

‘Do you know the Noongar seasons?’ asked the koolbardi.
‘There’s no need for a calendar.’

‘But if my birthday is in Djeran,’ asked the girl,
‘how do I know when it will be?’

‘The kondil tree,’ the koolbardi replied.
‘Its leaves sing when the cool winds arrive.
When the sheoak whistles, you’ll know it’s not long.
It tells you it’s Djeran — your birthday song.
So, let’s watch for the signs, the changes we see.
Come now, I’ll show you — follow me.’

SQUISH, SQUASH, SQUELCH!

What a smelly brew!
A seaweed mountain to stomp through.

The corgi sniffed, then rolled right in.
'Eww!' laughed the girl. Koolbardi grinned.

'Is it Djeran yet?' she asked.

'Not yet, this is **Makuru** — winter is showing.
Follow me, and let's keep going!'

