

Grandma. 'They had no room. I panicked. I couldn't leave the poor thing to die.'

'She needs a proper carer,' I say, opening Grandma's bag and staring down at the baby kangaroo's big eyes and nose. I kneel to look closer. The roo reaches her head out and kisses my nose with hers. It's soft and warm. My heart melts.

'I know how to take care of a kangaroo, Ruby,' says Grandma. 'Make a pouch. Keep her warm. Feed her kangaroo milk. The people next door raised one, remember?'

'But not on a cruise ship! And not in India.'

The roo flicks one ear.

Grandma raises her eyebrows at me.

'Being a carer is a full-time job,' I add. Mum always taught me that nature must be respected and that cute baby animals can grow up to be huge and wild. They aren't pets.

When we reach our cabin, Grandma lifts a pillowcase pouch out of her shoulder bag with the kangaroo inside. She hangs it on a coat hook, off the ground.

'I've named her Joey,' says Grandma, unscrewing a tub of powder with a picture of a kangaroo and a koala on the front. She pulls out a baby bottle with an extra-long teat. 'They gave me this to feed her at the vets. I've got enough to last until she's weaned.'

What reasons does Grandma give for smuggling the joey on board?

What evidence suggests Grandma knows how to look after a baby kangaroo?

What reasons does Ruby think that keeping the joey was a bad idea?