

One summer in Waikaretu, I'm sure I saw a cockatoo With feathers white and sulphur crest I really thought it was the best If it's a parrot so I thought I'm certain that the bird can talk "Hey bird" I said, "I'm going to teach you words", He answered with a screech.



The screech was just a parrot shout Soon lots of cockatoos came out And flew towards that old pine tree They really were quite close to me. At least a hundred perching there. The tree was white most every where. Yellow feathers on their heads, While I watched from the shearing shed.



With strong black beaks they found a feed By opening pinecones, finding seeds.

The pinecones then dropped to the ground

A few white feathers scattered 'round.

The next day as the sun was rising All those cockatoos were flying

North towards Waikato's port

The last one waved and gave a squark

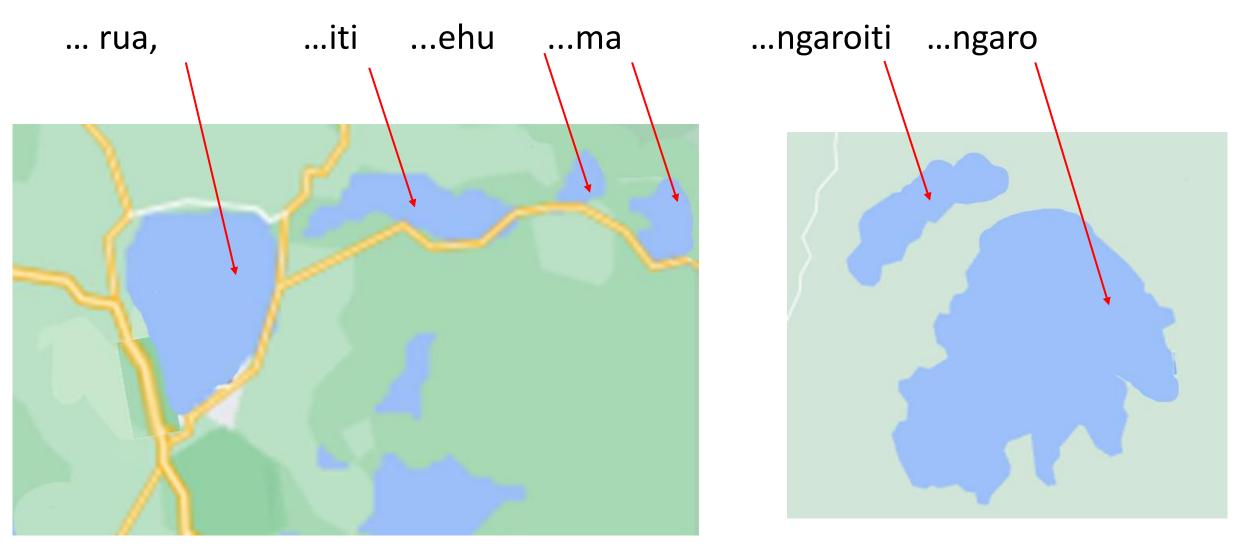
"See you mate" in parrot talk.



One summer at Rotoehu I saw a baby kangaroo "Hello Joey, come play with me" "I'm not a 'roo, I'm a Wallaby I love to eat your native trees You know your fences don't stop me." "Oh! you're not welcome here today" He turned and quickly ran away.



Roto...



...roa ...tuna ...kauri ...kura ...ngaio ...manuka ...tapu ...whero ...mahana ...manu ...rangikura ...pai