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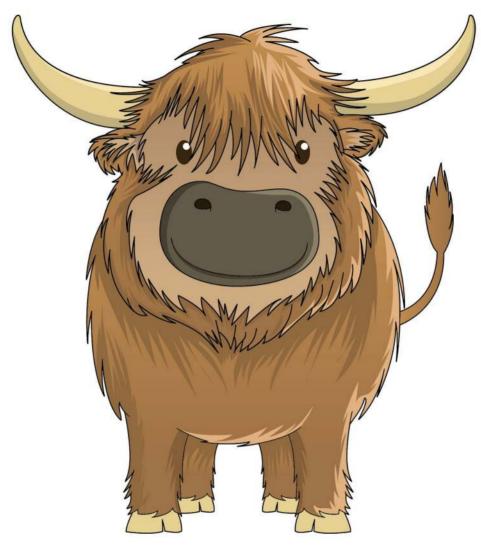
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Hector, Hamish and Morag



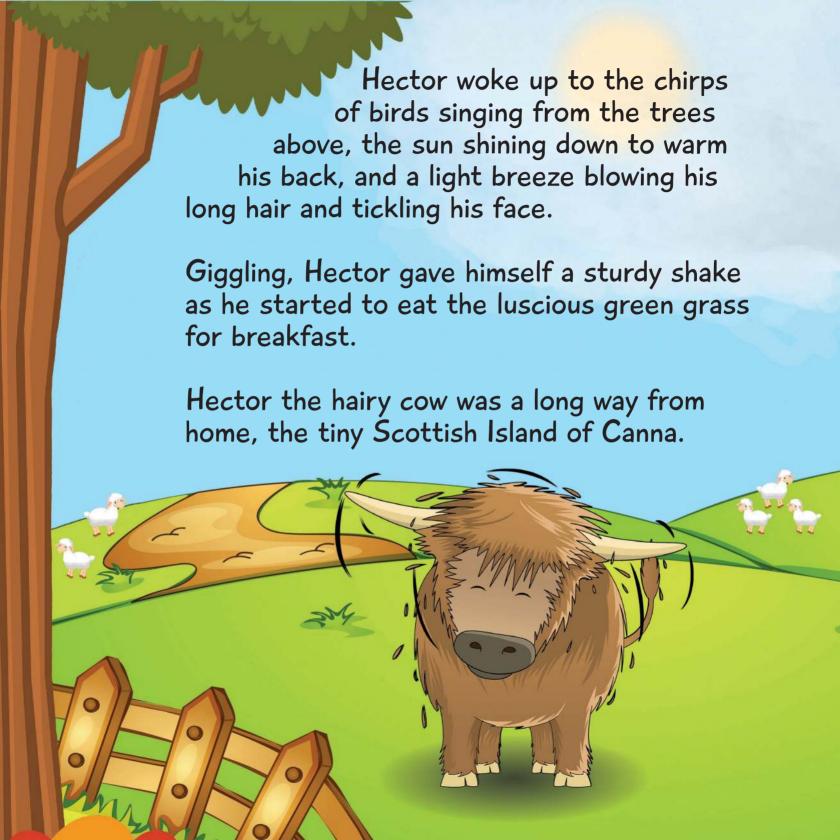
A Hairy Cow Adventure

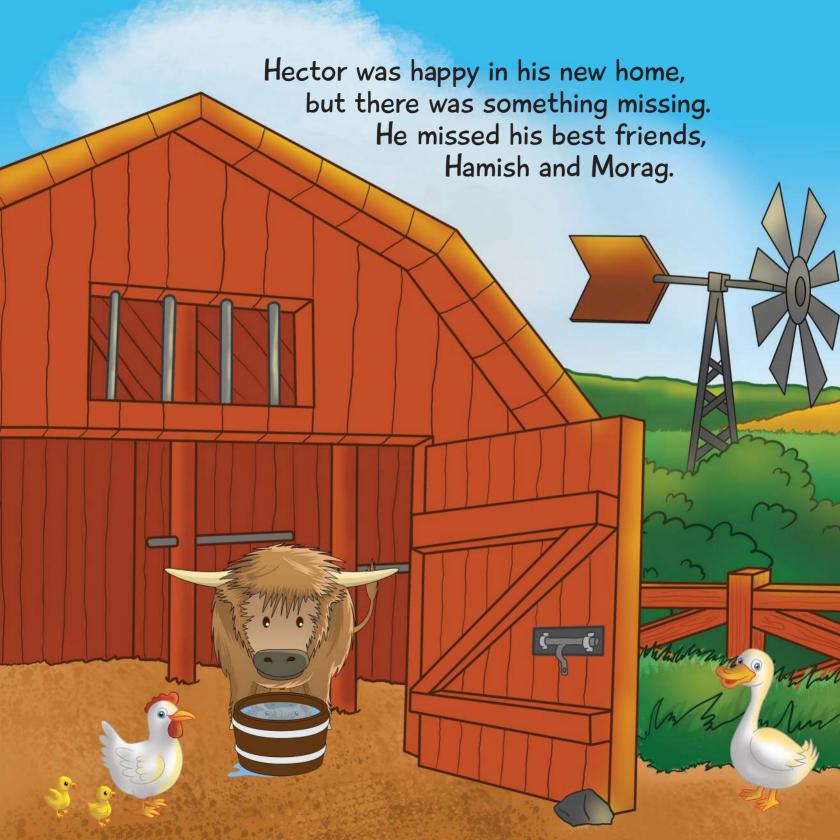
Christine Gillougley

Hector's Long Journey to Australia



Follow the red line to see how far he travelled





As Hector drank the water, his reflection stared back at him. The tears welled in his eyes as he remembered the last adventure he had with his friends.



'Come on Hamish. Come on Morag,' Hector had shouted.'Hurry up or we'll be late.' Late for what?' Morag had cried. Her legs never could keep up as Hector galloped across the grass.

'Let's go help old Mrs McTavish cut her grass.'
Hamish had been so excited he could feel his
tummy rumble. 'Hope you haven't had too much to
eat,' Hector laughed.



