



Trevor

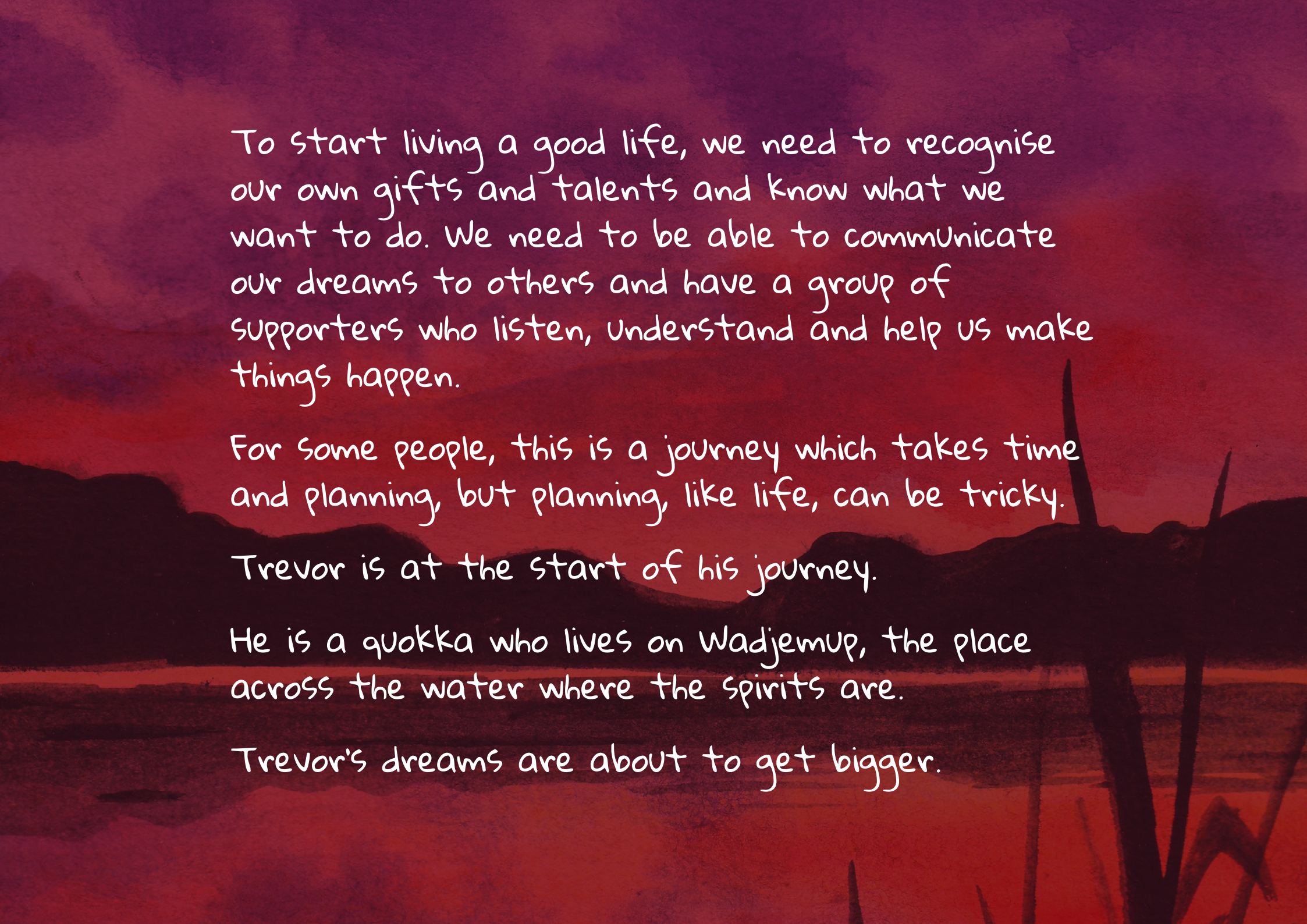
the quokka who dared to dream big

Artwork by Phoebe Backhouse.

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To start living a good life, we need to recognise our own gifts and talents and know what we want to do. We need to be able to communicate our dreams to others and have a group of supporters who listen, understand and help us make things happen.

For some people, this is a journey which takes time and planning, but planning, like life, can be tricky.


