



Longley waterhole

IT'S RAINING
THAT DOESN'T STOP US
SPLASHING
SINGING
AWASH WITH MEMORIES
AND EXCITEMENT
I LOSE MY RING
I DIVE DEEP TO FIND IT
MY TOES ARE NUMB
MY FRIENDS LAUGH
AND JUMP IN WITH ME
WE'RE COLD
BUT WE DON'T CARE
THE CLEAR WATER
AND THE SINGLE FISH
LUSH GREENERY
WATERHOLE



Every morning I would commute to school along the rivulet, breathing in that fresh air as I trudged along. I had been living in Tasmania for three weeks and had never witnessed a real-life platypus. It was a Tuesday morning, and the sun made the water glimmer so bright. As I walked, I thought of Tasmania and how my family moved here without knowing anything about it. And then I saw it. About 50 centimetres long and twenty centimetres wide: a real-life platypus. His slick coat of fur glimmered in the cool winter breezes. His beady eyes looked like black diamonds floating in the clear rivulet. For many years, my sister has loved platypuses but we never thought we'd see one in real life. Until of course we did. I decided to name him Guillermo, the Spanish name for William, after my dad's middle name. For days I couldn't stop thinking about that gloomy day walking along the rivulet with my sister and spotting that small mammal. It seemed to brighten my mood and lift my spirits. I've always thought Tasmania had beautiful sceneries and unique wildlife, but it all became more special the day I met little Guillermo.



My favourite creek

I like playing hide and seek around the creek near our house.

I like to give the tadpoles some flower petals, but I don't think they like to eat them.

If there is no rain there won't be any water and nothing for them to eat.

If the water goes away they will turn into frogs or die.