

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of rugged mountain ranges,
Of drought and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel sea,
Her beauty and her terror—
The wide brown land for me!

A hard elbow jabbed him just
as he was feeling drowsy. He
stared but could see nothing at
first. Then, there was a
movement. In mounting excitement,
he saw the scow part so that
something could trot out—
something with a lean, awkward
wrotish shape.

It walked up the slope with
the superb dignity of the wild
thing, paused to look round
warily, then sank a massive
head to drink. The dark
chocolate stripes were clear
across its lower back; the stiff
tail was swaying slightly from
side to side.