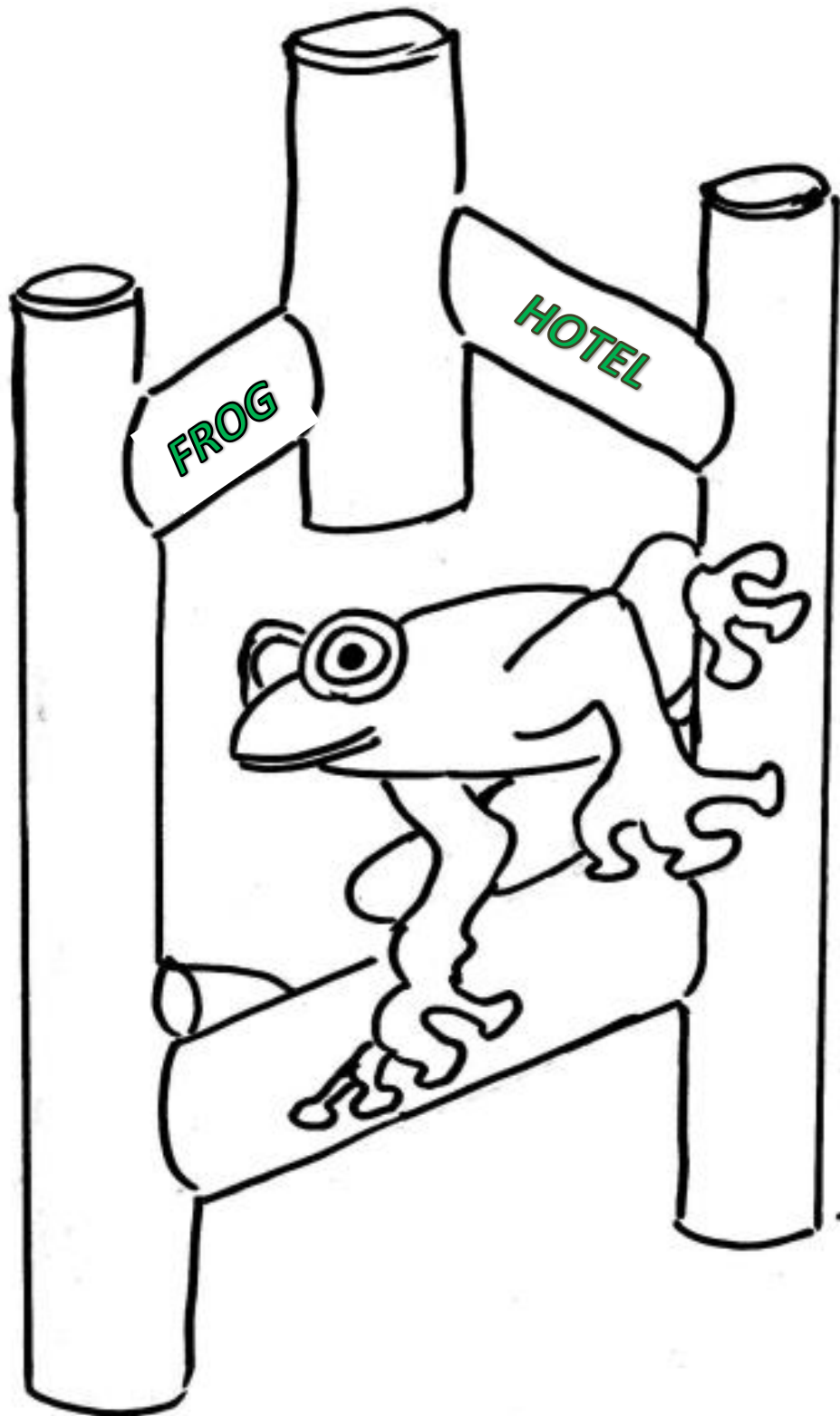


Ferny Frog



This project is organised through collaboration between Richmond Landcare Inc. and Rous County Council.

The Frog Hotel project was devised by Lyn Thomson, Barb Jensen and Janelle Murphy.

