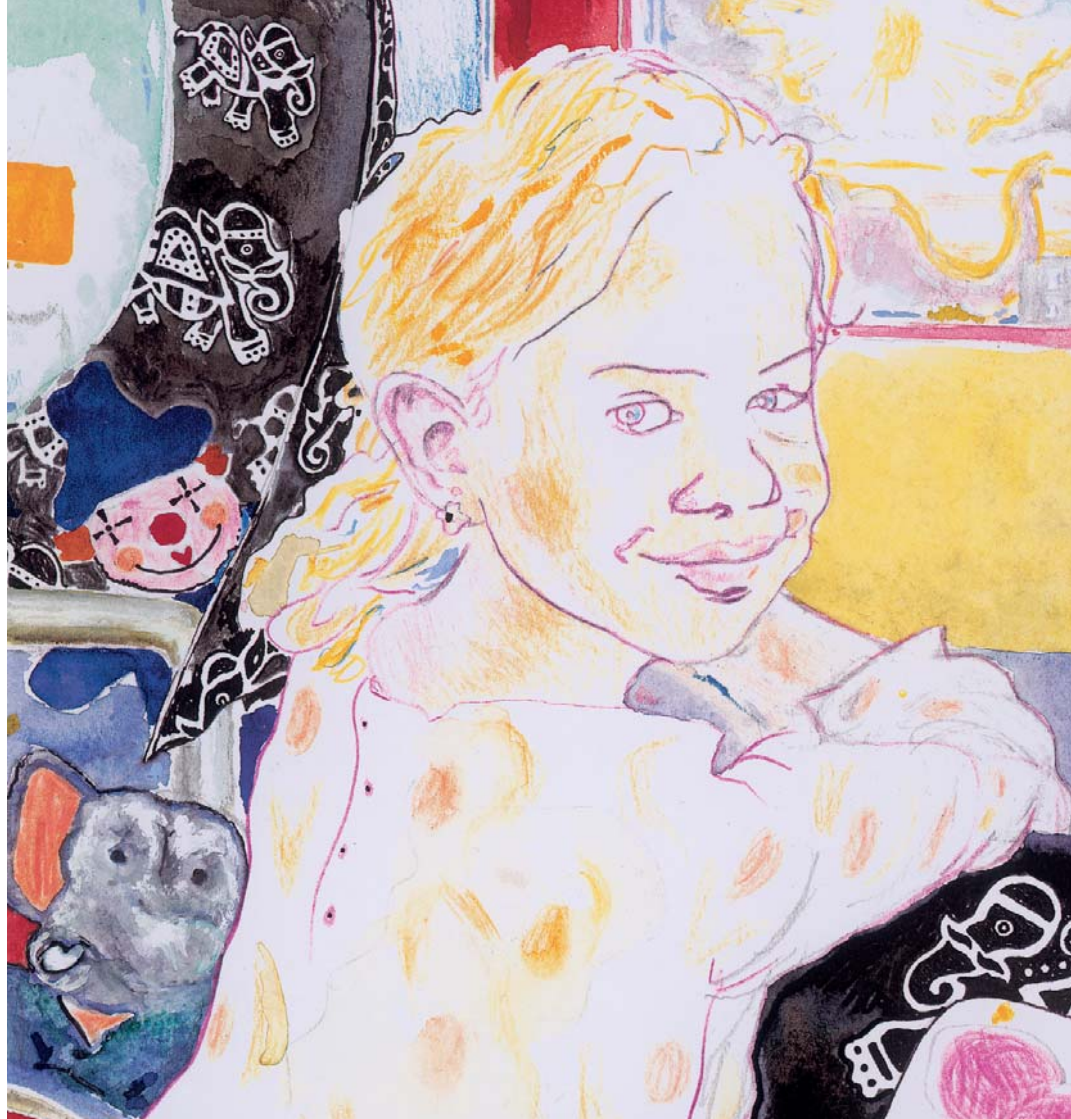
**But when night has
flown and day is dawn
The land lies empty
and forlorn
They leave no sign
There's not a trace
Of elephants dancing
in that place**

Well some believers
celebrate
Historians haggle
o'er their fate
And swear they're
quite dead and gone
But their dancing
stories linger on



**It is said that elephants roaming wild
are witnessed only by a child
who makes up all their Ele-dances
and joins the mystery of their trances!**







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