



Oliver

8 Firefly Crescent
Wattle Bay NSW 2487

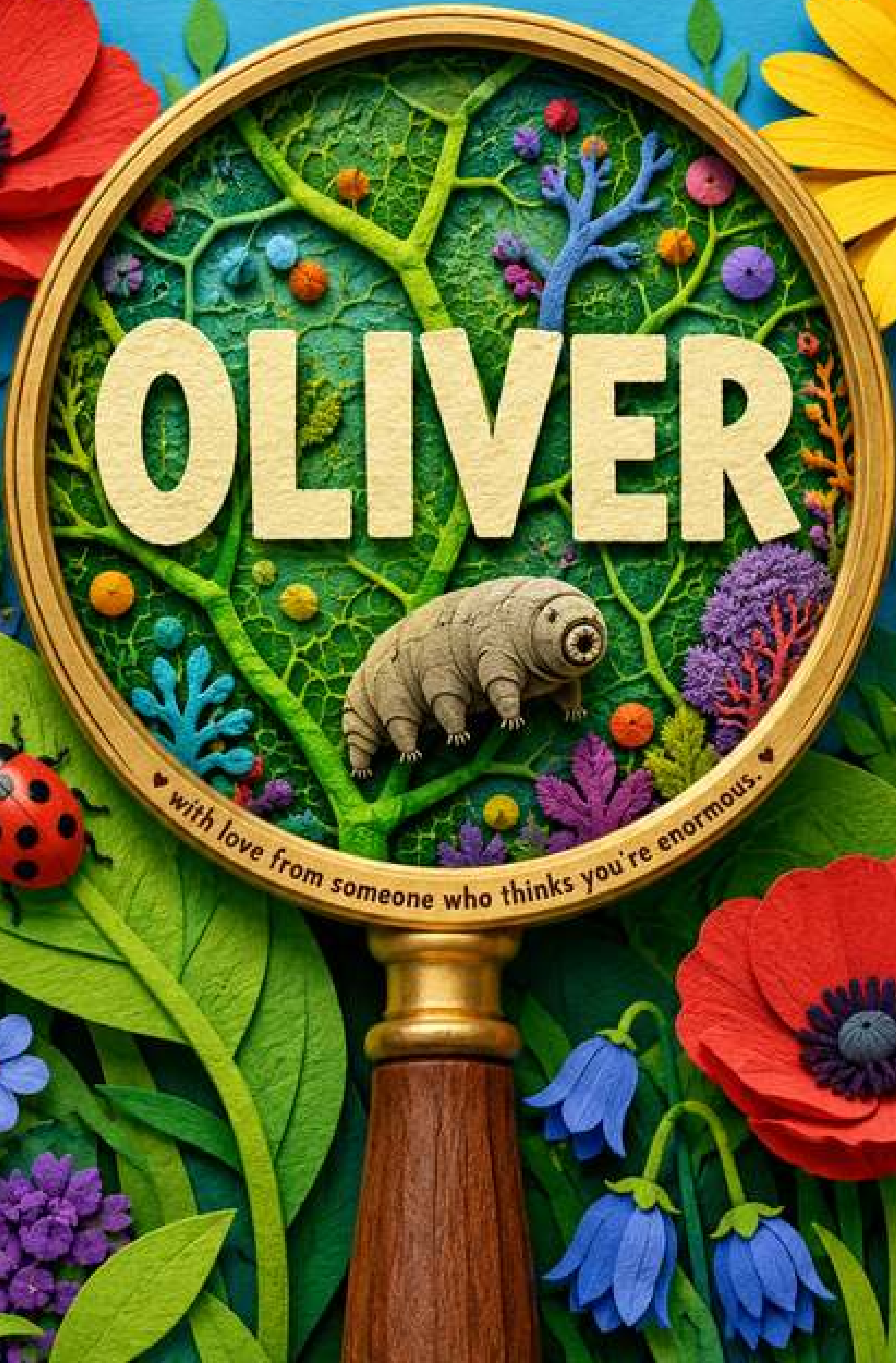
FROM: GRANDMA JOAN

THE LITTLE POST



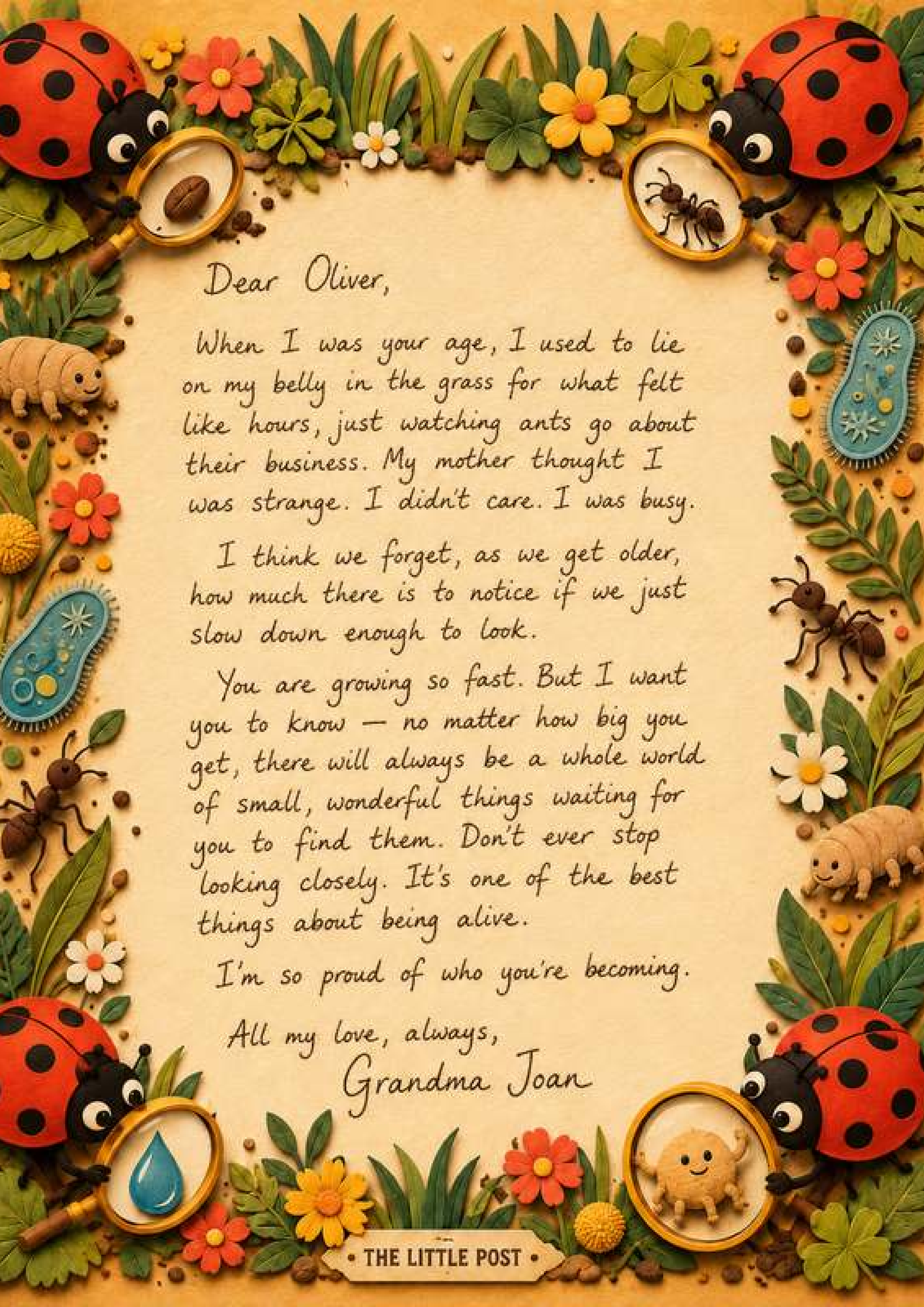
TINY THINGS

The smaller you look, the bigger the world gets.



OLIVER

♥ with love from someone who thinks you're enormous. ♥



Dear Oliver,

When I was your age, I used to lie on my belly in the grass for what felt like hours, just watching ants go about their business. My mother thought I was strange. I didn't care. I was busy.

I think we forget, as we get older, how much there is to notice if we just slow down enough to look.

You are growing so fast. But I want you to know — no matter how big you get, there will always be a whole world of small, wonderful things waiting for you to find them. Don't ever stop looking closely. It's one of the best things about being alive.

I'm so proud of who you're becoming.

All my love, always,
Grandma Joan

THE WORLD UNDERFOOT

The ground under your feet is not empty.
It is very, very full.



1

A whole city, right here.



THIS IS
WHERE YOU
CAN SEE.

50,000

ants in one
ant colony



2

The ants
have been
very busy.

3

The roots
are
drinking.



1,000,000,000

tiny living things in
one teaspoon of soil

20 metres

how tall a
single seed
can grow

What do you think is going on right now under YOUR feet?

