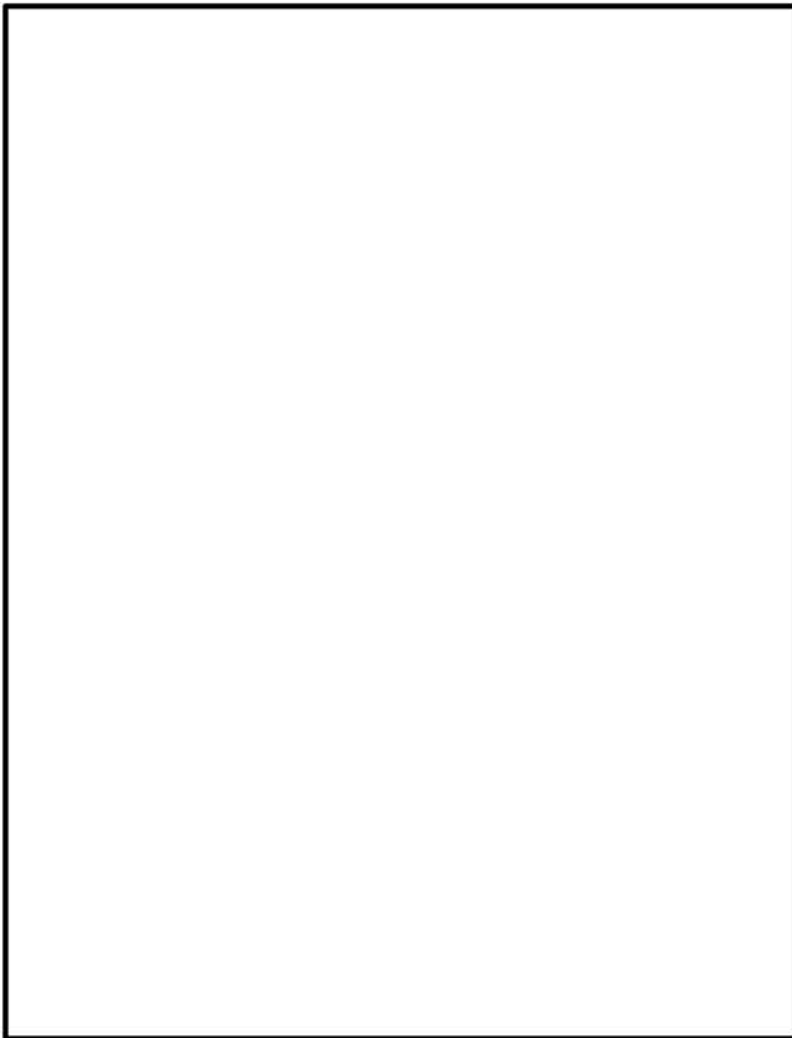


# I am too absolutely small for school

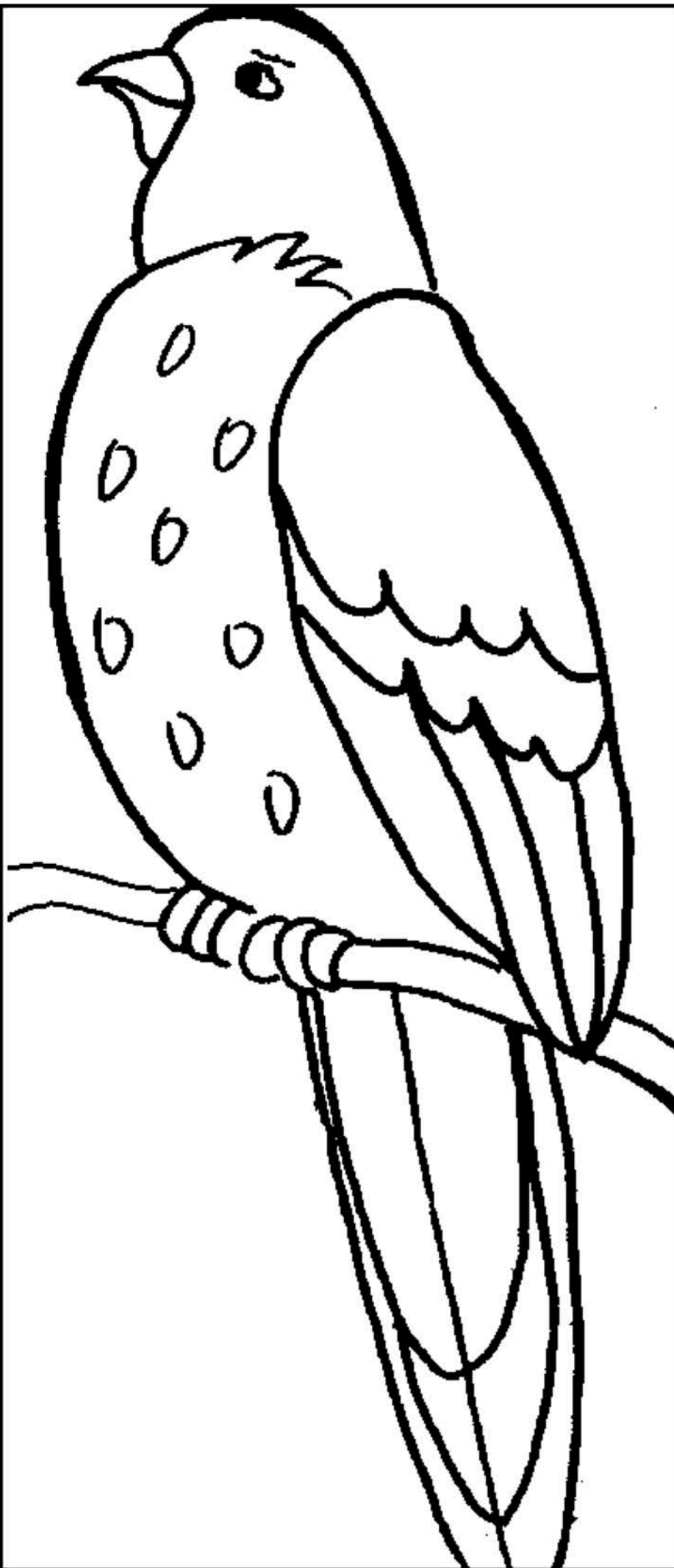
Lola thinks that she doesn't want to go to school, but when she does go, she has a lot of fun. What do you like doing at school? Draw your answer in the box.



At school, I like \_\_\_\_\_

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## How the Birds got their Colours

Long, long ago in the Dreamtime, when the land and animals were being made... all the birds