

PLASTIC OCEAN 3

PSHE WORKSHEETS

- ▶ Colourful Character
- ▶ I Am Mentally Tough
- ▶ My Treasure Trove

LESSON PLANS

- ▶ Literacy
- ▶ Science

The mind can play many a trick especially in the dark. But it is good to remember that whatever it is that we may be scared of is probably just as scared of us.

But what was floating in front of the Fever Folk in this midnight ocean, far from friends, further from home, and the farthest they've ever been from their stew, was very real indeed.

And it was getting closer. With its big glowing eyes, long glowing tentacle, and big sharp teeth.

But our Beasties were frozen.



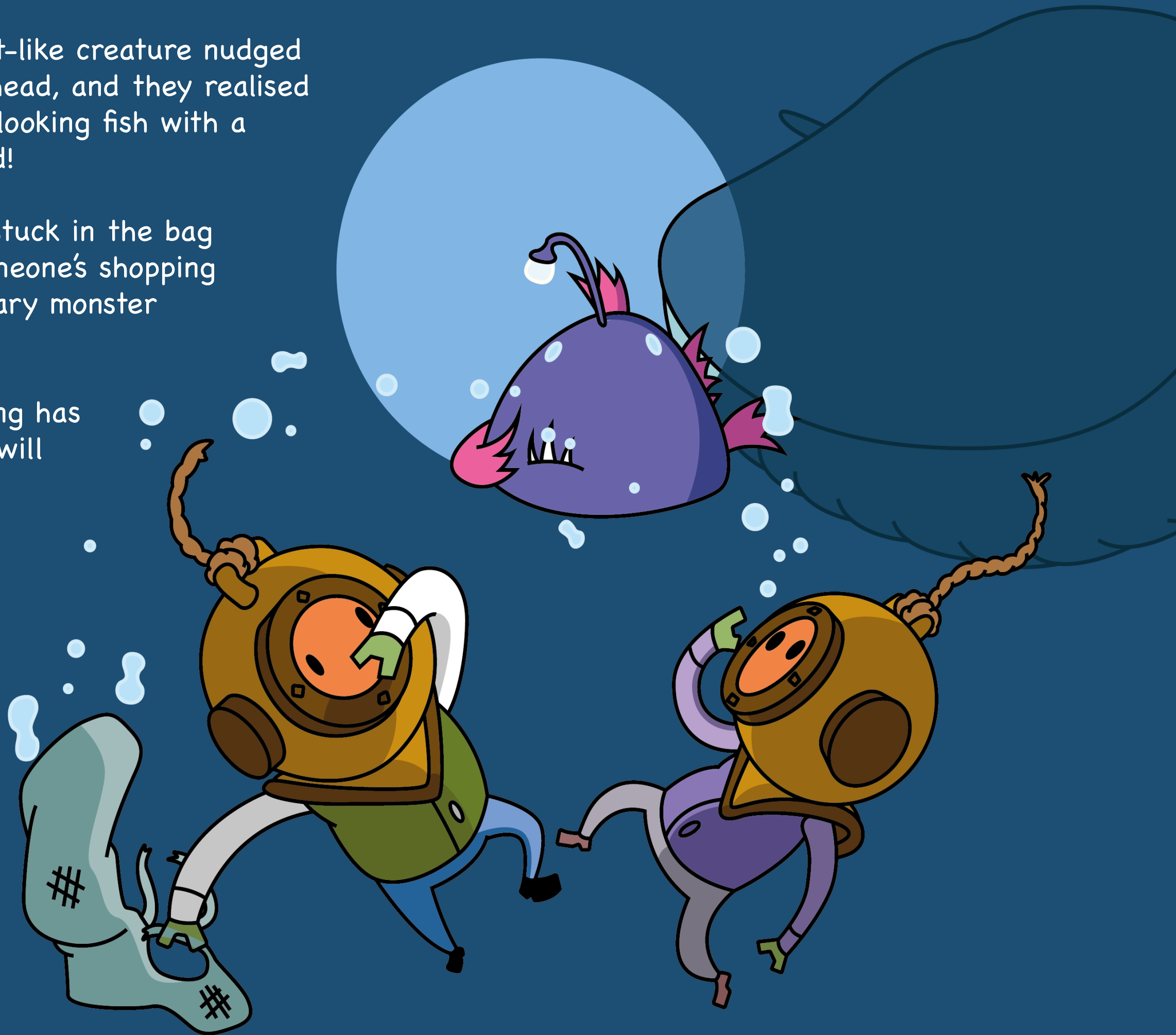
That is until the ghost-like creature nudged them gently with its head, and they realised it was just a strange looking fish with a plastic bag on its head!

Poor little thing was stuck in the bag like it was part of someone's shopping list. And it wasn't a scary monster after all.

Just because something has teeth doesn't mean it will bite you.

Speaking of bite, the Fever Folk were still longing for their stew.

But how on earth were they to get back to the boat?



