

# SerpentStar

Newsletter for the Australian and New Zealand members of OBOD

Alban Artuan, June 2004

From the chapter 'Winter'

*The trees on the hills  
are bare in winter,  
clearing out the house  
for spring's renewal.*

'Songs of the Seasons – A Collection of Zen  
Poetry and Paintings' – Stephen Cassettari

## Water

WATER – THE ESSENCE OF LIFE;  
COOL – CRYSTAL – FLOWING – FLOATING;  
DREAMING – DRAWN TO THE MOON;  
IMMERSE YOUR BODY – RELAX;  
MERMAIDS – FISH – CREATURES OF THE DEEP;  
CORAL – SHELLS – SAND;  
STEPPING OUT ONTO THE ROCKS;  
LEAVING THE MYSTERIES BELOW;  
THE WONDER OF WATER;  
THE ESSENCE OF LIFE.

racine taylor '00

## A Full Moon's Dreaming

Walk the track ways,  
Climb the hills,  
Seek the circles of the ancient stones.

Farewell now  
The Sungod's beauty,  
As She stretches out  
Her veil of twilight.

White light  
Fills the darkness  
As She glides  
Upon her silver orb.

In the moonlight  
You listen  
To deep mysteries  
Of ancients  
Who once  
Walked the land.

Then, in sacred stillness  
Come Her answers  
To your endless questions.

To find that centre  
You must remain  
Until your mind pool  
Is perfectly calm –  
And you receive  
Healing for your soul,  
Peace inside your heart.

Only then  
Can you follow  
Her flowing shadow  
To temples of old –  
Where priests  
And priestesses  
Serve with devotion  
At her holy shrines.

Parting the mist  
You will find your own altar  
And meet there  
The face  
Of the One  
Who loves you  
As you begin  
The dance  
Of Her delight.