Trevor is at the start of his journey.

He is a quokka who lives on Wadjemup, the place across the water where the spirits are.

Trevor's dreams are about to get bigger.

Trevor lives on his own.
He prefers it that way.
The outside is a scary place.
The noises of the bush frighten him.
The other animals are strangers.
He tries to hide from them.





When we are alone, it's hard to feel that we can
belong, contribute, feel connected, love or be heard.

Trevor goes out at night when it is quiet.

He likes the rustle of the wind in the leaves.

He lies on his back next to the pink lake and counts the stars in the big wide sky.

He listens to the roar in the distance. It never stops.

Sometimes it is quiet and sometimes it is loud.

One night the roar is so loud he thinks it is coming closer.

The trees are thrashing in the wind and the rain looks like a grey blanket.

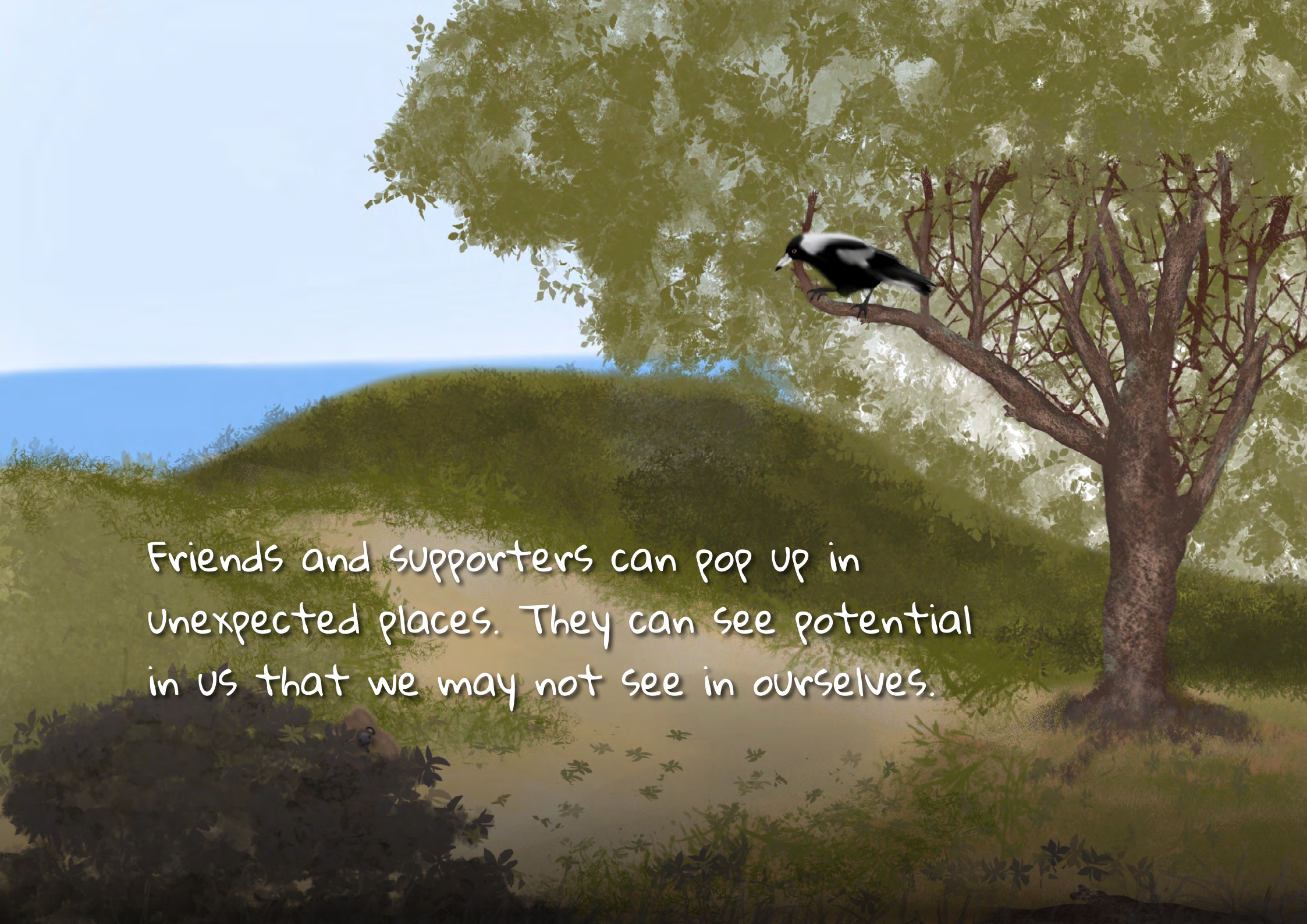
Trevor sniffs the wet air from under his acacia bush and stays put.

