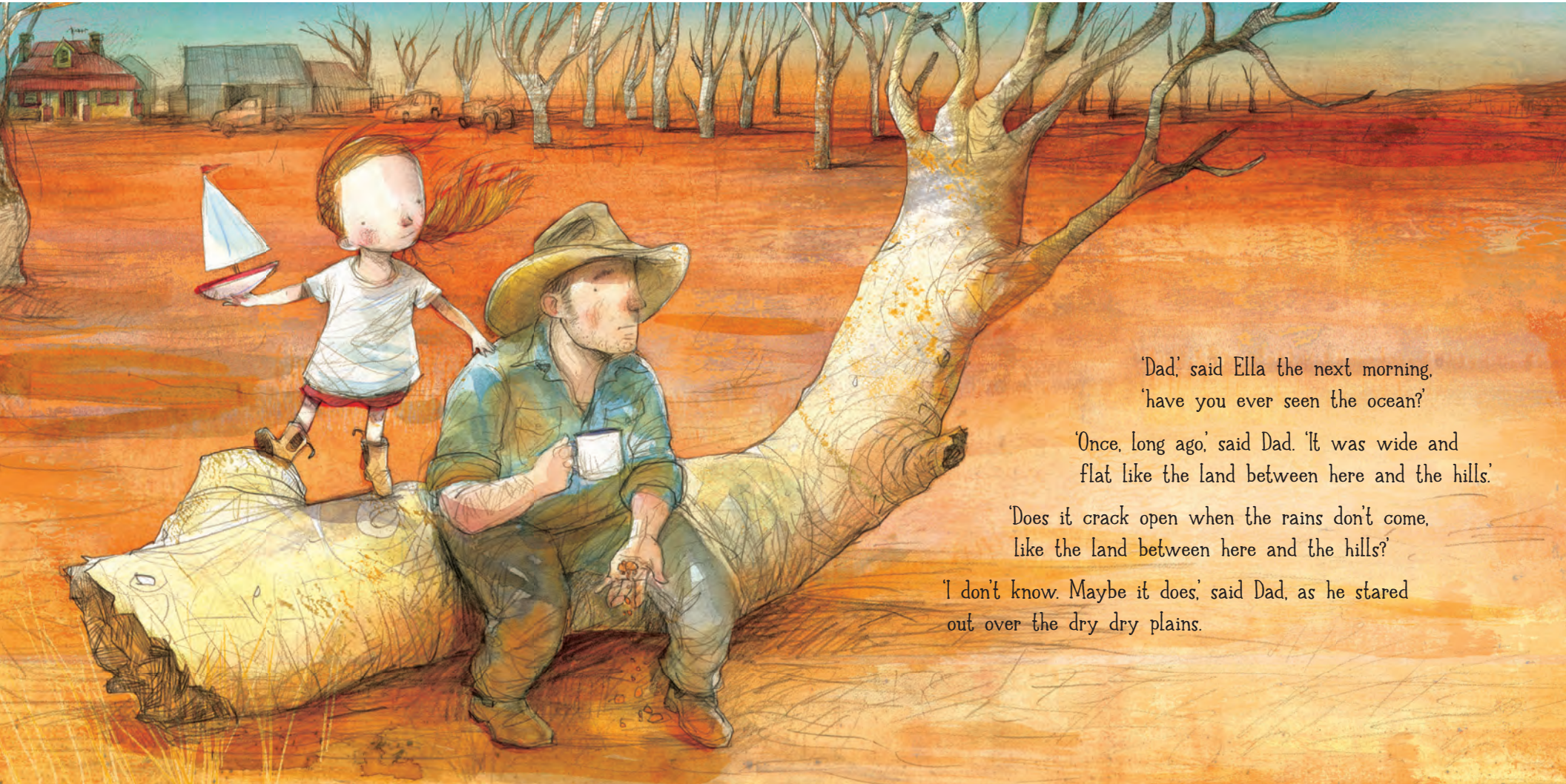


Ella lived in the red-dirt country  
where the earth was as dry as old bones  
and it hadn't rained  
for years  
and years  
and years.



One night, Ella dreamt of the ocean.



'Dad,' said Ella the next morning,  
'have you ever seen the ocean?'

'Once, long ago,' said Dad. 'It was wide and  
flat like the land between here and the hills.'

'Does it crack open when the rains don't come,  
like the land between here and the hills?'

'I don't know. Maybe it does,' said Dad, as he stared  
out over the dry dry plains.

