

# Yakka, Yip and the Yahoos

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## 1. A tree of their own

**Y**AKKA AND YIP LIVED in one of the best trees in the rainforest.

It was an enormous Moreton Bay fig tree.

Yakka, who was a very clever cockatoo, liked it because it had wide, thick branches that spread out from the trunk like the arms of a welcoming, woody octopus.

Yip, who was an eager little pygmy possum, liked it because the thick leaves reminded him of rustling, whispering curtains of green.

On the day that Yakka had first seen the tree, she had got all squawky and excited. “Scraaark!” she scraarked to Yip. “That’s the place, Yip! That’s the perfect place for us to live!”

Yip, who was flying with Yakka in Yakka’s small plane, looked carefully at the tree as they flew all around it. “It’s very big,” he said to Yakka.

“You’re right there, my little friend. It *is* big. And it’s beaut! There’s plenty of room to build our house. Scraaark! We can even have a special wing just for our office, where we can make the *School Mag* for all our readers!”

Yip looked at Yakka. “Haven’t you got enough wings already?” he asked. “You have two wings, Yakka, and they’re both special, aren’t they?”

Yakka gave a laugh-screech. “No, Yip. I mean a special wing on our *tree house*. Another part of the house that we’ll build on a special branch. A separate part from where we’ll live.”



“Oh,” said Yip. He thought about it for a moment. “Yes, that sounds like a good idea. We’ll live in one part of the tree house, and make the *School Mag* in another part. You have good ideas, Yakka.”

“Thanks, my little cobber. It comes from being a cockatoo, you know.”

Then Yip had an idea. “We can park your plane on one of the topmost branches, so when we want to go flying we can just scoot up there and away we go!”

“Excellent idea, Yip. You have excellent ideas, you know.”

“It comes from being a pygmy possum,” said Yip happily.

So they landed Yakka’s plane on one of the topmost branches and started to make the tree their home.

## 2. Recycling

While they were exploring their new tree, Yip remembered something that was a very good something to remember.

“Yakka!” he shrieked.

Yakka jumped—Yip’s shrieks often made her jump. “What, my little cobber?”

“I know just the place where we could find some things for our tree house!”

“Where?” asked Yakka.

“The old, abandoned farm cottage.”

Yakka clapped her wings together. “Clever Yip! Of course! No-one’s been there for years!”

“Maybe we could find floorboards!” squealed Yip.

“And a door!” squawked Yakka.

“And some bits of wood for our walls!”

“Who knows *what* we’ll find?” Yakka said, putting on her flying helmet. “Come on, let’s go!”

So off they went, to the abandoned farm cottage.

It was an old ruin. Many years ago, there had been a fire, and part of the cottage had burnt down. The rest of it had been left to rot away in the wind and the rain and the hot summer sun.

Yakka flew her plane down and landed next to the ruined farm cottage. She and Yip leapt out of the plane and rushed into what was left of the old place.

“It’s wonderful!” cried Yakka.

“It’s bonza!” cried Yip.

They found so many bits and pieces that they had to make seven trips back and forth between their tree and the farm cottage. Soon they had all they needed (and some things they didn’t need).



They worked quickly. Yakka and Yip used the old wood from the cottage to make some walls, some floors, some tables, some perches (for Yakka to rest on), some shelves (for Yip to leap from) and two beds.

When they had finished, their tree house blended in beautifully with the tree. The leafy branches hung down over the top to make a thick, rustling roof. The thick branches snaked around the wooden walls, like big, gentle arms, cradling the tree house. From the floor of the rainforest, the tree house was almost invisible among all the greenery.

Everything was perfect. Yakka and Yip were happy, making the *School Mag* in their office wing and relaxing in their house.

Until, late one night, there came a dreadful noise!

### 3. Yahoos!

“**R**WEEEEEEAAAAAARRRRRRRKKKKKK!” It was so loud, that Yip fell out of his shelf-bed. He stopped himself from hitting the floor by gracefully gliding upwards again. But he was very shaken.

“Scraaaaark!” squawked Yakka, jumping out of her bed. “What was that?”

“RWEEEEEEAAAAAARRRRRRRKKKKKK!” came the awful noise again.

Yip’s tail curled at the sound. “It’s coming from next door!” he squealed.

He and Yakka rushed to the window and peered out.

“RWEEEEEEAAAAAARRRRRRRKKKKKKK!”

“RWEEEEEEAAAAAARRRRRRRKKKKKKK!”

“RWEEEEEEAAAAAARRRRRRRKKKKKKK!”

Now there was not just one awful sound, but many, all on top of each other.



Yakka and Yip strained to see, through all the darkness, what could be making such a horrible din.

Slowly, as they kept looking, hundreds of dark shapes began to appear in the rainforest night.

Hundreds of dark, noisy shapes, hanging off the branches of the tree next door.

Hundreds of dark, noisy shapes, flitting and flying and leaping around.

Yip turned to Yakka. "What are we going to do?" he asked.

But for once, Yakka the cockatoo was squawk-less.

*What does this mean for Yakka and Yip?  
Will the noisy intruders leave them in peace?  
Find out next month, in Part Two of Yakka,  
Yip and the Yahoos! ■*