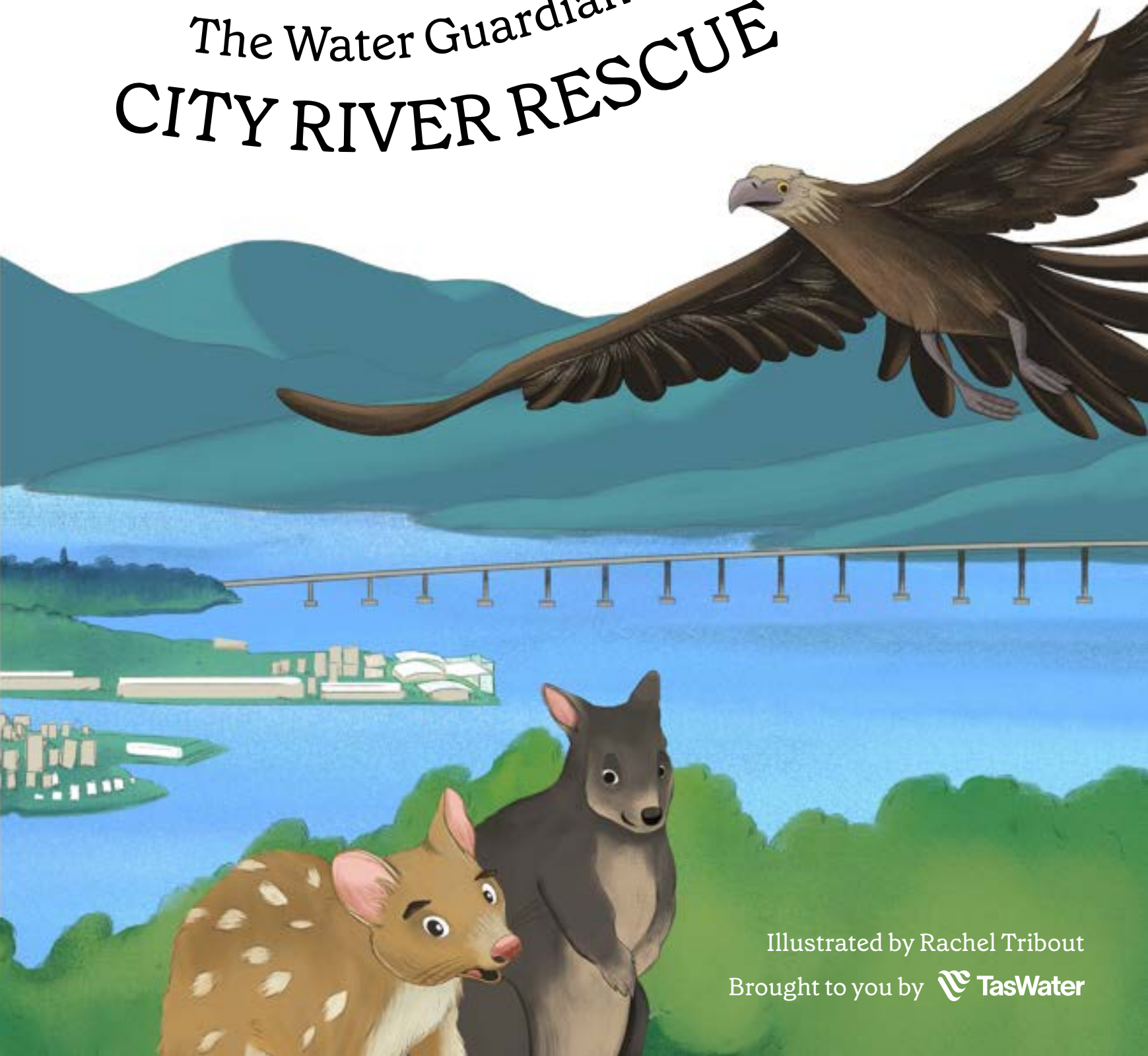


The Water Guardians CITY RIVER RESCUE



Illustrated by Rachel Tribout
Brought to you by  TasWater

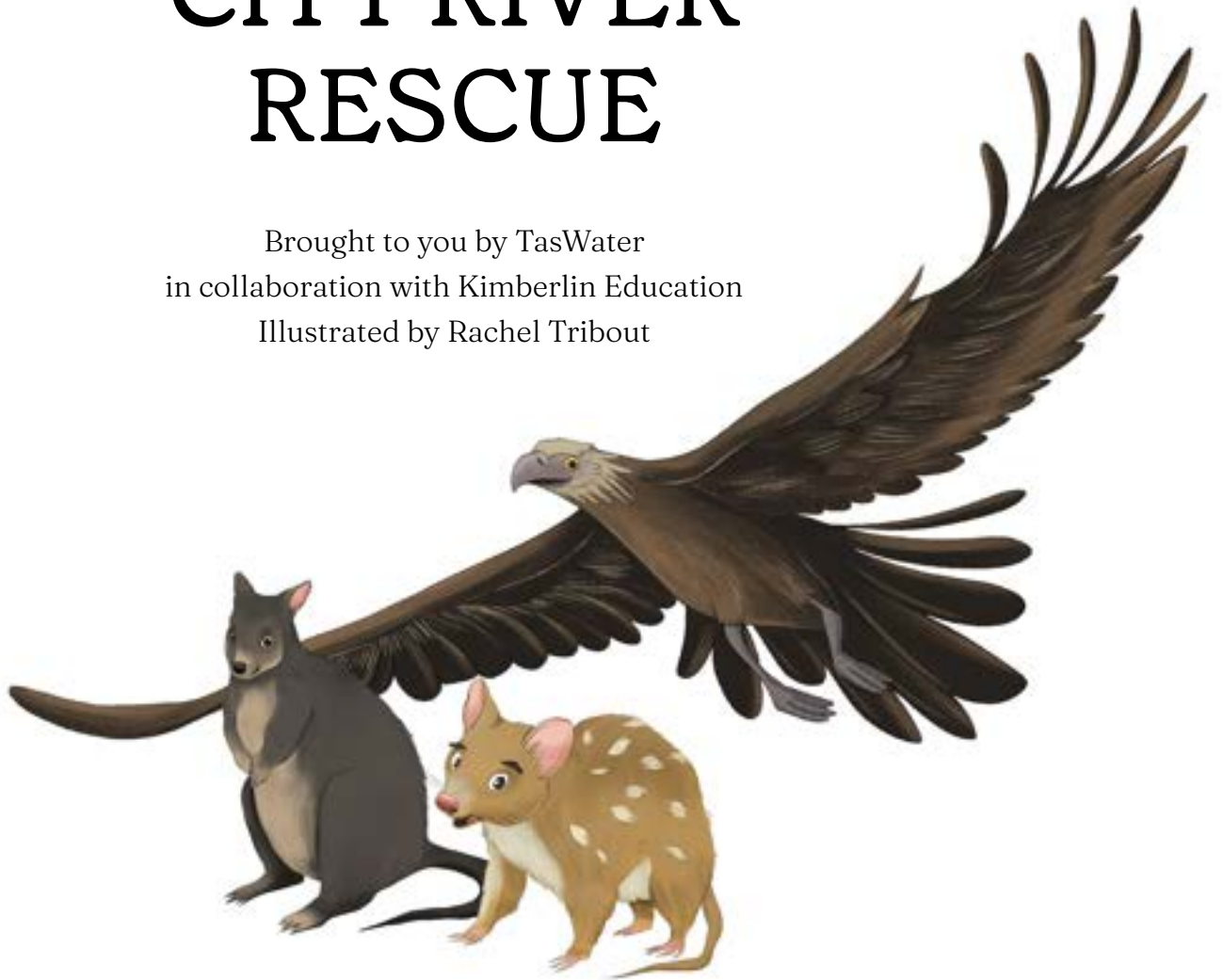
Always learning, for a thriving Tasmania.

Brought to you by TasWater
in collaboration with Kimberlin Education
Illustrations copyright © Rachel Tribout 2024.

All rights reserved.
© Tasmanian Water and Sewerage
Corporation (TasWater) 2024.
Except as permitted by the copyright law
applicable to you, you may not reproduce
or transmit this book in any form without
permission in writing from TasWater.

