Splat!

Monkey found an ice-cream.
‘I will not share this with anyone,’ she thought.
She climbed up a tree to hide the ice-cream from the other animals.

A huge drip of ice-cream trickled down Monkey’s hand.
She tried to stop the drip, but it fell to the ground below.

SPLAT!

‘What is in the tree?’ cried Elephant.
Monkey held her breath.

There was another huge drip of ice-cream.

SPLAT!

And then another.

SPLAT!

‘I can’t see anything,’ said Tiger. ‘Let’s go!’

Monkey breathed out. But when she looked at the ice-cream, it was all gone.

‘Oh, no!’ said Monkey.
Bananas are one of Australia's favourite fruits.

You should eat a banana every day because bananas are:

• **Delicious**
  Bananas are tasty on their own, and they add flavour to many other foods. When bananas are ripe, they are soft and creamy.

• **Nutritious**
  Bananas are a good source of vitamin C and vitamin B6. They are high in fibre and potassium, and they contain hardly any fat or salt.

• **Convenient**
  Bananas come in their own protective packaging. Their skin is easy to peel and, unlike other fruits, bananas do not need to be washed before they are eaten.

• **Versatile**
  You can eat bananas raw, cooked or even frozen. They can be used in salads, curries and desserts. You can even use them in drinks like smoothies and milkshakes.
Postal cats

Leon was a postman. Every day Leon would wake up and feed his 37 cats. Leon didn’t really want 37 cats, but one by one they had turned up on his doorstep, and Leon had taken them in.

Every day, after feeding the cats, Leon would collect the mail from the red postboxes in the village and take it home to sort. ‘If only I had 37 helpers instead of 37 cats, my job would be so much easier,’ Leon thought. Just then, the cats started meowing for their dinner. That gave Leon an idea.

That night, Leon stayed up making 37 cat-sized postal backpacks. Each backpack fitted neatly onto a cat’s back. Then, he went around to each postbox, putting signs up that read: Postbox closed. Please use the Postal Cat Service.

The next day, Leon put a backpack on each cat and dropped off the cats around the village. Leon knew that the cats would be happy lazing around all day. He also knew that they would always come home for dinner.

Leon spent the day relaxing, waiting for his helpers to return.

Leon was right. The cats did return, but they did not bring home many letters. Somehow, the cats had managed to wriggle out of their backpacks. Or lose their letters. Or get the letters wet. Or, in one case, nibble the corners of the letters.

‘Cats are just too unreliable,’ Leon thought.

Just then, there was a scratching at Leon’s door. A scruffy dog was waiting to be invited inside.

That gave Leon an idea.
Postal cats

Leon was a postman. Every day Leon would wake up and feed his 37 cats. Leon didn't really want 37 cats, but one by one they had turned up on his doorstep, and Leon had taken them in.

Every day, after feeding the cats, Leon would collect the mail from the red postboxes in the village and take it home to sort. 'If only I had 37 helpers instead of 37 cats, my job would be so much easier,' Leon thought. Just then, the cats started meowing for their dinner. That gave Leon an idea.

That night, Leon stayed up making 37 cat-sized postal backpacks. Each backpack fitted neatly onto a cat's back. Then, he went around to each postbox, putting signs up that read: Postbox closed. Please use the Postal Cat Service.

The next day, Leon put a backpack on each cat and dropped off the cats around the village. Leon knew that the cats would be happy lazing around all day. He also knew that they would always come home for dinner.

Leon spent the day relaxing, waiting for his helpers to return. Leon was right. The cats did return, but they did not bring home many letters. Somehow, the cats had managed to wriggle out of their backpacks. Or lose their letters. Or get the letters wet. Or, in one case, nibble the corners of the letters.

'Cats are just too unreliable,' Leon thought. Just then, there was a scratching at Leon's door. A scruffy dog was waiting to be invited inside.

The honey bee sucks nectar from flowers using its long, tube-like tongue and stores the nectar in its nectar sac. A bee's nectar sac is also known as a honey stomach.

If the bee gets hungry, some nectar is released from its honey stomach and passed to its real stomach to give the bee energy.

The honey is used to feed the larvae that have been produced by the queen bee. Within a few weeks the larvae will develop into fully grown bees.

Soon, young honey bees will be flying around looking for nectar …

Inside the hive, the bees chew the nectar to reduce its water content. The nectar needs to thicken to become honey. The bees then put the nectar into the cells of a structure called a honeycomb.

The bees also fan their wings to dry the chewed-up nectar, helping it turn into honey.

When the honey is thick enough, the bees cover the cells of the honeycomb with a layer of beeswax. The beeswax comes from glands on the sides of the bees' bodies.

Honey bees

When the bee's nectar sac is full, the bee returns to the hive, where it passes on the nectar to other worker bees.
When T-Rex sniffed a flower, did he notice the small thing that fluttered by with pollened feet and splendid coloured wings? Did he know that this small creature was helping spread the seed, growing plants, for growing beasts, allowing them to feed? And although all the dinosaurs no longer walk the ground, the winged farmer still tends the sky, spreading life around.

by Liz Kingham
Kandimalal is a large crater in the Kimberley region of Western Australia, 145 kilometres from the town of Halls Creek. Scientists say that Kandimalal was formed about 300,000 years ago when a meteorite struck the earth.

Measuring some 880 metres across and about 60 metres deep, Kandimalal is the second largest meteorite crater in the world. The crater used to be 150 metres deeper, but it has since been filled with wind-blown sand from the Great Sandy Desert. Although the area is arid, rainfall collects in the centre of the crater, and this allows trees to grow there.

Kandimalal has long been a part of the Dreaming of the local Djaru people. One of the stories says that a rainbow serpent slithered through the earth and came to the surface in the centre of the crater.

The first time Kandimalal was seen from above was in 1947 during an aerial survey of the region. The area around the crater became a national park in 1969 and has since become popular with tourists who have four-wheel drive vehicles.
On Saturday morning, Sara got up early to play football. She put on her football shirt and black shorts. Then, she pulled on some long socks. Next, she carried her football boots to the door and put them on.

‘I thought you played football on Sunday, not Saturday!’ said Sara’s Dad.

‘Oh, yeah!’ said Sara, and she went back to bed.