



# Wildlife at work

A COMPILATION OF CHILDREN'S SHORT STORIES AND ARTWORKS  
Part of Willoughby City Council's Wildlife Storybook Series



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Front cover artwork by Choa Jung.

Back cover artwork by Olivia Ho.

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City Council's Wildlife Officer, PO Box 57,  
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Further information about Willoughby's local bushland reserves  
and their wildlife is available from Willoughby City Council:  
31 Victor Street, Chatswood NSW 2067  
02 9777 1000 or [www.willoughby.nsw.gov.au](http://www.willoughby.nsw.gov.au)

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**Front Cover of Storybook: Choa Jung from Chatswood Public School**

**Artarmon Public School - Common Brown Butterfly** ..... 4

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Info page - *Tanvi Marathe*

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Info Page - *Kamakshi Ganduri*

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Info Page - *Brooke Ghattas*

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Info Page - *Lucy McKegg*

**Willoughby Primary School - Spotted Pardalote** ..... 58

School cover - *Catrina Cheung*

Info page - *April Menck*

**Back Cover of Storybook - Olivia Ho from Artarmon Public School**

# Willoughby's Wildlife Storybook Series

This book of short stories is part of an educational project designed to facilitate 'kids teaching kids' about local wildlife in the Willoughby area. Year 5 students at each primary school in Willoughby were asked to research, then write and draw creatively about a local species chosen for their school.

An educational talk was provided allowing students to learn more about the unique native animal and how it survives locally. This is an important opportunity for all year 5 students to learn about the local environment and how it is managed by Willoughby City Council.

Children shared their learnings by reading their story or poem to other students and family members. To further spread the conservation message, this book and storybooks from previous years are available at all local and school libraries within Willoughby and other Council libraries in the Greater Sydney region.

This year the stories and learning focused on the importance of biodiversity and the work our local species do to keep our natural ecosystems functional. Students gained an understanding about how our local species do specific jobs that benefit everyone. For example the Sydney Rock Oyster works to filter sediments, nutrients and pollutants that enter Middle Harbour. We hope this project will encourage a greater understanding of the importance of biodiversity and the need to preserve all species by caring for our local habitats.

The storybook project is part of Willoughby City Council's wider Bushland Interpretive Program. The Program offers guided bushwalks and talks for the community and school groups. It aims to connect the community with the natural environment, encourage sustainable living and help develop an understanding of, and participation in, the preservation of the environment.

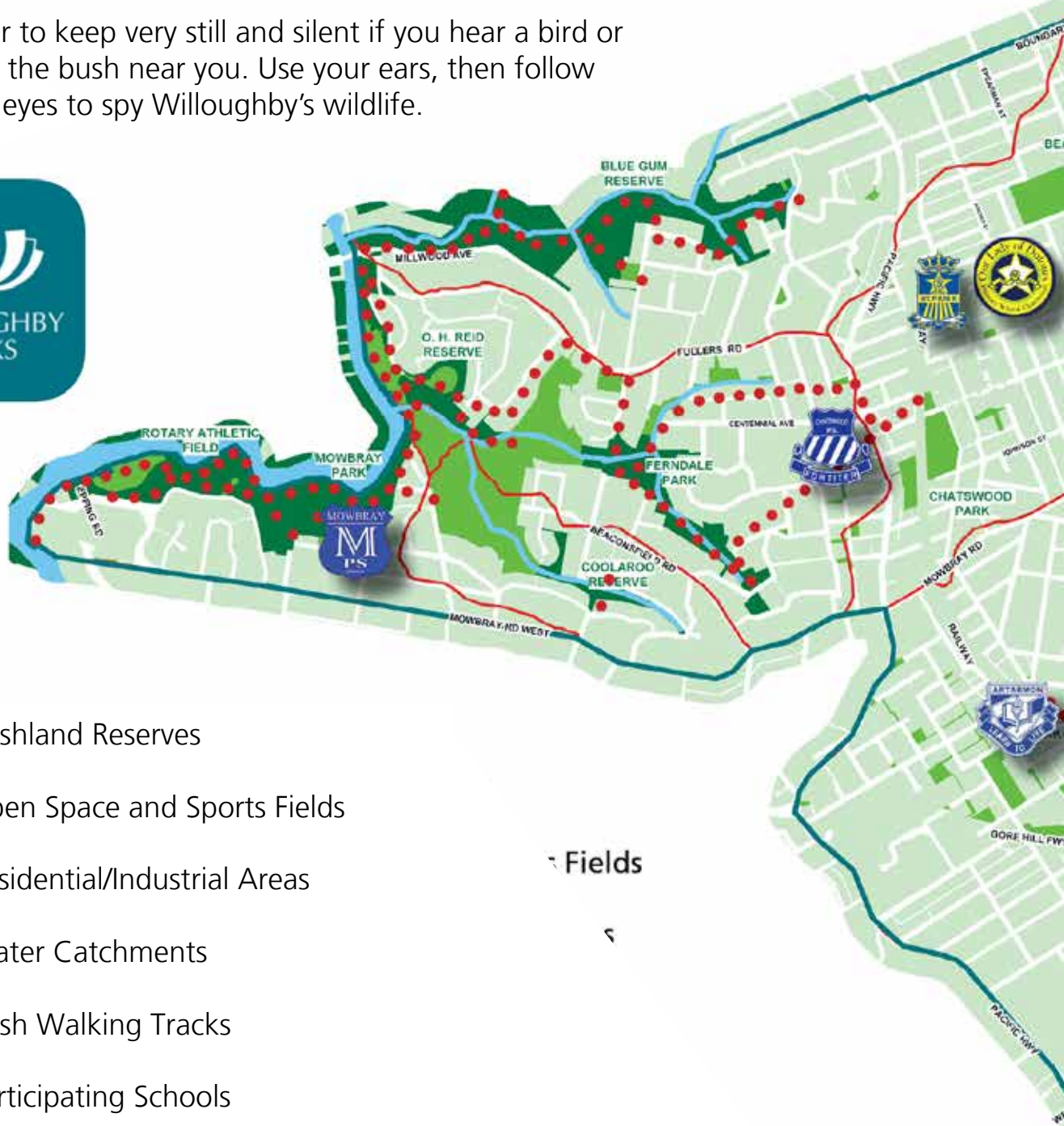
Willoughby City Council hopes that each story in the series will inspire more children (and adults) to take a keen interest in their amazing local environment.




If you would like to learn more about Willoughby's environment, please contact Willoughby City Council on 9777 1000 or visit [www.willoughby.nsw.gov.au](http://www.willoughby.nsw.gov.au) to view our list of guided bushwalks, events and walking track maps.

# Explore the wilds of Willoughby

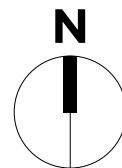
The Willoughby Walks App is a gateway for you to explore Willoughby's beautiful bushland reserves. You can read about the bushwalks online or use the app as a guide as you explore on foot.

Remember to keep very still and silent if you hear a bird or rustling in the bush near you. Use your ears, then follow with your eyes to spy Willoughby's wildlife.

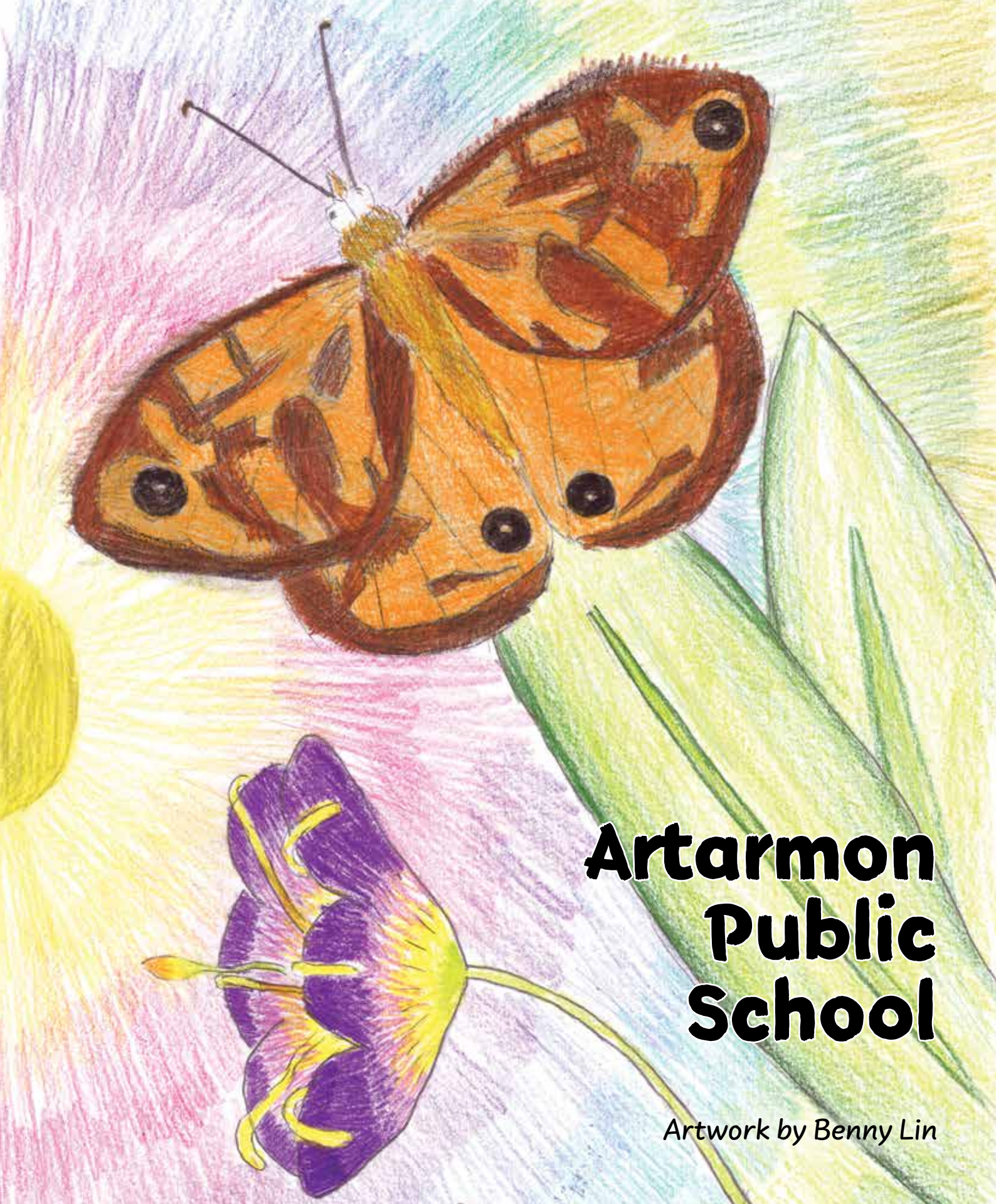


-  Bushland Reserves
-  Open Space and Sports Fields
-  Residential/Industrial Areas
-  Water Catchments
-  Bush Walking Tracks
-  Participating Schools









# **Artarmon Public School**

Artwork by Benny Lin





Artwork by Tanvi Marathe

## **Common Brown Butterfly** (*Heteronympha merope*)

Butterflies are important pollinators; plants need pollinators to create seeds. This species is especially important for its interactions with native grasses. Common Brown Butterflies are also good indicators of the ecological quality of a habitat, as they are important components of the food chain, particularly as larvae. Many species rely on its eggs and caterpillars for food.

# The Butterfly Net

Christopher Chen

Whoosh! The wind tickled the butterfly's antennae as it swooped away from the terrifying net being swung wildly at him. His eyes followed the butterfly as it darted out of sight. The butterfly folded his wings in desperation to camouflage with the pale dry grass.

"Oi ya little butterfly down in the grass!" He bellowed.

"You can't hear me or talk back!"

"In fact yes I can", a little faint voice replied. "And you can't catch me, it's banned!"

"I need you for school for an assessment test!" The boy said back. "Even if I can't catch you I'll do my best."

"But I pollinate flowers and make the ripe red roses bloom!"

"You're a bug that needs to be in my room!"

"The importance of a butterfly is not known to you! I feed and eat, that's what I do! I feed the birds and spread the flowers!"

"No! I will swing and swing at you with all my power!"

"I am helpful for the environment and provide entertainment."

"Alas, you are right... you are of importance and worth. Go you butterflies and populate the earth." The boy said glumly.

With that the butterfly sped off, over meadow, over all the bright daisies and lilies, spreading joy and pollinating flowers. As if someone had given the flowers a new sense of life. The butterfly made a trail of positivity that shone like the evening sun. It was clear that the butterfly had its own purpose.





# **A Day In A Life Of The Droopy Flower**

**Tessa Marrie**

Once upon a time there lived a flower.

It was the sorriest flower you ever laid eyes upon.

It was owned by an old man who cared greatly for the flower and always gave it enough water and sunlight. Despite this, the flower remained droopy and miserable.

The old man couldn't understand what was wrong with it. The problem was that the flower was sad and lonely living in a beautiful wild garden with bushes everywhere, but with no other flowers of his kind surrounding him.

Just then a butterfly landed gracefully on the ground.

"You look sad and miserable" he said to the flower.

"I am sad and miserable" the flower grumbled. "I must be the sorriest flower that ever lived!"

The common brown butterfly was equally as lonely and equally as miserable. There weren't many others of his kind either. He thought for a second.

"I have been looking for a flower to drink nectar from" he said. "May I drink some from you?" The flower agreed and the butterfly was no longer hungry.

The next day the flower withered up and died. The old man cried and cried because he had cared greatly for the flower and was sorry to see it go. Days went by and the garden became dark and sullen and the grass grew wilder than ever.

Then one day, the old man came back from another boring day at work and went into his garden. He dropped everything that he was holding, stared and then cried out with joy!

"When a flower has been pollinated by a butterfly, it dies and drops its seed to the ground" he thought. "It has given me three new young plants with flowers."

