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YABBY by Virginia Lowe

Text

PAGE 1

Yabby

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Yabby, by Virginia Lowe

PAGES 4/5

Snug in my mud home-hole,
I lie in wait for food floating by -
water weed, insect larvae,
delicious nameless wriggling things.

PAGES 6/7

Then suddenly appears
something new and strange -
something that smells wild and wonderful!
I lunge and snatch -
Mine!

Notes on illustration and design

Half-title -

small picture of yabby and title

*Full page illustration incorporating title,
publication details*

*Yabby in hole - the entrance makes a little
muddy mountain*

*Yabby and meat on string, and human feet
through the water in the background -
thematically, links with leg and foot on tram,
later...*

PAGES 8/9

But surprise!
As I grasp the morsel it streaks upwards
like a bubble from disturbed ooze.
Up, up, to the mirror-surface
it rises and I rise with it,
till together we break
through the barrier
and flash into the bright hot air above.

PAGES 10/11

A hard bright coloured thing
surrounds me -
claws cannot grip.
Panic!
My home-hole is gone
and the smooth water -
though there on the bottom
there is at least
a little comforting mud.

PAGES 12/13

Beyond the rim there loom two beings -
impossibly high like trees,
Now muddy water sloshes over me soothing
my gills,
and a bumping begins.
When my pond water has been churned
by a creature racing through
sometimes I have been rocked and bumped like
this.

*Being pulled up - showing the meniscus
from below, Yabby's point of view, with the
Yabby's reflection on it. And perhaps
showing how the meniscus bulges
outwards, is distorted, as the Yabby (and
the meat) reach the surface*

*Yabby in the bottom of the bucket, possibly
with human hands or a head looking in*

*Two children - probably a boy and a girl - from the
perspective of the yabby looking upwards, seeming
to reach the sky.*

*The children scoop some water into the bucket and
begin walking.*

*Possibly "memory" of dog spashing joyously in
pool.*

[could be two or three separate pictures]

PAGES 14/15

Then something enormous!
Harsh green and yellow with thunderous vibrations.

On the street - a tram is approaching

PAGES 16/17

Nothing is solid anymore.
Vibrations, bumping, jerking -
until suddenly the hard bright walls
are gone.

*Children looking abstracted out window of tram,
bucket is in the process of tipping, unnoticed.*

PAGES 18/19

Freedom!
But where is the pond
and my snug home-hole?

*The underneath of the tram seats, various feet
hanging down, yabby off exploring*

PAGES 20/21

Perhaps if I climb this branch
I can find the water?

On the shoe of man, as yet unnoticed

PAGES 22/23

*Wordless - now on the leg - a hairy male
leg, which is shaking to get it off. Anger
from the conductor. Consternation, or
amusement, from the children and other
passengers*

PAGES 24/25

This branch is not safe,
it is shaking wildly -
there must be wind blowing,
though I can't feel it.
High-pitched vibrations, very strong
hurting my receptors.

*[The vibrations are the man yelling, and others
shouting or laughing.]*

But now I am caught from behind.
I try to nip, but my claws just cannot reach
and I let go.

*Child's hand taking Yabby from the leg. In
background, Conductor pointing off the
tram.*

PAGES 26/27

The hard bright walls surround me and the bumping
starts again. The muddy water has gone and my
gills feel hot and dry.

*Children walking away with bucket, tram
in the background. Could be from the point
of view of the yabby peering out again.*

PAGES 28/29

A familiar smell, a wonderful sight!

The home-pond -

Children back at pond, with the bucket

PAGES 30/31

and my home-hole, safe and secure.

*Swimming back underwater to the hole-
mountain.*

PAGE 32

[A paragraph on the yabby, explaining that they can live out of water, but like to keep their gills damp. They travel out of the water on damp nights and even days sometimes, so could have seen, could have known, trees and wind. They can't hear, only sense vibrations, but they can sense these in lots of different ways.]