

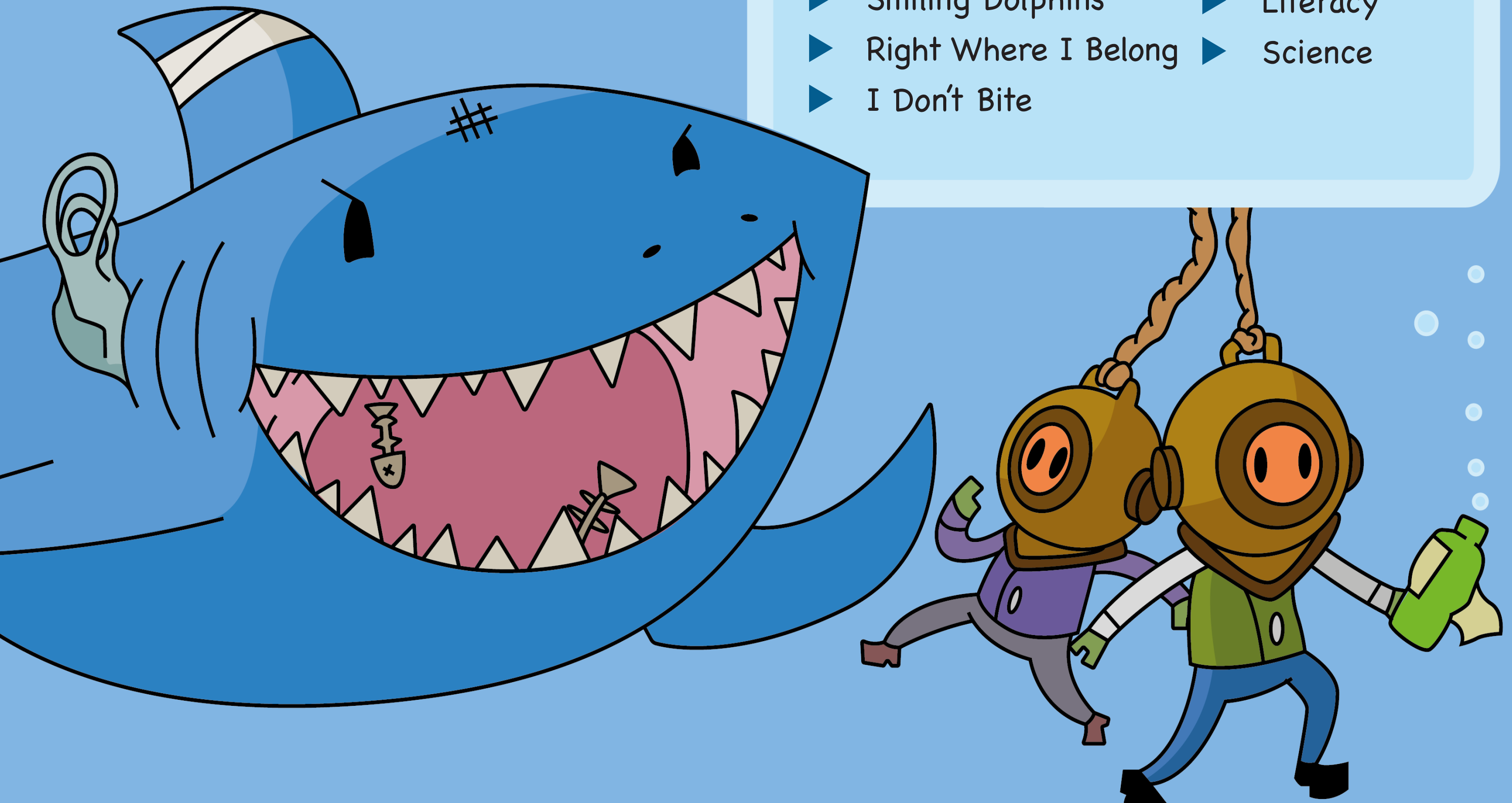
PLASTIC OCEAN 2

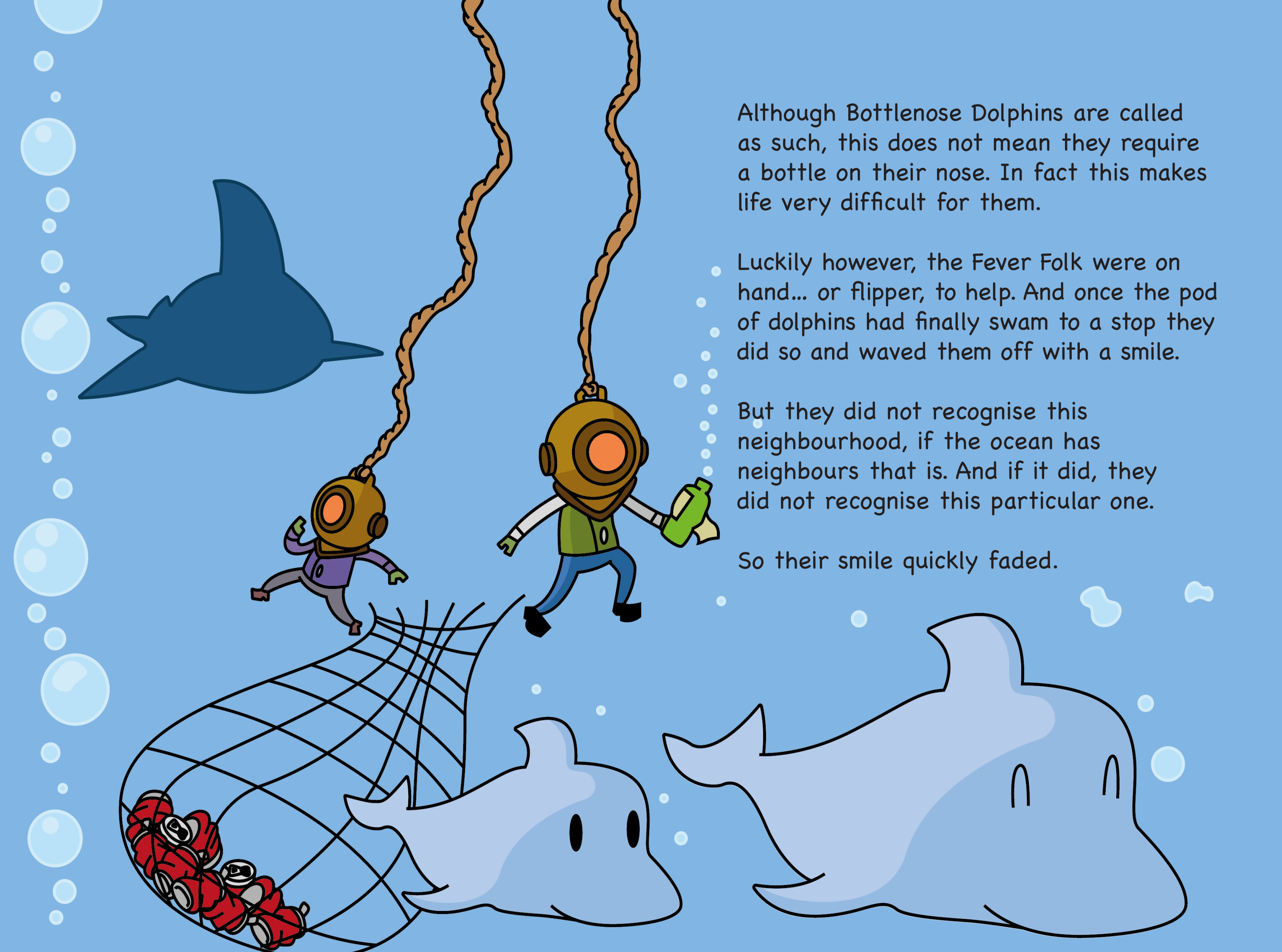
PSHE WORKSHEETS

- ▶ Smiling Dolphins
- ▶ Right Where I Belong
- ▶ I Don't Bite

LESSON PLANS

- ▶ Literacy
- ▶ Science



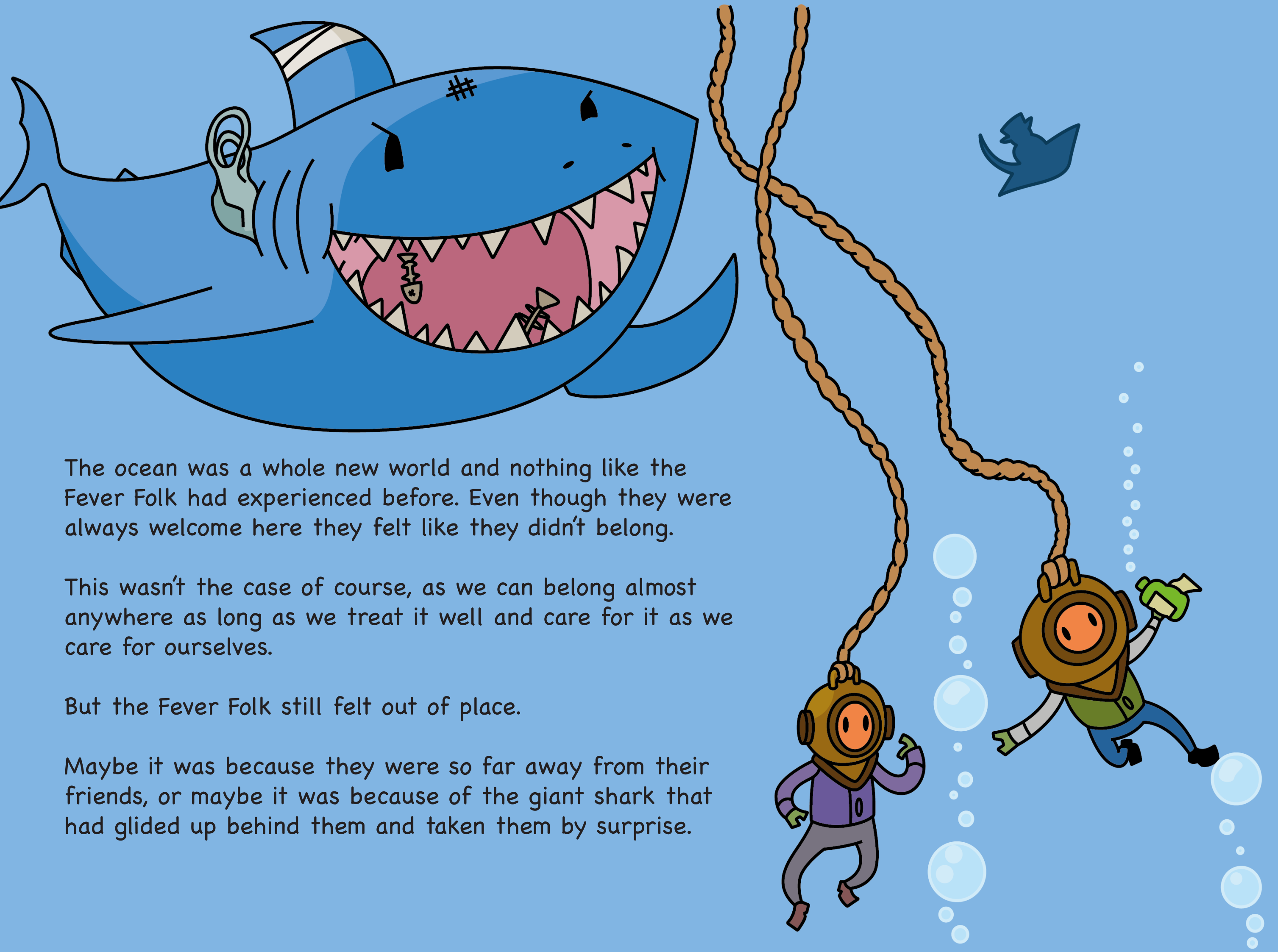
An illustration of an underwater scene. Two divers in brown helmets and green jackets are swimming. One diver is holding a green bottle. They are surrounded by bubbles. In the background, a large blue shark is swimming. In the foreground, two light blue dolphins are swimming. One dolphin is looking at a net that is tangled with red plastic bottles. The net is being held by the divers.

Although Bottlenose Dolphins are called as such, this does not mean they require a bottle on their nose. In fact this makes life very difficult for them.

Luckily however, the Fever Folk were on hand... or flipper, to help. And once the pod of dolphins had finally swam to a stop they did so and waved them off with a smile.

But they did not recognise this neighbourhood, if the ocean has neighbours that is. And if it did, they did not recognise this particular one.

So their smile quickly faded.