Things that are unfamiliar often stay that way
if there is no one to help us to understand the
world or to share or explore our wants and needs.



In the morning his place is higgeldy-piggledy.
Everywhere looks different in the bright sunlight.
The roar has settled to a muffled groan.
Maybe it is sleeping.

Trevor is hungry.
Something is twinkling on a distant branch.
Look left. Look right. Hurry over. Head down.
A dark shadow pools overhead.
A magpie swoops for the shimmering and peers down from the tree.

A black and white bird is perched on a branch of a tree. The tree has a thick trunk and many thin, bare branches. The background features a green hill, a blue body of water, and a clear blue sky. The overall style is painterly and serene.

Friends and supporters can pop up in
unexpected places. They can see potential
in us that we may not see in ourselves.

Hello says Magpie.

Trevor looks at his paws. He retreats towards his safe space.

Magpie hops down with the chocolate wrapper.

You can have it, he says to Trevor.

Trevor peeps from the corner of his eye and stretches out his paw.

The wrapper crinkles and sounds welcoming. Trevor licks the paper. It tastes sweet.

Do you like it? says Magpie. Trevor looks at his paws.

I've not seen you before. Tell me about yourself.

The roar is big in the distance and Trevor clenches his paws.



We are all unique, with lots to contribute and full of possibilities.

But sometimes, it is hard to believe in ourselves when we don't have opportunities to think bigger.