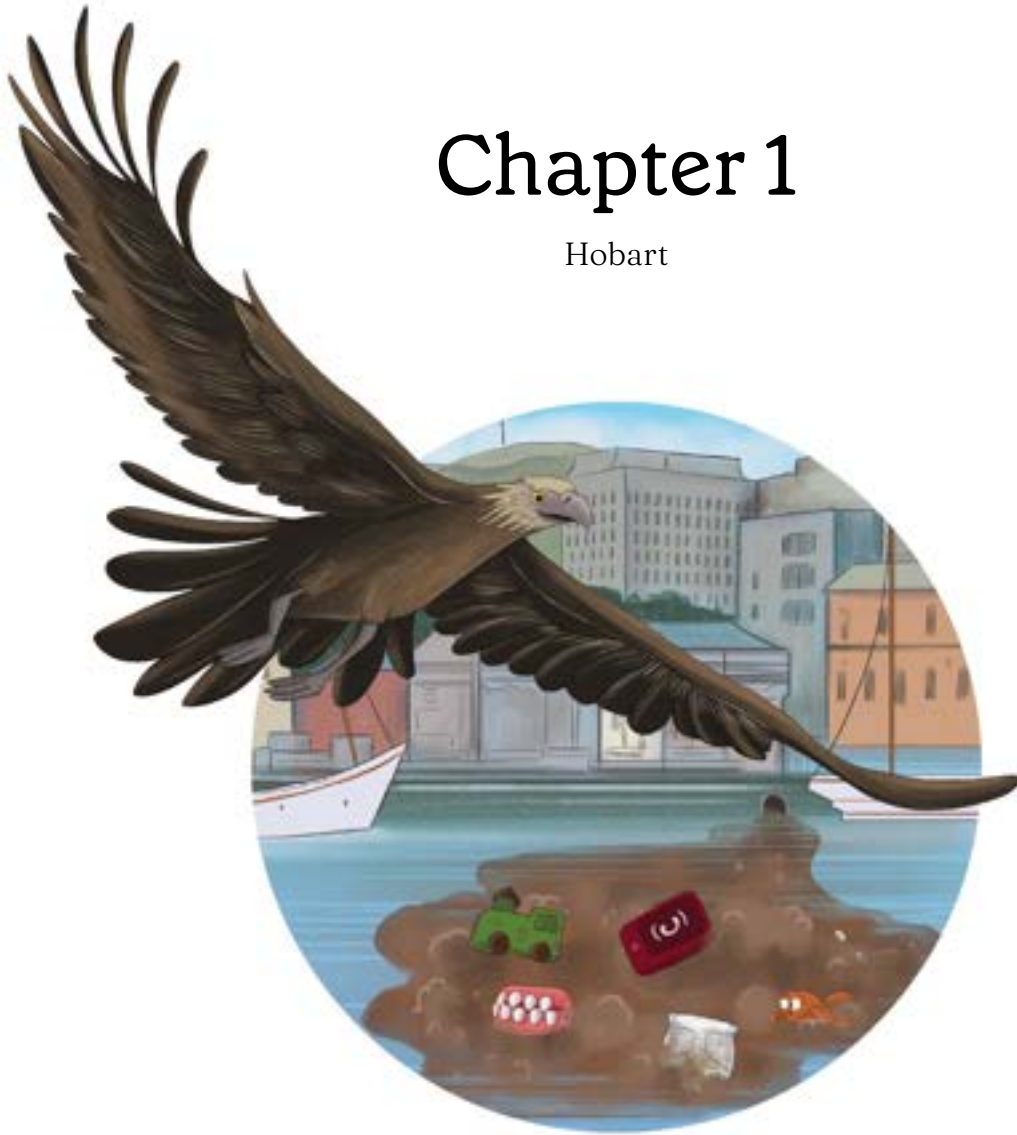
The Water Guardians CITY RIVER RESCUE

Brought to you by TasWater
in collaboration with Kimberlin Education
Illustrated by Rachel Tribout



Chapter 1

Hobart

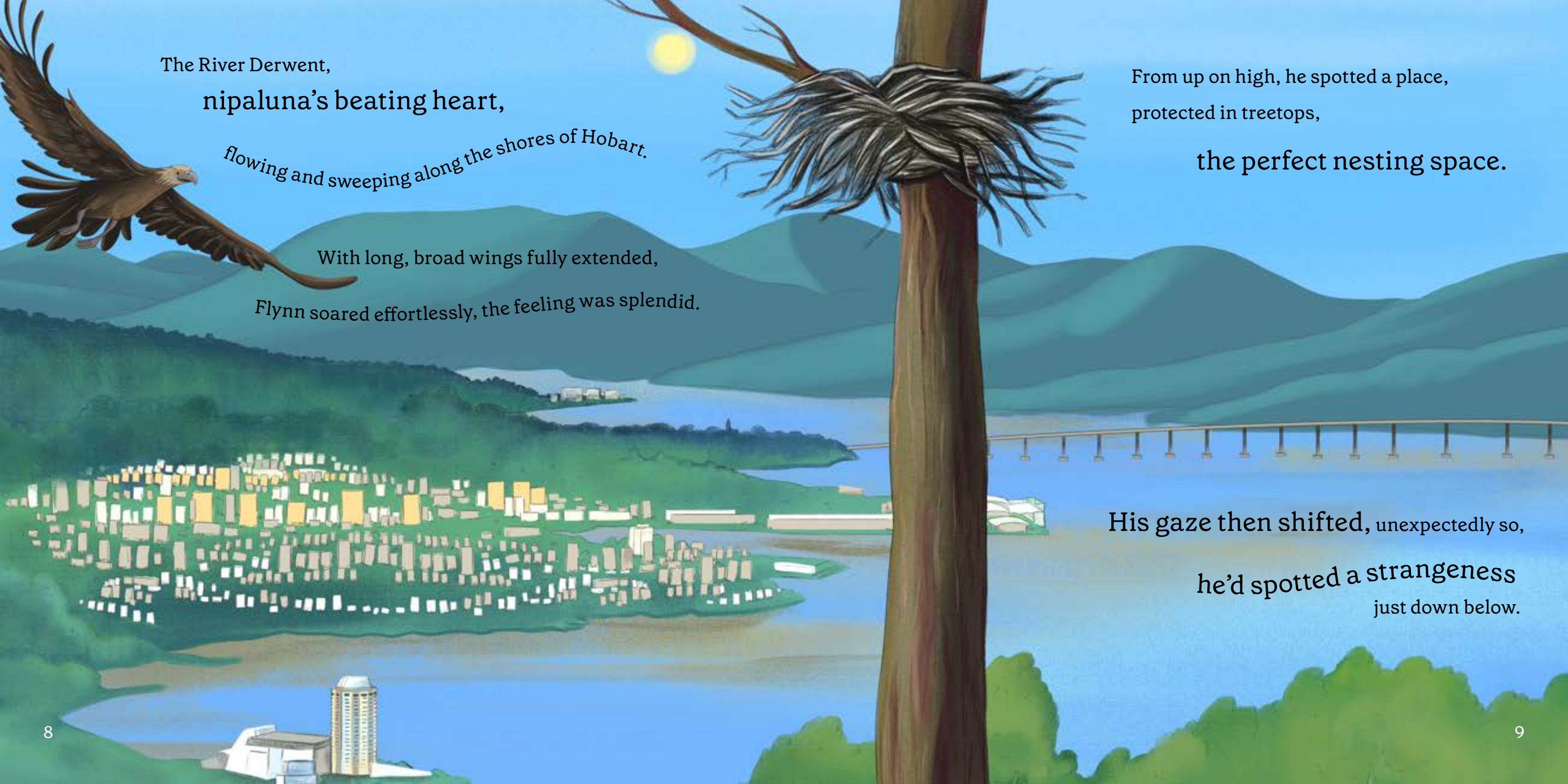


Feeling that familiar twitch in his feathers,
Flynn the wedge-tailed eagle took a look at the weather.

