

The Barbed Vine



“In the Trees” - Genevieve Zuber

A NEW GENERATION

The local publication for Mount Nebo and Mount Glorious.
Available online at mtnebo.org.au. Email: thebarbedvine@hotmail.com

The Barbed Vine pays respect to the first peoples of this land: the Garungar and Jinibara.

With thanks to:



Mount Nebo State School

Mt Nebo After School Care

MNSS P&C

MBRC Disaster Management



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Contents:

Editorial: 4

 The Door or Is It? - Phoebe, MNSS 4

 The Jungle - Max, Yr 3 MNSS..... 4

 Paradise – Holly, Yr 4, MNSS 4

Bushfire awareness and safety on the mountain – Neville Bradford 5

Forwards Until Dawn – Mike Hideo 6

 A Mermaid’s Tale – Mike Hideo..... 6

 To a lazy teenager..... 6

Treehouse -Olive..... 7

 My Little Hideaway - Jeffree Murray..... 7

 Dreamhouse – Darryl O’Brien 7

Rainforest – Jack McCormack 8

 Rainforest – Chloe Cook,..... 8

Sky Maiden’s Sorrow – Mike Hideo..... 9

Mount Nebo State School Staff Q&A 10

 From MNSS students: 10

Bob's Christmas Tree Hotel 12

Combined School Care 13

Traveller's tales – Steve Kenyon 14

Help Satin Bowerbirds – Eloise Jordan..... 16

 The Smallest Sunbeam To The Sun – L. 16

Puzzles: 18

Groups and Events..... 21

Directory..... 22

World of Fungi..... 23

THE TURKEY CHRONICLES



- JASE

Editorial:



Growing up on the mountain is an incredible and unique experience – when play involves nature, observing different colours in leaves, breathing in rich air, observing being above the clouds as you drive down the mountain, being part of building fires/ collecting wood, caring about water use, the joys of reuse at Treasure Island and minimising waste to take to the dump with food waste management. There are so many cultural opportunities on the mountain by mountain people including Mountain Idol, Halloween and the Santa letters, Barbed Vine, fairy tree and this year children's artworks in Art with Altitude. Opportunity for children to have a go in a supportive environment with being graded, judged... just celebrated. Children may not be fully aware until they leave how much they know about flora, fauna and resource management, although perhaps this is true for all of us.

For some teenagers, living on the mountain can be less than ideal. There's nowhere to sit and hang out, no bike/skateboarding area, and most of all: no bus downtown on the weekends. However the challenges can also be rewarding:

“As a teenager on the mountain there are a few struggles but one I tend to find is social life. I only have 1-2 close friends on the mountain that are my age so I have tended to extend my social life to those older than my age, like adults. I seem to fit in more with them than I do my own age and I can actually tend to relate to them even though born in a different generation. To make it better, well nothing really, I'm happy with the way it is and I can just hang out with adults more than teenagers if I'm feeling lonely, or a simple solution would be to invite my friends who live down the mountain to hangout. Either or Personally, I think the mountain is a very amazing place to live in and we should all be very grateful for the community we have. We can all interact with each other and no one's a stranger. We have amazing food and drinks at the pubs, an awesome and welcoming community, and an outstanding environment surrounding us.”

Chloe Cook, 15 Mt Nebo

The Jungle - Max, Yr 3 MNSS *(edited)*

It is high noon at west in in the desert. I am with a horse, he is brown. I am going to ride across the desert then swim in in the ocean to the jungle to complete my task to find a special crystal which creates a magical force. The force is evil and should never be held.

The Door or Is It? - Phoebe, MNSS *(edited)*

You just wake up, no one calls “get up”. You run out of your bedroom to find a door in front of you. You open it and see a portal. You run in the shed and get a rope then run back inside. You tie the rope to a pole in your kitchen. Then you jump into the door. Then the door slams shut. You try to open it again but the door broke the rope. No wonder your family can't open the door. But still now you are stuck here as well.

Paradise - Holly, Yr 4, MNSS *(edited)*

I jumped on a boat, started the motor and I was off, zooming over the big open sea. I smelt the air and it smelt like salt. It felt like hours and hours to get there. Finally, I reached the soft golden sand. Now you dig into your pocket and pull out a \$100 note. The man takes it and then I look worried about this thing is mine. I hear weird sounds from the jungle. I step back and I run to the boat but it has already taken off. I try to yell for it to come back but it is way too far. I slowly walk into the forest which is lush and green. I hear that sound again and I freeze and it sounds like a yell from an animal. I look around and start climbing a rock to see what I could see. I jump down and land on something slippery. “Oh”. A seal was sleeping there. I tried not to wake the sleeping seal.

Bushfire awareness and safety on the mountain – Neville Bradford

We all know what a privilege it is to live in such a wonderful place. Surrounded by bush and on the doorstep of Brisbane.

We've all noticed the roads off the mountain have been looking dryer as the days pass. Come to think of it so has the backyard, the water tank is low and the wait for water is long.

Now consider what you would do if a fire started in the local area. Are you prepared? Are you going to stay and defend your property? That place, that is home, that contains all that is most precious to you, your family, and the other associated accoutrement of life.

Or maybe you are considering evacuating. But what to take? I mean we are talking about all of your worldly possessions. You need to decide, NOW! But now you think about it, is the road safe? Which way should I go? Is there actually time to safely leave?

Stay tuned for the next exciting and grilling episode of BBQ AT YOUR PLACE.

P.S. superheros may or may not be available to assist you, so it might be up to you to put your underpants on the outside of your jeans.

Now, that notice was a bit short? Not enough time to think? No one to tell you what to do? You would think that someone would have warned you earlier?