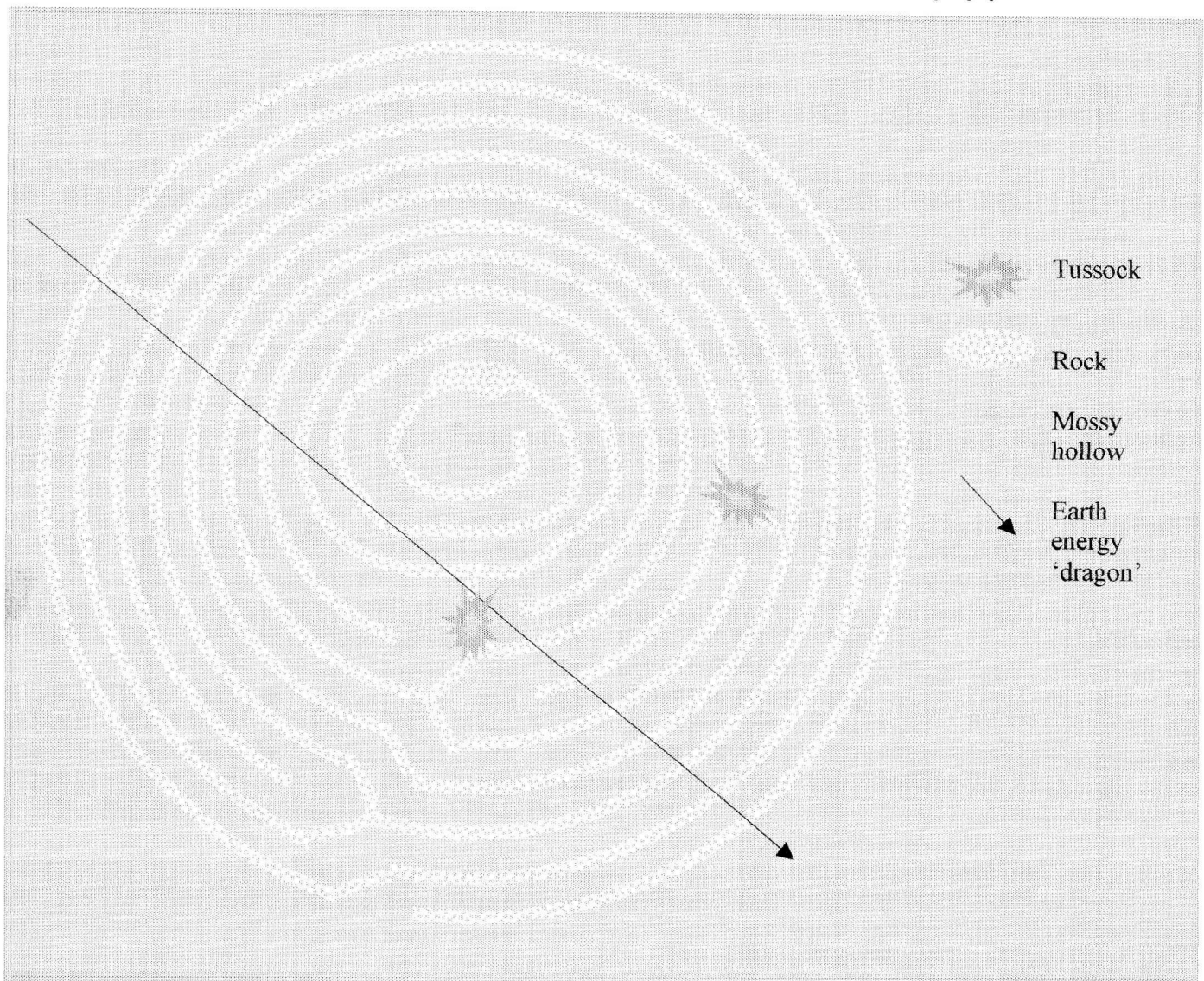


Branwen



# LABYRINTH

by Vyvyan



During the Assembly last year, Moonfox suggested that building a labyrinth. I was surprised. I had wanted to build one ever since reading about them in Touchstone a few months earlier. I'd kept coming across references to labyrinths without even looking for them and my appetite was truly whetted. I'd looked about for suitable sites and had narrowed it down to two, and had a fairly clear idea of what its size, shape and appearance would be. Someday I'll research labyrinths and see if I can design one, I promised myself, but I'd never got around to it. So Moonfox's idea hit all the right buttons. I had intended to propose the idea to the assembled OBODies but it was late in the weekend and there were other things going on, and nearly everyone had left before I had a chance.

But Moonfox, who was staying an extra day, returned to the idea after everyone had gone, and having done all the necessary research, confidently took charge. I knew for sure it had all the right magic driving it when without any prompting he went straight to one of my two possible sites and suggested it would be ideal. It was flat, roundish, and strewn with white stones with few bushes or tussocks. I had almost rejected it because there was a small hole not quite in the middle of it with a mound of dirt beside it remaining from an attempt I had made years before to plant a tree, but I'd had to abandon it because I'd hit bedrock only six inches below the surface, and I'd never returned to it to fill it in. Now dry, shrivelled, black moss lined the hole waiting for winter rains to turn its fronds vivid green again, and spear grass matted the little mound beside it. I suggested filling it in, but Moonfox seemed delighted with it. In fact he was a-buzz with enthusiasm and totally possessed by the spirit of the thing, so I let him work his own magic, and away he went.



First he drew a ten metre diameter outer ring, the first of seven concentric rings about a foot apart, and within them a small spiral into what had naturally and logically now become the 'centre' – the hole I had thought unsightly, now a pleasingly off-centre focal point of the maze. A large weathered belichen old limestone rock immediately found its way – I honestly can't remember how! – to the top of the small mound of earth beside the hole, making an ideal residence for the spirit of the labyrinth, and the spiral led with a smoothly flowing sweep right into the little mossy hollow as naturally as a snake to her hole or the rabbit to his burrow. It was already beautiful.

Next we worked out an entry point, in the south, and then marked out the rings and spiral with small stones. Moonfox and I both felt a powerful Feng Shui current running into the circle from the west north west to the south west, about a metre and a half wide with a strong drag to it. Moonfox placed a complex double turn in the outer circuit at the place where it entered, and at once it seemed to staunch the flow, redirecting its powerful energies into the labyrinth itself, where it became part of the labyrinth's own energy system, its life force. Without any foreknowledge on the part of either of its builders, the labyrinth had located itself right on a vital and inexhaustible supply of nourishment and power, which in its raw undirected form had been wreaking energetic havoc in one corner of the Wyeuro gardens, where the trees were embattled and nothing would grow among them. It had found and captured its own dragon!

