

# Woody's Weedy Wanderings

## A Cautionary Tale



Story by Carolyn Lewis  
Pictures by Janet Hodgetts

Dear reader,

This is the story of how garden plants spread around the world and how the weedy ones 'jumped the garden fence' to invade our natural areas.

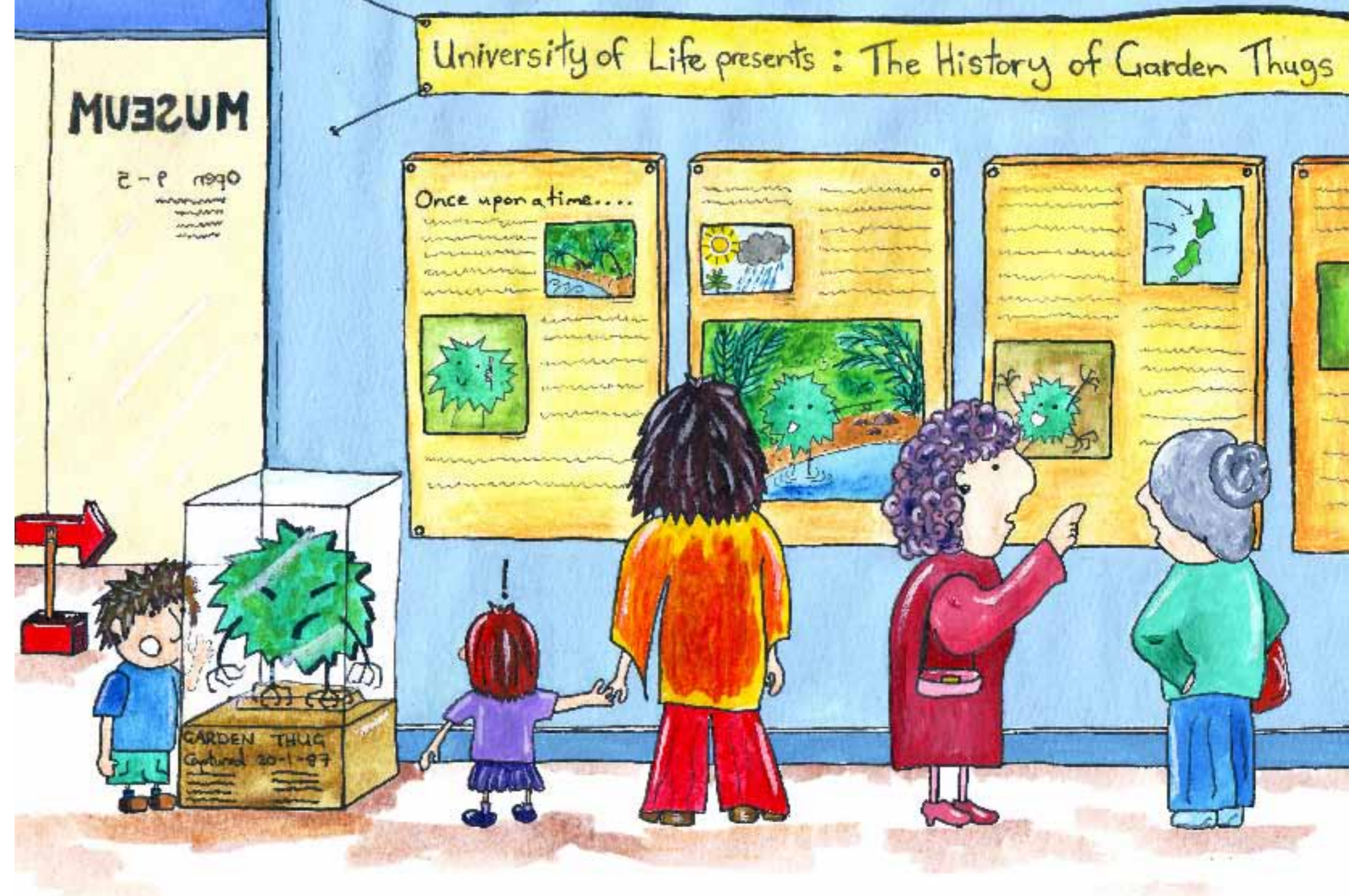


Throughout this book you will see lots of pictures of different 'weed thugs'.