Well actually this is your early warning. The first thing you need to do is understand your situation and the risks you face. A great place to start is with a bushfire survival plan like the one available from www.qfes.qld.gov.au

This is a straight forward step by step understanding of your position. There are lots of things to consider and questions you may have, it's all there and explained. You can fill it in and print it out. Once you have a handle on that, some work around your property needs to be done. Even if your primary plan is to evacuate you still need to prepare your property. Your homes primary function is to protect you and your loved ones. There is a very real possibility that evacuation may not be feasible, that the road or roads are cut, that the community is isolated. Your options may be very limited and sheltering in place is better than being stuck on the road somewhere in your car, this could have grave consequences. Think about how hot it gets in there on a hot day.

Bushfire is a fact of life living here, you need to take responsibility for yourself. It doesn't care about how long you have been here. Fire is inevitable, so much so that it is essential for the health of the environment in which we live, it needs to be present, managed and ultimately it brings life, but it can easily take it. What we can do is manage and reduce the risks and impact it has for ourselves.

Community Bushfire safety starts with the individual, without you doing your bit we are all at greater risk.

Over the past few months a number of communities around the state have been seriously impacted by bushfire, the speed at which these situations escalated took many in those communities by surprise. Maybe by the time you read this it has rained, crisis averted?, the pitter patter of rain on the roof lulling us into a false sense of security. But while we are cool calm and collected, there is no better time to start your Bushfire survival plan. If you put it off and forget, be prepared to break out the brown pants.

Further information is available from your local Fire Brigade and

www.qfes.qld.gov.au

www.getready.qld.gov.au

www.moretonbay.qld.gov.au

Forwards Until Dawn – Mike Hideo

Where are we?	The border.
Why are we here?	We're fleeing.
What's fleeing?	Escaping.
What're we escaping?	The night.
Where we going?	A refuge.
What's a refuge?	Safety.
Who're these people?	They are like us.
Which way?	Forwards.
For how long?	Until dawn.

A Mermaid's Tale – Mike Hideo (for Ruby)

Drifting home from far away latitudes,
finding her way to an island of dreams.

An ocean-borne free spirit with solar blond hair
and oceanic eyes.

Her cherry-smile is warm and sweet,
bringing hope to open waters.

Skin pink and soft and sleek like sand.
body moves like swift silk touched by hot waters.

Riding her Sea Horse bareback beneath beaches.
Wearing a necklace of white pearls and a belt of seashells
waving at Sea Eagles passing by.

Dancing in parades of tailed fins.
Swim games with happy turtles.

Sailors fumble half-attempts at apologies,
star struck by her hidden astrology.

Sparkling moon magnets
turn the tidal timings of their tender hearts.

More gratitude to latitudes for landing her here.



Burnt post (photo by LF)

To a lazy teenager – a Mt Nebo parent

The world is your oyster, or so you believe
You can be anything, what your mind can conceive
Only vaguely you hear things, from teachers and more
But all of it sounds all too drear, such a bore.
When the world is your oyster, why should you listen?
You're a beautiful pearl, sit around, comfortably glisten.

But the tide goes out, the oyster rots
The uncultured pearl is chipped and pocked
You sit broken fragments in something like phlegm
Wishing you could go back to when it was then.

Treehouse -Olive (6 yrs Mt Nebo). This is a drawing of imaginary tree houses! It features ladders, lifts, a disco room with balloons and a disco ball, desks and chairs and secret trapdoors!!



Dreamhouse - Darryl O'Brien

Once upon a still time of stars, so silent, I fell from slumber's trapdoor and with the guardian of sleep, the dream, I sat along a gumtree branch with 5 perfect kookaburras. A sleeping child's curiosity rapidly turned into an imaginary treehouse, full of wonderfully furnished rooms, of all the things I wanted to be there. Plus a few surprises.

As if in a balloon, I floated in and out of five enchanting palaces, each inside the treehouse. Places to be climbed to. A disco room where happiness danced and shook its branches, and frogs called from the nearby wilderness to welcome all those that dwelled here in the by and by and entertained the happiness where all my friends had come to play.

There were ladders and rungs to reach the heavens of a child's heart. And to each night's morning, I was woken by growing only a tiny bit older, in fact by just the tad of a tadpole older.

My Little Hideaway - Jeffree Murray.

So I followed a calling
From a place singing out to me for years.
A silent prayer from where I was falling
Picked up by the universe because she hears.

Lifted up is my spirit
As I travel away from that rabble.
Somewhere with life I could live it
Sit by a brook with it's calming babble.

Warm is the welcome of those new and old
A thousand stories of what brought them here.
As they embrace me into the fold
I see the spark of what's special here.

A little cabin to lay my thoughts to rest
Has me pen to paper where I feel my best.
And of this land I wish to be a respectful guest
I want it to whisper its secrets and feel so blessed .

Rainforest – Jack McCormack

In the heart of the rainforest, where emerald dreams take flight,
Epiphytes dance on branches, basking in soft moonlight,
Their roots they never bury, but cling to trees so high,
A symbiotic wonder, where life's mysteries belie.

Amidst this verdant wonderland, where nature's secrets hide,
Mount Glorious, a crown jewel, in the Queensland countryside,
And in the Maiala Picnic Grounds, where memories are spun,
A symphony of life begins, as each day's story is begun.

The King Parrots don their colours, a regal feast for the eyes,
With crimson crowns and emerald wings, they grace the sapphire skies,
They nibble on the strangler figs, where hidden wonders dwell,
In nature's labyrinthine arms, their stories start to swell.

The Strangler Figs, an artist's touch, encircle trees with care,
A gentle grasp that's meant to last, they hug the trunk's affair,
In unity, they grow as one, a harmony profound,
A testament to life's embrace, where wonders can be found.

