

The journey through the Simpson Desert

Trip, trop, trip, trop! The beastly camels and their experienced cameleer were marching through the screaming winds far from the black smoke of their morning campfire. The sun was almost shining as the moon faded away to the other end of the world. The vast desert was already steaming hot by the time they started walking through the Simpson desert, but luckily the pads on the camels' feet kept them safe from getting burnt. They could still smell the soot from the campfire and could taste the salty sand as they continued the long journey to catch the Ghan. Would they make it across the scorching plains to the tin town station before the train left?

As they got deeper and deeper into the desert the camels grew hungry and full of thirst. The bad-tempered beasts began snorting, kicking and spitting as the harsh environment seemed never ending. Suddenly there was a blue reflection on the sand, and as they got closer and closer, they realised what it was, an oasis! The cameleer was feeling relieved and lucky that they found an oasis. After a long, refreshing drink the camels lurched to their feet and the cameleer led them back into the never-ending sand dunes that continued across the horizon.

Days passed, but they felt like years, as the wary creatures lumbered along while eating shrubs and dead grass. Extreme weather began to slow them down and suddenly sand began screaming past them. It was a sandstorm! The camels closed their third eyelid and their nostrils, but they kept walking forward. Bam! The sand hit them as fast as lightning. The creatures ambled slowly through the sharp tiny pieces of sand that felt like broken glass. The strong animals swayed up and down the sand hills until finally they only felt a soft summer wind.

After a long day of walking, the Cameleer suddenly began cheering in happiness. The camels looked up. There it was, the Ghan! It was the most beautiful sight they had ever seen. They couldn't miss the train or they would regret all their hard work! So, the big, fluffy beasts tumbled down the dunes towards the tin town station. They made it! The proud cameleer split the camels into groups and put them into different carriages and when he was done, he helped himself into his own private carriage.

Toot Toot! As the train pulled away from the center of Australia the cameleer sat down feeling relaxed and grateful that his camels caught the train on time. He enjoyed watching the sun set streak the sky pink above his favourite desert. As the train sped through the night the cameleer dreamt of his camels finally relaxing and enjoying the sunshine in their new city paddock. They had survived their journey across the Simpson Desert!