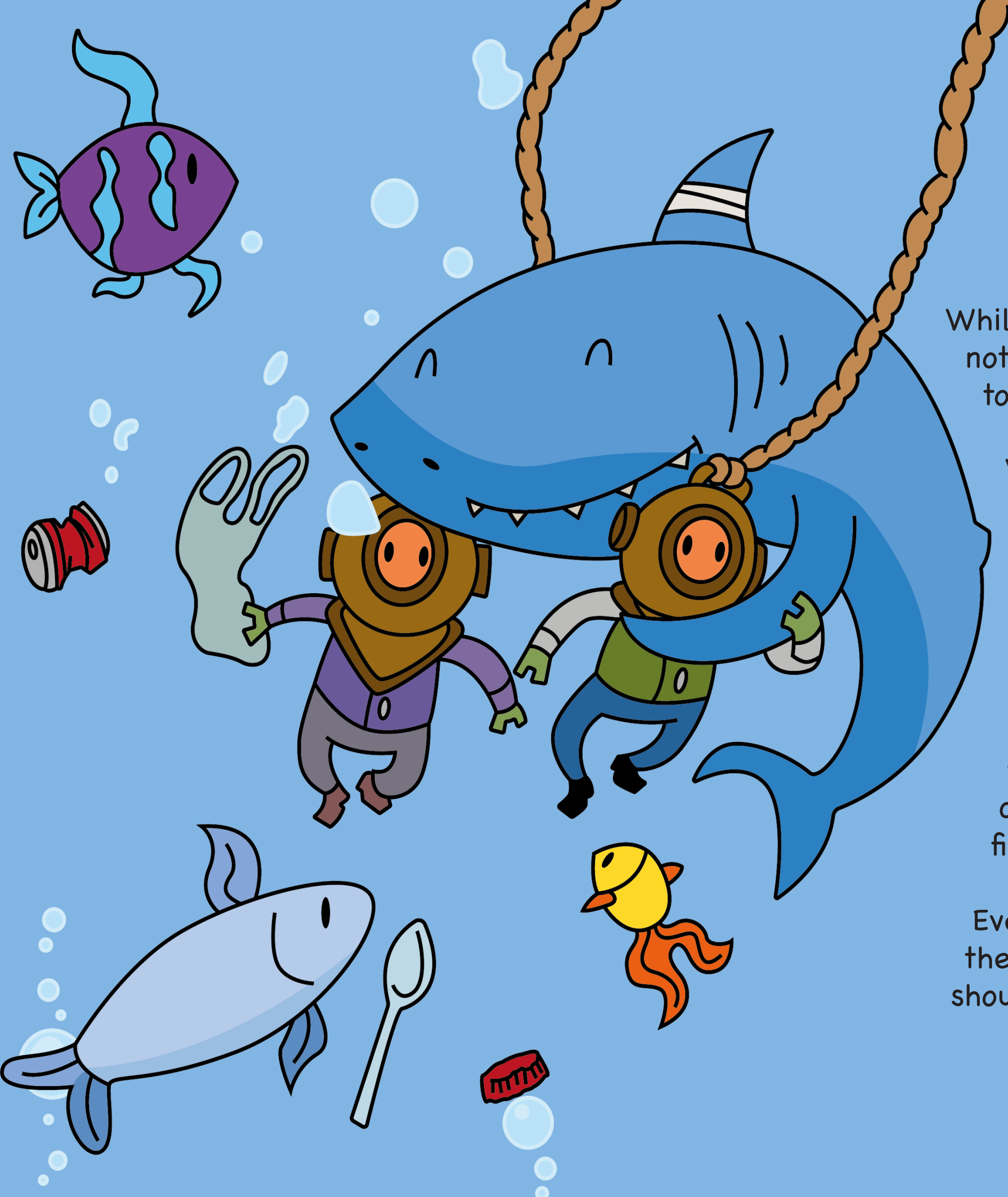


The ocean was a whole new world and nothing like the Fever Folk had experienced before. Even though they were always welcome here they felt like they didn't belong.

This wasn't the case of course, as we can belong almost anywhere as long as we treat it well and care for it as we care for ourselves.

But the Fever Folk still felt out of place.

Maybe it was because they were so far away from their friends, or maybe it was because of the giant shark that had glided up behind them and taken them by surprise.