Beneath the canopy's embrace, a Carpet Python glides,
With patterns etched upon its scales, a maze of Earthly tides,
A symbol of rebirth and change, it sheds its old attire,
In metamorphosis complete, its essence takes us higher.

The Melomys, a tiny heart, scurrying through the brush,
A witness to the ancient tales, the rainforest's gentle hush,
With nimble feet and knowing eyes, they navigate with grace,
Their presence here a testament, to nature's timeless race.

Oh, Maiala Picnic Grounds, a haven for the soul,
Where epiphytes and native birds in harmony extol,
The wonders of the rainforest, where life is born anew,
In every leaf, and song, and scale, we find our spirits grew.

So let us tread with gentle steps, to cherish and protect,
This treasure trove of life's own art, where wonders intersect,
May King Parrots and strangler figs forever coexist,
As Carpet Python and Melomys, in nature's dance persist.

Rainforest – Chloe Cook, 15



Sky Maiden's Sorrow – Mike Hideo

Cassie was about two kilometers into the Lawton Road track before she regretted her decision. The heat banked off the side of Northbrook Mountain and seemed to come right at her. The fire trail dust stuck to the roof of her mouth. She had short dark hair and skinny legs from walking tracks. She wore a green visor golfing cap that shaded her eyes, but exposed her tanned cheeks.

Cassie sat down to catch her breath and pluck the cobbler's pegs that kept digging into the cracks between her ankles. She drank from the Camelback and heard a tinkling sound. She looked up and saw something tiny rolling towards her before stopping. It was a ring.

The ring gave off a bluish glow as she picked it up. It felt cool to the touch, cold even. She held it up to her face and felt cool air blowing from it, fanning out her short black hair and making it dance. Cassie giggled and closed her eyes. It felt nice and to have a portable breeze and she moved it around her neck to dry the sweat.

Cassie examined the ring. The bluish glow made it sparkle like a sapphire. She sniffed it. The air was clean and cold. Cassie held to her ear and heard a windstorm and the soft craying of birds. She held the ring up to the sky and watched it disappear into the background. It was the same color blue as the horizon.

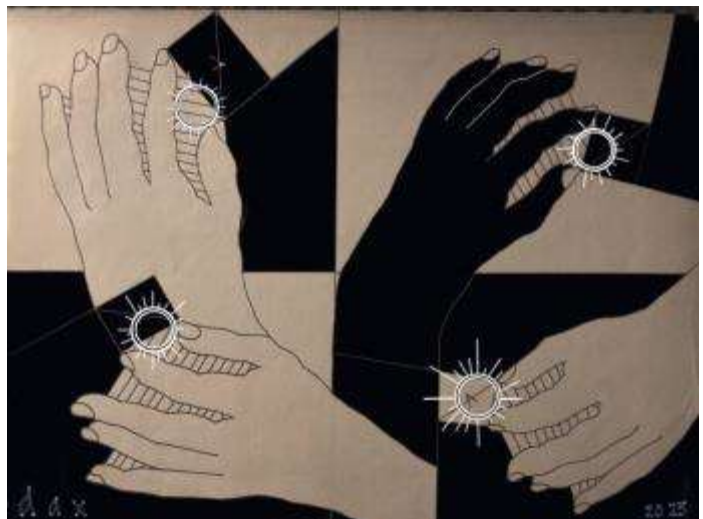
She saw clouds whirling around in the ring. And tiny black flecks that were birds. She turned the ring and watched it turn deep green as vast forest and mountains revealed themselves. She thought the ring was a window to the sky. A Skyring. It fit on her finger. Cassie shivered as the coolness of it drew itself up her arm and touched her spine. She held her hand up and saw the strip of blue on her finger.

She felt lighter and sensed the air was congealing under her feet. She took a step up, and then another. Soon she was ten meters above the ground. Her heart shuddered with excitement, and she felt a knot of anticipation in her stomach.

She began to rise and rise above the treetops and beyond the shadow of the surrounding valleys. Marshmallow clouds were to the East, near the D'Aguilar range. Cassie looked at the Skyring and saw Northbrook Mountain. She walked on air, high above the trough of the hot valley beneath her. She moved her hands to see if she could see something else in the Skyring and saw a faint building at the top of Northbrook Mountain. A white carved stone building. She began jogging on the air that grew firmer under her feet.

Cassie stood above a white circular temple. She began walking congealed air steps down to the top of Northbrook Mountain. At the center of the temple stood a gleaming white statue of a maiden with its neck bowed and its hands covering her face.

Cassie took the Skyring off and placed it on the statue's finger. The Skyring glowed bright blue and echoed off the stone temple followed by a soothing swirling breeze. Cassie stepped back. The maiden's arms moved down so that the hands were open palmed. The head tilted back. Cassie looked at the Sky Maiden and smiled. She turned and walked down the well-worn track, back towards Mount Glorious.



