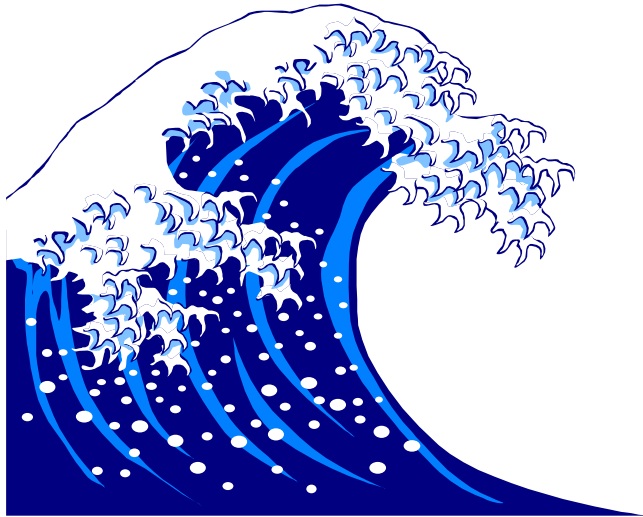


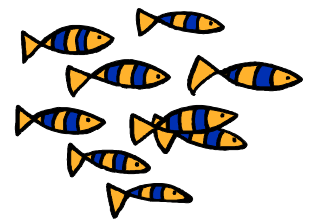
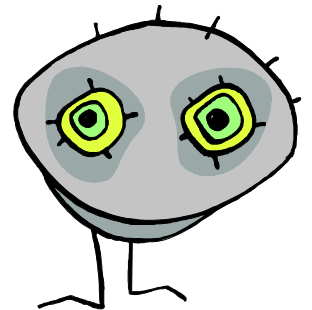
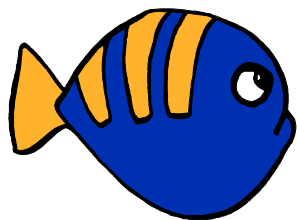
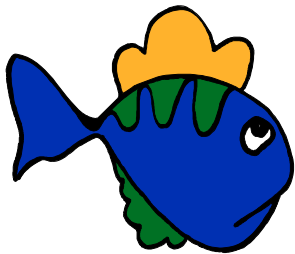
# Can you help beach help the sea?

(A story by Clair Pope)

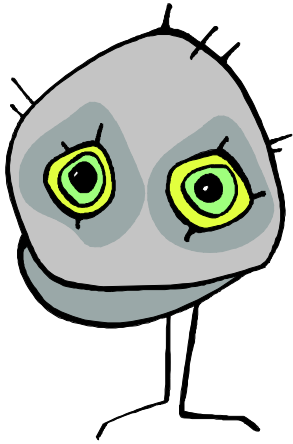


Twice a day the sea loved to come and visit the beach. They would play and talk. The sea would bring gifts of shells, driftwood and other interesting sea life. The beach was often oily and dirty and full of rubbish that the children and adults had left behind them after their visits. The beach didn't worry too much as his friend the sea always took the rubbish away.

One day the sea became very sad. She began to notice her beautiful oceans and rivers had become full of rubbish and oil and that it was hurting her other friends the fish. She wondered what to do.



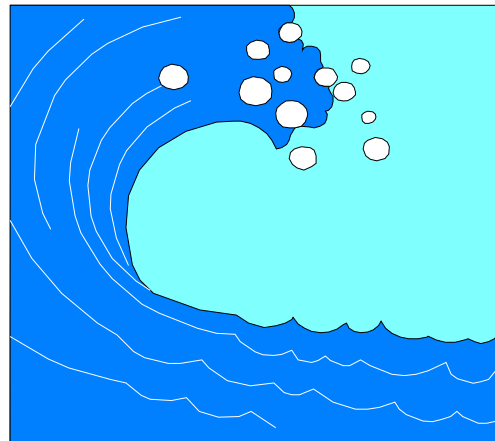
She cried for a while, then went very calm and still and thought for a very long time. Finally she knew she had a solution. She must go and consult with the beach and explain about the rubbish and maybe together they could help each other.



She joyfully ran up the beach, eager to speak with the sand. Beach listened, but after a short time got very angry and proud and told the sea that the rubbish was her problem, not his. He only wanted to sunbathe and play with the children that visited him everyday. The sea was silent and listened to the beach.

