

While his mum and the rest of the herd walked on, eating and drinking – and talking of course (I forgot to say that they talked, a lot) – Ernest slipped silently into the jungle. "Now for a bit of fun," he said quietly.



The jungle was like nothing he'd ever seen before – full of colour, dazzling light and mysterious dark shadows. Ernest was fascinated. *So this is the jungle. Exciting … but, just a little bit frightening.*



Ernest walked deeper and deeper into the jungle. After a while he stopped. *Perhaps I should go back now?* he thought. But which way had he come? He couldn't see a path anywhere and there was no one to ask, so he stumbled on through the undergrowth.

Eventually he came across a gorilla, chewing on a stick of bamboo. *Oh, thank goodness,* Ernest thought, *it looks like he knows his way around.*

"Excuse me," said Ernest, "can you help me? I'm lost and I need to find my way back to my mum."

"No," said the gorilla, "go away. Can't you see I'm busy?" He shoved the bamboo back into his mouth and carried on chewing noisily.

