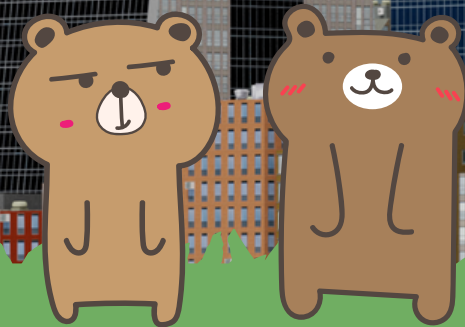
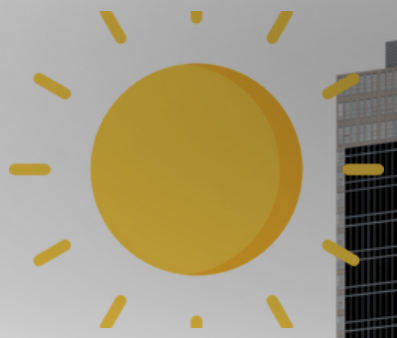
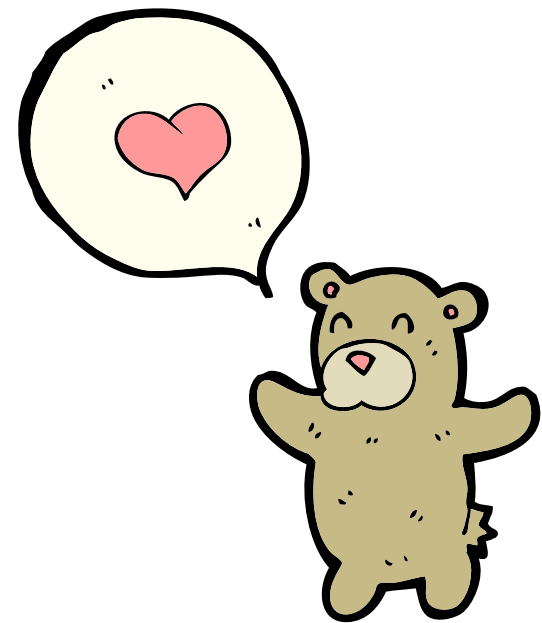


What a Plastic Bag Can Do





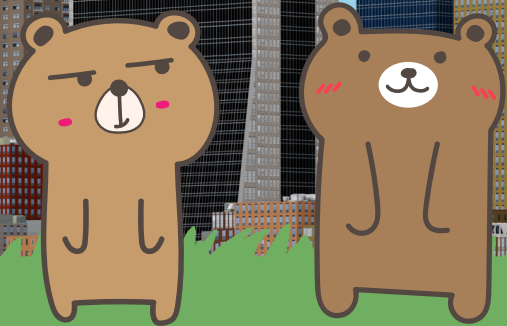
**This book is dedicated to
my friends and family.**



It was a slightly warm autumn day. All I could hear was people talking and car engines roaring. The disgusting smell of sewers filled the broad, polluted, city air.



I was strolling peacefully with my friend John. He has been my best friend since kindergarten and I would prefer to keep it that way. John has short, dark fur and intimidating brown eyes. To be honest, he always looks like he's bothered at something or someone.



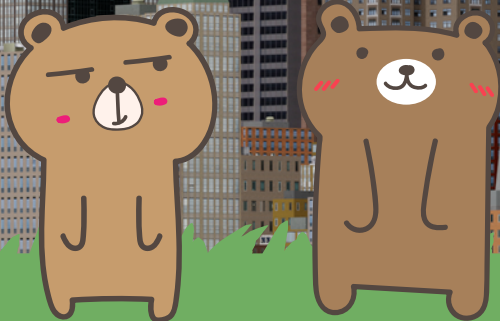
Where as I would prefer to say I'm a kindhearted, and maybe even social person.

After all, I have always had more friends than John when we were younger.

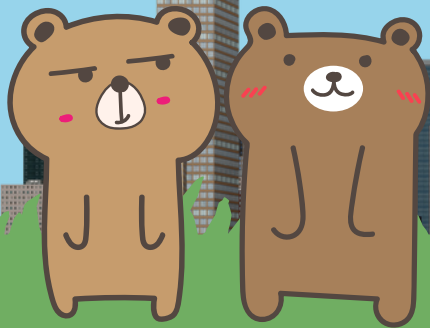


He constantly asks me, "Sally, why do you care about the environment so much? It's not like that stuff matters anyway."

