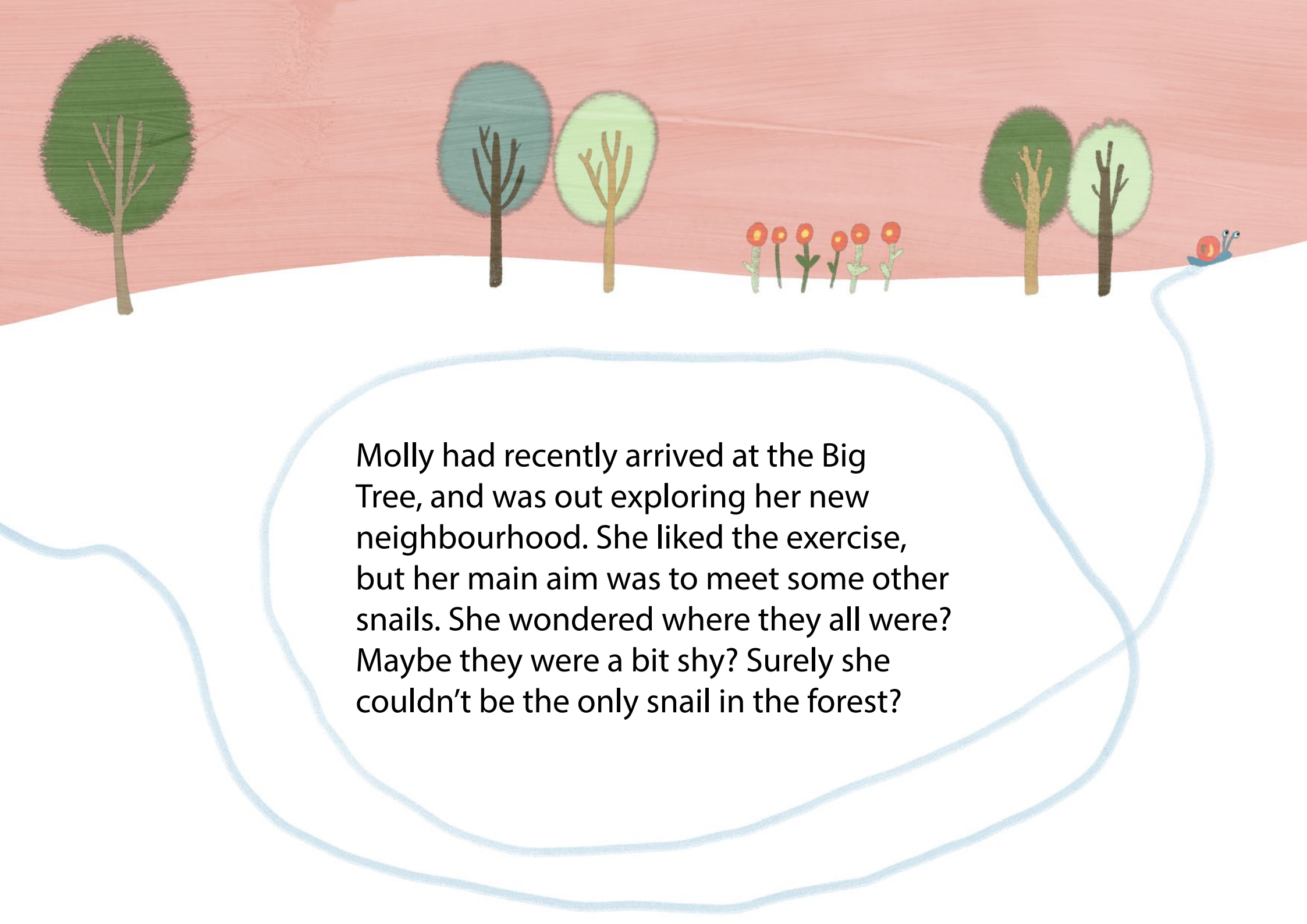


MOLLY





Molly had recently arrived at the Big Tree, and was out exploring her new neighbourhood. She liked the exercise, but her main aim was to meet some other snails. She wondered where they all were? Maybe they were a bit shy? Surely she couldn't be the only snail in the forest?

It was late afternoon when she gave up looking and decided to return to the Big Tree. At this point she realised something unsettling. She wasn't sure of the way back. It was getting cold and dark. A growing panic was building inside her. She was lost and the approaching night was making things around her seem spooky and threatening. Molly fled into her shell and started to cry.



