

Rubby Chux takes on the difficult job of hatching eggs and raising chicks. Though some lessons are tough and scary, like teaching the chicks how to fly, Rubby never, ever gives up.



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To everyone who loves to read and
for children who love to listen.

A special thank you to David, the sneezing cat charmer.

And Robyne for her enthusiasm
and support during our projects.

Happy reading

- Lucy Forster

A big thank you to David for the use of his cat's name, you are
incredibly imaginative and talented in so many ways.

To Robyne for your ongoing support.

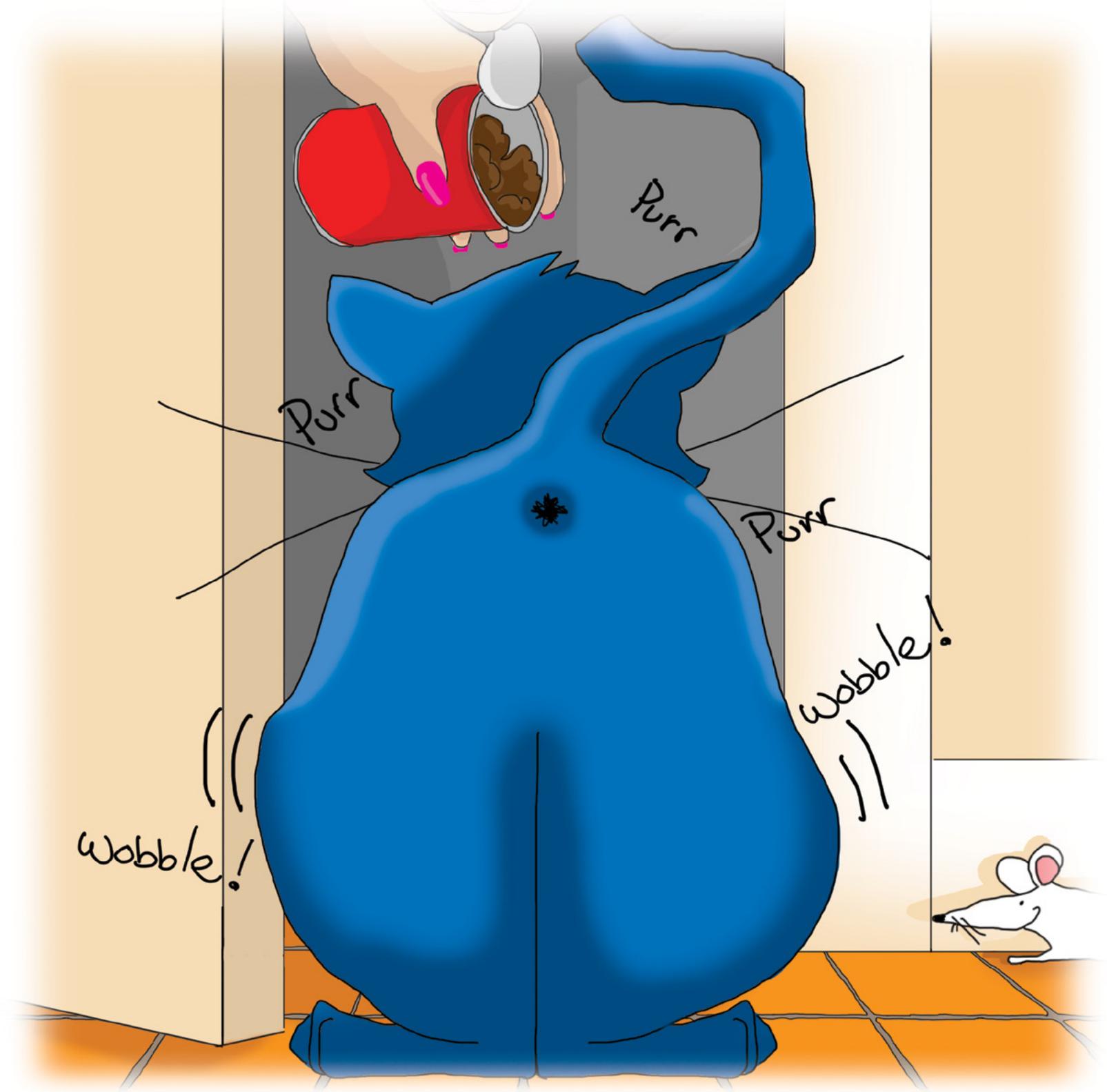
And to Rubby Chux for inspiration.

- Kylie Burns

Rubby came in with a smile on his face,
he had seen his friends I could tell.
His belly was large and all over the place,
he had cream on his whiskers as well.



He saw Mum with a can, so to the laundry he ran,
his belly sweeping the floor.
He managed to push and squeeze himself through
a reasonable crack in the door.



Rubby, no match for the chooks in the yard,
watched as these lazy spectators,
rolled up his belly and put their eggs under,
to use as their own incubator.



