

The Flan, the Emu, and the Godwit

"Oi, Ben," said Drew, "Did you know that if you say 'razor blades' it sounds like an American saying 'rise up lights'?"

Ben lowered his head to the ground to be eye level with the godwit. "Where'd you get that, Drew?"

"I dunno, something called a meme. I saw it in New Zealand before I left," said Drew, peering at Ben the Emu over his long bill. "You should try leaving Australia sometime, you know, Drew."

"I'm a flightless bird," retorted Ben. "Just because you're a godwit and can fly for 7,000 miles nonstop doesn't mean..."

"SHH!" Ben cut him off sharply. "I think I hear something."

The birds froze. Ben raised his long fuzzy neck and swiveled his head back and forth looking for danger. This made him look like a muppet. "DINGO!" he shrieked. Panicking, he ran as fast as his long, strong legs would carry him. Straight toward a wall.

"Not that way, you ninny!" cried Drew a-wing. "Think before you run, man! How many times do I have to tell you? Follow me. To that farmhouse!"



"AHHHHH!" Ben yelled as he sprinted willy-nilly toward the house, his stubby wings flapping uselessly at his sides. *There's nothing funnier than watching an emu run, thought Drew. It was even funnier because Ben squawked as he ran. What a fraidy-bird,* thought Drew.

Drew landed on a windowsill at the back of the house and beckoned Ben over. Ben rushed over and peered around the side of the house in the direction they'd come. He couldn't tell if they'd outrun the dingo or not.

The Flan, the Emu, and the Godwit

"What's this weird goopy stuff?" Drew was pointing at a flan that had been set out on the windowsill to cool.

"Do you really not know a flan when you see one?" asked Ben. "It's a delicious custard dessert with caramel on top." Ben put his beak right up to the flan to take a whiff.

"DINGO!" Drew cried (he was kidding). Ben reacted without thinking, as usual. He panicked and stuck his head deep inside that flan. This reminded Drew of an ostrich burying his head in the sand and he bent over in laughter. But then he started to worry. Ben didn't take his head out of the flan, but remained neck-deep for a few minutes. Drew began calling Ben's name and pecking his neck furiously. Ben lifted his head out of the flan, looked around for a moment, then stuck it right back into the flan.

"What are you doing, mate? MATE?!" Drew hopped onto Ben's back and began plucking at his feathers. Ben lifted his head out of the dessert and twisted his long neck so that his head was level with the bird on his back.

"You know, mate, I reckon there's a desert in that dessert," he said.

"Now I know you've lost it. Did you drown in there or something?" asked Drew.

Out of the corner of his eye, over Drew's head, Ben spotted the dingo approaching in the near distance.

"Get in the flan, Drew," he said.

"What?! Have you gone mad? I'm not..."

"If you don't want to be dingo dinner. GET. IN. THE. FLAN," Ben said. Then he grabbed Drew with his beak and shoved him into the flan.

Drew felt himself pass through a layer of sticky goop... and come out of the flan in a totally different place. He was so shocked that it didn't even surprise him to see Ben's disembodied head and neck hovering above him in thin air. (Ben had dropped him on the ground).

Grunting, Ben wriggled himself through the flan portal and into...

"It's a desert!" cried the bewildered godwit. "Did we just travel through a dessert into a desert?"

"Got us away from that dingo, didn't it mate," replied Ben.

"Where are we and how do we get back?" cried Drew.

"Now who's panicking?" asked Ben. "You're the flier here. Fly around and see if you can figure out where we are. Just don't leave me here and finish your trip to Alaska. You've been all over the world, you're the planner!"

"That's... the least panicky thing you've ever said," commented Drew, still in shock.

"You've got flan on your face, Drew," said Ben.

"You too, you goofy emu!"



The Flan, the Emu, and the Godwit

"Oi, Ben, did you know that if you say 'razor blades' it sounds like an American saying 'rise up lights'," asked Drew.

Ben lowered his head to the ground to the godwit's eye level and asked, "Where'd you get that, Ben?"

"I dunno. Something called a meme. I saw it in New Zealand just before I left," said Drew, peering at Ben the Emu over his long bill. "You should try leaving Australia sometime, you know, Ben."

Ben rolled his eyes and said: "Do I really need to remind you that I'm a flightless bird? Just because you're a godwit and can fly over 7,000 miles nonstop..."

"SHH," Ben cut him off. "I think I hear something."

The birds froze. Ben raised his long fuzzy neck up and swiveled his muppet-like head to look for the source of the sound. "DINGO," he yelled, and started running as fast as his long, strong legs would carry him—straight toward a wall.

"Not that way, you ninny," cried Drew a-wing. "How many times do I have to tell you to think before you run, man!? Follow me to that farmhouse!"

"AHHHHH," Ben yelled as he ran wily-nilly toward the house. His stubby wings flapped uselessly at his sides. There's nothing



funnier than watching an emu run, thought Drew. It was even funnier because Ben screamed as he ran. What a fraidy-bird, thought Drew.

Drew landed on a windowsill at the back of the house and beckoned Ben over. Ben rushed to his side and peered around the corner of the house in the direction they'd come, hoping that they'd lost the dingo.

"What's this weird goopy stuff," Drew asked, pointing at a flan that had been set out on the windowsill to cool.

The Flan, the Emu, and the Godwit

"Do you really not know a flan when you see one? It's a delicious custard dessert with caramel on top," said Ben. He put his beak right up to the flan to take a whiff.

