



Australian
Childhood
Foundation



A Snail Tale

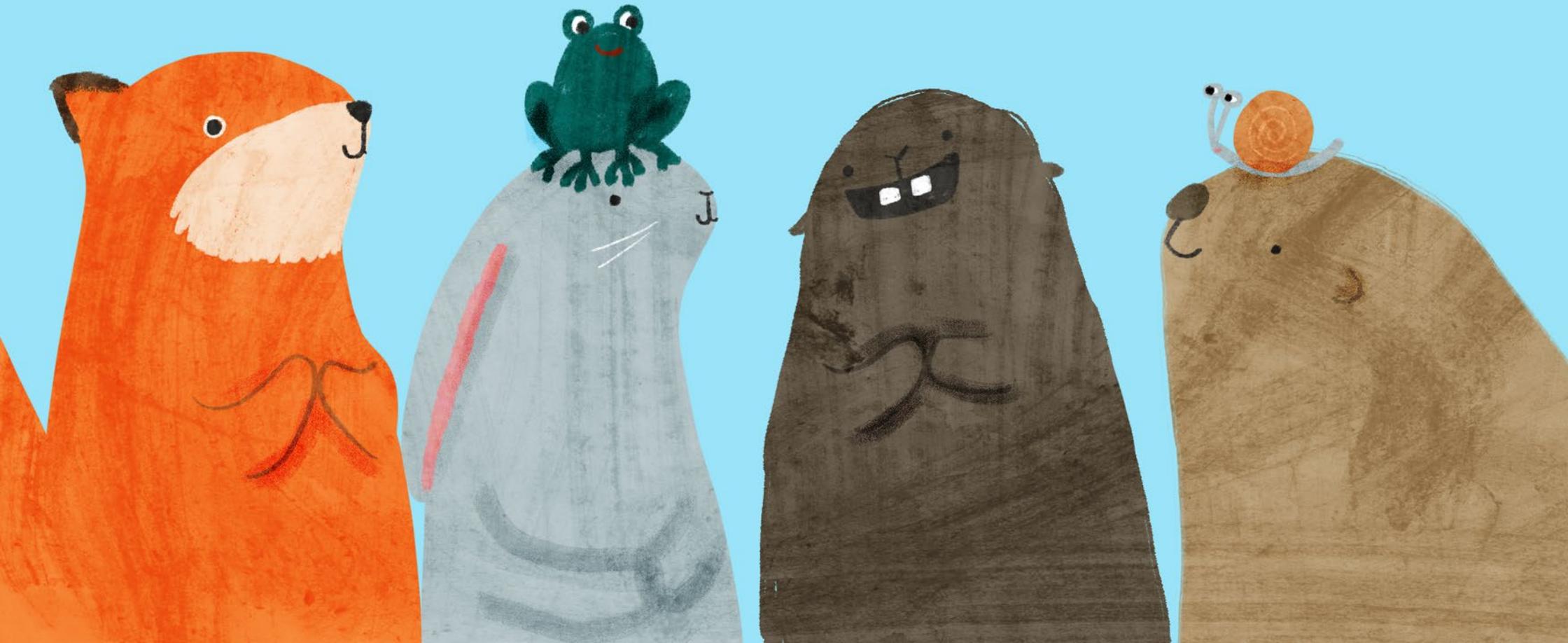
