

Wombats Three

Once upon a time there was a mother wombat with three little wombats. It was time for the wombats to make their own way in the world and build their own burrows. Off they set together. The first little wombat found a lovely place near a river to build his burrow. He started to build a burrow but before he had finished he decided to take a swim. He enjoyed himself so much in the water that he didn't leave much time to finish his burrow. Finally he left the river and went back to finish his burrow. But...he heard Dingo coming through the bushes. He snuggled down into the part of the burrow he had already started and hoped Dingo would go past. But Dingo did not go past. Dingo stopped outside the burrow and called to Wombat.

"Little Wombat. Little Wombat. Let me in. Let me in."

Wombat called back. "No! No! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll dig and I'll dig and I'll march right in." And that's just what Dingo did and he ate up the first little wombat

The second little wombat found a lovely place among the trees to live. He started to build a fine burrow but he became tired and decided to have sleep. He was in the middle of a dream when he heard Dingo. He woke up very quickly but it was too late to finish his burrow.

"Little Wombat. Little Wombat," called Dingo. "Let me in. Let me in."

Wombat called back. "No! No! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll dig and I'll dig and I'll march right in." And that's just what Dingo did and he ate up the second little wombat.

The third little wombat found a fine place to live. He worked very hard until he had a safe and secure burrow. Just as he finished he heard Dingo.

"Little Wombat. Little Wombat. Let me in. Let me in."

Wombat called back. "No! No! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

“Then I’ll dig and I’ll dig and I’ll march right in.”

“Oh yeah?” called Little Wombat.

Dingo started to dig but he soon realised that the third little wombat had built a strong burrow and he stopped digging. He knew that if he continued Wombat would be crush his head against the ceiling of the burrow with his hard backside, because that’s how wombats protect themselves in the burrow. Dingo decided he had better try something different. Maybe he could trick Wombat into coming out of his burrow and then he could eat him up. Dingo thought and thought. Then he had an idea.

“Little Wombat,” he called. “I know where there is some sweet green moss. I can take you there and show you if you like.”

Wombat twitched his nose. He did like sweet green moss but... “Why don’t we go in the morning, Mr Dingo?”

Dingo licked his lips. “Okay. I will call for you at six in the morning, Little Wombat.”

“All right. Six o’clock in the morning. Will we have to go far Mr Dingo?”

“No. It’s just down near the wattle grove.”

The next morning Little Wombat crept out of his burrow at five o’clock. He hurried to the wattle grove as fast as he could. Wombats can go very fast when they want to, even up to 40 kilometres per hour. He gathered up lots of sweet green moss. When Dingo called for him at six he was already safely back in his burrow.

“Thank you Dingo, for calling for me but I have already been to the wattle grove and thank you for telling me about the sweet green moss. It is delicious.”

Dingo stamped and spluttered in anger. When he calmed down he decided to try to trick Wombat again. “You know Little Wombat, there is a carnival tomorrow at..... I’ll take you there. They’ll have lovely homemade chocolate crackles.”

Wombat twitched his nose and thought and thought. He did like chocolate crackles...but...

“You are such a good friend Mr Dingo. I’d love to go with you. Let’s go after lunch because I need to sleep during the day. Let’s go at two o’clock.”

Dingo licked his lips and smiled an evil smile. “All right, little Wombat.”

Dingo arrived at Wombat’s burrow early in the morning and sat at the entrance all day, waiting for Wombat. He was not going to let Wombat trick him again. But Wombat had built a strong burrow with an emergency exit that couldn’t be seen from the outside. He crawled quietly out the back exit while Dingo slept and he went to the carnival. He bought lovely homemade chocolate crackles and he also bought a lovely big pot.

At two o’clock Dingo woke up and called to Wombat. “Little Wombat. Little Wombat. Would you like to go to the carnival?”

Wombat laughed. “I’ve already been Dingo, while you were sleeping in front of my burrow.”

Dingo stamped and spluttered. Wombat laughed. Dingo howled. When he calmed down he realised Wombat had a back entrance to his burrow.

“You...You...Wombat! I’m going to dig and dig and march right in and eat you up.”

Dingo ran around to the back of the burrow until he found the back exit and he dug furiously. But clever Little Wombat had laid a trap for Dingo. He had a fire going and on that fire he had put the pot he had bought at the carnival. When Dingo dropped down into the burrow he dropped right into a pot of boiling water. Wombat boiled him up and made dingo stew.

But it was the first time he had eaten meat and it tasted so bad his tummy heaved. His stomach made all sorts of noises until he thought there was a volcano erupting in it. He felt the meat coming all the way back up his intestines, all the way up to his throat. He tried to stop it by holding his mouth shut tight. (And then...and then... He vomited it right up again.

And that was the last time Wombat ever ate meat. To this day wombats only eat grass (and sometimes chocolate crackles).