

# Bag

In a big city where the dog tails wagged, inside a supermarket lay a family of bags, plastic ones to be exact, waiting their turn to be packed. One by one, they left the shop as they left the checkout tabletop. Until there was one just one left, but that happened to be on the night of the great big theft.

They took all the money, the soda and the pop, but when they left, they came to a stop. They couldn't carry all that contraband, so they went and got the very last plastic bag. This one was named baggy, and I'm sorry to say, that he was feeling unhappy in almost every way. He had lost all his family, they'd gone too soon, and now he was being stolen, under the big bright moon.

He was thrown in a car as it started to speed off. As they were driving they came to a stop. Baggy went flying right out of the car and landed on the beach in the dark. The wind picked up dragging baggy off, then dropping him in the ocean with a plop. In the ocean, he drifted away, he wouldn't see sunlight until the very next day. Under the big bright summer sun, baggy was trying to find someone. Anyone! A fish, a balloon! But before he knew it, it was already noon. He sat in the ocean, so sad and alone, and all he saw were old fish bones.

Then as the wind passed with a swish, baggy saw an approaching jellyfish! He thought he was saved he yelled out hurray! But he over-exaggerated and the fish swam away. Baggy chased him "hey you! Come back!" but the fish said, "ew, go away you big plastic twat!" Baggy felt sad, his heart was crushed, and the fish? Well, off he rushed. Baggy swam away, "that bad catch!" but then he saw THE PACIFIC GREAT GARBAGE PATCH.

The land strewn with plastic and bits, and full of little rubbish pits! He felt at home, he felt the best! But then came a group of turtles, a nest. When they started eating the plastic on the side, baggy gazed at them, very wide eyed! "They can't eat that they'll get sick!" Baggy said with a screech, then came along, a bag named Peach. "They always come and then they don't come back, except when they do, they come with a pack! But soon there'll be none, not one left! All the rubbish will be stuck in their gill clefts." "That's horrible!" baggy said going into a screw. But alas, there was nothing baggy could do.

Baggy had an idea, he stood on a box, and the rubbish? They came and started to watch. "I have an idea, but I need you to listen!" and all the rubbish watched with ambition. "I know what I'll do, I'll build a catapult!" and the rubbish, they came to a halt. "It'll fling us on to a rubbish truck and throw us like a woodchuck!" all the rubbish cheered, Hip! Hip! Hurray! Then baggy yelled, "let's get on our way!" they gathered all the wood, rubber and bone, and constructed the catapult's sturdy backbone. They sewed together a very large net and when they were done, they had worked up a sweat. "We did it! Let's use it tonight!" they gazed in amazement at the mechanisms height.

They all climbed in, they were so excited! They just got ready when the string ignited. When they were launched they were finally free! They looked down below as they flew over the sea. They saw the garbage truck, they were almost there! They aimed for it as they flew through the air. They landed in the truck with a great thud. As they landed amongst the rubbish and mud. They were doing it! They would be recycled! and to these poor souls that was very vital. They approached the recycling center getting closer and closer, because the rubbish in the truck is only going to get grosser and grosser.

Nowadays it's much better, I'm happy to say, baggy is much more happy in almost every way. He has been recycled from an old plastic bag, and now he can brag and brag. He is a bottle! And reusable too, and the amount of rubbish? Well, there's very few.

## By Cooper Vanderpoel