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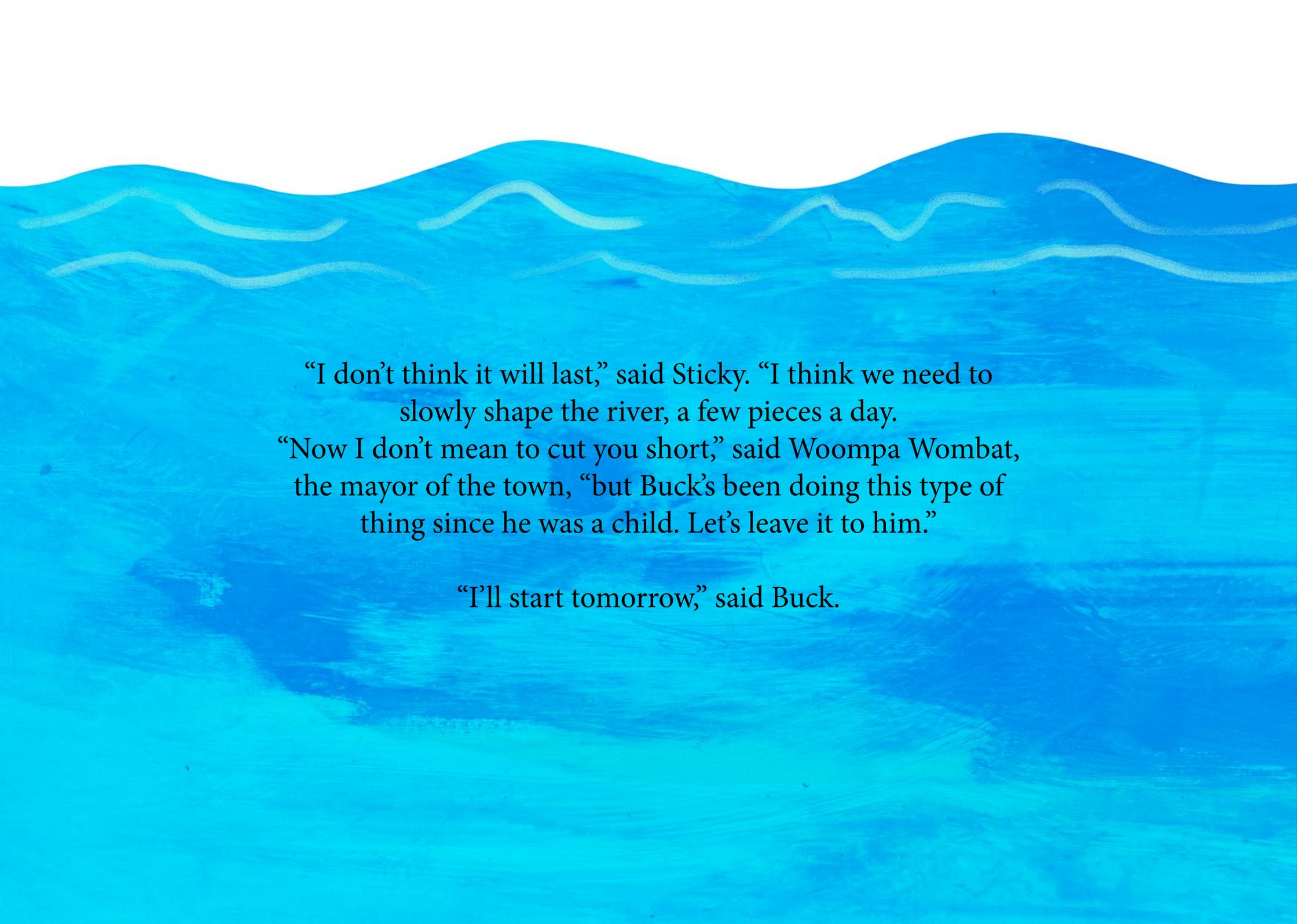


