

The Water Guardians SAVING THE CREEK



Illustrated by Rachel Tribout
Brought to you by  TasWater

The Water Guardians
SAVING THE CREEK



Always learning, for a thriving Tasmania.

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in collaboration with Kimberlin Education
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Chapter 1

East Coast of Tasmania, Triabunna



A cartoon-style illustration of a platypus standing on a grassy bank, looking out at a large body of water under a blue sky with a sun and clouds. The platypus is brown with a white belly and a large, flat bill. It is looking towards the right side of the page. The background features a green hill with trees and rocks on the left, and a vast blue ocean extending to the horizon on the right.

It had been a while since Laurel had seen,
the East Coast's waterways;
the rivers and streams.

She waddled with excitement, not missing a beat,

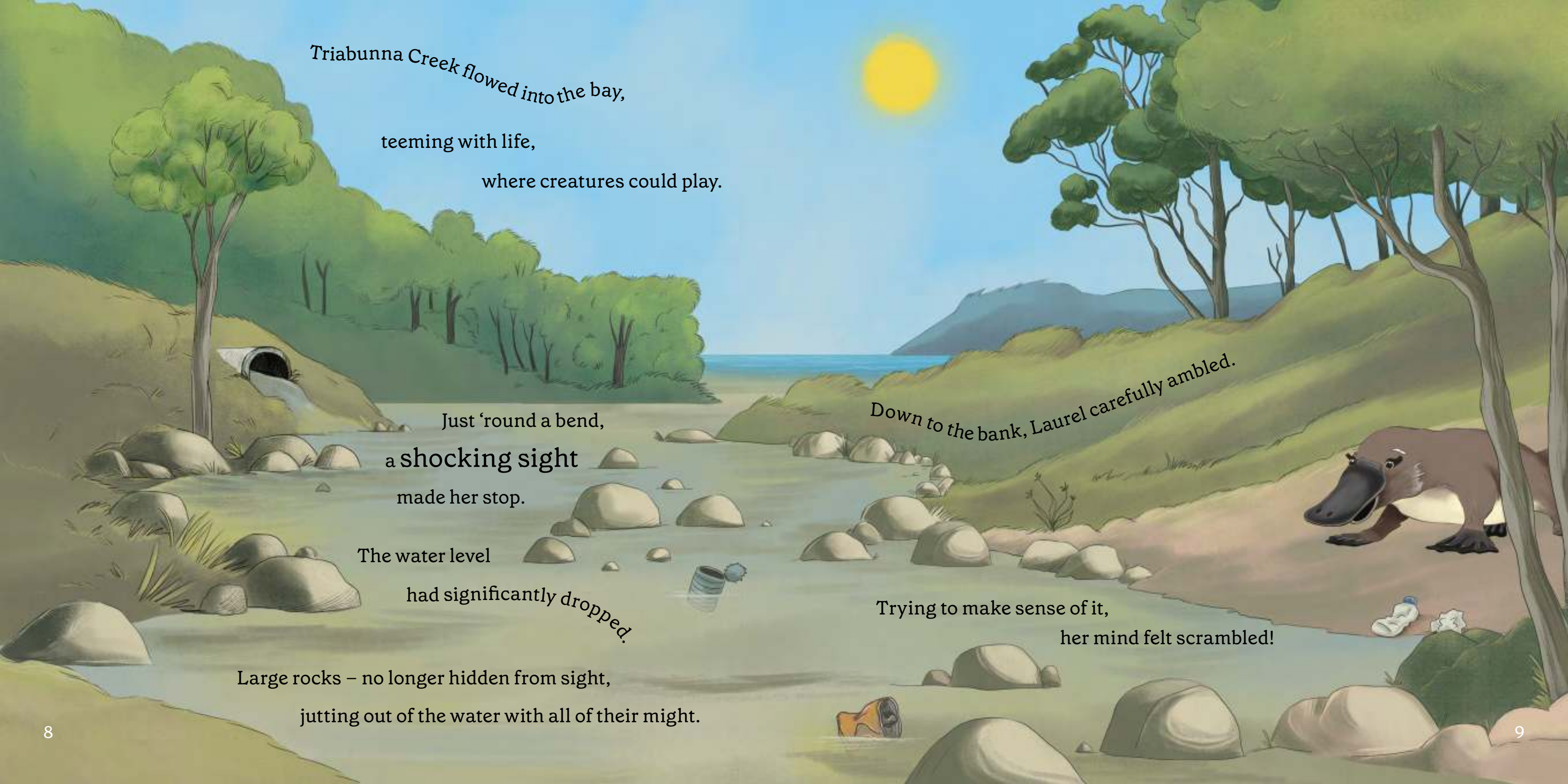
wondering which animal
friends she might meet.

Triabunna quickly came into view,

sand and salt water, a spectacular blue.

Feeling quite thirsty, she waddled further south,

hoping fresh water would soon fill her mouth.



Triabunna Creek flowed into the bay,

teeming with life,

where creatures could play.

Just 'round a bend,

a shocking sight

made her stop.

The water level

had significantly dropped.

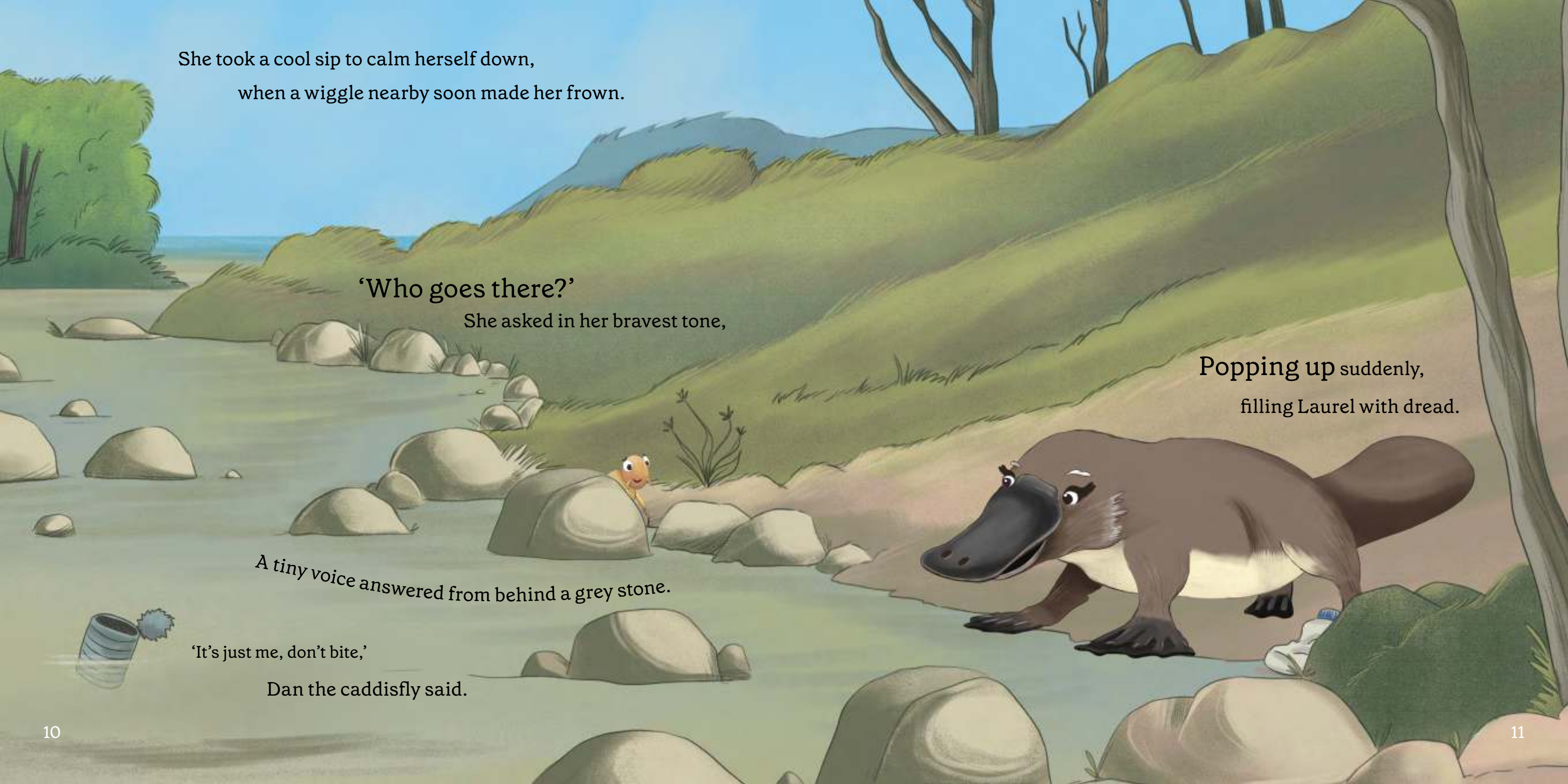
Large rocks – no longer hidden from sight,

jutting out of the water with all of their might.