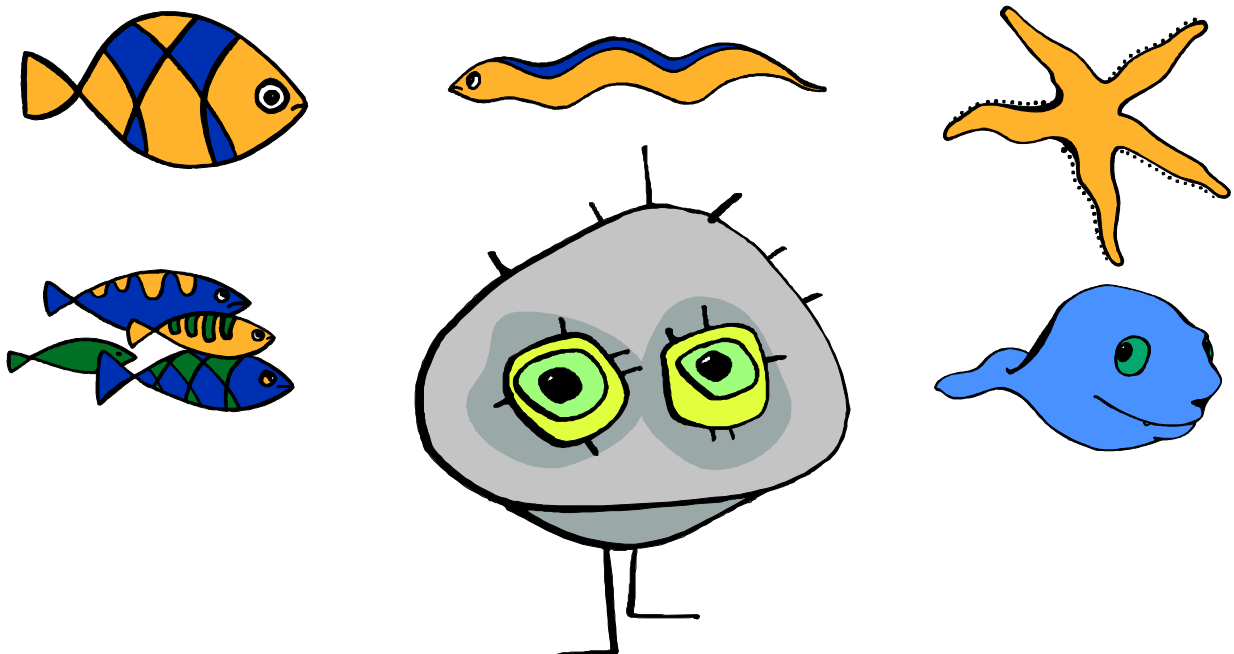
Her heart felt broken. Her final words to the beach were: "If you cannot help me then I must go away and not visit you any more, for I cannot allow you to hurt me or my other friends any more."

Sea turned and moved gently away, with tears of longing in her heart, knowing that she would not return for a long, long time.



Beach woke up early every morning and prepared himself for his playmates. He admired his beautiful yellow sand and thought how grand he looked. But slowly his friends stopped visiting, for beach was getting dirtier and dirtier, full of oil and rubbish, old tyres and junk. He no longer looked proud and golden.

Sea heard the beach crying and called all her fish friends together.



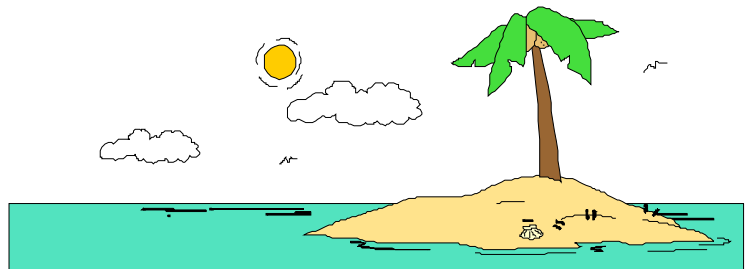
“What shall I do?” she whispered. “I hear beach crying. I hate knowing that he is unhappy. I will visit him today and see if I can help.”

Sea gathered herself together and made the long journey to the beach.

Beach was so pleased to see her he threw his golden arms around her.

“Please don’t leave me again,” he sighed. “I will ask the children and adults to take all their rubbish home with

them, and not leave it all for you to clean. Please let us work together, to clean the beaches and rivers and seas.”



The sea agreed. She felt so happy that they could be friends and visit again and play as they used to.



Now beach works very hard at telling the children to help keep him clean.. And he’s also trying to consult with the adults about dumping oil and waste into his beautiful friend the sea, as it makes her sick and she can’t breathe.

Can you help beach to help the sea?