Other turns were dictated by tussocks of grass growing in the pathways – these we respected, building them in. We added others to balance the whole, and we began to fill in the outline with larger stones, about as big as an orange on average, some smaller, some larger.

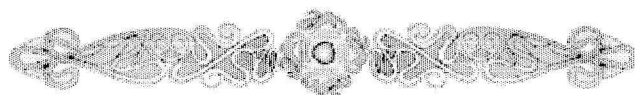
By then the labyrinth was alive and raring to go. We performed an impromptu ritual to invoke the deva of labyrinths, the goddess, and the powers of earth, and to give thanks for the great gift of the labyrinth and all its blessings, and then we each took a turn to walk it. Already it was powerful experience. At each turn there was a new feeling, whole new attitudes, new ways of thinking; turn again and there's a new way of feeling time flow; turn again, and feel the shapes of thoughts in a whole new way. Peace in one section, laughter in another, rapid thought further in, vitality and healing all the way. In places your mind is filled with animal thoughts, elsewhere, you are hyper-aware of the subtle scents of the earth and grasses and the flow of animal bodies along their habitual tracks.

When you spiral into the centre it all speeds up and you go almost spinning into the mossy hollow to confront the rock in which the spirit dwells. It's an intensely personal connection.

Moonfox had to leave, so I kept filling the lines with buckets and wheelbarrows full of stones. When Stormwolf arrived after Lughnasadh I'd completed only three of the outer rings. Over the next couple of days we filled in another three. Stormwolf was the third person to walk the labyrinth. Now that it was gaining coherence with successive walkings and the filling out of the rings, we were both noticing significant psychical effects. Stormwolf saw me in the maze as a small child, and I saw shackles being removed from her feet and swallowed up by the hollow in which she stood facing the spirit rock.

It's quietly alive. Kangaroos with their joeys are drawn to it. One of my cats goes straight to the centre and sits there, communing with the rock. I'm often drawn there at sunset, to walk the maze in the most meditative time of the day.

It is a gift, not just to Wyeuro, but to all beings. I am thankful to be a part of it.





\* \* \* UPDATE \* \* \*

7<sup>th</sup> AUSTRALIAN OBOD ASSEMBLY

25<sup>th</sup> & 26<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER 2004

Exciting news - Ann and David Whitlock from England happen to be visiting their Son and his family near Sydney during September and will be joining us for our assembly. Ann has honoured us by offering to give a talk about her three year involvement in the fight to preserve the "Nine Ladies Stone Circle" on Stanton Moor. From the insight that Ann has given me this is a fascinating story. Here is a summary.

The circle is a Bronze Age, prehistoric monument, scheduled by English Heritage as an ancient monument. It is situated on Stanton Moor in the Peak District National Park. Unfortunately the Moor has a history of quarrying conflict and, prior to the National Park being created in 1952, permission was granted for the quarrying companies to apply to reopen dormant quarries within fifty years. A dormant quarry exists only 200 yards from the stone circle and an application has been made to reopen this. The company's application is being opposed by both the National Park and English Heritage. Four years ago a protest group formed and set up a very colourful camp around the "Nine Ladies". Ann and David visited the stones for the first time on Midsummer's Eve 2001 and after performing a ceremony, meditating and experiencing the various energies of these ancient stones Ann pledged that she would fight to save them in whatever way she was able. Her story is inspiring. She has been accepted by both "eco warriors" and officialdom and is now one of the three person team, backed by English Heritage, who are writing a conservation plan for Stanton Moor. Her part being the aesthetic and spiritual landscape and education. This will involve building bridges between antagonistic groups who are very uncomfortable with each others cultural style and beliefs. Not an easy task! But with Ann's tenacity, passion and wonderful sense of humour bridging that gap Druid magic is at work!