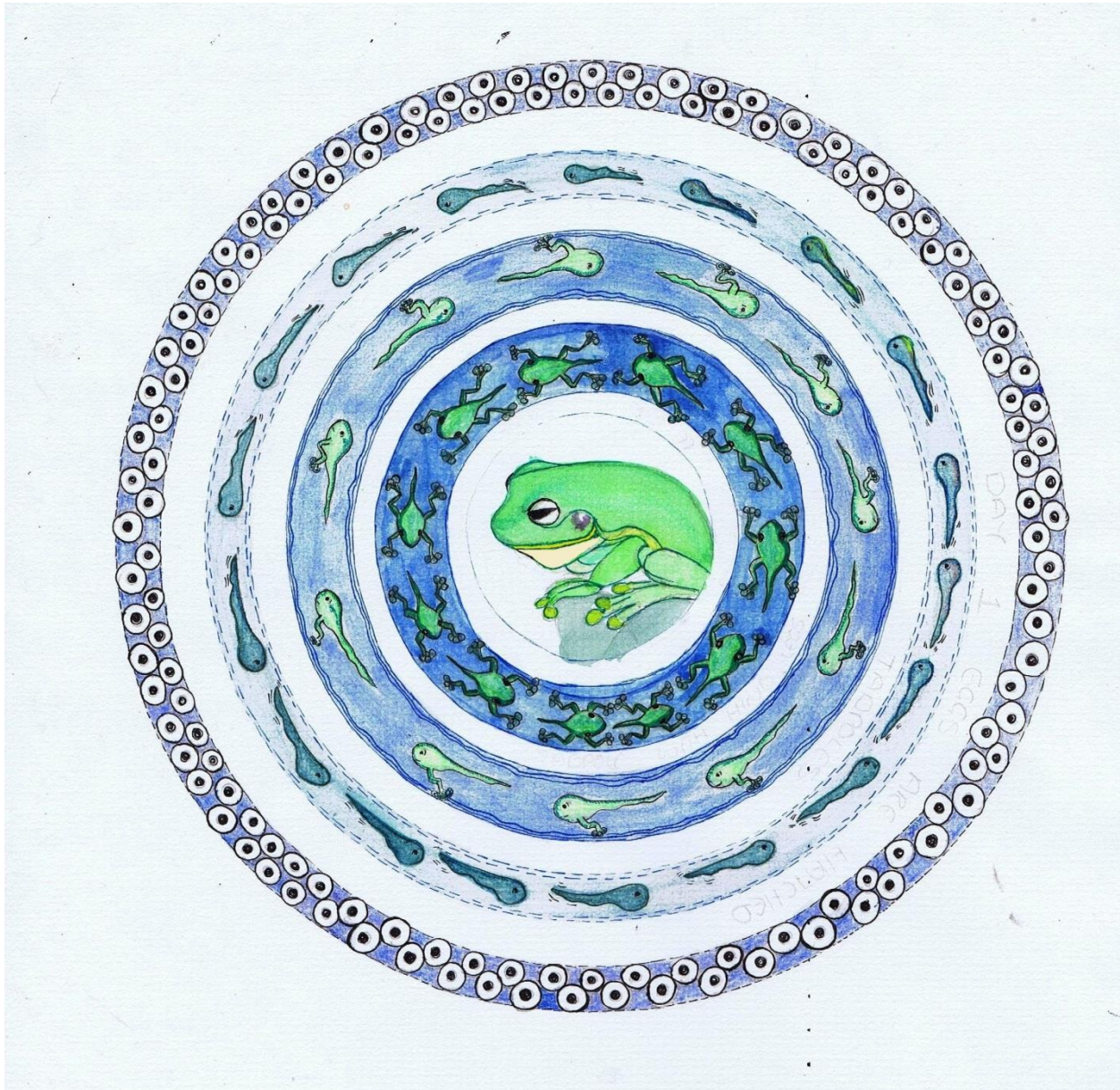
Ferny Frog is a story about a Green Tree Frog. While green tree frogs are not a threatened species, many other species of frogs are threatened and endangered. The Frog Hotel Project aims to raise awareness of the plight of frogs and how we can improve their environment.

Written by: Lyn Thomson©

Illustrations: Yasmin Trotter ©

Frog hotel and photos by Lyn Thomson©





Frog Mandala - Life-cycle of a frog

My name is Ferny; I'm a Green Tree Frog.

*I don't live in a tree like my cousins who live in
the rainforest.*

*Instead, I live in the city, where there aren't
many trees.*



I wish I could live in a tree.

I live in Nanny Thomson's garden. Life's ok where I live; I have a pond, lots of plants to hide under from the birds, and some big rocks to sit on.