The sun was high, not a cloud was in sight,
so he set off to Hobart on a purposeful flight.

The time was now to settle down and nest,
his hunting would reveal the place that was best.

Soaring above, the city was sprawling,
people rugged up; last autumn leaves falling.



The River Derwent,
nipaluna's beating heart,

flowing and sweeping along the shores of Hobart.

With long, broad wings fully extended,

Flynn soared effortlessly, the feeling was splendid.

From up on high, he spotted a place,
protected in treetops,

the perfect nesting space.

His gaze then shifted, unexpectedly so,

he'd spotted a strangeness
just down below.

Swooping down for a closer inspection,
Flynn took notice of the river's complexion.

Flynn looks to the land alongside the river,
he sees a sight that makes him shudder and quiver.



Murky brown sludge mixed and swirled with the blue,
turning the river a most **unusual** hue.



‘Is that toilet paper and waste
flowing out of that pipe?’

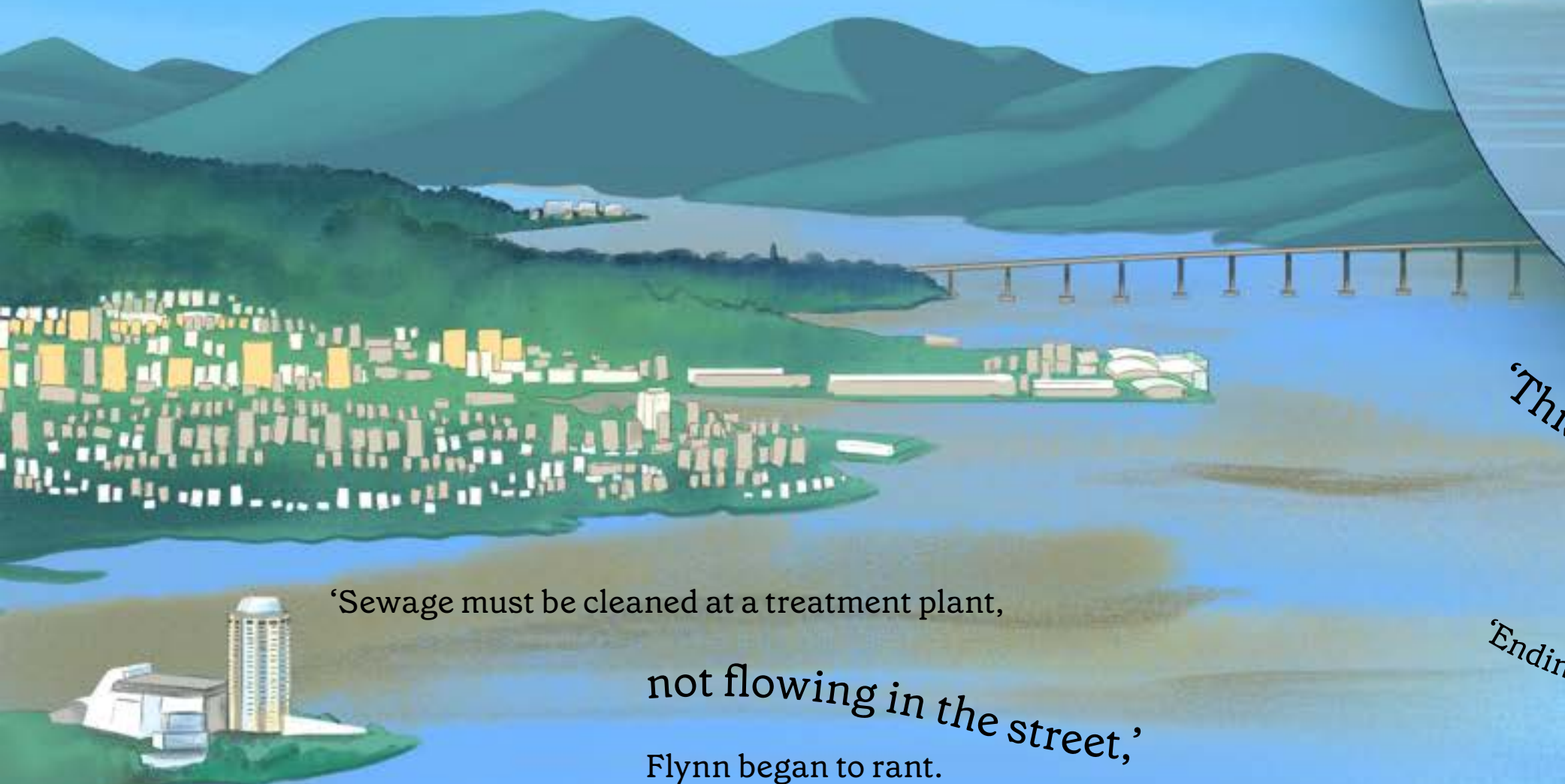
What’s going on here? This isn’t right!’

