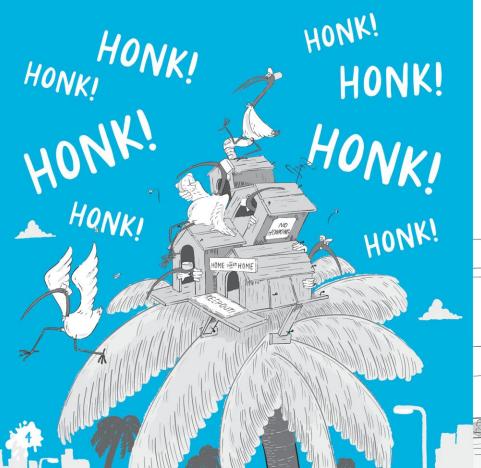
That's just my mum. Actually, it's not **JUST** my mum, it's my whole family. My aunties, my uncles and my little brothers and sisters, **honking** away.



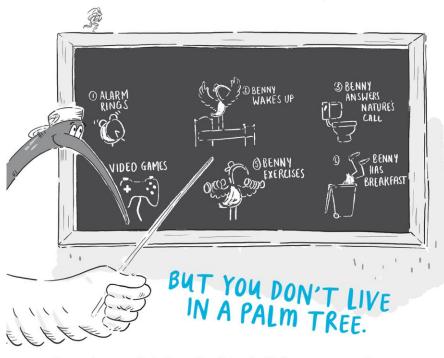
They call it the Morning Honk!

WHAT? Your family doesn't start every day by honking loudly at the top of a palm tree?

Mine do. That's because I'm an ibis. Some people call me a bin chicken, but I'm not technically a chicken,



I'd better join the Morning Honk. And that means getting out of bed, which sounds easy.



Sometimes, I fall out of bed. It happens quite a lot, especially when I'm dreaming about chasing hot chips . . .