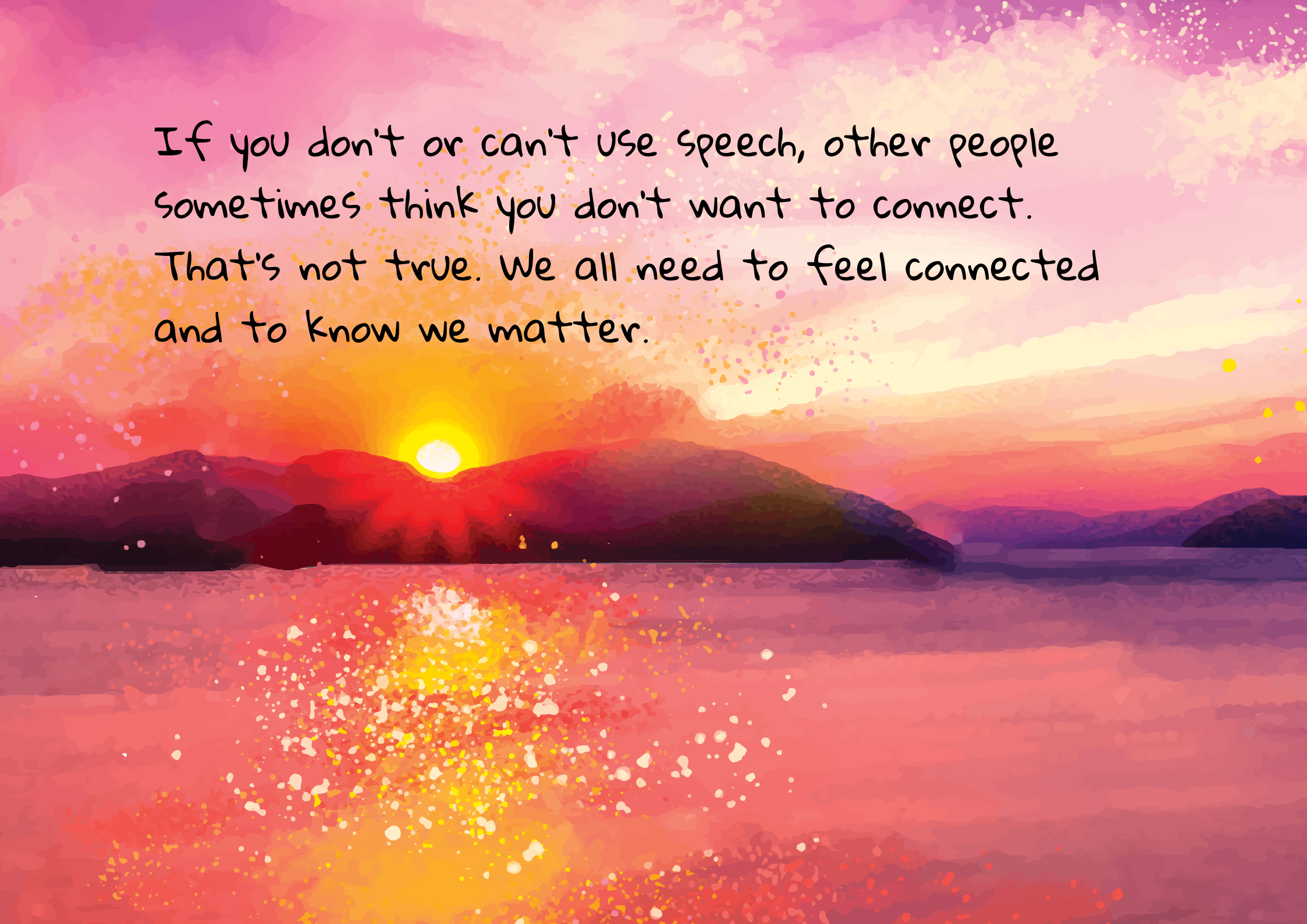
What are you frightened of? says Magpie

Trevor nods his head towards the distant rumble of a wave breaking on the shore.

The ocean? says Magpie. Is that what you're frightened of? It's the great water that lies between here and the vast land. I'll show you. Come with me.

Trevor hops out nervously from under his bush, torn between a wish to understand the roar and a reluctance to leave his familiar home.

If you don't or can't use speech, other people
sometimes think you don't want to connect.
That's not true. We all need to feel connected
and to know we matter.



As Magpie flies overhead, Trevor moves towards the not known with uncertain jumps.

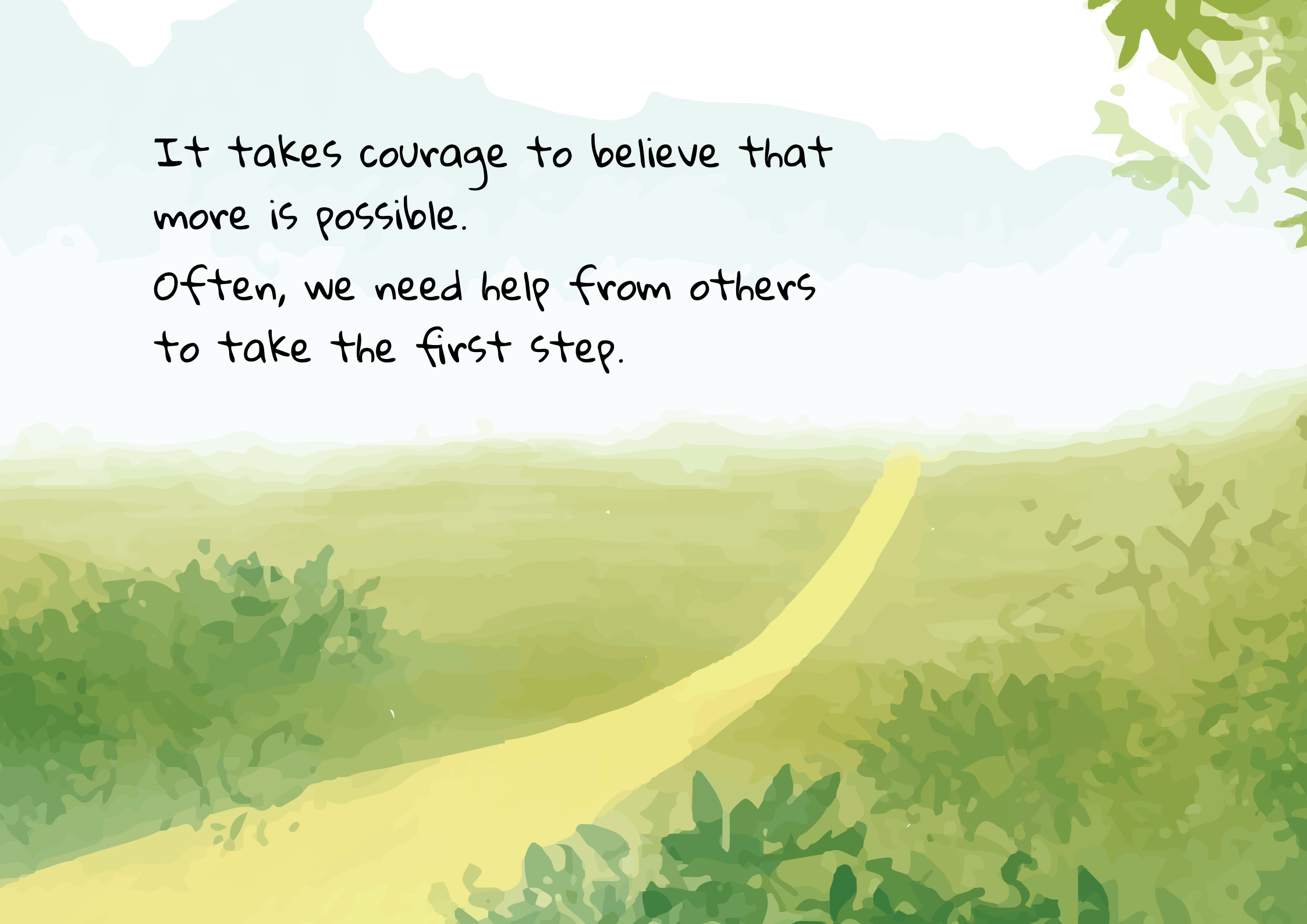
Away from the acacia bush, past the bent tree and up the road that fringes the pink lake.

