

The
Wild

Life!

A berry long walk.



For Clare.

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We acknowledge the traditional custodians of the land on which we live and work, and pay respect to the Gubbi Gubbi nation. We pay respects to the Elders of the community and extend our recognition to their descendants. Laura and Philip Bunting.

Story by Laura Bunting.
Illustrations by Philip Bunting.

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Scholastic Australia




PART 1

(In which Wombat
wakes up)



Wombat was enjoying the sweetest sleep of his life. In his dreams he was eating. No, not eating, feasting. A bountiful wombat banquet of lush green grass, squishy mushrooms, crunchy roots, and best of all, sweet, juicy berries.



All at once, a strange sensation
roused him from his slumber.

Sun. On. His. Belly.

His not-actually-full-after-all belly.

“Oh no! Oh no!
Oh no no no no!”

he muttered, realising that his lovely dinner was just a dream.

Last he remembered, he'd been ravenously fossicking for food.

He must have fallen asleep.

Outside of his burrow ...



In the danger zone. Where the wild things are.



On Nature's dinner plate.

“Must get home,”
thought Wombat.
“It’s not safe out here.
Not safe at all!”



And that’s when he heard it.

First, a *thumping*.

Then, a *shuffling*.

And finally, a *sniffing*.



Sniffing is rarely good news when you look
and smell like a spectacular super sausage
to your less vegetarian neighbours.

Wombat tried to glance over his shoulder,
but as always, it was impossible, since Mother
Nature hadn't thought it necessary to provide
him with a neck.

Then, from behind him, he heard a shout.
“Wombat! Quick!”

He recognised the voice – it was his new
neighbour, Roo. Wombat's heart raced and
his mind scrambled with fear.

“What? What is it?”

