

Wombat lay snoozing under a tree.

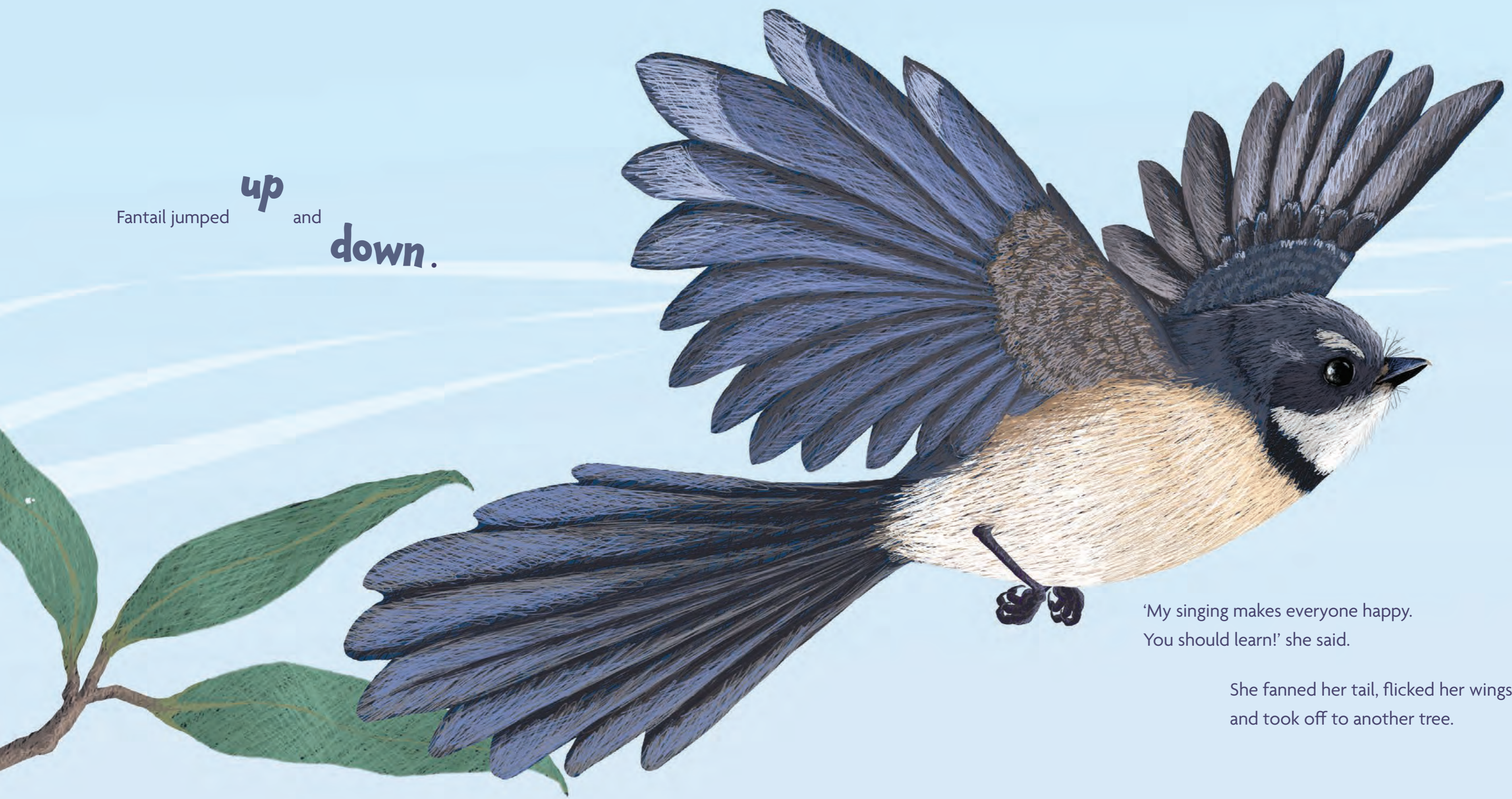




Fantail flew to a twig above his head.
'Will you sing with me, Wombat?' she asked.

Wombat opened one eye.
'Wombats can't sing,' he said.

Fantail jumped **up** and **down**.



'My singing makes everyone happy.
You should learn!' she said.

She fanned her tail, flicked her wings
and took off to another tree.

Wombat tried to go back to sleep, but he kept thinking about what Fantail had said. 'I'd like to make everyone happy,' he said to himself. 'Maybe I should learn to sing.'

Frog was sitting on a nearby log.
'I can teach you a few notes,' he said.
'Then you can join the frog chorus.'

'Yes, please,' said Wombat. 'Tell me how.'



'It's easy,' Frog said, 'just close your mouth and your nose and fill your neck with air. Then the notes will come out.'

Wombat shut his mouth and wrinkled his nose as tight as he could. He filled his neck with air

and...





‘Pphwwwahhp!’



‘I don’t think I have the right neck,’ Wombat told frog.

‘I can’t do that.’

