



# Tall Trees Tell Tales

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

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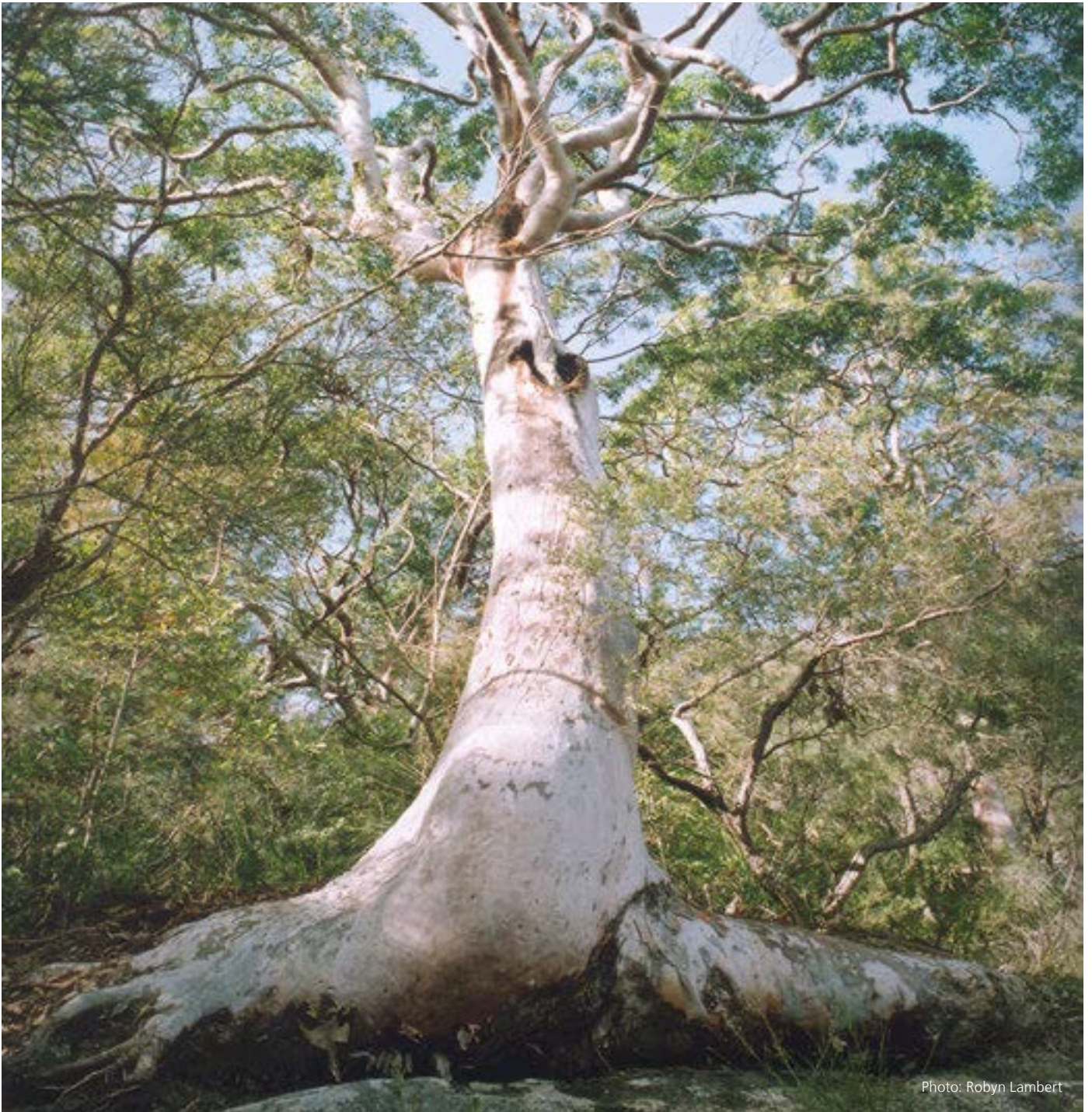
Further information about Willoughby's local bushland reserves and their  
wildlife is available from Willoughby City Council:

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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*For over twenty years, the Bushland Interpretive Program at Willoughby City Council has facilitated bushwalks for thousands of children. The children are encouraged to touch and interact with grand old trees like this *Angophora costata*.*

*Children look up and whisper "Tall Trees Tell Tales" trying to imagine all the thousands of insects, reptiles, birds and mammals who have lived their lives in and around the tree.*

*Just think of all the historic events that have occurred during the life of this tree and all the people who have passed by and considered trees to be something of great value in the City of Willoughby.*

# Willoughby's Wildlife Storybook Series

This book of short stories is part of an educational project designed to facilitate 'kids teaching kids' about the local wildlife in the Willoughby area. Year five 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 their unique native animal and how it survives locally. This is an important opportunity for all year five 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, students were also encouraged to focus on the importance of trees. All the featured species live in trees and depend on trees for food. Students gained an understanding of just how many animals can live in different parts of a tree and how these species interact in a wider food web. Trees have great value for many reasons and are increasingly called upon to help cool our urban spaces and cities.

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 with the aim of connecting the community with the natural environment, encourage sustainable living, and develop an understanding and participation in the preservation of the environment.

Willoughby City Council hopes each story in the series will inspire more children (and adults) to take a keen interest in their amazing local environment and inspire them to plant more and care for our beautiful trees!

If you would like to learn more about Willoughby's environment, please contact Willoughby City Council on 02 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.

# Trees are Cool!

Trees provide food and habitat for a wide range of animals, but did you know they also help to control temperature? They create shade and release moisture into the air. By doing this, trees keep the air around them very cool. In Willoughby, there are still lots of trees in our bushland and some in our urban areas.

The larger map below shows where most of the trees in Willoughby are.

The smaller map gives an impression of how our urban areas heat up during the day.

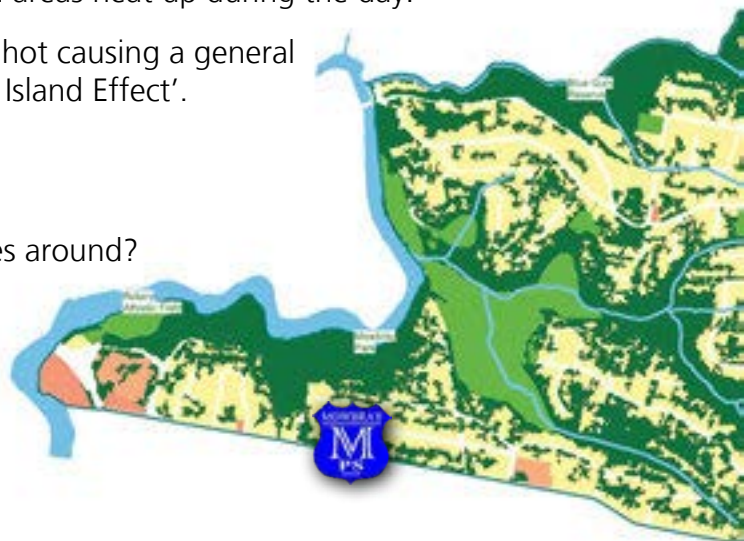
Roofs, roads and other hard surfaces heat up and stay hot causing a general increase in temperature referred to as the 'Urban Heat Island Effect'.

## Activity:

Compare the maps.

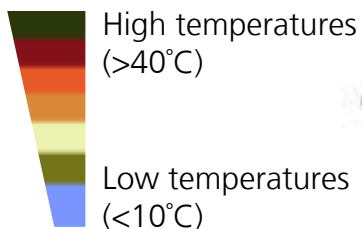
Can you see how much cooler it is when there are trees around?

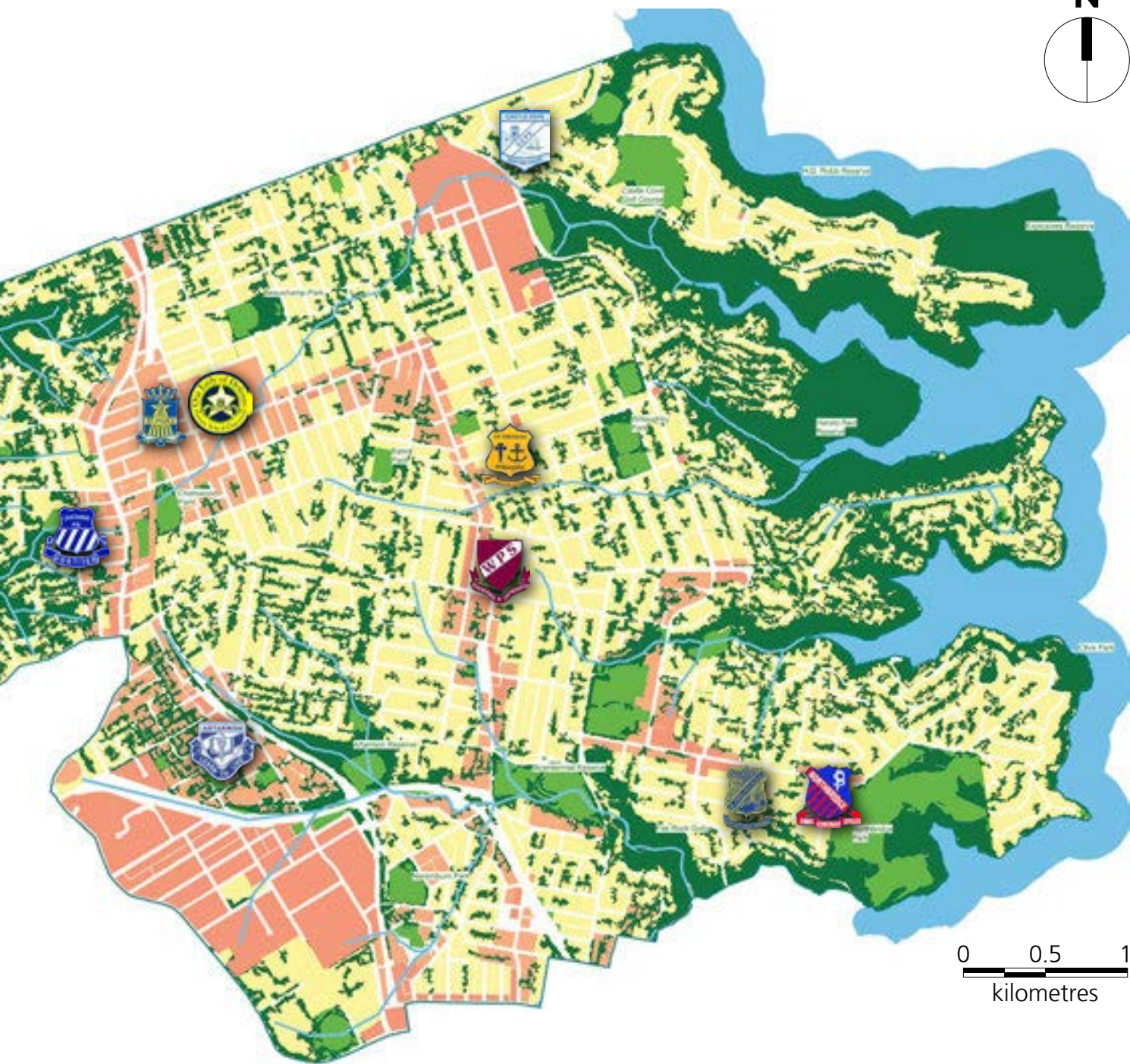
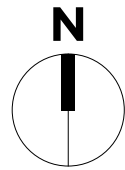
So if you want to be cool, plant a tree - or even three!









