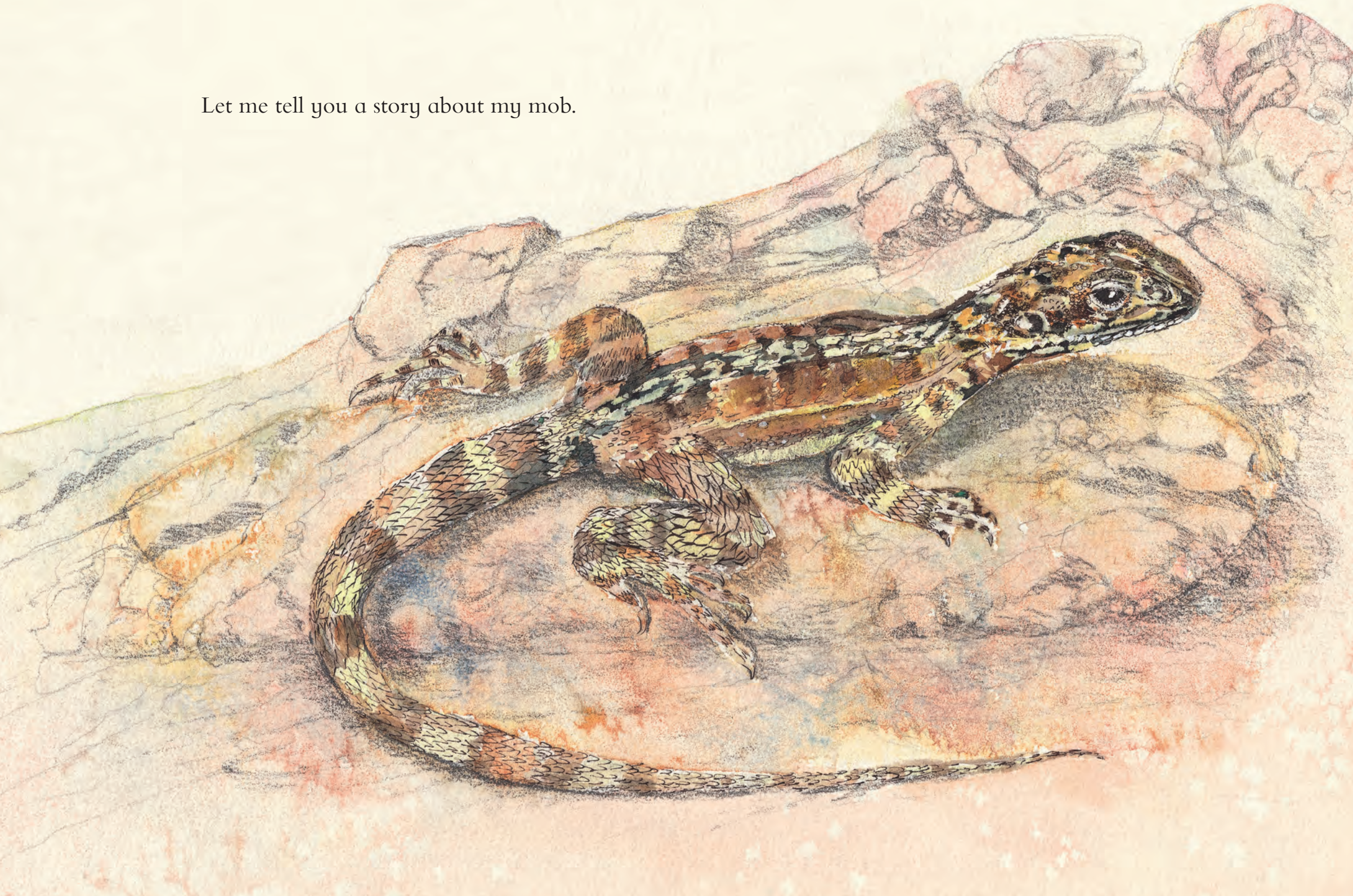
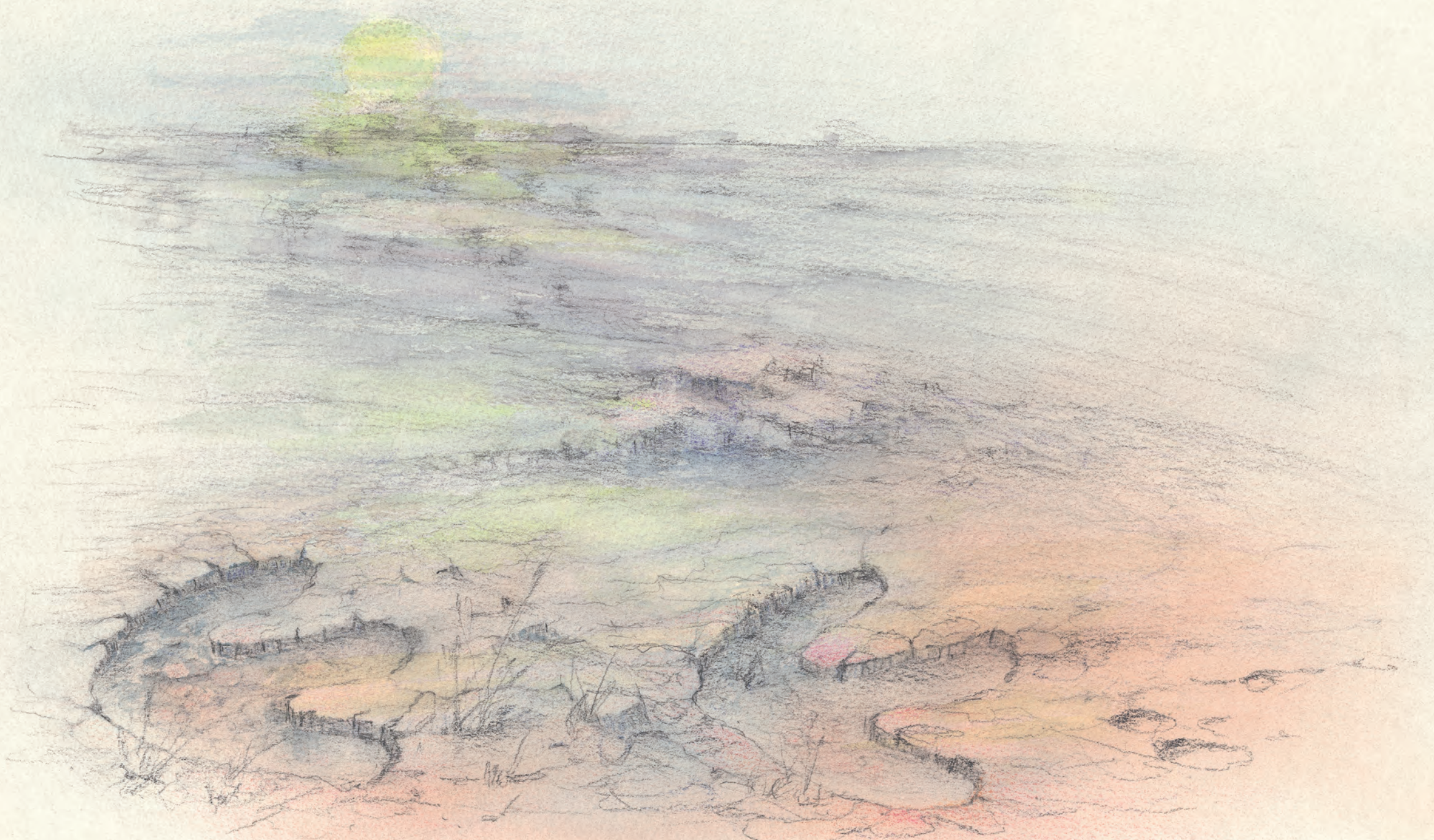