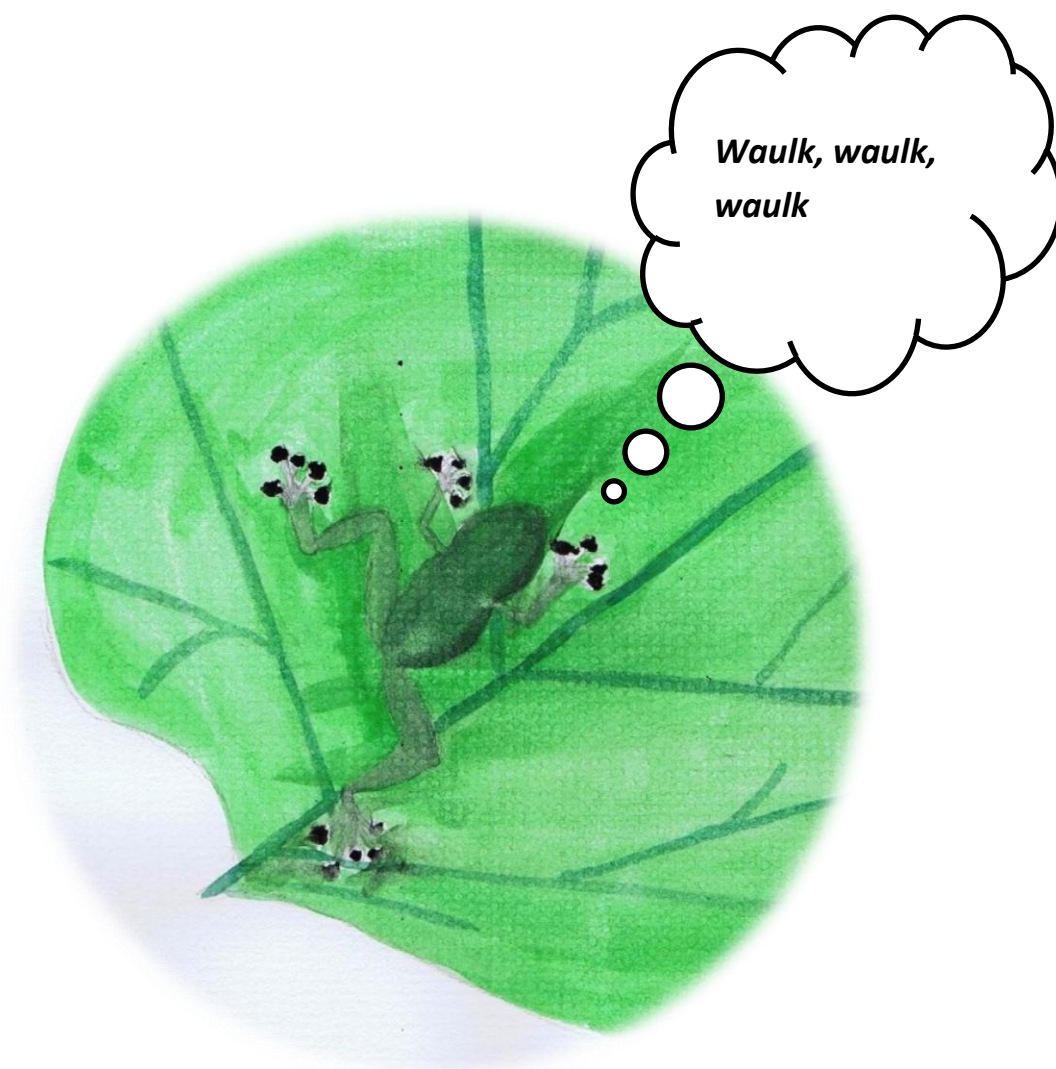


But I do wish I could live in a tree.

Nanny Thomson's grandchildren come to visit the garden; one of her grandchildren, Tawny gave me my name.



*Sometimes they help their Nan mulch the garden,
and they often visit me. I like it when they talk to
me. I answer them, “Waulk, waulk, waulk”. They
laugh and say “waulk, waulk, waulk” back to me.*





The children make sure that the pond has plenty of water in it, because they know that I need to keep my skin wet.

Nanny Thomson always tells them, “Make sure you get the water from the rainwater tank because frogs don’t like water from the tap, it has air bubbles and sometimes chemicals in it that might make Ferny sick.”



Nanny and the family look after me, but I still wish I could live in a tree.

One day the children's father also came to visit.