Down to the bank, Laurel carefully ambled.

Trying to make sense of it,

her mind felt scrambled!



She took a cool sip to calm herself down,
when a wiggle nearby soon made her frown.

‘Who goes there?’
She asked in her bravest tone,

Popping up suddenly,
filling Laurel with dread.

A tiny voice answered from behind a grey stone.

‘It’s just me, don’t bite,’
Dan the caddisfly said.

But why was this insect
all alone by the creek?

Away from its friends,
Laurel urged him to speak.

‘Are you OK?’
Is something the matter?

Did my arrival cause everyone else to scatter?’

‘No,’
Dan whispered, a little afraid,

‘I just really love this
home that I’ve made.’

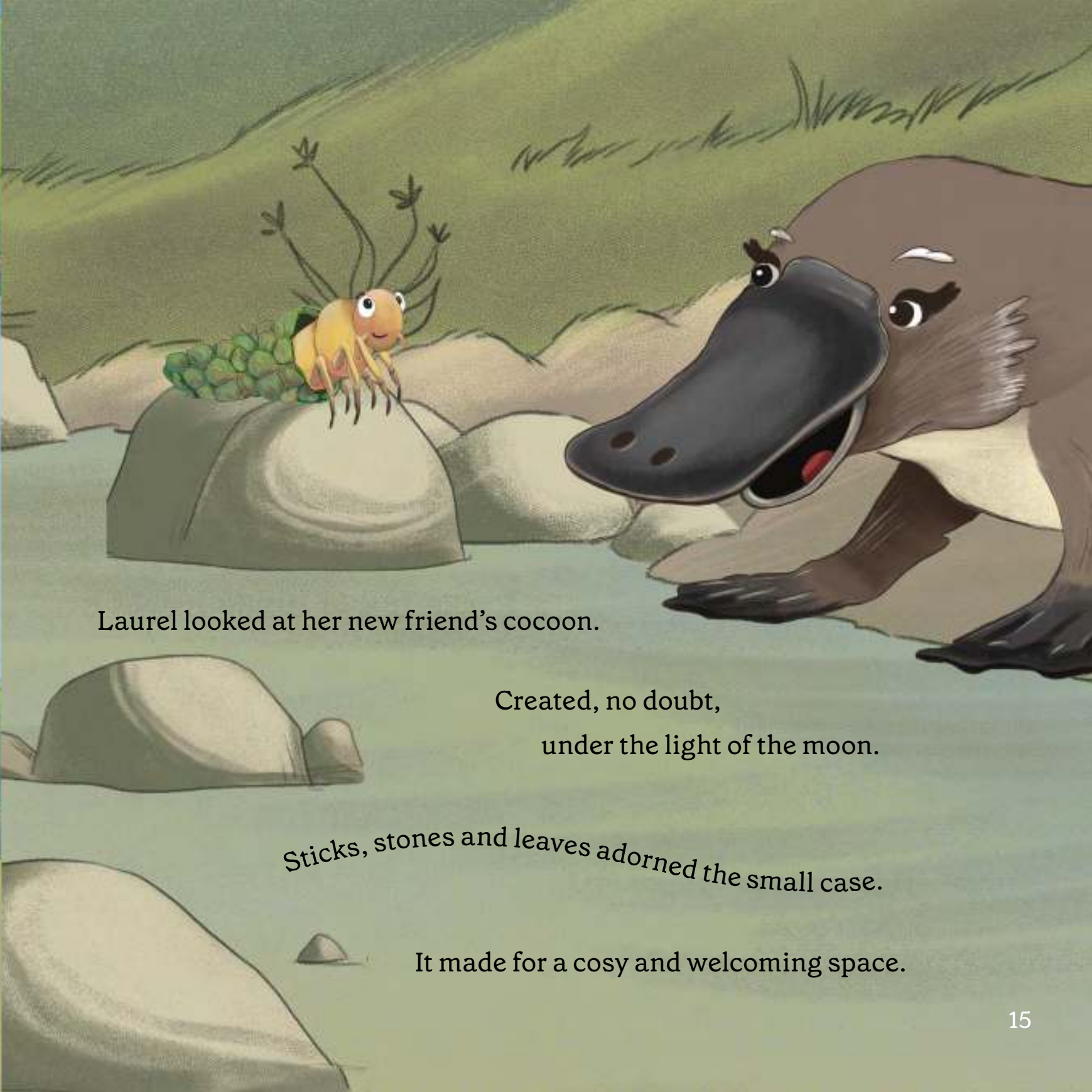


The others had moved on, a few days ago.

To where the water was cleaner,
with a much faster flow.

‘They couldn’t stay any longer,’
the caddisfly said,

‘It’s not healthy here,
they upped and they fled.’

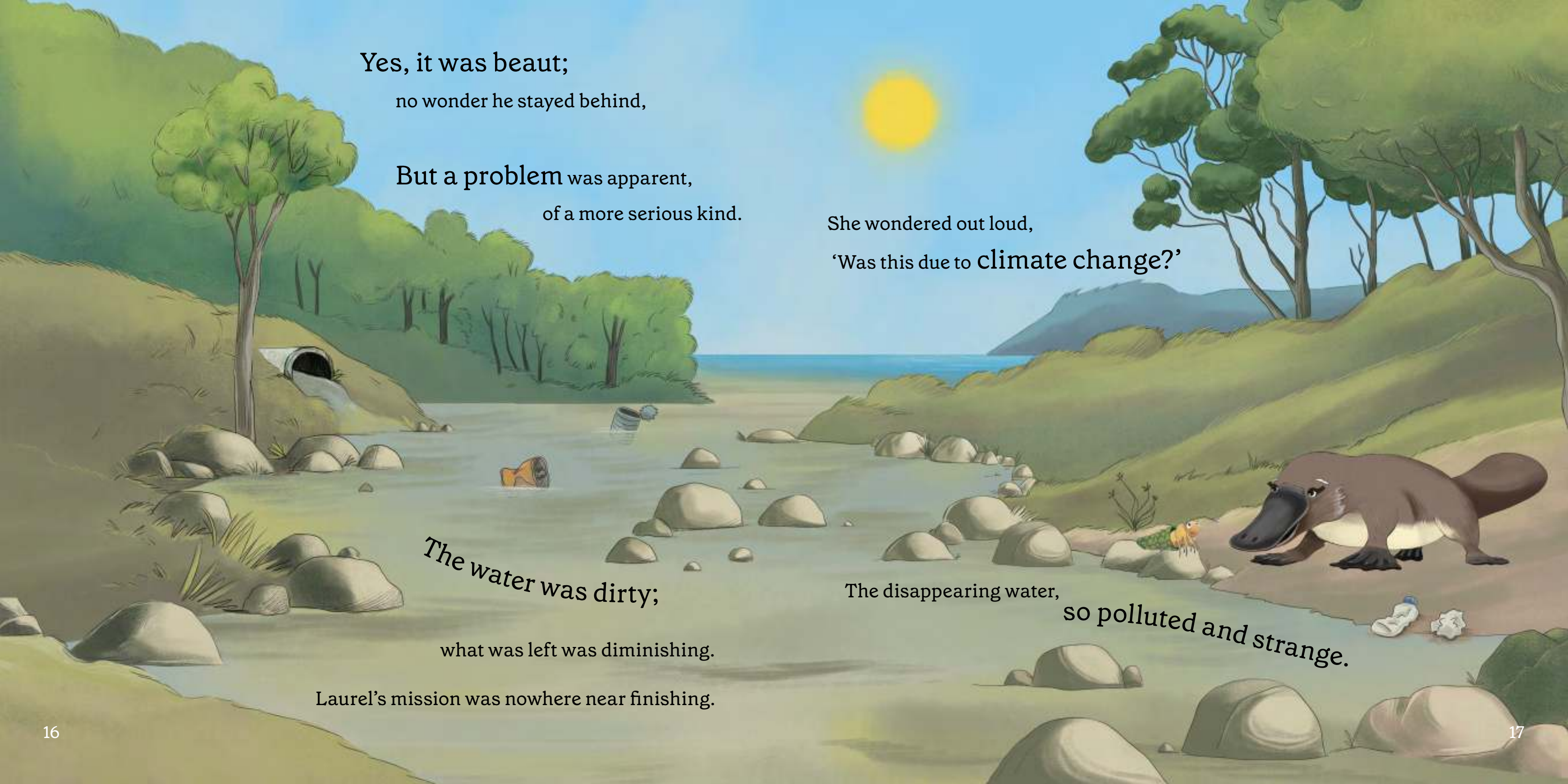


Laurel looked at her new friend’s cocoon.