Let me tell you a story about my mob.




A very long time ago, we lizards were as big as dinosaurs.

Those giants were here even before the Dreaming – when the rocks were still mud!




I'm an ornate dragon, but everyone calls me Rocky, 'cos I live under a rock on the top of a big granite in Noongar country. You might like to look on the map to see where I live. My mum laid her eggs in a burrow at the edge of our big rock. When we hatched, she taught us little ones to warm up with our backs in the sun.





Up north in Miriwoong country,
Chlamy – you say ‘Klammy’ – lives
beside a river, or *gananoorrang* to the
Miriwoong people. Have a look on
the map – some people call it ‘Ord’.

Chlamy’s a frilled lizard and she’s
cool; she lives up a tree. People call us
‘cold-blooded’, but we’re not really –
we just need to warm up before we
can run fast. And Chlamy would be
the fastest thing on two legs.



‘But she’s got four,’ you say. That’s right, but Chlamy likes to look big and scary when a hawk wants to eat her.

If that doesn’t work, she scarpers, fast, and have you ever tried running on four legs with a big frill around your neck?

Now I want you to meet another of my cousins.
He’s called ...

Goanna decided to visit Liasis the python. She knows everything.

From inside her cave, which was pretty cool, Liasis unwound some of her coils and looked sternly at Goanna. Using his proper name, she said ...





... 'Perentie, you have to find a new home where it's not so hot. One that has termite mounds, ants, trees, and not too much rain. You'll find all that in the south, in Noongar country, where Rocky lives. Because you are the largest of your relatives, it is your duty to make sure they all arrive safely ... and when you get there, Rocky will need your help.'

Liasis knew I was losing my home!

Into the Gibson Desert, the lizards trekked. More of our mob live here,
and out from their burrows they came.