were black – all one colour. Till one day this little dove was flying around looking for food. He flew down to the ground to catch a big juicy grub but instead landed right on a sharp stick. It pierced his little foot and made him very sick.

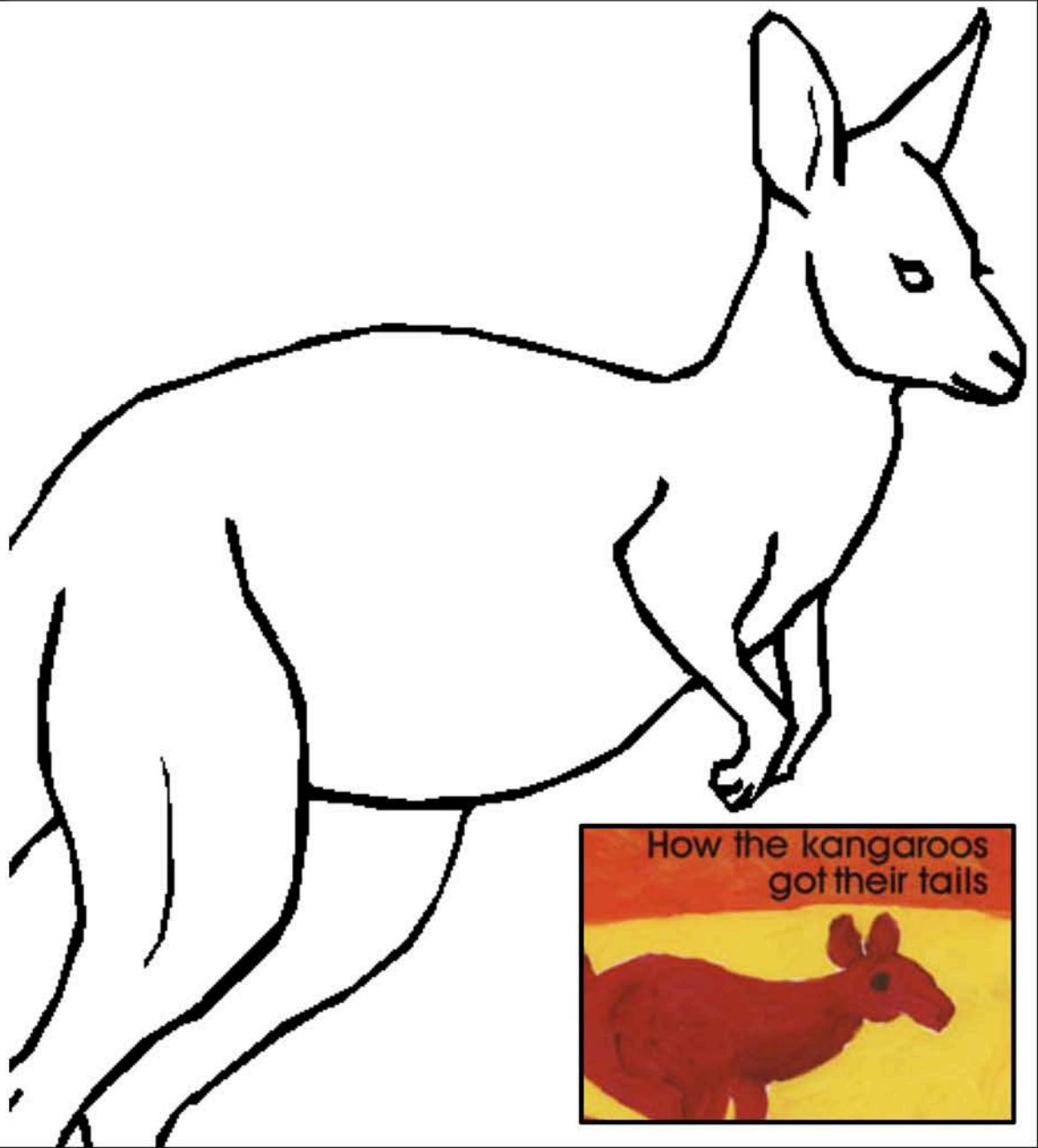
For days he lay on the ground in pain. His foot swelled up. He was dying. All his mates gathered around to see how they could help. All except the crow. He just wandered around with his hands behind his back.