Created, no doubt,
under the light of the moon.

Sticks, stones and leaves adorned the small case.

It made for a cosy and welcoming space.



Yes, it was beaut;
no wonder he stayed behind,

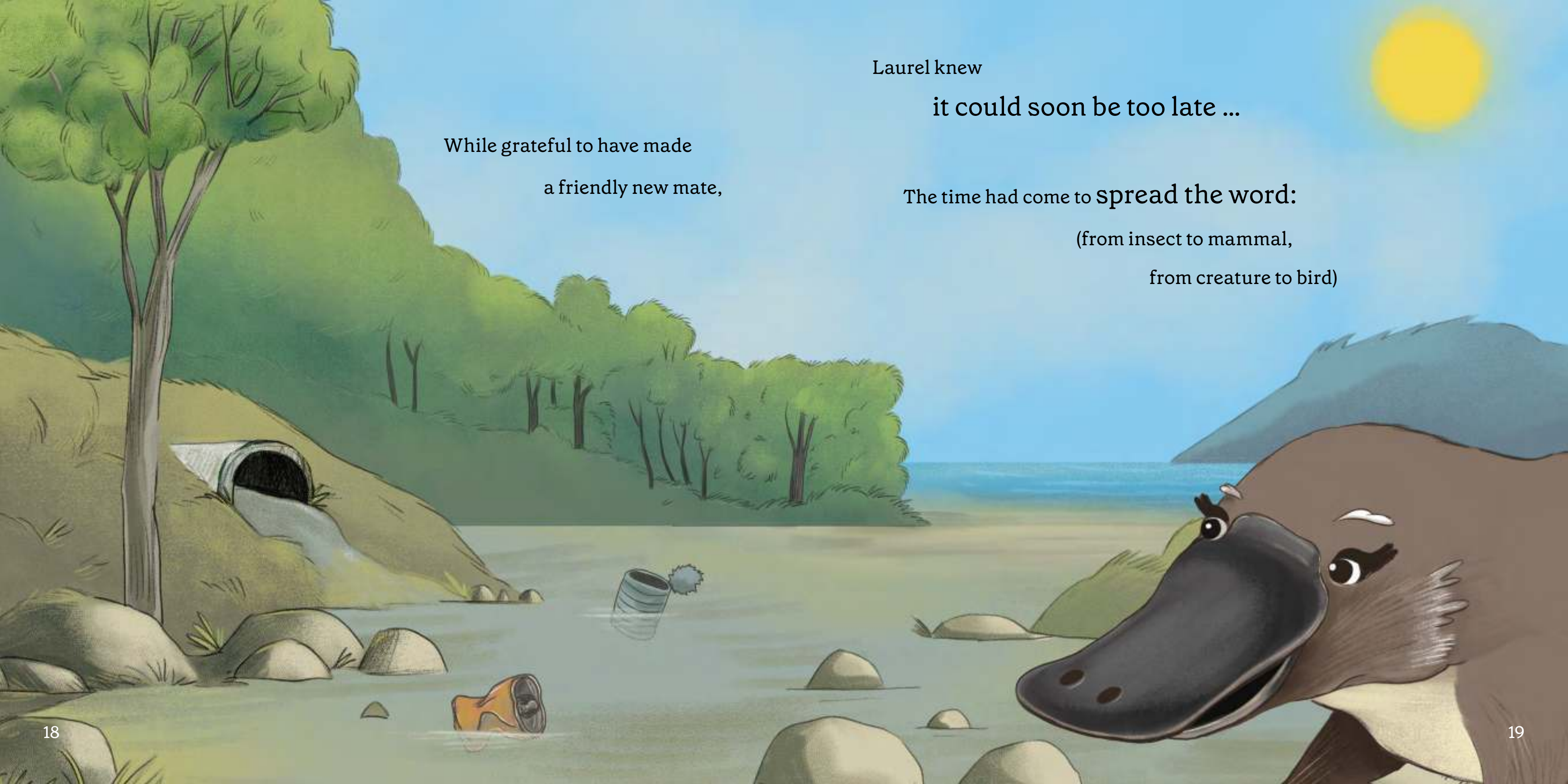
But a problem was apparent,
of a more serious kind.

She wondered out loud,
‘Was this due to **climate change?**’

*The water was dirty;
what was left was diminishing.*

Laurel’s mission was nowhere near finishing.

*The disappearing water,
so polluted and strange.*



Laurel knew

it could soon be too late ...

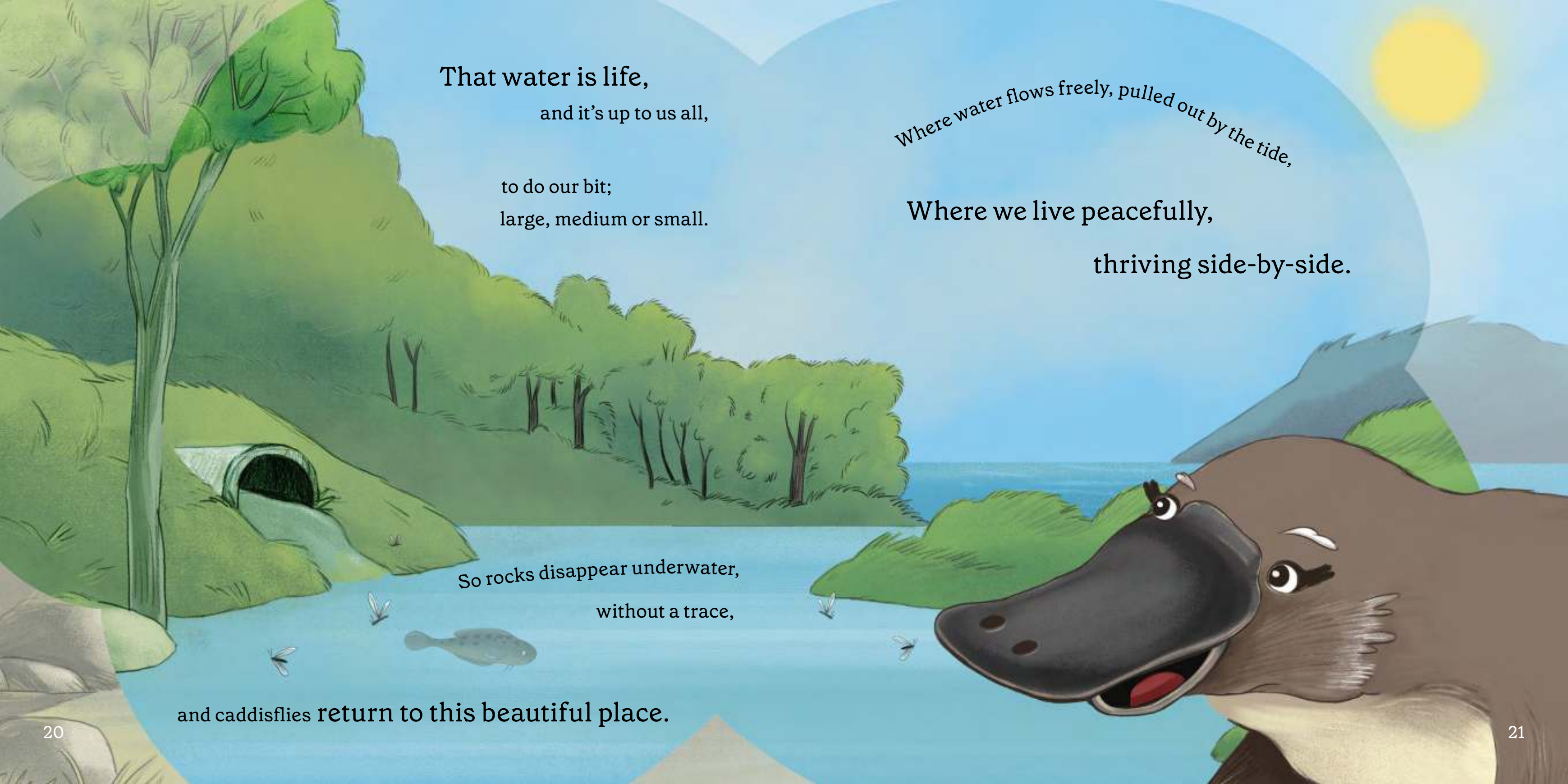
While grateful to have made

a friendly new mate,

The time had come to **spread the word:**

(from insect to mammal,

from creature to bird)



That water is life,
and it's up to us all,

to do our bit;
large, medium or small.

and caddisflies return to this beautiful place.

