

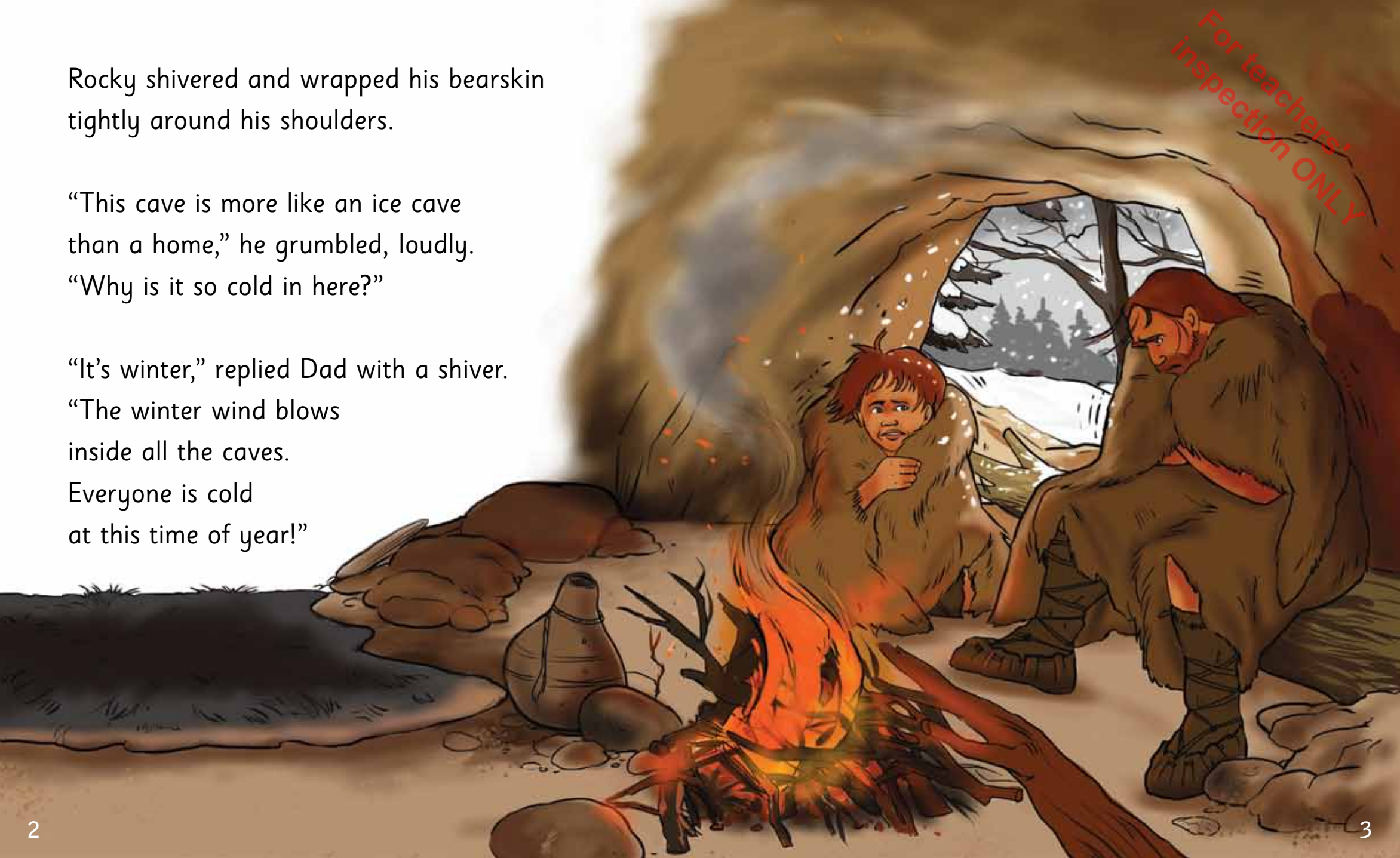
My Mum the Inventor

Written by Jack Gabolinscy
Illustrated by Adele Jackson

Rocky shivered and wrapped his bearskin
tightly around his shoulders.

"This cave is more like an ice cave
than a home," he grumbled, loudly.
"Why is it so cold in here?"