Sticky Snail lived in a small forest town with her friends. She wasn't the fastest, nor the strongest, but she liked to think she was the smartest. Her friends just didn't know yet and Sticky was determined to show them.

One day there was a town meeting and Sticky Snail left a few hours early to be there on time. All of the forest critters gathered around to discuss a food shortage. “We’re running very low,” said Ranger Rabbit, “by the time summer comes we won’t have any vegetables left at all”. “Well,” said Sticky Snail. “Isn’t there another vegetable garden on the other side of the river?” “That would be great,” said Franky Fox, “but how are we going to get there?” “I know,” said Buck Beaver, “I could build a dam and change the direction of the river so we could get there!”

All of the forest critters nodded in agreement.



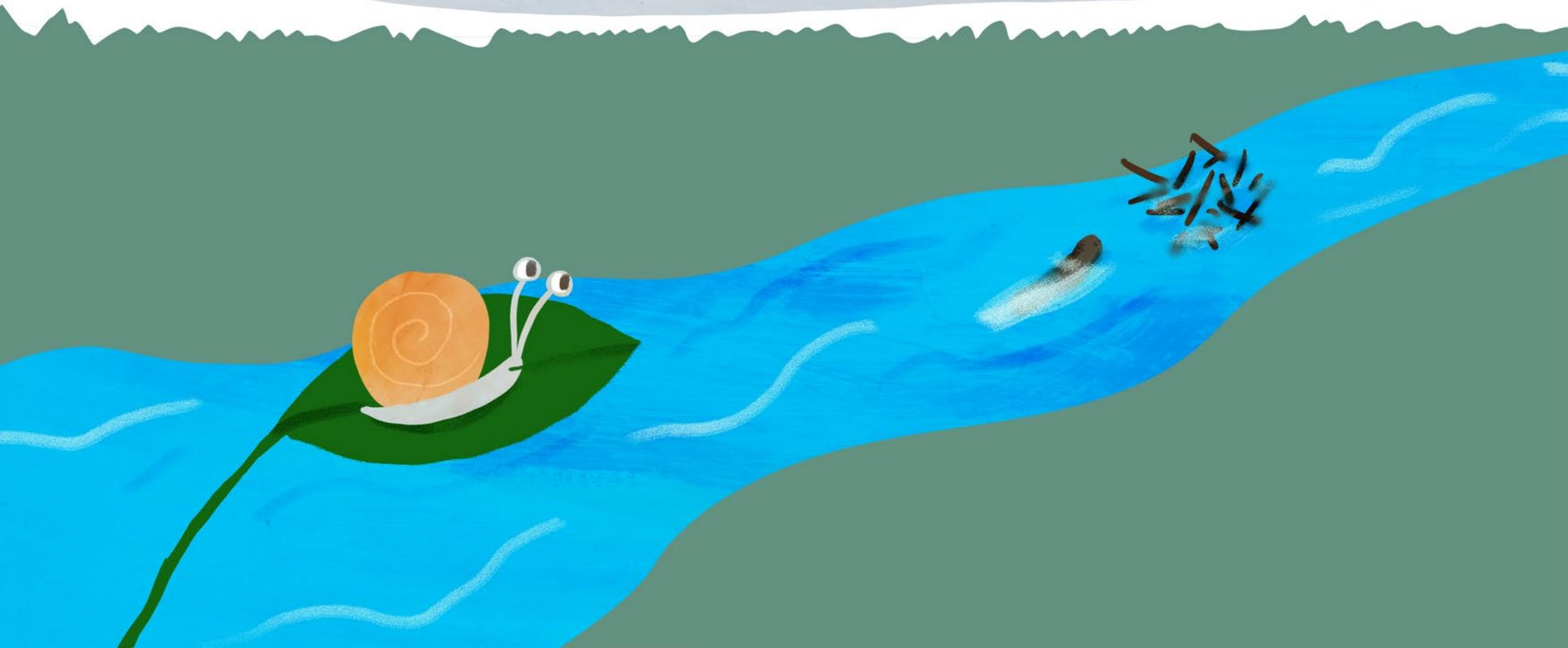


“I don’t think it will last,” said Sticky. “I think we need to slowly shape the river, a few pieces a day.”

“Now I don’t mean to cut you short,” said Woomba Wombat, the mayor of the town, “but Buck’s been doing this type of thing since he was a child. Let’s leave it to him.”

“I’ll start tomorrow,” said Buck.

Without another word,
the meeting had ended. Sticky plodded back home
wondering why no one listened to her.
The next day she watched Buck as he began to build a
giant dam in the middle of the river. She pictured a big
rain storm ruining the dam and making it unsafe again
for everyone in the town. I have to do something, she
thought to herself.



Sticky went downstream from Buck and started doing her own work.

After a long day of moving a few stones, she saw he had almost finished the dam on her way home. Sticky had barely started her project in comparison to Buck and felt a little slow.

“I might not be the fastest,” she reminded herself, but if I take my time I’ll get the job done.



The next morning on her way back she passed Buck's dam and sure enough it seemed to be working. The river had taken a rapid and sudden change in direction and all of the forest critters were celebrating.

"You've done it again Buck," they cheered. Woompa Wombat even presented him with a trophy!

Sticky smiled to herself, "that must feel nice, but I have to keep working!" Each day she kept chipping away... a few stones here, a few stones there. After about ten days she finally saw her plan was starting to work.



One day she was taken by surprise.

“What are you doing?” asked Tam Toad, who had followed her.

“I’m changing the river,” said Sticky.