## Heat Map

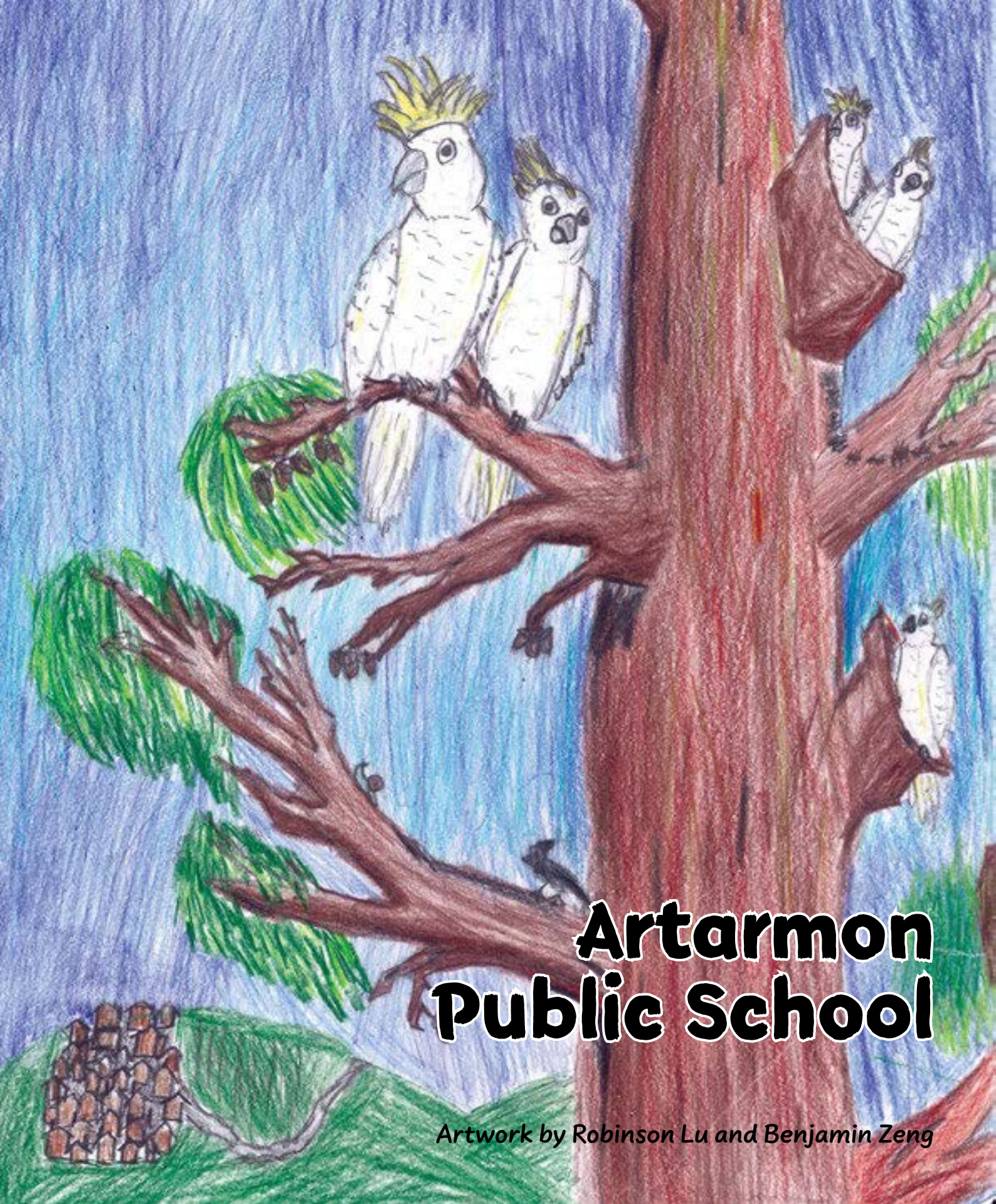
Daytime surface temperature.  
Indicative only.





## Trees in Willoughby Map

- |   |             |   |  |
|---|-------------|---|--|
|  | Water ways  |  | Commercial and high density areas          |
|  | Tree cover  |  | Residential areas                          |
|  | Ovals/parks |  | Schools that have contributed to this book |



# Artarmon Public School

*Artwork by Robinson Lu and Benjamin Zeng*





Artwork by Flora Gao

## **Sulphur-Crested Cockatoo** (*Cacatua galerita*)

These bright, spectacular birds rest and lay their eggs in cosy tree hollows high up in old trees. A tree needs to be at least 100 years old before a hollow big enough for a cockatoo family will form. Cockatoos use their strong curved beak to open tough seed pods, like those on the Old Man Banksia (*Banksia serrata*). Although noisy, these birds are important pollinators and seed dispersers.

# **New Wings**

*Story and Artwork by Kevin Wang and Luke Wang*

*Billy couldn't sleep. Every time he closed his eyes he kept having the same nightmare.*

*Billy tossed and turned, unable to sleep. Billy opened his eyes. Standing before him was a cat! Pinching himself, Billy tried to persuade himself that he was still dreaming. However, it was no dream. It was real.*

*Billy knew that he needed to get to the other branch of the gum tree. He had three options. He could leap over the cat, he could tip-toe around the cat or he could attempt to fly. Billy checked how long the cat was. The cat was far too long for Billy to leap.*

*Billy decided to move on to option two. Billy checked if there was enough room to tip-toe around the cat. Unfortunately, the cat took up the entire width of the branch.*

*Billy had no other option left. He took a deep breath and prepared to fall. The cat turned. Its yellow eyes glimmered in the moonlight as it stared at Billy. Billy lost his balance and fell.*

*Adrenaline surged through Billy's veins. This was not good. He knew that his fate was waiting. Billy had to act. Thinking about what to do, Billy spread his wings and flapped.*

*He was flying! Billy circled the Red Gum Tree and ascended into the sky. Billy was jubilant. His lifelong dream had been accomplished. He could fly! Landing on another tree Billy finally fell asleep with a smile of satisfaction on his face.*



# The Old Gum Tree

Story and Artwork by Isobel Miller

Every day Sophie and Scarlet awoke to the call of the Sulphur-Crested Cockatoos, laughing, screaming, squawking and soaring, light as a feather, elegant as an acrobat. Outside their house, there was an old gum tree and in it lived two cockatoos.

The gum tree was ancient. The cockatoos lived in a tree hollow, created by a branch falling off the old gum tree. One day Sophie and Scarlet returned from school to see the cockatoos blissfully sitting on a branch, but there was something different about the tree today. A branch from the tree was lying on the ground, crushing next door's fence.

At that moment the doorbell rang. Their mother answered the door. Sophie and Scarlet, listening to every word, heard the always cranky voice of Mr McPherson. This is what he said: "That pesky old tree in your yard - it's dangerous. It's dropping branches in my garden. I'm cutting it down. I'll call the Council. I cannot put up with a broken fence because of your silly tree!" With that he slammed the door in her face.

The next day the arborists arrived, Sophie and Scarlet knew they had to stop this. They ran into the garden.

"Stop!" Screamed Sophie, "you can't do this!"

The bulky man unloading the chainsaw didn't turn around.

"You can't!" They shouted in unison. Scarlet burst into tears.

The man finally turned around. "Give me a good reason why I shouldn't cut it down," he said. "The cockatoos!" Said Scarlet through her tears. "They will die if you cut it down".

"Why can't they find another tree?"

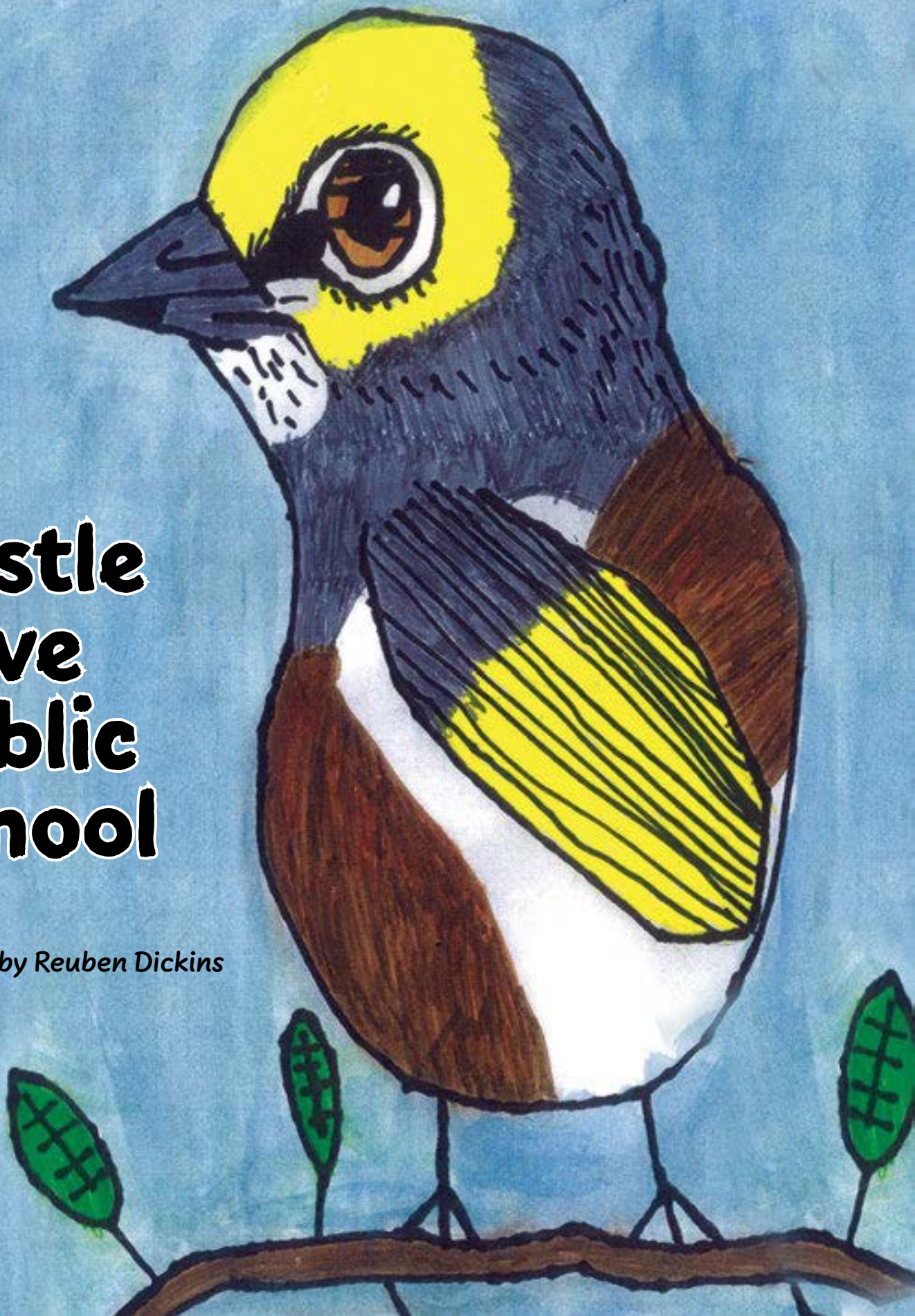
"This one is special! It's over 100 years old. This tree has so much history! So please don't cut it down!"