Where water flows freely, pulled out by the tide,

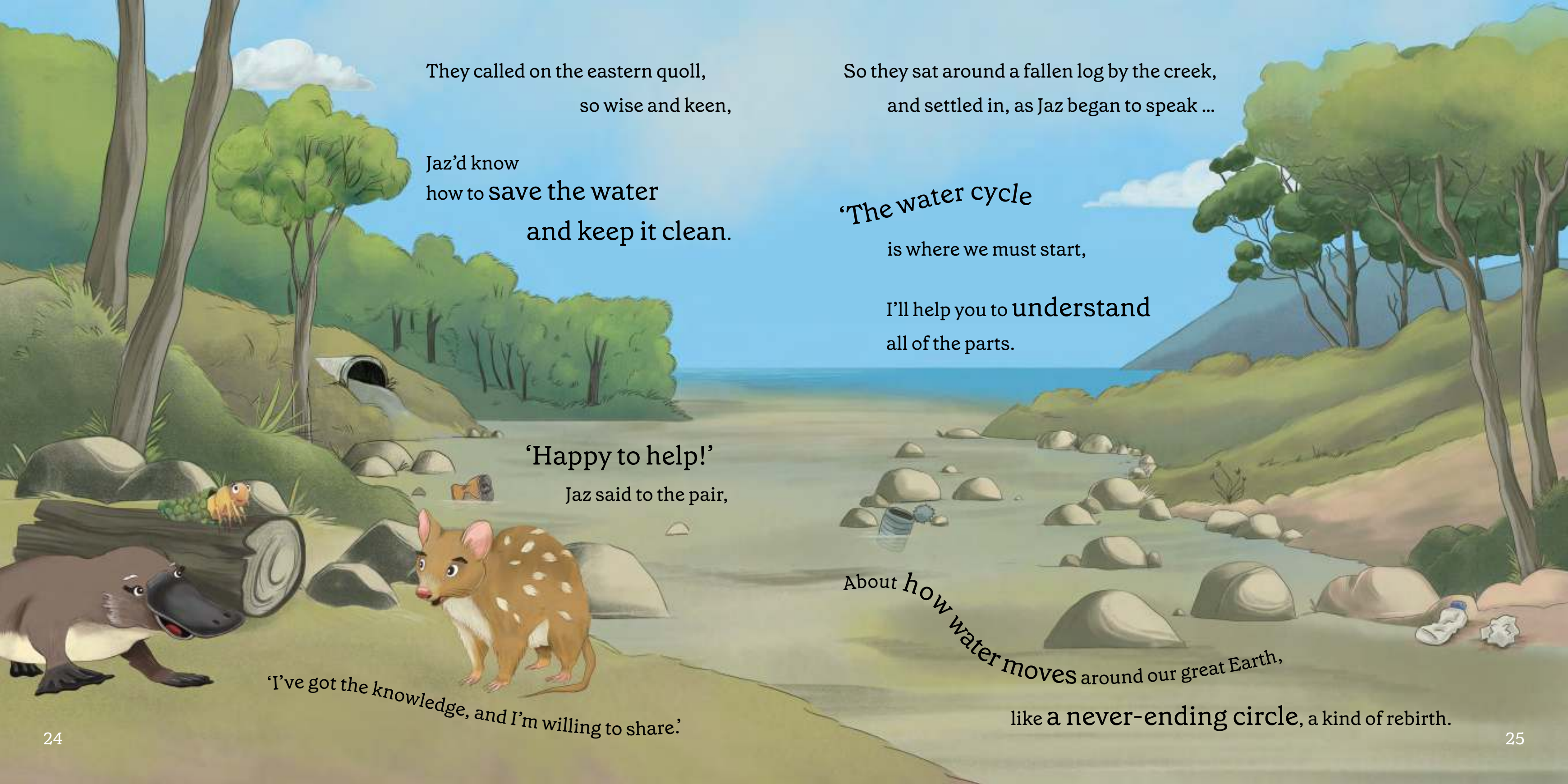
Where we live peacefully,
thriving side-by-side.

So rocks disappear underwater,
without a trace,

Chapter 2

East Coast of Tasmania, Triabunna





They called on the eastern quoll,
so wise and keen,

Jaz'd know
how to **save the water**
and keep it clean.

'Happy to help!'
Jaz said to the pair,

'I've got the knowledge, and I'm willing to share.'

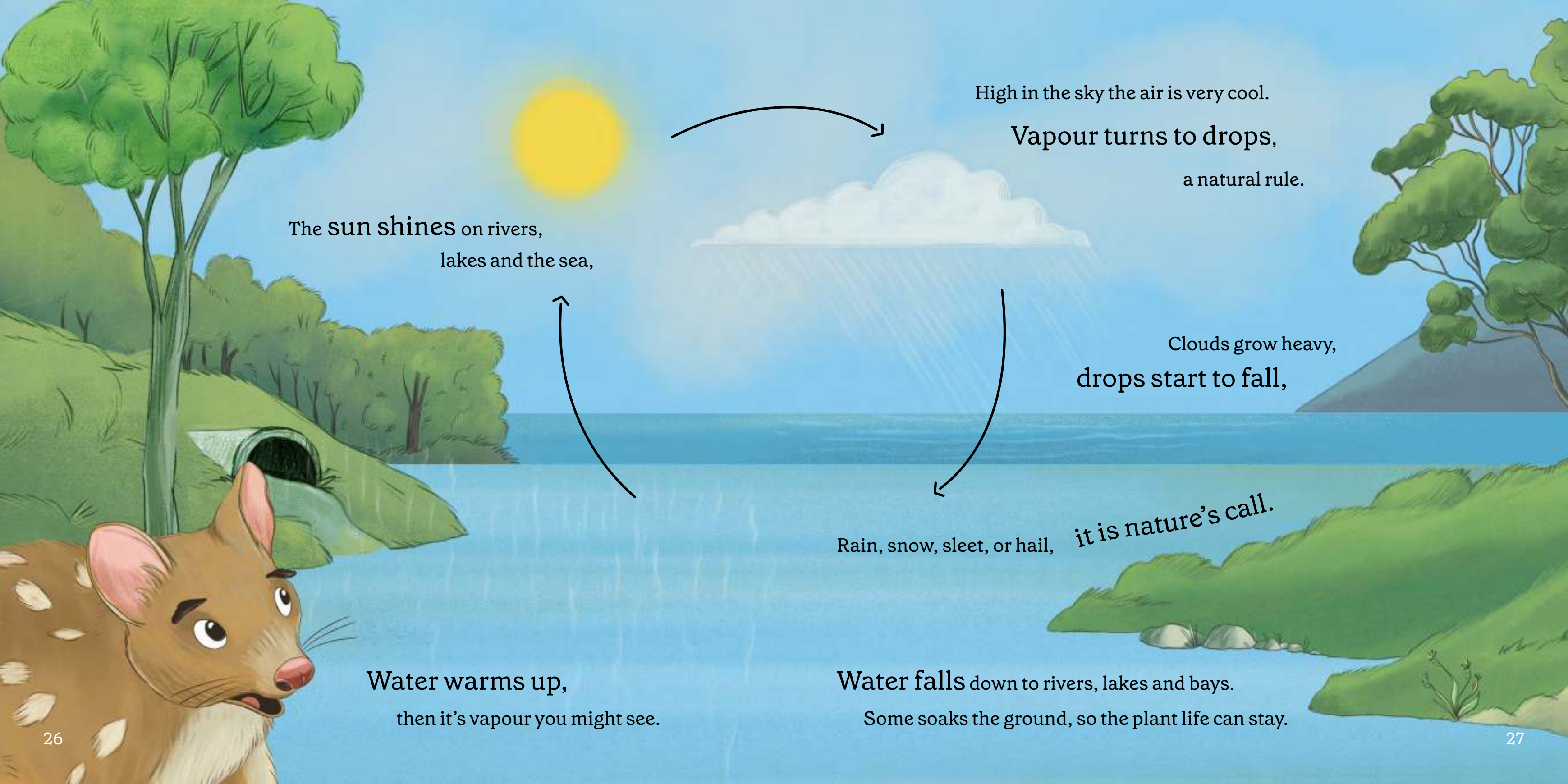
So they sat around a fallen log by the creek,
and settled in, as Jaz began to speak ...