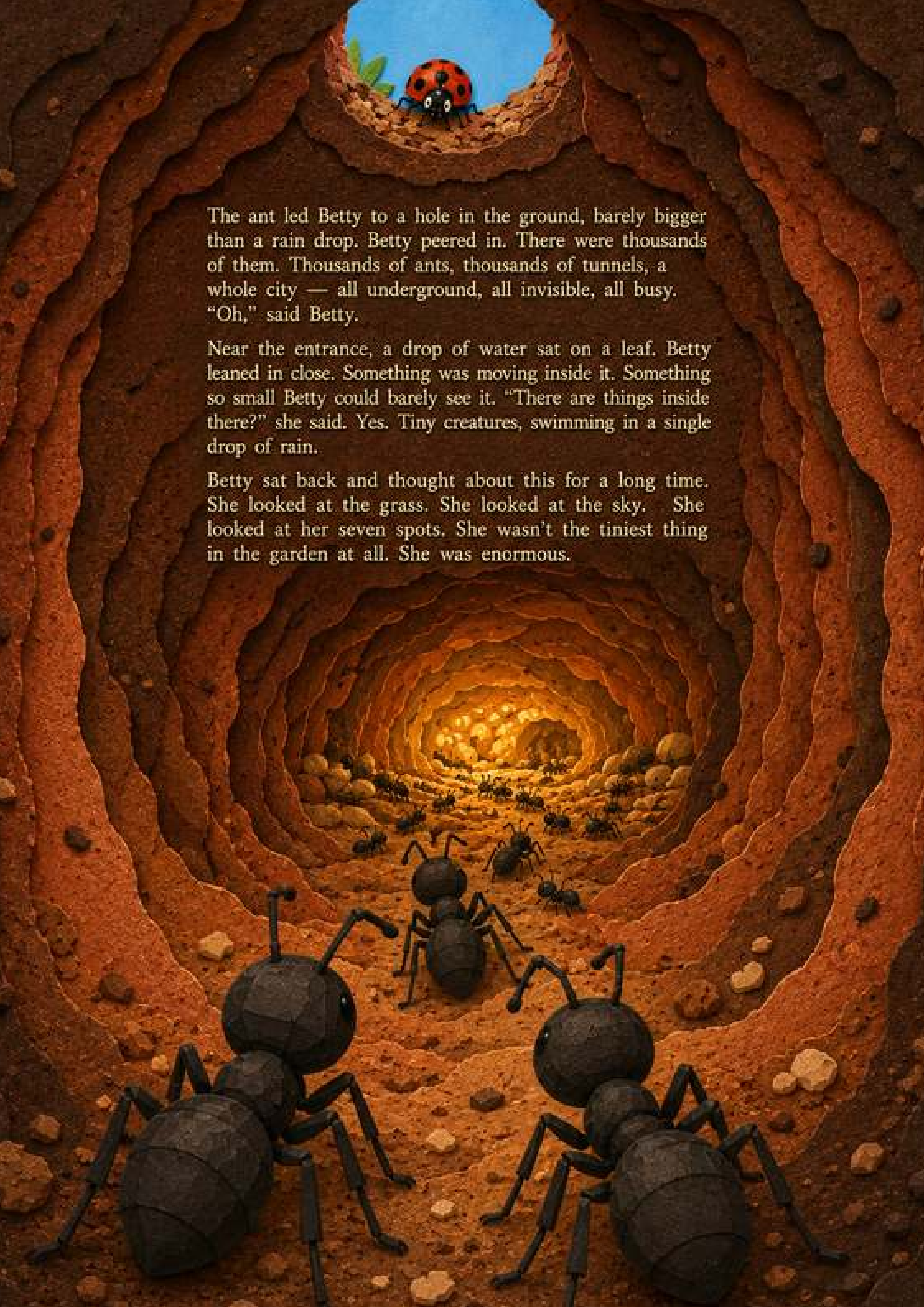


Betty the Ladybird sat at the edge of the garden and looked up. The grass was enormous. The daisy was enormous. Even the snail beside her — who moved very slowly and didn't say much — was bigger than Betty.

"I am the tiniest thing in this whole garden," said Betty. She counted her spots to feel better. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Seven spots. That was something.

Then she saw the ant. It was carrying a crumb three times the size of its own head, marching like it did this every day (it did do this every day), and it was — Betty squinted — it was even smaller than her.

"Hello," said Betty. The ant didn't stop. It had somewhere to be. Betty followed.



The ant led Betty to a hole in the ground, barely bigger than a rain drop. Betty peered in. There were thousands of them. Thousands of ants, thousands of tunnels, a whole city — all underground, all invisible, all busy. “Oh,” said Betty.