The man considered this. "Fine" he said, "but if anything else happens, I'm coming back".



**Castle  
Cove  
Public  
School**

*Artwork by Reuben Dickins*





## **Silvereye** (*Zosterops lateralis*)

Trees can sometimes be greedily eaten by insects (just like some humans are eaten by mosquitos in summer.) Little insect eating birds like the Silvereye, help trees stay healthy by eating insects. Trees help the Silvereyes by providing protection and a variety of foods. Trees and little birds have a beautiful symbiotic relationship just like the Clownfish and Sea Anemones do in our oceans.

# **A Mystery Bird**

*Poem and Artwork by Emma Wood*

*This small bird is shy and difficult to see,  
Nesting in the mid storey of a tree,  
They lay three to four eggs at a time.*

*This bird is really quite divine.*

*With a white feather line around their eye  
This bird may be small but they can fly high.*

*Can you guess what am I?*

*That's right I'm a silvereye!*

*I am commonly found in South-East Australia and Queensland's tropical north*

*Compared to other birds I am considered to be quite a little dwarf*

*I only grow to a tiny size just eleven centimetres tall*

*I only weigh ten grams and that's not very much at all.*

*My fellow bird friends, living over the Bass Strait,*

*Will head north before the season's too late.*

*Despite all migrating at a fast pace together,*

*You should still be able to tell the difference between our feather.*

*How can you tell?*

*The colour of our throat will help you to know*

*And the difference in size that we grow.*

*My Tassie friends are just a little bit fatter*

*But being very similar, it really doesn't matter.*

*So if you see me be sure to stay still*

*And if you are quiet you might hear my trill.*

*So look up into the trees and if you see*

*A silvereye that, might just be me!*





# The Silvereye Poem

Poem and Artwork by Josh Wangler

'Why do you chirp?' I asked the Silvereye,  
'So quietly I can't hear'.  
'I chirp,' said the Silvereye 'so I can  
Call my friends over here'.

'Where do you live?' I asked the Silvereye  
'And what do you eat all day?'  
'I eat insects,' said the Silvereye  
'So that I can play'.

'Why do you build?' I asked the Silvereye  
'Such a smart, strong nest?'  
'Because,' said the Silvereye  
'I can hunt while my babies rest'.





# Chatswood Public School



Artwork by Shaun Park



## **Red Triangle Slug** (*Triboniophorus graeffei*)

The whole of the tree is important to the Red Triangle Slug. The canopy is where they meet other slugs and they lay their eggs around the tree's base. They find shelter under the bark and at night they are busy eating mould and algae off the smooth bark, leaving fascinating swirling trails behind.

# **A Day in the Life of a Red Triangle Slug**

*Story and Artwork by Cherry-Lee Du*

*I'm sliding extremely slowly towards a lovely big hole for me to slither through into a spacious, lush backyard. Ahhh, nothing better than sliding into a fresh backyard after a light, refreshing rain.*

*Twenty minutes later, I'm inside the hole which leads to my favourite backyard: The Slim's backyard. I crawl through a bit more. A chip of wood falls and hits my jelly-like back.*

*"Youch!" I scream suddenly. A termite crawls through the wood, chomping away. Its eyes look annoyedly at me. Its mouth opens to speak. I get an eyeful of mushed up wood.*

*"Hush child, I'm trying to eat in peace" spat the termite snobbishly. Bits of wood fly out of its mouth. I try not to be sick. I steadily slither out of the hole, going as fast as I can, eager to leave the termite. A few seconds later, sunshine blinds my eyes and nearly dries my damp body up.*

*"I'm finally here! At last I have arrived at my destination. Heaven..." I sigh peacefully. I find a large strong tree with a beautiful cluster of juicy, delicious, mouth-watering algae. I excitedly crawl up, leaving a spectacular pattern of my glistening slime wherever I go. I chomp greedily on the algae and in a few hours, it's all gone. I carefully slide back down the tree and land softly on the ground.*

*"Meoww, grrrr."*

*I stop. I cowardly turn around, afraid to see my nightmare. In the evening sunset I see the silhouette of a cat. A murderer. A devil. The sleek body and spine-chilling eyes. The claws as sharp as razors. With one slash it could wipe out any small animal, like me.*

*"H-h-hello..." I stuttered anxiously. I smiled nervously, trying not to scream my heart out.*

*"Meow...hello, lunch" sneered the cat in a posh manner.*

*I gulped. Why me I thought miserably.*

*Cat reached out a paw ready to grab its prey.*

*The door of the house opened and a woman wearing a flowery apron came running out.*

*"Doug! Leave that thing alone! Get in the house!" She shouted. She picked up the killer cat and took it inside hastily. I stood there stunned. Gazing at the shut door, I slowly backed away, my speed increasing by each step, eager to get home.*



# True Love

Poem by Thomas Solomon, Artwork by Chloe Yoo

There was a slug,  
Sipping from a mug,  
Breathing through his pneumostome,  
All on his own.

This pretty little slug,  
Needed a hug,  
Because he was lonely,  
Though, he was cozy.

The slug set on a quest,  
And he would not rest,  
Until he found true love,  
Oh no! stuck in a plastic glove.

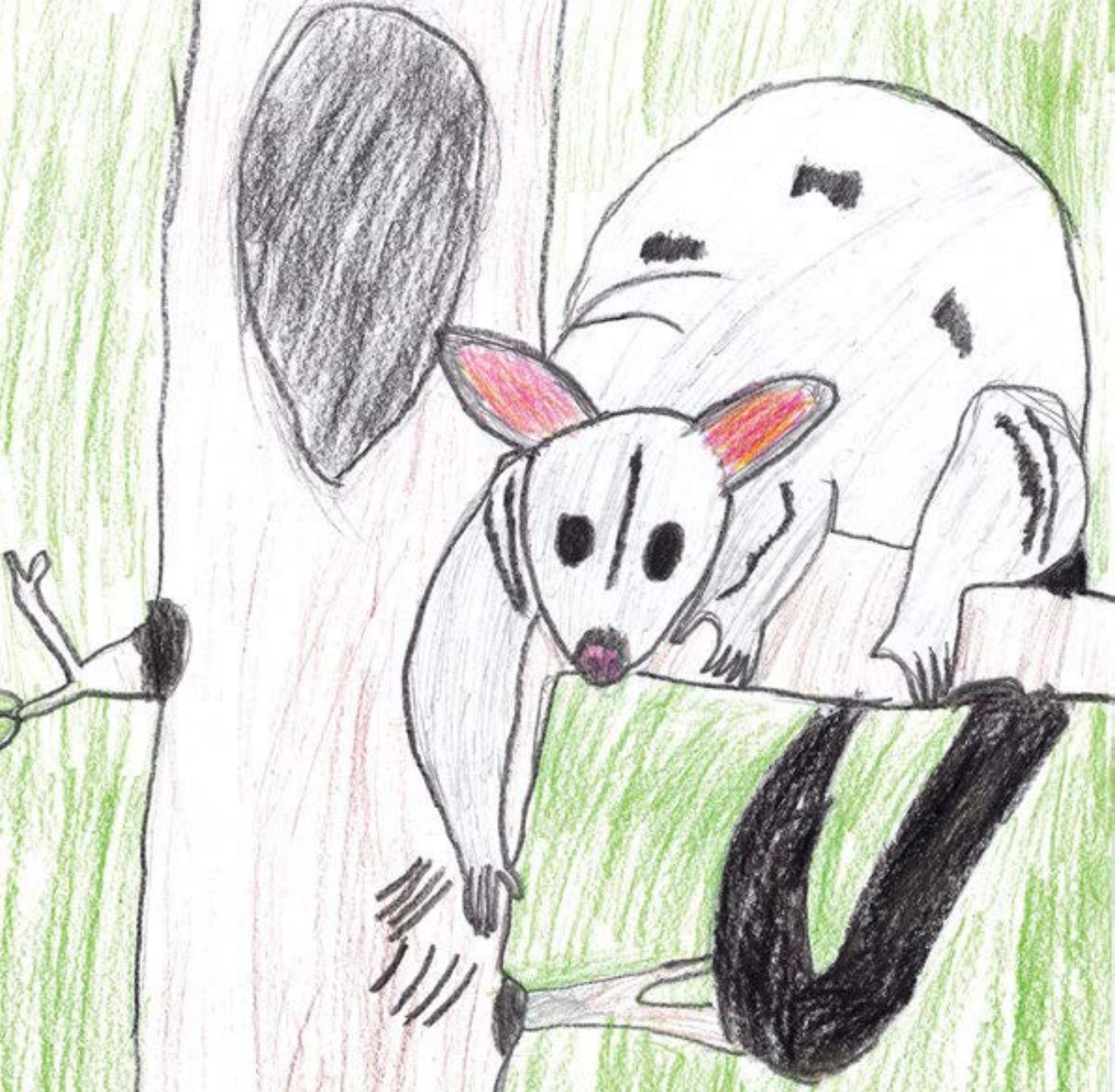
He climbed a tree,  
To the canopy,  
And there he met,  
A slug with her pet.