'The water cycle

is where we must start,

I'll help you to **understand**
all of the parts.

About **how water moves** around our great Earth,
like a **never-ending circle**, a kind of rebirth.



The sun shines on rivers,
lakes and the sea,

High in the sky the air is very cool.

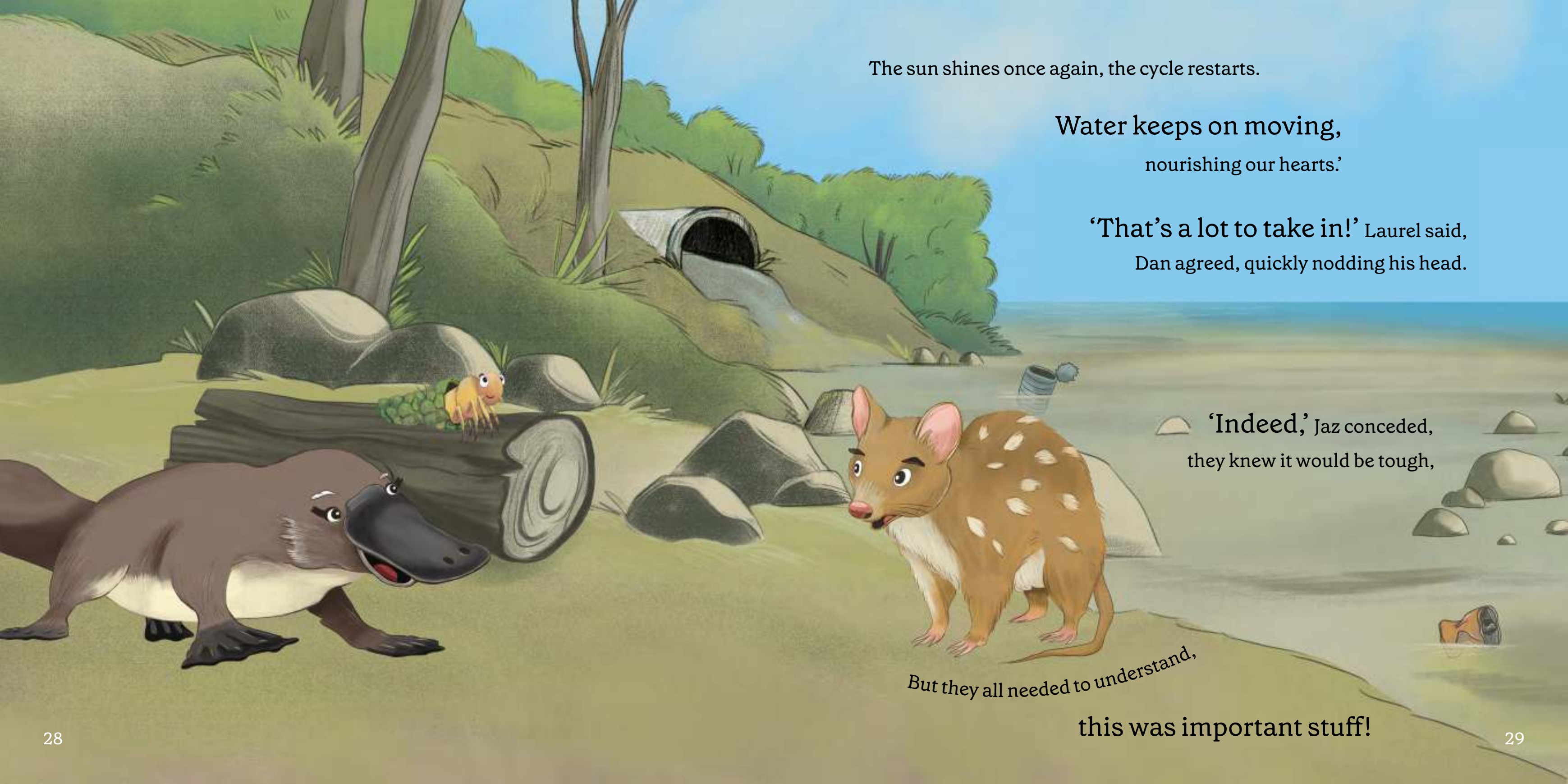
Vapour turns to drops,
a natural rule.

Clouds grow heavy,
drops start to fall,

Rain, snow, sleet, or hail,
it is nature's call.

Water warms up,
then it's vapour you might see.

Water falls down to rivers, lakes and bays.
Some soaks the ground, so the plant life can stay.



The sun shines once again, the cycle restarts.

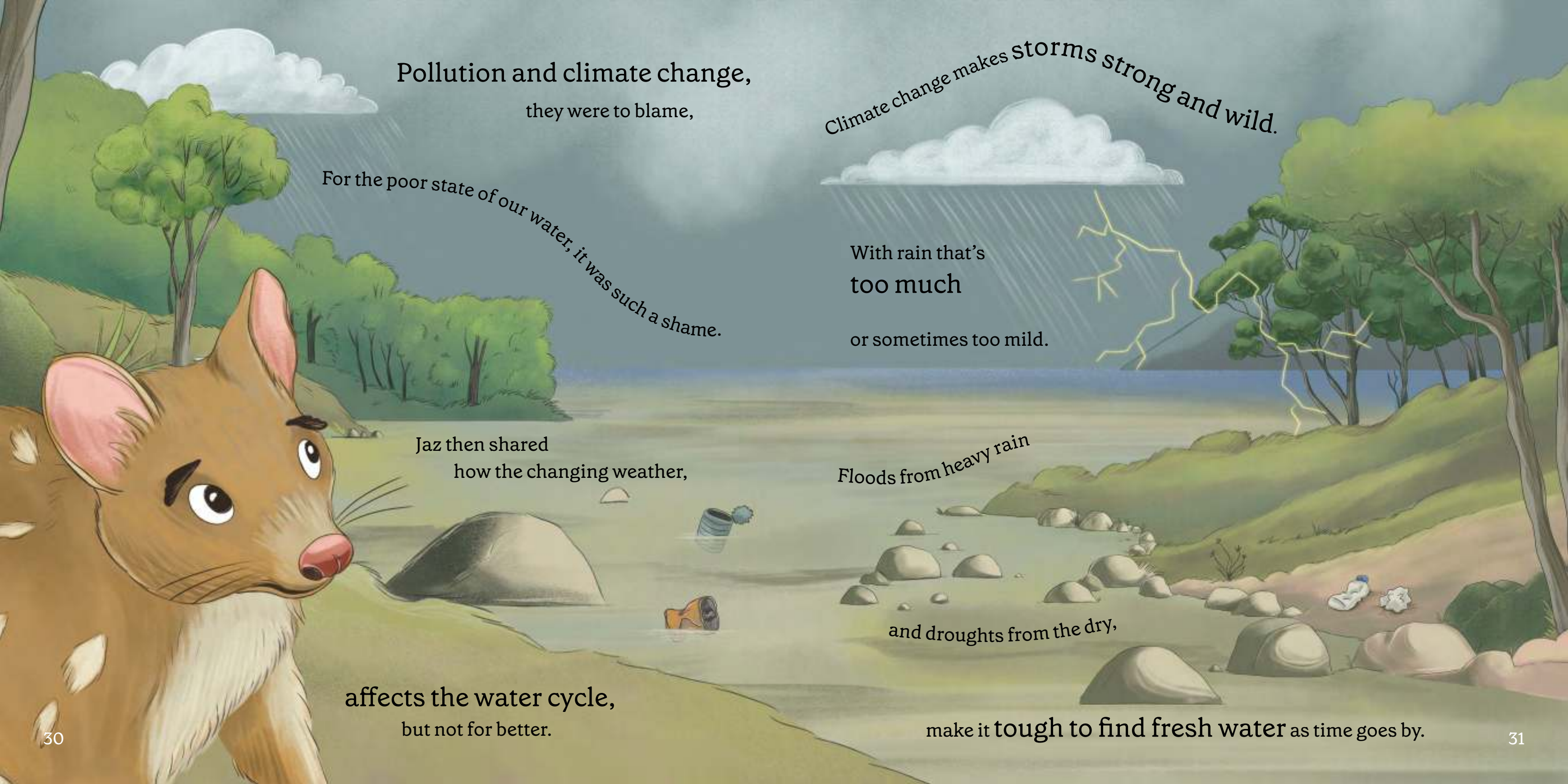
Water keeps on moving,
nourishing our hearts.'