Suddenly the parrot rushed forward – and with her sharp beak BURST the little dove's swollen foot. Colour splashed out all over the parrot.

Red and green and blue ran down her chest, wings and tail. It splashed out all over the other birds. Some got red, some brown, some blue, some yellow. Some got spots. All got colours.

All except the crow who was standing away from the others. Crow got no colour at all!

So that's how the birds got their colours. And as for the dove, he soon got better, thanked the parrot and was able to fly away.



In the early days, in the dreamtime, there were two Kangaroos. One came from the hills, the other from the plains. The plains Kangaroo was a big Kangaroo with long arms and long legs. The hill Kangaroo was a small Kangaroo with short arms and short legs.

One day the short Kangaroo found some sugarbag in a hole in a rock. He really liked this bush honey so he reached just inside the hole and pulled out a handful of sugarbag. Mmmmm. It was good tucker! Now, that big Kangaroo was pretty hungry for sugarbag himself. The short Kangaroo said, 'Reach right in and get some.' So that big Kangaroo put his long arms deep into the hole and pulled out a handful of SPIDERS!! UGH!. 'Try again,' said the short kangaroo.

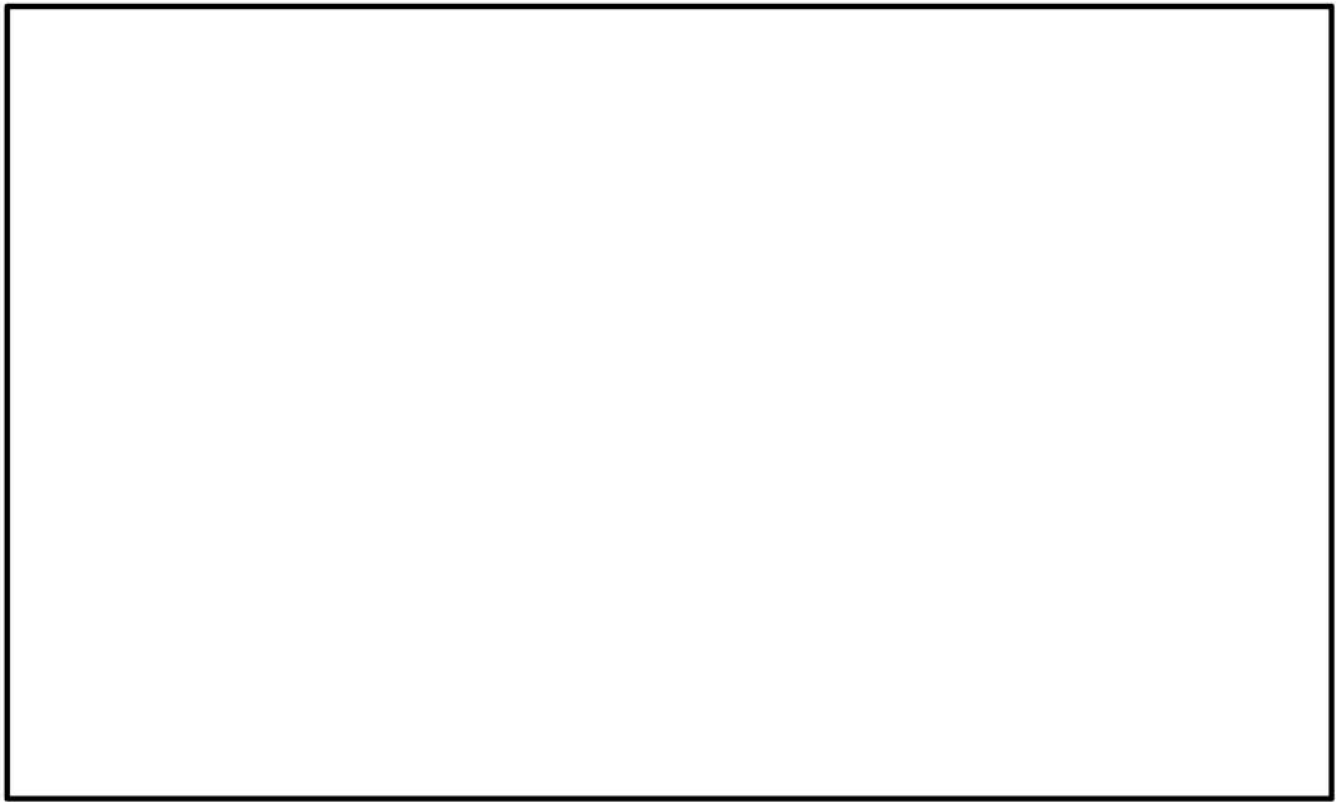
The big Kangaroo reached in again and pulled out more spiders. But the short Kangaroos kept reaching just inside the hole and pretty soon he'd eaten all the sugarbag himself.

The big Kangaroo got wild and soon they started to hit each other on the head with sticks. The big Kangaroo finally ran away but the short Kangaroo threw his stick and it stuck right into that Kangaroo. This made the big Kangaroo even more wild and he threw his stick. It stuck into the short Kangaroo. They both took off back into their own country and when you see them today, you will remember how they got their tails.

Story by George Mung Mung Lirrmiyarri of the Warmun Community, Turkey Creek. W.A.