When it began to rain,  
They moved to a drain,  
And laid their clutch,  
That they loved very much.

When their clutch hatched,  
They danced,  
With joy they cried,  
But the babies only had grey lines!  
As red triangles take time to form.

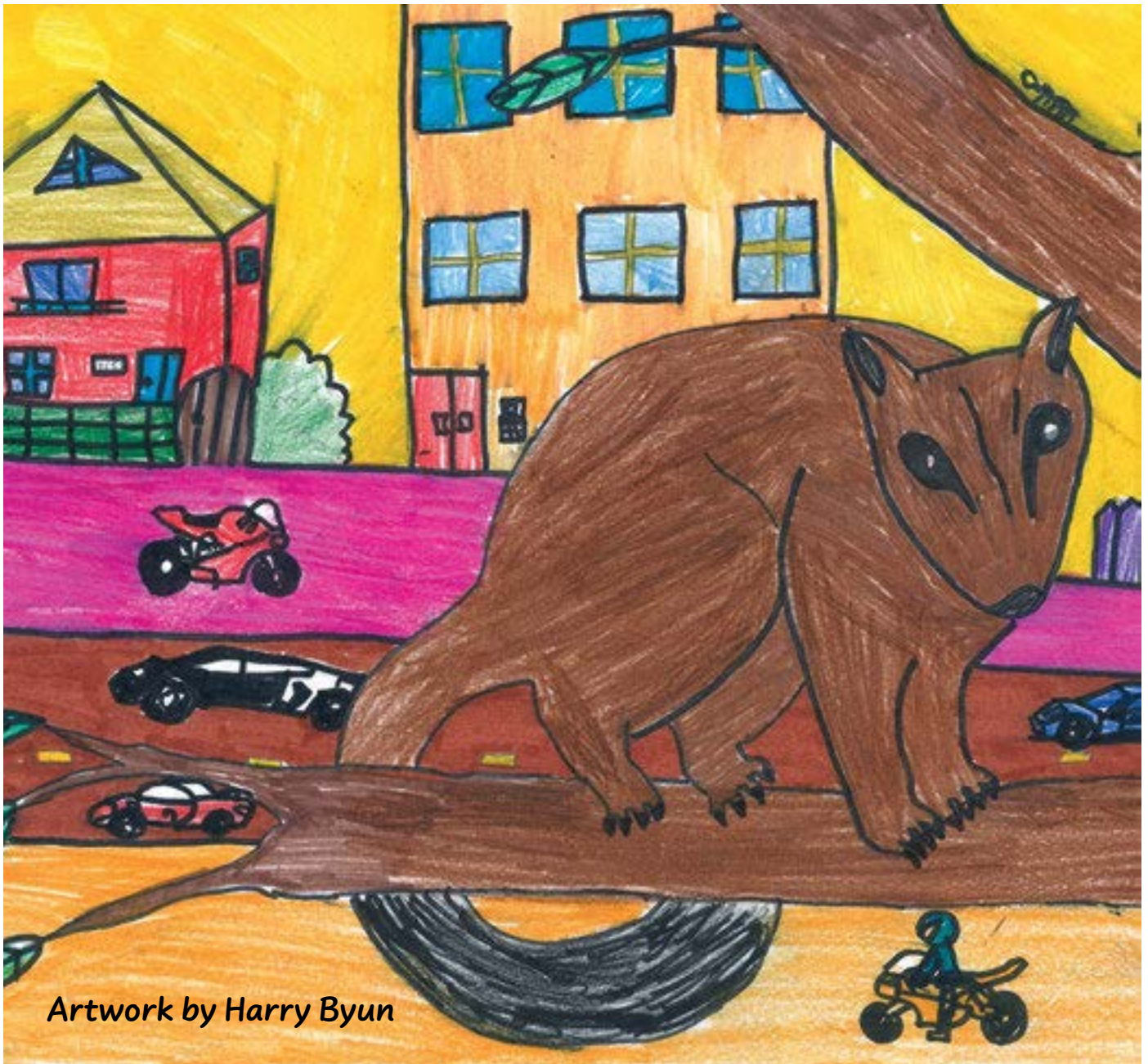






# Mowbray Public School

Artwork by Timur Klimkin



Artwork by Harry Byun

## Common Brushtail Possum (*Trichosurus vulpecula*)

These cute possums will eat many parts of a tree, the leaves, buds, flowers and fruit. Common Brushtail Possums will ideally sleep throughout the day within the hollow of large tree, however tree hollows are in high demand and old trees are often deemed dangerous in urban areas. Caring for our older trees and keeping cats inside will help this iconic species thrive.

# **The Fearless Possum**

*Poem and Artwork by Emily Rossiter*

There once was a possum running around my home,  
It looked like it was scared and alone,  
It was ten o'clock at night,  
I did not want to have a fight.  
I showed it out of my room,  
As it was staring at the moon.  
I gave it a juicy pear,  
Because I tried to show I care.

I saw the possum shiver and freeze,  
As I felt the cold icy breeze.  
I knew she had to come inside with me,  
Or she would shiver and freeze in the trees.  
I saw her beautiful grey and white,  
Glow in the sky at night.

The day finally came when she had a possum girl,  
I named the baby possum Pearl.  
Now everyday they sit in the tree.  
Every day they stare at me.

The days came faster and faster.  
I looked outside and there was a big disaster!  
I saw there was no trees, they were gone!  
I searched and searched but the possums were gone!  
I ran for miles and miles,  
But all I could see were chopped tree piles.  
I sat in a puddle of my own tears,  
As all I could feel was my fears.  
But then I saw them far away,  
I was glad they were going to be safe for the rest of their day.



# **Back Burn**

*Story and Artwork by Sasha Shynkarenko*

*There was a hint of smoke in the air. The harsh scent travelled into my nose. My bushy tail hung strongly to a branch as I looked around to see what was going on. I could sense danger so I decided to investigate.*

*I saw bright sparks on the nearby branches. Smoke began to fill the air. A wind swept through the park and then a tree burst into flames. My heart raced and I felt scared. In the distance the fire grew stronger and stronger.*

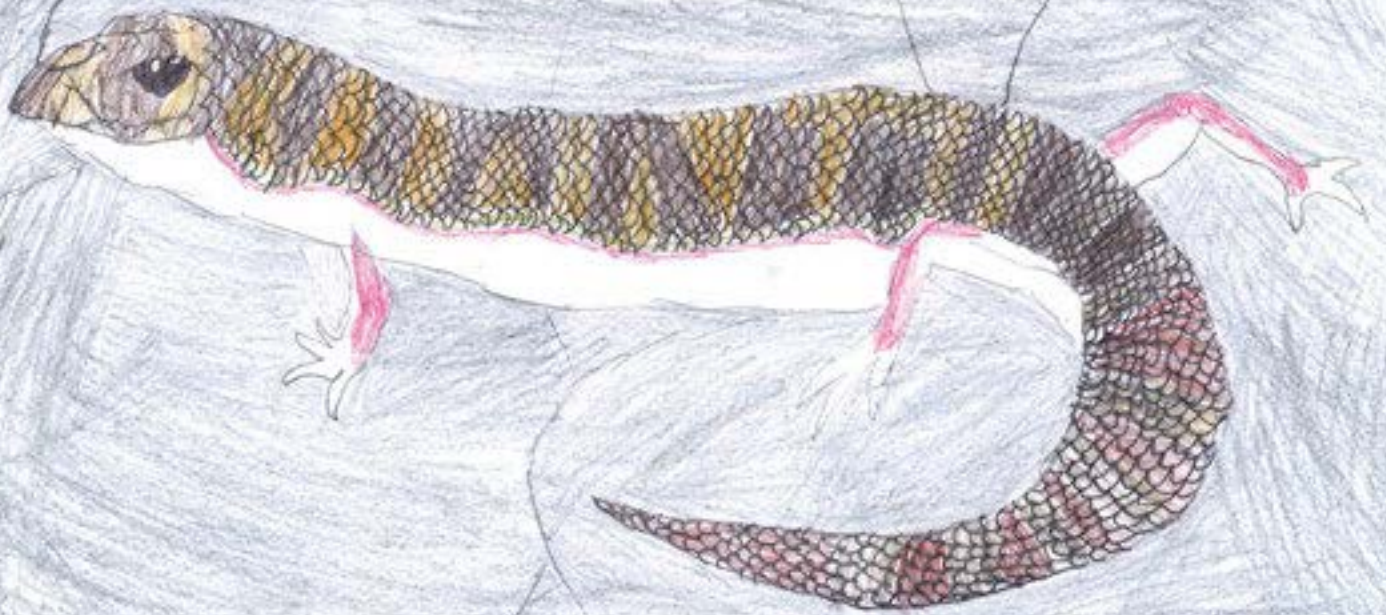
*I could feel the heat of the flames getting closer. I began to panic. I heard sirens in the distance and I was confused. I wanted to warn others. I jumped off the branch and I ran as fast as I could to the safety of the river. I called for my friends to come too. Once I had reached the embankment, I looked up. White clouds emerged from where the raging fire had been.*

*I dashed back to my home, the scent of thick, black ash was in the air. The smoke clouds had vanished into the now clear sky. I began to feel safe and comfortable again.*

*Spring came and new buds bloomed on the trees. New babies found safety in the new foliage.*