'That's a lot to take in!' Laurel said,
Dan agreed, quickly nodding his head.

'Indeed,' Jaz conceded,
they knew it would be tough,

But they all needed to understand,

this was important stuff!



Pollution and climate change,
they were to blame,

For the poor state of our water, it was such a shame.

Jaz then shared
how the changing weather,

affects the water cycle,
but not for better.

Climate change makes storms strong and wild.

With rain that's
too much
or sometimes too mild.

Floods from heavy rain

and droughts from the dry,

make it tough to find fresh water as time goes by.



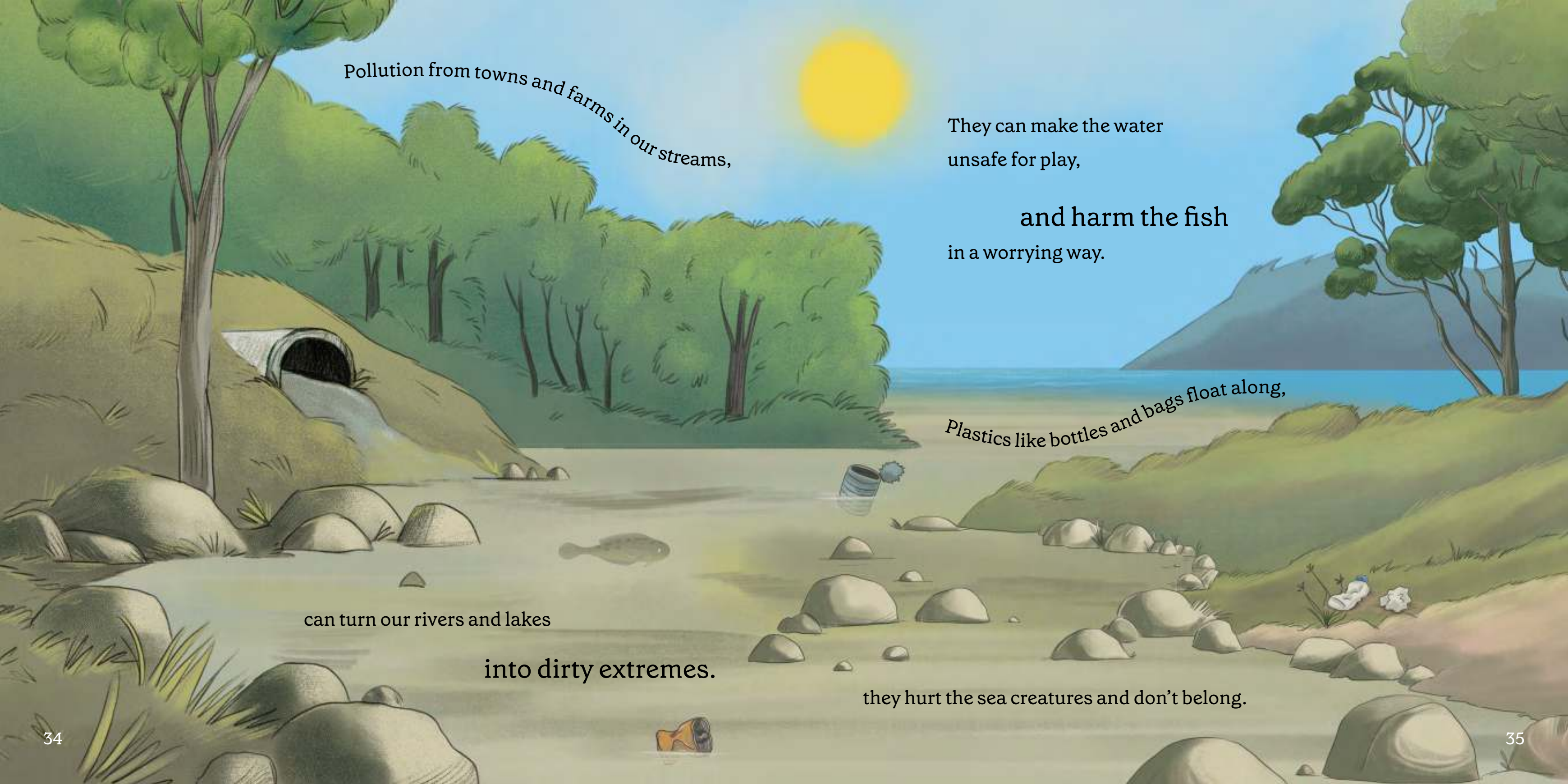
On warmer days, water evaporates fast,
precipitating elsewhere, how long will it last?

Temperature shifts, and flow that's strange,
can hurt the plants and animals,

If water's too different,
it can be hard to survive,

For creatures and people
trying to stay alive.

it's a mighty big change.



Pollution from towns and farms in our streams,

They can make the water
unsafe for play,

and harm the fish
in a worrying way.

Plastics like bottles and bags float along,

can turn our rivers and lakes

into dirty extremes.

they hurt the sea creatures and don't belong.



They clog the rivers,
and slow their flow,

making it a place where nobody goes.

Fertilisers bring nutrients
in a fast-flowing rush,

causing algal blooms to grow and gush.

This algae takes all the oxygen away,

leaving fish and plants
to struggle and sway.

Pollution and climate change
can make fresh water rare,

Dirty and scarce,
it's time that we cared ...