Near the entrance, a drop of water sat on a leaf. Betty leaned in close. Something was moving inside it. Something so small Betty could barely see it. “There are things inside there?” she said. Yes. Tiny creatures, swimming in a single drop of rain.

Betty sat back and thought about this for a long time. She looked at the grass. She looked at the sky. She looked at her seven spots. She wasn’t the tiniest thing in the garden at all. She was enormous.



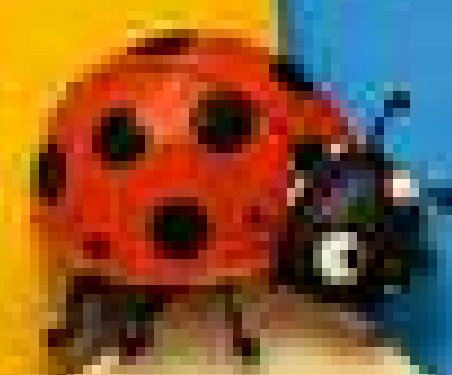
ANT:

An ant can carry fifty times its own weight. If you could do that, you'd be carrying a small car.



WATER BEAR:

The water bear is smaller than a full stop. It can survive in space. It can survive being frozen. It has been around for 500 million years and it is not impressed by anything.



SEED:

A single seed can grow into a tree twenty metres tall. It carries the whole plan inside. It just needs time.



WATER CREATURE:

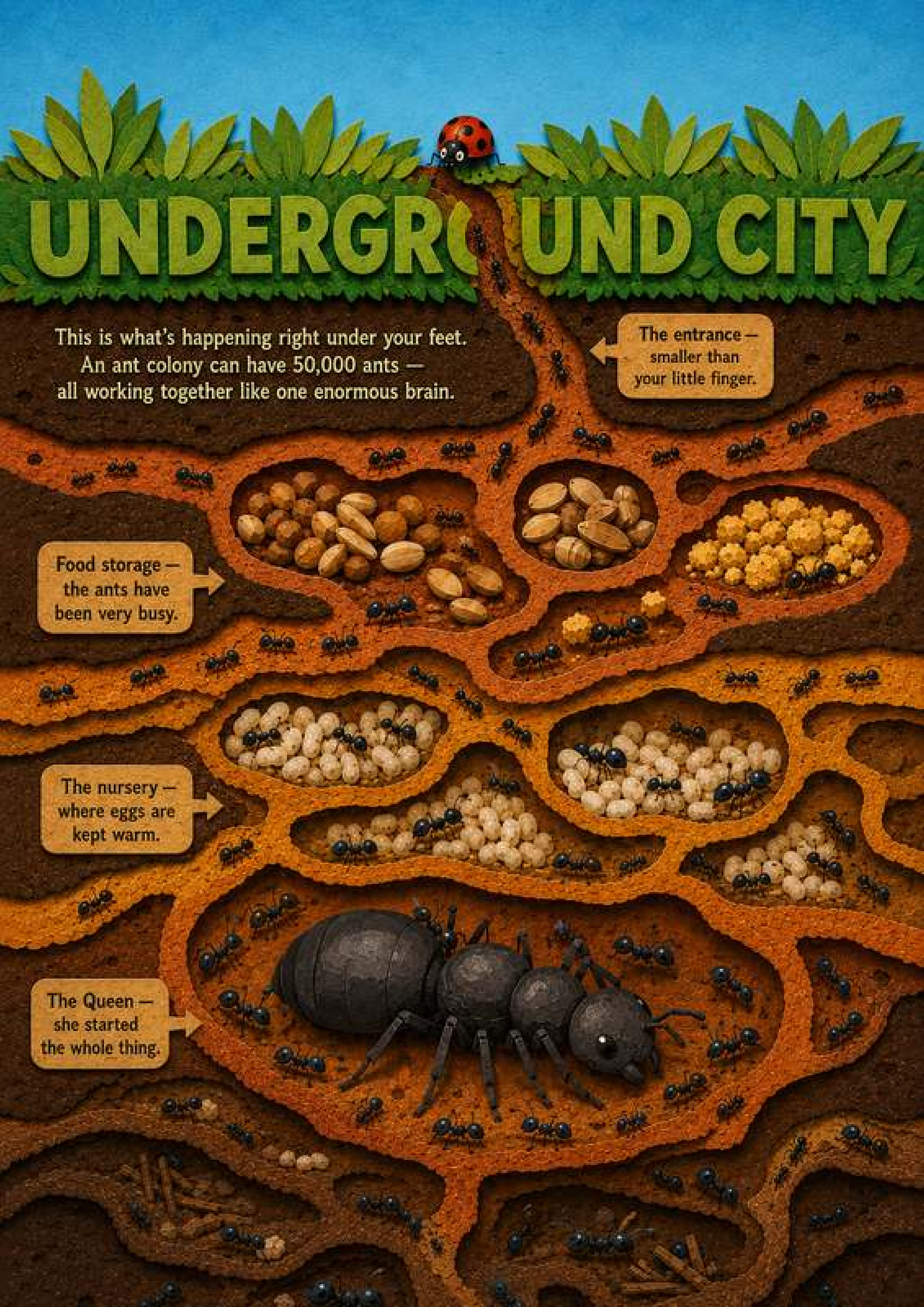
Inside a single drop of rain, there are creatures swimming around, having an entirely normal day. You cannot see them. They cannot see you. You are both fine.