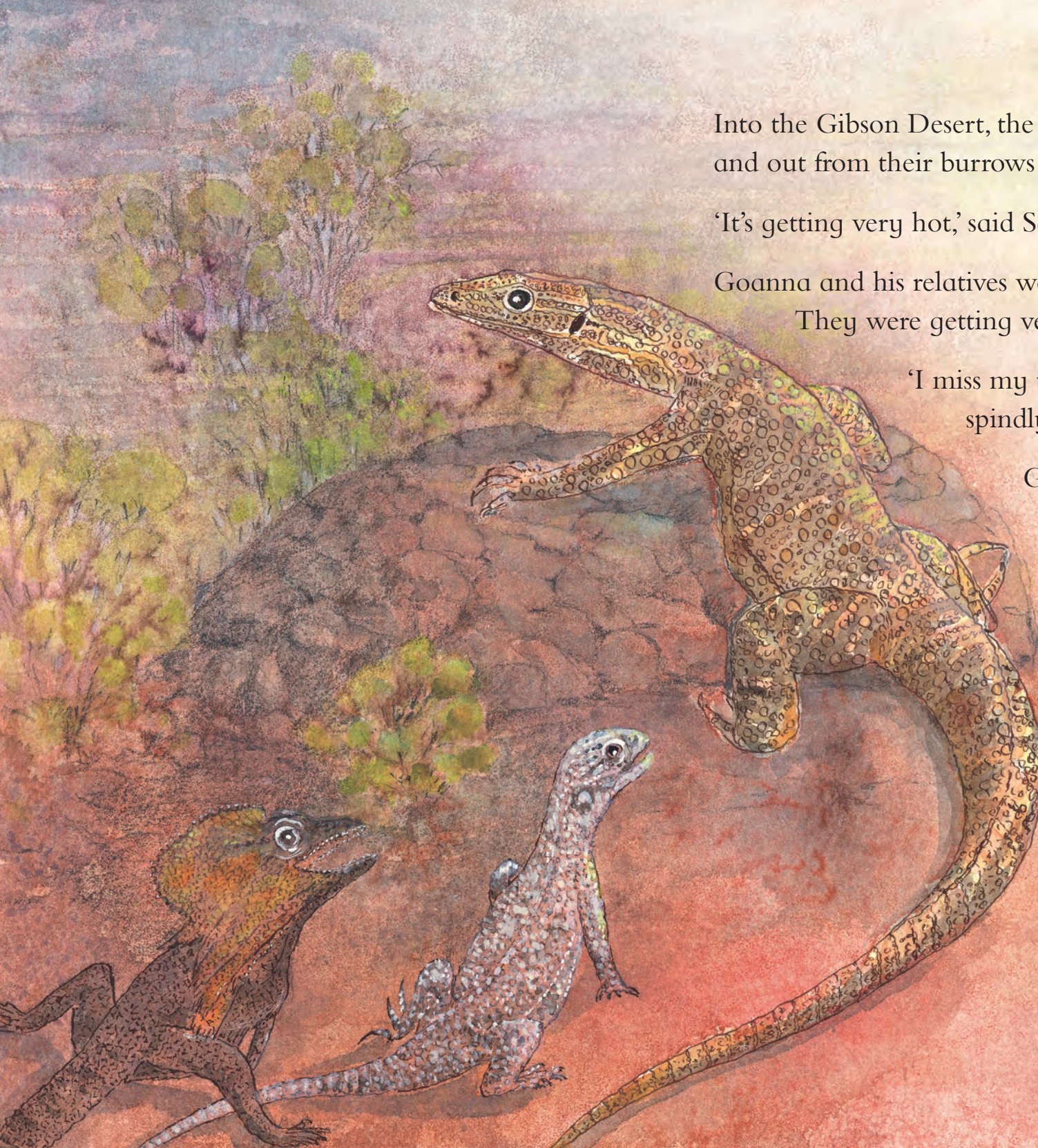
‘It’s getting very hot,’ said Sandy, who had turned several shades paler.

Goanna and his relatives were sneezing salt from their noses.

They were getting very thirsty.

‘I miss my treetops,’ said Chlamy, looking at the
spindly acacia trees.

Goanna thought they should travel at night
as well. They needed to reach the south
land sooner if they were all going to
arrive in good shape.





One night, they actually bumped into Gecko.

‘Are you joining us?’ asked Goanna. ‘We’re heading southwards to find a better home for us all. It’s getting too hot in the north and we’re having trouble with our eggs.’

Gecko looked surprised.

‘I don’t mind the heat in the day,’ she said. ‘That’s when I sleep, and I can find plenty to eat in the night-time ... what’s more, I lay two eggs, they always hatch and we’re all girls anyway.’

The mob left her behind.



Suddenly, something moved in the ground in front of Goanna. The mob watched while a smooth, round animal slowly came up from the mud.

Goanna knew who it was, but he didn't want to say that he'd eaten something like it before. The creature – you've guessed it – was water-holding Frog. Using his toes to tear off his cocoon, Frog hopped as fast as he could away from the mob.

He hadn't waited four years in the ground only to be eaten by a hungry lizard.