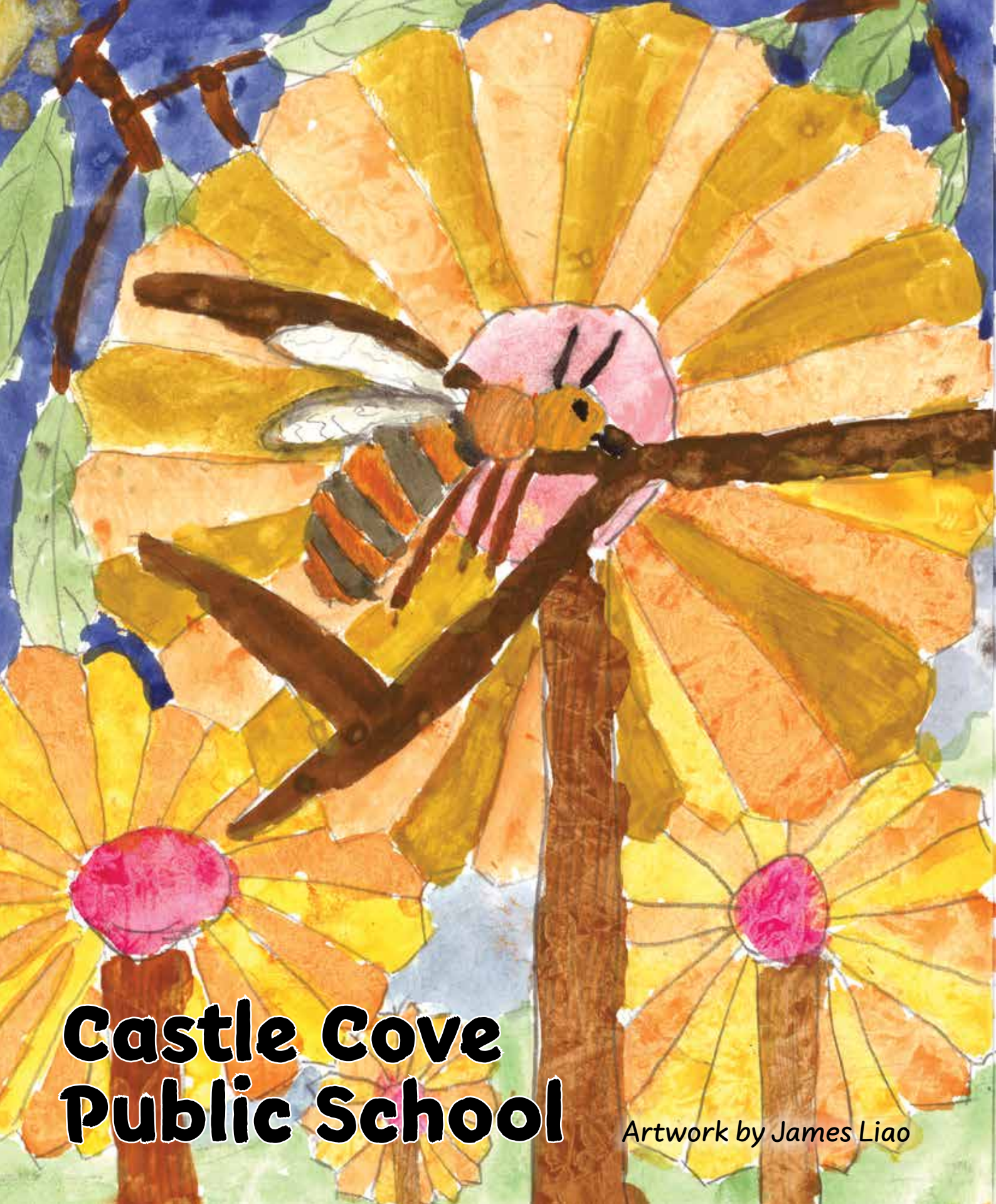
From up the tree the Common Brown Butterfly smiled to himself.

"More food for me" he thought. Then he flew away.









# **Castle Cove Public School**

*Artwork by James Liao*





Artwork by Theo Downes

## **Teddy Bear Bee** (*Amegilla bombiformis*)

Teddy Bear bees collect nectar and pollen for their nests. By doing so they are valuable pollinators of wildflowers. They are buzz pollinators - meaning that their wings vibrate at such a rate that they cause the flower's pollen capsules to burst, a technique well suited to many Australian native plants. Native plant species can easily disappear without pollinators suited to their flowering time and flower shape.

# In The Ground, No Sound Around

*Ariel Stenberg*

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,  
Smaller than a key  
I'm a solitary bee.

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,  
We have orange and brown fur  
When we fly it's like a golden blur  
When I grow old  
I will become bold  
We live in Australia  
But not in Tasmania.

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,  
We have thousands of lenses  
You might find us on one of your fences  
We are amazingly fast  
And that is NOT the past.

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,

We have an unbelievably long tongue  
Even though most of us are rather  
young.

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,  
We are around 7-15mm long  
We are often mistaken for a Bumblebee  
which is wrong  
We usually fly for hours  
Searching for Hibiscus flowers.

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,  
Females have six dark bands  
But on the other hand  
Males have seven  
Being a Teddy Bear Bee is NOT heaven.

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,  
Our cousins are Blue Banded Bees  
But many of them meet us and flee  
We like pollinating flowers  
And we never ever cower.



In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me,  
We are never aggressive  
We are progressive  
We collect pollen to make honey  
We DON'T make it for money.

In the ground  
No sound around  
Teddy Bear Bee  
yes that's me.



# The Mix Up

Ciara Hearder

*I'm a teddy bear bee. I'm an orange, golden colour with small beautiful wings. Now, I'm meant to be a solitary bee but I got mixed up and now I live in a hive with honey bees. I like it here. They treat me as their Queen because I'm different so I have a pretty good life doing nothing, but... I've got to change. I've got to leave to become a solitary bee, making my own home, getting my own food not lying around eating pollen puffs. THAT'S IT!! Tomorrow I will leave.*

*Day one: It's hard. I'm gonna have to get used to being on my own. I was starving this morning until a fellow local teddy bear bee came to help me. He showed me some tips. I had a lovely cup of nectar with pollen crackers for breakfast.*

*Day two: Today I will make my home. I learnt from the bee yesterday that our houses have to be ten centimetres long. I dug and dug and eventually was done! It's wonderful! I even have a small creek outside because I live on the edge of the creek bed.*

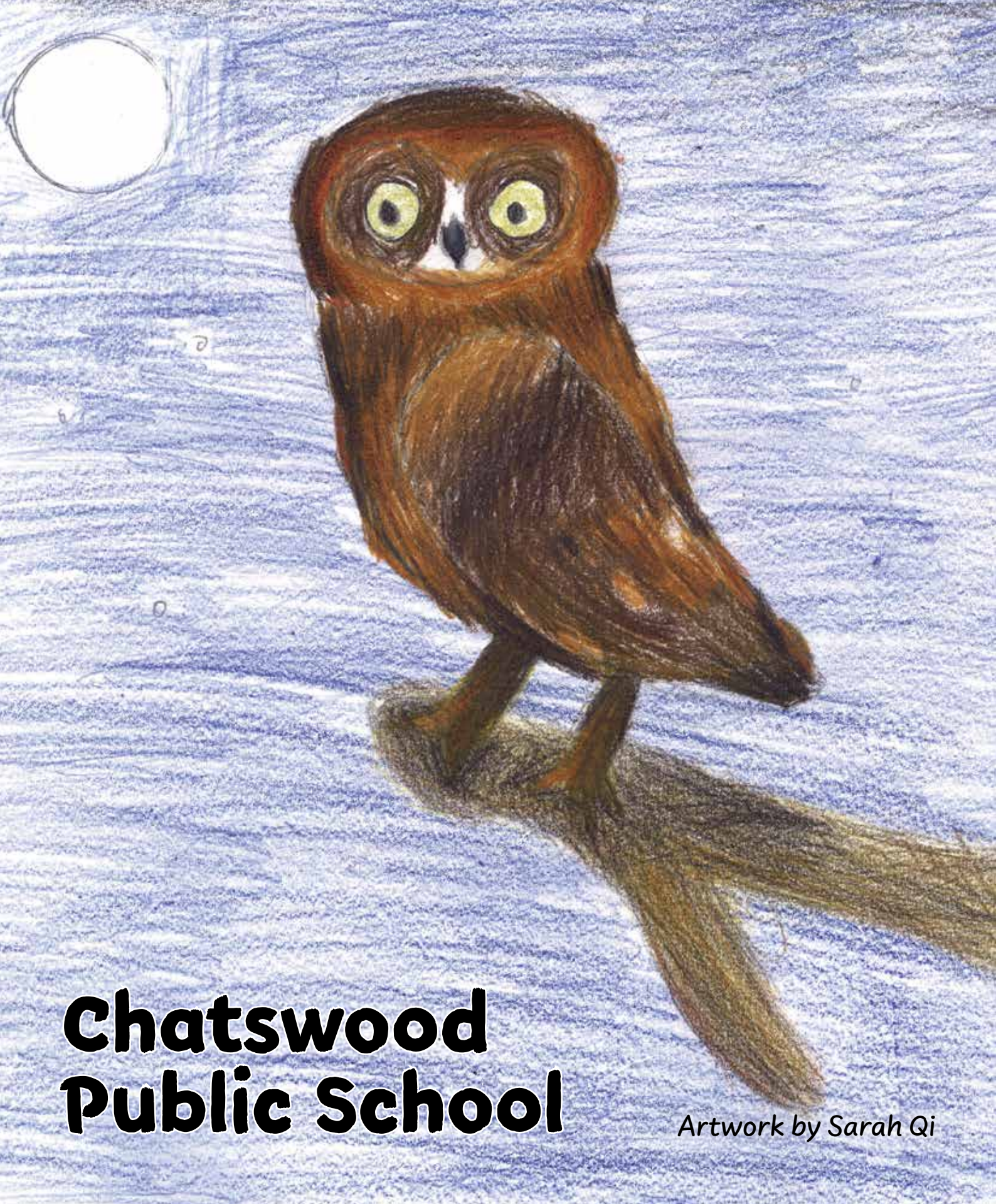
*Day three: Today I will lay my eggs. Thud, thud, thud, they fell from me onto the ground of my home. I put some pollen in each cell for them to eat as soon as they hatch.*

*Day four: I think I have adapted to being a solitary Teddy Bear Bee very well.*









**Chatswood  
Public School**

*Artwork by Sarah Qi*





Artwork by Ian Lee

## **Southern Boobook** (*Ninox novaeseelandiae*)

The Southern Boobook makes a distinctive 'mo-poke' call, and is the smallest and most common owl in Australia. They play an important role in the ecosystem, acting as a natural pest controller. They are also an indicator species - a healthy owl population is a sign of a stable ecosystem. Boobooks nest in old trees with hollows and are often seen roosting in rocky overhangs along creek lines. Rodent poisons, cats and cars are all threats to this species.

# **Boobook Prowl**

*Mannix Bolus*

*"Bo-book" cries the Boobook,  
as he darts through the treetops.  
He watches like a hawk,  
for unsuspecting prey.  
He dives down at a super-fast pace,  
like a javelin,  
he seizes his food.*

*Mo-poke screams the Mopoke,  
as she incubates her eggs.  
She watches out for snakes,  
because she wants her eggs to hatch.  
She sits on her eggs for forty-two days,  
getting fed by her mate until they...  
HATCH!*

*Screech-screech wail the nestlings,  
as they beg their parents for food.  
Soon they will mature,  
have their own family  
and hunt like their parents at night.*





# Boobook Owl Story

Yi Hsien Chen

Always flying into trees, falling on the dry, leafy ground and hurting myself. Ever since I tried to learn how to fly, I would constantly fracture my wing or sprain my talon. I bash into trees and fall, fall, fall to the ground where wandering predators prowl around. The ground isn't safe for us small, defenceless owls. That's why we fly and live in the trees.

One day, my parents had left to go hunting for mice and insects, and I was alone with my older brother, Jimmy. He was still asleep. I was told by my dad not to fly when he wasn't around. I didn't like breaking rules, but I didn't want to be the odd owl out who doesn't know how to fly. 'Just a quick glide,' I thought to myself. 'It'll be alright. My wing is better and I feel fresh and energised.' I stretched out my wings and pushed off the branch.

I felt the cool morning air under my wings. I felt free. I guess I felt too relaxed. I think you can guess what happened next. I bashed into a huge tree and started falling. 'Help! Jimmy!' I screeched. 'Help! I'm falling!' After that, everything seemed to go very quickly. My whole body hurt and then I found myself on the dry, leafy floor. Again. I started to worry as the sun began to rise. The foxes might come soon looking for food. I would be a quick easy meal since I can't fly.

I heard the crunching of leaves coming my way. It was getting louder and louder. Oh how I wished I could be in my cosy hollow, surrounded by soft, warm feather down. I hid behind a bushy shrub unsure of what else to do. I stared at my wings, unsure if they were broken, and wishing my mother was here to take care of me. I peeked out once in a while to see the creature. Then I got a clear glimpse of it. It was a feral cat! It wasn't that big, but it would still eat me for lunch. I ran. I know it wasn't the smartest thing to do, but I panicked and did what first came to my mind. Of course, the cat heard the crunching of the leaves and started chasing me.

It was the fastest I had run in my whole life. I kept on running until I reached a large tree with big, thick roots. I had nowhere to run to. This would be the end. The cat was slowly edging towards me, ready to pounce. My heart was beating rapidly, and my breathing was heavy. Suddenly, there was a loud screeching sound. I looked up and saw Mum, Dad and Jimmy circling above. They dived and my Dad scooped me up in his talons. I felt safe and protected with my family.

When we got back to the hollow, I promised I would never fly by myself ever again unless I have learnt how to fly properly. Then, mum fixed my wing and we enjoyed eating big, fat, juicy mice and insects Mum and Dad had caught that morning.

