

SILENT MAIL ACTIVITY



<http://www.theseaconnection.eu>



A group of young students in Stockholm drew pictures related to topics of our project. These drawings were passed on to the school in Hamburg where the students chose a picture which inspired them to write a poem, an interior monologue, a newspaper article, a short story etc referring to what they saw in the picture. The creative texts were then passed on to the school in Barcelona where the students drew pictures again on the basis of the texts they liked. The pictures were then given to the school in Venice where the students wrote the final texts of this activity. In the end, we had an extremely interesting “product chain” and the students were surprised to see what has become of their own little piece of work during its trip around Europe.



THE SEA CONNECTION TRADE, ENVIRONMENT, MIGRATION AND SOCIAL CHALLENGES AS LINKS BETWEEN FOUR EUROPEAN COASTAL CITIES. an Erasmus+ project funded by the EU by [Gymnasium Altona, Tyska Skolan, IIS Benedetti Tommaseo and Escola Pàlcam](#) is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License](#).

Viktor

Victor Garoff, 6A



The Salmon

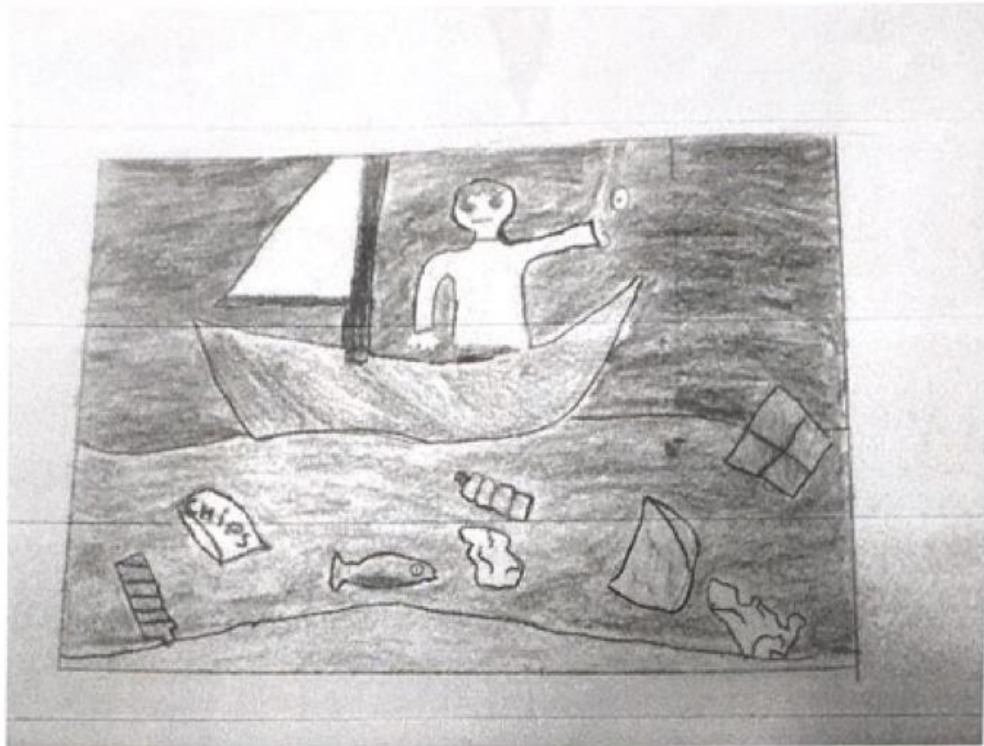
He's in the boat looking out at the water. He looks down and wonders if there's a salmon swimming somewhere down there. She wished for it so much. "You don't have to come home tonight without a salmon", she said. "It is important", she said, "the others are hungry". Hunger. He knows exactly how that feels. He hasn't eaten anything proper for days, either. No salmon, no perch. No trout. Because they no longer exist here. Here the rivers are empty and the people have no work because their boats and nets have become useless. No fish, no nets. And no food. He turns the rod in his small hands while he thinks about the salmon. Where are they? What happened to them? What if he doesn't succeed in catching one? No. He will catch one and bring it home. And he will give his brothers and sisters something to satisfy their hunger and he will make her proud. She would finally be proud of him again.

He sits there for many hours thinking, when suddenly there is a twitch in his fishing rod. And there he sees it. It is tall, almost huge. It would certainly last for a week, smoked. One week without hunger. Being carefree for a week. His hands tremble with excitement as he pulls the salmon into the boat. He takes his father's old knife and begins to cut it open to throw the innards into the river, because nobody likes the innards. The salmon is supposed to be perfect when he brings it home. To her. A little jubilant cheer slips out of his mouth while he cuts along the belly of the fish. Then the knife clinks to the ground. The boy stares at the salmon. The salmon she wanted so much. The salmon that should feed his siblings. The salmon that the water had spared and given him. The salmon that was filled up to the top with plastic.



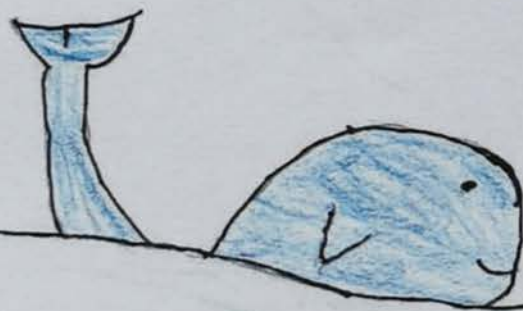
THE MAGIC FISH

Anna Guerriero



One day a boy called Mike took his boat and went to fishing. When he arrived in the open sea, he tried to angling but the only thing that he took was a lot of plastic (plastic bottles, plastic bags and a packet of chips). At the end of the day he was very sad because he had to feed his family but he was poor and the only food he could get was fishes. While he was about to surrender, in the distance, he saw a big fish and its color was gold. He tried to fish it, but in a second it was already in his boat. This fish was magic and it allows him to express three wishes. The boy was confused but he made however his first wish. He asked to the magic fish that his youngest daughter, who was very ill, feeling better. Then he made the second wish, he asked for a good job to help him and his family to earn more money and the last, that in the sea there wasn't more plastic. Said that, the gold fish jumped into the sea and Mike, thinking that the magic fish lied, when he got home discovered that actually his wishes had come true. And he became very happy!

STORY #2



The Lonely Whale

At the beginning of the story, a lonely whale was swimming. It swam from island to island, from country to country, and from continent to continent in search of a friend.

After several months of searching, it stranded, a boy found him when it was almost dry. The boy fetched his neighbors, there were 50 of them. They lived at the beach and tried to keep it wet with sea water from buckets or container-like objects. They contacted the people responsible to get the whale back into the water. After one day, the whale was back in the sea. The people now wanted to go on with their daily lives, but the whale always came back every day, as close to the beach as possible. The children always brought it food and played with it. It became part of the beach.

After months of fun a tsunami arrived, it flooded the whole beach and the land, too. All the houses were destroyed and the whale was alone again looking for a friend. This time it was different, the whale did not search for so long and quickly found a friend, a sea dweller, a fish. Every time the fish was in danger, the whale helped the fish and every time the whale did not find enough food, the fish helped it. They even found an underwater cave where both could live together, but one day another whale came and tried to eat the fish. The fish tried to swim to the cave as fast as it could to help its friend. Its friend, the whale, came out of the cave wondering and saw the other whale chasing the fish. It intervened immediately and both whales fought. After a long fight they had mutual respect for each other and they became friends. The whale was not so lonely anymore.

Text: İlhan Kaya 8a, Gymnasium Altona



SOFIA Y JANA LESOB PÁLCAM
CABRERA GÓMEZ

Berry And White Story

Once upon a time in the Azores islands sea there were three happy friends, Berry and White two whales and Theo a little golden fish.

They used to hangout all the time, swimming towards the small islands that surrounded the Azores. Usually, before meeting, they used to explore the zone around them in search of Larry the young human, the owner of Theo who had lost him almost 3 weeks ago.

After days and days of searching they've finally got a hint about Larry's position by Mr.Crab.

To get the exact information they had to solve a riddle:

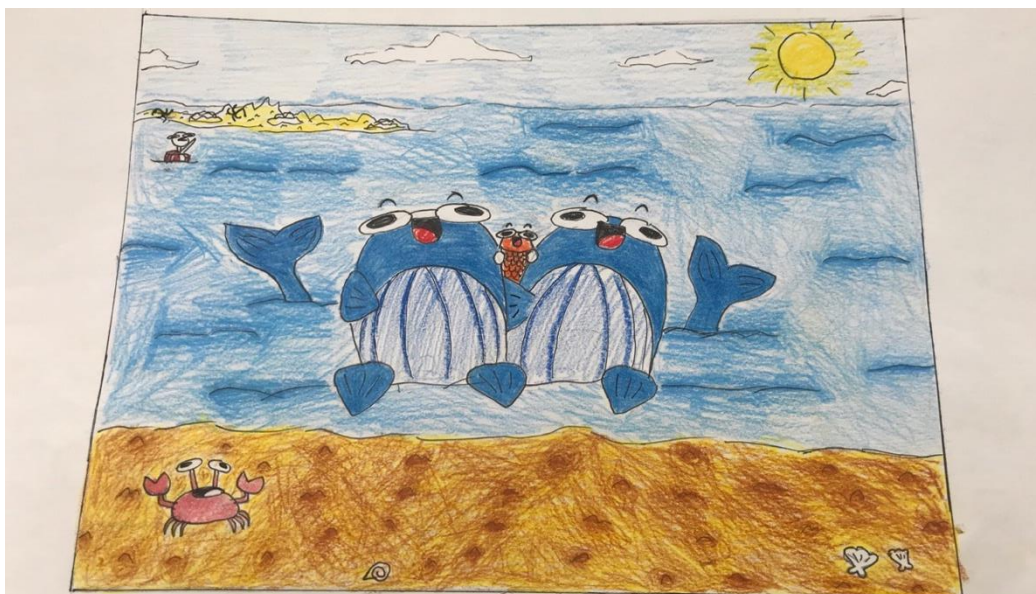
"Lighter than what I am made of,
More of me is hidden than is seen,
I am the bane of the mariner,
A tooth within the sea.
Speak my name."

