

Drifting Away (Plastic bag story)

Written by Rose Mallett

Here I am, getting bought for 5 pence by a young girl. She chucked a small Haribo packet into me. It's a bit of a waste, if you ask me! But at least now I'm free! Once out of the supermarket, she dropped me on the ground with the empty sweet packet and ran away. "Horrid brat! What will I do of my life now?" cried the gummy bear wrapper but thankfully humans can't hear our fantastic plastic language.

"Oi! You little litter bug!" shouted an old man when he walked by, picked us up and threw us into a bin. "You're the reason our environment needs our help!"

Once in the bin, I realised I was lying on rotten fruit, dirty paper... And of course, my own kind. The bin smelt so peculiar, it made me sneeze and I drifted out away from the other pieces of rubbish. "Adios!"

Sometime later, I had a huge hole through me because I got stuck on a branch. I was starting to get afraid of heights when a bird (a robin to be specific,) unhooked me and brought me to a branch even higher. Now I've got acrophobia! I got squeezed between tiny sticks, I was in a nest. The problems with bird nests are that the little chicks kept fidgeting and ripping me with their beaks and claws. If you don't know how awful it feels, then I advise you never to try.

After that uncomfortable experience, I escaped out into the wild once more. There, beside the river there is a heron who is fishing. Please don't peck me! The wind has died down, so I am floating down into the stream. As I flow over the rocks, I ... "Whoooo!", sorry a waterfall distracted me. It was a bumpy ride but now it is smooth again. So back to what I was saying, I occasionally get gulped by fish, but they always spit me out after they have sucked me for a while.

Back in the store, I thought that the ocean and the river were the same. But now I know how wrong I was because the river has suddenly expanded, and I got washed into the ocean. Everywhere I looked there was water, even beyond the horizon. No land to be seen, nothing to be seen except lots of my fellow friends who bobbed up and down in the waves, just like me.

I was quite enjoying myself playing hide and seek in the waves with the others till a huge mouth full of krill swallowed me whole (well the bits left of me!) and I got gulped down into the deepest, darkest hole. It took ages for me to figure out that I was in a humpback whale's stomach. The clues were its baleen plates and other things with complicated names.

Soon I was mixed into some white fat-filled liquid (=milk?). By then, you see, I had disintegrated into tiny particles. I realised my guess was right when I got pushed into a calf's mouth along with the rest of the liquid. And just for your information, I'm always right.

Unfortunately, only days later, I poisoned the baby with my chemicals. So sad but, oh well, it is life nowadays! It is only one calf, it can't happen again, can it? I'm not too harmful, am I? How can I be, as I'm just a plastic bag!

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