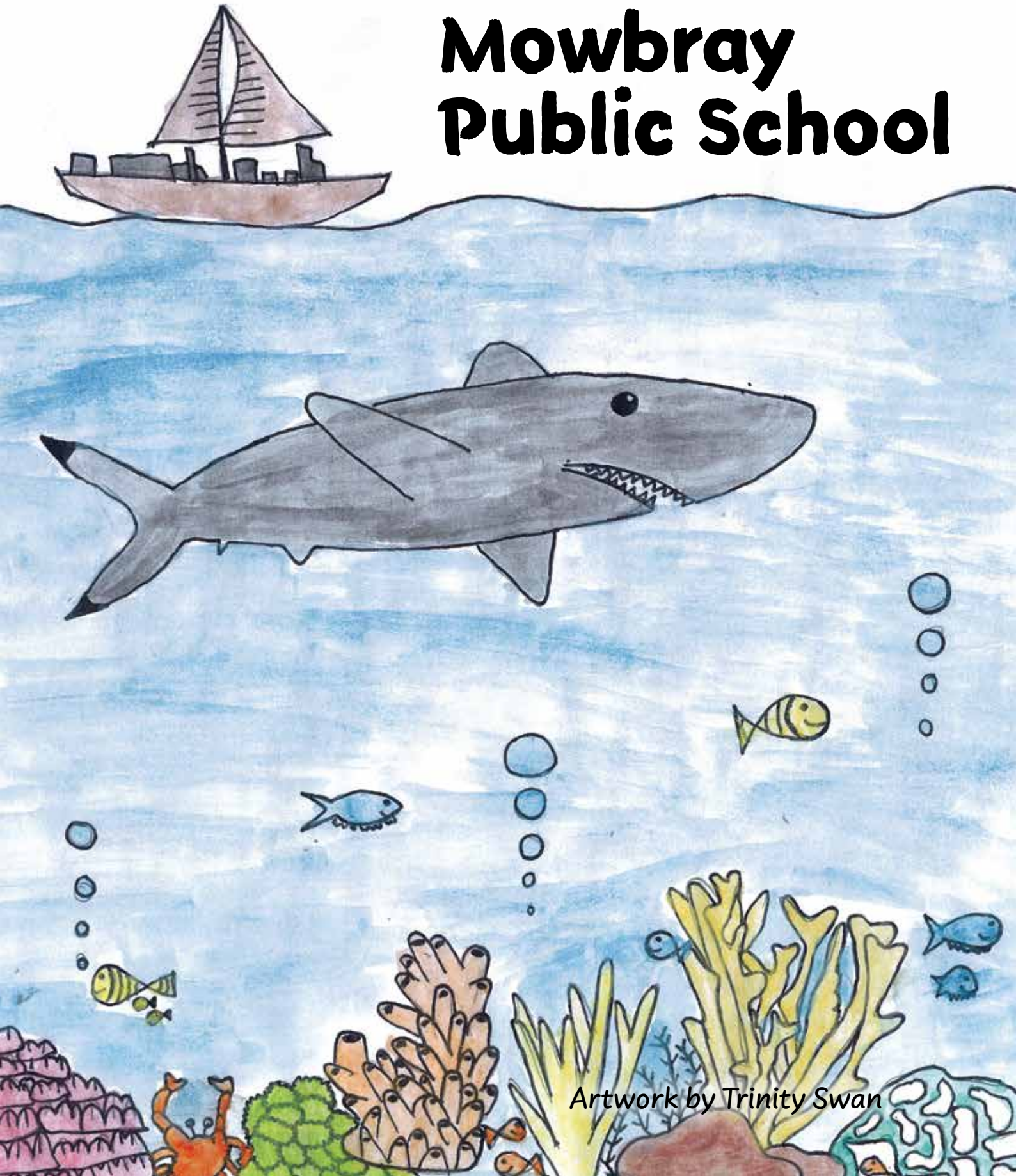
Now, I have made a lot of progress. I can make better choices, listen to instructions and am known worldwide for my intelligence. I have discovered many different things that will help owl society develop. I am now known as Owlbert Einstein.



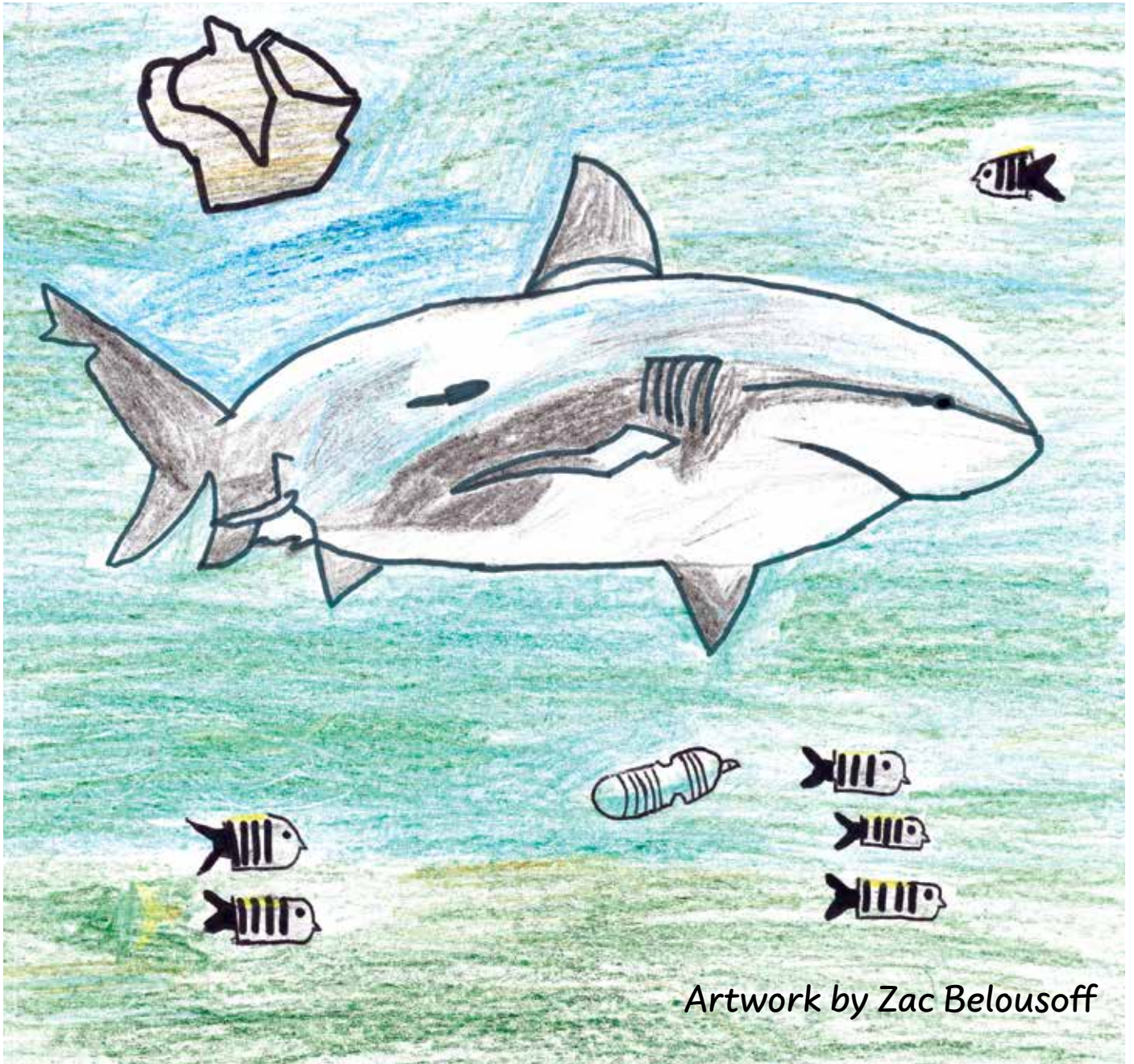




# Mowbray Public School







Artwork by Zac Belousoff

## **Bull Shark** (*Carcharhinus leucas*)

The Bull Shark plays an important role in the ecology of the ocean. They maintain species diversity by preying upon the most available and populous species. Sharks in general control the population of species that feed off phytoplankton. A decline in the shark populations creates steady decline of phytoplankton, therefore affecting the oxygen levels of the oceans.

# He's Big, Bad and Mean!

*Belle Rengger*

*He swims and swims through freshwater rivers,  
If you see one, it will give you the shivers.*

*From down in the deep, a flash of sharp teeth,  
He came out to play but everyone swam away.*

*A 350 teeth bite, it gave the fish a big fright,  
With a flat stomach, sure to be a male,  
That mammal looked oh so pale.*

*A territorial beast protecting his home,  
Laying on the floor was a nice fishbone.*

*If you're stingray, stay out of his way,  
If you're a school of sardines, try not to be seen,  
As he's big, bad and mean!*

*See how the seal swims, with a swerve and a twist,  
A flick of his fin and a flip of his tail,  
The seal managed to swim away without fail.*

*Found worldwide, in estuaries and rivers,  
By the way, they're excellent swimmers.*

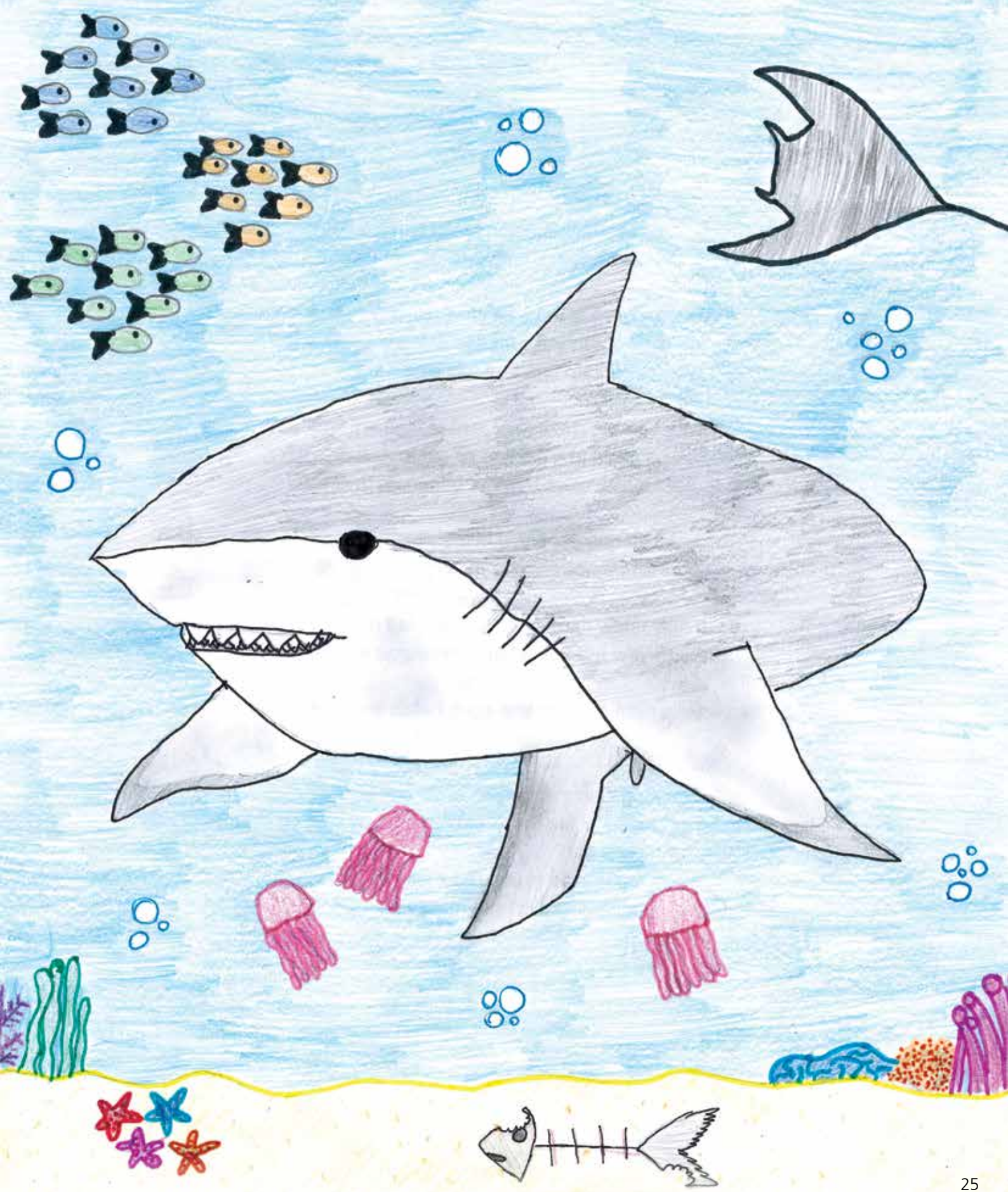
*They can swim between salt and fresh water with ease,  
When they're aggressive, get out of the way PLEASE!*

*Their babies are called pups and are free from predators,  
While growing up.*

*Large and stout, with a very flat snout,  
I guess by now you're starting to figure what they're all about.*

*Let's not keep you in the dark,  
You guessed right, I'm a Bull Shark!*





# Bruce the Bull Shark

Luke Miller

Dear Humans,

Hey there, they call me Bruce the 'Bully' Bull Shark. I may look mean, and that's because I am! If you think you might be safe from me around this part of town, you're wrong! The crew and I are all around this area, so do not go trespassing in this territory.

I like hanging out in the rivers as well as the oceans, and there are lots of us around different places but our favourite place is Australia. Oh, and we aren't afraid of shallow or freshwater either. We are big you know, we can grow up to be 130 kilograms and close to 2 and a half metres long! We also have around 350 teeth, so you don't want to get in our way.

Next time you are splashing about in the water and feel a bump on your leg from my nose (that's why they call us Bull Sharks) say, "Hi!" I won't bite ... or will I ...?

Although we prefer to eat fish and small sharks, if you are in our path, you could be our next snack. Out of more than 375 shark species identified, we are in the top three responsible for attacks on humans. We aren't proud of this, but hey, top three!

