



MOLLY

**A Home
Away from
Home**



**Australian
Childhood
Foundation**

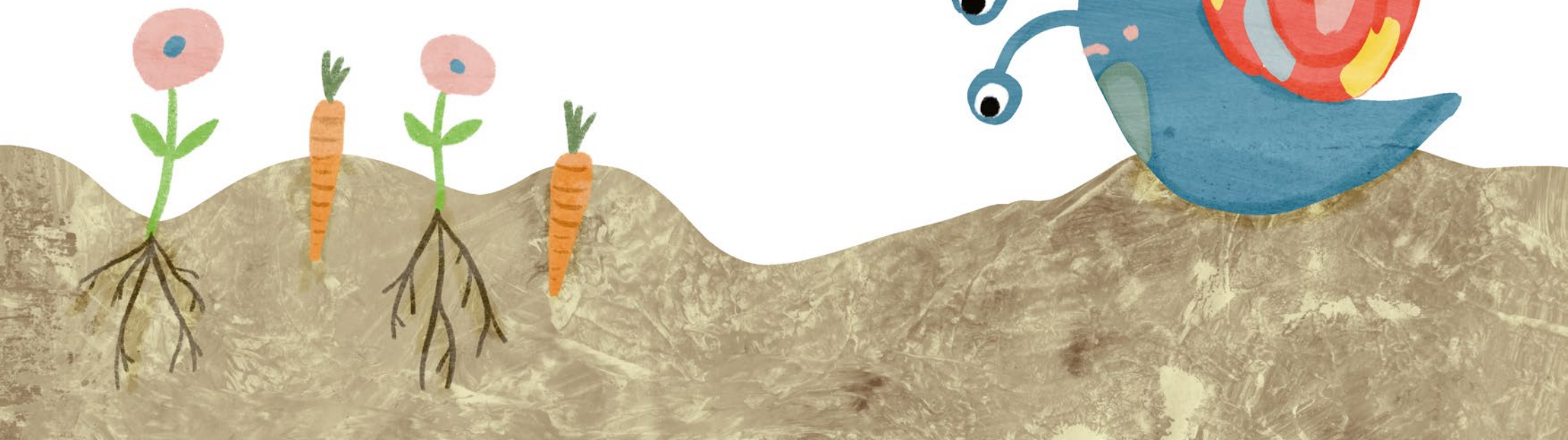
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Molly hadn't wanted to leave but she had no choice. Her beloved vegetable patch home was going to be dug up and the shovels were on their way.

Molly had decided she was going to move to the 'Big Tree' which lived in the centre of the forest behind the backyard.



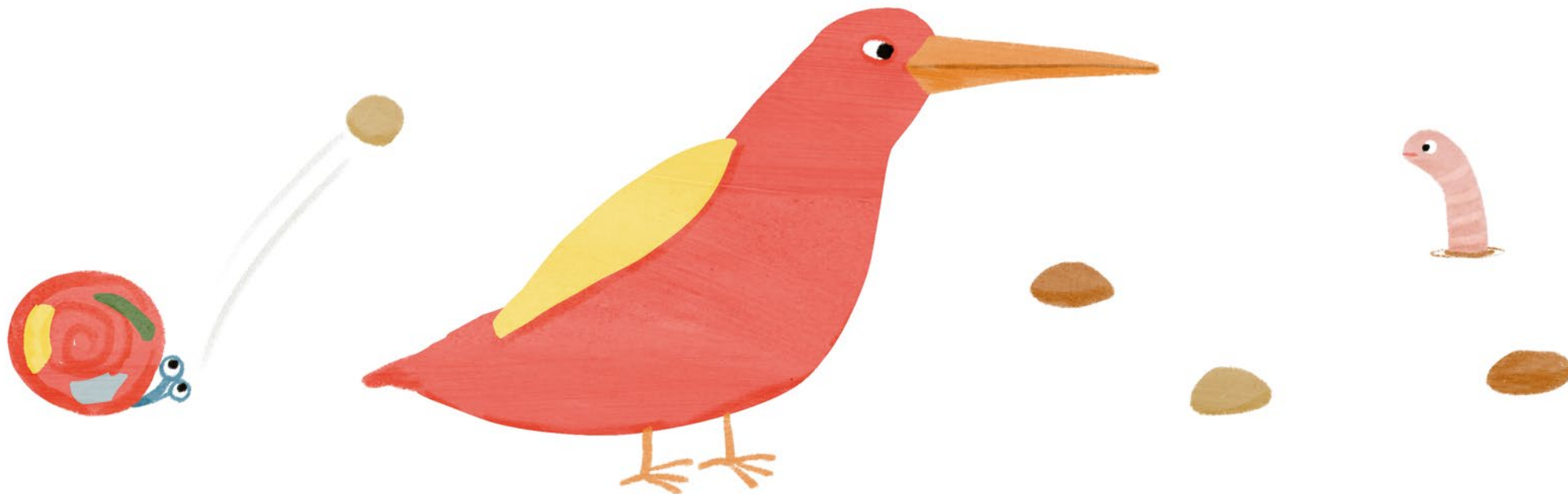
Molly made her way through the hole in the fence towards the shadows of the forest. On and on she glided. She felt very sad about her lost veggie patch. Although she knew that she would carry memories of it with her, she was homeless for the first time in her life.