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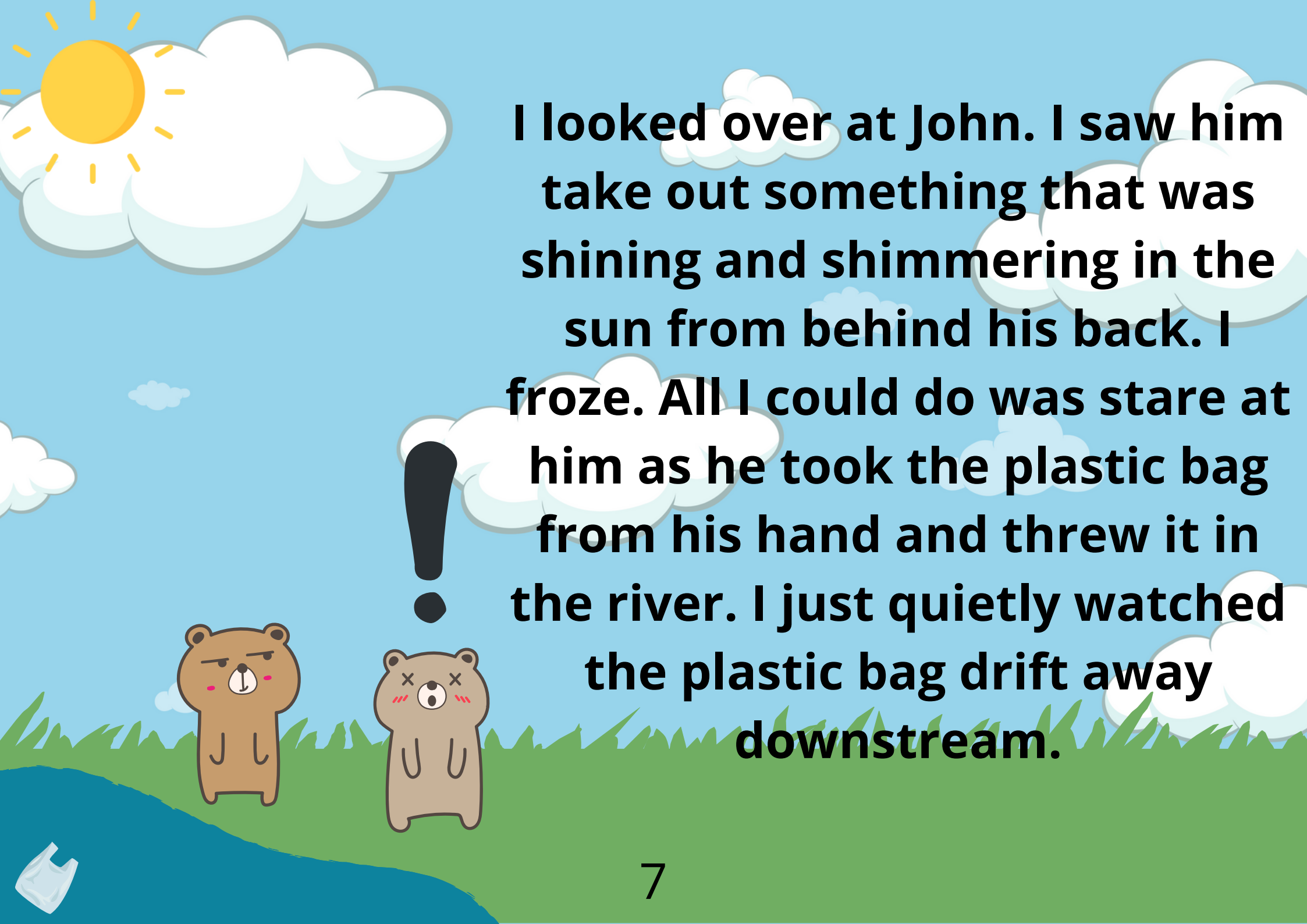


We started heading away from the city and towards the river on the edge of the city. The river was a peaceful place where we could relax and talk.





