

Possum Magic

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WRITTEN BY

Mem Fox

ILLUSTRATED BY

Julie Vivas



Possum magic

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None

Fox, Mem, 1946- author

None

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<https://archive.org/details/possummagic0000foxm>

Once upon a time, but not very long ago, deep in the Australian bush lived two possums. Their names were Hush and Grandma Poss.

Grandma Poss made bush magic. She made wombats blue and kookaburras pink.

She made dingoes smile and emus shrink.

But the best magic of all. . .

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JfK

was the magic that made Hush invisible



What adventures Hush had!

Because she couldn't be seen, she could be squashed by koalas.

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Because she couldn't be seen, she could slide down kangaroos.

Because she couldn't be seen, she was safe from snakes,

which is why Grandma Poss had made her invisible in the first place.



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But one day, quite unexpectedly, Hush said, “Grandma, I want to know what I look like. Please could you make me visible again?”

“Of course I can,” said Grandma Poss,

and she began to look through her magic books.

She looked into this book and she looked into that. There was magic for thin and magic for fat, magic for tall and magic for small, but the magic she was looking for wasn’t there at all.

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Grandma Poss looked miserable. “Don’t worry, Grandma,” said Hush. “I don’t mind.”

But in her heart of hearts she did

All night long Grandma Poss thought and thought. The next morning, just before breakfast, she shouted, “It’s something to do with food! People food

— not possum food. But I can't remember what.

We'll just have to try and find it.”

So, later that day, they left the bush where they'd always been to find what it was that would make Hush seen.



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They ate Anzac biscuits in Adelaide, mornay and Minties in Melbourne, steak and salad in Sydney, and pumpkin scones in Brisbane.

Hush remained invisible.

“Don’t lose heart!” said Grandma Poss. “Let’s see what we can bnd in Darwin.”





It was there, in the far north of Australia, that they found a Vegemite sandwich.

Grandma Poss crossed her claws and crossed her feet. Hush breathed deeply and began to eat.

“A tail! A tail!” shouted both possums at once.

For there it was. A brand-new, visible tail.

Later, on a beach in Perth, they ate a piece of pavlova.

Hush’s legs appeared. So did her body.

“You look wonderful, you precious possum!” said Grandma Poss. “Next stop — Tasmania.”

And over the sea they went.

In Hobart, late one night, in the kitchens of the casino, they saw a lamington on a plate. Hush closed her eyes and nibbled.

Grandma Poss held her breath and waited.

“It’s worked! It’s worked!” she cried.

And she was right.

Hush could be seen from head to tail.

Grandma Poss hugged Hush, and they both danced “Here We Go Round the Lamington Plate” till early in the morning.

From that time onward Hush was visible.