"It's winter," replied Dad with a shiver.
"The winter wind blows
inside all the caves.
Everyone is cold
at this time of year!"

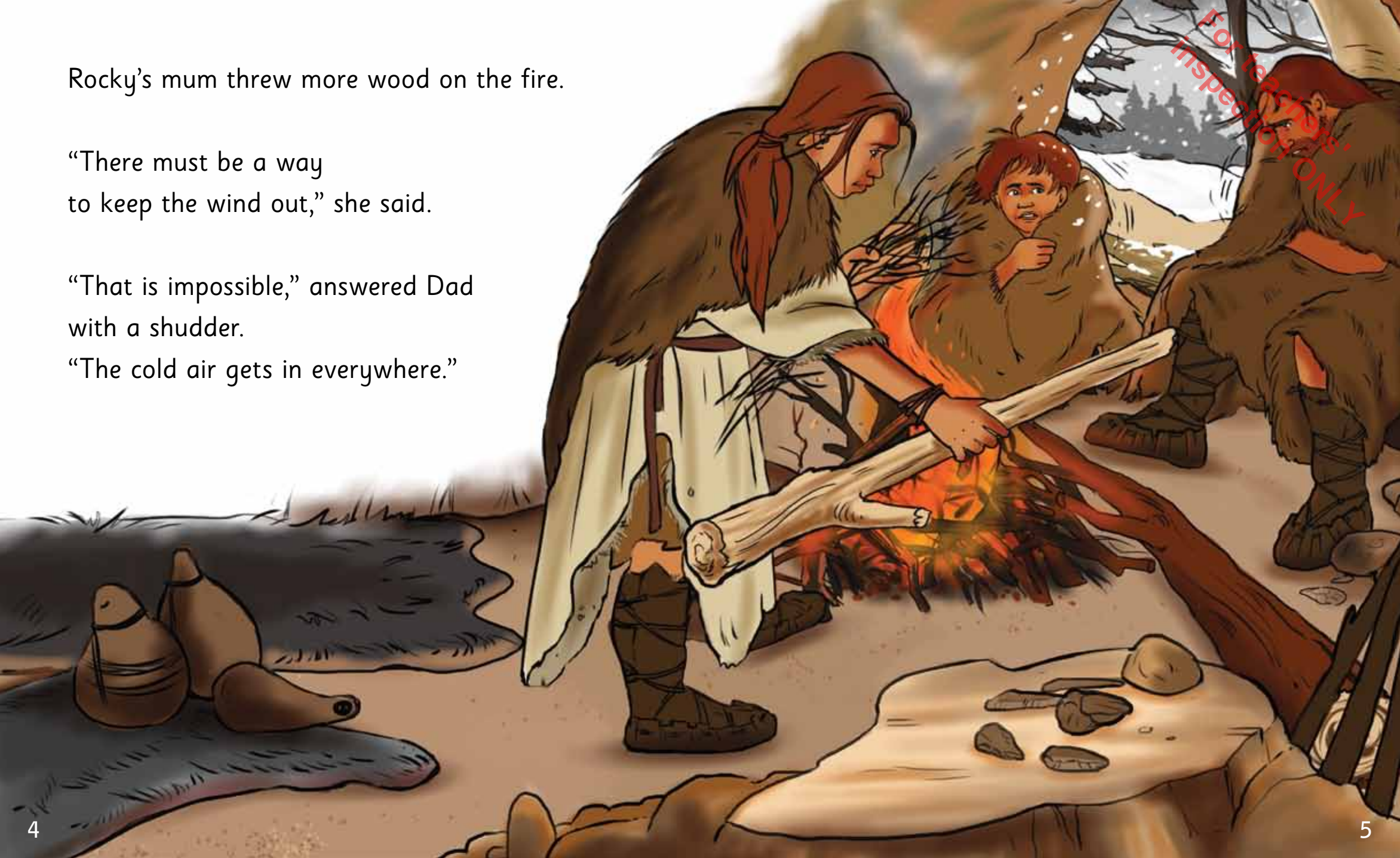


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Rocky's mum threw more wood on the fire.

"There must be a way
to keep the wind out," she said.

"That is impossible," answered Dad
with a shudder.
"The cold air gets in everywhere."