Darryl O'Brien

Mount Nebo State School Staff Q&A

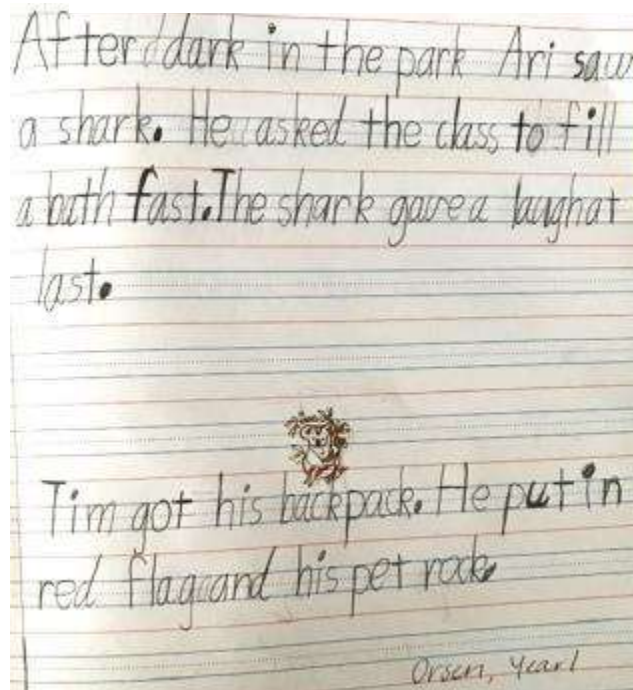
Q: How does Mount Nebo SS differ from other schools? A: Mount Nebo State School is one of the most unique I have taught in due to its beautiful environmental setting. Students are environmentally aware and love learning in such a beautiful place. Our parents are active participants in learning and enjoy sharing their artistic and creative talents with us on a regular basis. Mount Nebo State School's most lovely element (in my opinion) is the family atmosphere of kindness, care and consideration for every school member. *Mrs Robyn Burke – Principal*

Q: Do you enjoy working at Mount Nebo State School? A: I thoroughly enjoy working at Mount Nebo State School. The students are such lovely, inquisitive children and have so many opportunities to share their strengths with their peers in different settings. Our students and staff are very lucky to have interesting and different learning opportunities such as Forest School and the Stephanie Alexander Kitchen Garden program. Mount Nebo SS is a lovely place to work and I feel very fortunate to have this opportunity. *Mrs McDonald- Teacher Aide*

Q: Do you feel connected to the mountains? A: I would definitely say a big YES. I am fortunate enough to have lived on Mt Nebo for almost 16 years whilst my three children attended the school. I am always up for a social mountain gathering and have always enjoyed volunteering for the community in many ways. Working at the school has connected me to our new young mountaineers and their families. *Liz Cornelissen – Teacher Aide.*

Stephanie Alexander Kitchen Garden at M.N.S.S In 2023 we have introduced the Stephanie Alexander Kitchen Garden program to our students. Our students spend time each week either in our edible garden or in the kitchen undertaking a large number of learning experiences. Students learn many valuable skills each lesson and earn their wheelbarrow and knife licences as part of the program. We have grown a large range of fruit and vegetables and have used this produce (as well as some donated from families) in a 'Shared Table' where we all sit together and enjoy the meal we have made from scratch. This program is proving to be a valuable and thoroughly enjoyable experience for all involved.


From MNSS students:



After dark in the park Ari saw a shark. He asked the class to fill a bath fast. The shark gave a laugh at last.

Tim got his backpack. He put in red flag and his pet rock

Orsen, Year 1



CONTAINERS FOR CHANGE

MOUNT NEBO STATE SCHOOL P&C ASSOCIATION
Member number: C11069122

Our small school seeks to do big things for our community kids. We help fund activities at the school, provide onsite OSHC and invest in upgrades to facilities. With less than 40 kids at the school we appreciate all the help we can get!
THANK YOU
Website: <https://mtneboss.eq.edu.au/our-community/pandc>

Scan the barcode when you return

Save the member number to your digital wallet

The Land of Candy

By Clinton Year 1

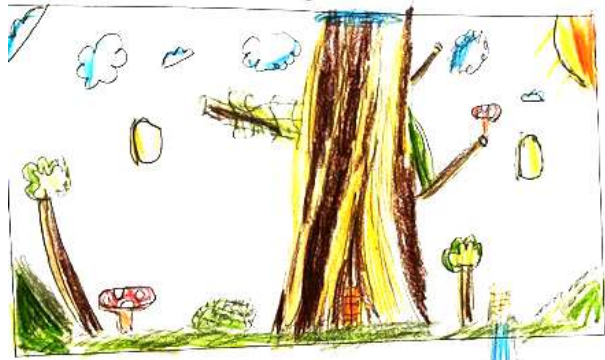


In my land, you can see lots of candy and a jelly rainbowl.
 Some things you might see in my land are
 jinger man
 2 adjectives to describe my land are

blissful and pritty and yum
 You should visit my land because it is very very
 very very yumy and a
 jelly cloud and a
 jelly rainbowl.

The Land of Fantasy

By Hurley Year 2



In my land, you can make magical spells

Some things you might see in my land are magic mushrooms, a big tree and normal trees
 2 adjectives to describe my land are

magical beautiful lovely good smelling
 You should visit my land because it has two mushrooms
 hanging in the sky yum yum.

Yesterday, the P-2 were working at Australia Post.
 My job was stamping the letter of facility.
 I learned that some mail gose in cars same times.



7. Smanian Devils have black fur and a white stripe on their chest.



Milliette, Year 1



By Nara, Year 1

Bob's Christmas Tree Hotel



Book 1 by Griffin Cavanagh

Bob the bush turkey waits at the front counter to welcome all the bush turkeys and animals to the Christmas Tree 🌲 Hotel.

There are plenty of places to stay in the hotel. Along every branch there are great views of the world. No human is welcome at the hotel, only animals and mainly bush turkeys.

The day is full of peace and quiet, but as it turns to evening... it's chaos! There are BIG parties and everyone brings their favourite foods and there is funky music playing all night long.

One day, the regular chaos turned into COMPLETE chaos. Everyone was running around and things were out of hand. While everyone was distracted, a thief dressed in black, came and stole a diamond from the safe.

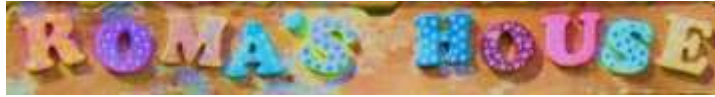
Bob the bush turkey has the best memory and could remember every animal at the hotel. He suspected that the thief was actually his best friend, Pete who always wears black. Bob instinctively knew where the diamond 💎 was going to be hidden because he's a bush turkey.