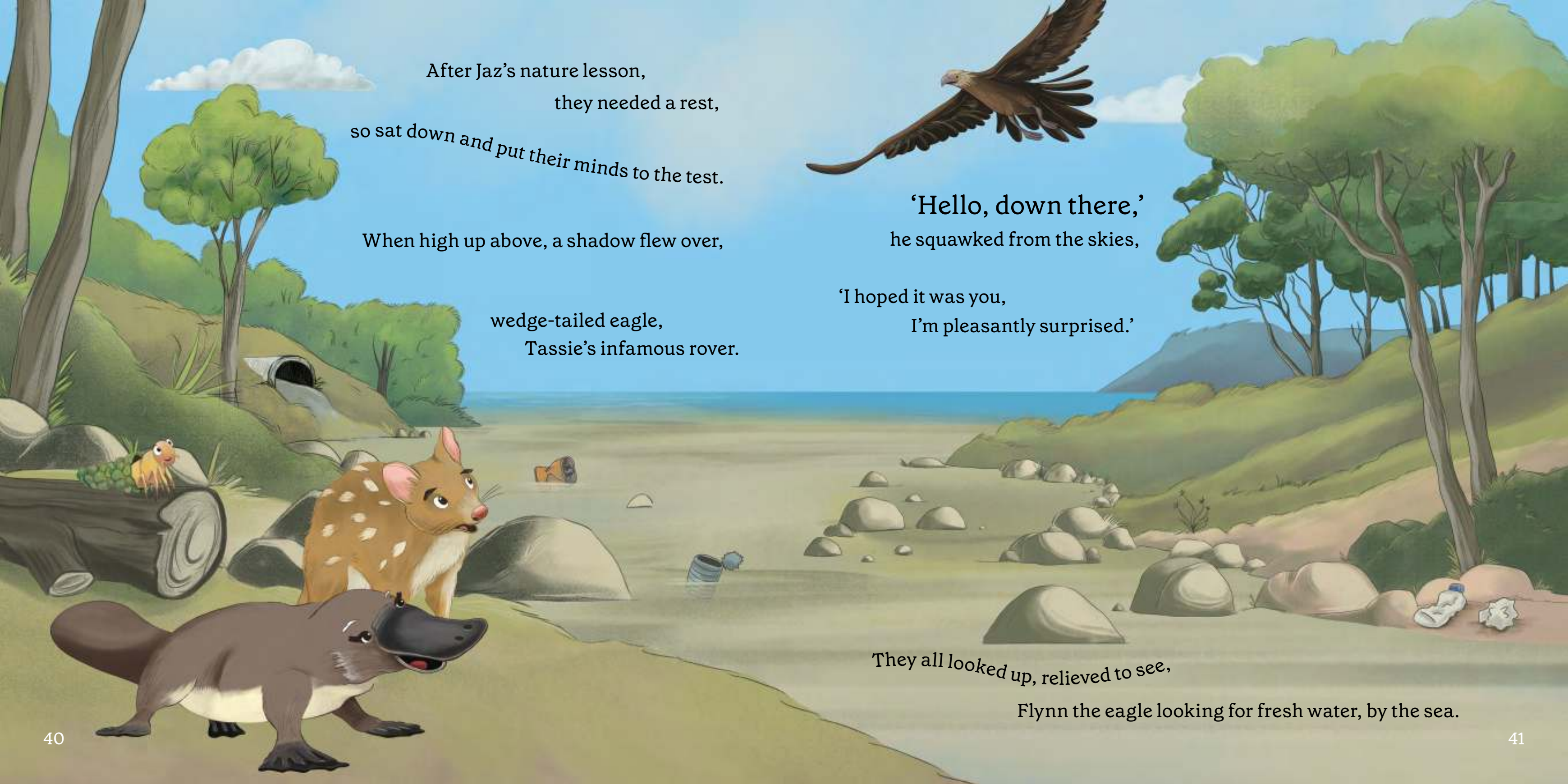
Health risks emerge, clean water is at stake.

Understanding these shifts is a step we must take.

Chapter 3

East Coast of Tasmania, Triabunna





After Jaz's nature lesson,
they needed a rest,
so sat down and put their minds to the test.

When high up above, a shadow flew over,

wedge-tailed eagle,
Tassie's infamous rover.



'Hello, down there,'
he squawked from the skies,

'I hoped it was you,
I'm pleasantly surprised.'

They all looked up, relieved to see,

Flynn the eagle looking for fresh water, by the sea.

He landed with grace and fluffed out his feathers.

The animals asked if they could all work together.

‘But of course, my friends ...

while I’m here, I can spread your message;

far and near.’

Flynn laid out his plan from this moment on,

they’d divide and conquer, setting out at dawn.

Dan and Laurel, the semi-aquatic pair,
would stick to the water
and make changes there.

They'd remove all the litter that flowed into their home,

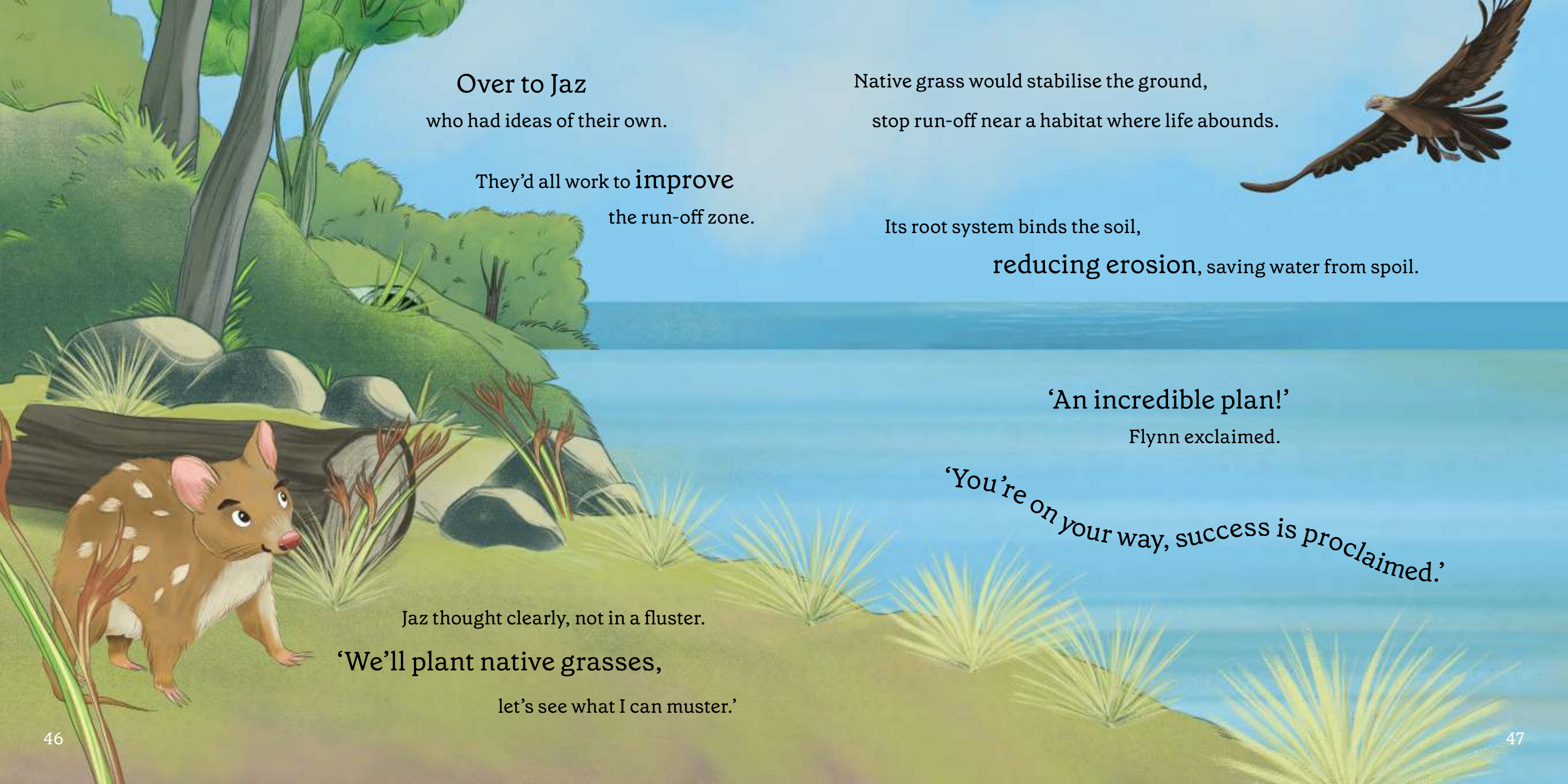
so everyone felt safe,
and happy to roam.

Reducing the danger
of being affected,

by garbage and waste, of being neglected.

Excited by what good they could do,
they dubbed themselves,

'The Formidable Two'.



Over to Jaz
who had ideas of their own.

They'd all work to **improve**
the run-off zone.

Native grass would stabilise the ground,
stop run-off near a habitat where life abounds.

