Turtle frogs live in Western Australia. They look like turtles, but they are really frogs. They have a small head and short, strong legs. They grow up to five centimetres long.

Turtle frogs live mainly under the ground. It is unusual to see turtle frogs because they come above the ground only at night after heavy rain.

Turtle frogs only eat termites. Termites also live under the ground. Thousands and thousands of termites live together in a termite nest. Turtle frogs use their strong front legs to dig into termite nests. One turtle frog can eat four hundred termites for one meal.
Choosing a classroom pet

The students in Class 4F are talking about what kind of animal to get as a classroom pet.

Pia: I think we should get a rabbit. They’re cute and cuddly and easy to look after.

Adrian: Lots of classrooms already have rabbits. Let’s get something more exciting.

Pia: Like what?

Adrian: I don’t know. Like a lizard.

Keri: I can get a blue-tongue lizard from my garden.

Tom: Can we do that?

Mr Finch: No. We would have to get a special permit to keep a blue-tongue lizard, or any native animal.

Nadim: What about a cockatoo? We could teach it to talk.

Tom: My dad says it’s cruel to keep birds in cages.

Nadim: We’d feed it and play with it. We wouldn’t be cruel to it.

Pia: He means it’s cruel when birds aren’t free and can’t fly around.

Adrian: Maybe it’s cruel to keep any animal in the classroom. We can look after it during the day but it will get lonely at night.

Mr Finch: We’ll talk about this again tomorrow. Tonight, I’d like you to tell your parents what we’ve been talking about.
How to play **SPUD**

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<td>• five or more players</td>
<td>Choose trees, fences, footpaths or buildings</td>
<td>To be the last player in the game. (You are out as soon as you spell the word <strong>SPUD</strong>.)</td>
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<td>• a soft rubber ball</td>
<td>to mark the edges of a playing area.</td>
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<td>• a clear space outside</td>
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### Rules of the game

1. Pick a player to start with the ball. The player with the ball is called *It*.

2. *It* stands in the middle of the playing area with the ball. All the other players gather around.

3. *It* tosses the ball into the air, and calls another player’s name. This player is now *It* and has to get the ball. Everyone else runs away.

4. *It* yells ‘**SPUD**!’ as soon as *It* gets the ball. Everyone else has to freeze.

5. Then *It* takes three giant steps towards another player, and throws the ball at that player’s feet. The other player must not move, even if there’s a chance of being hit by the ball.

6. If *It* hits the other player, or if that player moves, then the player gets a letter (S first), and becomes *It*.

   If *It* misses, then *It* gets a letter and stays *It*.

7. The first letter for a player who is hit is S, the second letter is P, and so on. Any player who has spelled **S-P-U-D** is out.

The winner is the last player in the game.
Rosie the musician

‘Guess what?’ Rosie cried. ‘I’ve been picked for the school band. I’m going to get an instrument.’ She flapped a note at her mother. She danced around the kitchen. ‘It says there’s going to be a meeting. You and Dad need to go and hear all about it. So do I!’

Rosie’s mum read the note.

Dear Parent,

Your child, Rosie, has been chosen to play an instrument in the junior band. A meeting will be held at 7 pm on Thursday in the music room to discuss this commitment. It is important that all parents and children be there. Please let me know if you cannot attend.

Yours sincerely,
Karen Thomas
Music teacher

‘Well, what about that?’ said Mum. ‘Our Rosie the musician! This is really great. But Mrs Thomas is right. It certainly will be a commitment.’

‘What’s a commitment?’ Rosie asked.

‘It’s like a promise,’ Mum explained. ‘If you get an instrument you have to promise to do your best and to practise. Some kids say they’ll practise but then it all gets too hard and they give up.’

‘No problem,’ said Rosie. ‘I won’t give up. I want to be in the band more than anything.’

What would be difficult about being in the band, thought Rosie.
Young adventurer

2009

Thirteen-year-old Angus Paradice lives on a farm in New South Wales. In 2008, he travelled with his family on holiday to Asia. In Mongolia, he saw the famous Naadam festival horseraces. All of the jockeys were children. Angus wanted to race too, so he decided to enter the 2009 competition.

After he returned to Australia, Angus trained for the long distance competition by riding 22 kilometres after school each day and by running and doing sit-ups.

In 2009, Angus returned to Mongolia. Some of his Mongolian friends arranged for him to ride in a 10 kilometre race for two-year-old horses, and a 15 kilometre race for five-year-old horses. Although he had a bad fall before the races, Angus finished in the top 10 in both events.

His efforts won him the 2009 Young Adventurer of the Year Award.

Riders at the Naadam festival horseraces. Angus is the rider in green.
Some children are by a river, with a parent, hoping to see a platypus.

On the fifth afternoon, when I think even Daniel’s dad was getting a little impatient, we definitely saw a platypus. It came right under where we were. We’d changed where we sat, gone downstream a bit to a kind of fishing platform that old Mr Beatty had built on the river bank. And there was the arrow of water from where we had been sitting and it moved along the river bank while we held our breaths. The platform we were standing on was right near some bulrushes and we watched the ripples and bubbles and then it came in really close to the shallow water right near where we were. I know I squeaked, because Daniel elbowed me gently. We all peered down and we could just see the flat tail. No white tip. And then it moved into a patch of late sunshine and we saw it more clearly nosing around and then it must have heard something and with a little flip completely disappeared into deeper, shadowed water.

‘Well,’ Daniel’s dad said after a long silence, ‘we’ve seen it, kids.’

‘Are you sure it was really a platypus?’ Daniel asked. ‘If only we’d had a really good look.’

‘It was a platypus,’ Daniel’s dad said firmly. ‘Definitely a platypus. No white tip. No ears. And shy. A rat would have just come up for a second look at us.’

‘Wow, we’ve seen it, Daniel, we’ve seen it!’

‘I can’t believe it,’ Daniel said. ‘I just can’t believe it. It all happened too fast.’

‘I know what you mean,’ his father said, putting an arm around him, ‘but the more time you spend watching wild things, the more practised you get at seeing them, so eventually your eye adapts to their speed. But it was, it was truly a platypus. You’ve joined an exclusive club, kids. Not many people these days have seen a platypus in the wild.’
Riko and Sam were walking along a bush track. Sam stopped beside a tall tree.
‘I am tired and want to go back to the camp,’ he said.
‘Wait,’ said Riko. ‘Look up in the tree. I can see something good.’
Sam looked up and smiled.