# My Mob

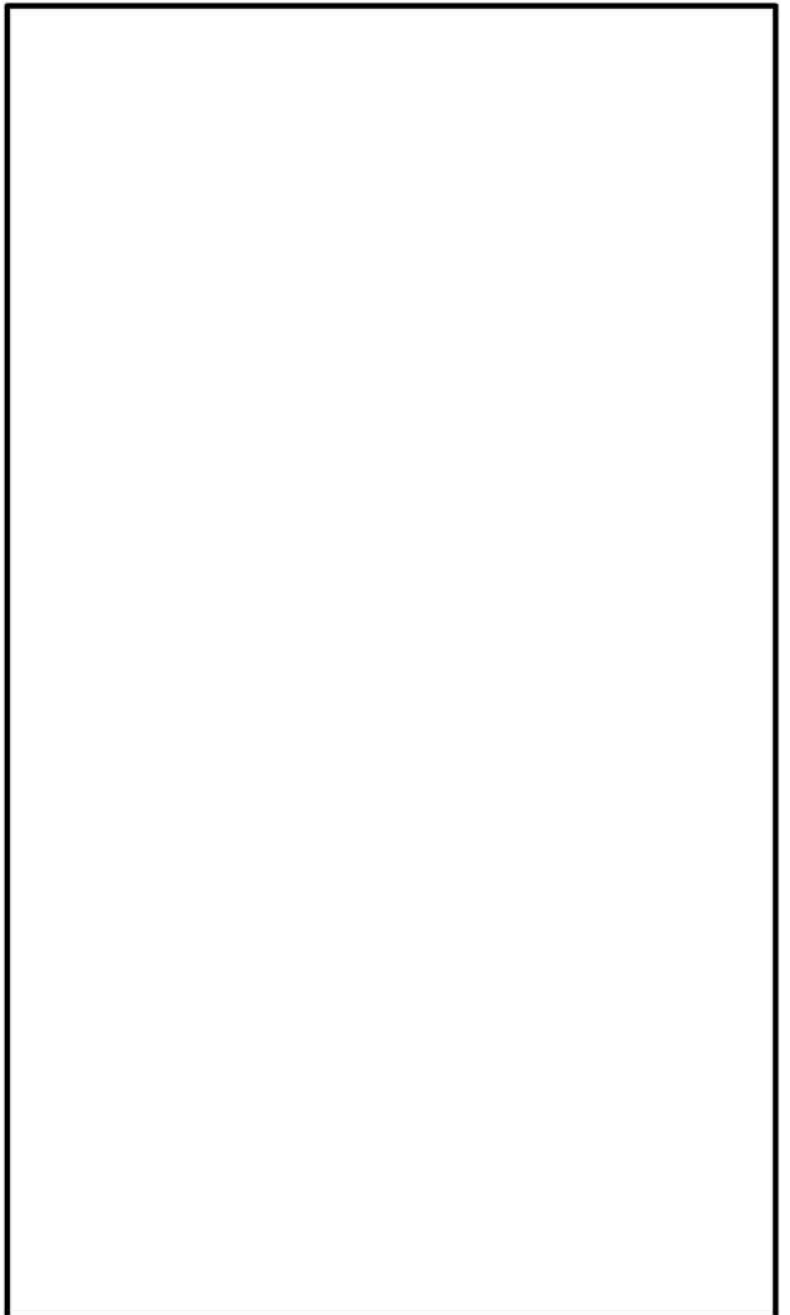
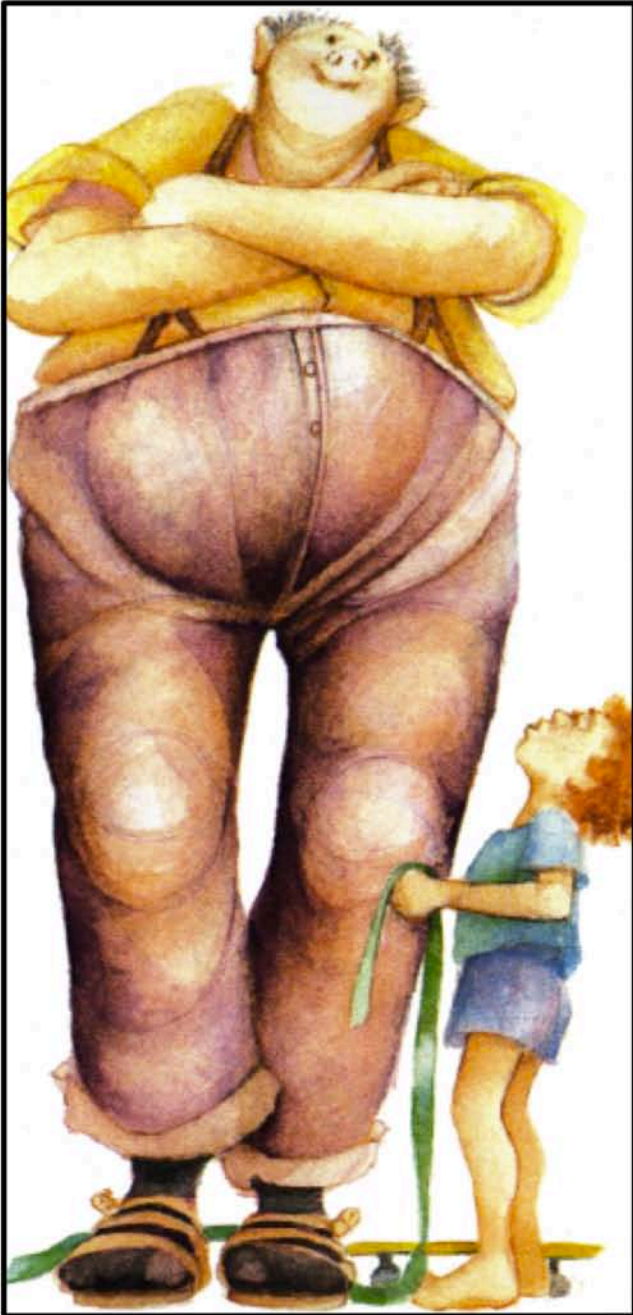
We read the story "My Mob Going to the Beach." In the story, mob is another name for family. Here is my mob.



What do you and your mob do together?

We \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

In "Wilfrid Gordon McDonald Partridge" by Mem Fox, Wilfrid learns that a memory is something as precious as gold. What is something that you have that reminds you of something special?



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