



THE MYSTERY OF THE
GREY BUNDLES OF FUR

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The wombat was scurrying around the forest floor looking for food. It neared a gum tree close to where the wombat had scented food. Suddenly the wombat heard something in the tree. It was a hard scuttling sound as if someone was hanging on to the tree for dear life. The scrambling and scuttling stopped and a large bang vibrated through the forest. It sounded like something had fallen out of the tree. The wombat was terrified and scuttled quickly to its den. It had forgotten all about its search for food, and it was lucky it did but it didn't know yet.



It was early in the morning. The sun cast golden shadows onto the forest floor. Birds sung in the distance and the call of the cicadas shrilling through the bush. Two girls tramped on an early morning walk towards a gum tree. On the ground the girls spotted animal tracks on the muddy forest floor. It looked like an animal had run off in a rush. Suddenly the girls smelt a strange tangy smell as if an animal had recently died close to where they were standing. The two girls walked around to the back of the tree and spotted a small grey bundle of fur lying in a heap near the trunk of the tree. The girls bent down to see what it was. It looked like a small possum but they were not certain it was. The two girls bent down to take a closer look. There were scratches all over its small body. The face was completely hidden from view. They looked up at the tree and saw scratch marks on the tree. It looked as if a small animal had been clinging on for dear life. Suddenly the two girls heard thump not far away from another tree.



The two girls walked over to the place where they had heard the thump. On the ground sat another grey bundle of fur, but this time it was bigger. There were more scratch marks over the tree which it lay under. "What happened?" said Anna, one of the girls. "We have seen two grey bundles today. Something must be going on" Alicia said. "We'll have to go and find out".

The two girls started exploring the bush to find any clues. They found small and large animal tracks which led to bushes of green berries. There were many claw and teeth marks in the fruit and grey fur was hanging off twigs. Suddenly the girls saw green liquid oozing out of the berries. It looked like poison. If the grey bundles were eating this they were sure to die. The girls walked over to the grey bundles but were still puzzled why the scratch marks were on the trees.



The girls examined the scratch marks carefully. They were sure the animal was scrambling for its life because the scratch marks were deep. The two girls were sure that the grey bundles were possums but the second bundle was larger and far too big to be a possum. The girls examined the tree again but this time they looked closely at the leaves. The type of leaves were eucalyptus leaves but possums don't eat eucalyptus leaves. Only koalas.

Later the next day the girls had done some research. They had discovered that the grey bundles were not possums but they were koalas. "This explains why the koala was in a eucalyptus tree! The koala was probably a bit hungry and wanted to try out some of the green berries, but only to find that it would get very sick because they weren't for the koalas to eat" said Alicia. "The small grey bundle was the baby koala which fell off its mum's back. Later on the mum felt very sick and fell to the forest floor" Anna concluded. "The poor koalas" Alicia said.