Further than the furthest Trevor has ever been.



It takes courage to believe that
more is possible.

Often, we need help from others
to take the first step.



With a woosh, a bicycle whistles past Trevor. He jumps back away from the wheels and looks up at Magpie.

Catch the next one says Magpie. It's got a trailer.

He hears the flap of Magpie's wings and feels brave.

A bicycle is coming. The doors of a blue trailer are flapping.

Trevor gulps and leaps into the unknown.

The trailer is empty.

Trevor bounces along peeping out at the sky whizzing past.

The roar is getting louder. Trevor wants to go home but the road is moving too fast.



It can feel
uncomfortable when
we try new things as
it takes energy and
focus to change.

Turn right. Turn left.

Slower up the hill.


Slow enough to get out now, but Trevor sees groups of quokkas along the side of the road and shrinks back into the trailer.

He hears the flap of Magpie's wings and feels safe.

The bike flies down the hill and stops where the roar is louder than Trevor has ever heard.

He hides in the trailer.

He hears the flap of Magpie's wings and feels curious.

A watercolor illustration of a landscape. In the foreground, there are several trees with green foliage and brown trunks. A yellow path winds through the landscape, leading towards the horizon. The background features rolling hills and a light blue sky with soft, white clouds. The overall style is soft and artistic, with visible brushstrokes and a gentle color palette.

Encouragement from
the people around us
is sometimes what we
need to keep on going.

Trevor sniffs the air. It smells different to the acacia bush.

Saltier.

Wetter.

He hops out of the trailer.

The roar is not an animal.

The roar is the huge water
crunching up against the yellow.

So much bigger than pink lake.
He cannot see the other side.

This is not scary.

This is beautiful.





Exploring the unknown may lead to BIG change.

Trevor looks back at Magpie and grins.

Wow says Magpie. What a great smile. Have I got the job for you.

