



WRITTEN BY: CLARA FLEMING AND ANITA KOTEJA
DRAWN BY: ADRIANA BALLESTEROS

Let me tell you a story of a boy who learnt the importance of taking care of our planet through the pain of too many innocent lives.

Seagull:

Whenever I get hungry I go to the small human's residence, there are many tiny people that throw food away on the ground. The only problem I find is that the food is inside of this weird packaging impossible to break with my beak. Today I flew there and after searching for a while I smelled tuna, it was inside one of those strange containers. Either way, I chose that as my lunch and grabbed it with my beak. I had to quickly fly away because those human pests were getting closer, they treat us horribly.

I made it to the beach where I finally got the opportunity to eat peacefully. There was an opening in the container so I took a bite of the tuna sandwich, it was very tasty.

“Noooooo (squeal)”, the bag flew into the sea. I lost my lunch, well at least I ate something but why do I feel sick? Urgh. Was it what I ate?

Turtle:

As a turtle, I must travel huge distances. Following these extensive travels, I feel great hunger. However, my diet is mainly jellies and these are quite difficult to find. My preference for these is jellyfish since my jaws can pierce them and they are exquisite.

Talking about it, I should start searching for my next meal, swimming is exhausting. Oh! What's that over there? It has the shape of a jellyfish, the round top and the tentacles hanging. I finally found my lunch! Yummy that was tasty. But wait, why is it suddenly so hard to breathe? *cough cough*. I can't ... breathe ...

Dolphin:

Jump I love jumping in and out of the water. Our whole pod has so much fun playing together. Since I am the best, I always win.

Our favourite game is Hold your breath, where we have to hold our breath underwater. Let's play again. Come and count to 3 with me. 1, 2, 3, GO! We all go underwater, let's see who lasts the longest.

My friends start going up for air one by one. I can see from afar their amazing jumps, we are so good at it since it is so important for us to go up and get oxygen. Finally, it becomes a one versus one competition. I have to go up but I really want to win. At last, my buddy goes up. I am the winner! Okay, now I need to go up to breathe. Wait a second, what is that? There is a big shadow just above my head.

CRASH! I got stuck in a clump of plastic! I can't breathe or move! My friends are trying to get me out but it doesn't work. We are whistling for help, why did this happen to me?

Fish:

Just keep swimming, just keep swimming. And what do we do? We just keep swimming. I am a grouper who is doing his best to survive in this big ocean. The best way to do this is by hiding inside of many holes, I also like being alone. The reason why I swim is in search of food through the coral and seaweed.

I eat little bits and pieces I find at the bottom of the sea. There is a worm over there. I'm going to eat it. HOOK! Oh no, it is part of a fishing line! I can't get free! The humans finally caught me. They knew I am hooked to eating worms!

Human:

The fish reached the table of a kid at school. He enjoyed his meal gratefully, however, he suddenly felt very sick. The reason for this was that he had ingested microplastics which the fish had eaten before dying.

plastic.

I gaze around what I'm supposed to call Earth,
that land I cherish, love and hold so dear,
the place I recall living in since my very birth,
the only piece of the universe we all keep close to our hearts, so clear.

I stare at the blue sky, the Sun, the grass,
the chimney burning coal into the air, so black-
fire crackling, ashes becoming nothing but a deadly gas
s l o w l y
s l o w l y
s l o w l y
not letting us, humans, find our way back.

I look around me, explore the deepest of the corners,
places at the plainest of sight.
Plastic making me wonder we are the true foreigners-
that one day, that future we all so treasure
might not be as bright.

I take a look at my school's grounds,
after each and every effort, trying to be clean
yet still,

the bottle,
the packet,
the bag

makes me peer a space that drowns
and keeps me thinking what it could have been
to simply make use of the three Rs.

I go on a walk to the local beach to clear my mind,
however, what do I expect if it isn't

caps,
and masks,
and cans,
and bits and pieces

Does that lead us to a fate we all seem to pursue so blind?

I take a leap of faith into the ocean
in hope to find no more,
yet all I manage to see is

containers

swaying with the water's motion
one way

and the other

leaving the beauty of the living all but torn.

I return to the surface, where the world takes better colour,
devastated and lost,
wishing for a mere meal absorbing the vivid, bringing on the duller-
a fish.

A feeling in my throat growing exhausted.

To each and every one of these, I say,
even if it is the last message I deliver:
Reuse, don't throw away
retain

that bottle,
that packet,
that bag,
keep us one step away from the future that now makes us shiver.

Reduce, be a responsible consumer
put an end to

these caps,
these masks,
these cans,
these bits and pieces
in aim to not make innocent death reality, but only a stupid rumour.

Recycle, give a second life to something unliving
the containers,
microplastics,
clothes and toys
because perhaps that second chance is our only forgiving.

And most of all and last-
don't forget about YOURSELF, the real change.
Awareness and education being the key to twist our past
and offer our hand to Mother Nature in exchange.