

# Frostie the Snowman Under the Southern Cross Belongs to:

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Look out for the hidden star  
on pages marked with a



The idea to create the children's book,  
**Frostie the Snowman Under the Southern Cross**  
was initiated and commissioned by **dusk Australasia Pty Ltd.**  
Frostie the Snowman and his Snowman Family are products of dusk.

**dusk Australasia Pty Ltd are generously donating the proceeds from the sale of this book to the  
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Rothwell Publishing is proud to be associated with this project and  
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**For Harry – always the guiding star in my life.  
Thanks Pip for your support and assistance. JR.**

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# Frostie the Snowman

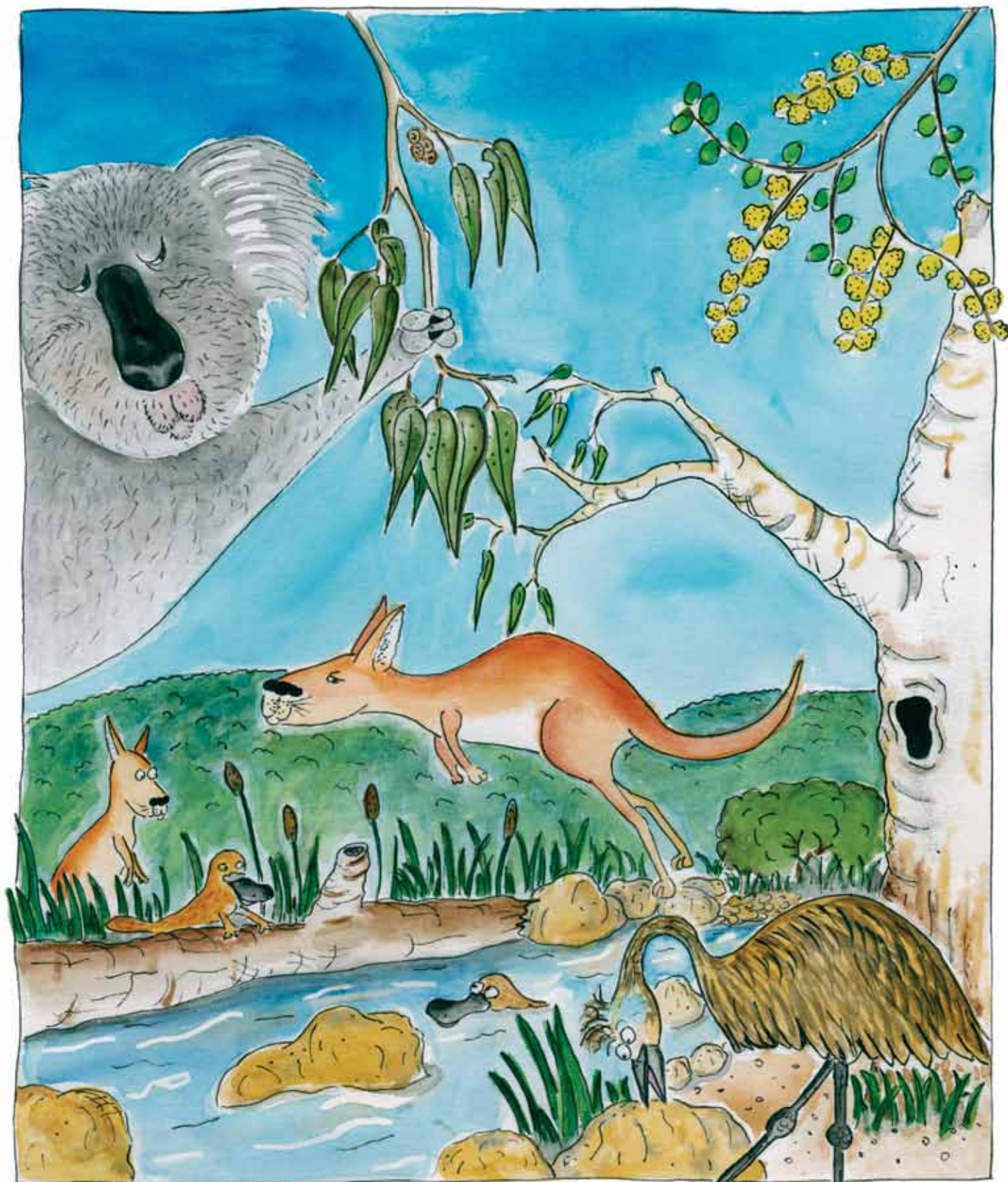
## Under the Southern Cross



Jo Rothwell  
Illustrated by Bryce Rothwell