This promises to be a wonderful opportunity to learn more about the conservation process from one who knows the pitfalls and to gain insight into how Druidry can work in the community. Ann has made no secret of her druid background, which has caused great puzzlement in ordinary circles as they try to link this with the kind of academic scrutiny to which they have listened attentively!

**MORE NEWS** - \*\*\* Keira is happy for us to perform her brilliant "Taliesin" play, which compliments our theme of renewal so well. So pick your favourite character and start rehearsing your moves! This will be a part of our Eisteddfod evening. Don't forget to bring along your own representation of our theme, be it song, poem, performance or art work.

Keira is also holding a mask making workshop where we will be creating masks to use in the play. This sounds great fun. Thank you Keira.

\*\*\* We are holding a bird spotting competition over the entire weekend, with a small prize for the keenest eye. While washing up this morning I spotted the following birds from our kitchen window, so it is not hard. Magpies, butcherbirds, a king parrot, rainbow lorikeets, willy wagtails, peaceful doves, bar shouldered doves, two grey crowned babblers, a grey fantail, currawongs, crows, lewins honeyeaters, a black chinned honeyeater, two golden whistlers, striated pardalotes, a kookaburra, magpie larks and a multitude of double bar finches.

\*\*\* We have some initiations and a renewal of wedding vows to look forward to, so much to celebrate together.

\*\*\* There are other plans boiling in the pot, so the weekend is shaping up well. For future updates check the website that Murray has set up for us on:

<http://members.iinet.net.au/~muzzza/druidry/obod-assembly.html>

Many thanks for this Murray.

\*\*\* Meals will be provided from the Friday evening until Monday morning - both vegetarian and non vegetarian. We would be grateful if you could get in touch and indicate your preference please to facilitate catering.

\*\*\* We have decided on a nominal fee of \$70 per person for the weekend - children free.

Looking forward to meeting you all - new friends and old.

Peace and Love  
Cherry and Denis Carroll

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# *THE FOLKLORE OF THE WILD HUNT AND THE FURIOUS HOST*

by Kveldulf Hagen Gundarsson, from *Mountain Thunder*, Issue 7, Winter 1992.

(first presented as a lecture to the Cambridge Folklore Society at the house of Dr. H.R. Ellis-Davidson)

When the winter winds blow and the Yule fires are lit, from the north of Scandinavia down to Switzerland, it is best to stay indoors, safely shut away from the dark forest paths and the wild heaths. Those who wander out by themselves during the Yule-nights may hear a sudden rustling through the tops of the trees -- a rustling that might be the wind, though the rest of the wood is still. But then the barking of dogs fills the air, with the hunters behind whooping "Wod! Wod!" a man's voice cries from above, "Midden in dem Weg!" and the host of wild souls sweeps down, fire flashing from the eyes of the black hounds and hooves of the black horses.

The wise traveller falls down at once in the middle of the road, face down. If he is lucky, he will take no harm other than the cold feet of the black dogs running over his body. More foolish folk are swept up, coming to earth far from home or left dead behind the furious host. Those who join in the Hunter's cry may get as their share of the booty a piece of human flesh. This is the Wild Hunt of Germanic folklore. It is known by many names -- Wutan's or Wuet's Army in the southern parts of Germany, the family of Harlequin in France, the Oskorei in Norway, Odensjakt in Denmark and Sweden -- but the basic description is always much the same. A great noise of barking and shouting is heard; then a black rider on a black, white, or gray horse, storming through the air with his hounds, followed by a host of strange spirits, is seen. The rider is sometimes headless. Sometimes, particularly in Upper Germany, the spirits show signs of battle-wounds or death by other forms of mischance. Fire spurts from the hooves and eyes of the beasts in the procession. The horses and hounds may be two- or three-legged. Often the newly dead can be recognized in the train. The furious host is always a peril to the human being who comes into its way, though sometimes it leaves rewards as well.