When they had arrived at the cottage, each cow had been buzzing with excitement. Pick a corner and eat as much as you can. Mrs McTavish had yelled.

The friends all started chewing.

Now, you must know that highland cows can eat a lot of grass. Hector, Hamish and Morag had finished the entire lawn in just half an hour.



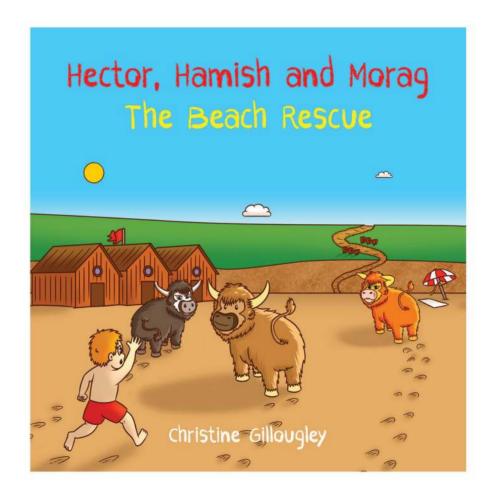


Mrs McTavish had looked out the window in delight! She waved as the friends squeezed through the garden gate. 'See you later.' They all smiled at one another. Hector opened his eyes and he was back in the barn. The other animals were all asleep and farmer Donald MacLean was smiling at Hector. He had moved from Scotland to the farm like Hector and missed his prized highland cattle deeply.

As Hector knelt down into his hay, he began to reminisce again. His mind wandered back to Hamish and Morag.

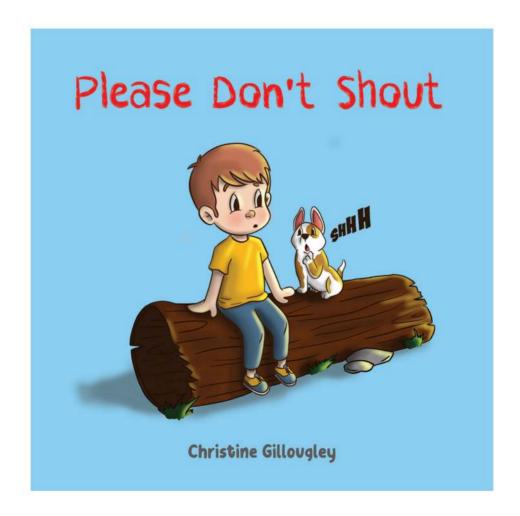


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