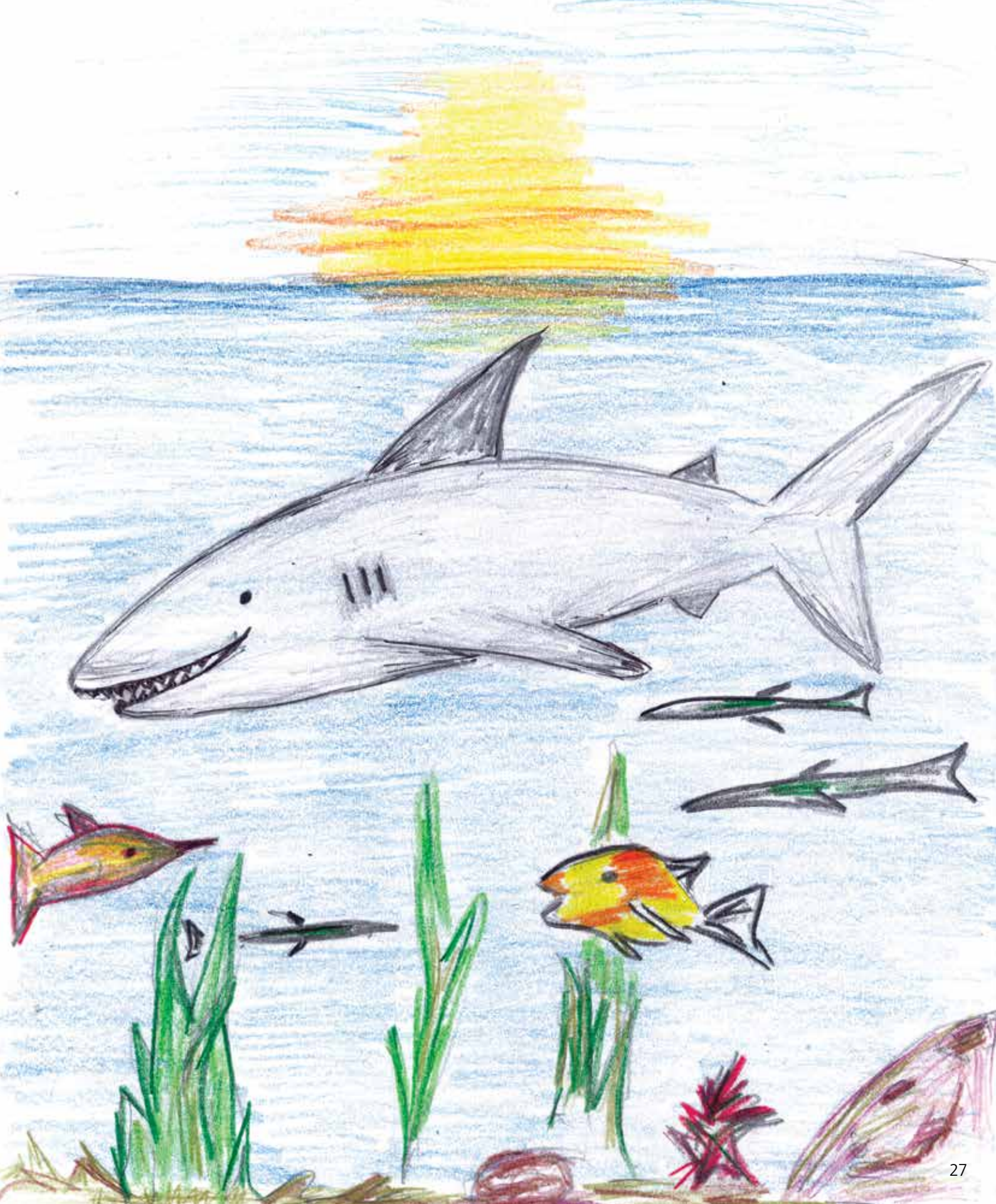
The crew and I would really appreciate if you humans can stop polluting our water, and take your rubbish with you. AND! Make sure it doesn't come back. After all, you polluters don't see us trashing your land, so return the favour and stop it. Just because there are a lot of us, we don't appreciate being hunted and even having our families killed for skin, oil or meat.

Stay out of our way, and we will stay out of yours!

Yours Sincerely,

*Bruce the 'Bully' Bull Shark*

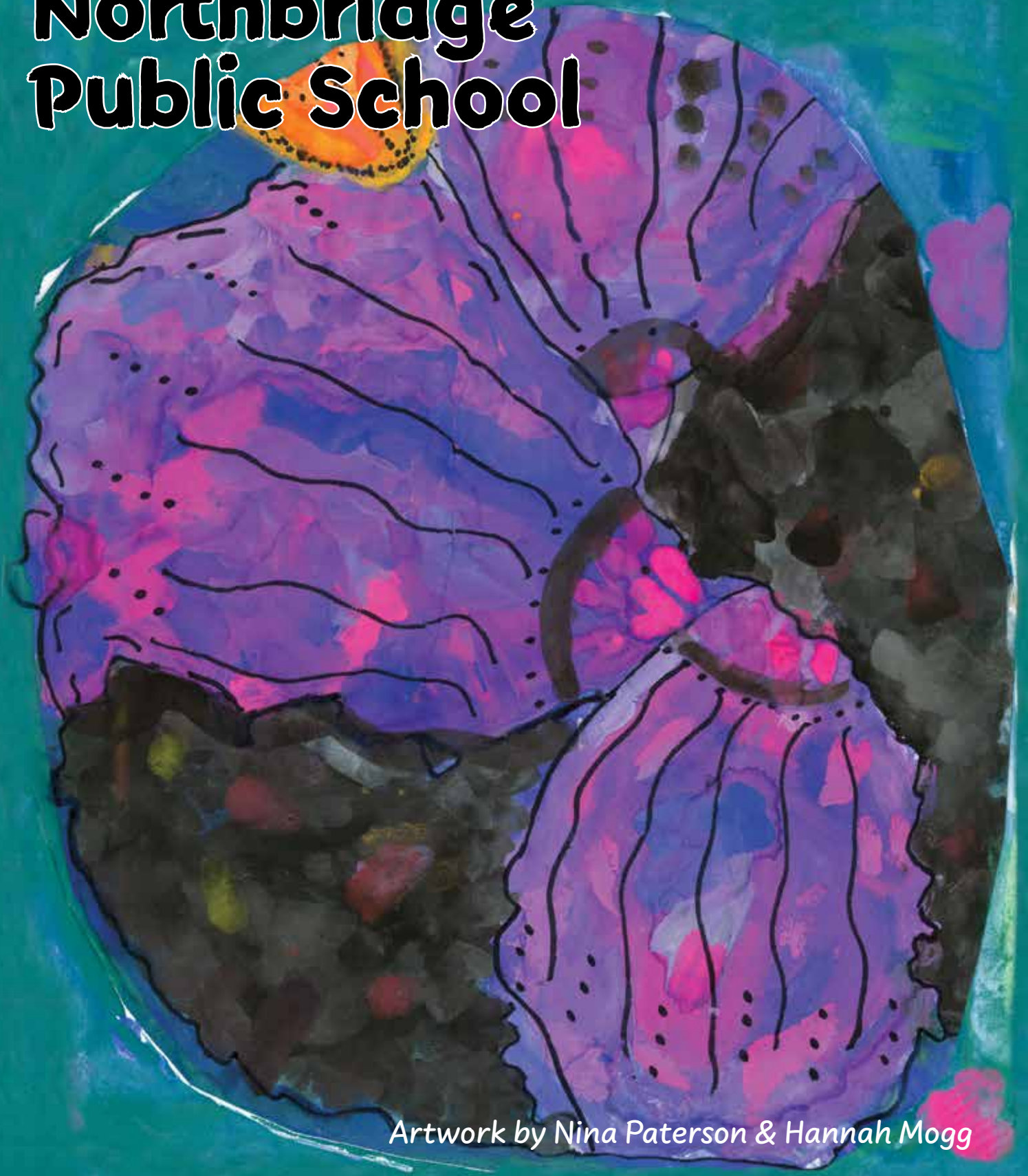






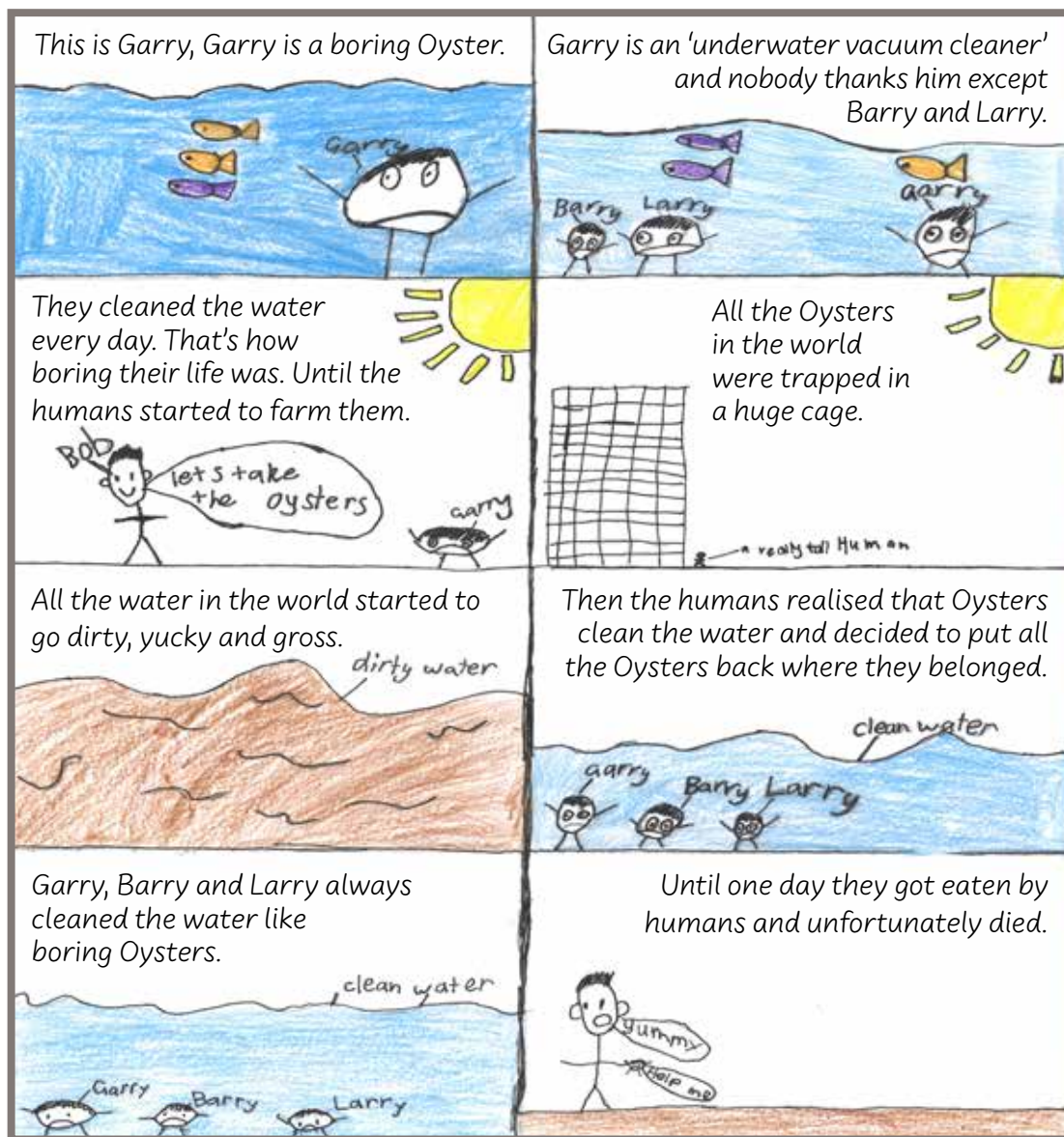
# Northbridge Public School

Artwork by Nina Paterson & Hannah Mogg





# The Boring Oysters by Harry Livingstone and Jake Tranfield



## Sydney Rock Oyster (*Saccostrea glomerata*)

Oysters are filter feeders and remove pollutants in the water. One tennis court sized oyster reef can filter over two Olympic swimming pools of water per day! Oysters are marine engineers, creating reefs which are valuable habitats for other marine life and protect shorelines from erosion. You can find oysters along the shorelines of Northbridge, Castle Cove and Castlecrag. Human created pollution, habitat destruction, over harvesting and climate change have destroyed 85% of functional oyster reefs around the world.

# The Sydney Rock Oyster

Annika Ryan

*In the gentle blue waters of Sydney Harbour, there was an oyster who clung to a rock.*

*Oyster had a happy life nibbling algae, playing with worm, fish, snail, crab and young spat. But a boy's eager hand reached for the vulnerable oyster. Up, up, up... Oyster found himself gasping for air.*

*Later that day oyster was in a tank staring at the sombre walls for hours. The young boy decided to call him Oli, Oli the Oyster. Little did the boy know that Oli felt lonelier and lonelier by the second, he kept thinking about his friends, especially young spat who always needed his help.*

*"Mum, mum look what I have."*

*"Wow! That's a Sydney Rock Oyster? Did you know it can filter up to 30 gallons of water a day?!"*

*Really, and they help the seagrass grow by eating excess algae from the ocean? They make a huge difference to our ecosystem."*