To make matters worse, there was another affair.

The smell!

The stench!

It did not belong there.



‘Sewage must be cleaned at a treatment plant,

not flowing in the street,’
Flynn began to rant.



‘This can make people sick out here on the road.

Not to mention the environmental load.’

‘Ending up in the river through the stormwater drain,

affecting the water, causing it pain.’

An illustration of an eagle with brown feathers and a yellow beak, looking out over a landscape. In the background, there are green hills, a blue river, a long bridge, and a city with buildings. The sky is blue with a yellow sun.

Flynn then knew that his mission was clear:

Spread the word to get pollution out of here.

With thoughts racing so fast through his head,
he quickly compiled a list of messages to spread:

Contaminated water makes a dangerous stream,
polluting our rivers, turning them unclean.

Harming aquatic life as nutrients spread wide,
biodiversity fades, as many have died.

Human health risks arise from a simple dip,
water tainted, with a harmful grip.

Tourism declines as rivers degrade,
economic impact, with losses to be paid.

Ecosystem disruption as habitats can't thrive,
pollution alters life, making it hard to survive.

Long-term environmental damage,
as impurities settle down,

The sediment pollutes waters, where life was
once found.

As time went on, the list grew and grew,

to take swift action, he'd need a strong crew.

Of friends well-versed, ready to take the lead,

ensuring water's future, a priority indeed.



Chapter 2

kunanyi/Mount Wellington



Without hesitation, Jasper the quoll agreed to take part,
and asked their friend, Paddy Pademelon, to get a head-start.

Paddy's task was to explore and to roam,

and assess the damage
to the place he called 'home'.

How far did it reach,
was this problem widespread?

'I'm ready to climb up kunanyi!' he said.

It had been years since he'd ventured this high,
but he recalled a place rather easy on the eye.



A brown kangaroo is sitting on a dark, jagged rock in the foreground. The background is a dark, rocky landscape with a red sky. The kangaroo is looking towards the right. The overall scene is dark and atmospheric.

After trudging uphill
for what seemed like an age,

He stood atop something
that felt like a stage.

What he expected to see looked a little like this;
endless examples of perfection and bliss:

kunanyi's slopes
housed a spectacular sight,

an alpine rainforest, full of delight.

A rich tapestry of eucalypt trees,

of white lichen on rock,
so high above the sea.

Crystal-clear creeks, and beautiful North West Bay River,
the mountain's snow-fed springs always deliver.

But hang on, his memories seemed to be very wrong,

*things looked much different,
had it really been so long?*



In place of pristine and meandering rivers,
was foam and scum, giving Paddy the shivers.

He suddenly thinks of the Disappearing Tarn,

popular to visit, but we must protect it from harm.

From people tempted to take a dip in the water, so pure.

Unaware of the harm done,
in its tempting allure.

A water source for residents of Fern Tree,

the entire mountain's flow

must remain pure and free.

Entrusted organisations work hard for this special place.

But it's up to all people
to be mindful in this space.

Paddy hung his head low, with a frown.

What can they do to help?

He didn't want to let Flynn down.



Shuffling back towards the city that night,
silhouettes emerged under the moon's eerie light.

The town so vibrant, hiding the pain,
of tarns and rivers marred by unseen stains.

Come morning,
he'd get to hatching a plan,

To rally the townsfolk
and take a firm stand.

Chapter 3

Derwent River foreshore





They'd heard whispers about the state of their city,
this confirmed the need for a water committee!

With Flynn as the head, they knew they'd be set,
to rally the town with no need to fret.

Flynn and Jasper met Paddy at sunrise.

What he told them came as no great surprise.

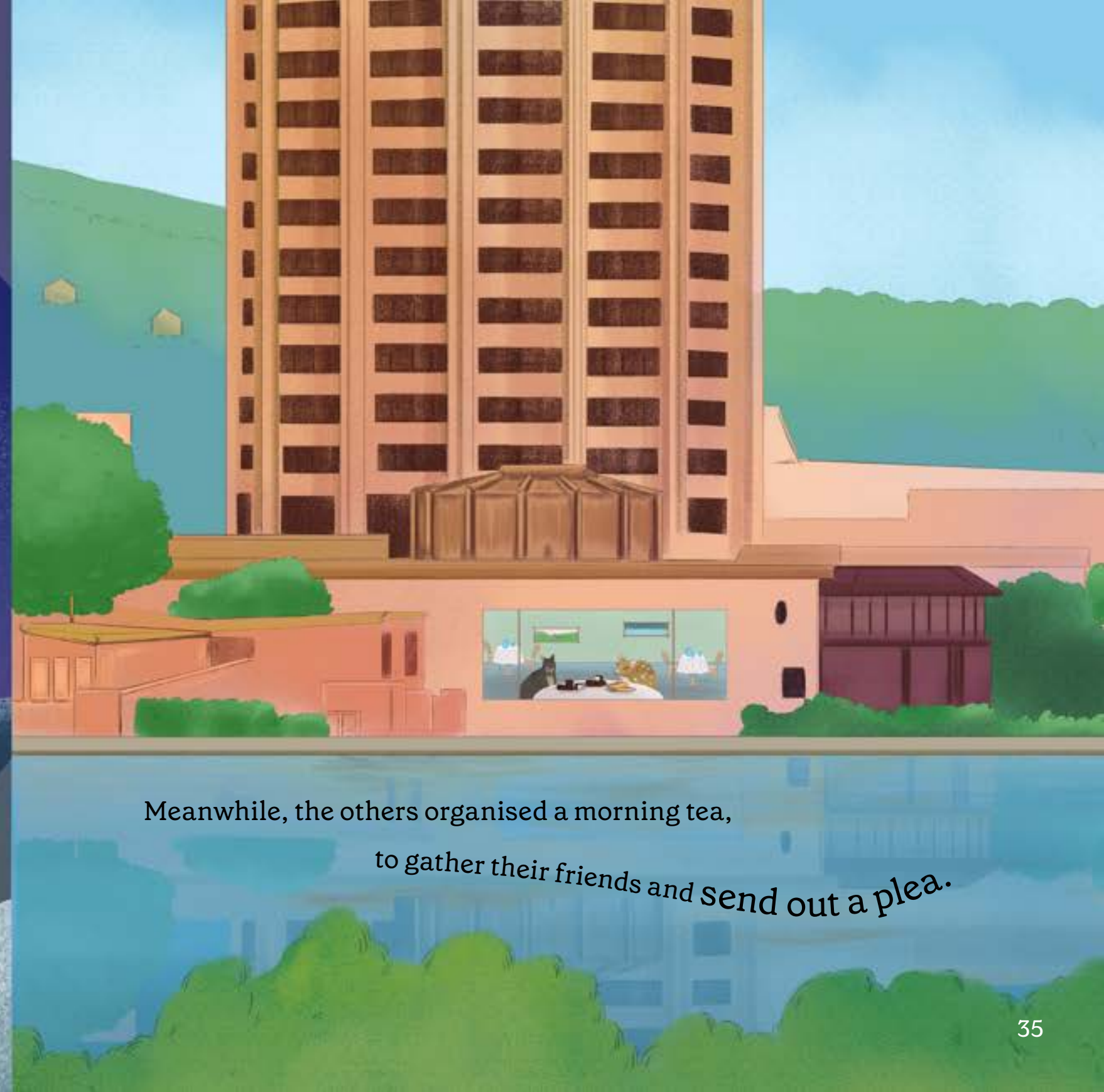
An illustration of an eagle with brown and grey feathers and a yellow eye, looking towards a dark blue night sky. A large, dark, irregular cloud shape is in the upper left. The text is written in white, with some words in italics.

Flynn pondered,
'Last night the sky threw up some gnarly reflections;
shadows and light and moody projections.

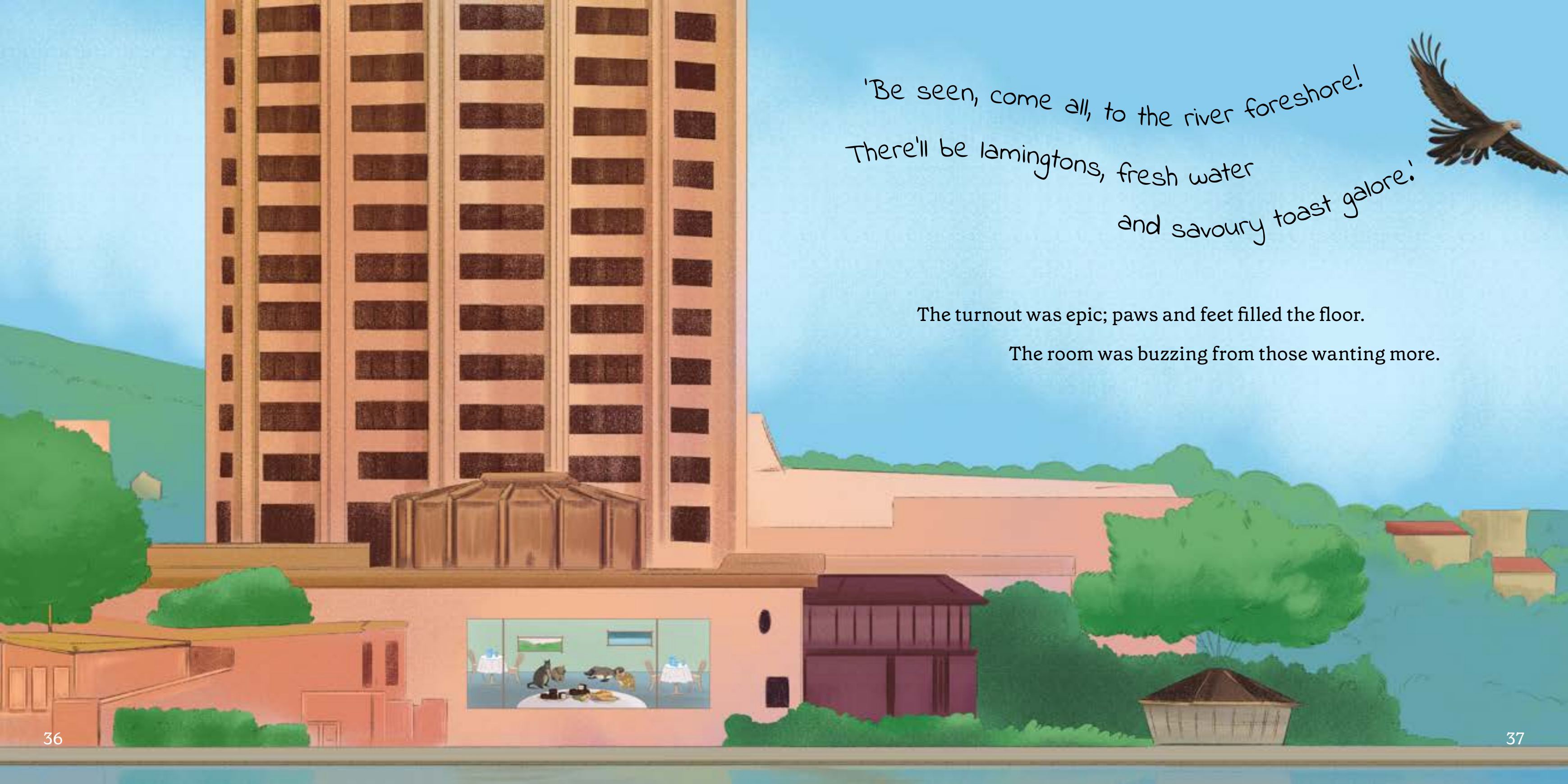
It gives me an idea, I could create an aerial display!