What would you do if YOU were Bob? Stay at the reception desk at the hotel or maybe find out your friend was a bad guy and rescue the diamond 💎? *To be continued...*



Oscar Keyes

Combined School Care



Located within the grounds of stunning Mount Nebo State School, Mount Nebo Combined School Care, has been a cherished part of the Mountain Community for over 20 years. Providing affordable care for children before and after school hours and some school holiday periods across the year. Suitable for children aged 4 years+ to year 6 and open to all children in the community.



Mount Nebo Combined School Care provides a safe, warm and nurturing environment for our mountain kids. We have a strong arts and nature focus, with a large forest school space within the grounds. Prices are expressed before any CCS (government) rebates.

- **Before care:** Hours are 0645 - 0815 and cost is \$23/session
- **After care:** Hours are 1430 - 1800 and cost is \$40/session
- **Vacation care:** Hours 0800 - 1700 and cost is \$75/day

Our service is at the centre of our community and a much-loved part of children's days.

Please contact the Combined School Care team if you would like to enrol your child or come for a visit to see what we do.

Combined School Care is run by Mount Nebo State School P&C Association.



Our Team:

- Shada Cornelissen
- Jess Byrne
- Chris Hart

Combined School Care Subcommittee:

- Convenor - Jude Keyse
- Convenor - Alison Cavanagh
- Treasurer - Nerina Barnes

Email: mountnebojsc@gmail.com Phone: 0475 088 668

Traveller's tales – Steve Kenyon

Traveller's Tales - The Accountant third time

Belize City is the pits, but a little north I was staying at a small guesthouse, and over a beer or three asked the Welsh owner how he ended up here?

Let's call him Taffy and here was his reply:

“Way back, I was head roadie for a very famous UK rock 'n' roll band. The best thing about them was they never travelled. So us roadies would just go to the pub every day, then collect a paycheck at the end of each week. But one day we got a new accountant. He called me in and asked:”

“What do you guys actually do?”

“We are the band's roadies.”

“But the band never travels.”

“Yes, however we are always ready if they want to.”

He looked at his fingernails for a bit, then said.

“Here's the deal, either you lot go to another band, or you're all sacked.”

“The other band sounds good.”

“So next thing we are roadies for *'The Who'* and they did travel. Straight away we are on a flight to Australia. Everyone is pissed, our drummer kicks something over and sets his aisle on fire! The crew freak out and this 747 wheels away for an emergency landing in Singapore. When we got back the accountant called me in for the second time.”



Darryl Snuts, Mount glorious, 15 enjoys cycling with road bike friends on the weekend.

“Taffy, did anything happen on the trip out to Australia?”

“We left London and landed in Sydney.”

“What about Singapore?”

“Ohh, yes, Singapore, why?”

“I've got a massive bill for the emergency landing of a 747 jet.”

“Well, I got out of that, but later on *'The Who'* were playing a big gig in Italy. It was going to finish late, so I asked the catering folk to hide a meal in a special place for me.”

“The show did go late, but when I looked for my hidden meal here was this woman eating the lot! Aggh I’m tired, hungry and here’s someone scoffing my special meal. Oh boy I went for her. You xx groupie, you xx wretch, ya not only want to drink our free grog but now you are stealing my food, ya friggin so and so. Oh I sure did give it to her.”

“Once home in the UK, our accountant called me in for the third time.”

“*Taffy, tell me exactly what you said to Princess Caroline of Monaco?*”

“ ..so that is why I am here in Belize.”

Traveller’s Tales - Quirky Logic

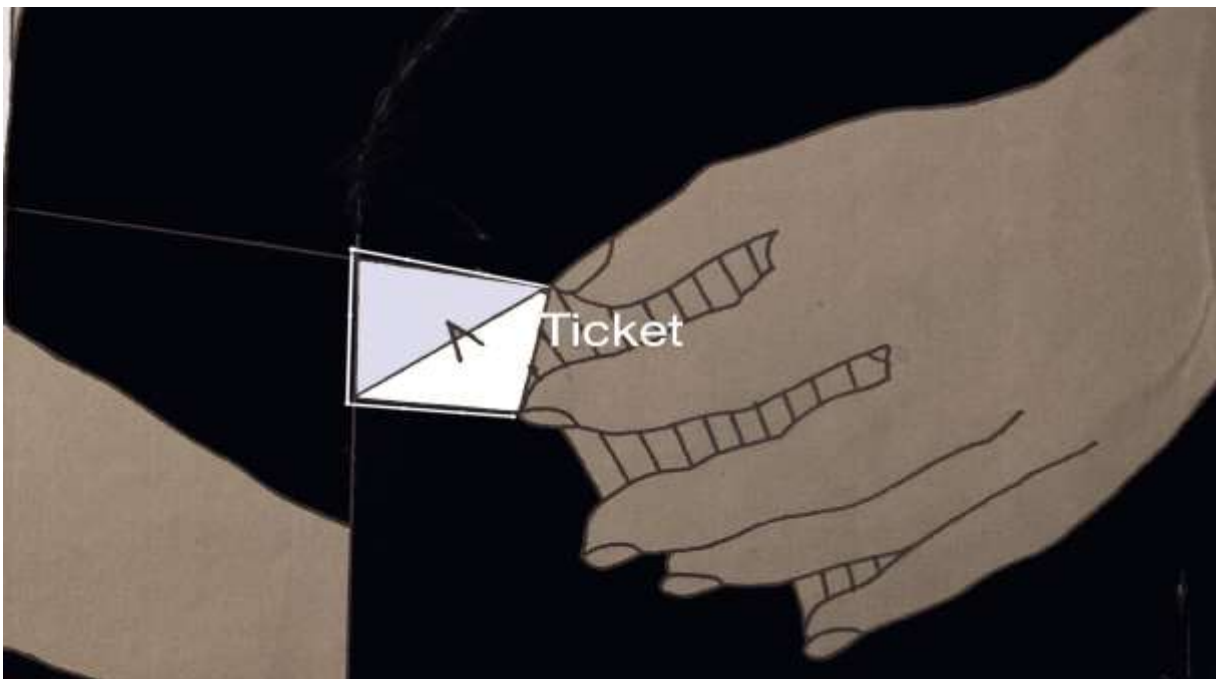
Folk in India never regard trains as being full. Well the seats always are but people just stand in a passage, lie on the floor, climb into baggage racks or sit on the roof. No problems, that’s just the way it is. However I boarded a train near Sikkim one day armed with a second class sleeper ticket and as it was starting from here the train was fairly empty. Five Indian blokes joined me in our compartment and it was looking like a comfortable journey. Uh uh, suddenly hordes of people charged on, with 6 of them squeezing into our cabin.