EYELASH MITE:

There are tiny creatures living on your eyelashes right now. They are having a great time.

Every creature on this page has legs — except two. Can you count how many legs each one has? Write the number next to it.



UNDERGROUND CITY

This is what's happening right under your feet.
An ant colony can have 50,000 ants —
all working together like one enormous brain.

The entrance —
smaller than
your little finger.

Food storage —
the ants have
been very busy.

The nursery —
where eggs are
kept warm.

The Queen —
she started
the whole thing.

MAKE A TINY THING.

Something so small nobody has ever seen it. Give it a name.

What is it?

What
does it
eat?

Where
does it
live?

What does
it do all
day?

Is it friendly?
Grumpy? Nosy?

My tiny creature is called _____

Show your
creature to
someone at
breakfast.



If you look very hard, you might see one. Nobody would know but you.

An illustration of a large, brown tree trunk with visible bark texture, growing from a patch of green grass and brown soil. At the base of the tree, a small, green seedling with two leaves is growing out of a cracked, brown seed shell. An arrow points from the text 'Also this.' to the top of the tree trunk, and another arrow points from the text 'This.' to the seedling.

THE BIGGEST THINGS START TINY.

The tallest tree in the world —
taller than a fifteen-storey building —
started as a seed you could hold
in your hand.

A seed knows exactly what it wants
to become. It has the whole plan inside.
It just needs soil, water, and time.

You started tiny too.
Look at you now.

This.

Also this.

YOUR TURN: Draw what you would grow into if you were a seed. No wrong answers.

GROW A TINY THING INTO A BIG THING.

You need a bean, a jar, a piece of kitchen paper, and about a week.

1.



1. Wet the kitchen paper. Squeeze it out. Not soaking — just damp.

Day 2 — Draw what you see:



2.



2. Push the bean between the paper and the side of the jar so you can see it.

Day 4 — Draw what you see:



3.



3. Put the jar somewhere with light. Not on the radiator.

Day 6 — Draw what you see:



4.



4. Wait. Check every day. Don't give up before day 4.

Day 8 — Draw what you see:

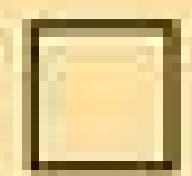


Everything in this jar was inside the bean all along.

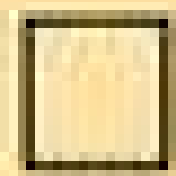


Take a photo of your bean each day. Put them all next to each other later — you'll see the whole story.

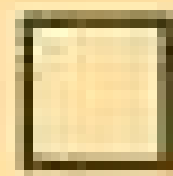
Everything in this drop is real. Can you find them all?