A message in the sky,
in the bright light of day.'

Flynn's plan was to cast all eyes *to the sky*,
and bring attention
to the water supply.



Meanwhile, the others organised a morning tea,
to gather their friends and send out a plea.



'Be seen, come all, to the river foreshore!
There'll be lamingtons, fresh water
and savoury toast galore!

The turnout was epic; paws and feet filled the floor.

The room was buzzing from those wanting more.



More for their home, for the water, for the city.

They vowed to get down and nut out the nitty-gritty.



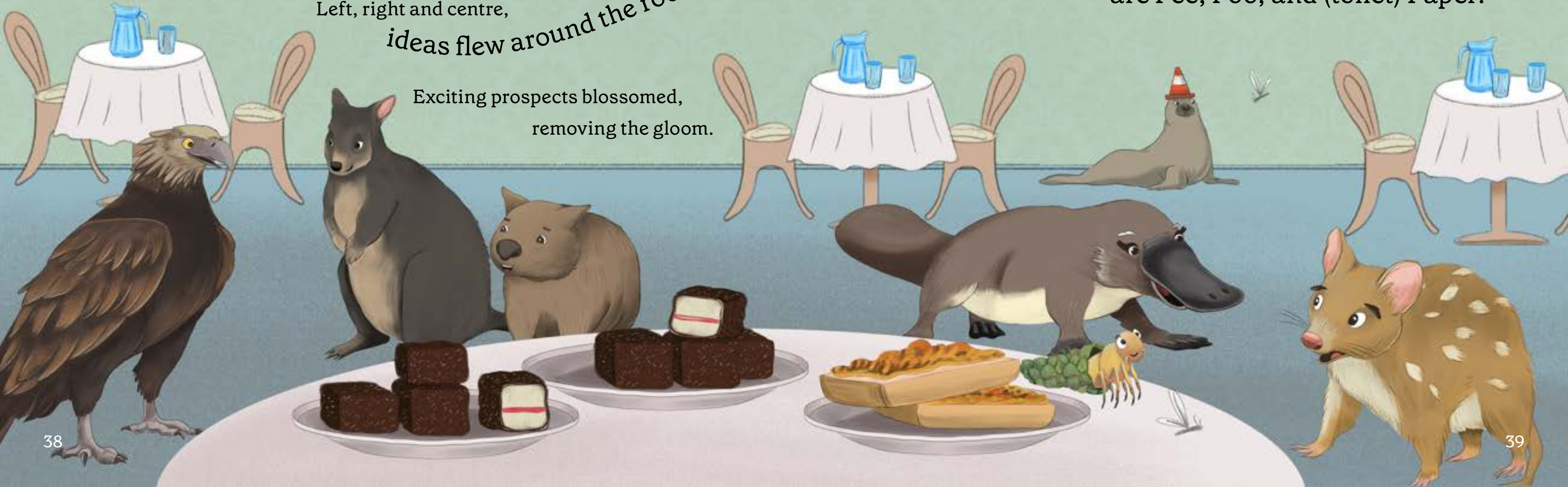
Jasper says

'the only things you should flush, to help protect nature,

are Pee, Poo, and (toilet) Paper!'

Left, right and centre,
ideas flew around the room.

Exciting prospects blossomed,
removing the gloom.



‘Educate people about only flushing the **three Ps**,
that ignoring this rule
is bad for the seas.’



Fresh signs: to be erected at the Disappearing Tarn,

‘No swimming,’ they would say,
‘Protect me from harm.’

‘Tread lightly when you visit this place so serene.’



Leave nothing behind,
let's all keep it clean!’