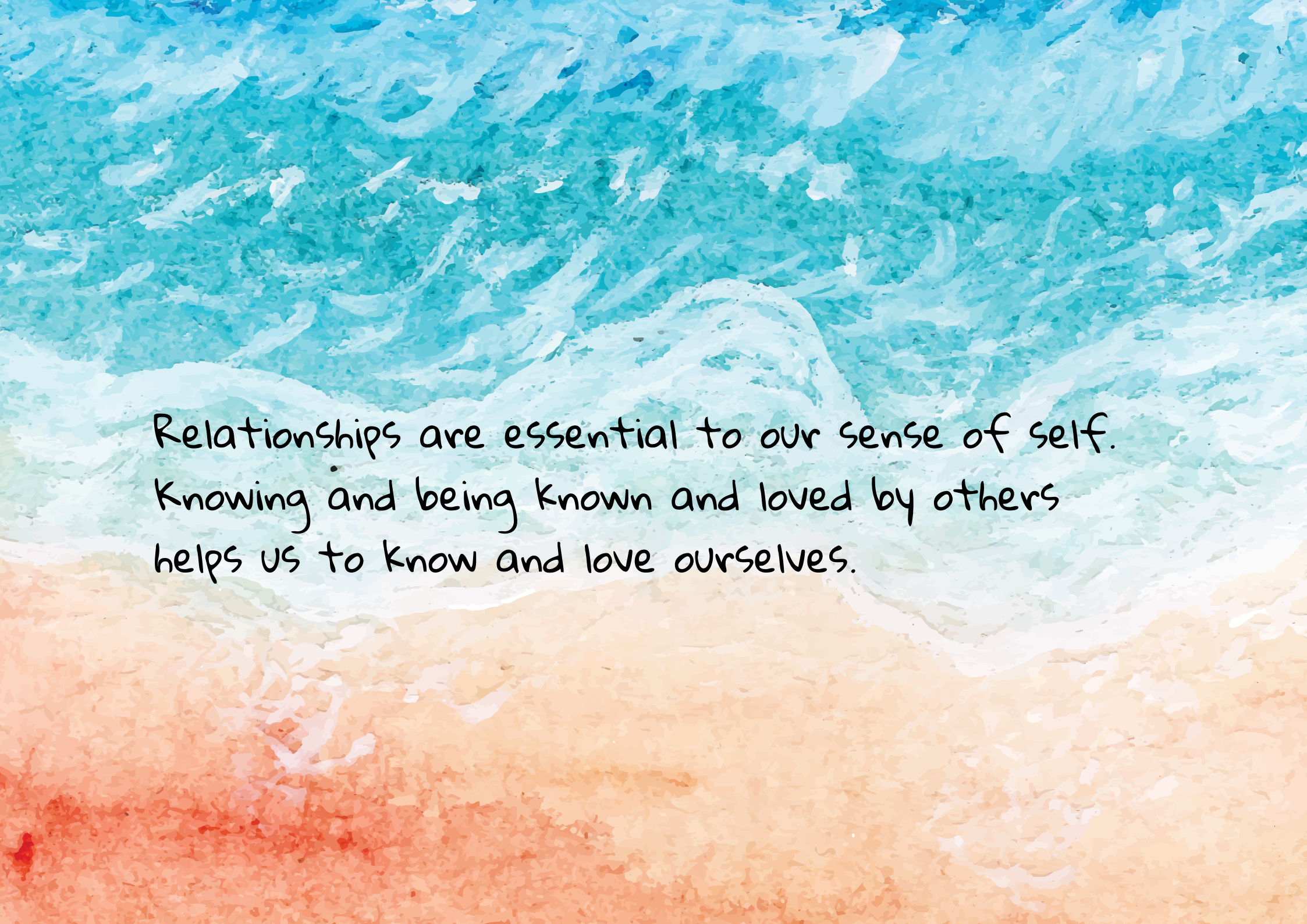
Trevor hides behind Magpie as the people at the beach tumble over each other to get their phones out.

Do the smile whispers Magpie. Trevor smiles shyly.

The people make happy excited noises and look sunny and bright.

I made sunshine thinks Trevor. His smile broadens. He feels warm inside.





Relationships are essential to our sense of self.
Knowing and being known and loved by others
helps us to know and love ourselves.

There is hustle and bustle.

A man in a white shirt and blue shorts lies down on the ground next to Trevor.

Cameras are clicking and the crowd is noisy.

Trevor feels scared. He sniffs the man's face.

The man talks quietly and sounds comforting.

Trevor turns his head and smiles. The shutter closes.




Trevor goes out at night when it is quiet.

He likes the rustle of the wind in the leaves.

He lies on his back next to the pink lake and
counts the stars in the big wide sky.

He smiles to himself as he thinks of his friends.



Living the life I choose, doing the
things I enjoy with people I like,
who understand and respect me,
opens the door to my best life.



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