In the land where Koalas laze in the trees,  
and wattle sways golden in the afternoon breeze,  
where Platypus plunge and Kangaroos leap,  
and Emus are baffled by the size of their feet...





It is here that Wombats wander and roam...  
and where Frostie the Snowman likes to call home.





Mum and Dad, Uncle Jack and the baby twins, were waiting in anticipation as Frostie toddled in. Excitement, delightment and indeed jubilation, as Frostie announced his wedding celebration.





His Snowgirl Pippa, his blushing pink bride,  
agreed to be married and stand by his side.  
Under the Southern Cross they would marry one night,  
and would party and dance under star and moonlight.





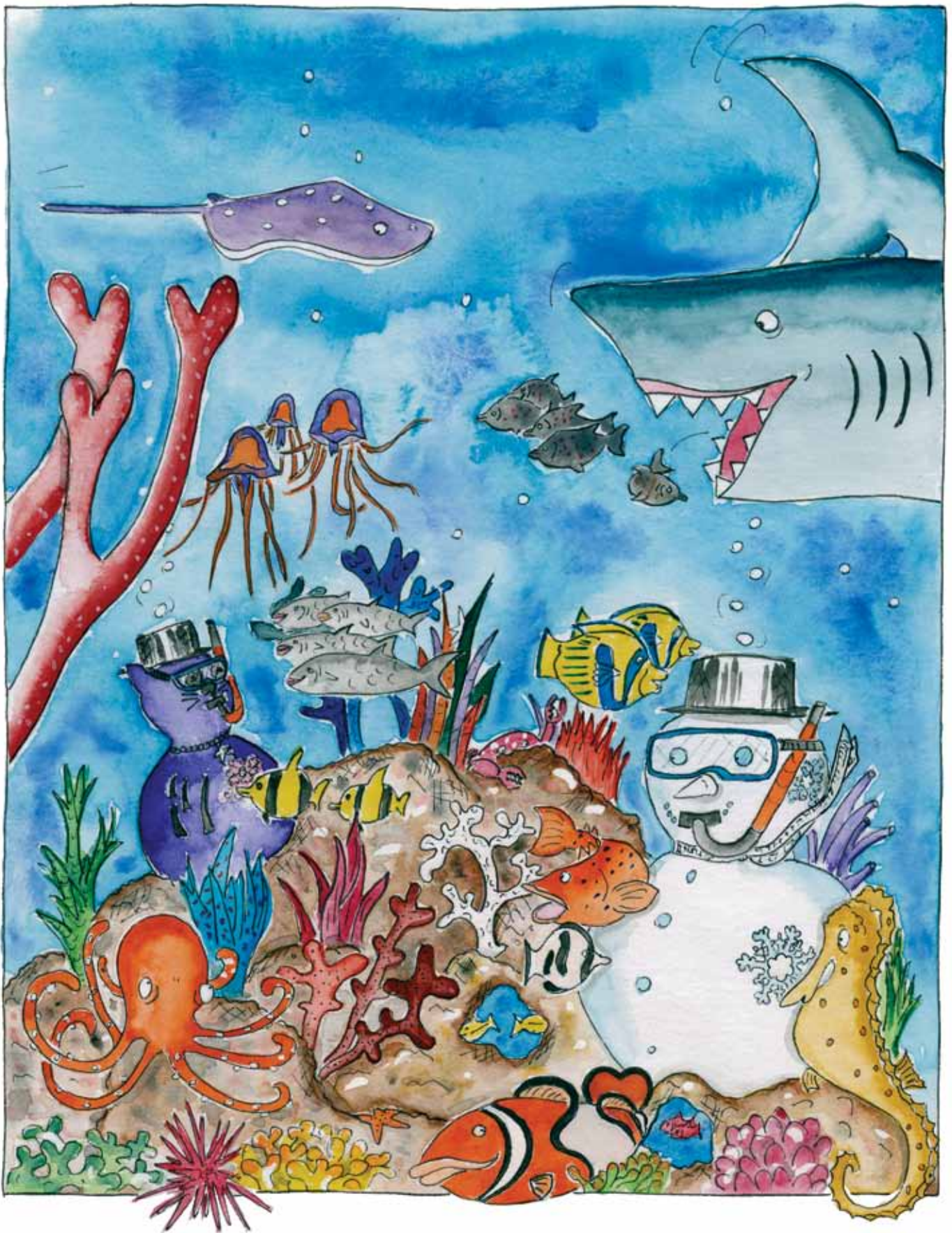
Frostie taught her all about the shining Southern Cross,  
five stars guiding south if you ever should be lost.  
Pippa looked confused and asked Frostie, 'Are you sure?  
You said there should be **five** stars, but I counted only **four**.'





