

One evening, young Western Pygmy Possum sat in a stump  
**gazing** up into the tree far, far above her head.





Numbat came along.

‘What are you looking at?’ Numbat asked.



'I'm trying to work out the best way to climb to those flowers,'  
Pygmy Possum replied. 'They smell so yummy!'

Numbat frowned and shook his head. 'Are you sure? It's very high up  
there,' he said.

**'You're too little,** you might fall.'

