

The woylie's journey:



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Once upon a time deep in the heart of the Australian central desert , in Wongi country, there lived a family of woylies.. two little ones that had just left their Mother's pouch and a Mum and a Dad Woylie.



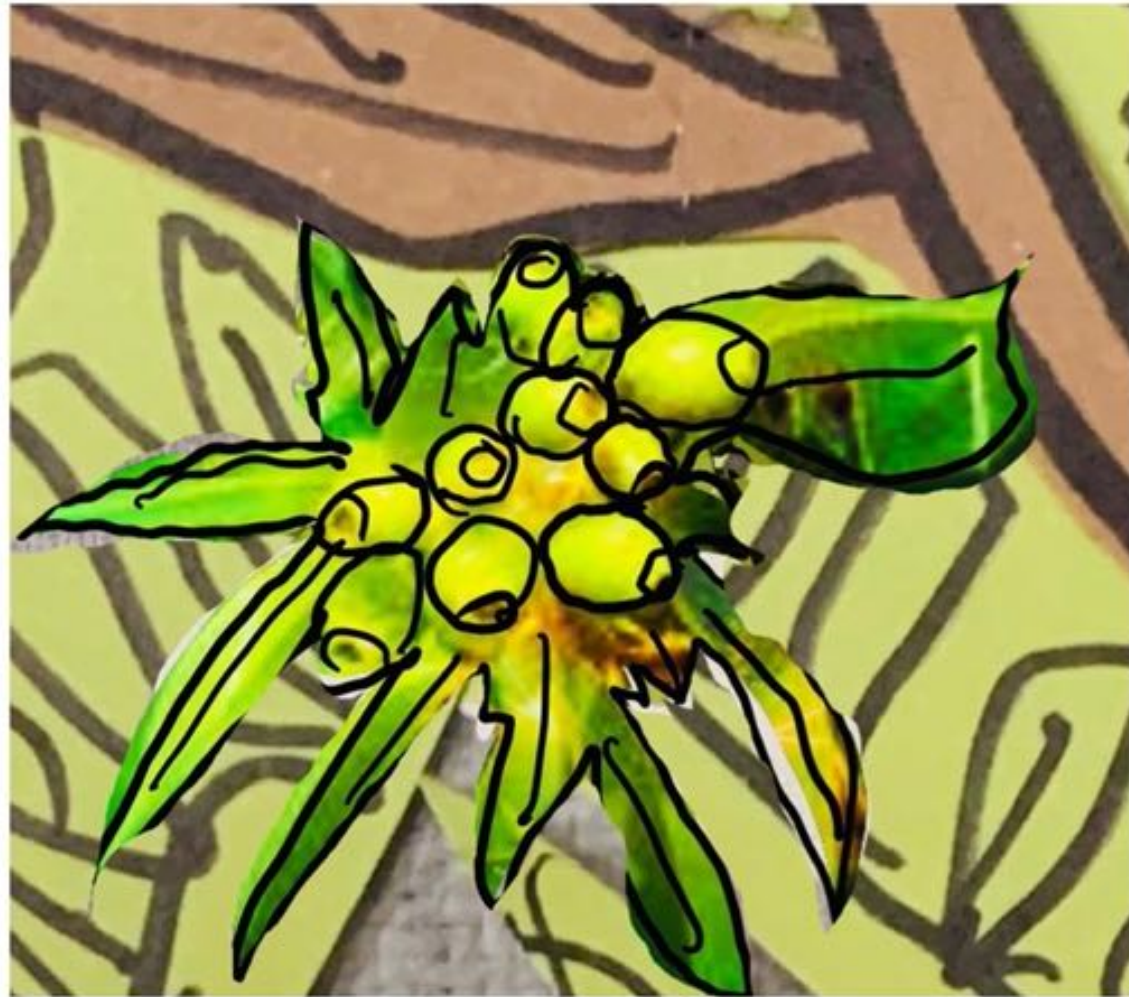
One early morning , just before dawn, the two little woylies ventured over a pile of rocks and grasses to play together in a clearing under a large sandalwood tree. They had left their mother and Father in the burrow and hopped away to explore nearby.



The littlest woylie stopped after a while, to take a breath. She was soooo hot. 'Can we stop here for a minute?' she asked. 'Sure' said the brother woylie, so they stopped for a rest under the branches of a great big sandalwood tree.



'What about we dig for some shoots and seeds right here in the roots of the tree while you rest?' The woylie who wasn't tired, dug and dug in the sand between the tree roots and then he found something hiding in the leaf litter and grasses.



It was a seed!! There were lots of them.



The woylie went to find his tired sister to tell her his news but when he came around the side of the sandalwood tree he saw a great big orange fox with a long fluffy tale and big whiskers all ready to pounce on her.





Just at that moment a bunch of sandalwood seeds and blossoms fell from the branch of the tree on to the fox and just about knocked him out.

He got such a shock.

He raced away to his lair and forgot all about catching woylies.





When Brother woylie told his sister about his discovery of sandalwood seeds they decided that they needed to find the perfect spot for them to grow.

The littlest woylie went looking for water whilst the other went to dig in the sand amongst the roots of the sandalwood tree where it was warm and protected.





They were very pleased with the protected spot that they had chosen. They thought it was perfect... just like a fairy garden. They gently placed the seeds in the holes that they had dug, added the water that they had collected and stood back and looked proudly.

The littlest woylie was very, very tired by now and the hot sun was coming up on the horizon. They both hopped off home to the protection of their burrow.

They left the sandalwood seed to nature to protect as that is how we should look after the environment. The heat of the desert and the wonderful rain would do their job and the seeds would germinate.

We shouldn't interfere. We should let nature do its job without our interference.