<https://www.riddles.nu/topics/sea>

Berry and White panicked for while but after a long trip to the secret island they got a cross a sea shell which gave them the answer, happy about it they swam faster than a ship towards the old wise man. When they told him that the answer was ICE he maintained the word given and gave them the exact coordinates of the little boys position.

They got organized and rescued the little human who was trapped by a giant seaweed.

After saving him they celebrated all happily.



STORY #3

Henric 12/5/2019
Hydra Station
aka Jon

Henric Hansson, 6A

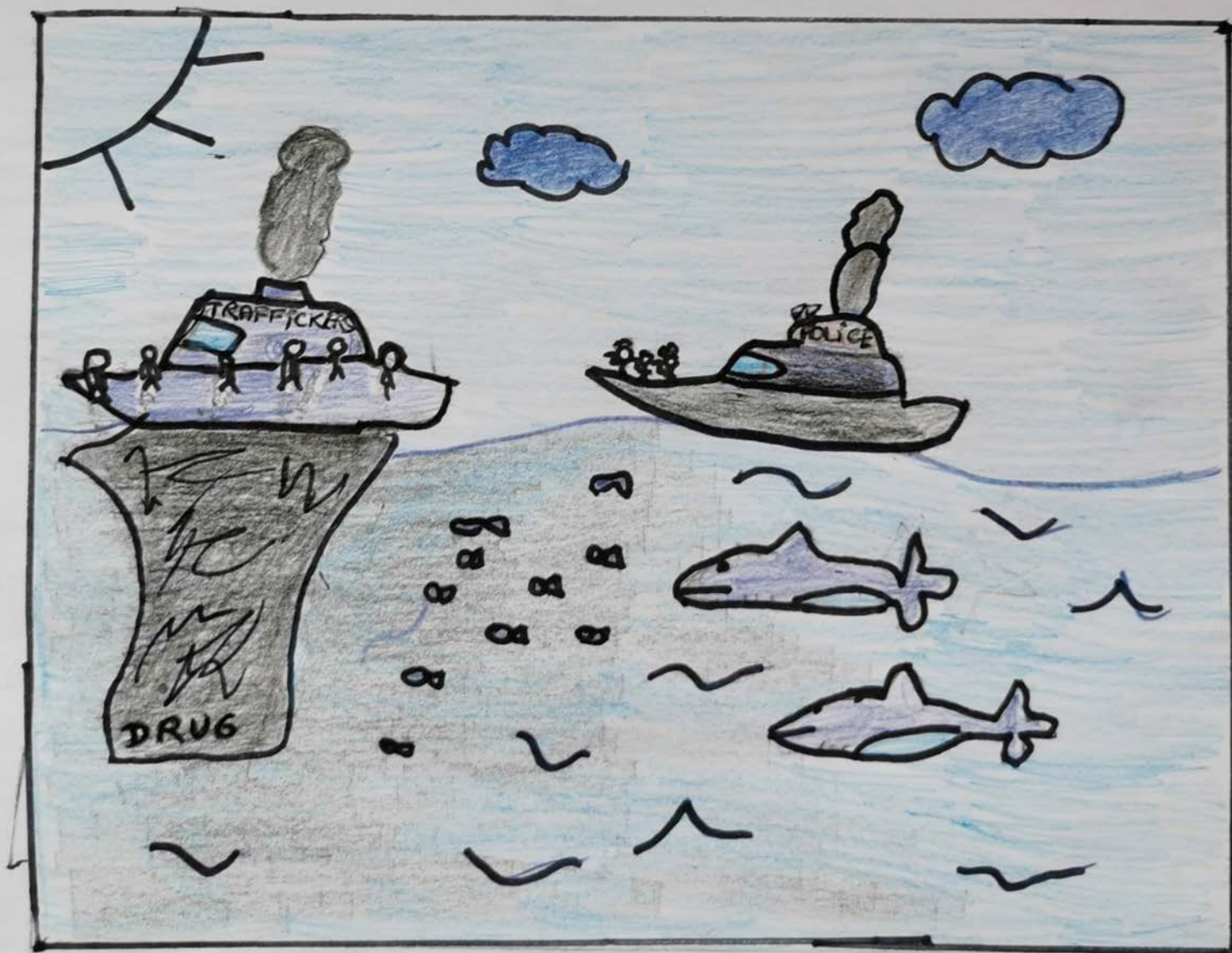


Nael looked into the black sky and wondered how he had gotten into such a situation again. Kaol had hired him again to take the "job" on the party ship "Santa Maria". Everything stank of alcohol and sweat and the jukeboxes were so loud that Nael could still hear them below deck.

He quickly closed the lock on the red metal box and got ready. His task was to get the box onto the "Santa Cruz", which would arrive in about twenty minutes. The box had been smuggled to Hawaii and they were now smuggling it on. He himself did not know the contents of the box. All he knew was that this deal was highly dangerous. "What are you doing there so long? The box has to go over to Santa Cruz," Mikey said in a bad mood. A few minutes later Nael and Mikey carried the box over a narrow plank onto the Santa Cruz. The ship swayed a lot and it had started to rain.

Suddenly Mikey slipped the crate out of his hands. It fell into down, hit the water hard and sank into the black depth. Angrily, Nael said to Mikey: "We have to report this to Kaol. Come on, we gotta get down from here fast." Below deck they waited for Kaol. Nael had a guilty conscience because he felt sorry for Mikey. But he needed the money for his mother to buy her medicine. A short time later Kaol came below deck: "Nael dropped the box. What should we do now?", Mikey asked. "10 kilos of cocaine have fallen into the water," Kaol shouted frighteningly. "I didn't do anything like that," Nael tried to defend himself. "I don't believe a word you say. There will be consequences," Mikey cursed.

Enzo Pålsson
Francisco Corcolla
Matti Sella



Manuel Jimenez
Escola Palcam Tomeu Óbedo
1esol



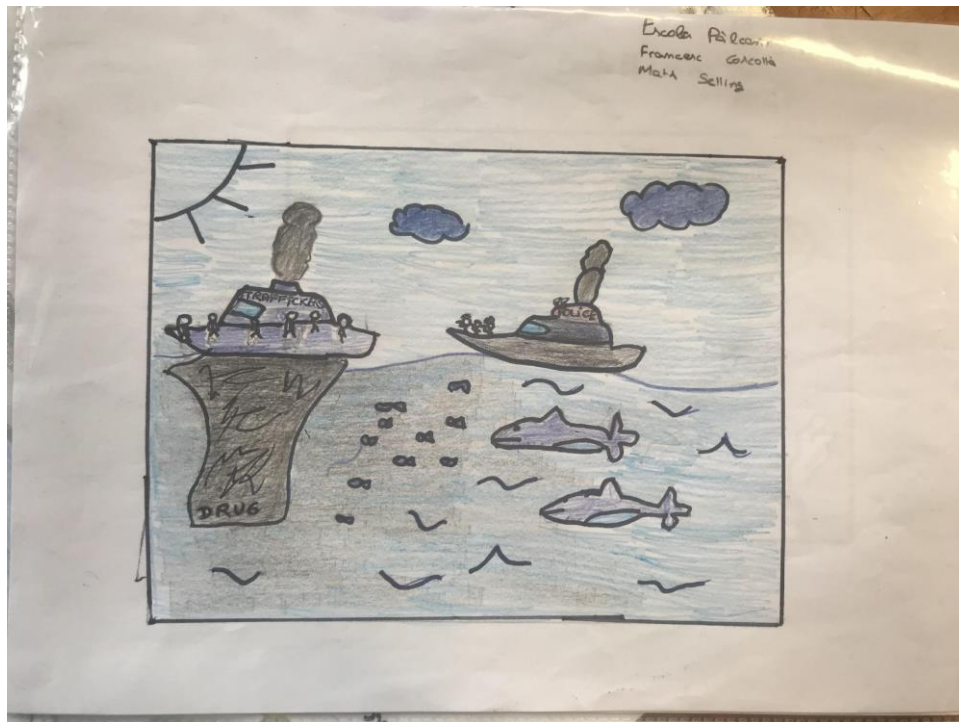
Traffickers

A day some traffickers were sailing on the sea when they found themselves blocked on a reef and then they asked a pair of dolphins to go and call their comrades.

The dolphins decided not to go and called the comrades of the traffickers because they had already had another unpleasant meeting with people like them so they decided, after discussing the meeting just lived with a school of passing fish.

A couple of days later the two dolphins returned with a police patrol boat full of police officers who promptly arrested the traffickers and rewarded the two dolphins who had brought them there.