Tragedy, catastrophe, and certainly disaster;  
they need to find that missing star to live happily ever after.  
So Frostie called on Mr C to help him search the nation;  
the quest to hunt that missing star meant urgent exploration.





In a splish and a splash and a dash of belief,  
they journeyed up north to the Great Barrier Reef.  
Sea creatures swam with purpose and poise,  
in coral coloured crimson, blue, pink and turquoise.

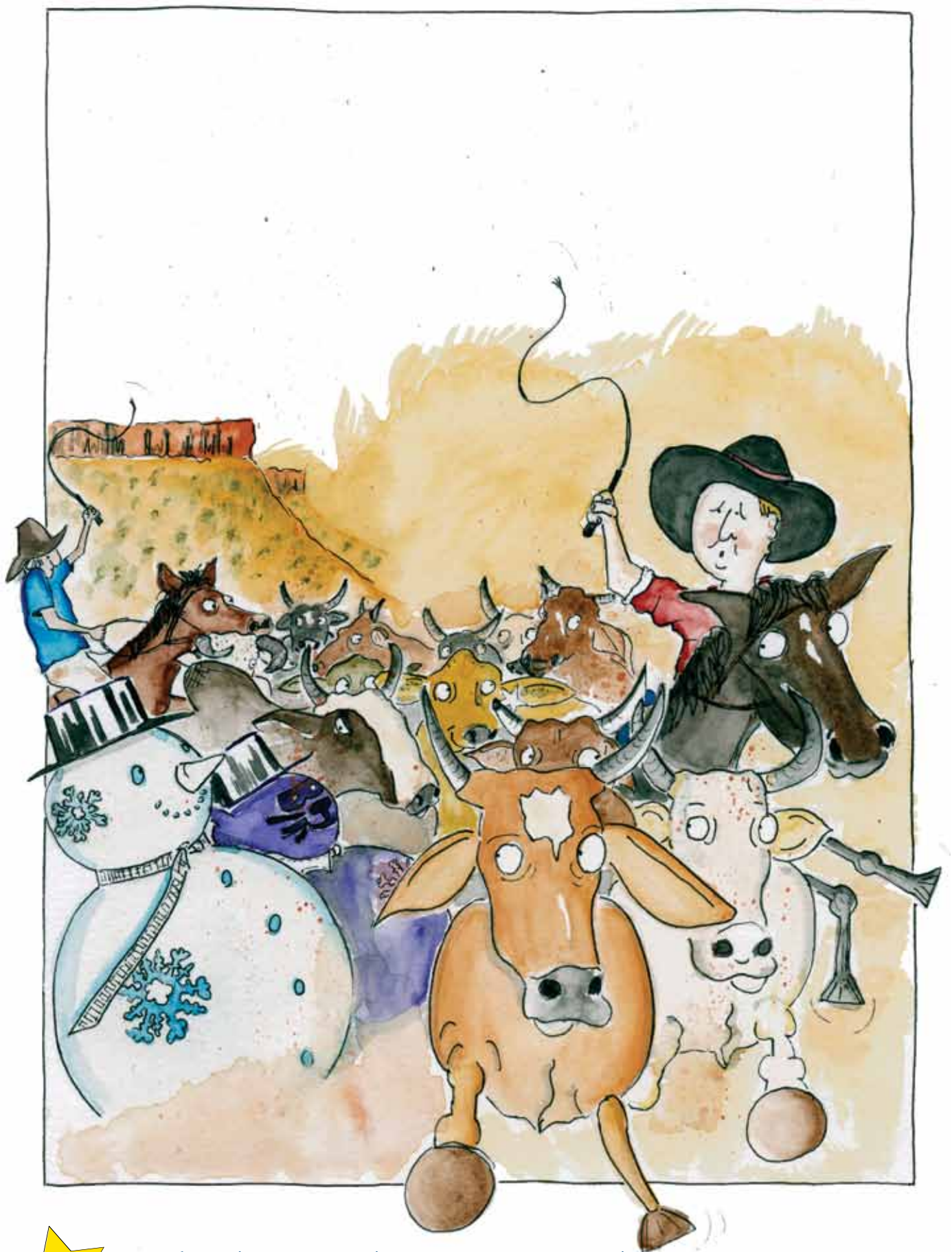




Frostie excitedly shrieked with glee  
at the **star**fish he spotted right there in the sea.  
But it didn't quite sparkle and it didn't quite shine...  
perhaps with a polish it would be perfectly fine.

But it wasn't.





With a click and a clack down a dusty old track,  
they ventured to search in Australia's Outback.  
Cattle were whirling in a flurry and fluster,  
as stockmen rode boldly in the Brunette Downs muster.





A **star** studded stallion pranced by so proudly.  
'Another star found,' yelled Frostie quite loudly.  
But it didn't quite sparkle and it didn't quite shine...  
perhaps with a brush it would be perfectly fine.

But it wasn't.





In a swirl and a twirl they continued their quest  
to the carpet of wildflowers that grew in the west.  
Everlasting daisies and Flannel flowers thrived,  
proving the desert was truly alive.





**Star** flowers flourished in this floral parade;  
'Indeed,' thought Frostie, 'it's here the star strayed.'  
But it didn't quite sparkle and it didn't quite shine...  
perhaps with a water it would be perfectly fine.

But it wasn't.





In a flash and a dash they began to explore the untamed plains of the wild Nullarbor. They discovered lime caves, majestically appealing, where stubborn stalactites cling tightly to the ceiling.





These caves were magnificent, grand and colossal,  
and where **star** shapes were spotted right there in a fossil.  
But it didn't quite sparkle and it didn't quite shine...  
perhaps with a dust it would be perfectly fine.