The first full description of a procession of ghosts was written in Paris about a night in January of 1092 (*Ordericus Vitalis*). The priest Wachlin, coming back from visiting a sick person, saw a swarm led by an enormous warrior swinging a mighty club in his hand. The shapes that followed wept and moaned over their sins; then came a horde of corpse-bearers with coffins on their shoulders -- the priest counted some 50 coffins. Then women on horseback, seated on saddles with glowing nails stuck into them; then a host of ecclesiasticals on horseback. The priest knew many of these people who had died recently. He concluded at last that he had seen the "familia Herlechini," of whom many had told him, but in whom he had never believed: Now he had truly seen the dead.

The term "wotigez her" is used in the Middle German *Rolandslied* to compare the host of the Saracens simultaneously with the host of the Devil and that of Pharaoh. In the 13th-century *Diu Urstende*, the Jews who have come to capture Christ "with spears, swords, and arrows" are called "daz wtunde her." In the early 13th-century "Moriz von Craon," the hero appears bloodily wounded in the bedchamber of his captor, who says to his wife, "The devil is near to us ... or the wutende her." In Rudiger von Munre's "Von zwein Gesellen" an oath-formula appears "by deus ... and by wutungis her." An Alamannic poem from 1300 describes the sound of thunder in the air, breaking through valley and mountain with armed riders and a mist in which rode "daz wuotes her." The Middle German "Nachtsegen" (13/14 C), a medieval German version of the "from ghoulies and ghosties / and long-legged beasties / and things that go bump in the dark / good god, protect us" prayer, calls on god and the holy spirit to protect the speaker against "all unholden ... Truttan and wutan, / wutanes her and all its (or his) men." The romance of the prince of Braunschweig has the hero seeing "daz woden here, / where the evil spirits have their dwelling."

Johann Geiler von Kaiserberg, writing in Strassburg in 1516, says that "those who die before the time which god has set for them as those, who enlist in the army and were stabbed or hanged and drowned, they must therefore walk long after their death, till that end comes, which god has set for them, and then god works so with them, as his godly will is." His contemporary Cysat adds accident and war to the causes of death that doom one to the "furious host." For the *Strassburger Chronicle* of 1516, Jakob Trausch writes that "Not only this year, but also many years since, one has heard that thing named the Wuetten-Hor in all lands, particularly Alsace, Breisgau, and other places, not only by night, but also by day, in woods and mountains. By night they went over the fields with drums and pipes, also through the city with great shrieking, with lights ... in Freiburg a woman saw her man who had fallen in war, and therefore ran into the horde, to him whose head was split, she ran to him and bound his head together." Hans Sachs' poem, "Das wutend heer der kleynen dieb" (1539) describes the furious host in gruesome detail, with the ravens flapping above and plucking out the eyes of the dead, till at last "there came one behind, who had been hanged the same day, had still his eyes and saw me."

The procession of the dead is, as one might expect, closely connected with foreboding death. In the Schwabian *Zimmerische Chronik* (1564-76), it is described how a nobleman, von Seckendorf, sees the grisly nature of his own death and has it prophesied by the furious host a year before the event, which duly takes place. The Norwegian oskorei stops either at places where someone has been or shall be murdered, in a manner to the Baltic werewolves described by Olaus Magnus in *Historia de gentibus septentrionalibus* (1555), who, like the oskorei, come uninvited, drink up the ale and mead in the cellars, and whose Yule visit also portends a death in the approaching year. In England, the Wild Hunt comes to fetch the souls of the evil; in Jutland, the Hunt's strong riding foretells war and its passing through a house in West Jutland is a sign of great bad

luck to come (Olrik, "Odinsjageren i Jylland", *Dania* VIII, p. 146). Landstad reports how the Telemarker Tor saw the "Aasgaardsreiden" with his brother Gredgard riding in the host. He hurried at once to his brother, only to find him sitting "dead as a stock or a stone" (*Norvegs Folkslagsminne* 13, p. 17).