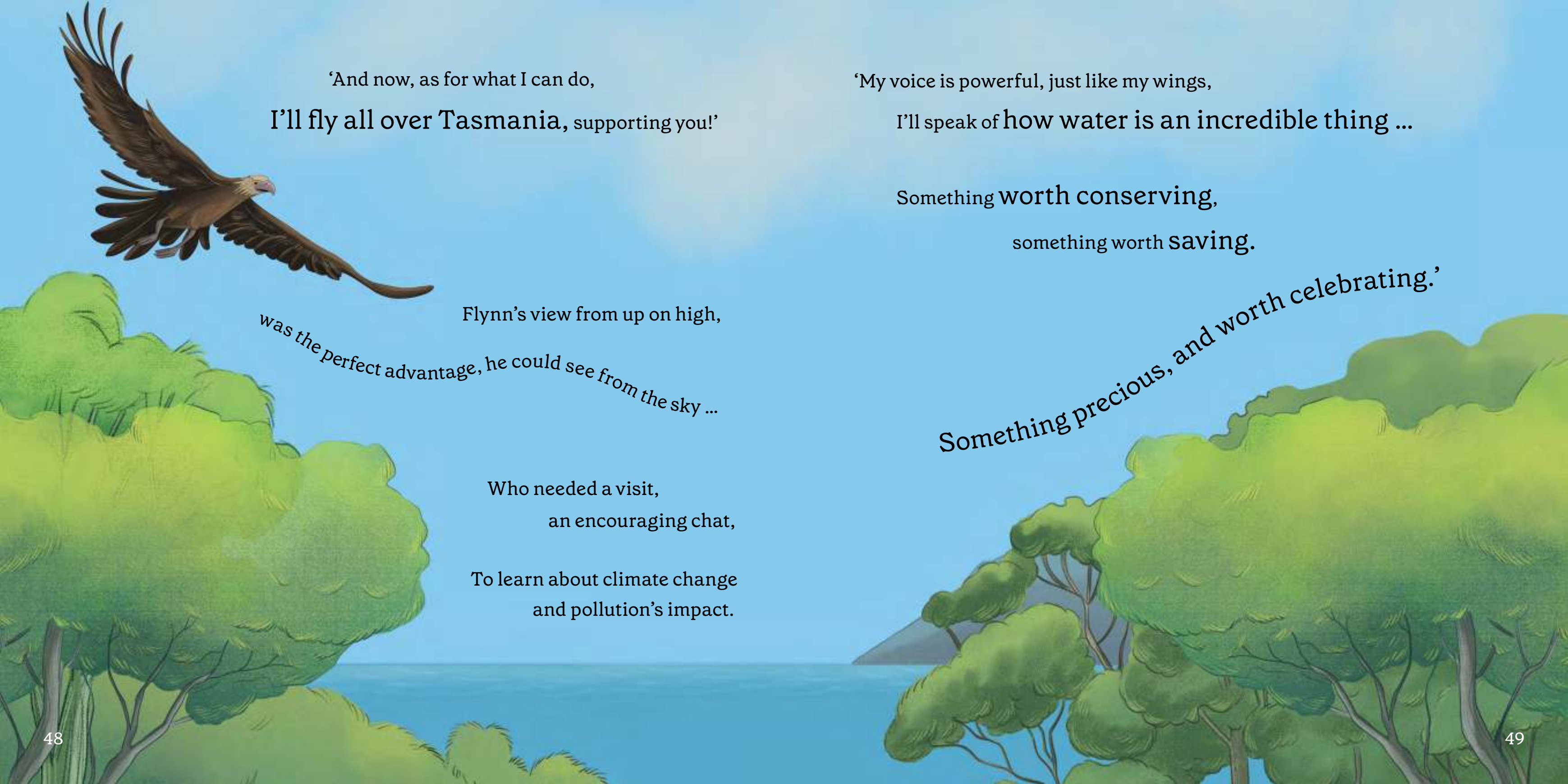
Its root system binds the soil,
reducing erosion, saving water from spoil.

'An incredible plan!'
Flynn exclaimed.

'You're on your way, success is proclaimed.'

Jaz thought clearly, not in a fluster.

'We'll plant native grasses,
let's see what I can muster.'



‘And now, as for what I can do,
I’ll fly all over Tasmania, supporting you!’

Flynn’s view from up on high,
was the perfect advantage, he could see from the sky ...

Who needed a visit,
an encouraging chat,
To learn about climate change
and pollution’s impact.

‘My voice is powerful, just like my wings,
I’ll speak of how water is an incredible thing ...

Something worth conserving,
something worth saving.

Something precious, and worth celebrating.’



In and out of days
and nights for a while,

The animals shared their plight,
mile upon mile.

And to their delight they could see,

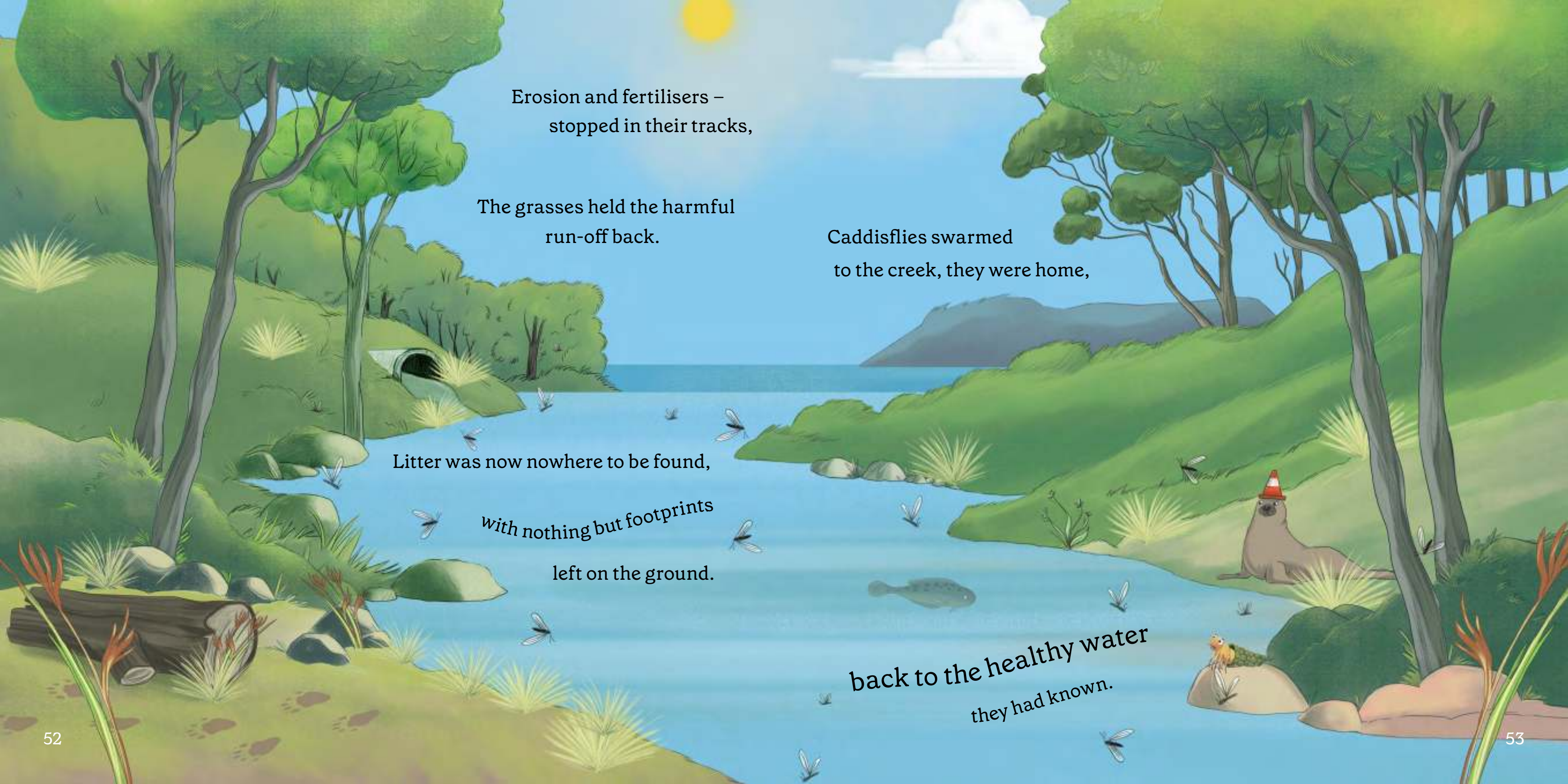
life returning
to what it used to be.

Rocks hid beneath the surface,
unseen,

while the creek flowed smoothly,
serene.

Grasses flourished,
bringing new life,

Insects and mammals lived
without strife.



Erosion and fertilisers –
stopped in their tracks,

The grasses held the harmful
run-off back.

Caddisflies swarmed
to the creek, they were home,

Litter was now nowhere to be found,

*with nothing but footprints
left on the ground.*

*back to the healthy water
they had known.*



And the animals
well, they were now heroes,

admired and celebrated everywhere that they go.

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.'

When Laurel the platypus discovers her beloved creek polluted and shrinking, she teams up with the local water guardians to save it.

Together, they uncover the causes of water pollution and climate change. Armed with knowledge and determination, can they save the creek?

The Water Guardians: Saving the Creek is a heartwarming tale of teamwork, environmental care, and the power of nature to heal.

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