Nanny brought them down to the garden and

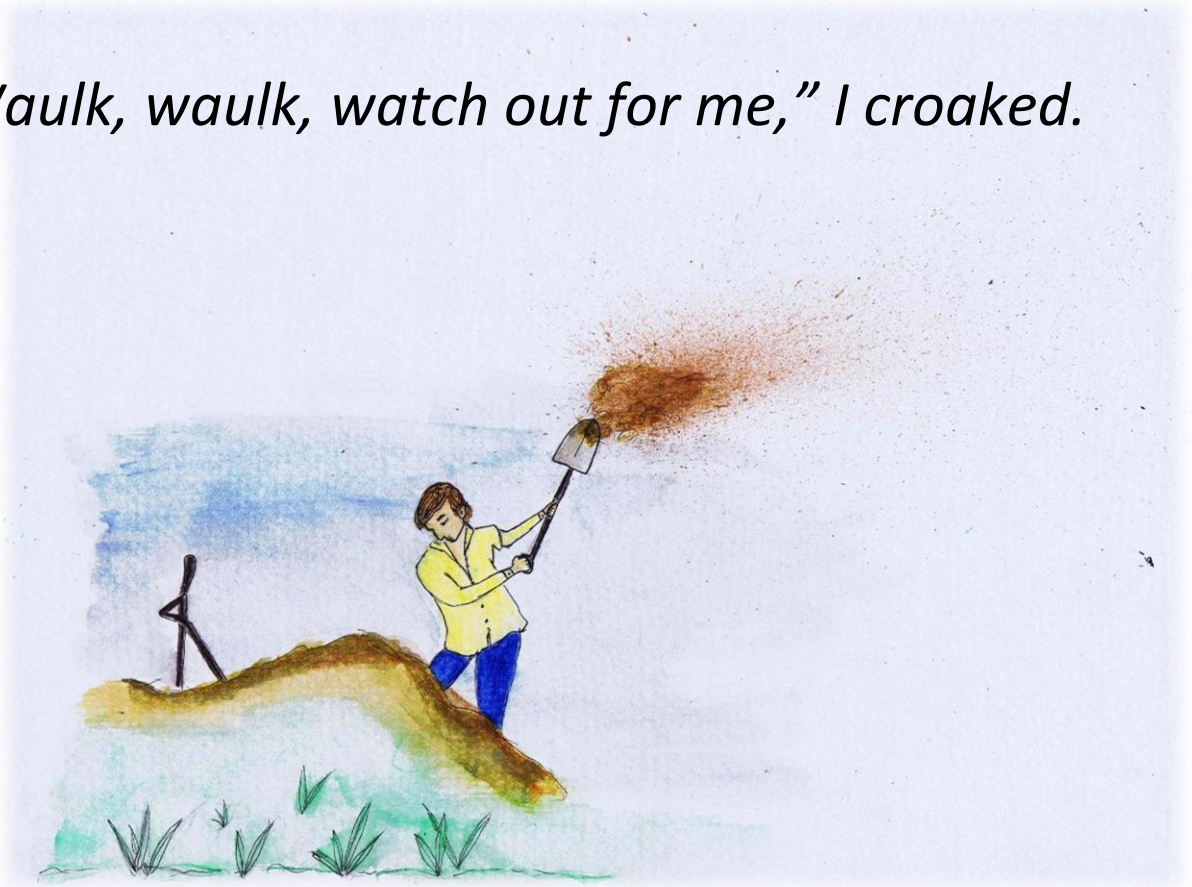
they began planting trees. Well I leapt from one

rock to another in excitement; at last I was getting

some trees in my garden. I got so close that next

thing I knew, dirt from the shovels landed on me.

"Waulk, waulk, watch out for me," I croaked.



*“Be careful of Ferny,” Nan called to her son;
these trees are for him and his friends. Nanny
picked me up and took me back to my pond.*

*As she gently put me down she said, “Ferny you
will have to be patient as these trees will not be
big enough for you to climb for a couple of
years.”*



Sadly, Ferny leapt out of Nanny's hands into the pond to hide his tears.



He wished he could live in a tree.

He splashed around for a while and then came out and sat on his rock. He watched them dig three more holes, but there were no more trees.

Nanny was carrying something. She said, “Here it is. The children have been helping me make it for Ferny.”



For me! What can it be?

They put it all together and painted it; then they put a sign on it. I hopped over to see what it was. It said, FROG HOTEL.



Nanny explained to her son that, until the trees grew big enough for Ferny and the other green tree frogs to live in, they could stay in the frog hotel. It would keep them safe from other animals that might hurt them, as well as protecting them from getting too hot or too cold.