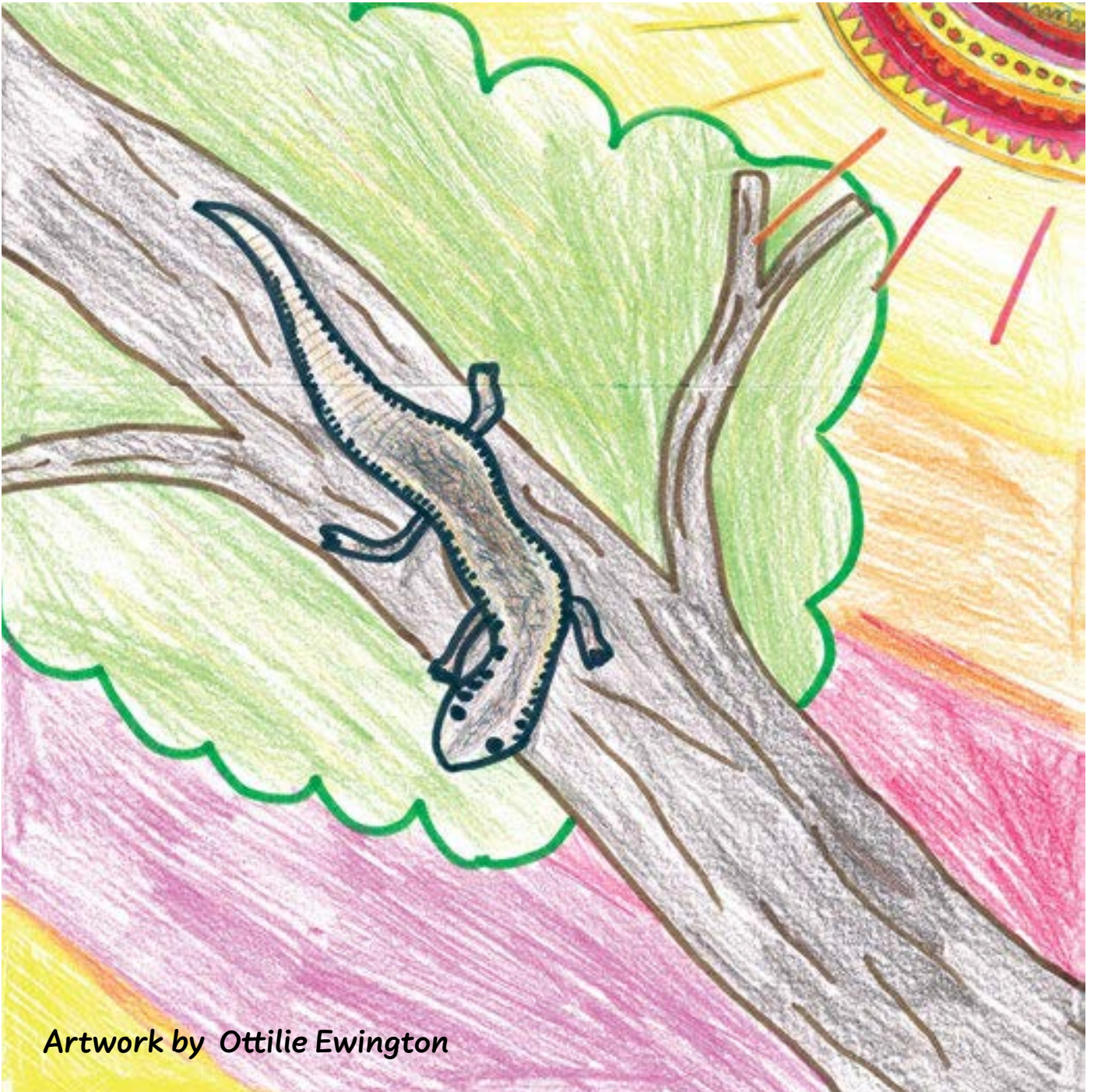


# Northbridge Public School



*Artwork by Ryotaro Yamamoto*





Artwork by Otilie Ewington

## **Bar-sided Skink** (*Concinnia tenuis*)

These agile skinks can find protection, habitat and a great variety of insects to eat, all on one single tree. Our local eucalypts are vital for the Bar-sided Skink's survival.

# **Life is Good as a Bar-sided Skink**

*Poem and Artwork by Allegra Nicita*

*That was close, I just dropped my amazing tail.  
If I didn't do that it would have been a great fail.  
Now I'm up here, in the mid storey of the tree,  
I don't know if this storey is the best place for me.  
I know it gives me protection and somewhere safe to stay,  
But I really like it in the lower storey near the bay.  
The bay has lots of insects for me to eat,  
I really like the ones that are very sweet.*

*It has been a year now and my tail is nice and long.  
My tail has also become quite strong.  
I'm back down at the lower storey of the tree;  
And yes that's right, it is the best place for me.  
My tail doesn't match with my skin anymore;  
But what more can I ask for?  
I have a tail and a place to stay,  
I also have food to eat down at the bay.*

*It has been another year now and I have a mate.  
His name is Simon and he is great.  
We live in between the mid storey and the lower.  
To be honest we are getting old because we are moving much slower.  
This tree we live in gives us shelter and food,  
But the birds here can be a bit rude.  
At the end of the day I always have a drink,  
And say to myself I guess life is good as a Bar-sided Skink.*



# First Moments

Story and Artwork by Jessica Lee

*I opened my eyes for the first time seeing my mum's bright yellow belly. The world around me was so bright. I looked at all the bugs around me, all the colours. Then I saw my beautiful pattern all over my body.*

*Behind me mummy was catching something small. Then she ate it. I was feeling hungry so I ran over to my mum and tried catching something. I spotted a bright beetle. The beetle was delicious. Soon I was chasing more bugs. The yummiest ones were on the trees.*

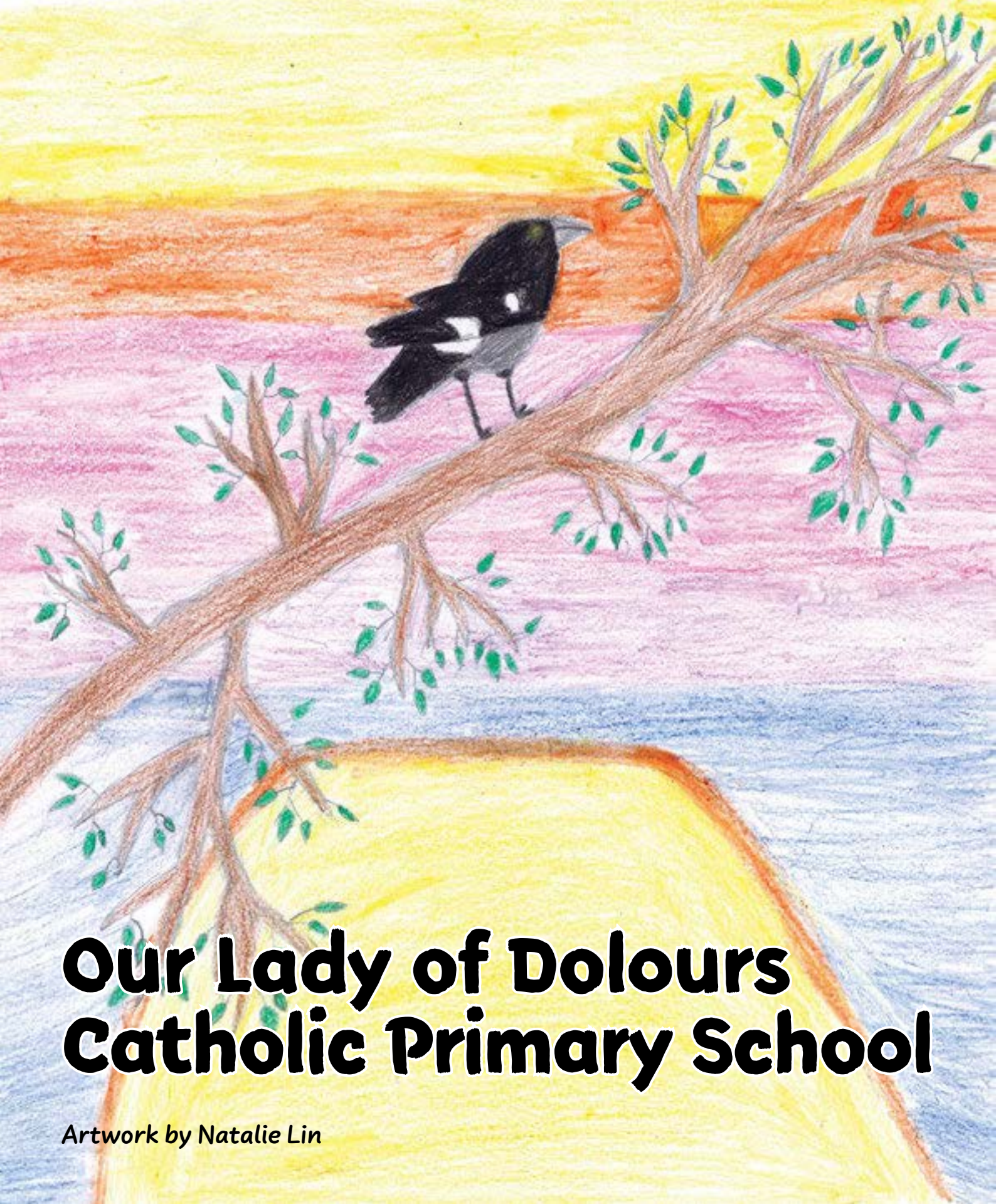
*I slowly felt like I was running out of energy. I crawled down out of the tree and sat down on a rock. The rock was warm and the sun was shining down onto my back. I lay there for a while. I suddenly wanted to run. I had so much more energy now.*

*Then I felt a moment where there was no more sun, followed by a gust of wind. There I saw a bird close by. I looked around and spotted mum's tail running up into a tree for shelter. The bird's eyes were a dark black. I took a step back. The bird got ready to jump and fly right at me. I kept moving back. I turned around and ran.*

*I felt the wind as the bird took off. I was running in circles trying to throw it off. But it was getting closer and closer. I needed a distraction. I dropped my tail and the bird flew after it. I took off running towards mummy. I jumped into some bark next to her and watched the bird fly off.*

*I went to sleep after sunset. Feeling happy that I had just lived through my first day! Now I'm wondering about all that could happen tomorrow.*





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

*Artwork by Natalie Lin*



Artwork by Nelson Seeto

## **Pied Currawong** (*Strepera graculina*)

The Currawongs make nests in the forks of very tall trees. They have a varied diet, eating invertebrates, eggs, small vertebrates, berries and fruits. Pied Currawong numbers are decreasing in Willoughby due to the Channel-billed Cuckoo migrating further south and laying its own eggs in the Currawong's nest.

# **Alice's Amazing Adventure**

Poem and Artwork by Porscha Paredes

I am a bird and I live in a tree.  
Can you guess what my name might be?  
I am noisy and I love to shriek;  
My call is louder than a wooden door creak.

I have black feathers and a bright yellow eye,  
That sparkles in the luminous Aussie sunshine.  
And while I'm not an Australian Magpie,  
I sure do like sounding my melodious cry.

My Dad just went to go get some breakfast,  
A couple of worms with a side of berries.

I see Dad coming back to us.  
Although there is something quite weird.  
His body is much more patterned than it was before,  
He comes to us in more cunning way,  
"I don't think that's Dad" I look and say.

I become so scared as I can only see a very blurry picture,  
Looking straight at me!  
I see circular things surrounding me;  
"What is happening!?" I say and flee.

All of a sudden I see something more familiar;  
It's my dad shooing away the birds,  
His majestic entrance is so elegant.  
I'm so amazed I've run out of words!

I turn to an angle so that dad can feed me;  
But I lean too much that I start to fall  
This really was an adventure after all.





# Pied Currawong

Poem and Artwork by Alyssa Leong

I'm a Pied Currawong,  
I live in Willoughby.  
I soar around all the time  
I'm sure you've seen me!

