

## My Story

It was a cold and windy day when a little boy went out exploring and found a beautiful flower. This boy lived with his family who were Aboriginal and they lived in a cave. His mum was called Takyrila, his dad was called Basil, his sister was named Maple and his name was Sirro.

They had a dingo called Muzzel. They lived in the sandy desert.

During dinner Sirro ate the beautiful poisonous flower. No one else knew it was poisonous because no one else had eaten it. It didn't take effect until dawn-3.00am sharp. It was a foggy morning. The fog was as thick as a fig tree. Soon it was 8.00am

and his family started to stir. His family were all shocked to see Sirro so sick. Maple and Basil were so upset that they asked Takyrila if there was anything they could do to help Sirro. Takyrila said that there was a berry called the Lorelie berry which would cure Sirro. So Basil and Maple packed their things,

rounded up Muzzel and said good-bye.

They set off on a long journey. After 3 months they came back with bruises as big and black as a hippo's bottom. Their cuts were as red as a tomato and puss was oozing out like an erupting volcano. Maple and Bazil didn't care about their injuries because they had been

able to bring the Lorelie berry back that would cure Sirro. The Lorelie berry was rainbow in colour. They gave the berry to their mum who gave it to Sirro.

Next morning Sirro was feeling much better and he never touched that flower again.

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