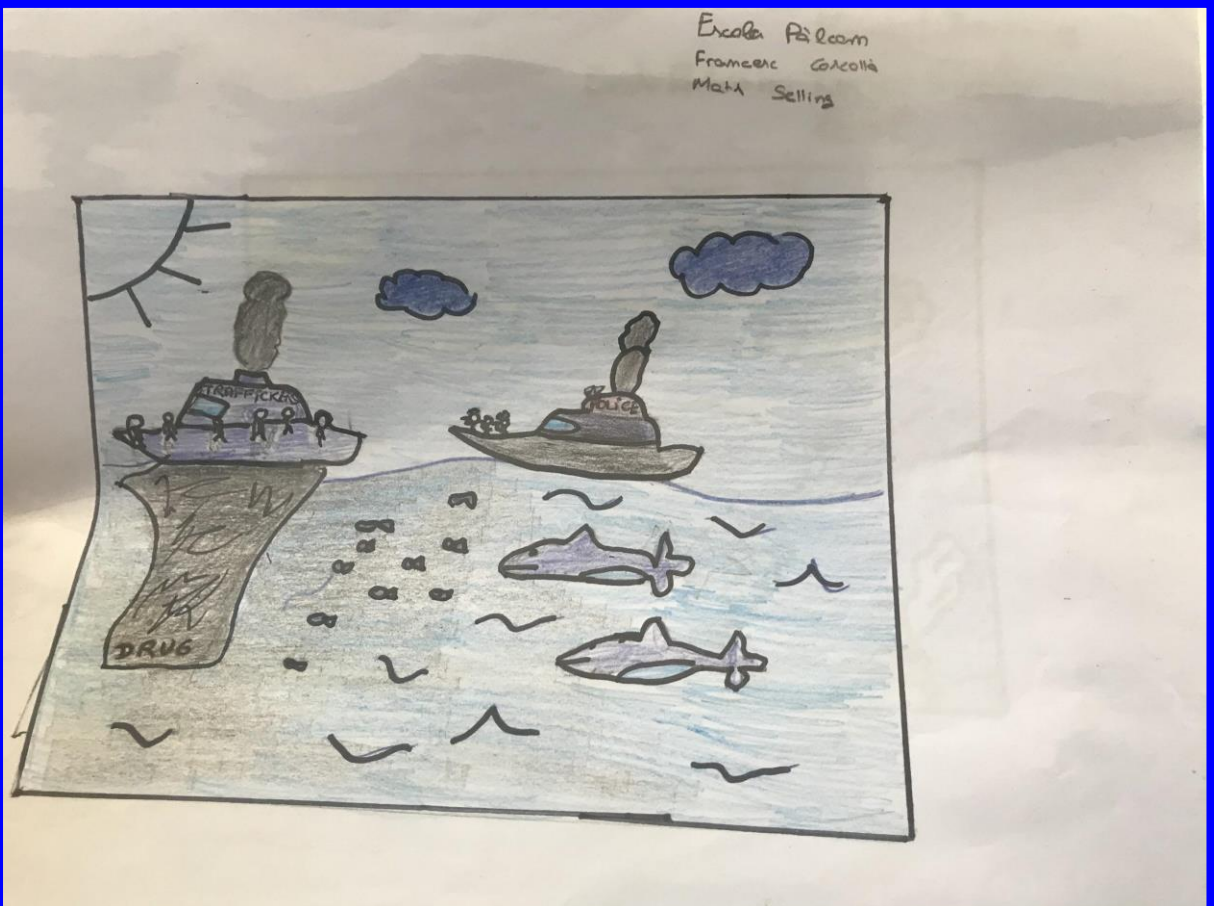
At the end the two dolphins decided to become police animals and help the coast guard chasing traffickers at sea, obviously they received food and attentions every day but they weren't stuck there, they remained of their own will.



illegal trafficking

The traffickers were transporting a load from Brazil to Europe, after a long journey, near the Portugal coast they saw a police boat that wanted to stop them then they started to run away and hit the bottom of the boat with the rocks. This damage caused the leakage the police called for help to stop the criminals. Drugs polluted the ocean several types of fish arrive including many sharks who ate drugs and died immediately after a dramatic situation for marine fauna.

Giovanni Bonzio



STORY #4



Nils Bernhard, 6A

The water had always been Maria's friend. It watered the fields and when it burned, the water extinguished the destructive flames. It washed the dirt off her skin and in the scorching summers typical of Mexico, it quenched her thirst. Maria loved the water, but everything would change.

Maria Zurita played marbles with her brothers Miguel and Juan on the dry streets of her village Tapalla. Her mother had gone to the tiny market and her father worked in the huge maize fields that stretched out in front of her village. This was often the case; her parents were out and about and the three brothers and sisters provided for their own lunch. Mostly there was tortilla bread or something from the sea to which their village bordered. Now they sat in front of their tiny hut, Maria's bare feet burning on the hot ground. The old men also sat in front of their huts smoking pipes, some of them watching their play, some sleeping, some having a humming conversation. The only sounds were the soft roar of the sea and the occasional cries of the children. It was a pleasant, peaceful silence that prevailed on this particularly hot summer day.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, the shouting started. At first it came from the beach, "Water! Help!" Being the eldest and responsible for the younger ones, Miguel said, "Come on, on the roof with you". Maria was small and agile and had reached the corrugated iron roof of her little hut within seconds. The cries for help became louder, now they came from all possible directions. In their lane there was unrest, everyone tried to find the source of the noise. Some climbed up on their houses, too, only the old men remained sitting, they did not even bat an eyelid. Miguel also lifted himself up to the roof one last bit. But now it was Juan's turn, he tried to pull himself up against the wall, but as hard as he tried, it didn't work, it was too difficult. "Come on, Juan!", Miguel shouted to him, "I... I can't." Tears shimmered in Juan's eyes. The restlessness now turned into loud, panicky chaos. "Please", Miguel begged his little brother and at that moment the water broke into their little street.

The tsunami was a monster, it was death in the form of water and mud and it carried away everything that got in its way. First, it was the turn of the old men, the huge wave tore them from their plastic chairs, they resisted, but the water was stronger, it locked the men in its icy arms and never let them go again. Maria just wanted to cry, she wanted to lie down in her warm bed, then she wanted to wake up and realize that it was all just a dream. But no, it wasn't a dream, it was a nightmare that had come alive and it was exactly this nightmare that now gripped her big brother. Juan clung to their hut, but the water had no mercy. It swallowed his cries for help and tugged at him until he relaxed. Her wonderful big brother just loosened his hands and was torn away, just like that. There was silence in Maria's head, the noises around her were nothing but a hiss, she only saw Juan being torn away, into the cold, wet death. The water broke into their hut, tore apart what they had so laboriously built up. The roof was moving on the stream of destruction towards the interior. Maria lay in Miguel's arms, warm, salty tears rolling down her cheeks. She didn't care what would come now if the water got her. She only saw Juan being torn to his wet death by the water.

Text: Lucie Wiese 8a, Gymnasium Altona



Guarante Juan and Roi Cortegoso / ESOC - Escala Pilcan

THE TSUNAMI STORY

If someone thinks that the sea is a relaxing and safe place, he says this only because he has never seen a tsunami.

A few years ago, while I was on vacation with my family, totally in love with the beaches with white sand and clear water, after a long day of sunbathing the catastrophe took place.

After a sunny day, in the middle of the afternoon the sky changed, it became cloudy, the wind came and the waves crashed angrily on the rocks. For fear we decided to run away; when we arrived at the hotel we found everyone worried glued to the television:

A TSUNAMI WAS ADVANCING IN THE CITY!

The day after we went to the city and given the damage caused by the water, we decided to help the poor local people because it was a catastrophe for everyone.

Codolo Martina 3B

STORY #5

Garbage Rain

The waters around Spain - in fact, these areas are known only as beautiful holiday waters, known for their clean water. But it shouldn't always stay that way, because shortly after the big export ships had driven by and had washed all the city garbage of the people to the shore, the nightmare began. Beside the repulsive smell, colorful things, that we had never seen before, were pulled into the open sea.

My friend Joey and I have already experienced a lot of different things. E.g. last year we swam to the beach or followed smaller means of water transport, thus the things which one always wanted to do at our young age. But let's get back to what happened.

When the ships drove past our homes, all people were asked to go into the deeper waters, which we did. The situation was tense. Since everyone assumed that the things would disappear again after some time, most swam up again, without knowing what was about to happen. Within a short time, it became loud; many people gathered around a multicolored wrapping, in which, apparently, there was a fish which could not free itself, despite its many attempts. After I had freed it, suddenly many fish began to scream. I noticed that my buddy hectically nudged me and called my name several times. When I replied, he pointed up to where I now also saw many colorful human wrappings, which were approaching us. I only looked down briefly to see where everyone else was, and when I was about to swim to them, it was already too late. One of the colorful wrappings had caught me and my friend; we had never felt so bad before. We laughed and I said: "How could we end up like this - exactly those who were not afraid of anything?"

Joey said, "I don't know! "

We talked about our best and worst moments together, until we touched the ground and were helped out by other fish. We were disoriented, but were able to get used to our surroundings after a short time. My friend said: "We had a great time together again, buddy." And I knew that he must have been right.

Text: Taylan Yildiz, 8a Gymnasium Altona

Sam Imboden
Eric Zanni
Jacob Chengora



A little help for a big problem

In modern civilization we are increasingly submerged with waste of all kinds. What we can do to reduce the pollution of our environment and make our cities and our seas cleaner is to reduce consumption. Furthermore, we should use recyclable and non-polluting containers such as plastic. Above all, we should roll up our sleeves and all together clean the environment at least once a week.

One day I saw a boy walking on the banks of a lake, when he saw in the water a lot of garbage that floated and accumulated on the whole shore, he decided to call all his friends who were playing in a nearby park to help him clean the lake shore from all the garbage that had accumulated.

Each boy went to his house to get a pair of gloves and plastic bags for rubbish and then they returned to the lake. So all together they started to collect waste of all kinds and put it in the garbage bags. Among the many rubbish the boys found some fish entangled in abandoned nets and other fish instead were agonizing on the shore for having swallowed pieces of plastic. After about two hours of work they managed to clean up the entire lake shore and save many fish from a horrible death.

So, satisfied with the beautiful gesture they made, they returned happy to their homes, with the intention of repeating this great gesture of civilization and respect for the environment in the future.



