




Speech By
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ADJOURNMENT

Townsville, Crocodile Capture

 **Mr STEWART** (Townsville—ALP) (9.16 pm): I rise this evening to tell a story of man versus beast—a monster from the deep, if I may. It was a dark night and there he was lying on the beach just metres from residents, his mouth wide agape with teeth the size of what seemed like shovels. His one red eye glowed in the dim lamp light. Deep scars ran across his back and flanks, worn like victory medals of days gone by. This was no ordinary beast.

As his captors approached, fear was thick through the air. The uncertainty of what would happen next and who would win this ultimate battle of a 4.7-metre beast of muscle and teeth against the men and women who wear khaki. Thank God for Facebook, as spectators flocked like moths to the flame to watch this battle royal.

Let me take you back to the beginning of this epic battle. The monster was spotted lurking off the beach of Pallaranda. Later that day he dared to show himself again, but this time around the rock pool, taunting his adversaries by lazily cruising through the water. But the monster was cunning. He had many years of experience and he waited until the night time to mask his arrival on the Strand beach, just metres from the Toobruk Pool, where many swimmers take to the water.

The men and women of the EHP, charged with keeping the citizens of Townsville safe from the beast, were poised ready to mount their charge. Despite the urge of nervous senseless chatter, in slightly higher tones, this team, with over 50 years of combined experience, remained focused and calm, checking and rechecking their equipment and reviewing their battle plan.

The khaki warriors circled to the left and circled to the right around their beast. With their ropes that were as thick as a man's thumb, lowered them gradually around the monster's body. More warriors, this time in blue, came to the aid of the EPH and entwined the dinosaur of the deep in a spider's web of rope. Once immobilised, the monster knew that he was beaten and showed little resistance.

Hoisted into a holding pen by the EPH knights of khaki—Tony Frisby, Adrian Gurra, Steve Mastromonaco and Sarah Franks—and the QPS brethren of the blue constables Helen Goody and Jordan Brown, this monster was hauled up the beach by the trusty Toyota. On several occasions the brave warriors would stop the capture to remove the build-up of sand in the beast's gaping mouth, ensuring it would not die a slow death of suffocation.

But 'snap, snap!' from the monster and the battle was all but over. This is not the end of the tale for it ends with a feast. I had the pleasure of hosting a feast of cake and coffee to salute the men and women of the EHP and the QPS who recount their stories of the one that did not get away that day.