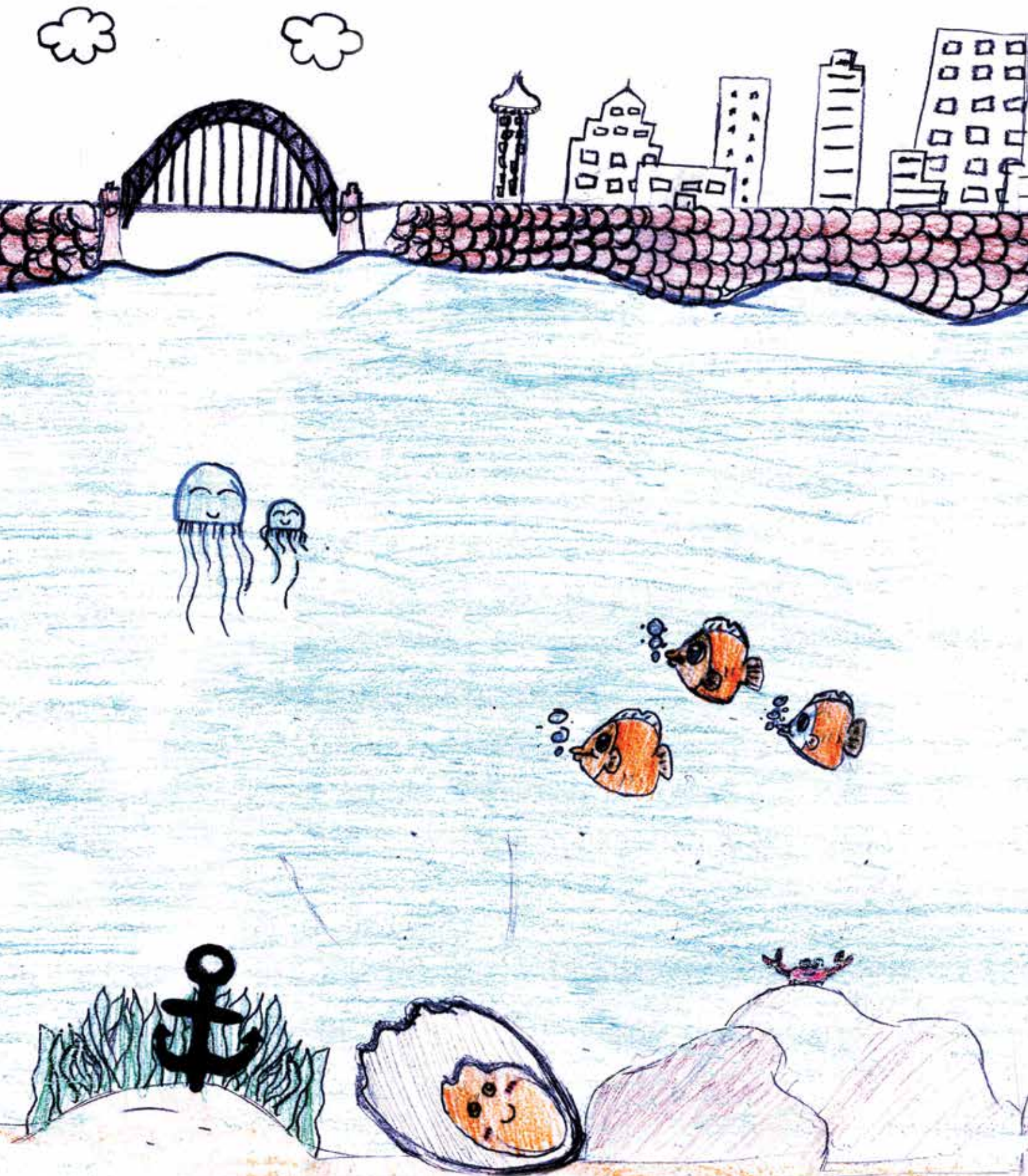
*When the boy's mum said that, it made him feel bad for the poor oyster and the ecosystem.*

*So that day the boy took Oli the Oyster back to his rock pool in Sydney Harbour.*

*The boy let the oyster sink into the cold, brackish water where he once was before. Out of the corner of young spat's eye, he saw Oli. Young spat's face lit the harbour up with his grin from ear to ear. Oli was home.*

*As the waves wash up and tickle the boy's toes, the boy walked away. But he would never forget what Oli does for Sydney Harbour.*





# What Am I?

*Sophia Wigan*

*I live near the shore,  
I live near the sea.  
I live with my friends and family.  
What am I?*

*I filter the water,  
I make it clear.  
There's algae in my tummy and I think it's very yummy.  
What am I?*

*I live on a rock,  
I stick to it tight.  
When waves come crashing  
I don't go with the tide.  
What am I?*

*I am a boy and then a girl,  
I live for nine to ten years.  
What am I?*

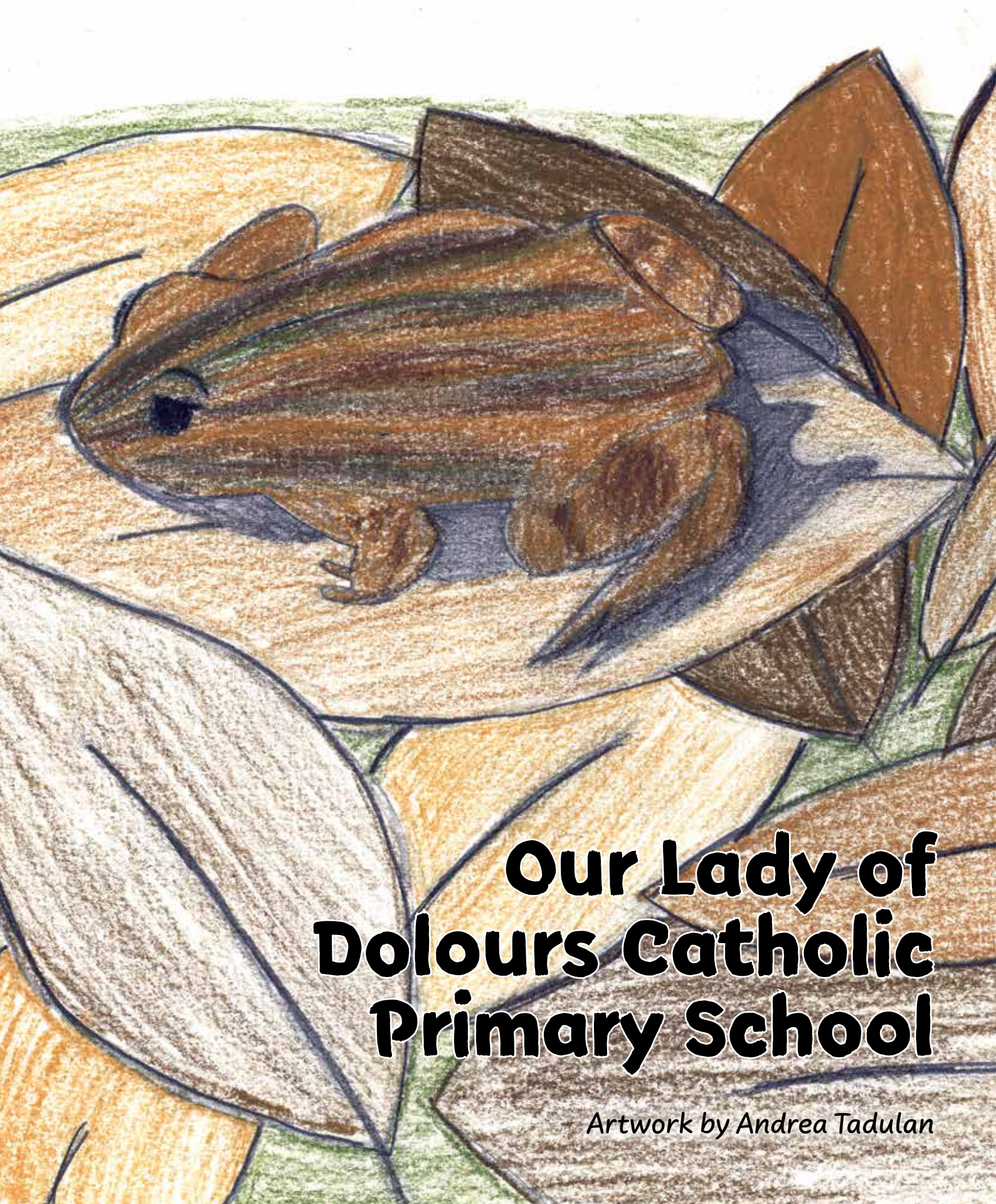
*Somewhere along the way  
I have my little ones to keep the generations moving.  
What am I?*

*My shell is so sharp you better watch out.  
Where you live there may be middens of past generations.  
What am I?  
I am an oyster.*





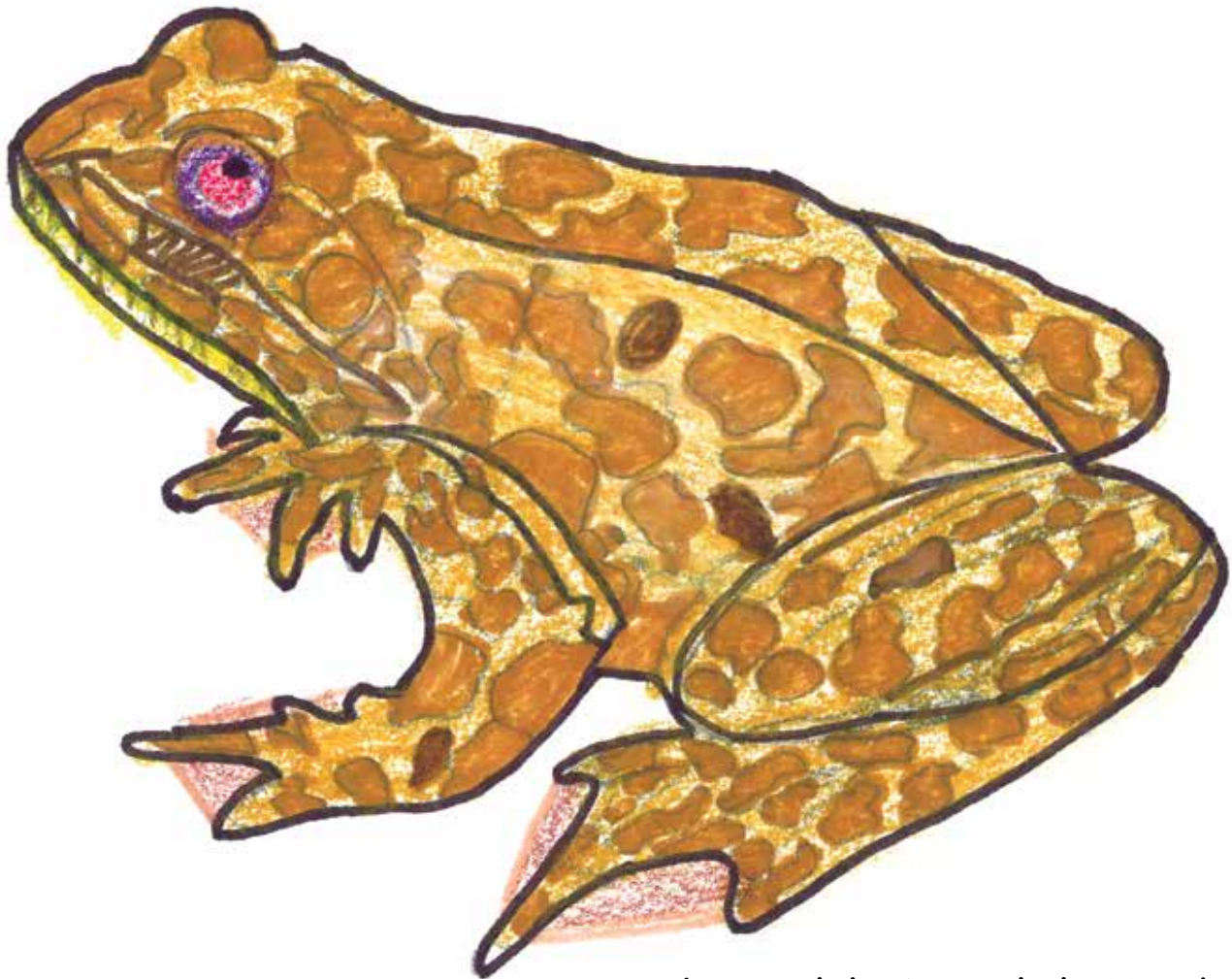




# **Our Lady of Dolours Catholic Primary School**

*Artwork by Andrea Tadulan*





*Artwork by Kamakshi Ganduri*

## **Common Eastern Froglet** (*Crinia signifera*)

The Common Easter Froglet is a frog found in many environments from Adelaide up the coast to Brisbane. The Froglet is important for several reasons, the first being that it is an indicator species. Scientists often look at frog populations to figure out how healthy or unhealthy an environment is. The Froglet also acts as a natural pest controller, by preying on insects whose populations can explode without the necessary predators. Finally, the Froglet is an important part of the food chain. Throughout the lifecycle of a frog, they play an important role in the food chain as both predators and prey.

# The Mysterious Sound

Story by Genevieve Ho, artwork by Chloe Choy

The dark midnight sky reflected off the green, murky water of the rustic pond. Joe strolled over to his bed, but as he pulled back his cover... 'croak', the sound echoed through his room. Joe tentatively roamed over to his foggy, murky window when... 'croak', there was the sound again! Joe opened his window and shone his torch outside, searching for what the sound was. But all Joe could see was dark, midnight sky, so Joe decided to investigate a little bit further into the strange sound.

He crept out of his room as quiet as a mouse, and down the stairs to the door. He was pulling down the silver handle when he noticed multiple muddy footprints. But they were not human footprints, "they were too small to be humans", Joe thought to himself. "So whose footprints could they be?"

Joe tied up his dressing gown and followed the muddy footprints down the stairs to the antique pond. The pond was covered in green, lumpy mush and had millions of mosquito larvae squirming throughout like squiggling worms. The pond hadn't been cleaned in multiple months, so no wonder the pond was in a terrible condition. But the big question was who or what would want to live in the pond?

All of a sudden something emerged. It was green and brown. A frog... but not just any frog. A Common Eastern Froglet. Immediately Joe realised that the frog's sticky tongue, used for catching food, was stuck around the pond. Joe pulled a stick off a tree and used that to push the tongue to the frog. 'SQUELCH' into the frog's tongue went many mosquito larvae. 'CROAK' and the frog happily hopped away.





# The Common Eastern Froglet

Story by Keira Lee, artwork by Camila Diaz Cerpa

*One day while I was sitting in the pond happily drinking, a hand grabbed me. I thought I was a goner, in fact, I fainted.*

*When I woke up, I realised I wasn't in my lovely home, instead I was in a hospital for pets. I thought that was weird since I'm obviously a brave wild animal. Then, as if that wasn't enough, I was moved into a cage and was travelling to a new section of the hospital. It was an adoption centre!*

*The next day I was moved again. This time I was moved to a school full of kids. I was put near the sunlight; it was so bright I thought I would go blind. Then the foolish teacher let those filthy kids touch me. I was about to die because of the chemicals on their hands. Luckily the teacher told them to stop. They stopped.*

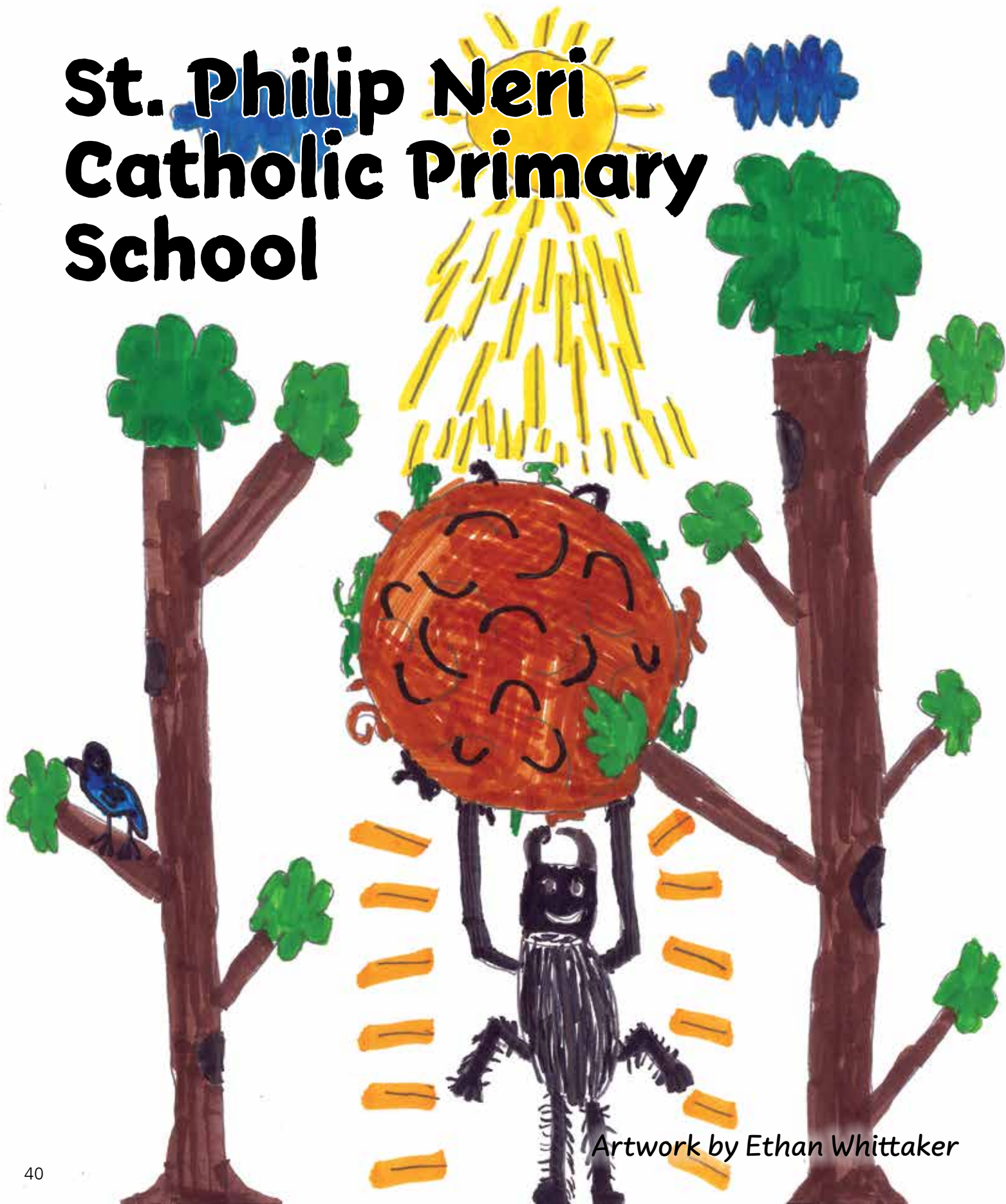
*The next week the teacher let those filthy children bring me home. One time I went home and lived in toilet water. Seriously people, I am not a wild animal, okay take that back, I am a wild animal but you know what I mean. The second time I lived in someone's pool. These children were obviously very ill educated because they didn't know that I'm a ground dweller.*

*Finally, someone who was smart enough to know I lived on land came along. It was like a dream come true. She didn't care about me, which made me so much happier, because I then knew I wouldn't have to live in water or get touched or risk the chance of dying. After an hour she set me free. I was back in the forest where my family was.*





# St. Philip Neri Catholic Primary School



Artwork by Ethan Whittaker



## Dave the Dung Beetle: Facts about him by Brooke Ghattas



### Dung Beetle (*Cephalodesmius armiger*)

Dung Beetles serve a number of very important ecological functions. By digging tunnels, they turn over and aerate the soil. They release and transfer nutrients from dung and leaf litter to the soil, which also prevents flies from breeding in these materials. There are more species of Dung Beetles than mammals in the world (over 5000), however, only 3 species are endemic to Australia. Dung Beetles mate for life and lay their eggs in dung balls.

# **The Work of Dale the Dung Beetle**

*Ashleigh Denmeade*

*One day, so clear and fine,  
With the grass so green and sun divine,  
A male dung beetle went out to search,  
For some yummy dung  
Hidden in the dirt.*

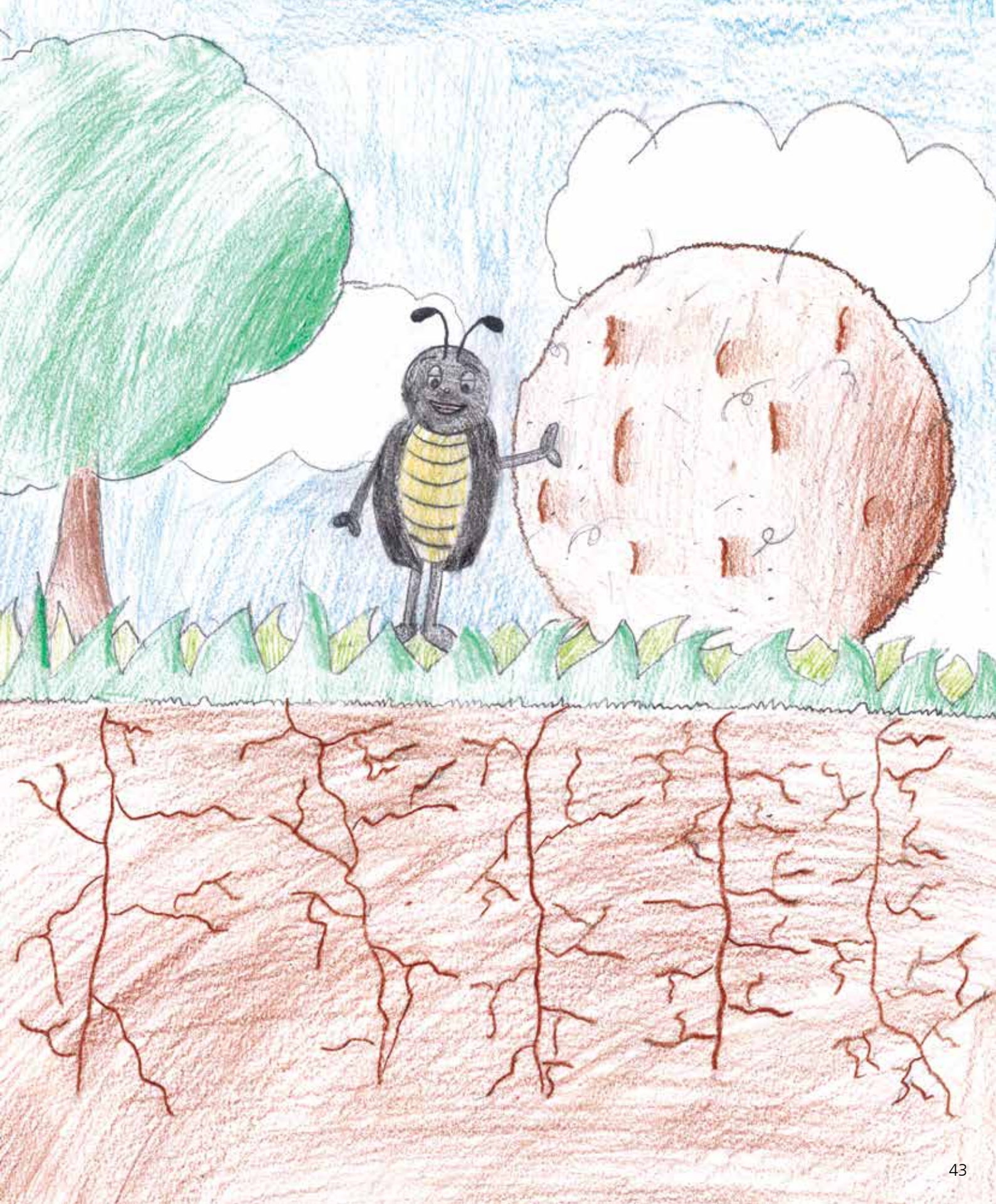
*Struggling to find one big and tasty enough,  
The sun shone bright on his back so strong and tough,  
He could only dream of finding wallaby  
Or even possum dung  
But finally he found the perfect  
Poo for his young.*

*Little did he know, he did a good deed,  
He cleared up rabbit poo, just like we need,  
He rolled balls along past flowers and stems,  
And then when underground,  
His wife laid eggs in them.*

*And again he did a good deed as he toiled,  
By burrowing down, Dale aerated  
and increased nutrients in soil.  
Removing the dung made insects go away,  
And made sure we don't step in it  
Whenever we play.*

*The eggs eventually hatched and the larvae ate their ball,  
Now I think we can all agree that they are  
One of the best animals of all!  
As weird and crazy as it sounds,  
Dung beetles are great to have around!*







# Mr Dung Beetle

*Catherine Mikan and Dusty Thompson*

Meet Mr Dung Beetle  
he works all day  
to help our environment  
in many ways.

Watch him go  
and dig down low  
as he is as strong  
as a superhero.

Because he can carry  
250 times his own body weight  
That's epic mate.

The dung beetle digs  
a hole in the ground  
and makes a ball that is round.

The ball is made  
out of dung  
And when the egg hatches  
out comes the young.

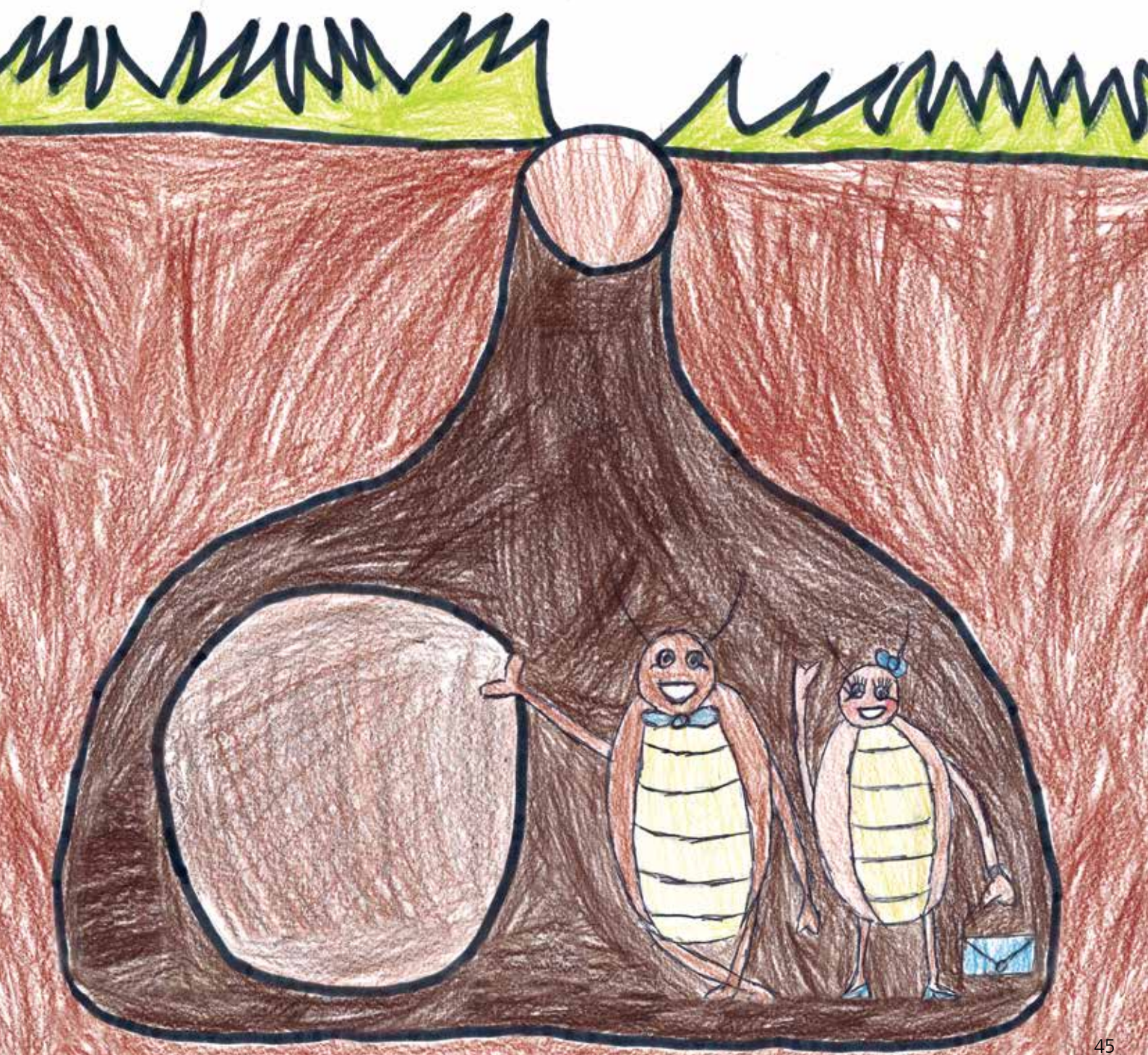
Then the new baby  
eats its way  
out of the dung ball.

It gets among the soil  
that its parents  
have aerated.

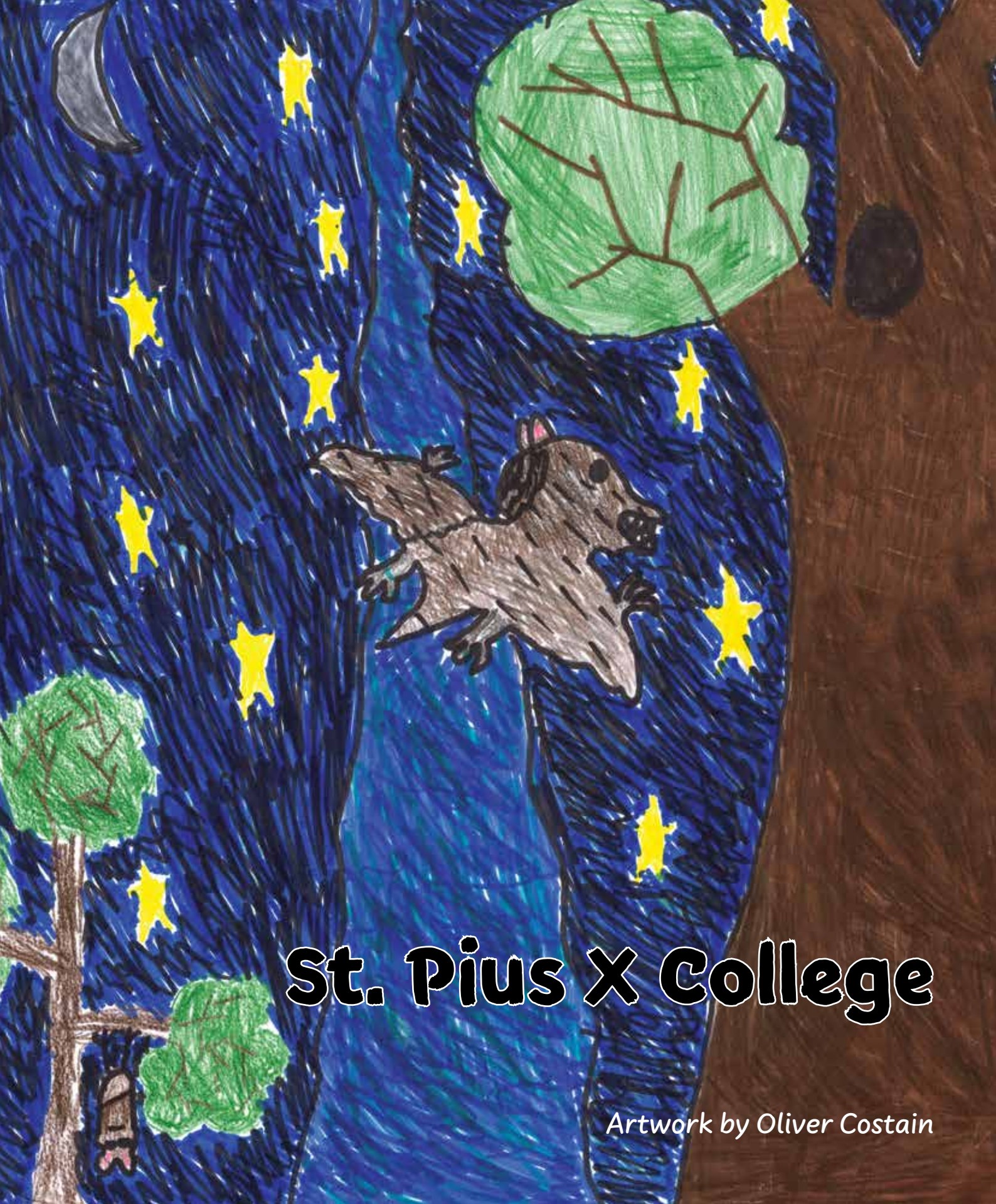
This also helps  
the plants grow and  
give birds a home  
in big trees  
that grow with ease.

Let's hope Mr Dung Beetle  
lives for a long time!









# St. Pius X College

Artwork by Oliver Costain





Artwork by Aiden Kiem

## **Gould's Wattled Bat** (*Chalinolobus gouldii*)

Gould's Wattled Bat can help control insects by feeding on flying beetles, caterpillars, crickets and moths. They also add to the rich biodiversity of the nocturnal environment. Like a lot of local species of microbat, they normally live in tree hollows, so can be threatened if old trees are cut down. However Gould's Wattled Bats can adapt better to urban areas and will sometimes use old houses to roost.

# **Bold Bob**

*Daniel McCarry and James Lineen*

*Superhero Bold Bob stared at his nemesis with a mighty rage. They had been fighting for nights now, but neither of them wanted to give up the insects. They both needed to survive and the price of survival is a precious gift.*

*The microbat was small on the outside but strong on the inside and Spike - the lizard was big on the outside but soft on the inside.*

*Suddenly the pair stopped and looked at each other. An eerie silence filled the forest. There lying on the ground was the most beautiful, juicy and green caterpillar they had ever seen. The lizard bent down to gulp down the caterpillar but the microbat screeched so loud that the lizard fainted. The heroic Bold Bob had won!*

*The heroic bat then grabbed the lizard with its massive tail and put the caterpillar in its mouth before quickly spitting it out onto the ground. The caterpillar had been sprayed with insecticide!*

*This is one of the big threats to Gould's Wattled Bats like Bold Bob. When humans spray insecticides on plants, Gould's Wattled Bats don't know.*

*Bold Bob fell down to the ground clutching his throat, it looked like his life had come to an end. Suddenly out of nowhere, his sidekicks came and saved him! What a close shave!*







# Mr Bad Bat

*Ethan Fajemisin*

*Mr Bad Bat is an assassin who works for the BAD BUG EXTERMINATORS. He is a Gould's Wattled Bat. One night Mr Bad Bat was on a mission to kill a particular mosquito named Michael who had recently been spreading a virus.*

*Mr Bad Bat could not see in the dark but he had the latest high-tech echo-location (which means he can use sounds to bounce off insects and can locate his prey in the dark). He can navigate his way through the forest without getting eaten by frogs; and could locate Michael as well.*

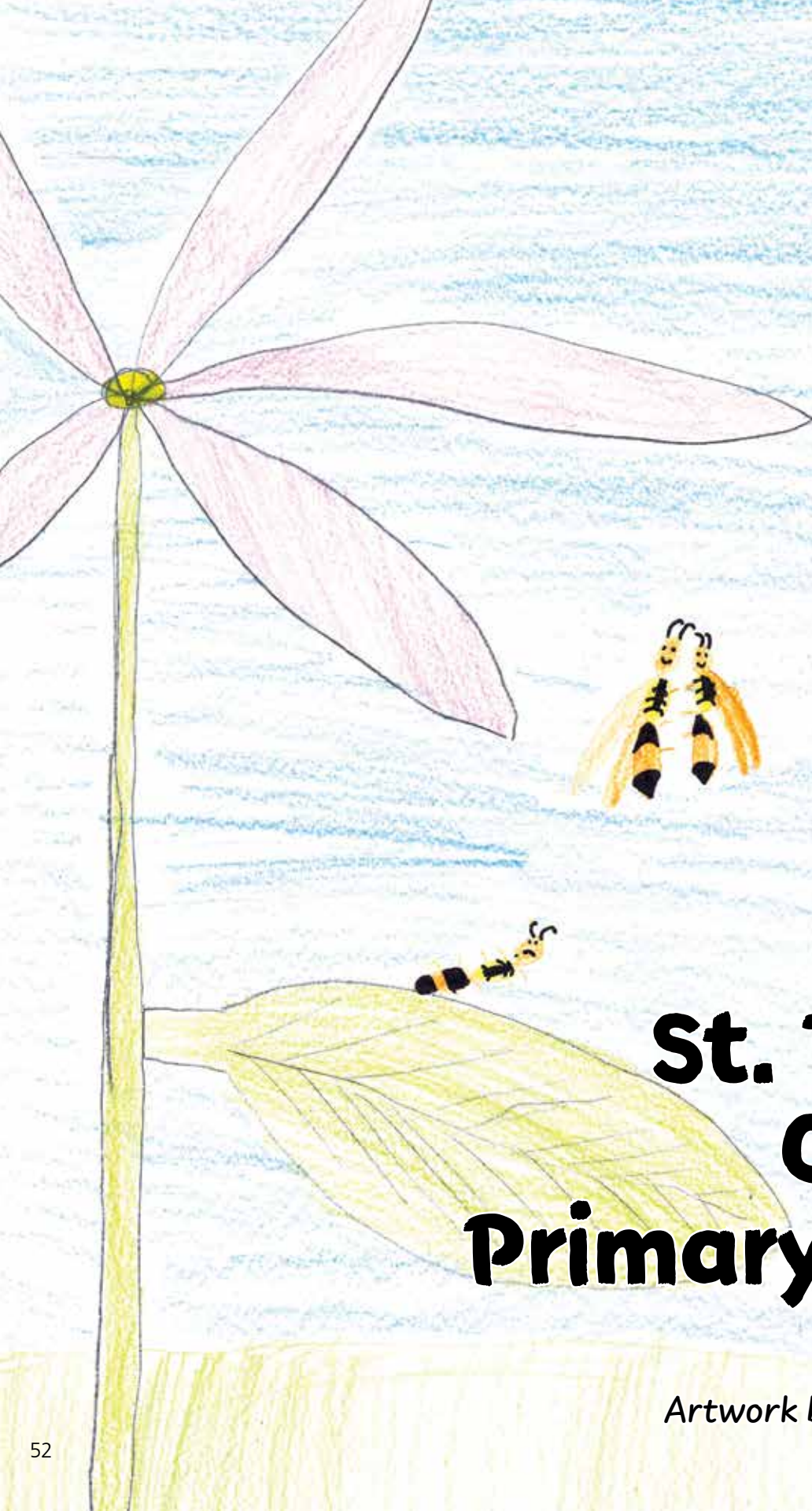
*After a long time, he spotted Michael on a lake. He then flew up to a tree branching over the lake and dived down from behind and caught him in his claws and ate him.*

*Later, BAD BUG EXTERMINATORS rewarded him with a bowl of moths and he went to sleep in his cosy tree hollow.*









# **St. Thomas Catholic Primary School**

*Artwork by Bronte Cunningham*





## **Banded Sugar Ant** (*Camponotus consobrinus*)

Ants play an important role in the environment. Ants in general make tunnels allowing water and oxygen to permeate the soil and reach plant roots. Ants also play a crucial role in seed dispersal; they take seeds down into their tunnels, which are either stored or sprout and grow new plants. Ants eat a wide variety of organic material and provide food for many different organisms. Banded Sugar Ants in particular do many 'jobs' within the ecosystem. They help pollinate flowers while collecting their nectar. They also eat sugary 'lerps', termites and ticks, and protect butterfly larvae.

# The Banded Sugar Ant

Charlotte Lowe

"Hello everyone my name is Pearlie the Southern Purple Azure Butterfly, but you can just call me Pearlie.

This is my talk show 'Environment Talk' and our guest tonight is Andy the Banded Sugar Ant."

"Hello everyone, and thank you Pearlie for letting me have a segment on tonight's show, on why Banded Sugar Ants are so amazing. There are many reasons!

Here are a few. So reason one, did you know that Banded Sugar Ants can grow wings to start a new colony and the queen can drop hers to lay new eggs?"

"Wow Andy I did not know that."

"And a little funny story. I was hanging out with my cousin Benny the Bull Ant, and when my mum called us in for lunch she thought that Benny was me."

"That is funny Andy. But how did she get you mixed up?"

"Well Pearlie, that's because us Banded Sugar Ants look similar to Bull Ants."

"So interesting." said Pearlie.

"Sure is, and did I mention that Banded Sugar Ants also protect the Purple Azure Butterfly?"

"It's true everyone, just last week Andy's family saved my brother from a mean bird."

"Andy, did you see that cooking show with chef Ant? Didn't he have lots of hacks for how to harvest nectar from sap sucking bugs?"

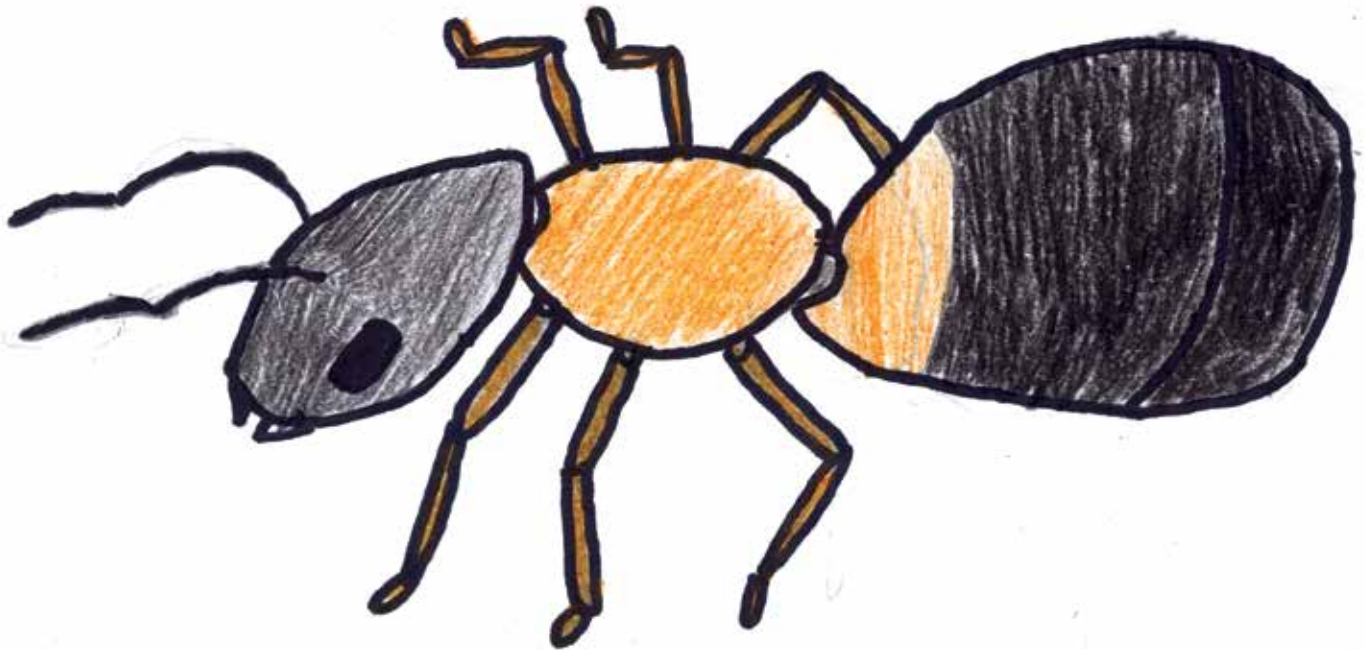
"Yes Pearlie that's because we also get nectar from them."



