

On the dawn of the very first day,
Grandmother Frogmouth said, 'We Tawny Frogmouths
will make our home in the trees.'

All the frogmouths said, 'Yes, Grandmother.'

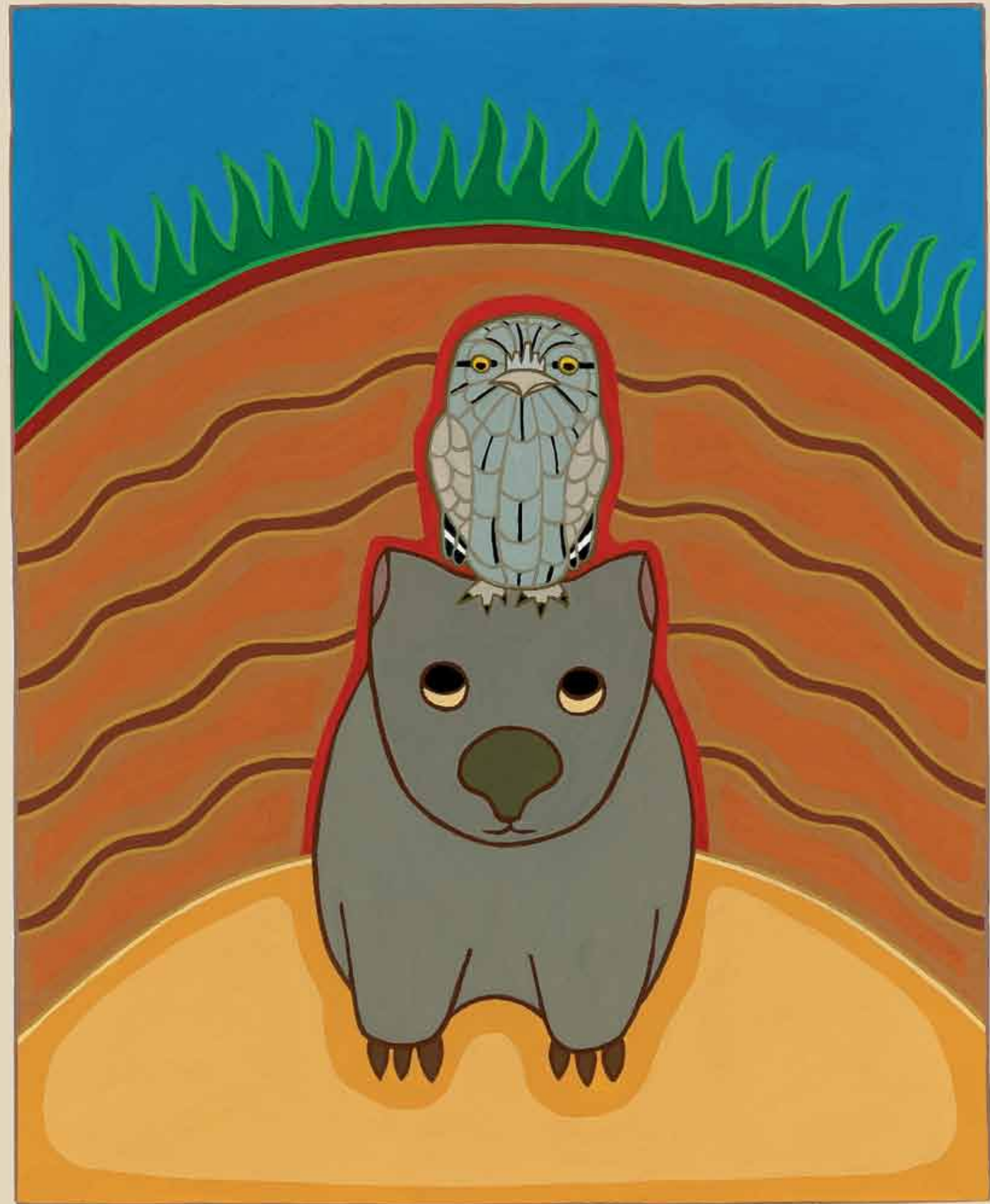
Except for one, who said, 'Not me!'



Frogmouth went looking for a home of her own.

She tried a kangaroo's pouch...

... a wombat's burrow...





... and a bat's cave.

But nothing felt right.