STORY #6



lue7 Lindfeldt, 64

The newspaper Süddeutsche Zeitung

Is marine pollution worse than we think?

According to the latest studies, the world's oceans are so polluted with garbage, plastics and toxic liquids that even people can die. Not only can this have devastating consequences for people, but fishing has also become more difficult since the seas have become polluted, with almost all fish containing plastic. So even if the plastic has been removed from the water, we still eat microplastic! Many animal rights activists and celebrities keep calling for action against marine pollution in social media. Now, for the first time, the politicians are also expressing themselves, as on Fridays children and teenagers go out onto the streets again and again and thus skip school. A speaker of the Bundestag said: "This cannot go on in such a way that even more garbage ends up in the sea. But if something is to be done about the catastrophe, we must all contribute something to it. So, here are 3 tips what you can do against marine pollution:

1. If you are at the sea, don't leave your garbage there!
2. Make sure that no toxic liquids get into the sea!
3. Collect plastic or garbage on the beach or in the city!

Pay attention to your environment and your seas, because they are important for us and for their inhabitants, otherwise we will soon swim as lifeless in the water as the fish in the sea!

Text: Linne Brand, 8a Gymnasium Altona

Leine Salana
Ariadna Cuerrero } 1ESO A
Escola Palcom



NIGHTMARE OR REALITY?



This July, Allison went on vacation in Sardinia with her parents and she was so excited about it, even if she was a little scared to take the plane for the first time in her whole life!

Once arrived there, the little girl immediately headed towards the beach and she fell asleep, cradled by the sound of the waves and the peaceful silence of that Sunday morning.

She dreamed to live in a parallel world where the fishes were replaced with plastic ones and the marine corals didn't exist anymore.

Allison was speechless and she had tears in her eyes, but she felt immobilized also when she saw a boat on the horizon throwing away plastic waste in the sea.

The little girl hadn't the strength to pronounce neither a single word and she had a bad feeling: nothing would have changed even if she would have screamed and shouted.

The alarm hadn't given off, but she still hopes that to be only a bad nightmare.

Unfortunately, plastic pollution is a reality and now humanity has to face this challenge as soon as possible to recover what has been damaged.

STORY #7



Vera Homburg, 6A

The sea is calm tonight
The sun spends hope and light
When suddenly a boat drives by
And makes the ocean cry
It draws attention of every single fish
They are wondering:
What does the boat lose?
Is it waste or maybe just a fresh dish
As they starve today.
Many of them try
Sadly, they have to pay
With their lives and die.

Text: Len Bosse, S3 Gymnasium Altona



ESCOLA PÀLCAM

MESO A

SILVIA ACEDO

CLARA HERRERO



A HORIZON'S DESIRE

The sun sets, the dusk goes forward, and it is the moment when him can touch his opposite element. But this evening something is changed: his sister water wears special clothes which are choking her under their plenty.

The sun is not able to hear her creatures who are screaming help. The weakly sun rays, during the dusk, do not have the necessary power to slide into the small and few crevices remained which still show the real clear skin of the sea.

Blood red rays, ran out from the sun, are reflected by the shiny plastic blanket, giving to the oceans an apocalyptic aspect which forces the poor fishers to fear the reason of their livelihood. Whenever that their tiny wooden oars attempt to dip the head into the sea, first they founder and dig in the thick plastic layer before of reaching the wretched water.

Marine animals barely emerge from the dark depths. Sometimes, only a brave turtle or whale push themselves out of the sea surface with the risk of getting caught; and when it happens, they have a terrible end: the rubbish wrap their bodies like hungry snakes that stifle the prey in their coils, causing them to die of a slow and painful death; the microplastic settles within them, slowly tearing them apart.

The warm sunset light lights up the grisly scene of this theater polluted by its passive spectators who, apparently unaware, are waiting for the end of the show, the end of the World.

Sara Ghezzi 3^B

STORY #8



Wilhelm Blomqvist, 6A

Sometimes the older ones are telling us stories. Stories about how it was before. Before the rubbish came into our homes, before the iron was created by humans, before our coral reef was decorated with plastic bags.

They say, there was a time when the water was clear and beautiful, like liquid light.

When the colours weren't dusty but bright, shining and glowing in the breaking sunlight, the waves were carrying leaves of water lilies and no one of our population had to die, was poisoned or drowned.

I wonder if I may ever see a world like that again.

But maybe, they just invented it.

Text: Hanna Schuppan, S1 Gymnasium Altona

Die Fernández and Víctor Petamús Pálcam



leam, Adrián Ramírez, Iago Coma, Víctor Marcella Inessa A





the wise

Well, once upon a time, there was a old wise who lives in little island in the middle of the big Pacific Ocean.

he survived from a helicopter crash and sea taked him to the shore.

when he was without conscience, while his body was taking by the sea to the shore , he dreamed the god spoken with him and giving him the wise and the force of nature.

the last words of gods was " you are my messenger".

when he wake up he was everythings in another way.

after 20 years from that event he managed the present gave by god.

He has starting clean the sea , divided the sea in two parts , one where was corrupt and the other where were the original ecosystem .

he lived for 79 ages and never see the sea clean from plastic and chemical substances .
his last worlds was " if you really like your world save it and dont make the mistake that
will destroy your future".

zheng.pengcheng

STORY #9



Nils Bernhard, 6A

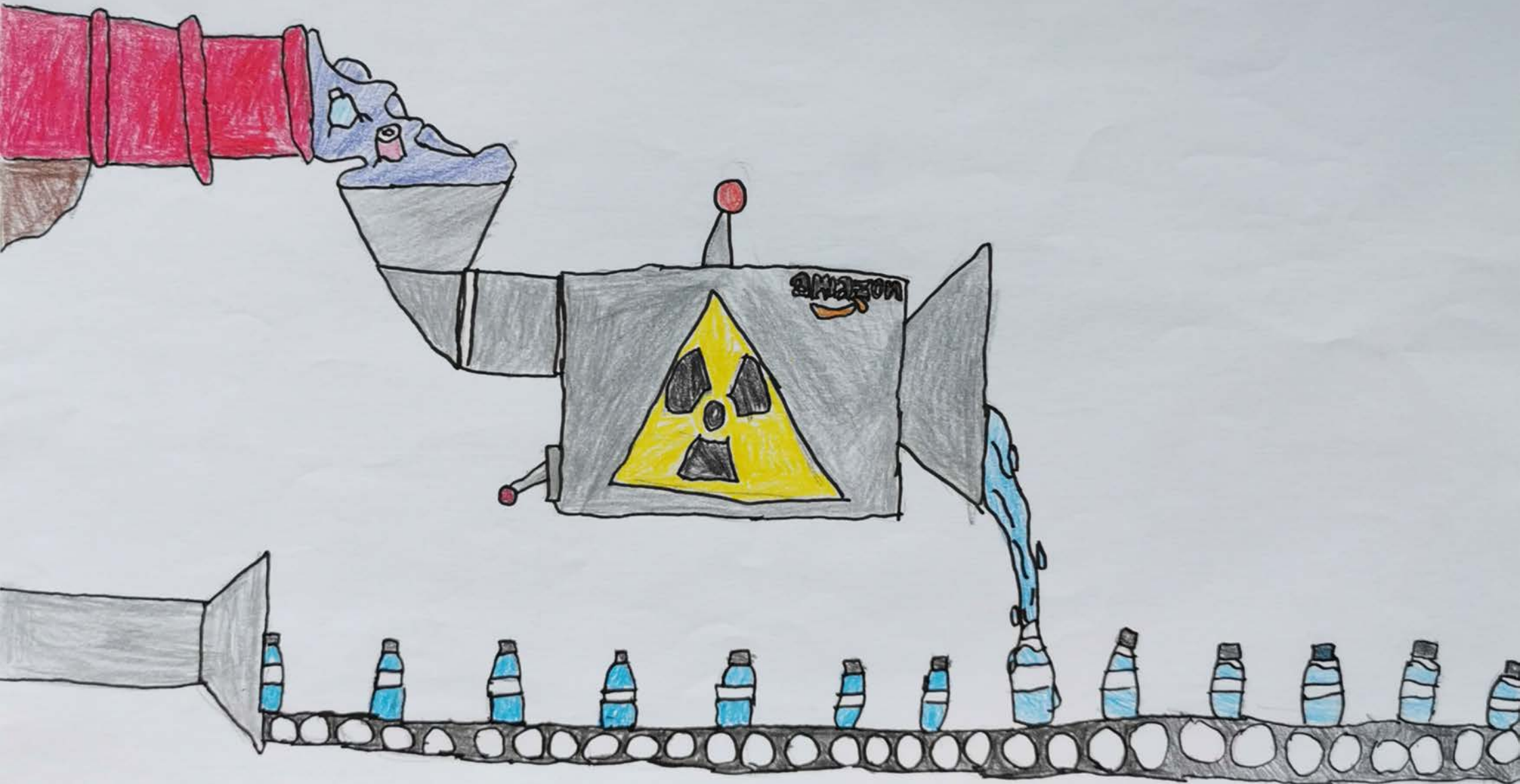
The Machine

I think, all of us hope for a machine
where dirty water goes in and comes out clean
that takes out all plastic and recycles in seconds.
All the rubbish, or just worn out leggings.
Where all that could be dealt with through a push of a button.
But without it, all our oceans are destined to rotten.

