An illustration of a large tree with a thick, textured trunk on the left. Several brown, oval-shaped boab nuts are falling from the branches. The background is a blue sky with white polka dots. In the foreground, there are brown, wavy lines representing the ground or a river. A large eagle with dark feathers and a white beak is flying in the lower right corner, with a glowing circular emblem on its chest.

One boab nut was very excited and wriggled about hoping to fall before all of the others. Just as his stem broke from the parent tree however, a very strange thing happened. An eagle flew down from a great height and swooped below the branches of the tree right at the moment the nut was falling to the earth.

The eagle was so big he did not even notice he had a passenger.

There was **nothing little Boab could do** but nestle into the warm feathers and enjoy the ride.

After many hours of flying Boab looked down upon a big forest of the tallest trees he had ever seen. They were magnificent in their splendour reaching far into the sky. As the eagle skimmed across the treetops, the Boab rolled off the eagle's back and into the canopy of leaves. He slowly made his way down, **rolling from branch to branch until he landed in a soft pile of leaves that covered the earth.**

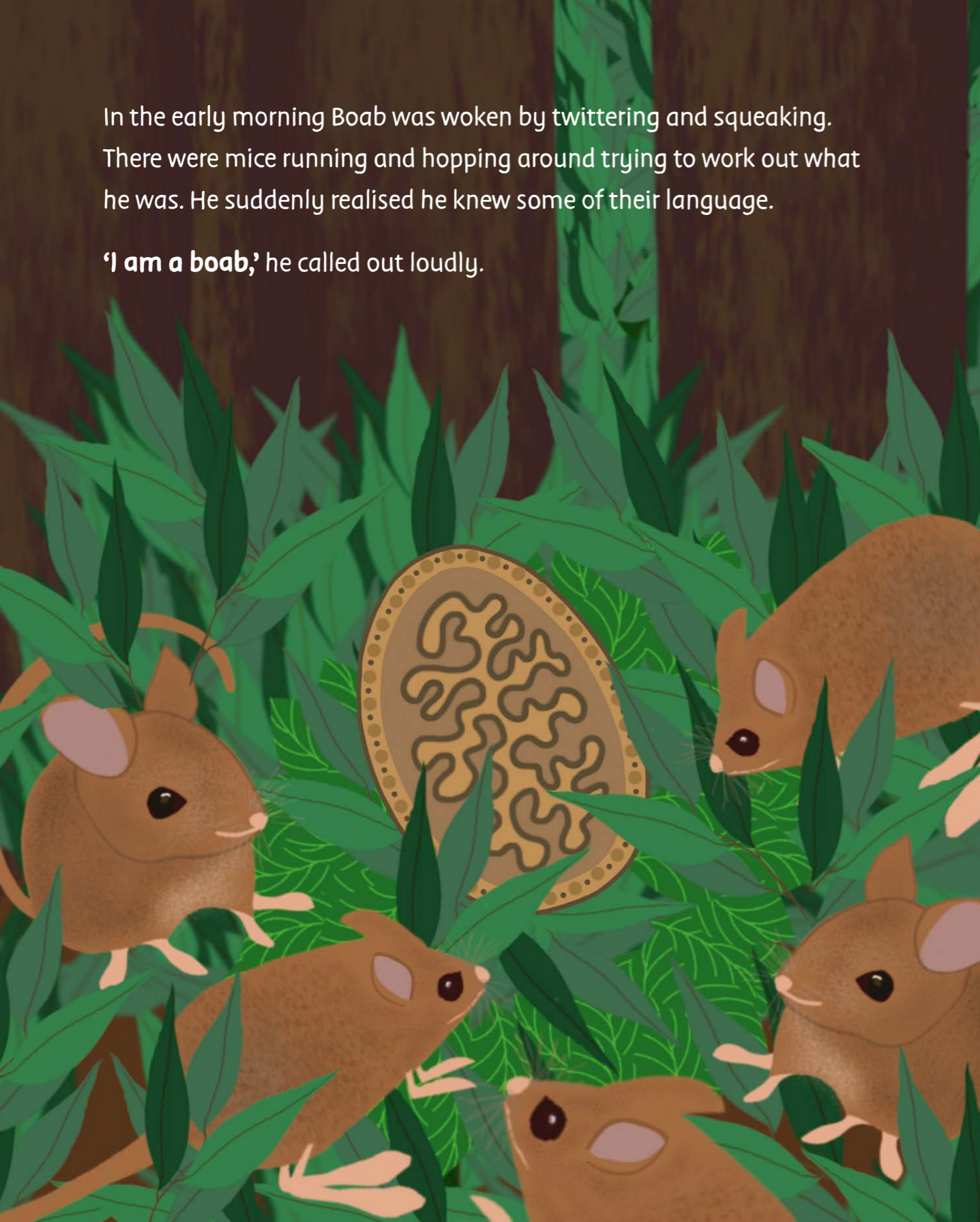
Boab looked around but nothing was familiar. He listened to the birds but they were singing strange songs. Even the trees spoke a different language. He called out for help but no one answered. The tall trees that towered above him just looked down and ignored him.

Boab felt lost and alone. He started to cry. He longed for the sounds of home and the comfort of his family. Boab was exhausted and soon fell into a deep sleep.



In the early morning Boab was woken by twittering and squeaking. There were mice running and hopping around trying to work out what he was. He suddenly realised he knew some of their language.

'I am a boab,' he called out loudly.



The mice all stopped and looked at him. 'Where did you come from?' they asked.

'I live in the desert country up north,' he replied.

The mice were ever so curious. They gathered around to hear the story of Boab's great adventure.

'We belong to the hopping mice family that live in different areas right across the country. You might know some of our cousins, the spinifex hopping mice, they like the desert. We are the forest dwellers.'

They told Boab that hopping mice throughout the land shared a common language which is why he could understand them. Boab was very happy to meet the hopping mice and relieved to be able to tell his story and be understood. Boab also told the mice about the tall trees ignoring him.

'They think they are so important because they are so tall but if they didn't have us little animals to keep the forest floor healthy they would not survive. We are all important,' said the mice, 'you too!'