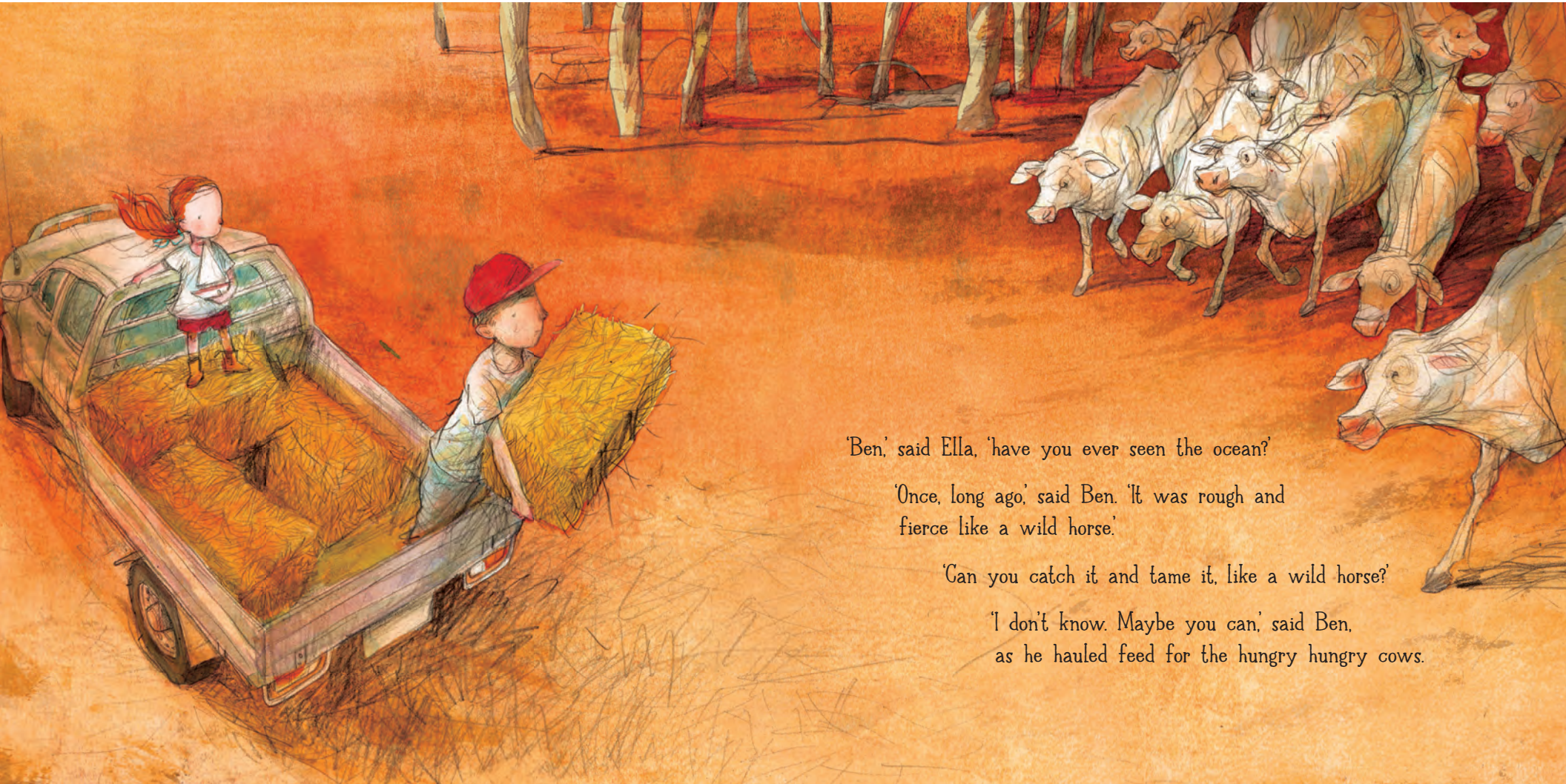


'Mum,' said Ella, 'have you ever seen the ocean?'

'Once, long ago,' said Mum. 'It was blue and shiny like your hair ribbon.'

'Does it get tangled when the wind blows, like my hair ribbon?'

'I don't know. Maybe it does,' said Mum, as she tried to close the door on the red red dust.



'Ben,' said Ella, 'have you ever seen the ocean?'

'Once, long ago,' said Ben. 'It was rough and fierce like a wild horse.'

'Can you catch it and tame it, like a wild horse?'

'I don't know. Maybe you can,' said Ben, as he hauled feed for the hungry hungry cows.