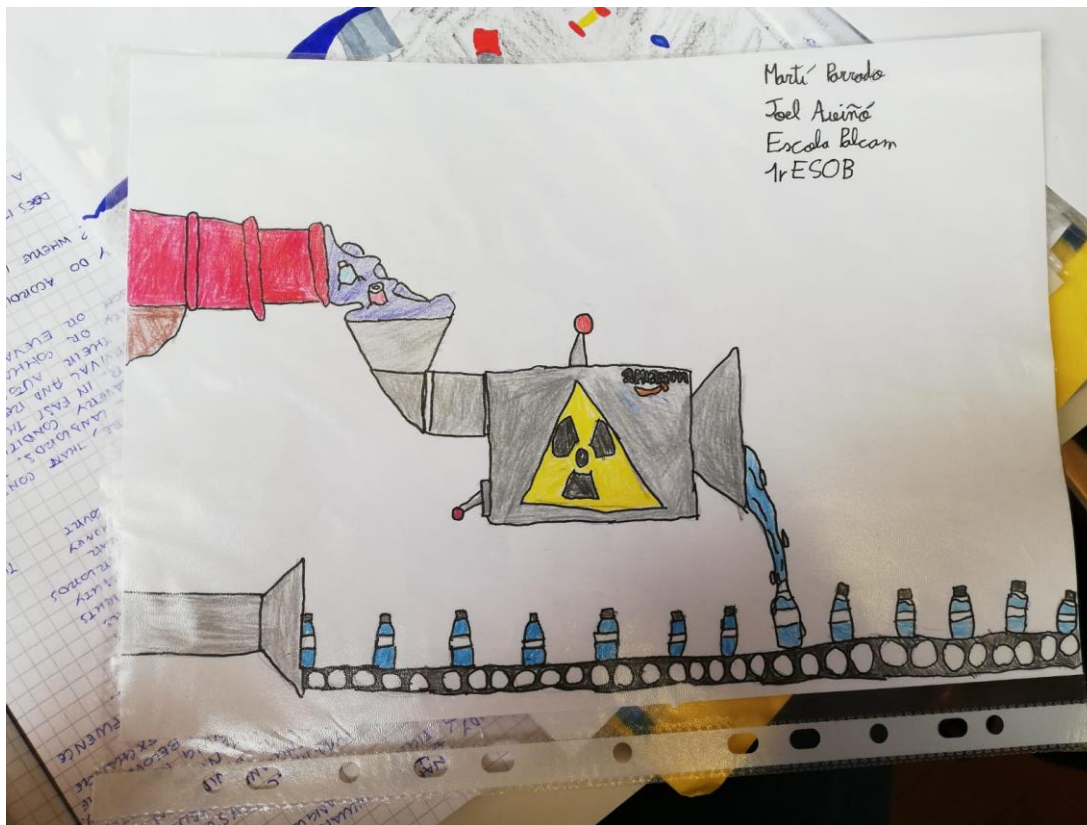
What if I told you, there's a different way that's just as easy.
If we just get off our butts and stop being so sleezy.
If we start working together and towards a solution
Just stop buying plastic so we can stop the pollution.
But we need to start now because we don't have time.
So, stand up, raise your voice and start cleaning up that slime!

Text: Maik Dütemeyer, S3 Gymnasium Altona

Martí Borrado
Joel Azeite
Escola Balcam
1r ESOB



purifying machine



Now days people don't usually know the truth behind what they see, what they eat and what they drink. They don't want to know it. They are probably scared and they prefer to live in the illusion of a health world. But this world is sick, and maybe one day they'll found out the truth, like Dean did.

Dean was a small child, he was shy but extremely curious. He was often excluded from his friends, which is why he got into the habit of exploring the surroundings of his city.

One day he discovered a large white building with a square shape and, intrigued, approaches it until it touches the wall. Suddenly a door appeared from the white wall and the child walked in, unaware of the danger. As soon as he walked in he realized that there was something wrong with that place. He saw a tube that carried plastic bottles on a conveyor belt, without understanding the meaning of that machine. then he looked up and saw a giant waste-to-dust machine that remained the trash from the water. Walking through the gigantic building he saw hundreds of such frightening devices.

He was too small to understand the meaning of what he had saw, but years later he realized he had visited the factory where all the lies come from. Lies about the his and our future. They were hiding the fact that the whole ocean and all the seas are polluted and full of plastic.

Cora Fusco

STORY #10



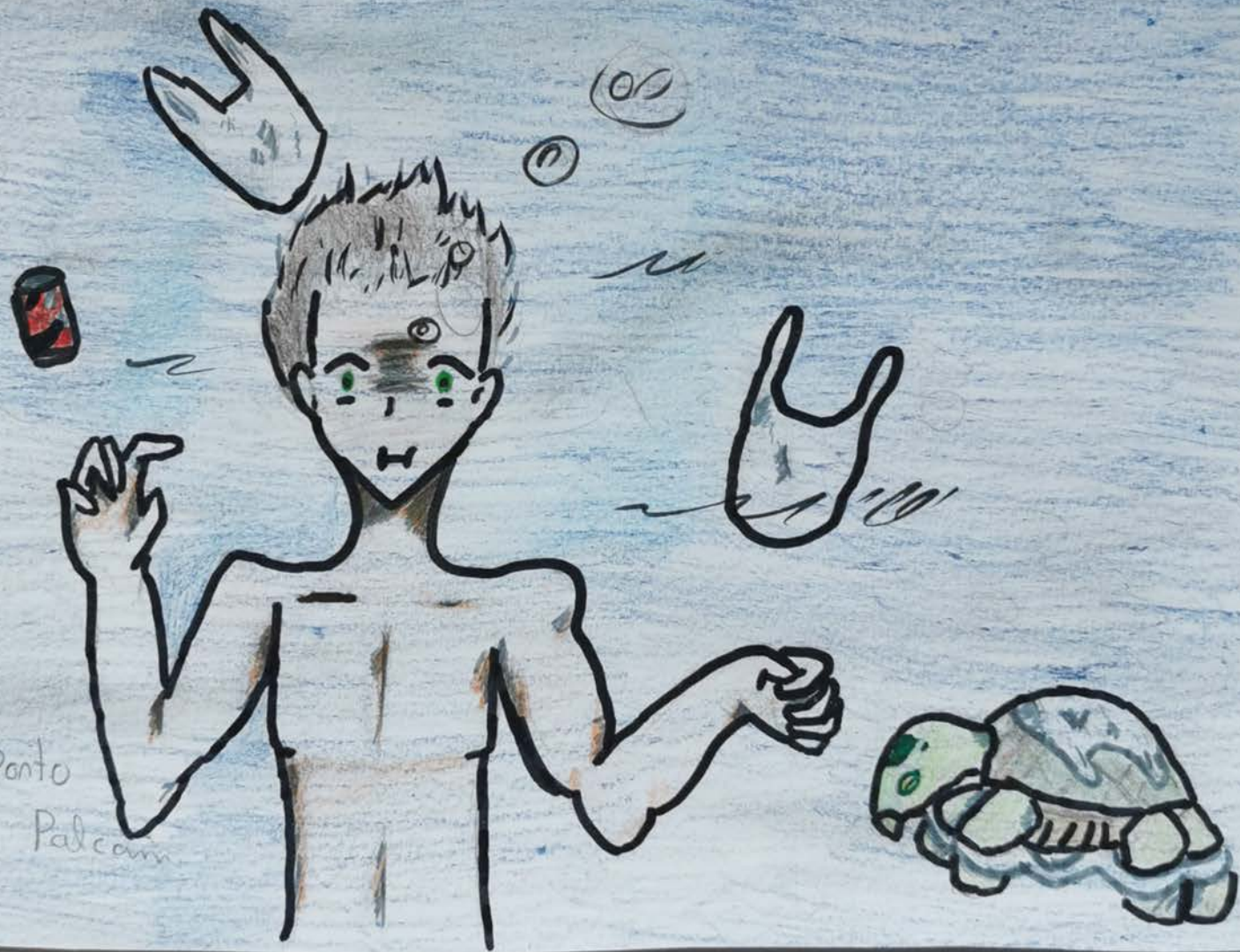
Jannis Ebert, 6A

Tom the Lifeguard

One day, Tom, the lifeguard, was swimming on the coast a few kilometres from the harbour. A huge cruise ship was docked and Tom was on the lookout for the big waves.

Tom saw something dark in the water a few yards away from him. He took a deep breath and dived. What he saw, he had never seen before. A huge swarm of garbage and plastic bags were swimming in the sea and a turtle had got caught in it. Tom swam towards the garbage, when suddenly a refugee boat raced by and nearly collided with him; he was startled. He dived up again and looked at the boat behind him. There were 20 to 30 people in that rubber dinghy heading for the coast. Tom swam on and looked at the factories on the western side of the coast. There was often a pipe leak and many toxic substances could get into the sea. He looked around and discovered a huge gas leak in one of the pipes that led into the water and a green liquid shot out of it in streams. Tom swam back towards the land; he was shocked that something like this could happen and nothing was done about it. He went ashore again and tried to tell his boss about it, who was sitting in his office in a house of the nearby settlements in his armchair coordinating his workers for the next few days. Tom told him about the events, but his boss said that it wasn't the factories that were to blame, but us, because we buy so much plastic and they were just doing their jobs.

Paula y
Victor Panto
Escuela Palcam



Michael and the edible plastic



Michael was walking around the beach while suddenly his attention was captured by something in the water: there was something shining so much that was blinding his eyes and making an appealing sound that was fascinating his ears.

He decided to go towards the mysterious thing, swimming fast until he arrived above that huge section of sparkling water. Then he was dragged underwater by a slimy tentacle which brought him in an unknown submerged world full of different marine creatures, but, as soon as he started to take a look around, his eyes saw something brutal: there was so much human garbage along all the secret town.

At some point he noticed that he was running out of oxygen and started panicking and a big creature, similar to a strange orange octopus, took him in front of a turtle who suggested him to eat the plastic bag on its shell. After all the doubts and worrisome thoughts, Michael, knowing that he was going to die soon, decided to give it a try; he picked up the bag and took a small bite...surprisingly it was working!