It is clear that, on the Continent, this army was first and foremost an army of ghosts, but it also may have had other characteristics. The use of the term "wutendes heer" to characterize Pharaoh's army attacking the Israelites, the Saracens attacking Charlemagne's army, and the Jews attacking Christ, suggests that the phrase was essentially tied to the idea of a host hostile to Christianity -- a host embodying the active forces of darkness, which also appears in *Das Väterbuch* (late 13th C) as "the devil's wutendez her." It would, perhaps, be going too far to suggest that this preserved a memory of the process by which Christianity demonized aspects of the native Germanic religion; however, it seems clear that the term had a quite specific connotation beyond the simple literal meaning of "furious host," which in turn supports the interpretation of early folklorists such as Grimm, that "wutendes heer" might originally have been "Wotan's Heer," with the god "conveniently ... stowed away in a cognate verb" (*Teutonic Mythology*, vol. III, p. 920). The close similarity of the genitive "Wutanes her" and the nominative "wutendes her" makes it at least plausible that the name of the heathen god could have easily been assimilated into the less telling phrase as his worship was forgotten -- though he does continue to appear both as in the *Nachtsegen* and Rudiger von Munir's "Wuotung", and as "Wuot." Both forms appear in Switzerland (Cysat): Wuttjns Heer, Guttisheer, Guttjns heer. The movement of the initial W to G is documented for the personal name, as is the loss of the final -n in the genitive compound, in Godesberg on the Rhine (from Godansberg, Wodansberg). On the Elbe, a feminine leader of the Wild Hunt appears, called Fru Wode or Fru Gode; the Wild Hunt is also said to be led by a Frau Gauden in Mecklenburg (Lisch, *Mecklenburger jahrbuch*, 8, 202-5). Grimm also suggests that *Hackelberend* (Westphalia) may be interpreted as "cloak-bearer" and seen as another name of Wotan (*Teutonic Mythology* III, p. 923). In 1666, the Swedish Johannes Scheffes mentions the nocturnal specter host in connection with Odin and identifies this with the German *Wutensher*.

The Old Norse materials have neither an Odin's Host/ Furious Host nor a Wild Hunt, but there are some references which may be related to the same source beliefs. The *gandreidh* described in *Njals saga* CXXV bears a close resemblance to the Furious Host materials:

"(Hildiglumr) heard a great outburst, so that he thought both earth and heaven trembled; afterwards he looked in a westerly direction, it seemed to him that he saw then a ring and orbs of fire on it and in the ring a man on a gray horse. He shot swiftly on, and was faring hard; he had a burning brand in his hand; he rode so near to (Hildiglumr), that he could see him quite clearly; he was black as pitch. He spoke this verse:

I ride a horse with foaming mouth and wet forehead, willing ill;  
flames are in the ends, poison in the middle  
Flosi's plans are like the flying staff  
Flosi's plans are like the flying staff

Then it seemed to (Hildiglumr) that he shot the brand eastwards to the fells and it seemed to him that a great fire leapt up, so that it did not seem to him that he could see the fells. He thought to see the man ride east under the fire ..."



Hildiglumr tells this to another man, Hjalti, who says, "You have seen the *gandreidh*, and that always comes before great events." In his edition of the text, Finnur Jonsson comments on this that "One may not think of Odinn," though does not explain why not. Odinn himself boasts of knowing a spell for the confusion of "hedge-riders" faring through the air ("Havamal" 155). Witches are also called "mirk-riders" (Harbardhzliodh 20) and "evening-riders" (Helgakvidha Hjorvardhzsonar 15), though these latter titles may refer to the magical act of nightmare-riding, rather than to the wild ride through the air, such as that carried out by the "Darradhrjodh" valkyries before the Battle of Clontarf (*Brennu-Njals saga*, ch. 157).

Processions of the untimely dead do not appear in the Old Norse sources; however, this may be partially explained by the growth of the Valholl belief, perhaps via the developmental process of the Everlasting Battle story in which the slain are awakened by magical means to continue their fighting forever. Being specifically limited to their own battlefield and, later, to Valholl, the Old Norse furious host should not have been expected to go riding about at night. Further, even if a folklore tradition of a "furious host" of the dead, Odinnic or otherwise, had existed in the Viking Age, it is by no means certain that it would have been recorded in the Eddic materials, which largely deal with specific mythical events. The medieval Norwegian ballad "Draumkvaede" or, in some versions, "Draugkve'en," does seem to describe something closer to the "furious host."