When we arrived, I gazed upon the crystal clear water, listening to the water rushing downstream. I felt the sun smiling down on us on this gorgeous day.

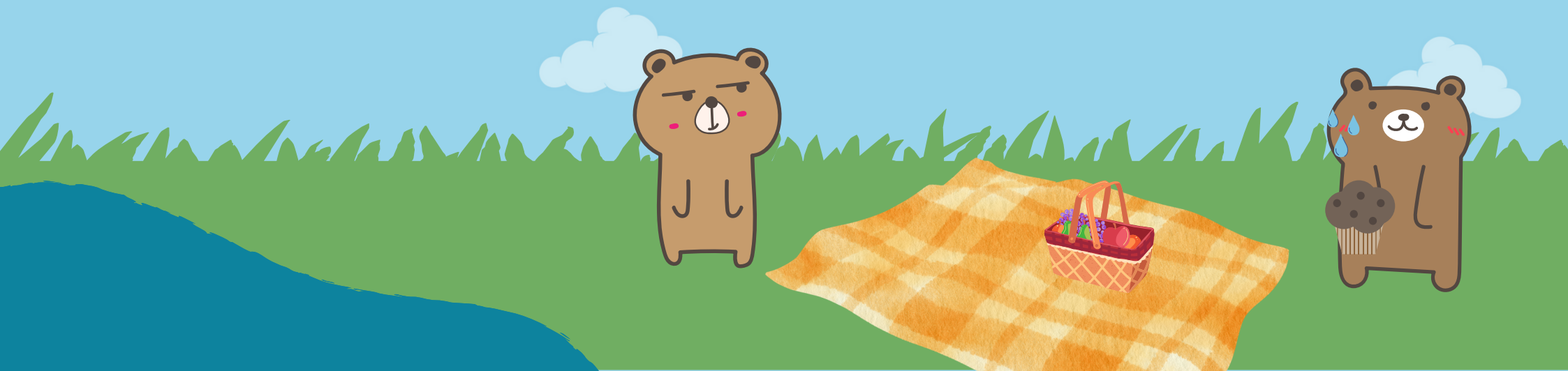


I looked over at John. I saw him take out something that was shining and shimmering in the sun from behind his back. I froze. All I could do was stare at him as he took the plastic bag from his hand and threw it in the river. I just quietly watched the plastic bag drift away downstream.



He pulled out a picnic blanket and laid it down and I put down the basket filled with bread, honey and muffins. I sat down wondering what I should do about the plastic bag, while eating a chocolate muffin.

I thought I should tell John about throwing the plastic bag in the water was terrible but I was scared that he wouldn't want to be my friend after that. I didn't know what to do. I decided that I would just enjoy the picnic and think about it later.



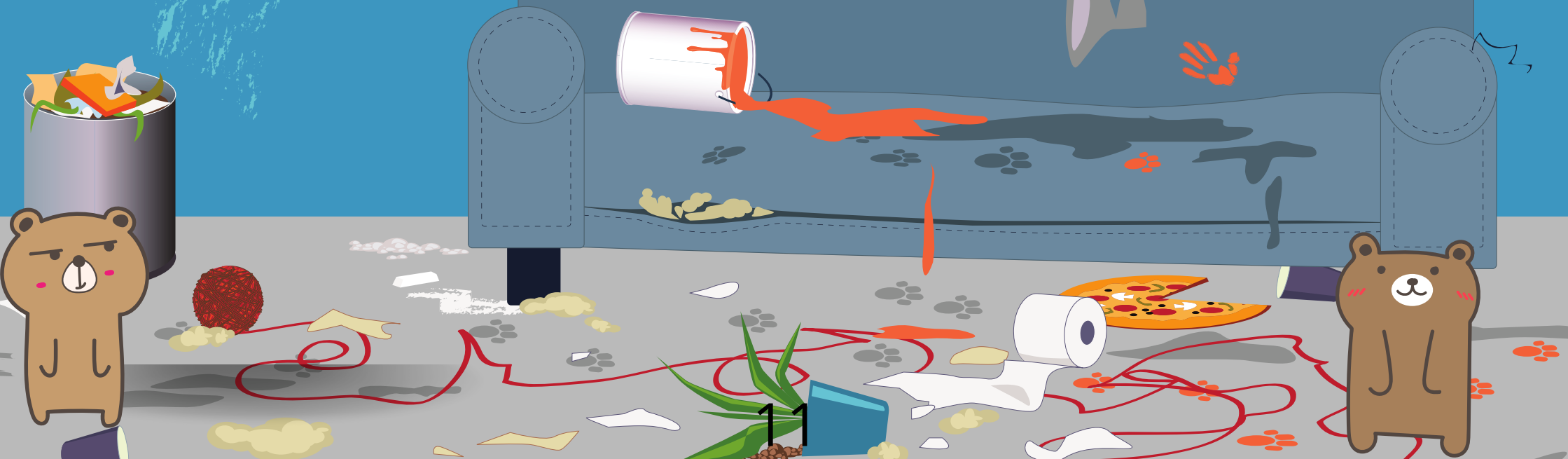
As I went home that night I regretted not doing something before. I knew I had to do something tomorrow. That was my plan.