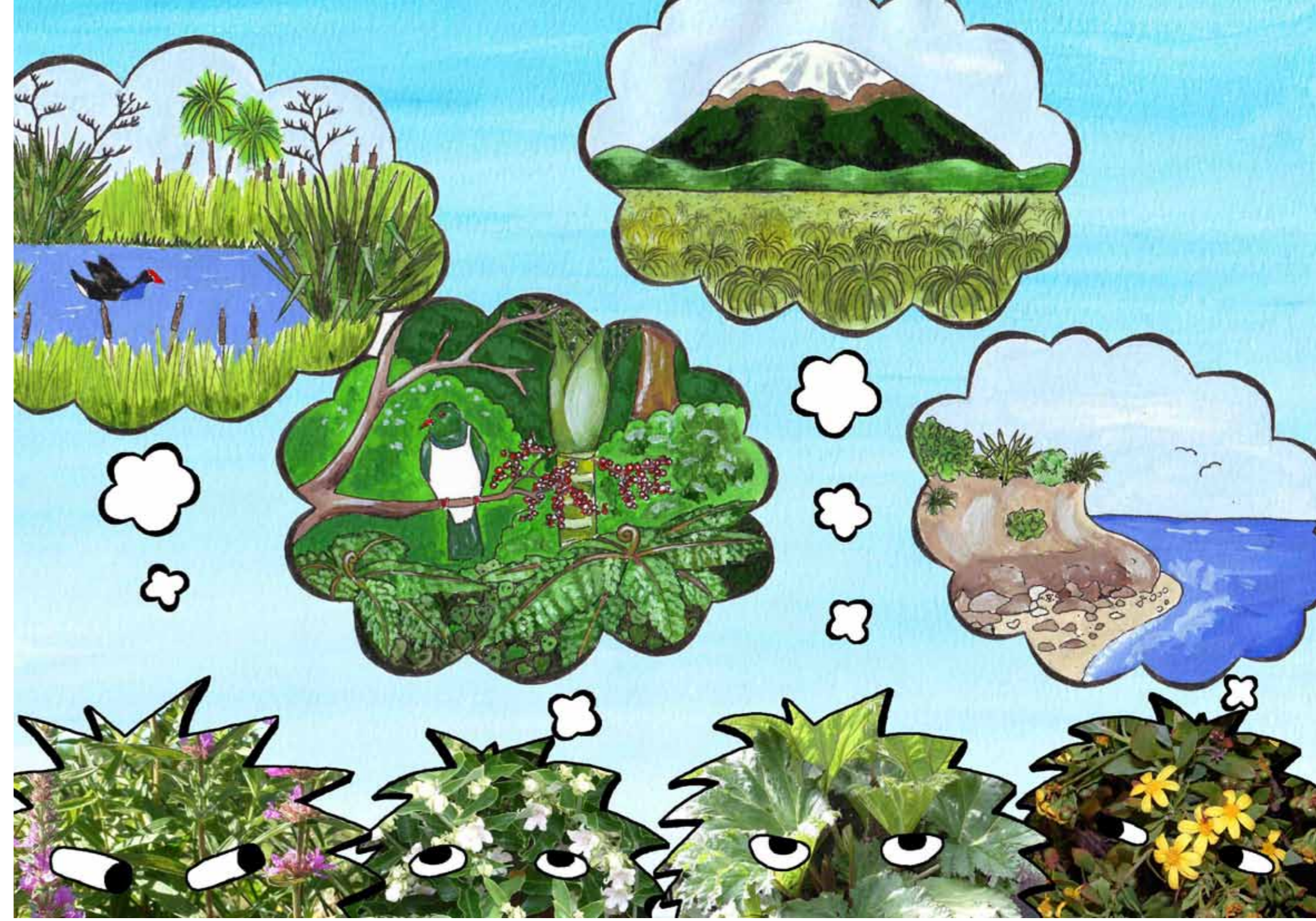
Go to the weed search at [www.weedbusters.org.nz](http://www.weedbusters.org.nz) and see how many you can identify from the photos there.

Happy Weedbusting!