There came the host from out the north, I thought it was the worst. In front rode Grutte  
Gray-Beard upon a jet-black horse (Landstad, *Norske Folkeviser*).

The other major variant of the ballad describes Grutte Gray-beard as wearing a black hat. Knut Liestøl suggests that this figure may well be a survival of a demonized Odinn, comparing the Odinsheiti "Hötr" (Hat), "Sidhhötr" (Broad Hat), and "Harbardhr" (Hoar-Beard) to the description of Grutte Gray-Beard, interpreting the name "Grutte" as coming from a root meaning "to look angrily, fiercely; to have an angry or sulky expression in one's eyes"



("Draumkvaede", *Studia Norvegica* 3, 1946, pp. 70-1).

The earliest find which has been theorized to bear a relationship to the "furious host" belief is the Tune stone, which memorializes a man by the name of Woduridar.

Frequent efforts have been made to give this name an Odinnic or cultic interpretation (Eike, "Oskorei og ekstaseriter", *Norveg* 23, 1980, pp. 281-2), and the "furious-rider" could certainly be seen as fitting in with the "furious host", but the general lack of data surrounding "Woduridar" leaves all such theories in the realm of speculation.

The description of the strange procession as a hunt first appears in England, in the *Peterborough Chronicle* entry for the year of 1127.

"Then soon thereafter many men saw and heard many hunters hunting. The hunters were black and large and loathly, and their hounds all black and broad-eyed and loathly, and they rode on black horses and black bucks. This was seen in the same way in the town Burch and in all the woods from that town to Stanford, and the monks heard the horns blowing, that they blew at night. Trustworthy men who watched at night said that they thought that there might lit well have been about twenty or thirty horn-blowers. This was seen and heard from when they came thither all that Lenten-tide to Easter. This was its incoming; of its out-going we can not yet say. God fore see."

The horn-blowing black men with broad-eyed hounds are entirely characteristic for the furious host, although the chronicle does not give a specific name for the phenomenon.

Thereafter, the description of a ghostly hunt does not appear until the folklore collections of the nineteenth century. By that time, however, it seems to have been thoroughly established. Jacqueline Simpson comments that, "Since we can safely assume that in the 1840s Faye and Thiele were ... seeking out the oldest informants available, and that these too were drawing on childhood memories of what their elders had told them, the stories given here represent over 200 years of stable, homogenous tradition." (*Scandinavia Folktales*, p. 7) In Northern Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, the Wild Hunt seems to have come more and more into prominence, overshadowing the Furious Host described by Scheffes in the 1600s; the Hunt aspect never appears in Norway, however. The "Wilde Jagd" described by Flörke in Rostock, 1832, has aspects of both.

"... the Wild Hunt, also called the Furious Host and in Mecklenburg the Wohl, a thing, of which I heard many shuddersome tales in my childhood and also afterward. Our field-workers ... were set in fear by the Wild Hunt, so that they only with trembling dared to go to work in the evening. First they heard a dog-barking of rough and fine voices through one another; as these came nearer, they saw many glowing coals flying through the air, and then, if they had not already run away, roared the whole host with horrifying raging, barking, blowing, as with hunting horns, and hard breathing among them. In my youth it was considered a wholly definite thing, that these were old robberknights, who had no rest in the grave, and for a little while drove forward through the Overworld with their hunting hounds, as they had been used to in life; a pious priest told me, however, that it was no one other than the Devil himself with several evil angels, who amused themselves by frightening humans. The Devil took on for this the shape of the old heathen god Wodan, under which he had previously been worshipped in these lands, from which also the name Wohl came, which was corrupted from Wodan."

## BOOK HOARD

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Celander, Hilding. "Oskoreien ok besläkade forestall-ningar I äldre och nyare nordisk tradition", *Saga och sed* 1942, pp. 71-175.