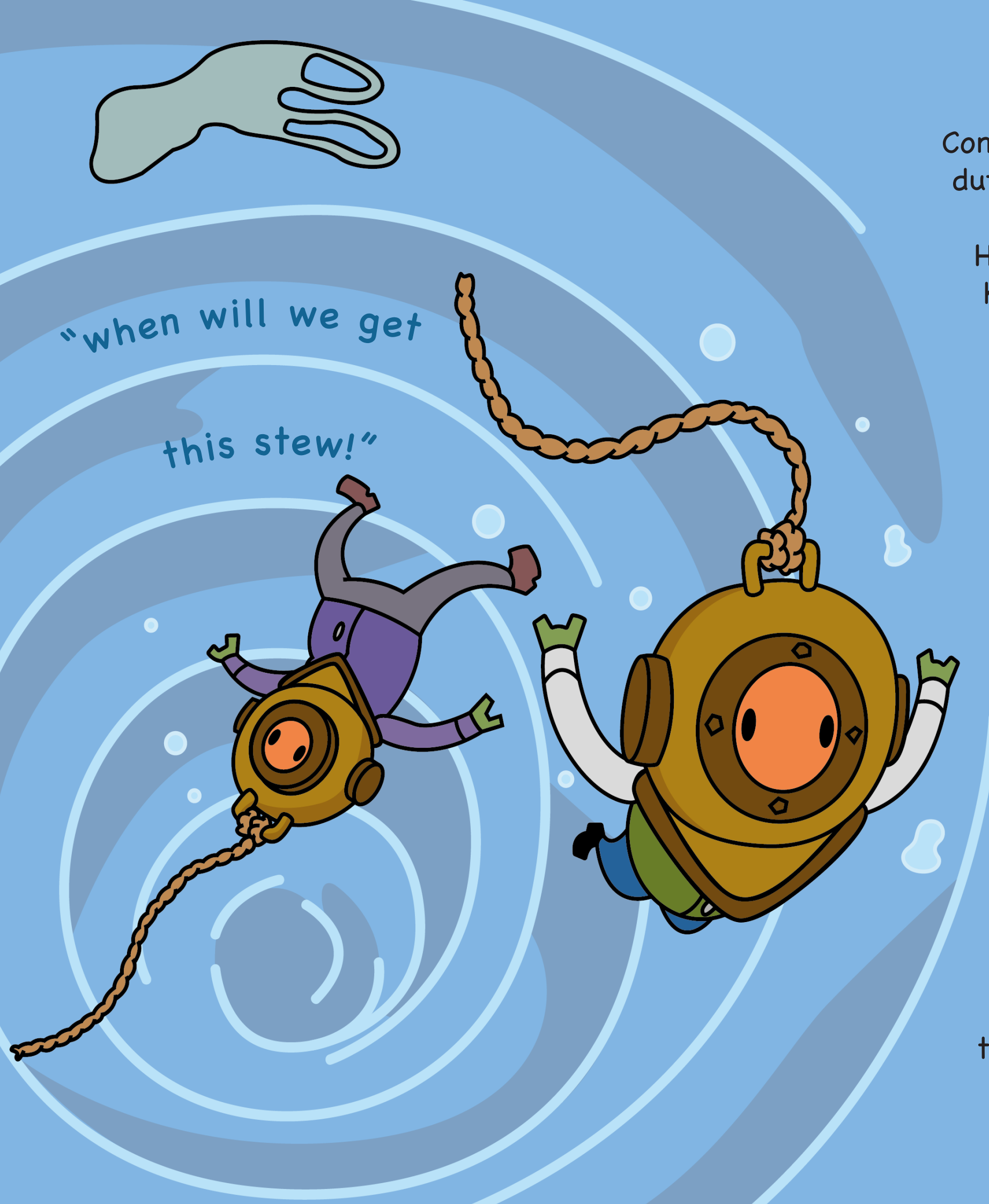


Whilst we should be cautious, we should not assume that others are always out to get us.

Whilst a big scary thing may look big and scary, if we give it a chance then we may find out that it is not big nor scary at all.

Just like this shark, who was merely asking for help to free a bottle wedged in his gills. After all, the two Beasties were the only creatures in the sea with the fingers to do so.

Everybody has a role to play in even the strangest of times. And that role should always involve being kind.



Continuing their self appointed cleaning duties the Fever Folk swam deeper still.

How this rubbish that those up above have thrown away, has made its way this far down below was beyond them.

But cleaning it up wasn't.

Their focus had been more on the stew that they were yet to make and eat. Or more likely their lack of focus was because they were yet to make and eat it.

So they didn't see the whirlpool that was spinning away ahead of them and quickly became entangled in its pull.

As the Fever Folk were sucked down into the murky midnight depths with the last of the shimmering light of the water's surface disappearing, their only thought was: