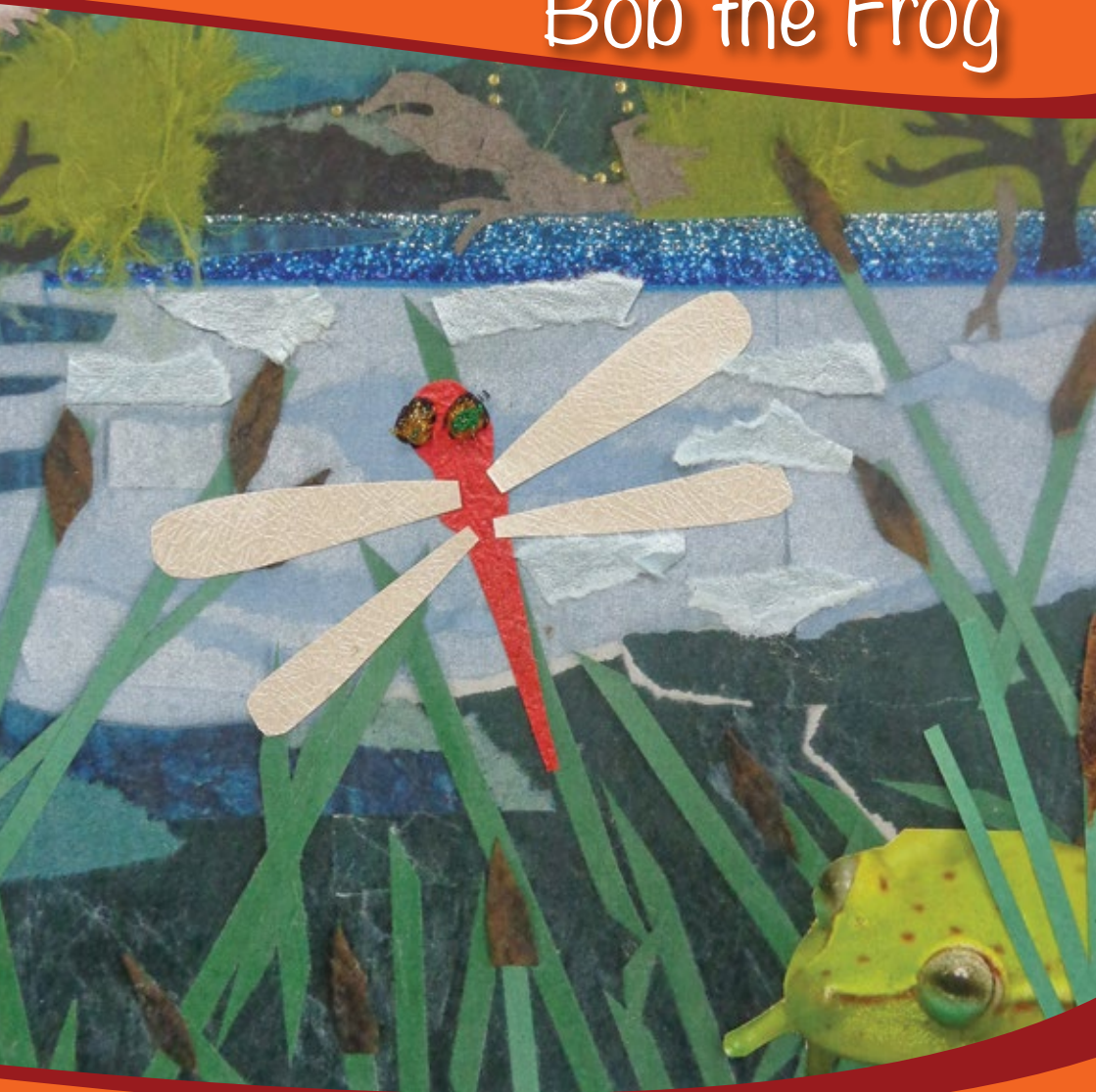


The Survival of Bob the Frog



Harrison Cassel
Neville Public School



Enviro-Stories Education Program

Enviro-Stories is a competition based education program for primary schools that was developed by PeekDesigns.



www.envirostories.com.au

This program provides an education experience for kids through learning about the environment. The final product is a published story written about local issues, by local kids, for local kids and future generations.

In 2013, the “Save Our Species” Enviro-Stories Education Program provided local kids with the opportunity to write and illustrate stories about threatened species. This program was sponsored by the Central West and Lachlan Catchment Management Authorities.

Central West Catchment Management Authority

The Central West CMA is committed to work with the community to conserve, improve and manage natural and cultural resources. The catchment is located in central western New South Wales.

www.cw.cma.nsw.gov.au

Lachlan Catchment Management Authority

At the Lachlan CMA we work to achieve balance between productive and natural landscapes. The catchment is located in central western New South Wales and in the heart of Wiradjuri Country.

www.lachlan.cma.nsw.gov.au

The Survival of Bob the Frog

Author: Harrison Cassel

Teacher: Kathy Horan

School: Neville Public School

This “Save Our Species” Enviro-Stories Education Program consists of the following books:

Sponsored by Central West CMA

- The Purple Copper Butterfly
- The Dying Forest
- Jimmy the Jacky Dragon
- Brushy the Squirrel Glider
- Save Our Friends

Sponsored by Lachlan CMA

- Bobby and Alex’s new place to call home
- The Survival of Bob the Frog
- Kevin the Baby Koala
- The Adventures of Squirt the Malleefowl
- Mia the Malleefowl’s Rescue

ISBN: 978-0-7313-3615-9

The Enviro-Stories Education Program is a Peekdesigns initiative.

Graphic design by Peekdesigns, www.peekdesigns.com.au

Printed by Greenridge Press, www.greenridgepress.com.au

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Citation: Cassel, H. 2013. *The Survival of Bob the Frog*. Lachlan Catchment Management Authority, NSW.

Once upon a creek bank there was a frog called Bob. He had luscious lime skin and glorious yellow creamy spots. He liked eating insects and loved his beautiful clean creek with all its bullrushes.

Bob didn't realise he was a very special frog. His real name was *Litoria castanea*, but he just liked to be called Bob because he had a little lisp and cathtanea sounded funny when he said it.



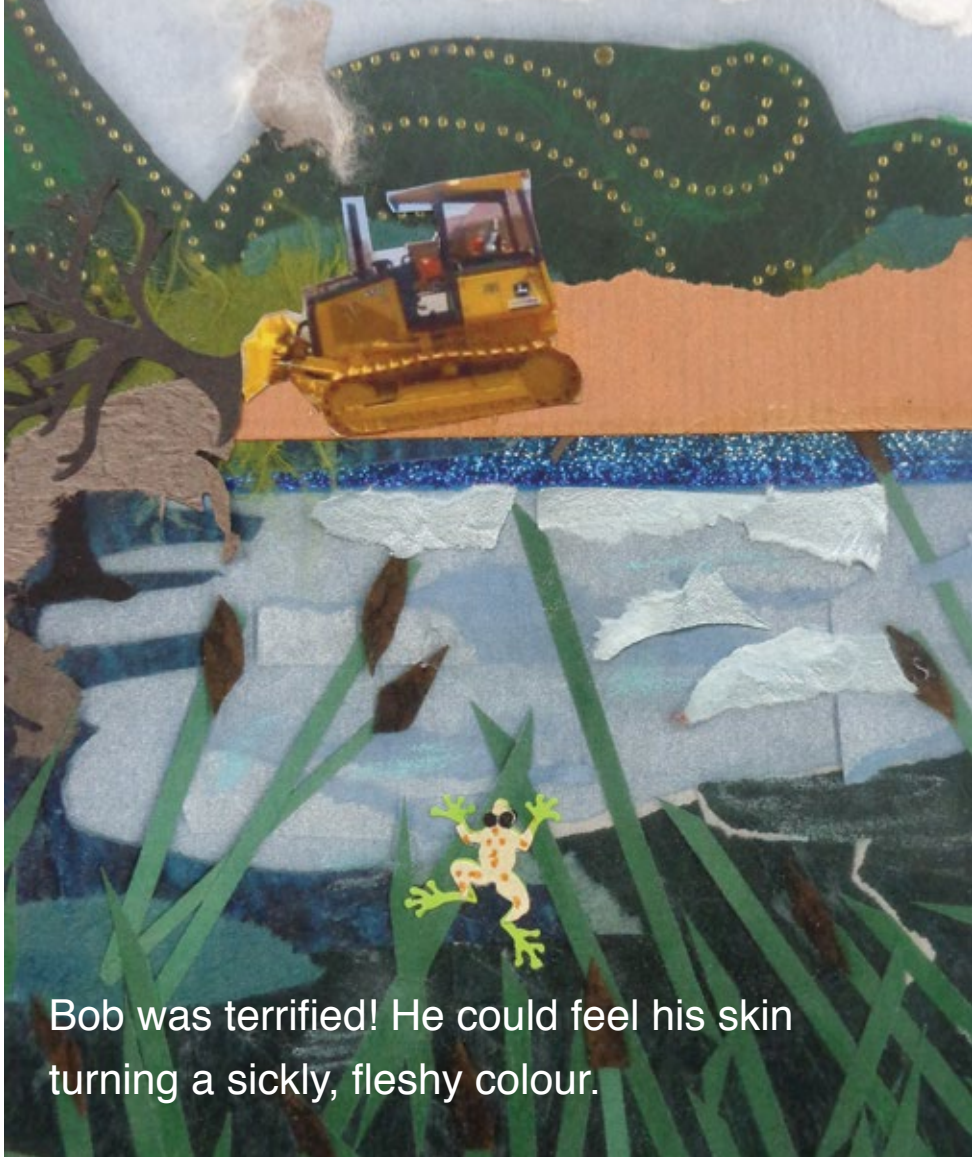
The common name for *Litoria castanea* is the Yellow-spotted tree frog.

One day Bob was resting on the bullrushes when he heard a noise. It was a very loud noise that Bob had never heard this close before.



“What! There’s a machine clearing vegetation near the creek bank. That’s never happened before,” he croaked.

Bob looked up and realised it was a stranger driving the big yellow machine. A new farmer had taken over and things were changing in a bad way!



Bob was terrified! He could feel his skin turning a sickly, fleshy colour.



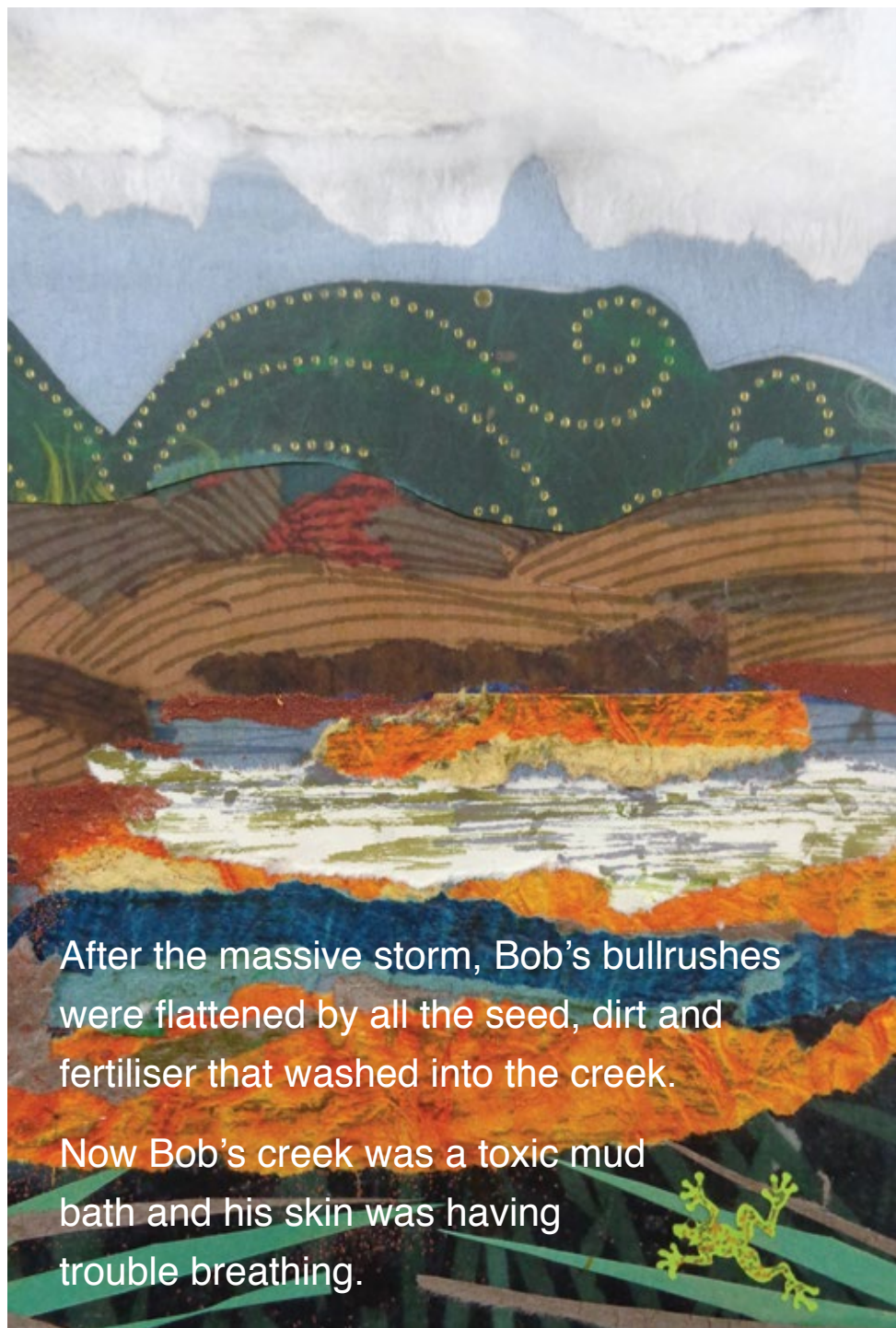
The stranger walked down to the creek.

“This is terrible,” thought Bob. “He’s already removed all of my shelter for Autumn and Winter with his big yellow machine. What’s he going to do next?”

He didn’t have to wait very long to find out.

The following day the farmer was poughing the fields right up to the edge of the creek with a giant green thing. It ploughed and then started spreading seeds and fertiliser.

Late that afternoon a big storm came rolling in.



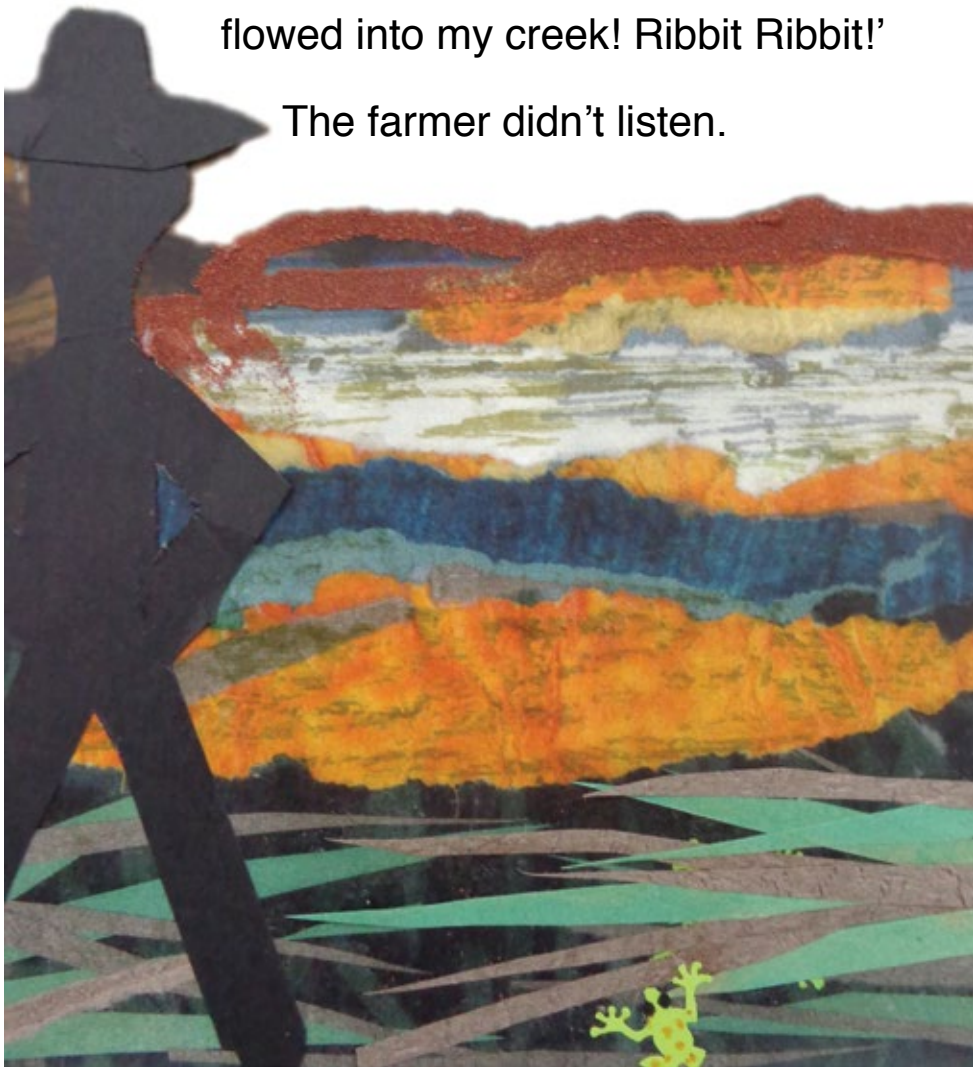
After the massive storm, Bob's bullrushes were flattened by all the seed, dirt and fertiliser that washed into the creek.

Now Bob's creek was a toxic mud bath and his skin was having trouble breathing.

After the storm, Bob saw the farmer come down near the creek.

Bob screamed at him in his loudest possible croak, "Ribbit ribbit! Why did you plough yesterday? You know all that stuff flowed into my creek! Ribbit Ribbit!"

The farmer didn't listen.



No rain came this time. It was hot and dry and the wind blew dust everywhere.

The farmer walked right down and put a long hose in the creek.

“What’s he up to now?” thought Bob.

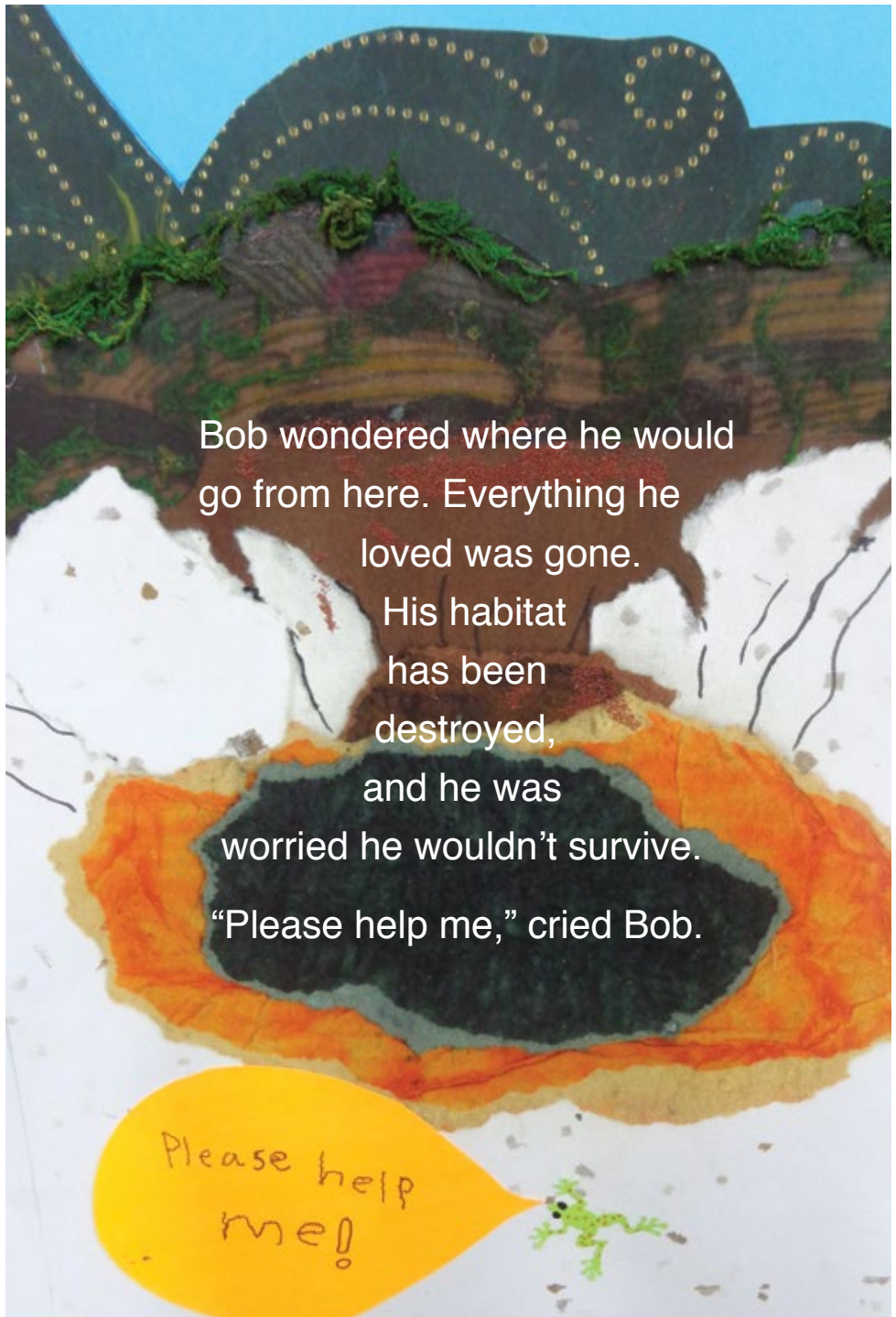
A pump started making a terrible noise!

“Oh no! My water is disappearing! He’s using my water to spray his field! This guy is crazy!” Bob muttered.



As Bob sat on the edge of the bank, with his skin feeling funny, he looked around in sadness.






“I feel too sick to find a new home, even if I knew where to look. I just don’t have the energy to move,” Bob sighed.

There was not even enough food around anymore as the insects had already moved on.





Bob soon found himself having to share his riparian retreat with the stomping feet of cows and sheep.

He even had a lucky escape one day when a thirsty cow almost slurped him up.



Days later, Bob was lying on a rock dreaming of better times, when he felt a drop of water fall on his back. He gazed up to the sky to see black clouds getting thicker. It wasn't long before the light drops turned into something more ferocious. A huge storm was upon him.

Bob tried to shelter under the little cover he had left!

As the rain got heavier, the creeks were rising and Bob clung to whatever he could. All of a sudden, WHOOSH!