Flynn's skyward message was received with applause,



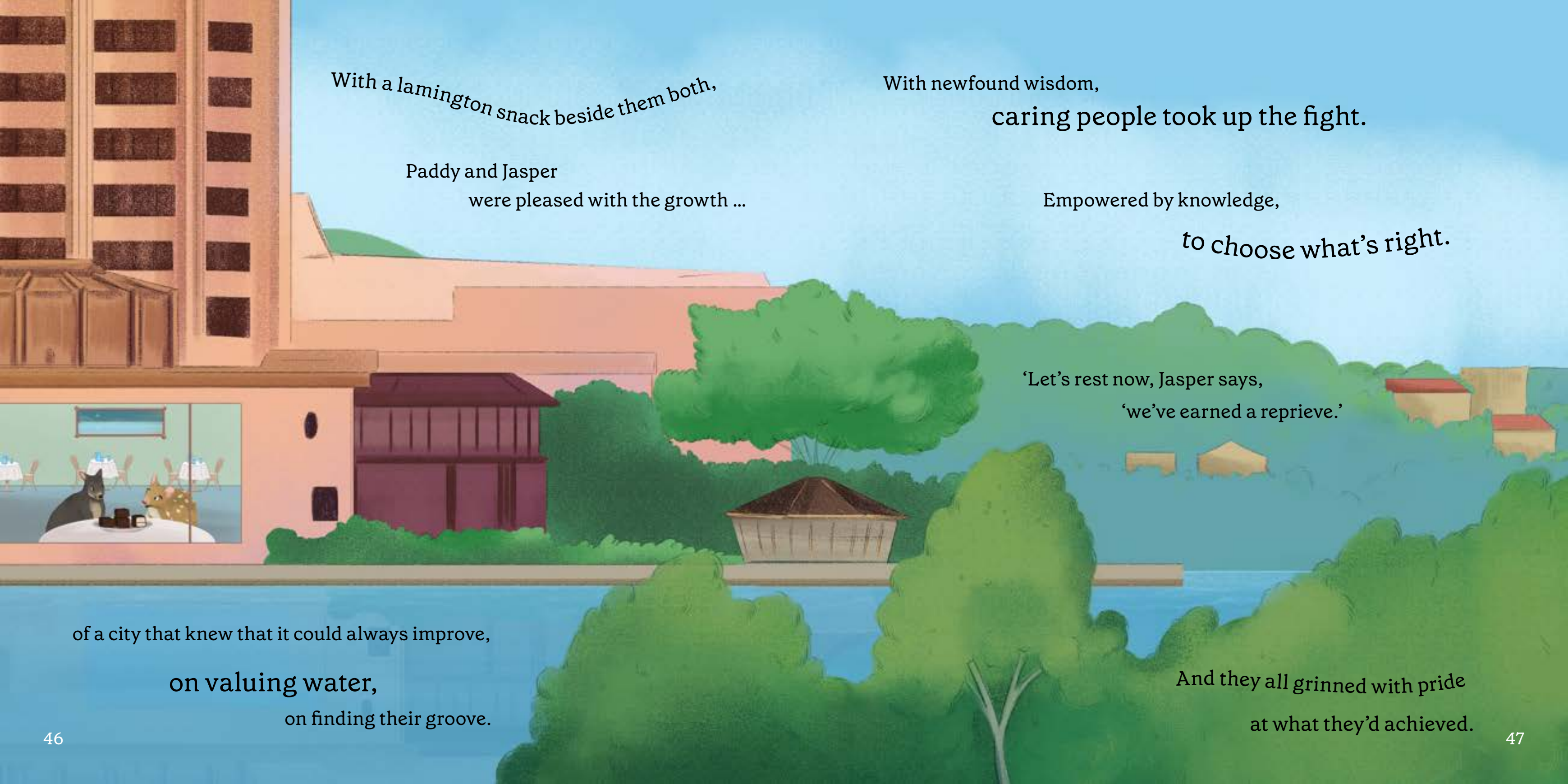
by an audience who appreciated this important cause.

A few short weeks later and the waterways returned,
to pristine condition, the damage was overturned.

From his new nesting place,
Flynn looked over with pride,

At the changes that come
when hard work's applied.





With a lamington snack beside them both,

Paddy and Jasper
were pleased with the growth ...

With newfound wisdom,
caring people took up the fight.

Empowered by knowledge,
to choose what's right.

'Let's rest now, Jasper says,
'we've earned a reprieve.'

of a city that knew that it could always improve,
on valuing water,
on finding their groove.

And they all grinned with pride
at what they'd achieved.

For now ... our water guardians' job is done.

But remember,
it's up to everyone!

Are you a water guardian too?

What are some things that you can do?

Ocean, rivers, creeks, and springs.

'Water ...
It's Tasmania's precious thing.'

Flynn the wedge-tailed eagle is searching for the perfect nesting spot when he makes a shocking discovery—Hobart’s waterways are polluted!

With the help of Jasper the eastern quoll and Paddy the pademelon, he sets out to uncover the cause and rally the community to take action.

Can they work together to save their water? A fun and inspiring story about teamwork, our precious water, and making a difference!

Brought to you by TasWater
in collaboration with Kimberlin Education
Illustrated by Rachel Tribout