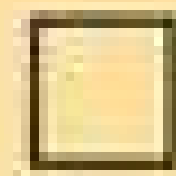
Three ants



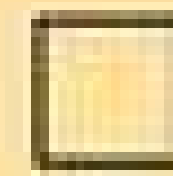
One seed



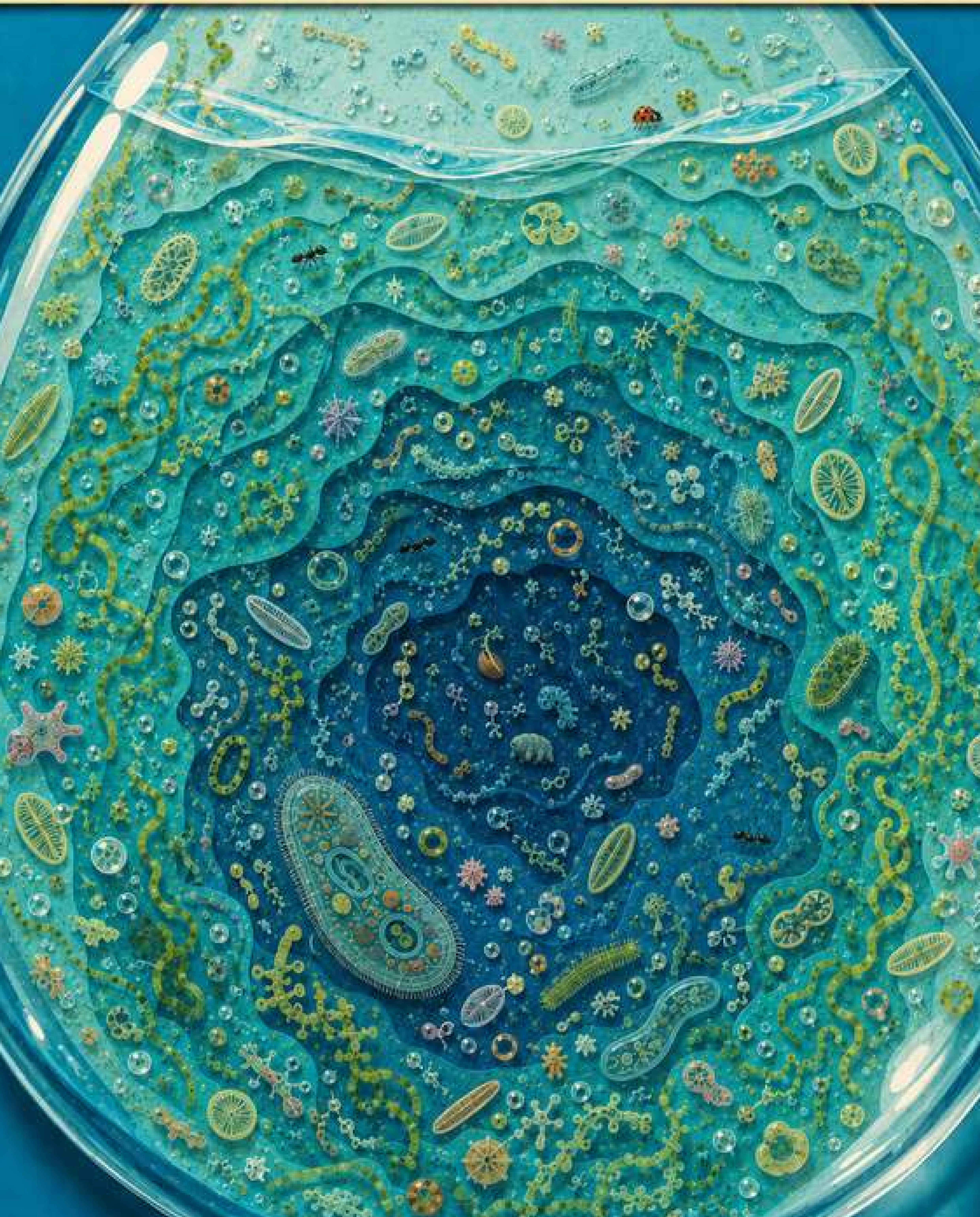
Betty



The water bear



Something spinning
what do you
think it is?



FROM BETTY'S NOTEBOOK

what she's been noticing.



Ant carrying a crumb
bigger than itself. AGAIN.
Where does he take
them all??



Snail trail. I followed
it for a while.
It went NOWHERE.



The web caught
rain last night.
It looked like a necklace.
Nobody noticed but me.



Said hello to a pill bug.
It rolled up.
Fair enough.



Moss is VERY soft
when you're small.



Seven spots today.
Same as yesterday.
Good.

Start your own notebook. What did YOU notice today?

EVERYTHING BIG IS MADE OF TINY THINGS.

Here are three you probably haven't noticed.

A BEACH is made of tiny grains of sand.



One handful of sand has more grains than there are stars you can see in the sky.



THE OCEAN is made of tiny drops of water.



Every drop has a whole world inside it. (See page 11.)



A SNOWSTORM is made of tiny snowflakes.
And **EVERY SINGLE ONE IS DIFFERENT.**



No two snowflakes have ever been the same.
Ever. In the whole history of the world.



The next time you're at the beach, or standing in the rain,
or catching a snowflake on your tongue — remember
what it's really made of.

CAN YOU FIND THEM?

Hidden in this garden are five tiny things. Can you find them all?

- ☐ A seed
- ☐ Three ants
- ☐ A water drop
- ☐ Betty (she has seven spots)
- ☐ Something even tinier than Betty — what do you think it is?



NOW LOOK CLOSER.

Hidden on this table are five tiny things you might see at breakfast.