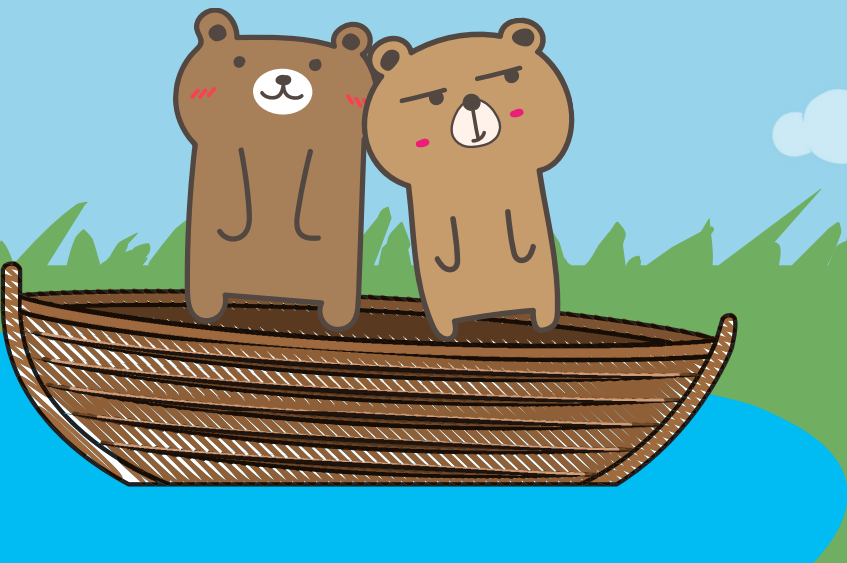
The next day I woke up suddenly filled with determination. I had to tell John how bad plastic in water was. I couldn't just watch as he slowly destroys our beautiful planet.

I ran over to John's apartment hoping he would be there. As I opened the door I saw what a disgrace his home was. There was filthy cups and plates all over the dirty floor. There were also empty pizza boxes on the stained couch. I called out John's name. He came strolling out of his kitchen to his door where I was standing. Without saying anything, I suddenly grabbed his arm and ran to the river.





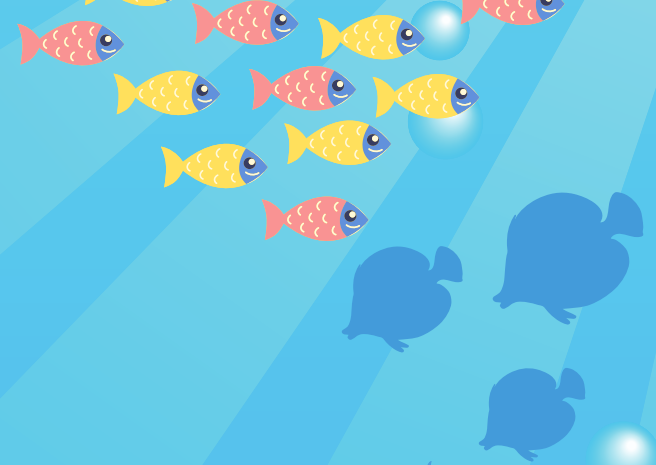
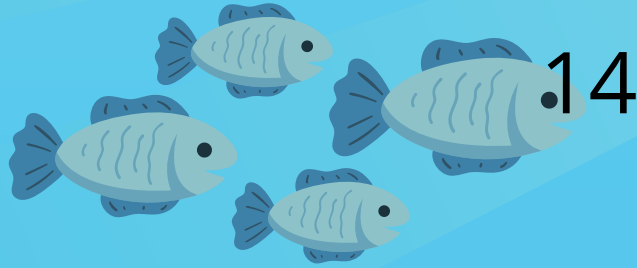
When we got there, I spotted an old rowboat and without thinking I jumped into it. Still clinging onto John's wrist, he was freaking out so I had to explain everything to him. Of course he thought I was going insane but I ignored him.