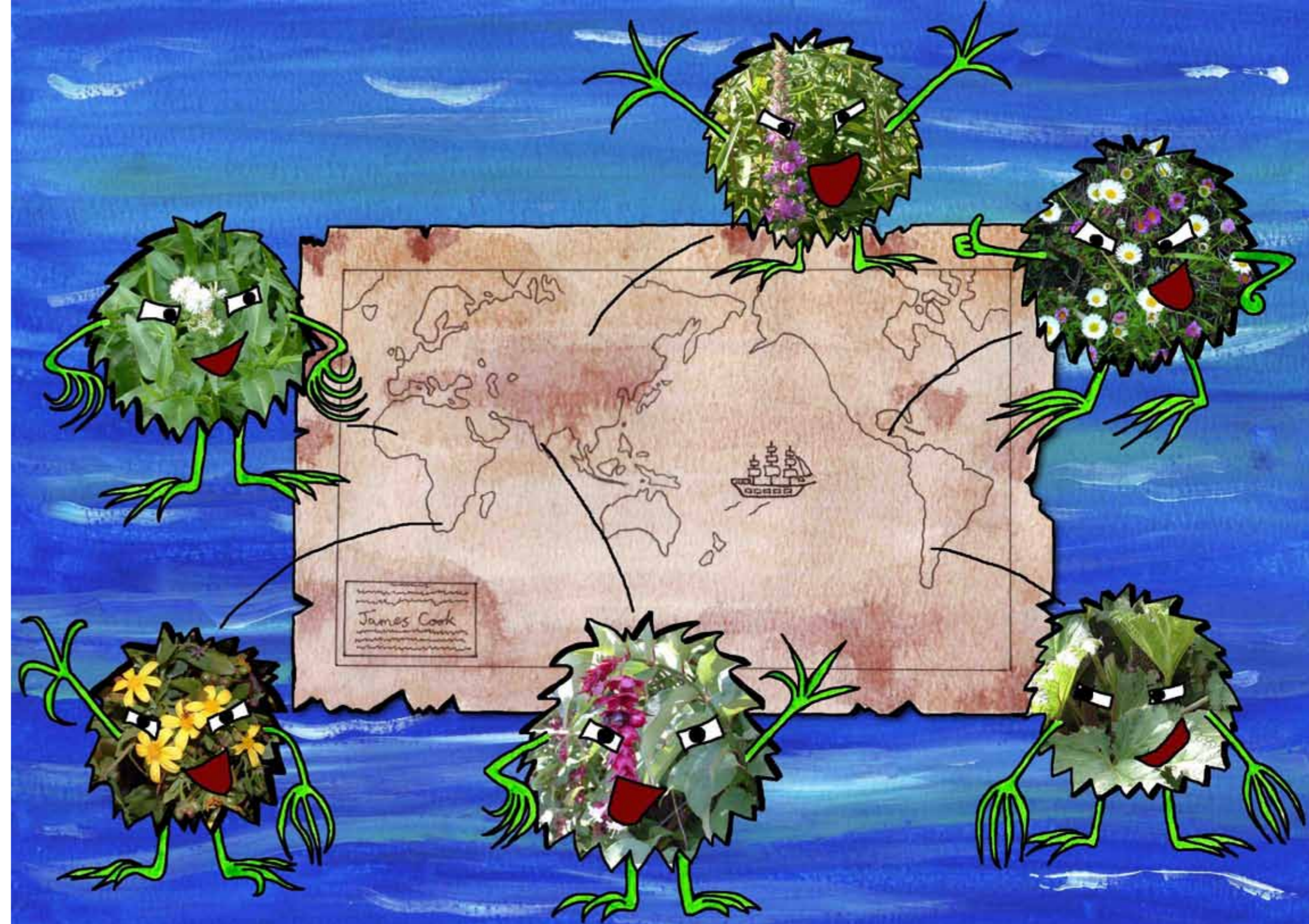


Once upon a time  
In a country far away  
Some garden plants were restless  
And began to plan to stray.





They wanted open spaces  
Where they could raise their seeds  
With sunshine, rain and soils  
That were perfect for their needs.





“We know’ they said, ‘we’ll look our best,  
We’ll flower to beat the band  
We’ll show those plant exporters  
We’re the best plants in the land.”



“Then they’ll take us to new countries  
We’ll be the next big thing.  
In garden trends and fashions  
We’ll be the talk of spring





Sure enough, it came to pass  
They landed on new shores  
Where they were duly moved around  
And ended up in stores

People thought them lovely  
And quick to grow to boot  
It seemed one minute's all it took  
For them to start to root!



Safe in cosy gardens  
They began to breed and seed  
Creating massive numbers  
The start of a new weed.

Over time it got quite crowded  
As these weeds became robust  
Some of them were feeling  
That familiar wanderlust





Very soon the weedy seeds  
As youngsters often do  
Thought "this place is too boring  
I'm out of here! Woo-hoo!"

Some only made it to the gate  
While others jumped the fence  
And started to establish  
Their invasion could commence!



They grew and grew, and grew some more  
And seeded, sprawled and spread  
And smothered, strangled, squashed and smashed  
'Til the native plants were dead.

They ambled, scrambled, twined and choked  
Till all that could survive  
Was a boring, barren landscape -  
Only weeds were left alive.





By the time the people realised  
What havoc they'd let loose  
The metaphoric chickens had  
Come flying home to roost.

They learned the hard way, it would seem  
'Pretty plant' does not equate  
Necessarily with 'good to grow' -  
But by then it was too late.



The lesson here, dear reader  
Is be careful what you sow.  
For what you plant in your backyard  
Could deal a fatal blow...



...to the landscapes we hold precious  
The things we should protect  
Clear your gardens of these weedy plants  
Before our country's wrecked.



# The End