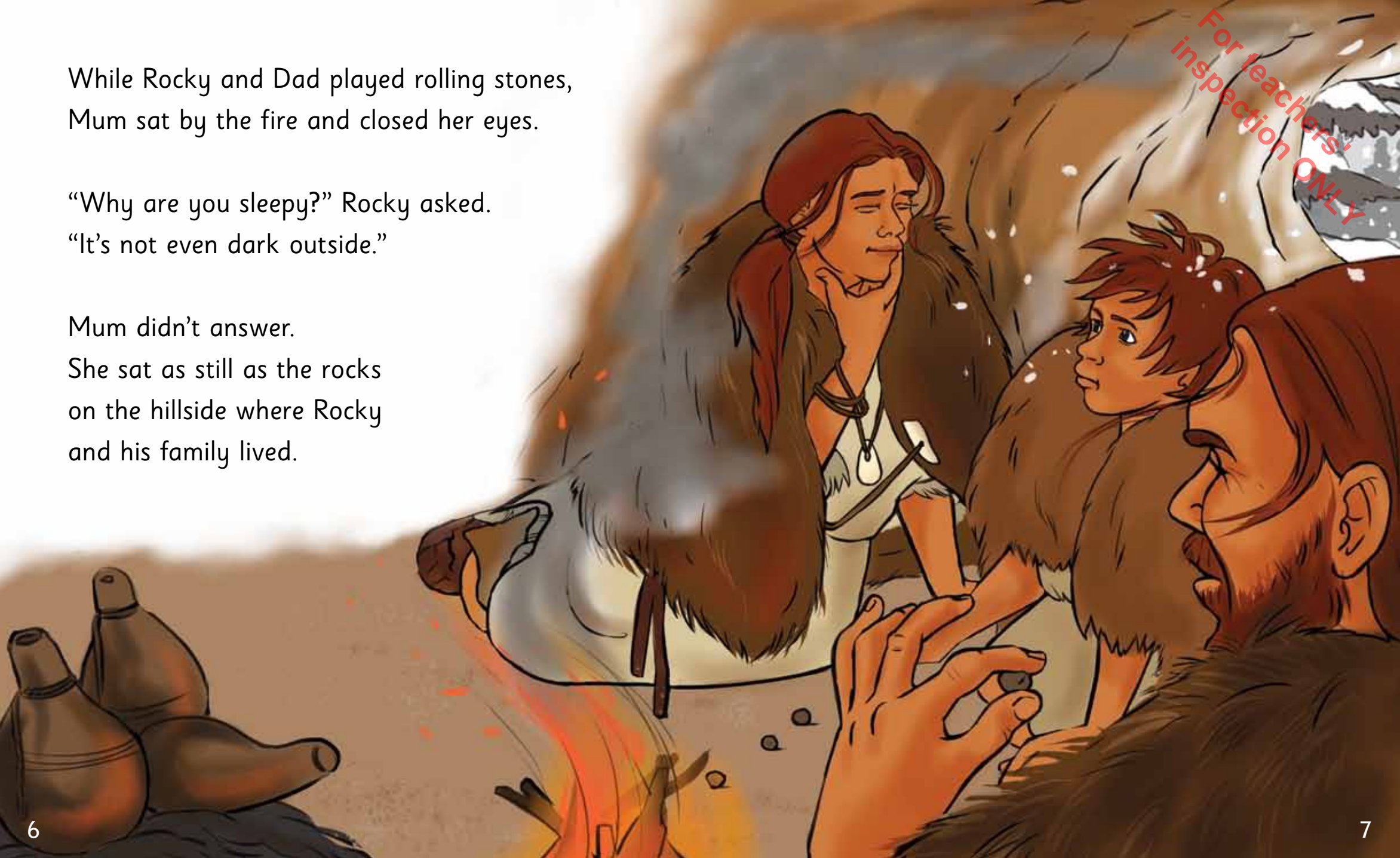


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While Rocky and Dad played rolling stones,
Mum sat by the fire and closed her eyes.

"Why are you sleepy?" Rocky asked.
"It's not even dark outside."

Mum didn't answer.
She sat as still as the rocks
on the hillside where Rocky
and his family lived.



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