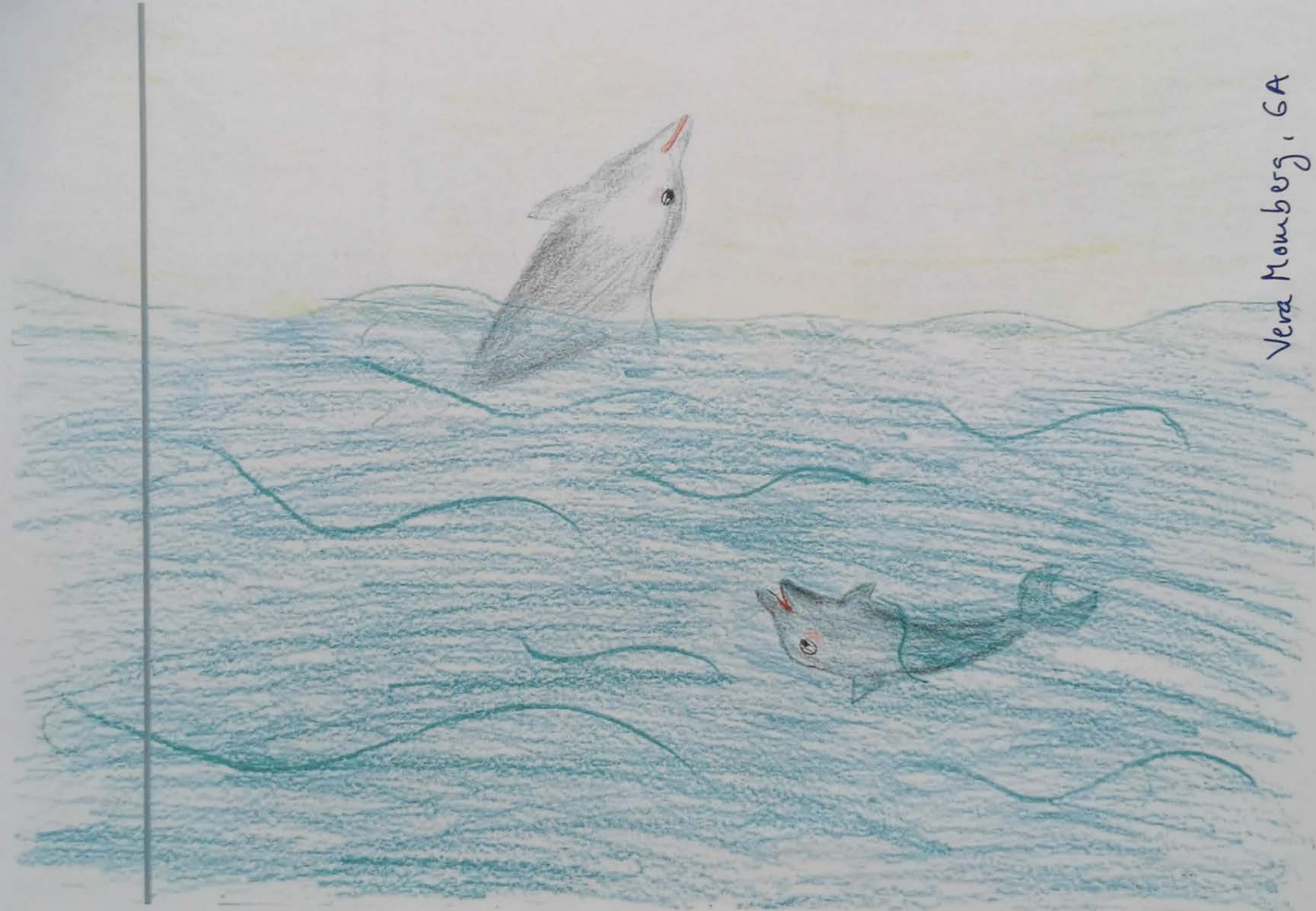
While eating the plastic bag he found out that he could breathe underwater, so he started eating all the trash that got the town dirty, cleaning it. The turtle thanked him by giving a collarbone made of some kind of precious coral, then she called a whale for helping him return to the surface.

While he was near to reach it and once his head was outside the water, he was suddenly hit by a strong bright light that he couldn't see anything again and then he passed out.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself biting the pillow of his bed and being all sweaty, so he realized it was everything part of a strange dream that will be in his mind for a very long time.

By Doriana Rotino

STORY #11



Vera Mowberg, 6A

The ocean is blue. It is a pretty blue.

The sun is shining on the ocean and it is sparkling on the blue water.

You can see two dolphins.

Together, they are playing in the water.

Oh no, they are not playing in the water.

The dolphins are on their backs.

They do not move anymore.

I think the two dolphins are dead.

And now I see a cold and lonely ocean without the dolphins.

Text: Jeanne Zeitler, S1 Gymnasium Altona



Escola Pelcam
1er d'ESO B
Sergi Surinyach
i Oscar Parotas



This is the story of two dolphins: John and Randy.

It was a sunny day in the Pacific Ocean. John and Randy were playing, swimming on the high waves and catching some fishes to eat. They were so happy in that day, but then something bad happened. They were trying to catch a very big and fast fish so they didn't notice that a small moving island was approaching them. It was a garbage island. There are lots of them in all the seas and nowadays they are still growing up. However John and Randy finished right in the middle of that island. They didn't know that the island was made out of garbage so they kept swimming to catch their prey. They were really fast and, when Randy approached the fish, he opened his mouth to eat it. He didn't catch that fish, instead he caught a large can. Randy stopped his hunt there but John kept swimming to reach the fish. After some failed attempts he finally caught the fish, but during the hunt he got trapped in a plastic beer container. They tried to escape from that situation, but they didn't make it, so they died in that sunny day in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

STORY #12

COOP

IKEA

ICA

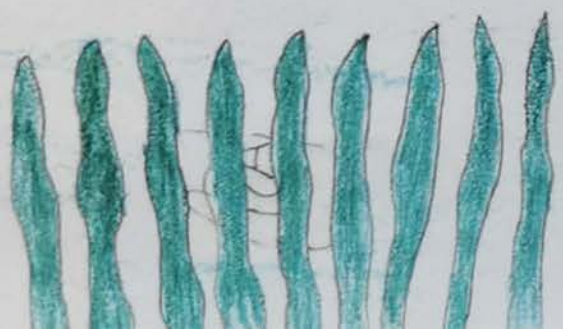
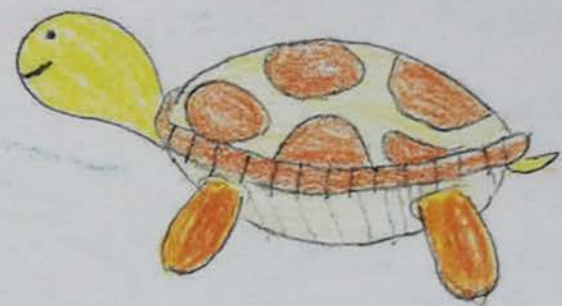
Chips