- ☐ A crumb
- ☐ A few grains of spilled sugar
- ☐ One loose thread
- ☐ Betty (still seven spots)
- ☐ Something so small you'd only spot it if you were looking — what do you think it could be?



Have a look at your own breakfast table tomorrow. What did you find that wasn't in the picture?

WHAT BETTY DOESN'T KNOW

This is a puddle. It looks empty. It is not empty. Inside right now, tiny creatures are swimming, eating, and doing whatever tiny creatures do on a Tuesday.



Paramecium —
moves by spinning.
Very committed to this.

Amoeba —
has no fixed shape.
Changes whenever it likes.
Bold choice.

Water Bear —
also here.
Still not
impressed.

YOUR TURN:
Invent your own
tiny creature.
Draw it here.
Give it a name.



BETTY HAS SOME QUESTIONS.

She would like some answers.



WHERE DOES DUST COME FROM?

Mostly bits of skin.
Also fabric fluff,
dead bugs, and pollen.
Sorry.

WHY DO CRUMBS DISAPPEAR?

Ants. Always ants.
Sometimes woodlice too,
but mostly ants.



WHY IS SOIL BROWN?

Because it's made of
rotted-down leaves and
wood and other things
that were once alive.
Brown is the colour of
"was once green."



WHERE DOES A SNOWFLAKE GO WHEN IT LANDS?

It becomes a water drop,
then a puddle, then a
cloud, then a snowflake
again. It's a very long loop.



WHY DO SOCKS DISAPPEAR IN THE WASH?

This is a mystery. Even to
ladybirds. Nobody has
ever solved it.



WHY DO BUBBLES POP?

The soap wall gets too thin
to hold the air. It's not really
popping — it's just becoming
so thin you can see through it.
Then the air just goes.



WHAT IS THE TINIEST NOISE YOU CAN HEAR?

Your own breathing, if the
room is very quiet. Try it.



HOW SMALL IS SMALL?

Everything is tiny compared to something else. And enormous compared to something else again.



① MEASURE:
Put your finger next to Betty.
How many Bettys fit along your finger? Write it here: _____

ACTUAL
SIZE



Betty - 7mm



Ant.

③ COUNT:
How many ants would fit between Betty and the shoe? Write it here: _____

② FIND: The water bear is the size of a full stop.
Can you find it? Circle it.



Water Bear.
In here.
Somewhere.

④ EXPLORE: Go outside - in your garden or at the park - and find the tiniest thing you can.

HOW TO FIND TINY THINGS.

A little manual. Also works for grown-ups.



1 KNEEL DOWN.

Get close to the ground. Not standing up.

2 BE STILL.

Very still. Count to twenty without moving.



3 LOOK FOR MOVEMENT.

Your eyes will find it before you tell them to.

4 USE YOUR HAND AS A ROOF.

Cup your hand over your eyes. It makes shadow. Things become clearer.



5 GET DOWN TO EYE LEVEL.

With the ant. With the moss.
With the crack in the path.



6 GO SLOW.

The world is faster than tiny things.
If you rush, you miss them.



The best tiny-thing-finders in the world are the ones who wait.

THERE IS SOMETHING ON YOUR FACE.

Right now, living on your eyelashes,
are tiny creatures called eyelash mites.
They are smaller than a grain of sand.
There are probably eight of them.
Maybe more. They are having
a great time.



They don't bite. They don't cause
any trouble. They just live there,
quietly, on your eyelashes. Your
grandparent has them too. So does
your mum or dad. So does Betty.
Everyone has eyelash mites. This is
just a fact about being alive.

You are never actually alone.

YOUR TURN: Draw your eyelash mite. Give it a name. What is it doing right now on your face?

A large, empty, light-colored rectangular box with rounded corners, intended for a child to draw their eyelash mite.

YOU ARE ALSO MADE OF TINY THINGS.

Your body is made of trillions and trillions of tiny things called cells. That's more than the number of stars you can see in the whole sky.



Your skin cells are patching up scratches.

Your blood cells are carrying air around inside you.

Your muscle cells are pulling on your bones.

Your brain cells are reading this sentence right now.

A cell is so small you'd need a microscope to see even one. And you — you are made of **MORE THAN A TRILLION** of them.

You are the biggest tiny thing in this whole Little Post.

MAKE A TINY GIFT.

Send it to someone who would love it.

Draw the tiniest, most beautiful thing you can think of.



Put it in an envelope.
Write a name on it.
Give it to that person,
or send it in the post.

It could be:

- ✿ a very small drawing on a very small piece of paper
- ✿ a leaf you found, pressed flat between two big books
- ✿ a note the size of a stamp
- ✿ one single word written as small as you can write it

They will keep it forever.
That's what happens with
tiny things — they get saved.

