



**LEIGHTON PARK**  
FOUNDED 1890

## G'Day Mate! by Harriet

### Day 1: Warrimoo, Australia

We have just arrived in Australia after a 25 hour flight and I think I have forgotten how to walk...no, seriously! As I was "walking" (I mean stumbling) to the car, I literally just tripped over nothing. Somewhere, a very long way away, people are building snowmen, hanging up stockings and wearing long trousers and jumpers, without feeling like they are about to erupt. The food on the plane was surprisingly good and it felt like it was all free! It was not. It is such a rip off, I mean you pay loads of money for your seat on the plane and they don't even give you free food! Although... if you just bought along your own seat and put it on the plane...you might not have to pay anything! Apart from the food. Eventually, we arrive at my family's house. There are 19 of us staying in a two bedroom house! I am sharing a room with all of my cousins (11 of us) and a bed with my sister...uhhhh. Better than one of my stinky cousins though! I remember when I was very little, I had to share a bed with my sister. She pushed me out during the night and I landed on one of my cousins. They were not happy.

About an hour later. I am now being told that I have to walk for a whole hour in the sweltering 32 degree heat while being jet lagged. I think I am just going to hide and hope that they forget about me. Alas... no. We start to walk down the enormous expanse of cracked concrete. We look like a herd of sheep. I am bored already. I think we might actually be walking in a circle. Suddenly, I can see a big brown forest. I have been told to call it the bush but I thought that bushes are green. Up ahead, in between the pairs of feet, I can see where the road ends and the dust begins. It's just like civilisation ends and you are in the wilderness. The path (if you can call it that) was at a 45 degree angle and below all I can see is a big, brown abyss. Me and my sister are very excited, maybe we will befriend a kangaroo. Sadly Tom (one of my cousins) tells us that kangaroos are actually pests. I think he is lying.



### My future pet kangaroo, Elvis

I am now precariously balancing on the path because it is only 20 centimeters wide. While we are walking down this stupidly narrow path, Tom is telling me about all of the wild (and poisonous) insects that are all around us. Apparently, he found a poisonous spider in the glove box of their car once and when they came to sell the car, the new owner got a free spider as well. As a nice surprise. How kind is that! I am not very worried because my youngest cousin (Ollie) chimed in when Tom was telling me about the lovely wildlife. He explained about spiders that drop out of trees. That freaked me out! I now walk very quickly under the trees and step very carefully.



Somehow, the fact that I am now taking extra care jinxed it and I fell splat on my face. "Get up, get up! There might be snakes!", shouted Tom. I scramble to my feet and quick as I can. There was no snake. "That was mean", I shouted at him. Why is everything here out to get me! Not just the wildlife...



Finally, we are at the bottom of this huge hole in the earth. It is really not that exciting though. All I can see is different shades of brown. Before we left the house, my Uncle had told me that there was going to be a waterfall at the bottom of the valley. There is not. The poor animals down here have no water, the whole of Australia has hardly any water because of this so-called drought. I think that it was actually just a very thirsty cow. While I was contemplating the water's disappearance, everyone else found some water. As I am walking over to it, I start to smell this horrible smell. It is like a mix of dog poo and mouldy yoghurt. Tom is asking me to climb up onto this log that goes over the water, I go over to him but as I get closer the smell gets stronger and stronger. I look down. The water is orange. That is what the horrible smell is. There must be thousands of deadly creatures in there who want to eat me for lunch!

Once I am over the initial shock, I climb up onto the dead looking, very unstable log. Probably a very bad idea. Anyway, the rest of my family climb up to join me and Tom. The log noticeably bends each time someone gets on. I'm pretty sure that it is dead and it will snap any moment and we will all be plunged into the orange gloom below. My Aunt is not worried about the cracking log at all and is taking selfies. I mean, seriously, sort out your priorities! She then made us move around this very narrow log so that we are in a nice arrangement for her group photograph. She took the photo just before Ollie, my 3 year old cousin, fell off the log into the gloom. But my Uncle caught him before he hit it. The hour that this walk was meant to take is now up and we are still in the bottom of the valley...

I am so hungry and thirsty, not to mention the heat down here! Isn't it meant to be cooler lower down? Well science is WRONG. Luckily my Uncle has bought cereal bars and water. Cereal bars are disgusting, they are basically just dried cereal with honey instead of milk. Which is wrong. I think that my Uncle is actually a camel because he walked such a long way carrying all that water! We are now starting to climb this mammoth hill. I wish it was a real woolly mammoth, then it could carry us. Ollie is complaining non stop so he is now getting a piggyback. I think I will ask for one too. My dad said no. How unfair is that?

It is way over 2 hours since we left the house now and it is starting to get dark. We have now come across some lumpy grey gravel, the type that digs into your feet. Everyone is acting as if they have won the lottery. The only thing I can think about is how steep this lumpy path is... I just want to get back! But it is so hot! Maybe we can just stay down here tonight and hope that the woboldewoos don't eat us.



Surprisingly, no one else agrees to my brain wave of an idea. So, we keep plodding past bushes and trees and more bushes and yet more bushes. Until we reached the top! It is still slopping. But apparently it is the top...I'm not convinced. I am now entering the realm of civilised living, otherwise known as a street. When we finally get back to the house it has been 3 and a half hours since we set off. Definitely a Randall 1 hour...should have known! As soon as I got in I collapsed on the couch. My Aunt offered me an ice lolly. I don't like them.