It all started when my father announced, “We are going to mapita for work.” I was depressed by this, but my mother assured me “Don’t worry Huwa, we can got to Mapita’s tracking jungle.”  
“Yippee” I thought on the plane. Finally we arrived at the airport in Mapita. I kissed my father good-bye and went with my mother. Outside the airport was a small bus labelled “Jungle Tracking”. My mum and I pushed and shoved until we found a spot for us. Then, someone came up to us and spoke.   
“We are going to Timara Nigara, our National Park.”  
Afterwards, the same lady came to me and offered me an apple juice box and a chocolate bar.  
We drove for 3 hours and arrived just as I finished my juice. We hopped out and stretched our legs. Then, we started tracking. “This is a fern tree,” someone pointed out.  
“Yeah, right!” I thought. I had seen it before at the Daintree Forest in Queensland.   
“And this is the Strangler Fig” the lady explained.  
Climbing plant? This was awesome. I stared at the strangler figs and tried to draw a picture of it in my notebook. “Mum?” I called, but the tour group had left.   
“Mummy!!!!!” I cried. I was lost and all alone. I cried hysterically.  
Suddenly, a figure jumped out of a tree. It was a baby orang-utan.  
“I need help!” I said to the orang-utan, although I knew he wouldn’t answer.  
To my surprise, he said,” Me too! I got sidetracked by this durian fruit I was trying to pick!” and I pointed out to the Strangler Fig and said, “ I got sidetracked by that Strangler Fig.”  
“How old are you?” I asked.  
“2”, he answered. “How about you?”  
“8”.  
“Wow, you are a bit small for an 8 year old and do you still need your mum?” he asked.  
“I am a little girl and we stay with our parents until we are at least 18!” I giggled.  
He led me around the jungle but after awhile, I got tired. I looked up and the sun was setting. I have no food; all I have is my chocolate bar. I asked Fred whether he wanted a little of my chocolate bar but he only liked fruit. We climbed a tree and picked some fruit.  
As we ate our fruit, I asked Fred what it was like to live in the jungle. He described his life and adventures to me.  
Afterwards, it was time for me to go to bed. I asked Fred if he would like to read a book before bed, as that’s what I always do.  
“Books? What do you mean books?” Fred exclaimed.  
“Books are objects with lots of paper and words in it. They come in all different types. There are non-fiction, which means facts, fiction, which means imaginary stories and faction, which is in between. My favourite types of books are faction and adventurous stories,” I explained.  
I pulled out my book and showed Fred. The sight of a book astonished Fred. I knew he didn’t quite understand so I said,” Perhaps you would like to hear this story?”  
Fred nodded. And so I began:  
“Let’s read Lily Quench and the Black Mountains written by Natalie Jane Prior and illustrated by Janine Dawson:  
Chapter One: The Return of the Count  
It was snowing.  
Across the knife’s-edge peak of the Black Mountains a wind blew, eddying snowflakes down into the Valley of the Citadel. The wind whistled through the chinks in the walls of the miners’ huts and shredded the plumes of smoke, which struggled from the chimneys of the soldiers’ barracks. In the courtyard of the Black Citadel a gang of workers in thin clothes battled to clear a heap of snow, which had slid off the guardhouse roof. A few fires burned like teardrops at the guard posts, but that was all.   
I turned around and Fred has fallen asleep. I put my book away and went to sleep too. Suddenly, I heard my daddy’s voice. “Wake up Harriet, we’re going to miss the plane.”   
Huh? I thought. It was all a dream? I haven’t left yet? Why does it feel so real? I turned around and my Lily Quench book was lying on the floor. Behind the book, was a durian seed!  
  
  
  
THE END