Elke, Christine N.F. "Oskoreia og ekstaseriter", *Norveg* 23, 1980, pp. 277-309

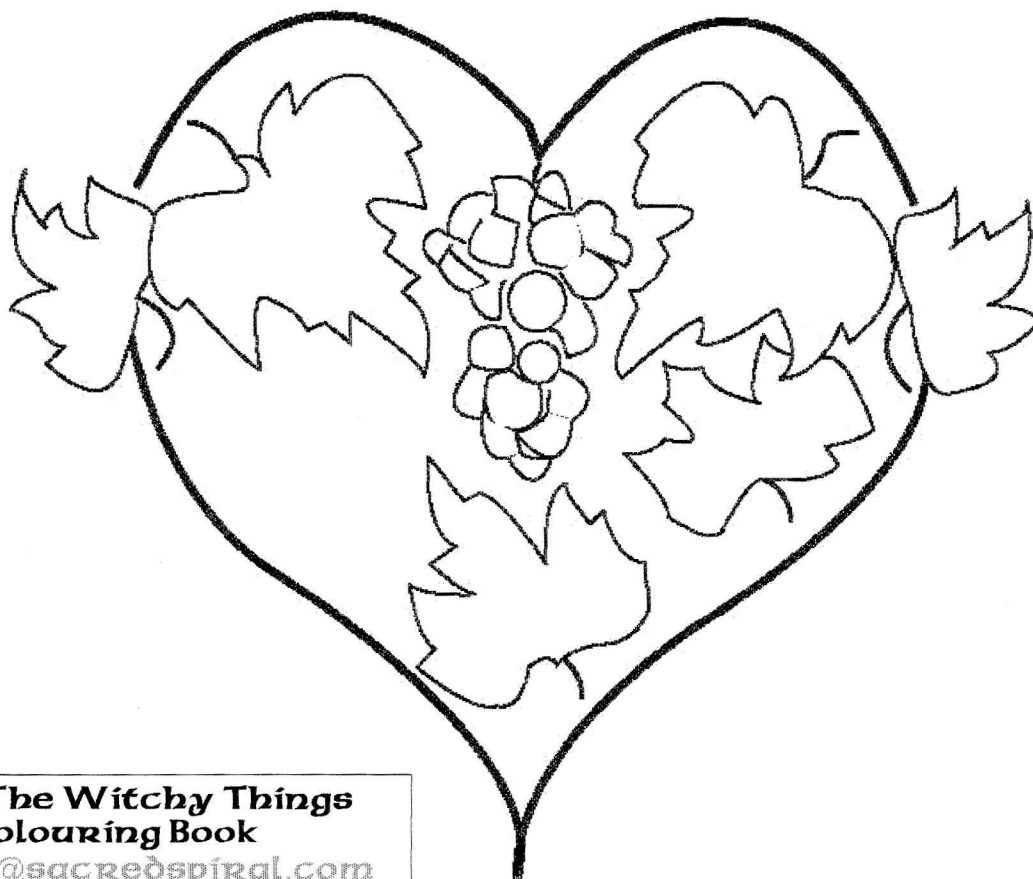
Feilberg, H.F. "Hvorledes opstar Sagn I vore Dagar?", *Dania* II, 1892-4, pp. 81-126. Feilberg, H.F. Jul (2nd ed, 2 vols).

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**To be continued next issue**

# Children's Page!



From The Witchy Things  
Colouring Book  
By [Eliza@sacredspiral.com](mailto:Eliza@sacredspiral.com)

L E M O N M Y R T L E M M  
Q U A N D O N G I L S A A  
E L T T A W B L E P U C L  
R L L L E A L A E A T A L  
P J C I N Y I D R P P D E  
K L Q K P N I O T E Y A E  
V Y S I O H D E A R L M Q  
Z I L R T R D D E B A I U  
A L O F E O H B T A C A M  
Y B B O T T L E B R U S H  
C U R R A J O N G K E L L  
G R E V I L L E A K P B L  
K A N G A R O O P A W Z R

## AUSTRALIAN PLANTS

BANKSIA	LEMONMYRTLE
BORONIA	LILLYPILLY
BOTTLEBRUSH	MACADAMIA
CURRAJONG	MALLEE
EUCALYPTUS	PAPERBARK
GREVILLEA	QUANDONG
KANGAROO PAW	TEATREE
	WATTLE