

# Zak the Zigzagged Zebra

By Liz Carter





Zak the Zigzagged Zebra  
Is going into town  
When Sam the Stripy Zebra  
Says, 'You look like a clown!'

Zak the Zigzagged Zebra  
Smiles and laughs and bows,  
But in his secret inside  
He has a hidden frown.



Every day, the others  
Will throw Zak a new word.  
Sometimes, they are even  
Words he's never heard.

Monday, he's called Flinkle.  
Tuesday, he is Foo.  
Wednesday, he's a Blargle.  
Thursday feels so blue.



He isn't like the rest, you see,  
His zigzags make him strange.  
Zebras should have stripes, of  
course,  
So Zak thinks he should change.

Friday is too gloomy now,  
And Zak is very gripey.  
Maybe they would like him more  
If he could just be stripy.



So Zak pulls out his Sharpie  
And colours in his zags.  
He makes his zigs all straighter,  
But isn't very glad.





He creeps into the classroom  
And slumps down at his desk,  
Hears snickers, laughs and  
whispers  
And feels like such a mess.

‘Hey, Zak, your zigs are wonky,  
Your zags are all awry,’  
They cackle and they crackle.  
Zak gives a great big sigh.



Then Teacher Zeb comes  
shushing  
And takes in zig-striped Zak.  
She gazes at the others,  
So gleeful in their pack.

‘Your words have bruised this  
zebra,  
Your jeers have caused his  
wounds,  
And now he’s tried to hide them.  
You need to think,’ she booms.



The whispers turn to sadness,  
The giggles fade away.  
'Come on, Zak, we're sorry.  
Want to come and play?'





Sam the Stripy Zebra  
Throws Zak the class football.  
'I'm sorry I was mean to you.  
You're not a clown at all.'

Zak the Zigzagged Zebra  
Looks down at all his mess.  
'Will you like me better,  
If I zigzag less?'



Sam stops and shakes his  
stripy head  
And points above his nose.  
'Look, I have a star right here.  
I'm different, as it goes.'

'Ron has spots all down his  
legs  
And zebras should have  
stripes.  
Holly's mane is like a lion's,  
I suppose we're all alright.'



Then Teacher Zeb comes  
trotting by,  
Says, 'No one's just the same.  
It makes us all more  
wonderful.  
Now go and play your game!'

So Zak the Zigzagged Zebra  
Goes home to have a bath.  
Lets his zigzags shine again  
And fills his face with Laugh.



What do you think the poem  
is teaching us?



Is it right to say unkind things about someone because of what they are wearing?





Is it right to say unkind things about someone because they look or sound different?



How do you feel when  
someone says something  
kind or encouraging to them?



Ellis



Michal



Emily





Conor



Emma



Shachar



Lior





Noah



# Credits

- Adapted from <https://www.assemblies.org.uk/pri/3329/stripes-and-zigzags>