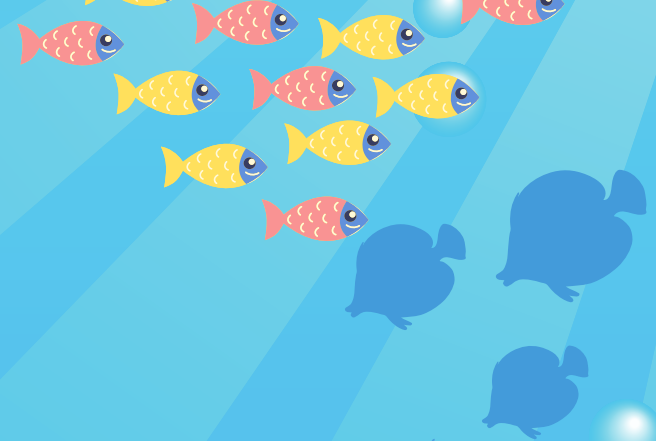
To be honest, I had no idea were we were going at first but then I saw it. A shine in the sea.



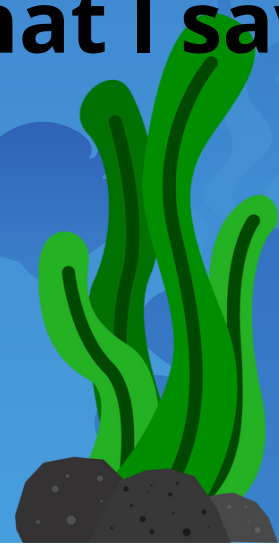
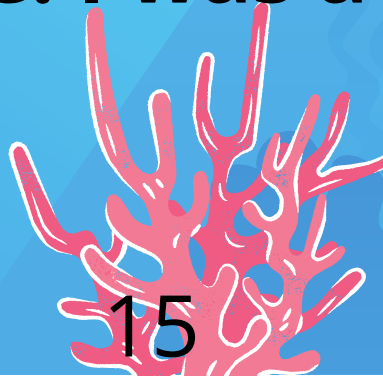
I dived in and looked around to see if it was the plastic bag.



I was so happy to find that it was, but my smile quickly faded when I saw what was happening. I saw a fish choking on the dreadful plastic bag. It was wriggling around trying its very best to get out of it but it didn't succeed. I stared at the distressed fish fighting for its life. I didn't know what to do but then I just did it.



I quickly pulled the plastic bag off the confused, frightened fish. The fish was shocked and quickly swam away from me. I felt amazing that I saved a fishes life. I was a hero.