"DINGO," Drew cried (he was kidding). Ben, reacting without thinking as usual, panicked and stuck his head deep inside that flan. This reminded Drew of an ostrich burying his head in the sand and he bent over in laughter. But his laughter was short-lived because Ben remained neck-deep in the flan for so long that Drew was sure he'd drowned. Drew began calling his name and pecking Ben's neck furiously. Ben lifted his head out of the flan, swiveled it around for a moment, then stuck his head right back into the flan.

"What are you doing, mate? MATE?!" Drew hopped onto Ben's back and began plucking at his feathers. Ben lifted his head out of the dessert and swiveled it around to look at Drew.

"You know, mate, I reckon there's a desert in that dessert," he said.

"Now I know you've lost it! Did you inhale custard or something," asked Drew.

Out of the corner of his eye, over Drew's head, Ben spotted the dingo rapidly approaching in the near distance.

"Get in the flan, Drew," he said.

"What?! Have you gone mad? I'm not..."

"If you don't want to be dingo dinner, GET IN THE FLAN," Ben ordered, grabbing Drew with his beak and shoving him tail-first into the flan.

Drew felt himself pass through a layer of sticky goop... and come out of the flan somewhere else entirely. He was so shocked that it didn't even surprise him to see Ben's disembodied head and neck hovering above him in thin air (Ben had dropped him on the ground).

Grunting, Ben wriggled himself through the flan portal and into...

"It's a DESERT," cried Drew. "Did we just travel through a dessert into a desert?"

"Got us away from that dingo, didn't it mate," replied Ben.

"Where are we and how do we get back," asked Drew, clearly distressed.

"Now who's panicking," said Ben. "You're the flier here. Fly around and see if you can figure out where we are. Just don't leave me here and finish your migration to Alaska!"

"That's... the least panicky thing you've ever said," commented Drew.

"You've got flan on your face, Drew," said Ben.

"You too, you goofy emu!"



The Flan, the Emu, and the Godwit

"Oi, Ben, did you know that if you say 'razor blades' you'll sound just like an American saying 'rise up lights,'" asked Drew.

Ben lowered his head to the ground, looked the godwit steadily in the eyes, and asked, "Where'd you get that, Drew?"

"I dunno. Something called a meme that I saw in New Zealand just before I left," said Drew, peering at the emu over his long bill. "You should try leaving Australia sometime, you know, Ben."

Ben rolled his eyes and said: "Is it really necessary to remind you that I'm a flightless bird? Just because you're a godwit and can fly nonstop for more than 7,000 miles doesn't mean..."

"SHH," Ben cut him off. "I think I hear something."

The birds froze to listen, and Ben raised his long fuzzy neck and jerkily swiveled his muppet-like head in different directions to identify source of the sound.

"DINGO," he screeched, and started running as fast as his long, strong legs would carry him—straight toward a wall.

"Not that way, you ninny," cried Drew, already airborne. "How many times do I have to remind you to think before you run, man?! Follow me to that farmhouse over there!"

"AHHHHH," Ben yelled, sprinting willy-nilly toward the house, his mini wings waving frantically, if uselessly, at his sides. There's nothing more hilarious than watching an emu run, thought Drew. It was even funnier because Ben squawked as he ran. What a fraidy-bird, thought Drew.



Drew landed on a windowsill at the rear of the house and beckoned Ben over. Ben rushed to his side and peered around the corner of the house in the direction they'd come, checking to see whether they'd lost the dingo or not.

"What's this weird goopy stuff," Drew asked, pointing at a flan that had been set out on the windowsill to cool.

"Do you really not recognize a flan when you see one? It's a delicious custard dessert with caramel on top," said Ben, putting his beak right up to the flan and inhaling its sweet, warm scent.

The Flan, the Emu, and the Godwit

"DINGO," Drew cried (he was kidding). Ben, reacting without thinking as usual, panicked, and stuck his head neck-deep into the center of the flan. It so reminded Drew of an ostrich he'd once seen burying his head in the sand that the godwit doubled over in laughter—but it was short-lived because Ben's head remained submerged in the flan for so long Drew became certain he'd drowned. Troubled, Drew began calling Ben's name and pecking his neck furiously. Ben lifted his head out of the flan, momentarily swiveled it this way and that as if looking for something, and then stuck his head straight back into the flan.

"What are you doing, mate? MATE?!" Drew vaulted onto Ben's broad back and plucked at his fuzzy feathers. Ben, removing his custard-covered head once more, swiveled his long neck around so that his head was level with the godwit on his back.

"You know, mate, I reckon there's a desert in that dessert," he said thoughtfully.

"Now I know you've lost it—did you inhale custard or something," asked Drew.

Out of the corner of his eye, over Drew's head, Ben spotted the dingo rapidly approaching in the near distance.

"Get in the flan, Drew," he ordered.

"What, have you gone mad? I'm not..."

"If you don't want to be dingo dinner, GET IN THE FLAN," Ben ordered, grabbing Drew with his beak and shoving him tail first into the flan.

Drew felt himself ooze through a layer of goop... and come out of the flan in a totally different environment. He was so astonished that he wasn't surprised to see Ben's disembodied head and neck hovering above him in thin air (Ben had dropped him on the ground).

Grunting, Ben wriggled himself through the flan portal and into...

"It's a DESERT," exclaimed the bewildered godwit. "Did a dessert just transport us into a desert?"

"Got us away from that dingo, didn't it mate," replied Ben.

"Where are we and how do we get back," asked Drew, clearly distressed.

"Now who's panicking," said Ben. "You're the flier here. Fly around and see if you can figure out where we are—just don't leave me here to finish your migration to Alaska!"

"That's... the least panicky thing you've ever said," commented Drew, calmer but still in shock.

"You've got flan on your face, Drew," said Ben.

"You too, you ridiculous emu!"