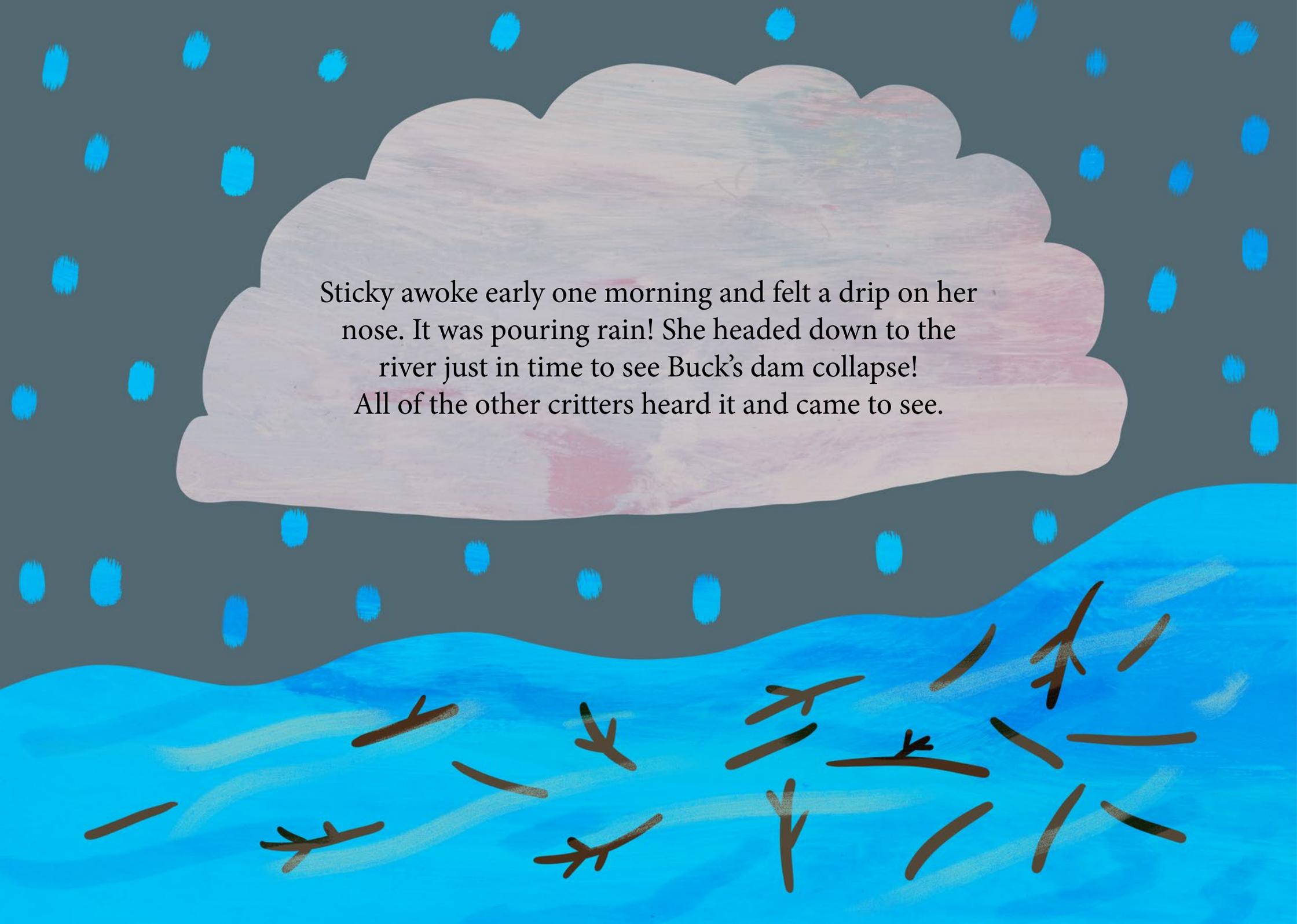
“But Beaver already did that,” said Tam, confused.

“Well for now,” replied Sticky Snail. “But when it rains, I don’t think it’s going to hold.”



“I want to help!” said Tam. With the help of Tam, the two friends started to make even more change. Little by little they moved stones and sticks to different parts of the river and used mud to mold it all together. After a few weeks they had finally changed the course of the river.





Sticky awoke early one morning and felt a drip on her nose. It was pouring rain! She headed down to the river just in time to see Buck's dam collapse! All of the other critters heard it and came to see.

“Oh no,” said Mayor Woomba! “The river’s going back in the old direction. We’re fully out of vegetables and won’t be able to cross the river! I declare an emergency meeting now!” Everyone in the forest came to the meeting looking frantic. Sticky was trying to find her voice, when Toad hopped in. “Don’t worry!” said Toad. “Sticky already came up with a backup plan! We’ve been changing the river downstream. Come with us and you’ll see.”