Now one of the charms of India is their sublime tolerance. In the west we’d say “*These are our seats, bugger off*” yet the Indian guys with tickets simply smiled and made room for these train jumpers. The train choofed away but then a conductor marched in. He was resplendent in an immaculate uniform with more medals on his chest than Idi Amin, very aware of his own dignity and dramatically stern. He took my ticket, put me through a third degree grilling “*Is your fathers name William?*” etc, etc, examined the 5 Indian passenger’s tickets with the same extreme thoroughness, then simply walked out.

I was stunned, so asked a man beside me, why had the super-efficient conductor ignored the other 6 train jumpers?

This Indian bloke looked at me askance, then patiently explained:

*“It is the conductor’s job to check tickets.
How can he check theirs when they don’t have any?”*



Help Satin Bowerbirds – Eloise Jordan



Satin bowerbirds love to decorate their bowers with blue objects but tragically, their love of blue plastic can kill them. Male satin bowerbirds are sleek and charismatic. David Attenborough dedicated an episode to these beautiful birds in *Bowerbirds: The Art of Seduction*.

They regularly visit my 'Land For Wildlife' property in South East Queensland. Their very existence is threatened by blue plastic rings which are discarded from the lids of milk and juice bottles. The rings get caught around the birds beak and neck causing an excruciating death from starvation or suffocation. This silent killer is impacting these iconic birds in our own backyards all along the east coast of Australia. Satin bowerbirds fall victim to plastic waste. It is heart-breaking. I can only wonder, how many birds are dying, unnoticed?

What can we do to protect our unique wildlife from death by plastic? Stop buying milk/juice brands which have blue plastic rings! Woolworths Milk, Coles Milk, Pauls Milk (Parmalat), Daily Juice and Nudie Juice are brands which use blue plastic rings - tell them you won't buy products with blue plastic rings. In 1995, Professor Bruce Lindenmayer was able to convince the Canberra Milk company to switch their bottle-top lids from blue to black. Demand that manufacturers immediately change the colour of the plastic lids and rings, and in the long term stop producing unnecessary plastic rings on plastic bottles!

<https://www.change.org/p/save-the-satin-bowerbird-ban-the-blue-plastic-ring>

The Smallest Sunbeam to the Sun – LF

Everything about her was unexpected.

Holding hands together tightly clasped, Tavi and Samra entered the doctor's clinic full of fatalistic acceptance. The doctor welcomed them, and Samra wrapped her small hand over her swollen painful belly, so full of fear. But it wasn't the expected death sentence, nor any kind of tumour inside her. Instead what was growing inside her barren 60-year old womb was not death but life.

Again, they feared the worst. How was it possible – a child at their age? Surely the child would be born with defects and problems. How could they care for such a child? It was difficult enough trying to look after each other. In the birthing hut, Samra was stoical, almost glad that pain distracted her from her anxiety. The midwife approached the exhausted new mother with a strange expression.

“It's a girl!”

“There is something wrong” said Samra. Words like bitter stones in her mouth.

“Yes. No. It's just ..” and the midwife brought the newborn. Lying happily in the midwife's arms, still smeared with birthing blood, was a pale pink baby with small blonde curls. Nothing mattered to Samra when she saw this child. She took it in her dark brown arms and kissed her baby. When Tavi was allowed in, he raced to his wife's side and embraced her and their child. With gentle touch, his blue-black hands caressed the daughter they named Saha.

+++

It should have been very difficult for Saha growing up in a small village. At first, there was the persistent suggestion that Tavi and Samra had consorted with witches and devils and that the blue-eyed blonde child that had emerged from Samra was some evil thing. The doctor's insistence that Saha was an albino (a genetic defect probably due to her mother's age) made no difference to opinion. If anything, his warnings about protecting her from the sun made her seem even more alien or strange – as though she was a creature of the night. The hot soil-scalding, ever-bright sunlight was a constant in their lives, so how could they accept a child for whom it was a danger?

It was Saha herself who changed things. From early on, she smiled readily, gurgled happily, giggled often and was so engaging that many villagers went out of their way to help Tavi, Samra and the child who gave out her own sunshine.

From all over the world, old obsolete or unwanted electronics were dumped on the beach. Groups of children learnt to scavenge what worked or might still work or be re-used. The smell of burning plastic filled their lungs, broken shards scratched their skin. Occasionally, the pile would collapse and the pack of scavengers would return one less. Tavi was brought the best of their foraging forays. Some he could mend and resell, some he remade into other more useful things. Saha watched him attentively; her eyes always alight with curiosity. As something precious and unusual in the village, she was forbidden to go to Badfire Beach. But of course, as all children will, she did what was forbidden and joined her ragtag friends in their pursuit of something worthwhile in those hills of damaged cast-off goods.