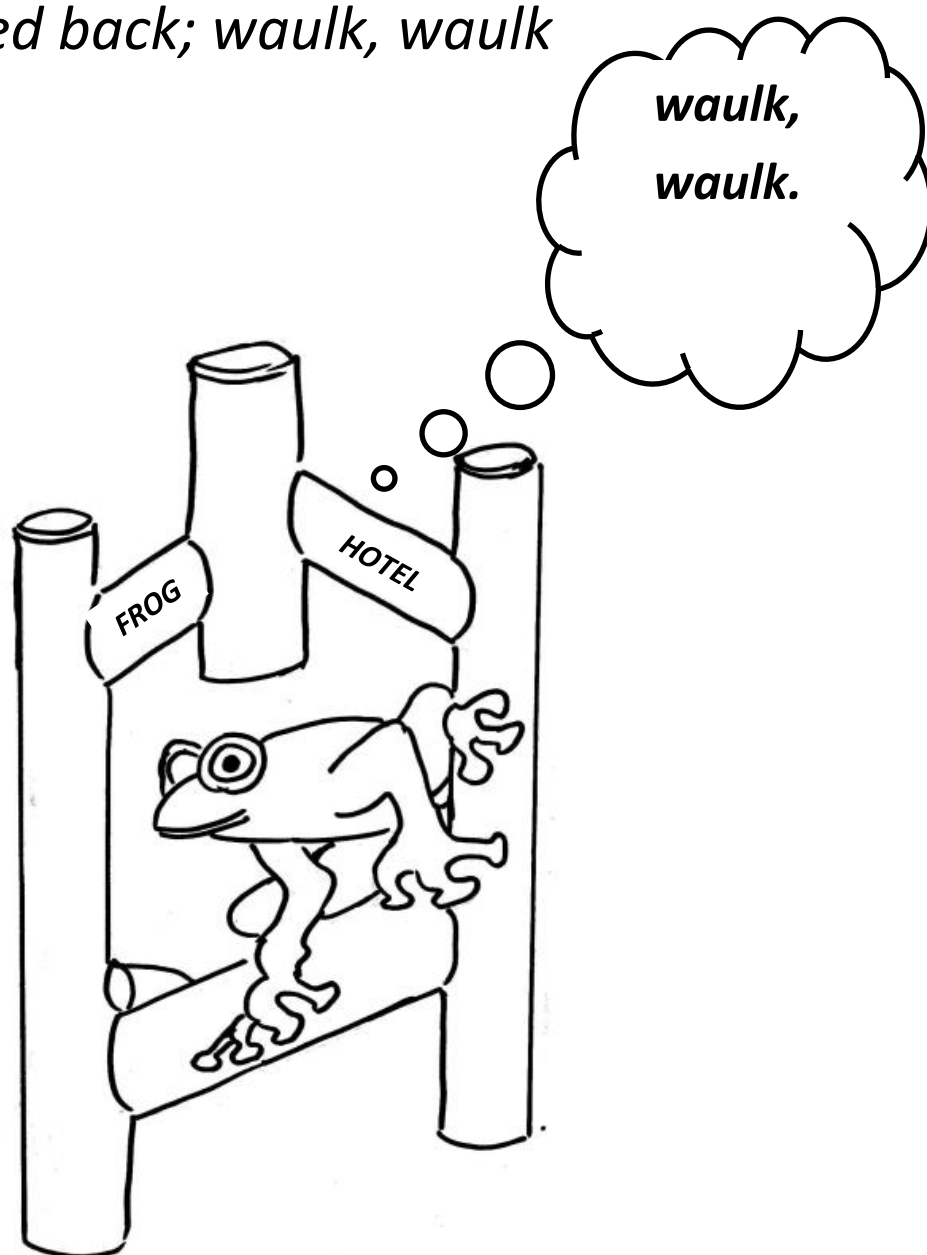
Nanny began to laugh as she explained, “Last year when they were looking for somewhere safe they got into my letterbox,



and even my toilet bowl.”



I leapt onto the FROG HOTEL and my feet sucked straight onto it; it felt great. I climbed along it and then I climbed inside it. “Waulk, waulk,” I croaked, and it echoed back; waulk, waulk



Over the next few weeks many of Ferny's family and friends came to stay with him in the FROG HOTEL, and Ferny would always tell them...



"I always wanted to live in tree, and someday I will, but until I do I have a home that I love, it's called the FROG HOTEL."