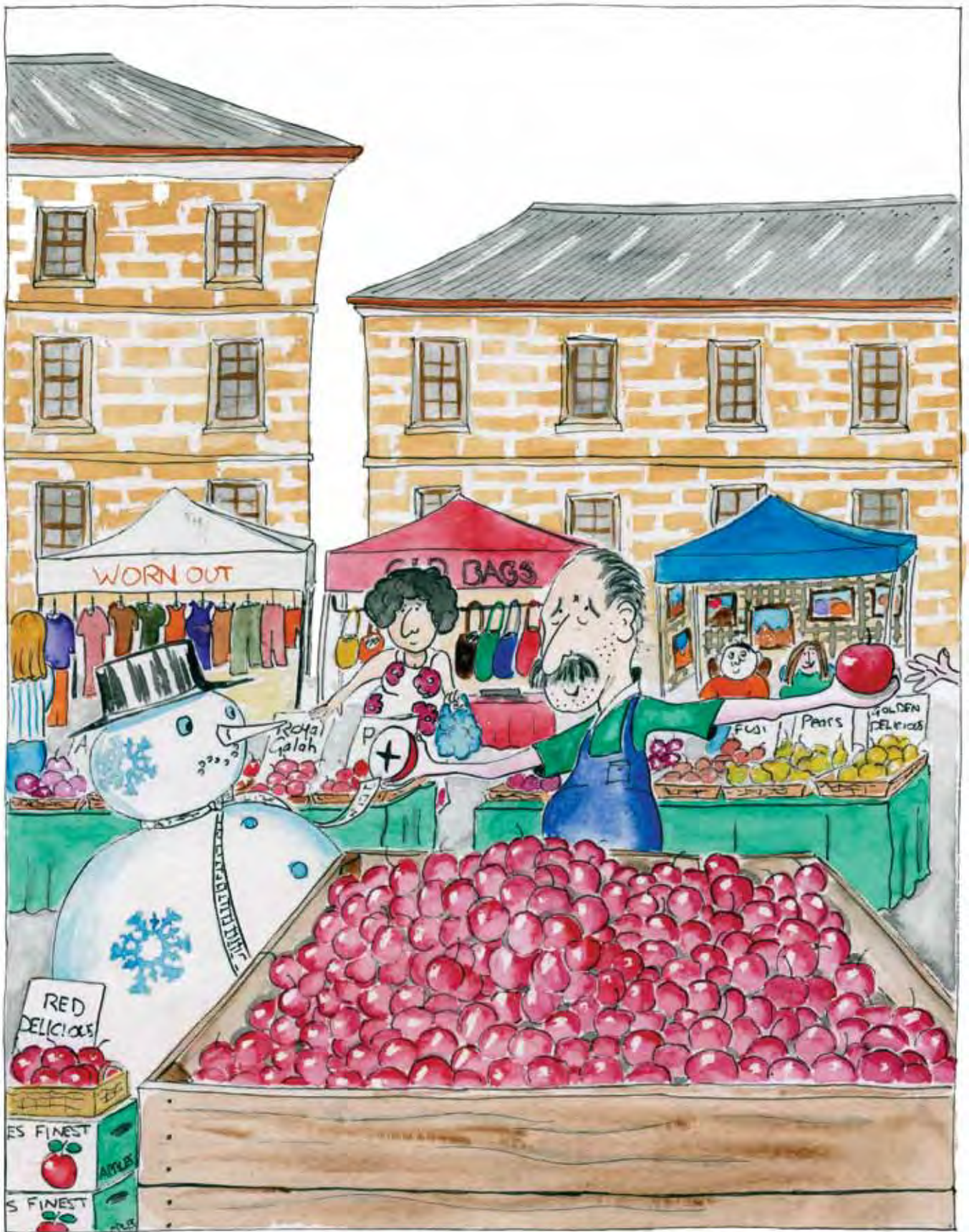
But it wasn't.





In a tick and a tack they sailed Bass Strait,  
with Frostie as captain and Mr C as first mate.  
'Land Ahoy!' cried Frostie, in his best captain style,  
as they bumped into Hobart on the wondrous Apple Isle.





At a market surrounded by food so nutritious,  
Frostie spied a **star** in his halved Red Delicious.  
But it didn't quite sparkle and it didn't quite shine...  
perhaps with a rub it would be perfectly fine.

But it wasn't.