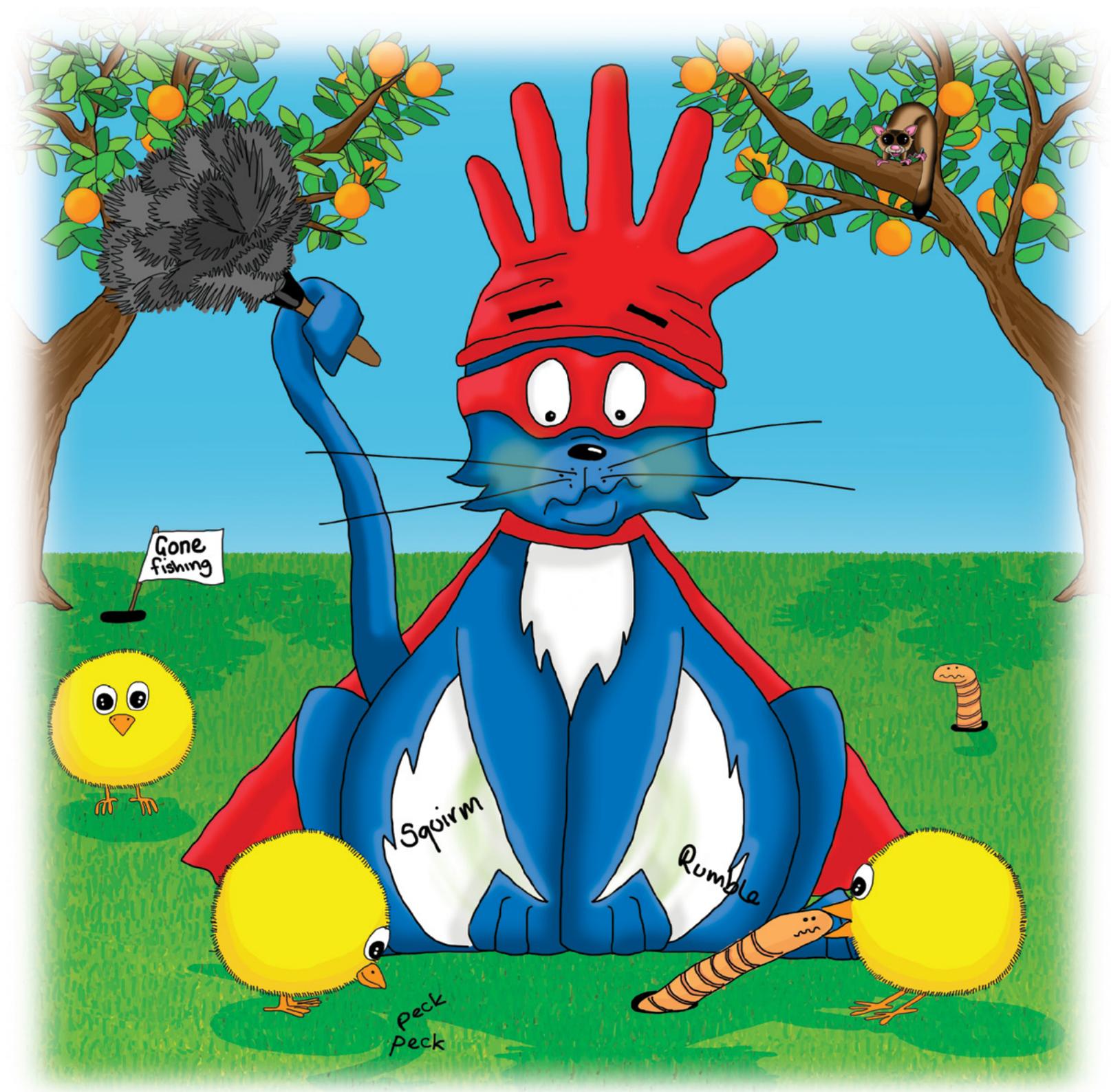
It wasn't too long before noises came out of the fur that hung over his feet. The chirping grew louder with each broken egg, mouths gaping open, cheep, cheep.



The wee little chicks, all fluffy and yellow,
ventured out of his warm furry belly.
He stuffed wool in his ears when their squawking got loud,
and sat quietly watching the telly.



He took them outside to peck at the ground,
and showed them how they should eat.
He eyed a worm and his belly did squirm,
but the chicks, they all had a treat.



He took them outside to learn how to fly,
so he climbed up a very short tree.
Without further ado the chicks followed too,
and sat on a branch, one two three.



Flapping his paws as hard as he could,
hoping the chicks would take note.
He was tired already, thinking this wasn't fun,
and he'd rather be rowing a boat.



His large floppy belly spread out like a kite,
he glided and soared through the air.
The birds all around scattered in fright,
the sugar glider thought he had flair.



The chicks on the branch were flapping their wings,
not to be outdone by their dad.
One sat, one flew, one crashed into things,
learning to fly was a drag!



Hours went by and the chicks learnt to fly.
Now they could roost in a tree.
Rubby waddled inside to sit by the fire,
saying, "that's quite enough for me".



**SEE YOU
AGAIN SOON!**

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