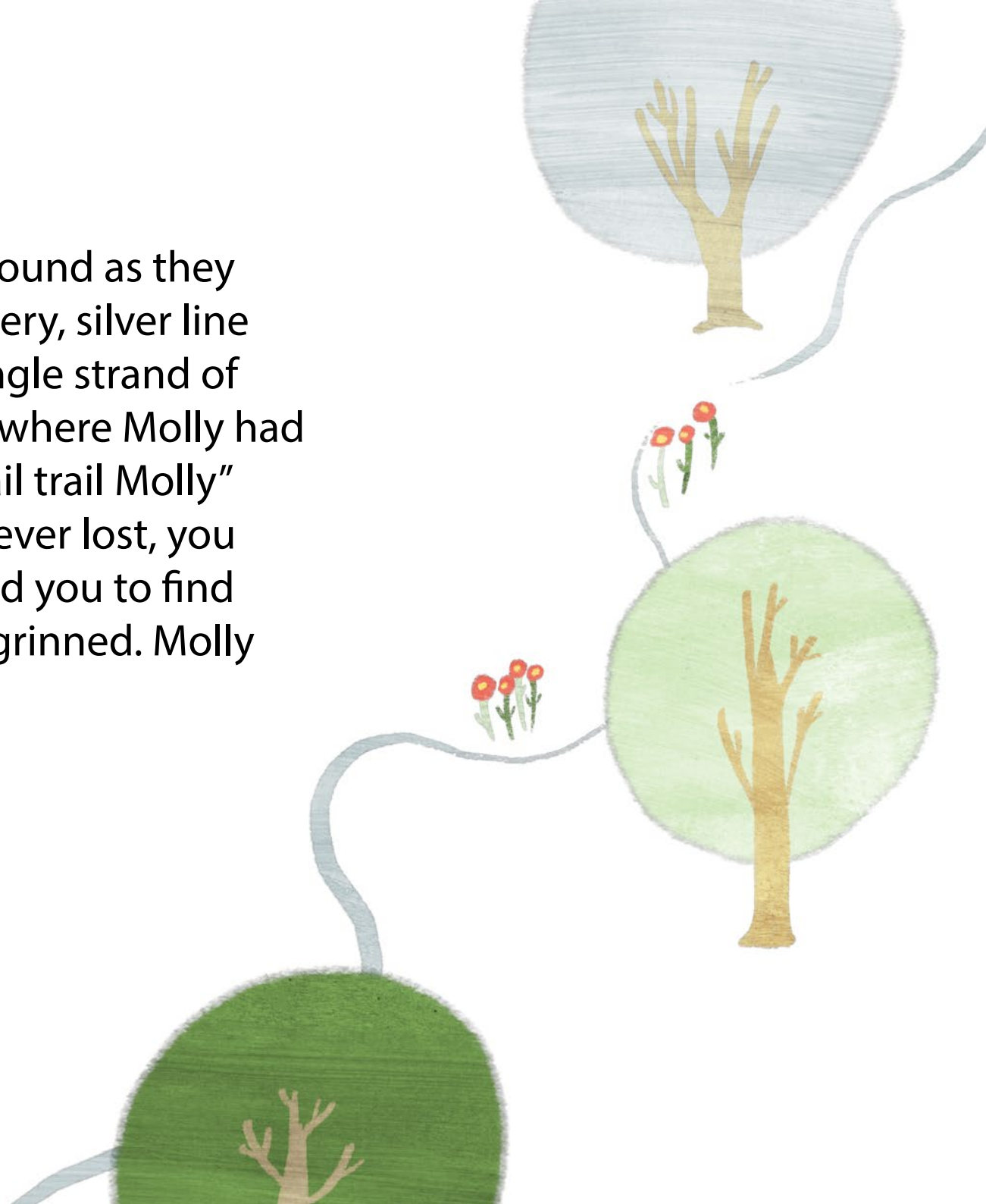
“Who’s that crying?” enquired a soft, curious voice. Molly snuck a look up from her shell into a set of shiny eyes that appeared out of a tree hollow high above her. A furry, bright eyed creature ran down the tree and introduced herself as Sweetie the sugar glider. Molly slowly came out of her shell. “My name is Molly, and I’m lost” she sobbed. “You might feel like you are lost but you’re not really” replied Sweetie. “I think I’d know if I was lost” Molly said wearily.



“Climb on my back and I’ll show you how you are not lost” said Sweetie. Molly hopped on Sweetie’s back and Sweetie ran up her tree then leapt off the highest branch with her wing flaps open. Molly gasped as the air whirred around them. They soared through the branches and skimmed over the land.



Sweetie pointed to the ground as they swooped about. A shimmering, silver line was below them, like a single strand of magic that led back from where Molly had met Sweetie. "It's your snail trail Molly" said Sweetie. "You were never lost, you just needed to look behind you to find your way again." Sweetie grinned. Molly felt overjoyed.





From the air Molly caught a glimpse of the Big Tree. "That's my tree" she yelled excitedly. The pair glided through a clearing towards the Big Tree. "Look," cried Molly. They gazed at the ground in wonder. In the light of the moon, were many strands of glittering snail trails that looked like a web of jewels laid across the land. Molly's eyes filled with tears. "I'm not the only one" she wailed into the sky.

“Thank-you for helping me Sweetie” said Molly. “My pleasure” replied Sweetie. “I know what to do now if I ever feel lost again” said Molly. Sweetie waved goodbye and took off into the night. Molly tucked herself into her favourite Big Tree cranny and curled up in her shell. She had never felt so lost and found all in one day.







Have you ever seen a snail trail? Maybe you and your parent/carer could go looking for some?

If you were a snail what would your trail look like? Would it be zig zaggy, or straight, or loopy or something else?

If you drew one continuous line, like a snail trail, that represented your day/week/year/life-what would it look like?

If you and all the important people in your life were snails, what kind of trails would everyone leave? Would your trails overlap or go in the same direction or something else? Where do you think these trails might go in the future?

Have you ever slowly come out of your shell? How were you brave enough to do that?