

## The Dunny Wombat

### Part 1

The world was dark and full of smells: milk smell, pouch smell, Mum smell. The tiny wombat felt fur on her bare skin, and tasted Mum's milk. Sometimes Mum moved, and the tiny wombat moved with her, deep inside the pouch.

Time passed, drinking, sleeping, drinking. The tiny wombat's pink skin grew fur too, a fine fuzz that tickled as she wriggled in the pouch.

The pouch stretched as she grew bigger. The little wombat lay on her back to drink now, pushing her hind legs out of the pouch to urinate.

'Outside' felt.... interesting. The little wombat rolled over and pushed her nose out of the pouch.

Soil smell and Mum smell and *new* smells .....

The little wombat poked her nose out again, then crawled cautiously out of the pouch, though Mum's legs....

...into another a pouch. A giant pouch. A pouch that was a burrow, with dirt on every side, and soft dust under her feet, and even stranger scents.

The little wombat wriggled back. Fast. She began to drink again.

But slowly the burrow's smells became familiar. The pouch seemed cramped now. It was more fun to climb onto Mum's broad or drape herself over Mum's nose to sleep. But when Mum left the burrow the pouch was still the safest place to travel with her, warm and furry and smelling of milk. The grass smelled tempting, and the night air too, but not interesting enough to leave a comfortable pouch....

..... until the new scent came early one morning, as Mum grazed further from their burrow.

What was that scent? It smelled of many new animals all at once. It the strongest pong in her world.

It was fascinating.

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The little wombat poked her nose out of the pouch, then her front paws. She wriggled out of the pouch, through Mum's back legs. Her paws hit grass, tickling her short fur. Mum glanced at her, then went back to munching

The little wombat took a step towards the smell, and then another. She lifted her nose and drank the scent in.

It was like all the sounds of leaves and wind and rain and claws on rock together, but much more.

She took another step towards the smell...

'Look! A baby wombat!'

Four steps, and leap, and the little wombat wiggled back in the pouch. Mum galloped back towards their burrow.

The fascinating smell was behind them now, but one day the little wombat would come back to the most interesting smell in all of Epping.

The dunny.