

My Wild Child

The wild child is raised by the creatures of the beach. She is a young girl and doesn't have a typical childhood. The child has two fears: plastic and humans who venture too close to her island home.

She lives in a tree house on top of a colossal palm tree. In the most remote island in the Atlantic Ocean that you'll ever know. A

cord of cord of rope twits down to the bottom of the tree. The

girl climbs up onto a wooden platform with no roof as she loves to star-gaze

This youngster doesn't have an ordinary childhood - to say the least.

Her mother is a sea bird who flies away every day and comes

back when the sun is setting. Her father is a grumpy senile crab

who always lights up when he sees her face.

Her brothers are shell-fish, star-fish and turtles who occasionally visit from the clear blue waves below.

The wild child's clothes are a bathing suit made out of green palm tree leaves. And when the leaves turn brown, she makes new clothes. She has small but strong hands and feet and skinny legs. She had kindness in her fingertips.

Her favourite foods are: coconuts, pineapple and mangoes.

She drinks coconut milk and one could say she was vegan because she doesn't eat her fishy friends. She wouldn't betray them. (Even if she was really hungry.)

The wild child could be described as free-spirited and smart. She is creative and is always thinking of ways to make life better for her friends and family. The girl was also daring as she loved to swim with sharks.

The wild child has two gears: plastic that trap her brothers and invaders on her playground. She is also scared of humans who try to claim the island as their own. But, she has thought of ways to get rid of them, she made signs that say "Death to those who come near!" and skeletons with spears in their heads. These humans couldn't tame a wild child, could they? They wouldn't make her follow their rules.

Would they?

My Wild Child

Living almost on his own, he is friends with a large abundance of wild, woodland animals. He dreaded nothing except the forbidding adults.

He does whatever he wishes, from swimming with fish in a fast flowing river to hopping with the kangeroos in the Australian wasteland. Cub lives in a tree house (which he made himself) made of sticks and vines to attach a small, cosy shed-like house onto a tree.

Sadly, all of cub's family died when he was young so he now has a family of wild animals. His mum is a kangeroo, his dad is a red backed

ant. His nan is a Rhinosaurus and his older brother is a black bear. They would never fall out though so they were always very contented together and not lonely.

Cub's clothes are not too charming as they are just patchwork of leather and fur stitched together using long stems of grass and flowers for a shirt.

You could say that he wore shoes but really they are just big leaves with string tied around his feet.

He is brave, carefree and wild but he doesn't live a conventional life and is spirited

and curious. **BUT** he is worried about the tourists scaring the kangeroos and the

other animals and also scared of them seeing
and reporting her to the adults.

My Wild Child

Living in a cold, desolate landscape, Yamoto is a cautious, kind and curious boy trying to survive in the frozen desert of Antarctica.

He lives in a frozen cave approximately a mile from a bustling village on a snowy peak. The cave is cold, but Yamoto is used to that. As the icebergs slowly melt, they create a natural trap which enables him and his family to survive.

His Mother is an arctic fox, his father a polar bear and his sister is a penguin. He and his sister spend eternity frolicking in the snow and catching fish - but of course his

Sister got more. Yamoto dresses in an overlarge, ragged explorers coat and snow boots with the occasional hole in the sole. He has shoulder-length midnight like hair full of knots and the odd gleam from his gaiter, all he feels is love, cold and tick bites.

He is a cautious youth because of his fear of most things, but he does have an ounce of curious in him. Yamoto is also a kind and loving soul. But He fears for the ice, he feels for the snow, He was afraid that the vast expanse of ice he called home would soon be another extension to

the ocean surrounding them; that his
friends and family and all the creatures
there would be without a home, with nowhere
to go.

My wild child

Living with her Brothers and her best friends who are orangutangs. She feels free and spirited in the outdoors her name is Sam Coram and has never been anywhere else except the forest. She has always had a wild environment. Sam never follows any rules because she doesn't have any, harmless and curious she is friends with any nature. Living in the highest treehouse in the forest, this can be found in Southeast Asia. This treehouse is mostly covered in moss and leaves but is very welcoming. Sam builds it higher with the sticks she collects everyday so she can give a home for all of her sweet orangutangs.

A normal family is not what Sam has. She only has her brothers and she would call her orangutangs family because they are always together. Sam has never been in control of her mind it blows up full of nature and tries to fit in with the orangutangs. Her brothers are older than her but they all play like a family. Sam's favorite game to play is hide and seek in the forest of the largest trees.