Suddenly, there was a yelp along the path ahead. Molly carefully moved towards the sound.





In front of Molly was a giant bird looking closely at a terrified worm cowering away from the long beaked, hungry beast. Molly made for a small gathering of rocks. She picked up a rock and threw it towards the bird before darting her head and tail into her camouflaged shell. The bird looked around as it heard the rock land, then back towards the worm. By this time the worm had dived beneath the soil to safety. The bird cried out in frustration and flew away.

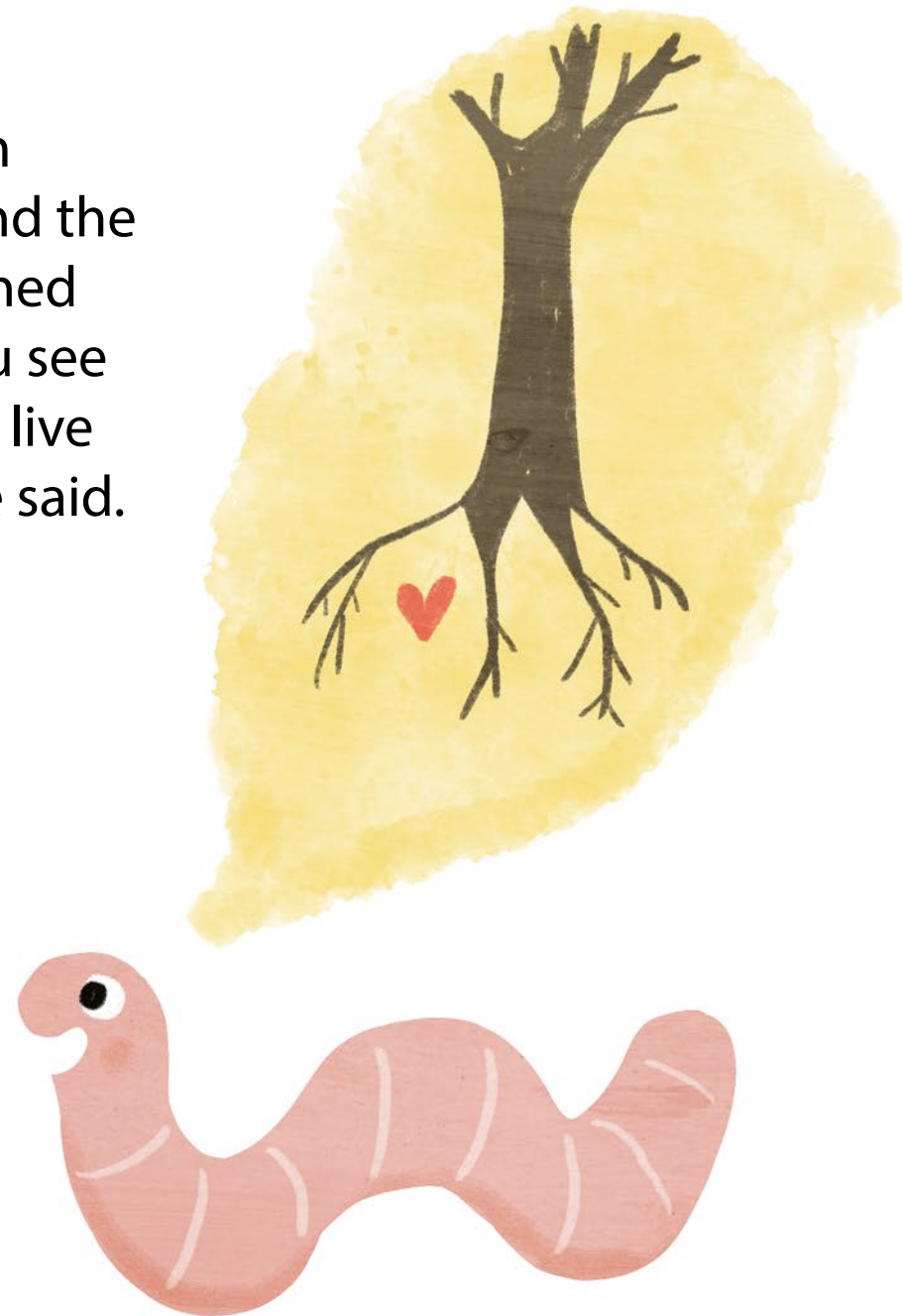




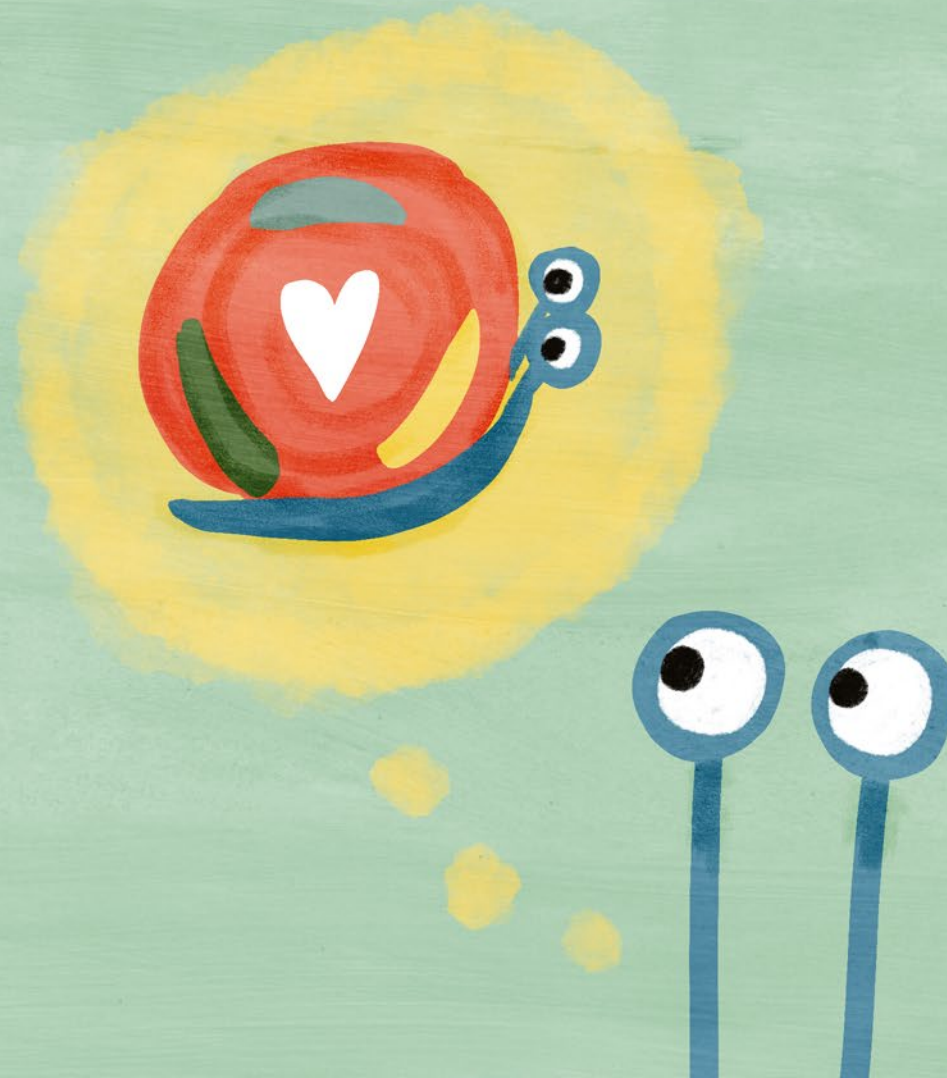
After some time, Molly dared to come out of her shell. She had just set off again when the worm popped his head up from the path in front of her. "Thank you very much for the distraction back there" he said as he introduced himself as Harvey. "That's ok" replied Molly. "Where are you headed?" he enquired. Molly explained that she was looking for the Big Tree. Harvey said he knew of the Big Tree, because it was a cousin of the tree he lived in.



"I thought worms lived under the ground not in trees?" said Molly in surprise. "My home is around the roots in the underground part of the tree" laughed Harvey. "My tree is a lot bigger than the bits you see sticking out above the ground" he continued. "I live under my tree, like you live under your shell" he said.



Molly hadn't considered her shell as somewhere to live, but when she thought about it, it was a shelter for her whenever she felt afraid or unsafe. Perhaps she wasn't as homeless and unprotected as she had thought? Her shell was a kind of caravan like home, and nobody could separate her from this home.



Harvey provided Molly with directions to the Big Tree and Molly thanked him. She headed off feeling the strongest she had felt since leaving the patch. There was no hurry anymore. She knew that she had everything she needed and she could rely on herself and her protective shell to get where she wanted to go.

Molly carried two homes with her now, memories of her veggie patch, and the one on her back. When she got to the Big Tree she might even add another one.





Where do you feel the most sheltered and protected?

What place/s do you consider home?

What does home mean to you?

If you were a snail that could curl up in your shell and feel protected and safe whenever you needed to, what would that be like?

If you were like a snail and travelled with your home on your back. What important things would you carry with you inside of your shell?