CHIPS

MILK

Gröda
MILK

Seol's

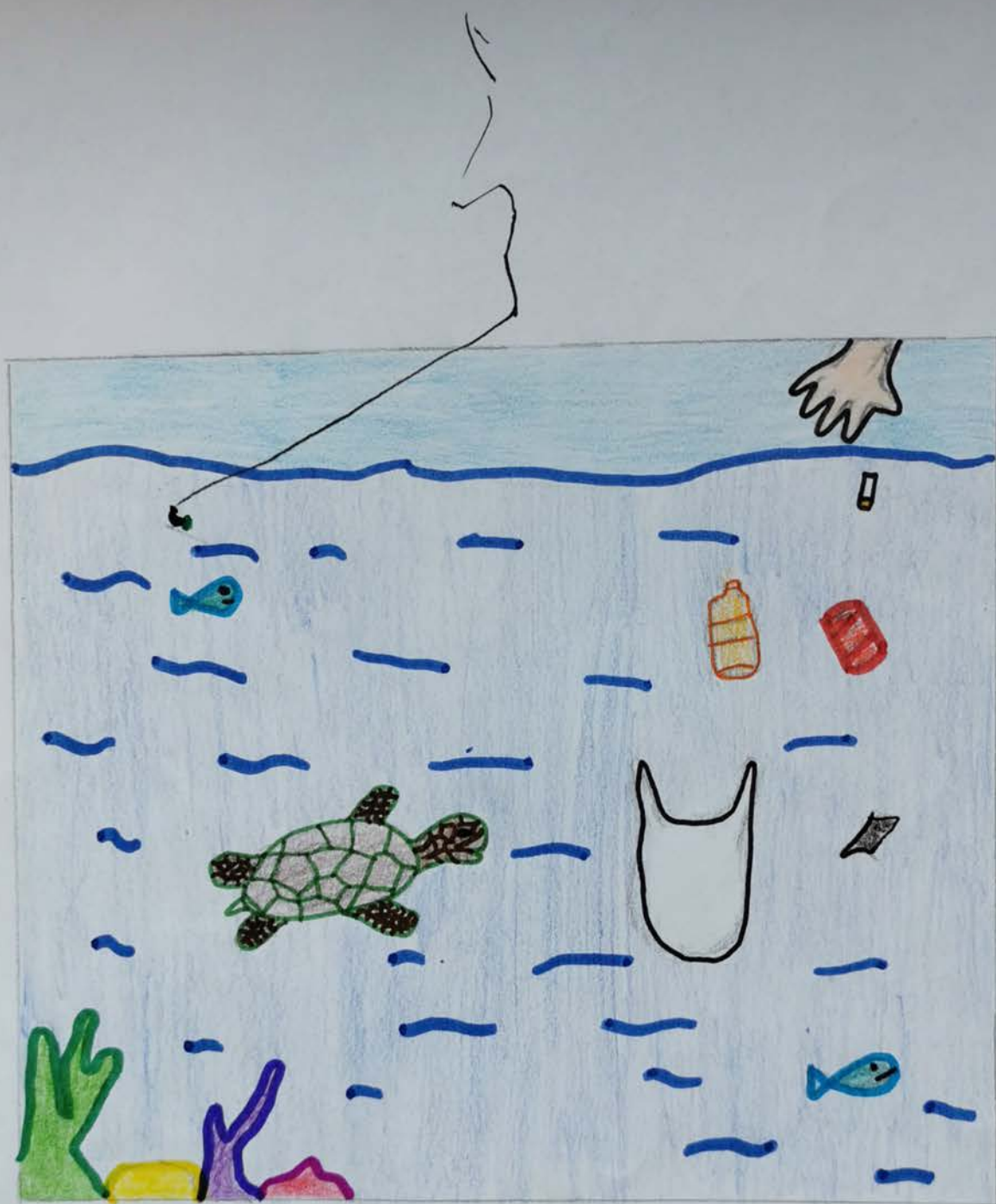


Märtha Ots, 6A

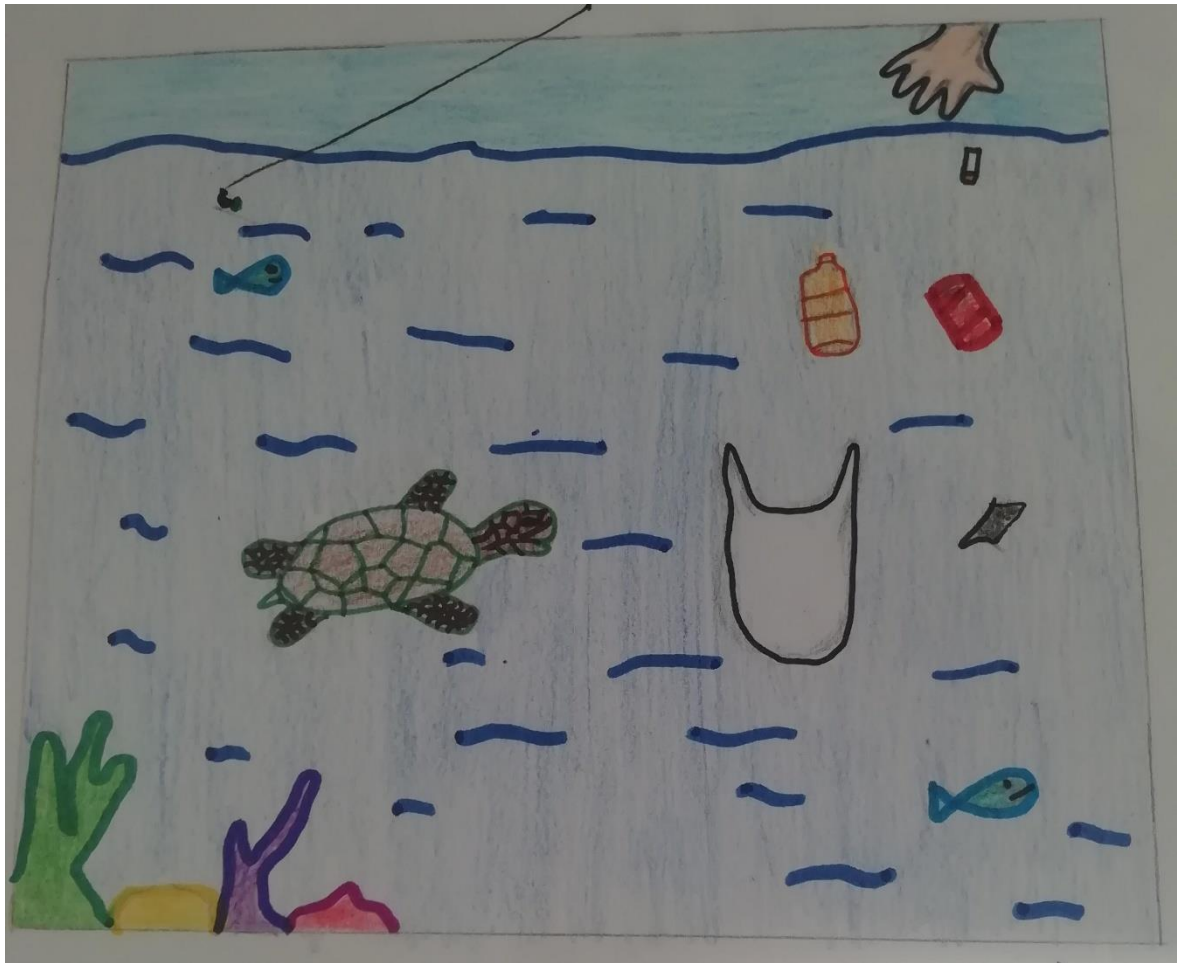
The Operation

One day a peaceful and hungry turtle was swimming through the sea. It was a special turtle because it was the only known case to have square, separate scales on her back. It hungrily swam its route which it always swam when it was hungry. But then it found a plastic bag and ate it, believing it was a fish. The scientists who observed it reacted too late and could not save it from this misfortune. But they did everything they could to save this special turtle. The scientists decided to perform an operation, but it was very risky because the turtle could easily die. So, they anaesthetized the turtle to cut it open (that was the hardest part, because one wrong move, one wrong cut: it would all be in vain) and they found a huge piece of a plastic bag in its stomach. The hands of the scientists trembled. They were all incredibly afraid of cutting up such a rare animal. But it was the only thing that could save the turtle. Well, strangely enough, when the turtle twitched a little, the scientists were only a little scared, but that was enough for a little false movement that killed the animal. The scientists were shocked by their mistake, which, as professionals, they were not supposed to make. It took them 3 months to publicly admit that they had killed the turtle. But what they had not understood was that they were not to blame for this death. It was the people. All those who had thrown plastic into the sea. But the scientists did not understand this all their lives.

Text: Elmo Wiedemann, 8a Gymnasium Altona



ESCOLA PĂLCĂȚI
IESOB
PIATĂ BERGADA
YENIA EUIO



Once upon a time, Mike, a little green turtle was born.

He was a really strong and courageous turtle: after he was born he succeeded in surviving the trip between the hole in the beach where his egg was hatched and the sea. This is a very dangerous trip, many of his brothers and sisters died, eaten by the seagulls.

But Mike survived and he lived many years between the corals in the Caribbean Sea, making a lot of friends with many fishes and other turtles.

One day, while he was searching for food between the corals, he saw a little jellyfish. The jellyfish was almost transparent and it was swimming really slowly, transported by the waves. Jellyfish were Mike's favourite food: they are really delicious but rare in the Caribbean Sea.

So Mike had started swimming faster to reach the jellyfish and he has eaten it in one big bite.

But immediately Mike understood that he had not eaten a jellyfish: it has a bitter taste and it was gummy.

After that, he started having difficulties in breathing, that thing was suffocating him. In that moment he understood: that thing wasn't a jellyfish, it was a plastic bag!

Fortunately, his fish friends were there to help him. Thank to them he managed to throw up the plastic bag.

From that day he started to help other sea animals to get free from plastic bags and other human garbage to avoid that any other turtle or fish will die from the sea pollution made by humans.

STORY #13

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କାକାକା



Linnæa Lindholm, 5A

Large Marine Animals

It was an ordinary day in the life of Marc, an ordinary crab. Like every day, it woke up and saw some little colorful fish swimming by which were also preparing for the day. Marc enjoyed watching and sometimes looked for hours through the dense algae that formed his home. From time to time he saw a bit bigger sea creatures swimming by, but very rarely because he lived at the bottom of the sea. But today something very special should happen. He lay in wait as a large ^{school} ~~shoal~~ of fish passed by, followed by a shark about three meters tall. It had never seen such a huge shark in its life, so Marc got a terrible shock when it saw it.

Marc flinched and hid under a stone in a flash. The shark continued to swim towards the swarm. Marc, the crab, took a closer look at the fish and recognized some of them, they were the ones who swam past his den almost every day, you could say they were good friends. It absolutely wanted to help them, only it didn't know how. It was about to do something when a gigantic octopus suddenly appeared out of nowhere. It wrapped itself around the shark, but it fought back violently and bit one arm off the octopus. The water around the fighters turned red. The shark turned back and forth, but the octopus did not let go and the shark ran out of strength. After a while it just twitched a little until it was finally motionless in the grip of the octopus and died.

The fish were infinitely grateful and Marc the crab was very happy. All together, they became best friends and since then they did everything together and protected each other.

Text: Frido Jansen, 8a Gymnasium Altona

Berta Ladaga, Júlia Panisello, Martina Font, Paula Verdeja 1r ESO C



Leonardo Fontolan



The story of Frank, a strange octopus.

Once upon a time, there was an octopus, named Frank, that was very friendly and sociable with everybody. Everybody, missing one, his antagonist Pierre, a shark.

He was very friendly and sociable.

Since a few days ago, a group of humans started to ruin his cave and him became furious.

He assumed the form of a crazy monster, and he started to punch every fish into the sea and became the king of the sea. After a furious fight the king won and restabilished the order banning Frank forever.