The person you give it to — did they smile?



Dear Oliver,

I have to tell you something.

You saw MORE tiny things than I did.

I've been looking around this garden every day for weeks, and I still hadn't spotted the eyelash mites, or the paramecium, or the cells inside my own spots. You found them all in one week.

Would you send me one you've found? A tiny drawing on a tiny bit of paper. Or the creature you invented. Or the thing you grew. Anything, really.

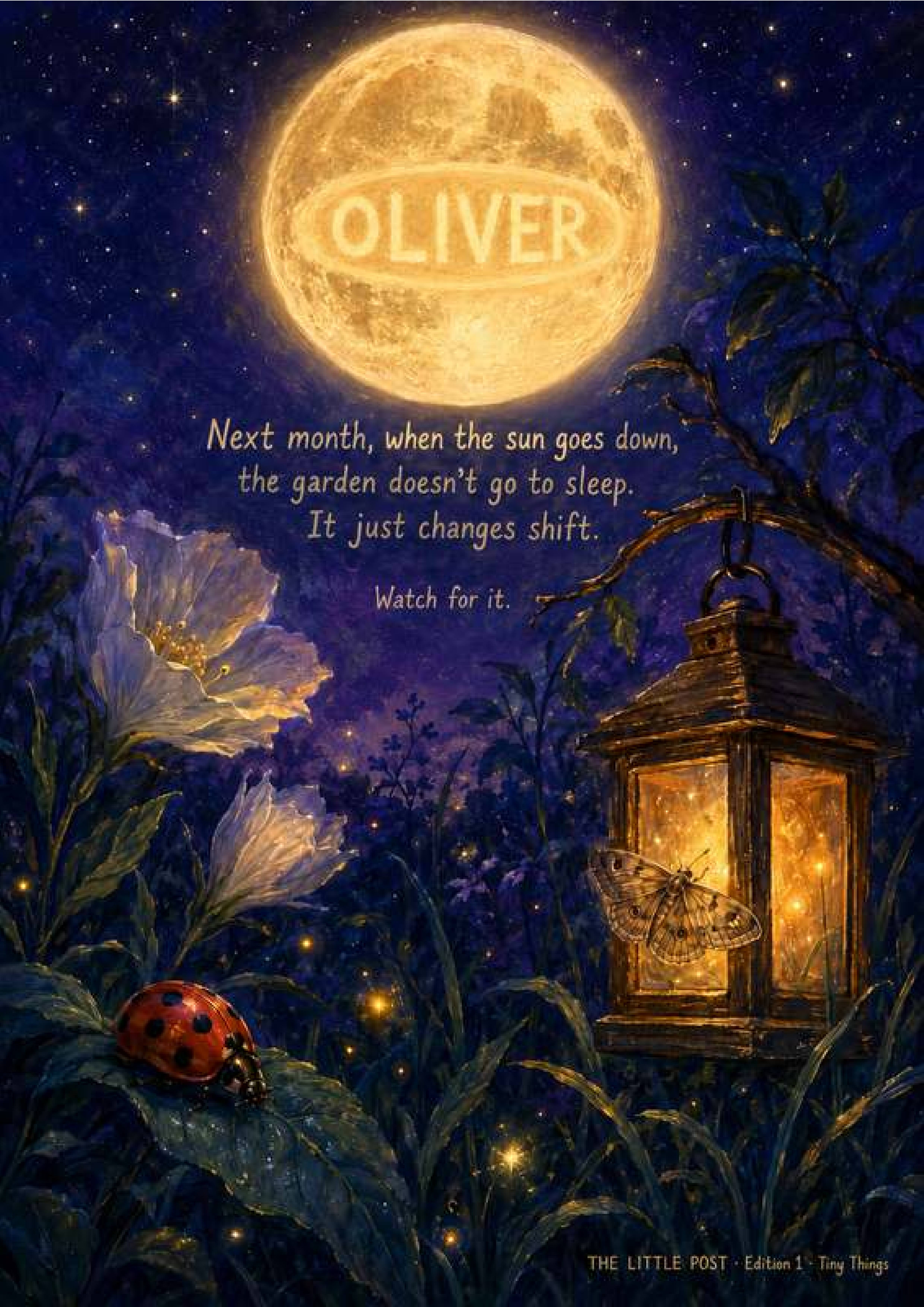
I want to add it to my notebook.

Yours (from underneath a daisy),

Betty

(seven spots - I checked)





OLIVER

Next month, when the sun goes down,
the garden doesn't go to sleep.
It just changes shift.

Watch for it.