Before the Fever Folk could do or say a word, they were scooped up by the biggest blue whale they had ever seen.

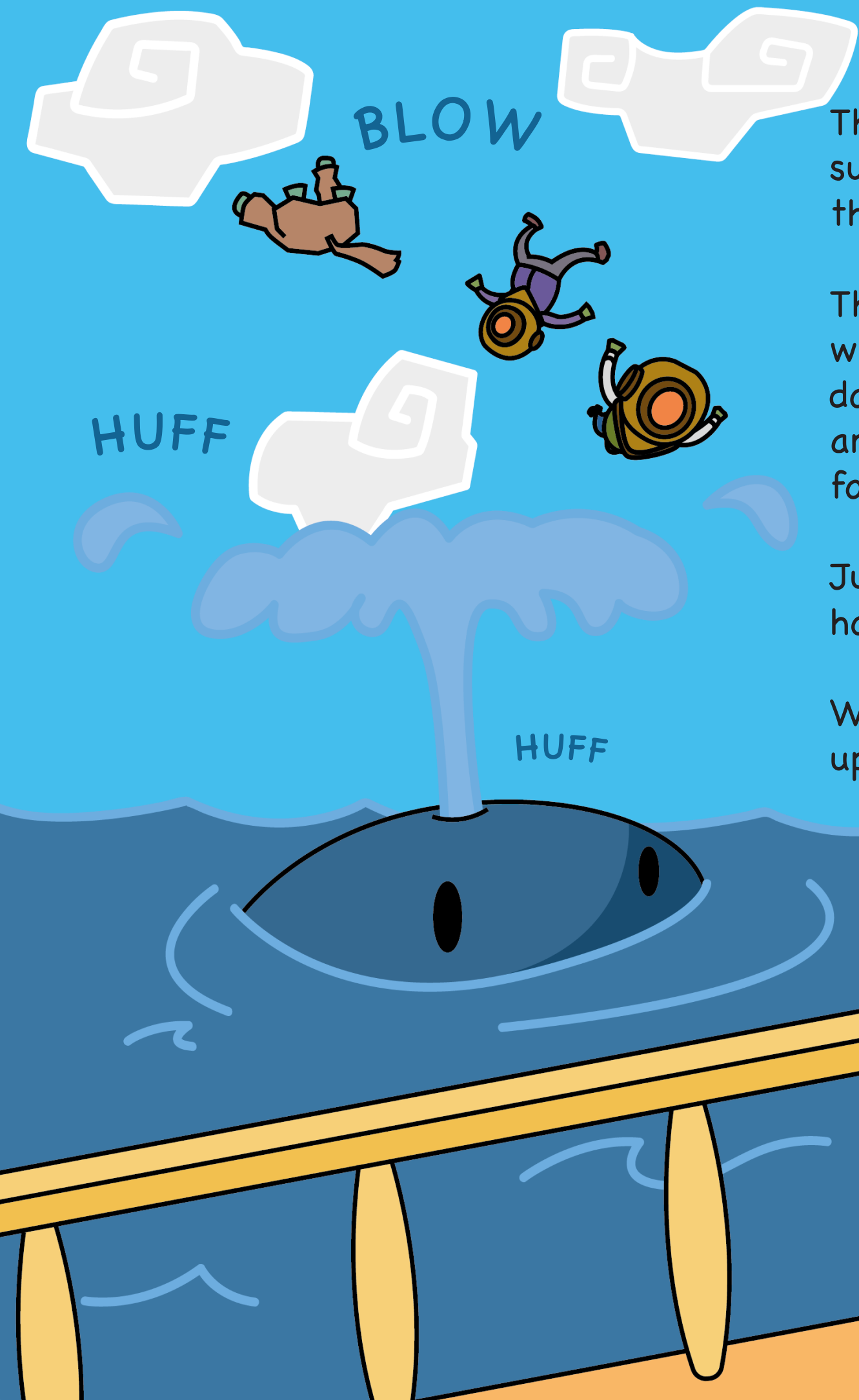
In fact they had never before seen a blue whale, and they were not sure if it was actually blue, or a whale for that matter. But this was the biggest they had ever seen.

Down they went into its belly, nervous and unsure if they themselves had become the stew.

Then they saw Mimic, sitting on what looked like an old raft looking pretty sorry for himself, completely unaware of the huge pile of treasure sitting next to him.

"Don't worryz" he said "This herez whale is my pal, he'll getz us homez."





The whale kindly conveyed our Beasties back to the surface. Right where Oscar and the crew, inspired by the Fever Folk, had stopped to collect some rubbish.

The Fever Folk and Mimic were shot out through the whale's blowhole high into the sky, only to come plopping down into the water. Safely back on board the ship, dry and warm the Fever Folk sat down to eat, thankful for the month old cheese buns.

Just because a place, like the ocean, is not our home, doesn't mean we don't treat it as such.

Who knows what will end up in our stew?