"Well everyone I sure learnt a lot about Banded Sugar Ants tonight.  
Let's say a big thank you to Andy for coming."

"No, thank you Pearlie."

"And that's all we have on tonight's show 'Environment Talk'.  
Thank you and good night."



# A City of Sugar Ants

*Sophie Hirschhorn*

*One summer evening after dusk  
I found a Sugar Ant marching trail  
Carrying seeds back to their nest  
In their task they wouldn't fail*

*They eat the bottom of the seed  
But leave the rest of it in the ground  
They take a little while to grow  
But soon many new trees are found!*

*Marching along the bushland track  
On the ground I found a Sugar Ant nest  
With workers building up the walls  
To make their home its very best*

*The very next day in my backyard  
Buzzing round from tree to tree  
Sugar Ants with wings were there  
Ready to start a new colony*

*The soldier ants, they guard the nest  
Protecting the colony from snakes  
And hungry birds, and echidnas  
Every ant has what it takes*

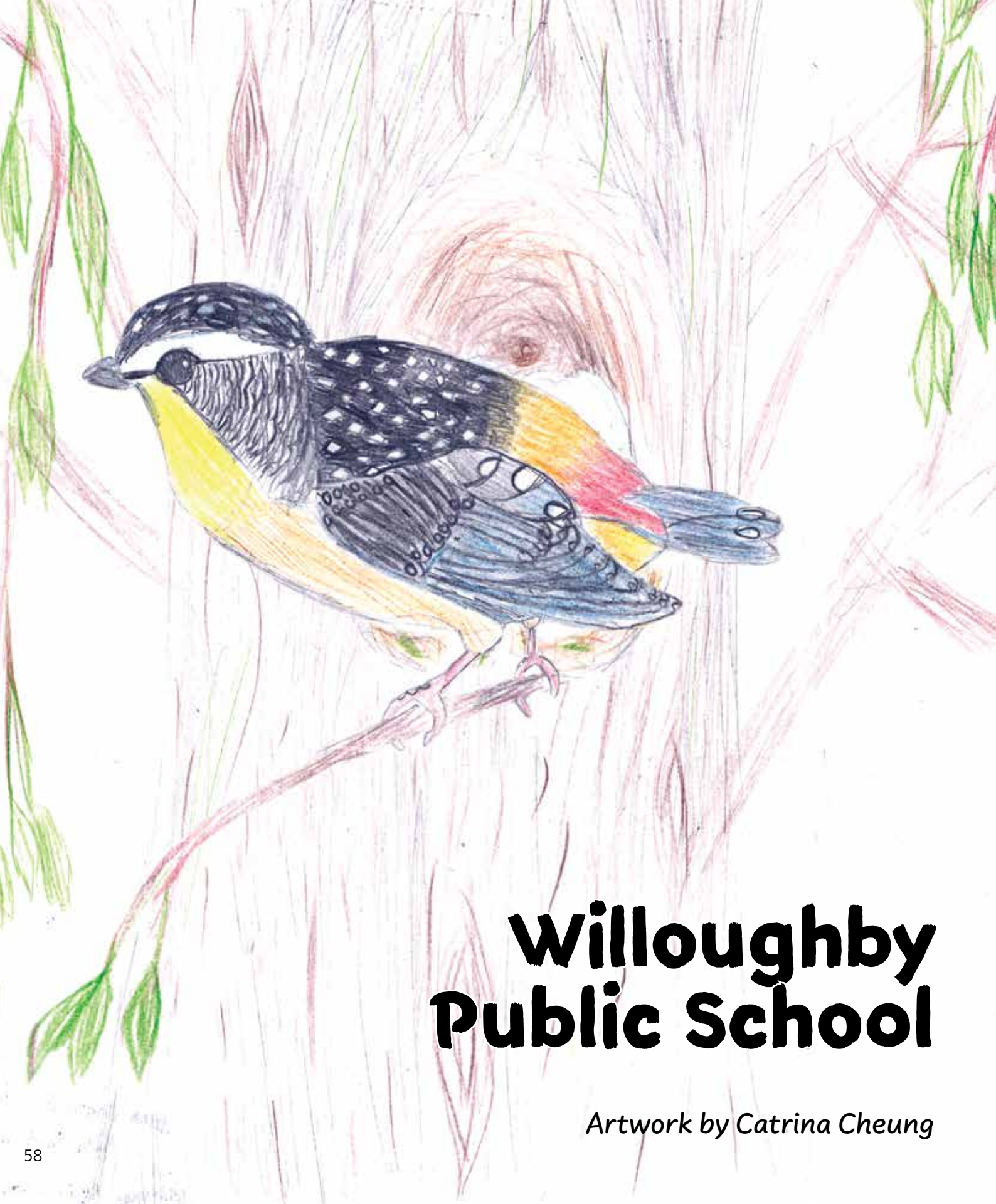
*A purple butterfly flew by  
But back at the gum tree I found  
In exchange for sweet nectar  
Ants guarded larvae all around*

*These little ants, these helpful ants  
Helping animals, helping us  
Moving seeds around for plants  
Care for our native Sugar Ants*





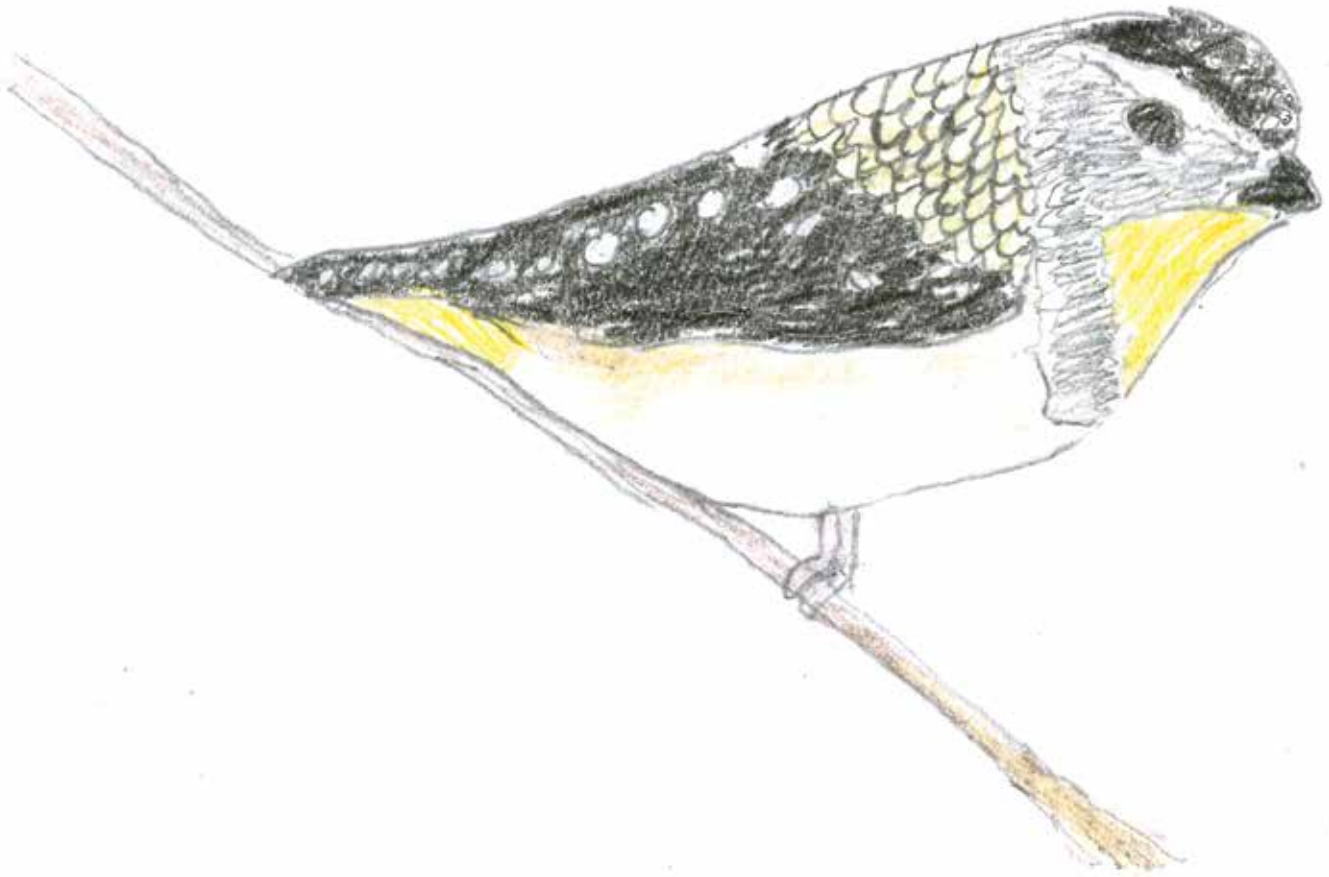




# Willoughby Public School

*Artwork by Catrina Cheung*





Artwork by April Menck

## **Spotted Pardalote** (*Pardalotus punctatus*)

The Spotted Pardalote is one of the smallest and most beautiful Australian birds. The Spotted Pardalote acts as a pest controller and protects forests by eating sap-sucking insects that can permanently damage trees. In Willoughby you'll find the Spotted Pardalote high in eucalypt trees near creeklines, gullies and forests. Amazingly, these tiny birds can tunnel several metres into earth banks to build their nesting chambers.

# Little Diamond Bird

*Hamish Newman and Chloe Yu*

*Grandma stayed low as the chick huddled closer to every word, like a bird clinching on to a branch. CRASH went a bolt of lightning as the story began.*

*"Mama why are we so small?" questioned Sammy.*

*"I don't know but sometimes being small is great. She replied.*

*We can fly away from predators and we help the environment by eating the nasty Lerps off trees. Without us the world's ecosystem wouldn't survive. Also, because we are small it's easy to hide in crevasses like this one."*

*The little chick finally understood.*

*When you are small you come with other unique features.*

*As the story finished, little chick fell into a restful slumber.*

*Sammy finally understood the wisdom of her grandma.*

*"Goodnight darling, sleep well."*

*Sammy had a restful sleep dreaming about the wonders of being a Diamond Bird.*







# The Little Spotted Pardalote

Jessica Laffan

Welcome to the Eucalypt Grove  
Where many birds live

There was one, a little Pardalote  
Who had made one of the trees his home  
He wanted to be special  
And for his neighbours to know  
His passion was strong  
To protect the beautiful grove

His neighbours were birds from other trees  
Who took care of the land  
He wanted them to see  
That he also cared, and would lend a hand  
He watched how pollen is spread by bees  
Could he do that, or is it too grand?

Still, his friends would say  
"Ha, you won't help today,  
Try again another day,  
You Pardalotes never help as much as we do  
You need some work, you haven't a clue"  
So, the little bird thought and thought all night  
What can I do?  
Singing! That would be right!

He was excited to explain his ideas the following day  
He rushed to see his friends, singing all the way

He was determined to change his ways  
Before Spring came  
That's when the birds stop and rest  
They don't work, or even play games!



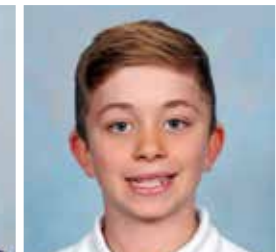
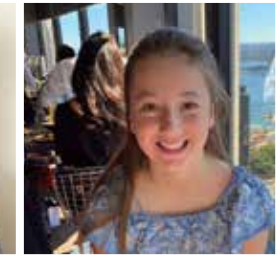
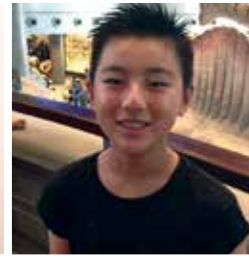
Then all of a sudden, the trees were attacked  
They were covered in lerps  
How should he react!

The little bird started to sing  
His song called the other Pardalotes  
He knew that by working as a team  
They could help the trees survive  
From this terrible fate  
Of being eaten alive!!!

So, he had saved his home, with his new Pardalote friends  
Together they ate all the lerps and  
His neighbours were proud. Now the story ends.



# This book was created by Willoughby's



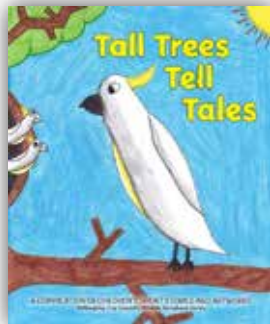


**kids and is dedicated to our local wildlife.**

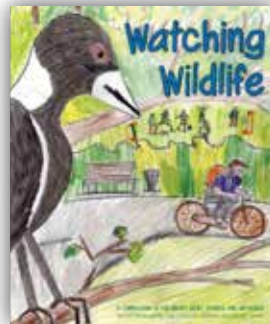


# Read the Full Collection...

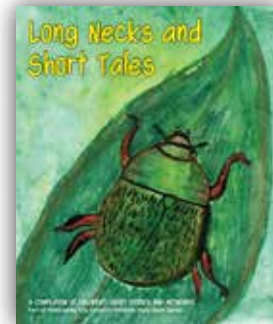
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**2016**



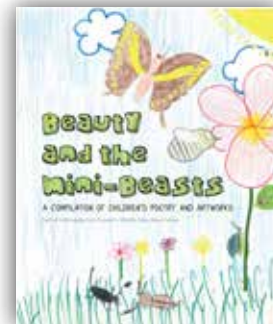
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**2014**



**2013**



**2012**



**2011**









A Willoughby City Council Wildlife Storybook