A huge rampage of water rushed through Bob's home and destroyed the rest of his habitat. He lost his grip and was taken by the strong torrent of water. Bob felt like he was being tossed around in a washing machine!

"Where is this water taking me?" worried Bob.

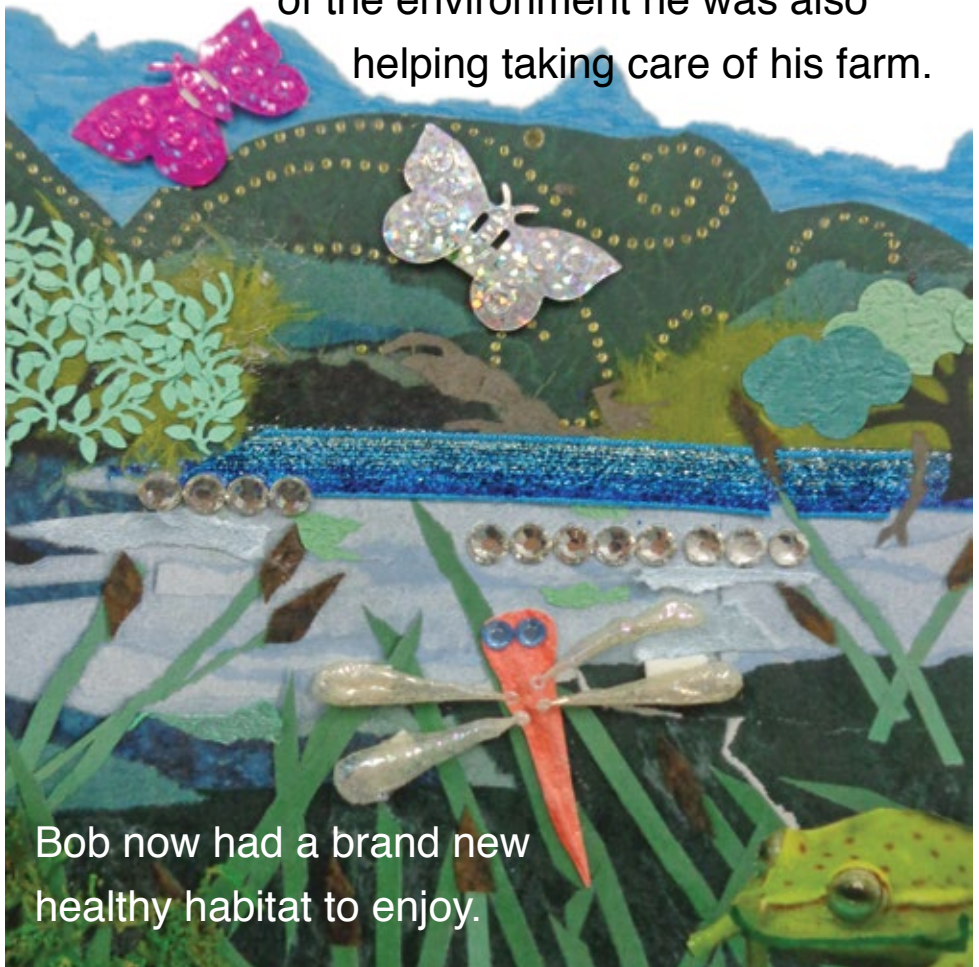


The wild rampage began to ease up and the sun emerged from behind the clouds. There was a beautiful calmness.

Bob looked around and realised he had arrived at a fresh vibrant section of the creek. He had nice bullrushes, lily pads and plenty of food.



Bob had been washed to a new farm. This farmer took care of his part of the creek. He protected it by fencing off the area from livestock and planting native species. The farmer only used environmentally friendly fertilisers and encouraged native wildlife to use the area. The farmer knew that by taking care of the environment he was also helping taking care of his farm.



Bob now had a brand new healthy habitat to enjoy.



Harrison Cassel
Neville Public School, Grade 4 2013



**Catchment Management
Authority**
Central West



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