

Gracie and Daisy were walking along, chattering to each other, when Molly alerted them to something ahead. They were almost past a stand of banksia trees when Molly ordered the girls to stand still and listen. She could hear someone or something coming towards them. She whispered for them to hide – quickly!

They dived head first into the thick bushes and slid in deeper on their stomachs. They kept very still, waiting for whatever it was to appear.

The footsteps came closer, the ground shook, the girls could feel every step. Their hearts were thumping.

Numb with fear, they could do nothing but stare as what looked like a giant, hairy man came into view.

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In an instant it had passed their hideaway and the sound of footsteps became fainter and fainter then disappeared altogether.

Too scared to move, the girls lay speechless until a flash of lightning made them jump. In the distance was the deep rumble of thunder.

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Source: *Home to Mother*, Doris Pilkington Garimara 2006, University of Queensland Press, Brisbane, pp. 23–24.