The Coram family have never had clothes so they have to make their patched, free clothes. She has no shoes, she looks better all of the time. Thankfully she has comfortable wool, green, black and brown colours. When roaming around dirt gets everywhere but that does not bother her.

Sam is a brave young girl who is peaceful and when she wakes Sam is always curious to see what has happened. Sam is very unique, because she doesn't have the characteristics of normal people who go to school, eat normal food. She is different. But in life there is always an obstacle in life and this obstacle is when people cut down trees for palm oil and ruin their environment. Sam gets scared every time she sees a chainsaw because she knows that they are for cutting down trees.

My Wild Child

Living almost on her own, Violet is friends with a menagerie of animals and loves climbing and being out at night. She is a young girl that fears nothing but deforestation and the thought of her home being destroyed.

She lives wherever she likes, from the riverside to the top of the tallest trees. Her shelter (made by herself) is at the top of a tree so she can stargaze, and when she looks out of it she sees a sea of evergreen trees unfolding before her. There is a long washing line at the side of her hut made by a vine where she hangs her ragged clothes.

An orthodox family is not for Violet. She is born from the moon and the wind and imagines her father as the sun and the stars. Her sisters are the: lizards, chameleons and parrots - and her brothers are: monkeys, snakes and frogs. She spends hours on end with them and enjoys watching the wonders of the animals.

Violet sometimes spends time making clothes. She sews anything she finds together with vines. She often uses leaves and twigs. She has very windswept hair the colour of auburn and has strands of it braided. Her eyes

are the deepest green and she always has a mischievous smile. She eats a variety of food including: berries, mangoes, pineapples, melons and fish. She also drinks early raindrops as her fizzy pop.

There are lots of words to describe her and loads of things she does that no one else would dare to do like - make friends with pythons and poison dart frogs. She is strong, curious, daring, sassy and adventurous.

The thing that she fears the most though is deforestation and the thought of her home being destroyed.

My Wild Child

Living almost on her own, Ronia is friends with a menagerie of animals. She loves the feeling of wind rushing through her hair and the sense of being outdoors. Ronia sends nothing. Well, almost nothing. She is fearful of the immense yellow monsters coming and cutting down her trees.

Ronia lives wherever she likes - from monkey nests high in the trees to randomly-placed dens by the rushing river. Her main resting place, though, is a dome made of stones. With the base a giant bed made of leaves and ferns, animals are free to come and go in the harsh weather of the Amazon Rainforest. She sleeps on a small beam, balanced precariously between two logs in the stones opposite to each other. She regularly climbs to the top of her "home" to jump onto a low-hanging branch and then ascends to the very tip of the tree surrounded by a rug made out of leaves a red carpet for the jungle's celebrity.

Her family was definitely not ordinary, far from it in fact. Ronia's companions were a macaw called Abacaxi, and a river dolphin named Abacaxi. Made up out of the elements, the moon, stars and waves were her mother and the earth, trees and sun were her father. She runs with the monkeys and swims with the dolphins and fish.

Her clothes are a patchwork array of skin and fur, and she has a necklace made of items she has found during her time in the rainforest - a Caiman tooth here, a seashell there. Ronia has no shoes - she ripped them apart to help bandage an injured Tapir's foot when it was attacked by a Caiman. She has black, unkempt hair that, after many years of being uncontrolled, will probably never look like civilized hair again. However, if you look closely there is a hint of style with a small plait braided carefully.

into her hair.

Ronia is one of the most audacious, stubborn people you will ever meet, if you get the chance to meet her (which you won't). She is spirited and will do anything she can to help animals. She is occasionally mischievous - actually, she is mischievous all the time. Ronia does everything from confusing the older members of the howler monkey family by pilfering their supply of food to tossing a vine around a dolphin's snout and then holding on to it so she was dragged into the water and downstream until they were far away enough for Ronia to just remember her way home.

My Wild Child

On her own, she loves adventures and does what ever she wants. Quite a curious mind with lots of questions to ask. She lives with a menagerie of wild animals and each one has a job to look after Posie. She usually sleeps with fluffy bears and wooly wolves, she lives where she wants and what ever she wants to do there. She is really a fearless child but she does not like grown-ups or loud noises because she isn't used to it.

Posie, lives in Asia and was born from the sun and sea. She sleeps in a little hut made out of stone and wood in the middle of a rain forest. Her bed is made of sticks and twigs that her and Wooly (her pet wolf) collected over the years of her being a wild child.

