

THE HOLY STONE OF THE WOMBATS OR WHY WOMBATS ALWAYS POO ON HILLS

Once upon a time... This is how most fairy tales begin. Not this one. Why not? Because... it's not a fairy tale. Nobody knows exactly when it happened. But sure enough, it did happen.

Our hero's name got lost, too. This is not surprising because for many years this story has never been written down, it was only passed on by word of mouth. Only now it was written down for the first time.

Our little hero's name, as it was given to me, is only gibberish no one can pronounce any more. It has probably been twisted and distorted again and again. Maybe we shouldn't waste too much time with his name and simply call him Bobby.

When his story began, Bobby didn't know anything. He didn't know anything about life because he was just a very young and clueless wombat like so many other wombats. And he didn't know that he was the one to change every wombat's life until this very day. But this was about to change soon. But of course, he didn't know that he was about to write wombat history. Actually, he didn't have a clue about anything. And that annoyed him very much.

The grass wasn't very juicy where Bobby grew up.

'We have been searching for the Promised Land for generations', his mother always said.

Unfortunately, she didn't know where this Promised Land was supposed to be. That annoyed both her and Bobby.

'The Promised Land is a legend', his father objected.

That annoyed Bobby and his mother because they firmly believed that the Promised Land did exist. But most of the wombats had given up the search long since.

But Bobby didn't want to give up so easily. One day he walked off, a little clueless wombat, all by himself. And he ate and ate and ate, always searching for the lush grass that was supposed to grow in the Promised Land. Yes, even in his sleep he kept chewing, noisily snoring and smacking away. It's hardly surprising wombats are still very chubby.

One fine day – Bobby still hadn't given up his search – there was a giant rock standing right in front of him. Of course, Bobby didn't see the rock in time because he was concentrating so hard on the grass he was shovelling more or less enthusiastic into his mouth. The inevitable happened and with a painful impact, Bobby ran into the obstacle.

'Shit!' he cursed violently. One could almost think he already knew the end of this story. But I think he still had just as little a clue as you, dear reader.

Bobby stopped for a moment and eyed the rock suspiciously. Don't forget he wasn't just any wombat. No, he was a young wombat, just a kid. And kids want to get in high places, they use every possibility to see the world from above. And Bobby was just like any other kid. Maybe we can even call him a very adventurous specimen of his kind.

For a while Bobby went back and forth in front of the rock, again and again, looking for a place he could use as a staircase or ladder. He couldn't find one. He only found a lot of underbrush and impenetrable greenery so, he couldn't get to the other side of the rock. But the rock's surface was rough and soft and with his sharp claws, he could dig deep into it. A little unsure at first, Bobby pulled himself up onto the rock.

'Don't look down', he was saying to himself. 'Don't look down, don't look down.'

Bobby didn't look down. With considerable discipline for his young age, he worked his way up to the top of the rock. He didn't stop until he had reached the summit of the rock. It might have been a rather amusing sight because a wombat looks like a beer barrel with four paws and a snout upfront. Fortunately, there was no one near who might have been interested in this spectacle, showing a beer barrel climbing a rock.

Still slightly exhausted Bobby finally reached his destination and looked in amazement at the rock, which hadn't seemed that big from below. Of course, he had to move carefully because although the stone was large, it was also round like a ball.

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Carefully Bobby dared to look over the edge and shivered. It was hard to believe he had climbed so high. He could hardly see the place where he had started to climb. On the other side, where he couldn't have gone through the brush, a thick fog now blocked his view. Curiously Bobby kept moving toward the edge as suddenly his bowels started to speak. All the weed he had eaten continuously over the last few days was now inexorably forging its way out.

Bobby turned around because even little wombats have a sense of shame. There was no one on the rock but him. He half-closed his eyes, brought himself in a comfortable position and then relieved himself with a sigh. After he had done his business, his curiosity was put forward again.

'Maybe the fog has lifted', he said softly to himself and again he moved closer to the edge of the rock. Unfortunately, he slid on his own poo. It was a tremendous poo and Bobby slid down the rock like a bobsleigh rider in the ice channel.

Desperately he clung to the rock but the rock was so soft that it gave way beneath his claws. He screamed, calling for help, screamed for his life, but no one was there to hear him, let alone save him.

Young as he was, Bobby was sure he wouldn't survive to tell his story as he sailed across the edge of the rock, through the fog, and then he flew and flew and flew. Finally, he was back on solid ground. For a while, Bobby kept lying there with his eyes closed, convinced he was dead and maybe in paradise.

Thanks to his mighty cushions Bobby survived his fall without being hurt too much. The high grass, which grew on the other side of the rock, had softened his impact even more. High and juicy was the grass, as Bobby noticed soon after. Beneath the thick fog a meadow stretched out, endless it seemed and it was limited only somewhere in the distance by a dense forest. He had found it. The Promised land. He had always been close to it because it was only on the other side of the rock.

Ever since that day, wombats always poo on hills, hoping to find grass on the other side which might be even greener and juicier. And not to get hurt too much when they slide on their own poo like Bobby, they eat themselves up at a young age so, they might be protected by a considerable fat pad.

Some of this actually is a legend. Because wombats are not fat. They just look like that. But it's all muscles. Maybe they turn the fat into muscles when climbing hills that high...