I'm a Pied Currawong,  
And my feathers are black.  
My soft, fluffy feathers  
Go all the way down to my back.

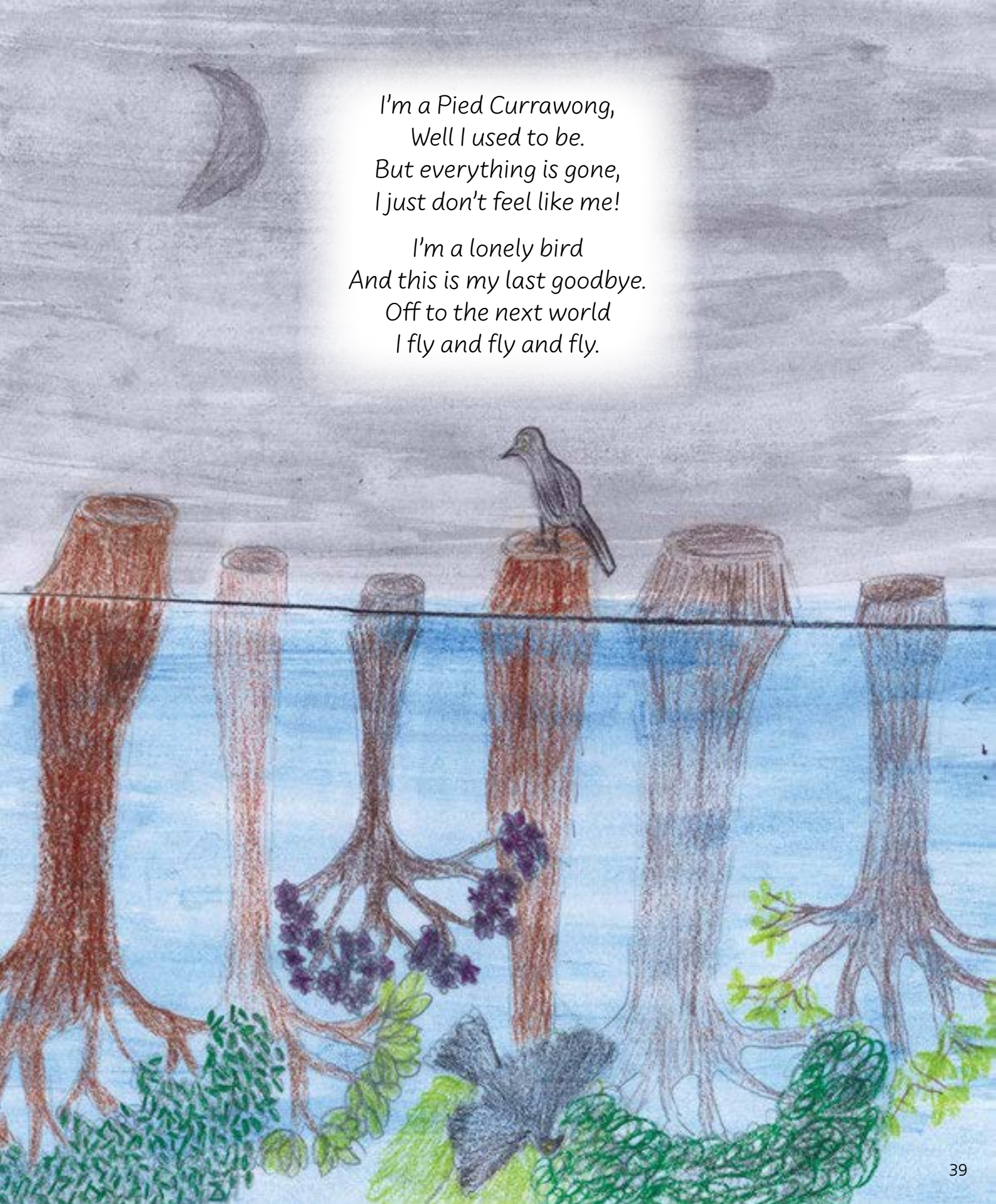
I'm a Pied Currawong,  
I have bright, yellow eyes.  
So don't get me mixed up  
With the Australian magpies.

I'm a Pied Currawong  
And I like a high tree.  
One up high in the sky,  
Preferably in the canopy.

I'm a Pied Currawong  
And I'm an omnivore.  
I eat shrubs, I eat grubs,  
I want more and more!

I'm a Pied Currawong  
And I have a melodious cry.  
My chicks wait 4 weeks  
Until they take off and fly!

I'm a Pied Currawong,  
And I've lived a happy life.  
Until all the trees fell  
And there was no more wildlife.



I'm a Pied Currawong,  
Well I used to be.  
But everything is gone,  
I just don't feel like me!

I'm a lonely bird  
And this is my last goodbye.  
Off to the next world  
I fly and fly and fly.

A vibrant, child-like drawing. At the top left, a large, bright orange and red sun with radiating lines is partially visible. Below it, a range of rolling green hills is depicted with simple outlines and filled with a textured green color. The middle and lower portions of the image are dominated by a dense field of large, pointed green leaves, each outlined in black and filled with various shades of green and yellow-green, creating a rich, layered effect. In the lower right, a snake is coiled. Its body is primarily a bright yellow-green, with a distinct blue or greyish-blue stripe running along its back and sides. The snake's head is pointed towards the right, featuring two small black dots for eyes and a small, open red mouth. The overall style is expressive and colorful, typical of a young child's artwork.

# **St. Philip Neri Catholic Primary School**

*Artwork by Amelia Jarjoura*



## **Common Tree Snake** (*Dendrelaphis punctulatus*)

This beautiful snake is also often called the Green Tree Snake however it can be found in a variety of colours. It uses its excellent camouflage, eyesight and speed to hunt insects, other lizards, frogs and eggs. A dense habitat of leafy green trees is perfect for the Common Tree Snake.

# **The Tall Gum**

*Poem and Artwork by Charlotte Magill*

*There is a tall gum tree  
That stands near a lake.  
It's home to a lovely creature  
Called Slinky the snake.*

*But Slinky was different to the other snakes you see,  
He was afraid to climb the tall gum tree.*

*There wasn't much food by the roots at the bottom.  
His family lived UP the tree, but poor Slinky was forgotten.  
He needed to find shelter and he needed to find food,  
And he needed to find some courage and some fortitude!*

*The sun was growing tired  
And the night was getting near.  
A feeling grew inside him,  
Slinky shook with fear.  
Predators were out there  
And they were lurking very near!*

*Where would Slinky hide?  
What would he do?  
Could he climb up the tree?  
Yes, he thought, he'd have to.*

*So he straightened up his body and slid up that tall gum tree.  
And when he was at the top, he actually felt free!  
He gazed down at the land and touched the stars above,  
And said "forever I will stay up the gum tree that I love".*





# Home Sweet Gum Tree

Poem and Artwork by Samantha Jennings

One summer's night,  
An egg began to crack.  
Out poked a little nose,  
There was no turning back.

Slowly he slithered out,  
Into the crisp black night.  
Staring up into the moon,  
His life would be alright.


Something shimmered at that time,  
The shimmering was his scales.  
His body was green, brown and blue,  
And his name was Cayle.

Cayle was living under a house,  
Feasting on lizards and mice.  
But he longed for adventure,  
Not this simple life.

All of a sudden something caught his eye,  
His instincts suddenly kicked in.  
It was jumping and it was croaking,  
This looked like his din-din.

The thing, it looked delicious,  
But it couldn't be a dog.  
It couldn't be a cat or a mouse,  
It was definitely a frog.





Cayle slowly slithered through the grassy field,  
Away from his house, his home.  
He reached his meal he struck and chewed.  
And realised how far he had roamed.

He looked up at something tall,  
It could be his new home.  
The thing, it was a gum tree,  
Where many other animals roam.

Cayle slithered up the into the tree,  
And a Kookaburra cried.  
Frightened he camouflaged in the leaves,  
For they were the best place to hide,  
Out poked his head from the hiding spot,  
And he saw it was clear.  
It was time to explore up, up, up,  
Without any fear.

He slithered farther up,  
And saw neighbours in this gum tree.  
A Cockatoo, a Possum,  
And a Rainbow Lorikeet.

He finally found his adventure,  
In his gum tree home for all.  
It provided food, shelter and happiness.  
Cayle loved his home, standing strong and tall!



# St. Pius X College

Artwork by Jordan Moore



Artwork by Ryan Fong

## **Tree Termite** (*Nasutitermes walkeri*)

Not only are Tree Termites a fundamental part of the food chain, they help break down rotting wood releasing nutrients for plants. Like worms, they aerate the soil and support root systems. Their nests created in the dead parts of trees, later become hollows for other animals. The Tree Termites' social system is fascinating. The eggs will either hatch into workers, soldiers or reproductive winged termites. With increasing dry periods and less fungal growth, the natural environment depends on these tiny ecosystem engineers.

# **Terry the Tree Termite**

*Story and Artwork by Christian Wong*

*Clang! Crash! Terry was in training with the other soldier termites. He was the fiercest soldier termite there ever was. Terry was the only soldier termite that could see. Being as special as he was, he got a lot of praise but also a lot of responsibilities. He was the strongest and the fastest. He had always loved being a soldier termite but felt that he was never challenged. What he didn't know was that the next few days were going to push him to his limit!*

*Stomp! Stomp! Terry's sharp hearing picked up the sound of approaching ants. Other worker termites had retreated into the dirt mound. The soldier termites held a defence position ready for the ants to attack. The invasion began. Bull ants charged up the tree trunk and were fighting with the termites.*

*Bang! Axel the bull ant had smashed a termite off the tree. Something had to be done and quick. Terry charged at Axel. But Axel pierced at Terry's legs with his sharp mandibles. Terry was rushed to hospital leaving the rest of the termites to fight the army of ants.*

# TERRY & THE Tree YERMITE



# **The Tree Termite**

*Story and Artwork by Bradley Ning*

*Once upon a time lived a small colony of tree termites. The Queen commanded this colony. Me? I am just a small brown and white skin coloured nymph. We live in an extremely old, tall tree.*

*One day the King and Queen came to the area where all the other nymphs and I were. The Queen would choose what type of termite we were going to become. "Worker, worker, soldier, soldier" the Queen says. "You look special; I think you will be a reproductive termite" she says to me. That is the best type of termite (well that is what I thought).*

