

Example text: Modern narrative

The Bunyip

The Poobathi family were new arrivals to the little, country town of Gullygulch. Despite spending much of the past two years in refugee camps, they were determined to make the most of their new opportunities, far away from the war-torn strife of their homeland.

Coming from a family with a rich farming heritage, the Poobathis were confident that they could make a go of the small, dairy farm just outside the town boundaries.

But what they were not prepared for were the strange happenings that occurred almost every night. Boots by the back door were ripped to shreds and plants in the vegetable patch were pulled up by the roots. Worst of all were the eerie snuffling, scuffling noises outside the children's bedroom windows.

Mr Poobathi was concerned, so one morning he made some enquiries in town.

"It's the Bunyip," an Aboriginal elder told him.

Mr Poobathi could not believe his ears. Surely Bunyips weren't real. They were Dreaming legends told so that children wouldn't wander too close to billabongs and streams.

But as the days passed, Mr Poobathi lost his confidence as the strange events continued. His youngest child, Karina, was too scared to even leave the house after the sun went down.

So one night, Mr Poobathi decided that enough was enough. He camped outside by the old tin shed and waited. It was a little after midnight when an exhausted Mr Poobathi finally caught sight of the 'Bunyip'. Instead of an old Dreaming legend, the Bunyip was in fact a young kelpie pup: scruffy, hungry and obviously abandoned.

Using an old chop bone scavenged from the garbage, Mr Poobathi enticed the young pup back to the house where he fed it and made it a comfortable place to stay the night.

The next morning, the Poobathi family roared with laughter when they found the cause of all their worries. Thankfully for the young pup, the Poobathi children adopted him and, of course, they named him 'Bunyip'.