What Saha found was something different. A talking, moving dog that responded to words and touch. Its battery was nearly dead but the robot dog entranced Saha. She took it home and tried to hide it from her father – this special thing was hers not something to be passed on to some-one or sold somewhere else. Tavi found her in his workshop, his tools in her little hands, deep in the innards of the robot pet. She was so intently concentrating she didn't notice him. He crouched down and watched. She examined every part of it, worked with a precision and understanding that he had never hoped to attain. Finally she turned to him "I think it will still talk and react if we disable the motion. That uses up too much battery. Perhaps it is better to re-house the main programming centre and sensors."

Tavi stared at this strange little girl, the daughter he loved but who somehow was beyond all he had ever known or understood. *She is too much for us, he thought, she needs more than we can give her. What is she? How did she come to be here, in my wife's womb, in our house, in our village, our hearts? Some day she will leave, and we cannot be sad at her departure as she never belonged here.*

+++

Before they came, Tavi knew: rumours in text, spilled and spewed from info sources Saha had tapped from their feeble internet.

A multination mishmash, a consortium of varied intelligent strangers, a new entity in a space race most thought had ended.

They built their base in this far-off place, nowhere land. Not so much a secret as simply ignored.

Tavi and Samra soon stopped saying goodnight to the bundle of girl-shaped rugs Saha left in the shape of herself sleeping. There was no point in questioning the tired girl who returned in the morning or mentioning when she had returned. They both understood that what happened at the base must draw and fascinate that strange and unexpected thing – their blonde, blue-eyed daughter with knowledge beyond all she'd been taught. The child of somewhere else.

++++

The ground trembled as the rockets blasted.

Tavi joined Samra in the small patch of dried earth at which Samra tried so hard to cultivate or grow anything. He held Samra's hand, ignoring the tears dropping like the much-needed rain on parched soil. "Please, just check. Maybe... Just look for her, please" Samra didn't turn her head with these words. Saha's favourite rug was gone. In the workshop, there were a few items missing. But just as he was about to check everything, Tavi paused. Inscribed on the rough ground, with a faint line through the first word:

ICARUS

I am going home.

++++



Inside the spaceship, in the depths of the cargo hold sat a young girl clutching to her chest a toaster.

"They don't know I'm here yet. But they will need me later. I'm going home. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Home" answered the toaster, no longer able to make toast but filled with the intelligence of a robotic pet dog.

Saha smiled, and patted her Sunbeam toaster.

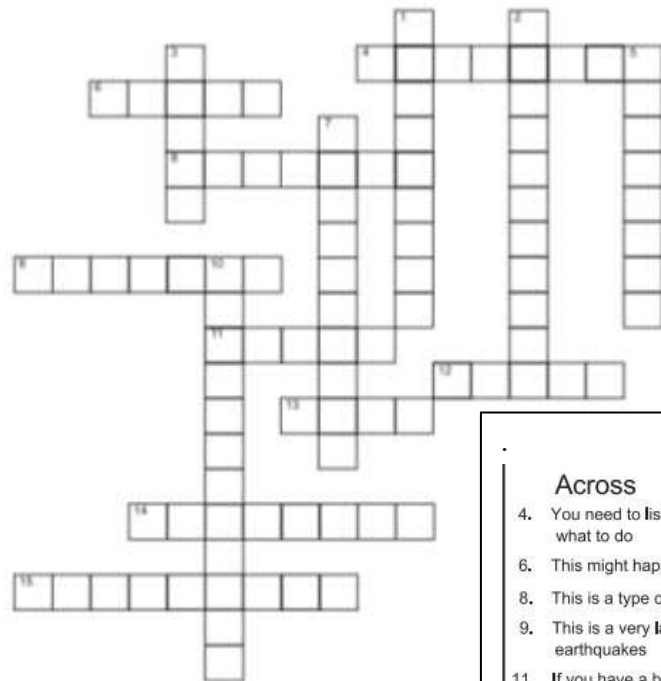
"Icarus" she whispered to herself and laughed.

Puzzles:



Unscramble the words to find some common hazards we may face:

1. RVEEES MRSTO
2. FHUBREIS
3. DOFLO
4. ONCLYCE
5. VEHATEWA
6. KQEARHTEUA



Across

4. You need to listen to these, so you know what to do
6. This might happen if there is lots of rain
8. This is a type of storm with very high winds
9. This is a very large wave often caused by earthquakes
11. If you have a battery powered one of these, you can listen to the news if the power is out
12. You should drink plenty of this if the weather is hot
13. Make sure you don't forget food for these furry friends
14. You may need to do this if you cannot stay in your home

Down

1. You need these if you don't have electricity and you need to power your torch and radio
2. This contains bandages and other items to take care of someone who is hurt (3 words)
3. You might need this to see if the power goes out
5. These can help keep flood water out of your house
7. You should not touch these if they have fallen down during a storm or you might get electrocuted (2 words)
10. You should register with this to get warnings from Moreton Bay Regional Council

GET READY MORETON BAY



How Ready are You - Read each clue. Write the word that matches in the puzzle to reveal an important preparedness item.
Clue: The words can be found at the bottom of the page.



