

Kenny the kookaburra loved mornings.

The crisp air.

The rising sun.

But most of all, Kenny LOVED breakfast!



'Bye, Mum, I'm off to find some worms,' Kenny said as he prepared to take flight.

'Now, Kenny, no hunting for worms in human backyards. You don't want to end up like old Uncle George, trapped in a human backyard and living in a cold metal cage.'

'I know, Mum,' he responded, rolling his eyes.



Kenny spread his wings and leapt from the giant paperbark tree in search of some yummy kookaburra breakfast.



He flew over the stinky wombat burrows.



Around the yodelling magpies.



Past the busy billabong.