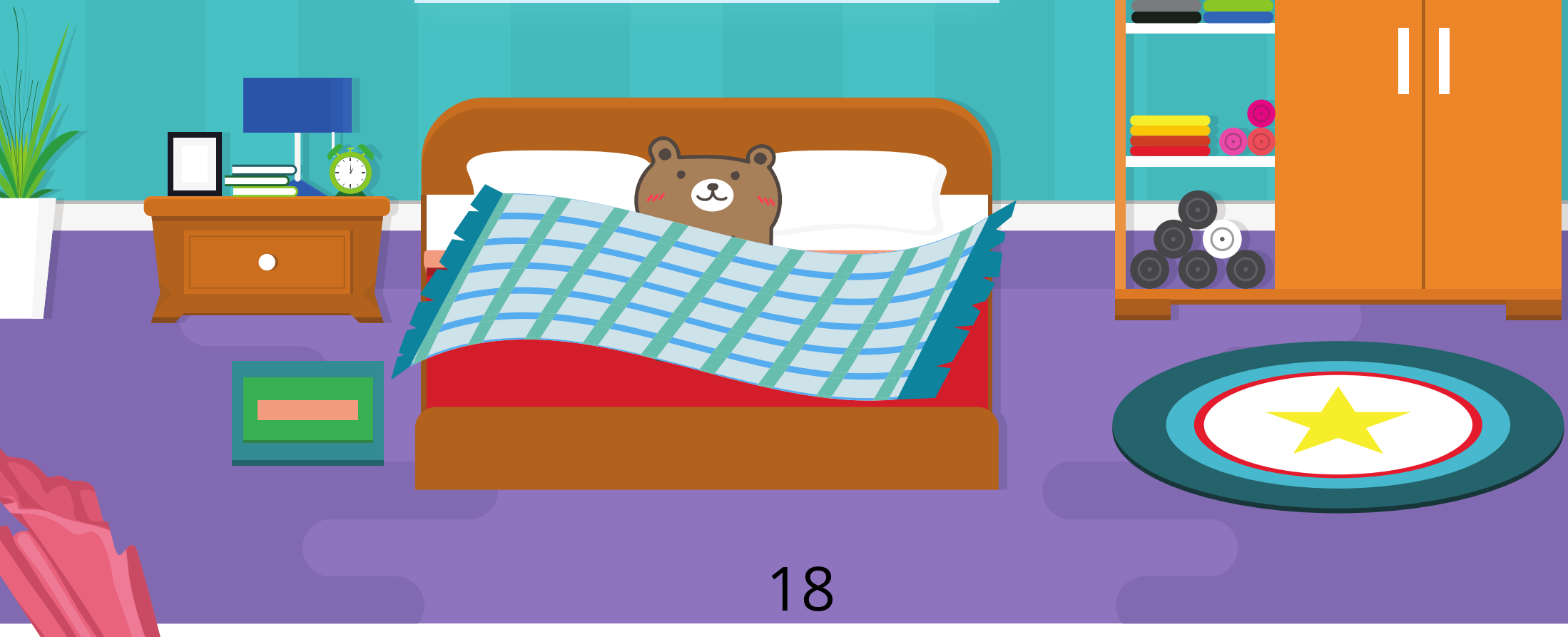
I swam up to the old rowboat to see John's surprised face. He was speechless. We didn't say anything to each other until we got on land.



When we stepped onto our home island, he just said to me, "I'm going to go home now." Then he walked away.



The next day I didn't know if what just happened was a dream or not but I spotted the towel I used to dry myself after I went home last night because I was still soaking wet and I realised that it was definitely not a dream.



Later that day, John knocked on my door. He said to me " I am deeply sorry for littering. I never realized what an impact it had on the environment and other species. I feel terrible for littering in the past and I promise to never do such a horrible thing again."

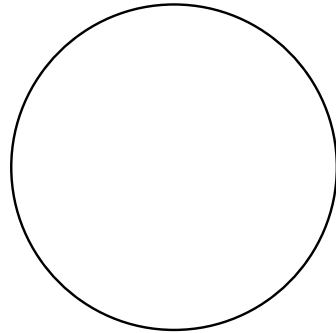


From that day forward not only did John stop littering, but we went every weekend to clean up the river and other creeks nearby. I was so happy when other people saw what we were doing and decided to join in too!

After that there was never any litter in our creeks or the river ever again.



About The Author



My name is Ciara, I'm 10 and I'm from Melbourne. I hate to see litter all around parks I go to and on wildlife I see on the beach. I think its really sad how many sea creatures have died from suffocating on plastic bags. I love to play netball in my spare time. I am also learning how to play the guitar. My biggest dream for the future is to see everyone happy and in a home. I would also like for everyone to stop ruining our oceans and land.

'What a plastic bag can do' is an exciting story about two bears as they discover the importance of not littering. John litters so Sally brings him on a trip to find the horrid plastic bag. Go on a journey as you realise what an impact a plastic bag can do to our pristine earth.