Posie is only 10, but she's daring to do dangerous things and not get told what to do. She's crazy, wild and alert, when she's energized she will go to the flower bed of daisys and drink the petal drops from them. She eats wild berrys or anything that tastes good to her. She loves her life and if any grown-up found her, she would have to go to school or even worse ruin her fun of being a wild child.

My Wild Child

Living in the wild, he connected with the animals and had a variety of friends. He was intrepid, but was terrified of poachers and hunters.

He lives in the wild heart of Africa, in a little hut. This hut had a thatched roof, and when he opens the door he sees the hot-dry landscape. The door will sometimes come off but then slots straight back in.

A normal family is not for Charles. He is in the family of the animals, the Elephants - the lions and the birds. He lives with the vultures. When the elephants come out, they spend endless hours on the hard, dry plains of Africa playing together. He has no mother or father - but treats the moon and stars as if they were his mother. Charles treats the wind and sun as if they made a father for him.

Charles has dirt on his face, legs and arms. His clothes are the coats of dead brothers and sisters shot by hunters. The skin is sewn together by hand but it is patchy and not too loose but not too tight so his skin can breathe. His hair was unkempt and spikey. His hair had not been brushed in his whole life.

Charlie is an intrepid, strong, carefree and spirited boy. He is a curious young boy who was born to explore.

But

Charlie is afraid of one thing - poachers and hunters. He is scared they will kill all his family. They would take her away from her family. Would they leave her to watch her family die away?

My Wild Child

She was living almost on her own, her companions were the animals around her: Monkeys, parrots, lizards, butterflies and they all felt like real people, but her one fear was the poachers and fishermen that might take them all away.

Rose lives wherever she wants, from the tallest of trees to the glow of the river. Her house though is up in the tallest tree of them all, it was made of wood (that she collected herself) with a roof made of leaves.

A conventional family is not for Rose, she would spend hours playing with her brothers and her sisters too came out to play. They would all race to the deepest part of the lush green jungle. Exploring until she became tired but would play with the parrots, chameleons, monkeys and lizards to see who could get the fastest up the tree.

Rose is not a girl to wear school uniform, she would spend time making handcrafted clothes. She would often wear that are made of leaves sewn together with vines. Her top was made of brown and green patchworks and her hair was blond and windswept, but if you look closely there is style in her hair with careful plaits. Her necklace had beautiful gems and stones hanging from the string that was tied

around her neck with great elegance. Her eyes were the deepest blue and she had a mischievous smile on her face.

The jungle around her provided her with a great number of food. She eats pineapples for her breakfast and melons, mangoes and fish to eat throughout the day.

How was best to describe Rose? She loves to lie on her back stargazing at 4 in the morning. She does things that others could only dream of. Rose loves to play with the birds or swim with the dolphins.

Her unconventional nature was her downfall. She tried her best not to let it get to her but she couldn't help it. The thought of all her friends losing their habitat due to deforestation was unbearable. But surely people wouldn't do that - would they?

My Wild Child

She swept through the vines running from the rustling noises of people, then she caught up with the menagerie of animals. Petal was not scared, she was just worried if the people would catch her and make Petal conventional and follow rules. She was a free spirited girl. Petal stood on the rock which had the most beautiful view over the abundance of trees with her wind-swept hair.

Petal's little house was made of sticks tied up with a postman's rubber bands. On the inside hung metal pipes hanging from the ceiling with a corner of fully stocked berries. But when Petal was upset she would swim in the pool of tears but when she was joyful she would run with the hares and rabbits with the trees bowing to her on every path she took.

Her family was unconventional but it was better that way for Petal. Her brothers: Monkey, Orange-uran and beetle would care for her when she was upset and her sisters: Snake, ladybird and wolf always helped her feel less lonely out in the magostic jungle. Petal knew she was no wolf or a jungle creature but she never really thought deeply into it, besides her family was just perfect.

Petal's clothes were old, ragged potato sacks made in a "dress like" shape with a bow made from the same material in her long black thick hair with leaves

Scattered and knotted in it. She had a necklace made of mushrooms and pebbles threaded through thin delicate vines. Petal had a scar right across her eye which she had never seemed to remember how she got it. Petal had patches of brown dirt on her white pale skin.

Petal was never usually scared, she was adventurous and free spirited but sometimes curious and sneaky and most of all kind but that made her who she was but she had never really known who she was, she was an unconventional child.