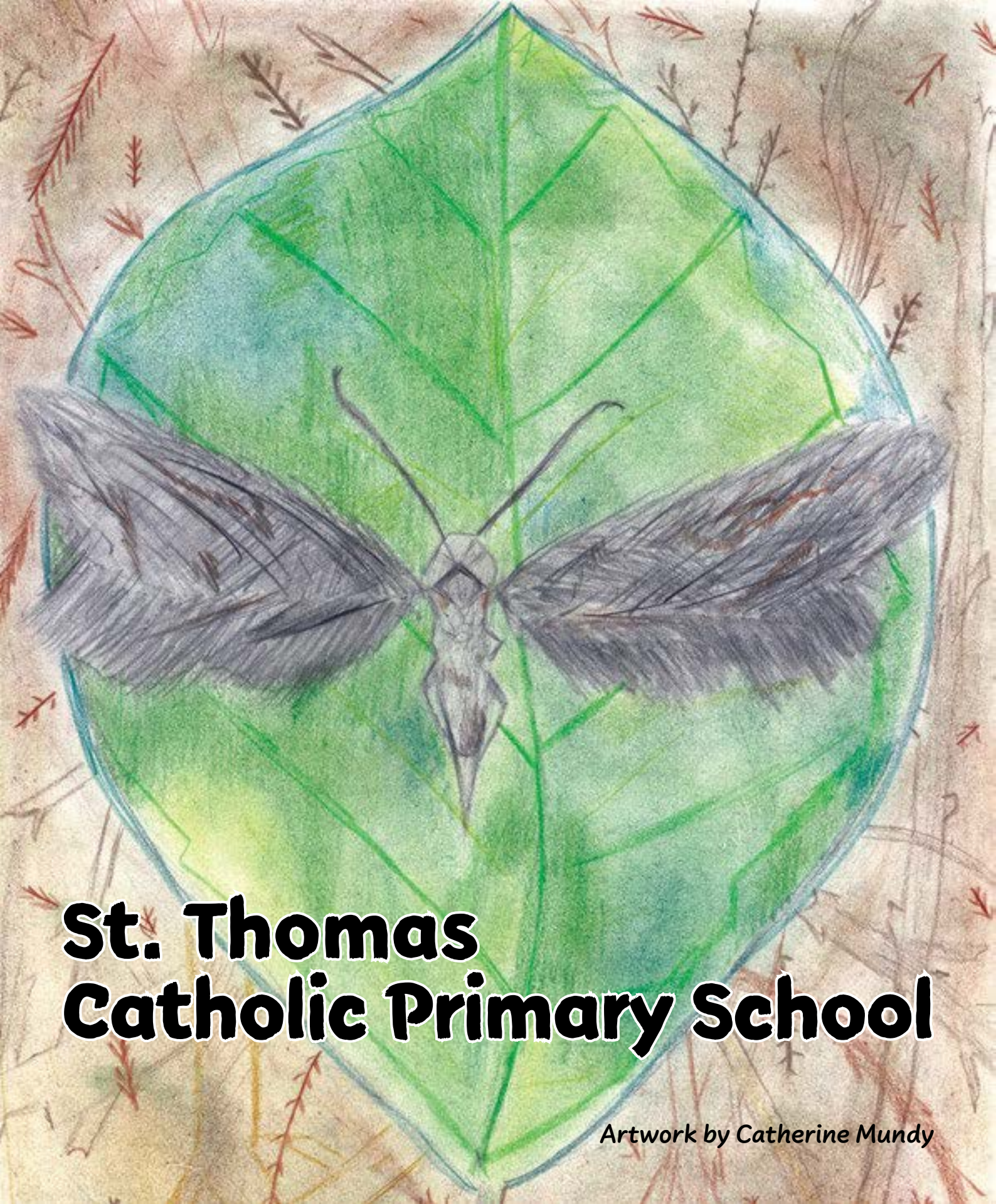
*The day came when all the alates and I had to go and find our own home. We set off to fly but the gigantic crazy birds came and ate all of my friends. I was by myself. All I needed to do was cross the death river and then I will be safe.*

*I could see the safe ground. I was nearly there until the bird sliced my perfect equal sized wings. I was going down fast and hard when...KAPOW! I landed in a tree and I was hurt.*

*I had started to make a house to stay in with my friend. That house eventually turned into a small colony. This was because we kept recycling the wood and using it to make a nest. We are the best at recycling wood! I am so proud of myself because I am now the leader of my own nest and I survived that hard night.*

*Our colony is strong and with luck, it will thrive to be one of the biggest, strongest and best termite nests ever.*





**St. Thomas  
Catholic Primary School**

*Artwork by Catherine Mundy*





Artwork by Xanthe Job

## **Scribbly Gum Moth** (*Ogmograptis* sp.)

The larvae of this tiny moth create unique markings on the Scribbly Gum (*Eucalyptus haemastoma*). The markings are left behind when the hatched larvae burrow into the bark to eat the sap. The Scribbly Gum is not bothered by the hungry larvae but they are sensitive to stress caused by urban development and environmental changes. You may have noticed a decline in Scribbly Gum numbers.

# **The Crimes of a Scribbly Gum Moth**

*Story and Artwork by Giacomo Burke*

*"Oi you!"*

*What are you doing on this fine frosty morning? Asked Constable Willie Wagtail.*

*"Oh this?" replied Scribble, the moth, "this is nothing".*

*"It looks like graffiti to me, let me have a closer look," said Constable Willie.*

*"Nooooo!" Cried Scribble.*

*The Constable pushed past. "Just what I thought!" screamed the Constable. Your larvae are digging and scratching the tree making graffiti all over it. You sir are under arrest," said the Constable.*

*"But me and my larvae can't survive without the sweet sap that this tree provides," proclaimed Scribble. "All righty then Scribble, I'm keeping an eye on you!" said the Constable.*

*The larvae gave the Constable a cheeky look and went into hiding in its ridged grey cocoon at the bottom of the tree.*

*They weren't seen until next Autumn when the larvae came out of their cocoons and transformed into beautiful moths with small, delicate wings.*

*To their surprise the constable was still there waiting. "Now that you're all grown up I hope you're wiser and smarter so you'll make the right choices," said Willie. And with those words Willie Wagtail flew off.*

*Once the moth, Scribblina, had seen that the bird was gone, she laid her eggs in between the new and old bark. A new generation of crime began.*



# Up in the Trees

Poem and Artwork by Darby Sullivan

One sunny Autumn day,  
A hint of a cool breeze,  
Scribbly Gum Moths  
Were weaving their way through the trees.

Zigzags on the trees meant larvae were around.  
Lines were long, others short;  
Lines were fat others thin.  
Despite the differences, they all seemed to fit in.

Over the next month, woven cocoons were out and about,  
Hiding in trees,  
Swaying to the breeze,  
Although staying safe and sound.

Concealed in the mountains of leaves sitting on the ground,  
There are old homes, cocoons, scattered around;  
All these woven beauties unable to be found,  
Among the Scribbly Gums are moths, flying around.

They weave around the trees,  
On their way to get a snack.  
They keep their secrets,  
With little known about what they catch.

They keep out of predators reach,  
These little moths do.  
Their camouflaged skin keeps them hidden,  
The only threat around is YOU!

You say these moths don't look nice at all,  
But they are pretty creatures indeed.  
They are one of nature's many wonders,  
Very small, but wonderful like a growing seed.

The trees numbers are lowering,  
You can help without expertise.  
So please, save the moths,  
Please save the trees.





# **Willoughby Public School**

*Artwork by Georgia Vidler*



Artwork by Elyson Lau

## **Sugarbag Bee** (*Tetragonula carbonaria*)

These tiny black native bees make use of small cavities in trees, they make delicious honeycomb within the hive to feed their colony. They are a valuable asset within our bushland ecosystem, they pollinate the wild flowers. This pollination allows a flower to turn into a seed, thus creating more native plant species for the future. Scientists are studying the Sugarbag Bees for the pollination of crops and the medicinal value of its honey.

# The Sugarbag Bee

Ornice Tang Sun

I see you here  
I see you there  
Buzzing around all through the air.

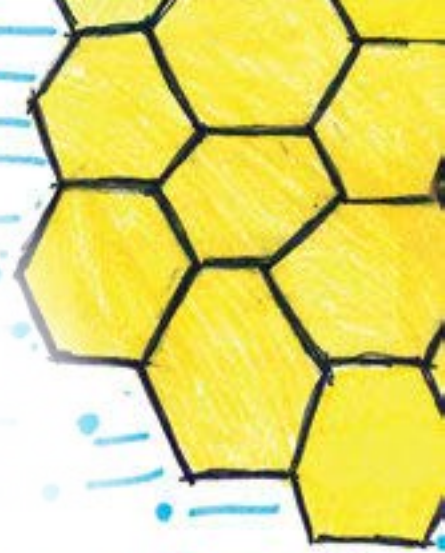
In school yards  
On school grounds  
On flowers  
On trees;  
My favourite kinds of buzzing bees.

The Sugarbag Bee that's what they are;  
They really are my shining stars.

