

## The Ship of the Desert

by Anne Sloan

People call me the ship of the desert. As surely as ships sail the seas, with my wide, padded feet and strong legs, I can sail across the desert with ease.

I can walk a great distance without any rest, and am well suited to cross burning sand. I'm not bothered by the heat of the desert. My only home is this barren land.

My coat is thick and hairy and it saves me from the heat. Bushy eyebrows and long lashes protect my big brown eyes. There is also much hair on my ears and I can close my nostrils as you might surmise.

My food is stored in that hump on my back. Before I start my trip across the sand, I store lots of water and food. So that during the journey I can draw strength from my hump. I can drink 80 liters of water, which in the desert is good.

I have relatives called Bactrians, I'm a Dromedary. Strangely enough, they have two humps. I only have one because I'm an Arabian. My cousins look funny with those two big bumps.

I am one of man's earliest friends. I've been around over 3000 years. I carry loads on my back and help in the fields. I surely come in handy when a sandstorm appears.

As yet, I haven't told you what I really am. You know about all the things I can do, how I look, what I eat, where I live. Well, I'm just an old camel you see, a ship you can find at the zoo.