BUT...

The people of the nearby city would take away her family and put them in cages.

Would they?

Will Petal be made normal and be controlled by adults.

Should they?

The people could pollute and destroy the jungle and build over it.

Can they?

Will they take away Petal's everything

Will they?

My Wild Child

Living almost alone, he is a fearless boy except from people. He doesn't want to be caught by parents because then he would be forced to conform. He doesn't want that though because, at the moment he is free, playing with animals and making friends.

The Wild Child lived in a local treehouse. It is a mossy hut that was attached to the tree, it was a warm welcoming wood cabin, all it had in it was a cozy sofa with a couple of pillows.

He spends endless time with his family - mum is a bear, dad is a Rhino and his brother is a wolf. It is not a 'normal' family. He spends most of his time with his brother because it is his protection in the wild. The wolf just shadows The Wild Child.

The Wild Child wears a hand-made patched onesie. It is ragged round the but it is appropriate for him, he made it by stitching leaves and twigs together, it is quite tight on him but he is able to move around acrobatic ways still. He wears nothing on his feet.

He has a carefree life and is spirited. He is fearless and brave, grateful for his unconventional life style, and is curious about the animals around him.

BUT he doesn't want to be found by the human parents because they would take away the last Wild Child. Will they? They shouldn't make him follow their rules. Should they? They wouldn't take the last Wild Child away.

Would They?

My Wild Child

Living in the wilderness of a bamboo forest in central China, she is great friends with a panda called Bamboo and roams all over the forest, sometimes peeking out of the bamboo to the outside world. However, she never leaves the dense undergrowth for she knows in adults' mind her home jungle, they will cut all the bamboo down for their own pleasure!

She likes wherever she wishes, with any natural place welcoming her. In the heart of the forest, a hollow tree stands. In its branches a bamboo hut balances. A spiral of smoke occasionally appears out of the chimney and delicious smells through the air. This is the only place where she feels secure.

An ordinary family is not for her, her father is the rain and the snow, and the sun and the stars gave birth to her. Out of the many creatures that live in the bamboo forest, her brothers are the pandas, the monkeys, the jaguars, and her sisters are the gish, the grogs, the pandas. Sometimes she chooses to swing with the monkeys - high up in the treetops - and sometimes she races across the jungle on the back of a jaguar.

Her clothes are sewn tightly together with a piece of her long, dark, matted hair. She is sometimes seen on top of the hill; her grubby face gushed in the cold of the wind. In the winter she wears her great fur overcoat, but in the summer she has a limp, thin dress which is ragged at the edges.

It might be hard to find good in a bamboo forest for some, but if one knows where to look, there is plenty. She found some honey in the bee hive, and in the centre of bamboo she found water. She also discovered edible herbs and berries in the undergrowth.

One day, the grownups might catch her and take her to a place where they make you sit in a stuggy room all day long. She will turn into a meek, quiet child rather than the adventurous, spirited child she wants to be. Then there will be no more wild children left in the world. Will you let that happen?

My Wild Child

Living almost on her own, April is a young girl that spends most of her time in the ocean and is ^{an} ~~at~~ one with nature. She depends on earth for food and supplies, but she is resentful of pollution and grown-ups finding her island and claiming it for themselves.

April lives wherever she wishes - from underwater caves to hand-crafted sandcastles. She also has a warm and comforting home to come back to when she ends an adventure and begins one again. It is a beautiful sandcave with smooth stone walls. She has a washing line of dried kelp and has no worries with leaving her drying cloths in the sea-salt smelling breeze. Her home is decorated with gems and elegantly furnished with a clam shell bed, and drift-wood picture frames incased with dried palm leaves.

A conventional ~~ly~~ family is not for April. Her father is the elements; the wind, the sun, lightning strike and thundergun. Her mother is the sea, moon and stars - she says "the earth gave birth to me". She does not spend her time alone. She has many siblings to accompany her on her great expeditions to the bottom of the ocean, to the world-famous shipwrecks laden with treasure. Her brothers are the whales, the turtles and seabirds - Her sisters are the dolphins, the mermaids and the fish. She feels sage and

secure in the company of her companion, an orca called Penguin that leaps through the waves like he's known them for years.

