



# 'Not Telling!'

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'Do you want to come for a drive?' asked Mr Cotts.

'Where are we going?'

'Not telling!' said Mr Cotts.

'Ok, I'll come, but where are we going?'

'Not telling!' said Mr Cotts.

I went and changed my clothes, brushed my hair and got my bag.

'I'm ready', I said, 'Where are we going?'

'Not telling!' said Mr Cotts.

We got in the car and turned left onto the highway. I thought we might be going into the city.

We drove closer and closer to the city and went over the West Gate Bridge. I saw the tall buildings. We had to stop at the traffic lights. Mr Cotts kept on driving though the city.

'Where are we going?', I asked.

'Not telling!' said Mr Cotts.



We kept travelling along the busy streets when suddenly Mr Cotts pulled over.

'I need to check the address', he said. 'I'm going the wrong way'.

'I need to go back and turn left then right then keep going along, then go left, then right'.

'Where are we going?' I asked.

'Not telling!' said Mr Cotts.

Off we went, left, right, left, right all the way through the busy streets.

'I need to find somewhere to park along this street', said Mr Cotts.

'Where are we going?' I asked.

'Not telling!' said Mr Cotts.

He parked the car and put some money in the parking meter.

'We need to walk down this street then turn left', said Mr Cotts.

'Where are we going?' I asked.

'Not telling!' said Mr Cotts.



We walked down the street. There was a man with long whiskers standing on the corner holding a sign.

He gave us a pamphlet and said, 'There is a market down Rose Street today'.

'Thank you', said Mr Cotts, 'That's where we are going'.

'Wow, so that's where we're going. Thanks for bringing me Mr Cotts'.

I really like going to markets. I wonder what I will see? Maybe I will find something interesting to buy.



We walked down Rose Street and through the entrance to the market. There were lots of stalls, fluttering flags and people strolling about. It was a beautiful sunny day, just right for a market.



The first stall had lots of bright sparkling jewellery but I didn't want jewellery. The next stall had lots of badges with all sorts of pictures on them but I didn't want a badge.

We wandered to the next stall and I stopped and looked around. The lady who ran the stall started to tell me about the things she had to sell.

'They came all the way from Kenya', she said. 'A group of woman meet together and make them'.

'Would you like to buy one?'

'Yes please', I said, but which one would I buy?  
There were so many.

I kept looking all over the stall and finally spotted the one I wanted. It was sitting up the back propped against a wooden box. I asked the lady to pass it over.

It was a little elephant made from an old grey sock. He had red buttons for eyes and a blue patch on his tummy.

Around his neck was a tag tied on with a piece of string. On one side it said, 'I was made in a woman's group in Kenya.' On the other side it said, 'My name is Rufus'.





I really like Rufus. I am so glad I bought him. I wonder if he knew where he was going after the woman's group had finished making him.

I wonder if he said, 'Where am I going?' and the women said, 'Not telling!'

Rufus was very pleased to be going to a new home.

### Extra Interesting Information

Here's Rufus the sock elephant who travelled all the way from Kenya and now lives at my place.

'Not Telling!' is based on a true story.

Follow this link to access 'Not Telling!' activities for your students.

Add link

The Rose Street Market is located at 60 Rose Street, Fitzroy.

It is open each Saturday and Sunday from 11am until 5pm.

<http://www.rosestmarket.com.auis>

A special thank you to Riley and Darcy for their wonderful illustrations.

Cheers

Robyn



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