

Tucked away in the hinterland,  
lived an old burly kangaroo.

His mob called him **Big Boy**,  
a name which suited him too.













Big Boy's mob liked to rest.  
All day they would laze and slouch.

From the largest roo in the family,  
to the joeys in the pouch.





At night they would look up to the sky  
and gaze upon the stars.

But they never knew what  
they were looking at.

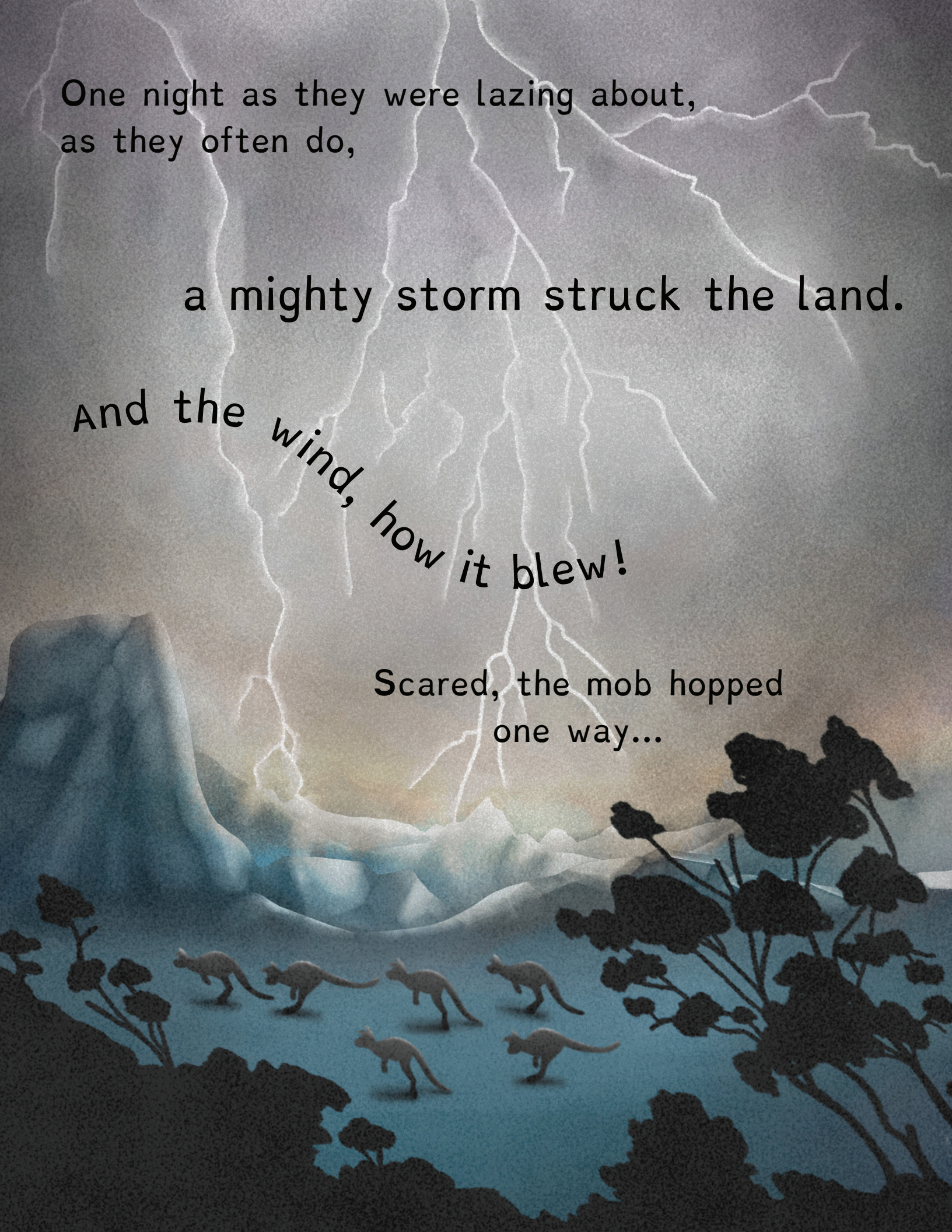




Was it the Southern Cross...  
or Mars?







One night as they were lazing about,  
as they often do,

a mighty storm struck the land.

And the wind, how it blew!

Scared, the mob hopped  
one way...