Wearing a patchwork dress, April hand-sews her own outfits consisting of seaweed and beach 'treasure' with vivid violets, midnight blues and forest greens. She has no shoes, as they are not the best thing when swimming through the ocean, and she loves the sensation of sand in her toes. She has windswept hair that is kept yet smooth and silky, with a couple of neatly plaited braids with kelp bows at the ends. She has a necklace of pebbles, shells and the rarest gems in the sea to complement her final appearance.

For dinner she eats mussels and oysters, cooked over an open fire, and kelp and dried seaweed for a bit of extra bite. On occasion, she would venture into her own personal jungle, to retrieve coconuts, mangoes and when lucky, pineapples. This brought out her true nature, and under her skin was a fearless girl that was spirited and curious, adventurous and free. A fearless girl that took every opportunity to let thrill thrive in her veins, and send a chill down her spine.

BUT . . .

No one is fearless, no one is free, everyone has fears - even April. Every day she lives under threat of pollution pinching it way to her home, and the orca's

plastics killing her friends. Of grown-ups
discovering her island, discovering her and sending her to
the normal world of society and education. Her home
would become something for the pleasure of the people that
took her life away. It's not right, is it? They shouldn't
be able to do it, should they?

Should They?

My Wild Child

Being alone for his age would usually scare a child but this courageous youth loves his home and being away from society. He lives in an igloo and snuggles up against the polar bears for warmth, it's the mesmerising sky and the lovely sound of the waves playing that makes him want to stay. The only thing that threatens him is the adults coming to make him conform. He spends hours playing with his brothers and sisters running around playing with whatever they could.

He's never seen his real family but he loves what he has. People say he was born from the wind and sun, the moon and stars, and he loves the company although he does wonder where his actual parents are.

He wears a stolen ice vest and warm stitched trousers with an interior made of sheep wool and an ice vest made from the comiest material he'd ever felt and combined the kept him cool in these freezing conditions.

He's fast on his feet and loves to race his brothers, he's courageous and muscular, sturdy and ~~adventurous~~ adventurous and loves to explore.

But with the change of climate and the ice melting
it's getting harder to find food, find a spot to live,
but most of all it's getting harder to survive.

My Wild Child

Found in the Amazon, a young boy was discovered by the crocodiles. (in a basket labeled Woody) He is careful around nature and his best friends are the alligators. Woody lives in a small hut by the side of a river. His hut is made from lots of stones. Inside is his bed made from leaves. When he was little he modified his hut. Woody does have brothers and sisters but not the normal type. His brothers and sisters are crocodiles.

Woody has a hidden talent to speak and understand crocodiles and alligators. Woody eats the berries or what ever he can find but mainly berries. The one thing that frightens Woody is the humans because they once tried to kill the crocodiles. Would you dare?

My Wild Child

Almost on her own, Sarah lives in the middle of a managerie of Rainforest animals and she loves to be free. She is a 10 year old child who hates grown-ups and she didn't want them to spoil her fun.

Sarah lives in a tree house on the exact middle tree in the rainforest. She can also sleep with the bears in caves. The rainforest is in Brazil (it is called the Amazon).

She is made up of natural elements, Sarah is born of the wind and the sun, the moon and stars, and her brothers and sisters are the creatures around her. They spend endless hours in the jungle forests playing games upon games.

They adventured around the jungle and learned new things together every day. For example Deer learned how to swim and live underwater with her sister Sarah.

She wears clothes made out of string and leaves, she loves to climb up trees and swim in the river - her clothes are rough to the skin and her eyesight is brilliant. She doesn't wear shoes, she prefers it that way.

My wild child is adventurous, determined, exciting brave and dirty. Sarah is adventurous and determined to find out the world around her. BUT my wild child is scared of the grown-ups catching her, making her "normal" - and the wild child could maybe go forever.

My Wild Child

He is a wild child and his name is Scratch. No animal scares him but pollution gives him a fright. He lives wherever he wants to but he stays mostly in a jagged igloo on the coast of the North Pole. He lives off fish or what he is able to get his hands on; every day he notices the ice caps getting smaller and smaller and more and more litter forms the ocean.

His brothers are polar bears and his sisters are the arctic foxes and the seals and they have endless fun. Scratch loves to chase his family and eat with them, he has never done something without his siblings. He has started to act like a polar bear. He has brown eyes and black hair, he often wears a shedded fur coat and fur shorts, he likes to wear ice slippers.

He uses the ice slippers to stand on the water
as he catches fish. Soarch often fears the ice caps
melting and plastic killing the fish.
Will his freedom survive?