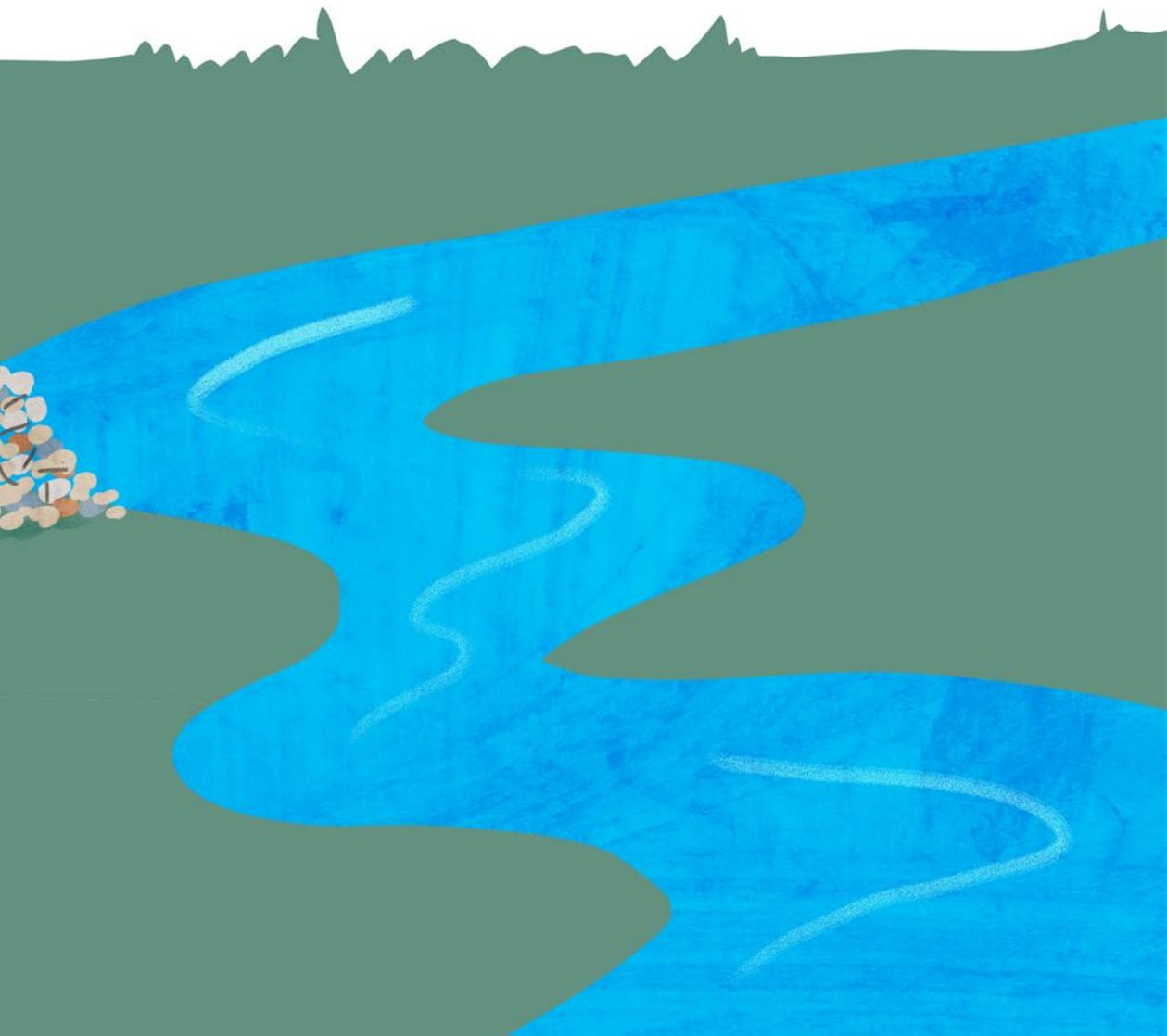


The whole town followed Sticky and Tam to see what they were talking about. Sure enough, even with the high river, their work was holding, and the river was holding its course.

“Sticky’s a hero!” said Beaver. “How on earth did you do it Sticky?” asked Buck.

“A few rocks here and a few sticks there and a little bit of mud,” Sticky showed Buck. “I kept making little banks every so often down the whole river so that it had time to change direction.”

“Marvellous idea,” said Buck, “I’ve never seen anything like it before!”



All of the forest critters hoisted Sticky and Toad up on their shoulders and cheered.

“I might not be the fastest, I might not be the strongest, but sometimes I sure have good ideas,” smiled Sticky Snail to herself.

