Dedicated to the truly magical Team Bodhi,
who have held my hand on the most difficult path,
and to our little warrior himself. HPx

To my son Elias, for being my inspiration.
And to my husband, for believing in me
more than I do. HTx

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BRONTY'S BATTLE CRY

Hannah Peckham
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award

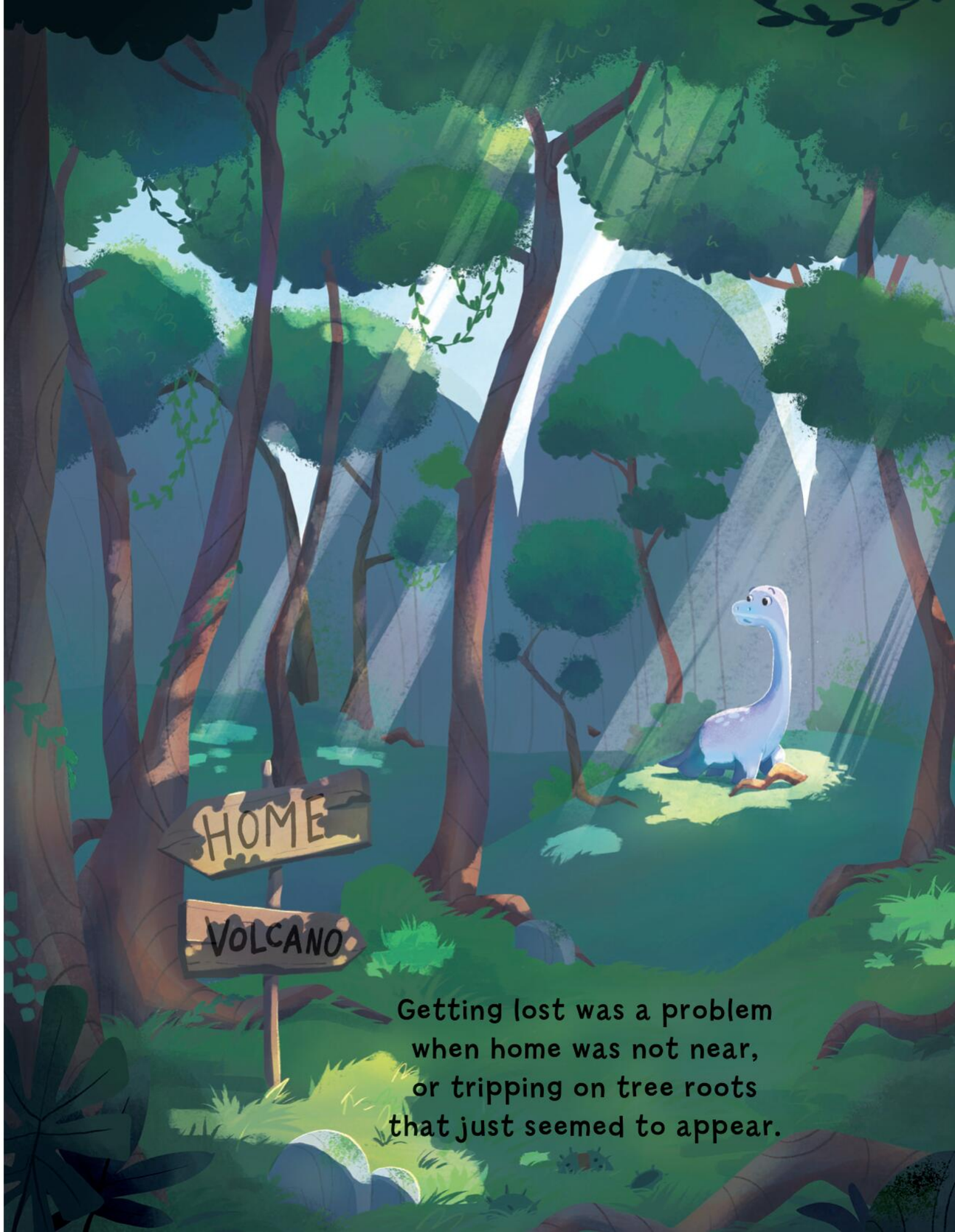
In a far-away land where
swamps gurgle and bubble,
where squabbles break out
at the first sign of trouble.
And all dinosaurs -
horned, armoured or spiny,
have to be fearsome
no matter how tiny.

Where they bellow their battle cries,
a deafening chorus,
that is all except,
for one young brontosaurus.

It is here where the tribes meet,
like each year before,
to show off their braveness
by how loud they can roar.

Yes, Bronty was different,
his eyesight was blurred.
His hearing was how
he kept up with the herd.





Getting lost was a problem
when home was not near,
or tripping on tree roots
that just seemed to appear.

Loud noise was confusing,
the herd could be frightening,



like the rumbles and bangs
of thunder and lightning.

And the need to be brave,
whatever the struggle,
even when feelings
were all of a muddle.

Yet he heard the beauty that they never saw,
as they bickered about who'd got the best roar!
You see, Bronty was special, for he loved lullabies.
His voice sang in harmonies, not battle cries.