1. Pack essential _____, prescriptions and dosage
2. _____ and books will keep you entertained when you have no power
3. You should have 10litres of _____ per person as 3 days supply
4. Listening to a _____ will help you stay informed
5. An _____ plan should outline what you will do and where you will go
6. Take plenty of _____ for your furry friends
7. _____ food will last longer than fresh food
8. You may need a _____ to see if the power goes out
9. _____ food, formula and nappies may be needed
10. First aid _____ will be useful if someone gets hurt
11. Basic _____ such as toothbrush and toothpaste will be useful
12. Your torch and radio might need extra _____ to make them work

1.				—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2.			—	—	—	—								
3.		—	—	—	—	—								
4.					—	—	—	—	—					
5.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—					
6.				—	—	—		—	—	—	—			
7.			—	—	—	—	—	—						
8.		—	—	—	—	—								
9.		—	—	—	—									
10.					—	—	—							
11.			—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—			
12.			—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—			

I	B	P	E	V	R	N	Y	C	H	R	N	U	N	H	S	O
M	N	E	R	V	K	J	C	A	U	P	E	D	E	A	T	F
T	M	F	R	E	A	I	Q	J	C	J	N	Y	K	Z	O	L
B	O	O	O	O	P	C	E	M	I	O	A	H	E	A	R	O
I	R	A	T	R	J	A	U	I	Z	E	N	Y	Y	R	M	O
H	E	U	Q	U	M	Y	R	A	T	W	H	T	Y	D	S	D
Y	T	P	W	D	B	A	B	E	T	F	N	L	A	S	R	I
X	O	E	X	D	V	C	T	P	D	I	A	E	A	C	V	N
I	N	D	A	S	I	L	V	I	L	N	O	M	U	V	T	G
E	A	A	E	G	I	E	M	K	O	A	E	N	I	I	O	S
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C	T	Y	Y	M	V	N	S	H	E	L	T	E	R	E	B	U
W	A	R	N	I	N	G	S	A	G	K	Q	S	I	M	Z	S
F	O	N	X	U	S	A	N	D	B	A	G	S	V	G	P	W
B	K	U	P	G	P	E	X	I	A	I	L	M	U	O	E	D

FAMILY

FLOODING

MORETONALERT

CONTACTS

HAZARDS

EMERGENCY

HEATWAVE

WARNINGS

SANDBAGS

STORMS

INFORMATION

SHELTER

PLANS

PREPAREDNESS

EVACUATION

Groups and Events

Mount Nebo Resident's Association The MNRA or Rezzos, Mt Nebo Hall.

Email: mancom@mtnebo.org.au **Webpage:** www.mtnebo.org.au

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Weekly	6-8 pm Body Balance Flow	6-8 pm Zumba with Sarah Jane	6.30-7.30 pm Zumba with Mair	7.30-9.30 pm Peace'n'Choir	9-10.30am Yoga	10.30 am Yoga	
Monthly			1 st Wed 7.30 -8.30pm MNRA meeting		1 st Fri 6.30- 9.30pm Social Night (Pub Night)	3 rd Sat 4-7pm Music Club.	1 st Sun 4- 5pm Sound Bath with Michele Hobart

MGCA Mount Glorious Community Association - Mt Glorious Hall.

Email: mtgloriouscommunityassociation@outlook.com **web:** mountglorious.org.au

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Weekly	9.30am Yoga	4.30-5.30pm Weight-a- While	9am Pilates		8.30-9.30am Weight-a- While	10.30am Yoga	
Monthly	11-12am Beginners Pilates class			3 rd Thur 6.30pm MGCA meeting	3 rd Fri Table tennis Last Fri Joey's Joint		

MEPA: Mountain Enviromental Protection Association. Website: www.mepainc.org.au **email:** mepa.enquiries@gmail.com

MBRC Mobile Library: The Moreton Bay Regional Council Librawhich visits the mountain every two weeks on a Wednesday at:
-Mt Glorious Hall (10:30 am to 12:00 pm)
-outside Mt Nebo Hall (1:30 to 3:00 pm).

Mountain Play Group contact Crystal Crosthwaite on 0478173846 or find us on Facebook @Glorious Nebo Bush Play Group.

Peace 'N' Choir Contact choir leader Ann Bermingham at annpbermingham@outlook.com

Rural Fire Brigade: 1947 Mount Nebo Rd, mtneborfb@gmail.com



The Mt Nebo Residents' Association presents :

Libor Smoldas returning to The Mt Nebo Hall to perform on Sunday afternoon 11 Feb from 3.30pm.

Bar and food will be available for purchase from 2.30pm. Tickets for the concert are \$20 each. Kids 14 and under free. Libor is the most amazing guitarist and he'll be here with his band so come along for a fab afternoon of world renowned jazz guitar.

Directory

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Alison Cavanagh Ph: 0431 021 502

Maggi Scattini (J.P.) - Mt Nebo Ph: 3289 8175

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World of Fungi

Hello, I'm Laura from Mt Glorious, an environmental scientist who is a little fungi obsessed 😊



I'm passionate about the glorious world of fungi and I hope to show people just how amazing and truly wonderful fungi are, as without them, the world would not be the same!

I've studied a Masters of Environment, in Education for Sustainability and hope to showcase our planet's natural marvels. My book 'A Glorious World of Fungi' is a high quality softcover book, printed locally, using eco-friendly paper. It showcases full colour photos of fungi in all their glorious-ness, the majority from Mt Glorious, Mt Nebo and surrounds. Packed with information and fungal facts, there is

something for everyone.

Sir David Attenborough (2021) says "Your lovely photographs [in a Glorious World of Fungi] are splendid reminders of how beautiful fungi can



be".

"A Glorious World of Fungi"

Books can be collected from Mt Glorious or postage can be arranged. I am happy to sign copies, please let me know who to make it out to.

1 copy \$35, 2 copies \$65, 3 copies \$90

Contact Laura on 0481 947 270




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“Bunya Band” – Amelie Zuber



"I'm a H H happy dog, I'm a happy happy happy dog!"

Aubrey Barnes



Rotten Banana

Ruby, 4 from Mount Nebo
Watercolour and Marker Pen