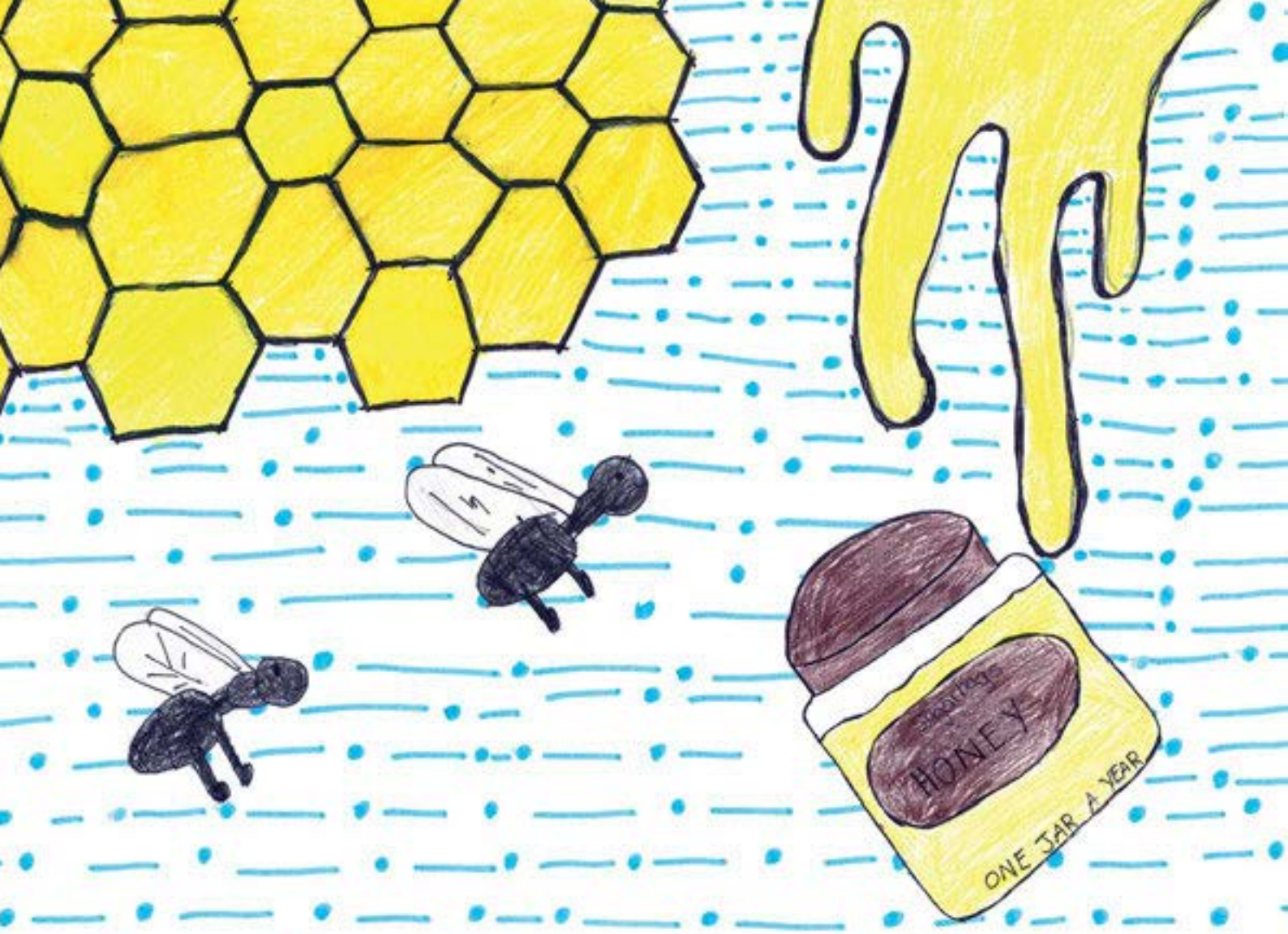
They really are so tiny small;  
I saw them flying through the air,  
I saw them flying everywhere.  
Like little black dots  
In a huge brown pot.

Trees are their amazing home  
And their one and only safety zone.  
Their trees so tall,  
Higher than walls  
It makes them seem so very small.

They build their hive so, so high  
It nearly touches the bright blue sky.  
All around Willoughby, here and there,  
Flying around everywhere.







*These stingless bees,  
Those fearless bees;  
Black all over  
With pollen hanging from the legs.  
They really don't hurt anyone;  
They are friends of everyone.*

*Amazing little critters they really are;  
The native creatures are my stars.*

# A New Tree

Story and Artwork by Baxter Addison and Oliver Ackerman

The Queen Sugarbag Bee was worried. She had send scouts out to find a new tree an hour ago. Humans were cutting down trees all around them. She hoped a new tree could be found to move into.

Buzz! The Queen's scouts were looking.

"We should split up," Bill and Bob suggested. "Yes" I said "then we'll cover more ground". So we went separate ways.

We're looking for a large cavity in a nice big native tree in the mid storey or canopy, but all we had found were trees too small for our colony and big trees with no hollows.

I noticed some dark rain clouds. It was going to rain! I had to be quick and get back to the hive before I got wet. Flying as fast as I could I didn't get far before it started raining. I found a small hole in a tree just big enough for one bee.

I raced into the safety of the hole, and to my surprise a beautiful bee with five metallic blue stripes appeared and welcomed me out of the rain.



"Hi, I'm Oli, a Blue Banded Bee."

"I'm Baxter, I'm a Sugarbag Bee," I said. "Why doesn't your name start with a B?"

Oli said "I live alone so I make the rules."

"Oh, nice to meet you, but I need to get back to my colony soon. My Queen sent me to find a new tree to move into."

"There is a cavity in that tree but it's too big for me. Maybe you could use it?"

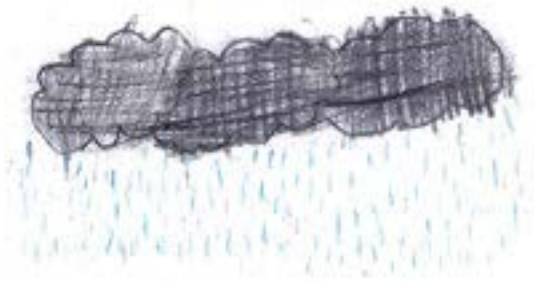
"Let's take a look." It was great. I flew back to my hive where my Queen was waiting.

"Did you find a tree?" She asked.

"Yes it will be perfect for us."

"Good work. We'll start moving tomorrow."





# We ♥ trees!

*Can you name these animals that live in trees?*





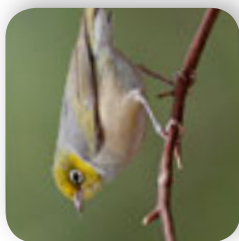
I ♥ to lay  
my eggs in  
tree hollows.



I ♥ to use the  
high branches  
like a highway.



I ♥ the  
sweet nectar  
from flowers.



I ♥ to eat  
insects I find  
on trees.



I ♥ to eat  
the algae  
on trees.



I ♥ to make my  
nest up high in  
the branches.



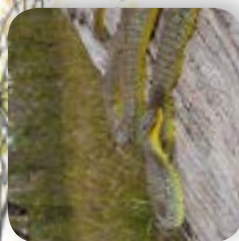
I ♥ to eat  
rotting  
wood.



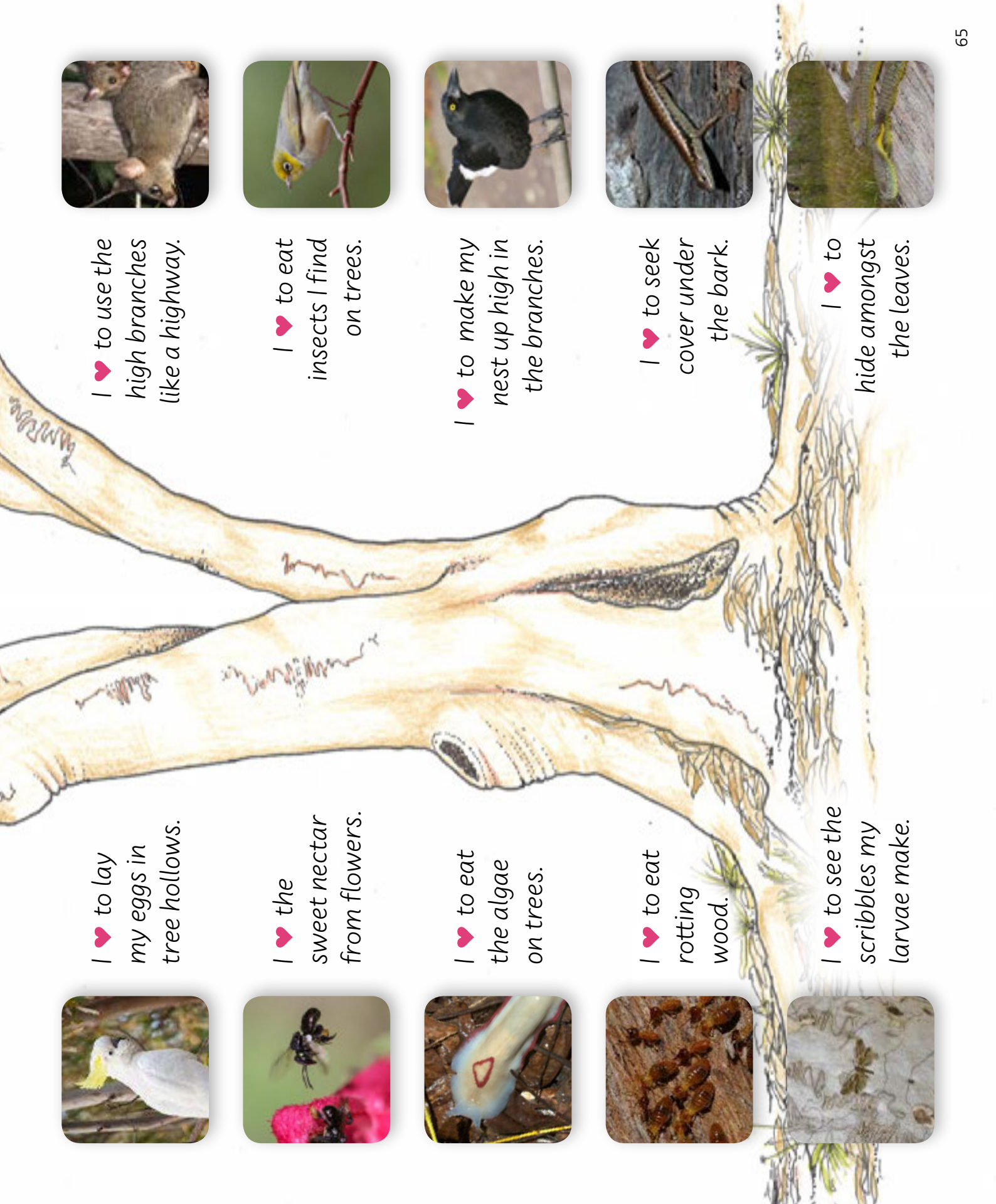
I ♥ to seek  
cover under  
the bark.



I ♥ to see the  
scribbles my  
larvae make.

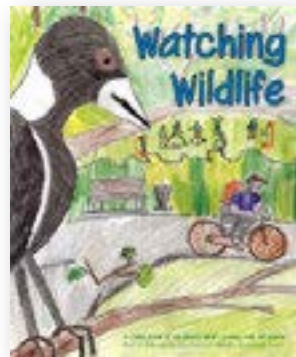


I ♥ to  
hide amongst  
the leaves.

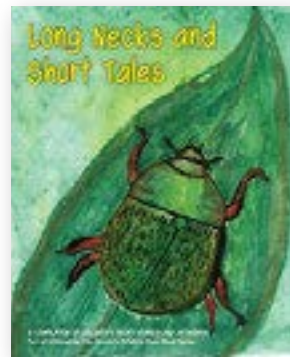


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2017



2016



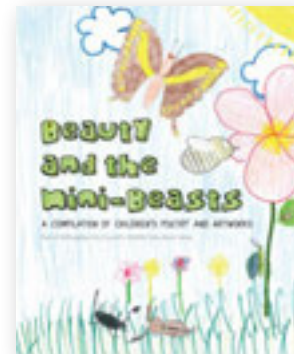
2015



2014



2013



2012



2011





Artwork by Sakuya Kobayashi



WILLOUGHBY CITY COUNCIL

*A Willoughby City Council Wildlife Storybook*