STORY #14



FURSULA
III GA

Alva Jobsson

The System

For years we just ignored our real problems, just put them in one imaginary box of naivety, shut away. For years we have thrown our garbage, our hate into nature without consideration, without stopping. We poisoned it and it spread like a cancer, through forests, waters and then into us. We were blind, blind, that we did not even realize what was happening to our planet and to us. And those of us who saw it, were ignored, they were hidden. They were locked away, into the imaginary box of society, your box. And, yes, not everyone was ignored and not everyone was blind. There were calls, millions of people who saw it, but when I say, they were ignored or that they were blind, I mean the system, the system made by people and at the same time their ruin. Everyone saw the world go down the drain, but few knew it was the system. In the end, we were blind that we thought we could trick the system through protests or strikes. What we needed were acts, deeds of our politicians, the companies or groups like Greenpeace. Instead, most stopped after demonstrating or did not go at all. By no means do I want to reproach anyone in this letter, well, now it's too late anyway. The biggest mistake mankind has made, was to settle in the illusion of peace, prosperity; and everyone did it one way or the other. I mean, how many people were hoping some brilliant scientist would come along and have a formula for everything, already tempting, but unfortunately also as unrealistic as winning 50 consecutive Lotto titles. And so, we kept on playing the lottery, slowly and painfully. At this point I have a question, I know, I will never get the answer, but how do you imagine the future???

Surely high-rising, huge buildings that reach up to the sky with lights and trees along its facades. Maybe also flying cars that populate the sky or pools on the 300th floor. If you even know what I am talking about. The future looked and looks different, darker.

Although there were the big luxurious skyscrapers in the huge cities, but most people lived in the shadow of the rich, in the narrow streets of the underground. Because the future was not open-minded, on the contrary, the system ruled more powerfully than ever, anyone who was in its path was silenced in one way or another. It was a future in which the rich ruled, the poor worked and the world suffocated on our consumerist society. Personally, I was lucky enough to be born in one of the upper classes, I mean, I studied, and graduated with a pretty good average. But when you look into the distance, you can see the smoke from the kilometer-sized factories, the smoke that poisoned us. They

poisoned us all, the companies, the system. They, we, our garbage in the seas killed numerous fish and other sea creatures, even we died partly of plastic and chemicals in our seas. Groundwater poisoning by micro plastic. We who burn / degrade our forests, exterminate animal species and repel millions of Co₂ every day and why?

Because of a little wood or a warm bed rug made of real fur. Millions of Co₂, just because we often rely on the cheaper coal. We could have changed something, I could have changed something, but the system does not allow it. Now I sit here and wait, wait for the end. I will not be able to change it anymore, but somebody will one day and our planet - we will recover, recover from the scars of the system. The real reason, why I wrote this text is that in the future it might help you not to make the same mistakes as we do.

Text: Enim Akin, 8a Gymnasium Altona



CAPRABO

BELO

COCA

SAVE
THE
WORLD

Escola Pàlcam

Alba Riba i Gemma Moreno



WHIRLPOOL OF RUBBISH

There was a kid walking along a river
Of luck and money he was a believer
He dreamed to become famous and rich
With music in his headphones he arrived to a beach

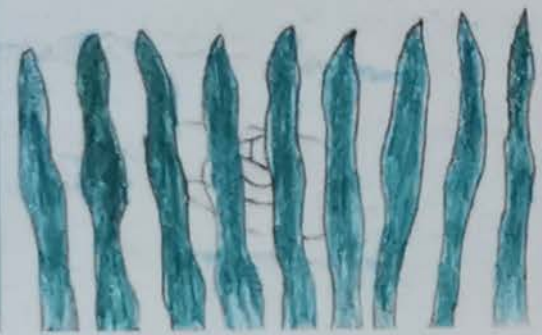
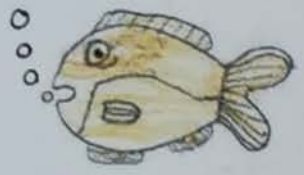
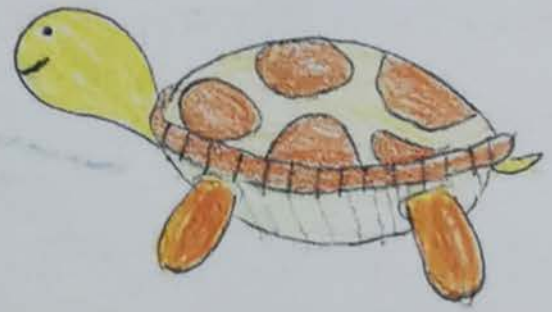
Suddenly he found out lots of plastic
The conditions of the place were very drastic
With the feet on the sand he was observing that disaster
And across the coast he started to run faster and faster

He saw dead fish and sea-turtles trying to free themselves,braves
Coral in the deep blue ocean,garbage and bottles under waves
And after that whirlpool of rubbish seen in the sea
He decided to change this world with you and me

STORY #15

Coop

Grain
Milk
KEA
ICA
Chips
Milk
Milk



Märtha Ots, 6A

Monday morning (1950)

Like every Monday morning I swim past the colorful corals with the small happy dancing fishes. Then I meet the doctor fish's mother with all her 10 children, they are all swimming behind each other and greet me friendly. Afterwards I splash about in the clear water.

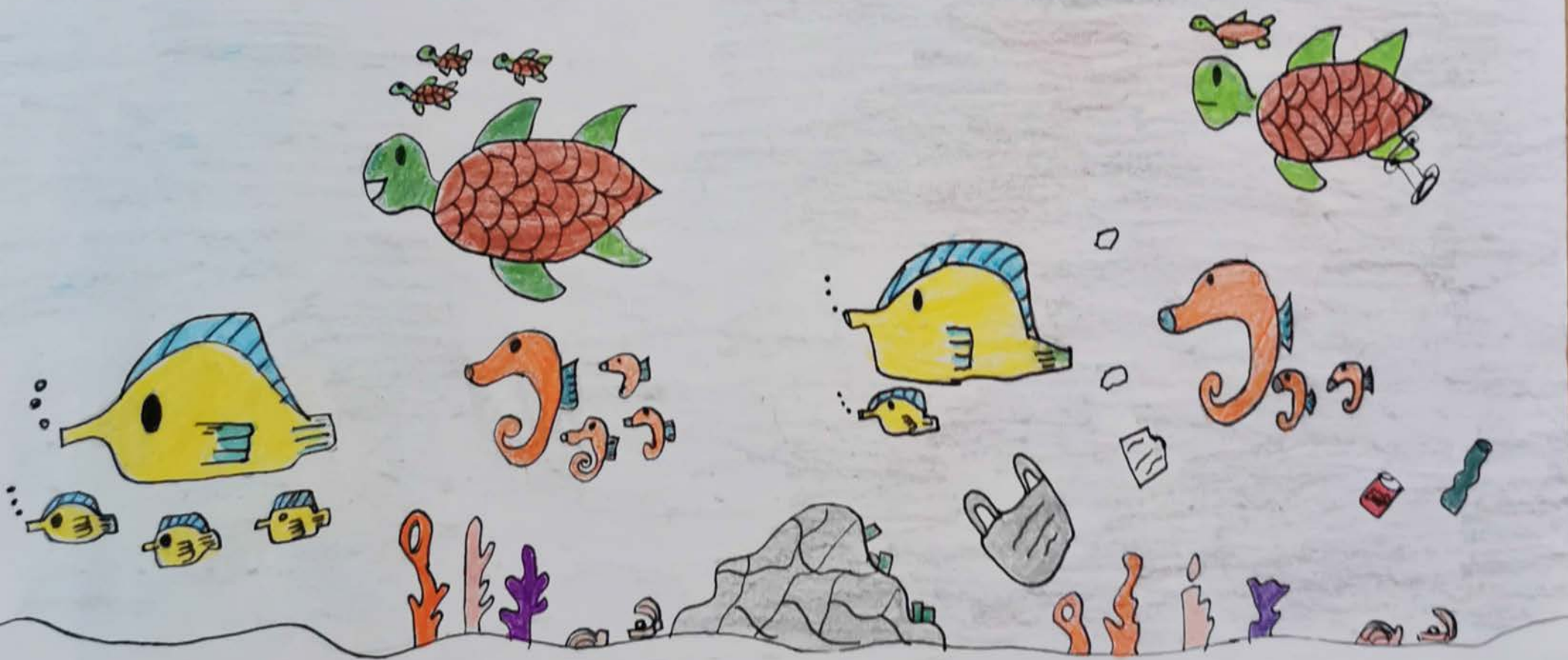
Monday morning (2018)

I swim past the grey-brown corals and some have caught plastic bags. A few small fish are swimming hectically between the corals. The doctor fish's mother has only three children left who are already big. They pay no attention to me because they are looking for a clean source of food. I would like to swim further; nevertheless, the plastic blocks my once so beautiful view. The whole sea is covered with a plastic layer so that no spark of light can get through. A turtle lies at the bottom and fights with a plastic bag which has looped itself around her. When I want to dive down to help it, I get caught in a huge fishing net.

Text: Nabou Heinrich-Feye, 8a Gymnasium Altona

1950

2018



Judith Gea Amul

Irene Fernández Sánchez

Escuela Pálcam

1r ESO A

The magical place

Benedetta Bernardi

My grandfather took me and my brother to this beautiful place: gold sand, high palms and light blue sea. There was no one, only the three of us and the peace of this magical bay. We immediately wore the masks and the breathing tubes and we began to float looking under the water. I think in that day I saw more sea-life that time than in my whole life: there were so many fishes, pink and orange corals, big and red seahorses and we also glimpsed for a very short time a turtle family but my brother and I were moving too much and we scared them. This was my favourite place in the entire world and the most exciting vacation in 1950.

In 2018 I decided to brought my daughters to my favourite childhood place, the bay where got the chance to learn so much about the nature. My expectations were so high... but when we arrived I was so disappointed: there were a lot of noisy, rude and disrespectful people in bars built all around the beach. I've hoped the sea was as I remembered but there were, instead of the fishes, the trash throw away by all the human beings. That magical place was ruined by the failure of respect and protection of nature.

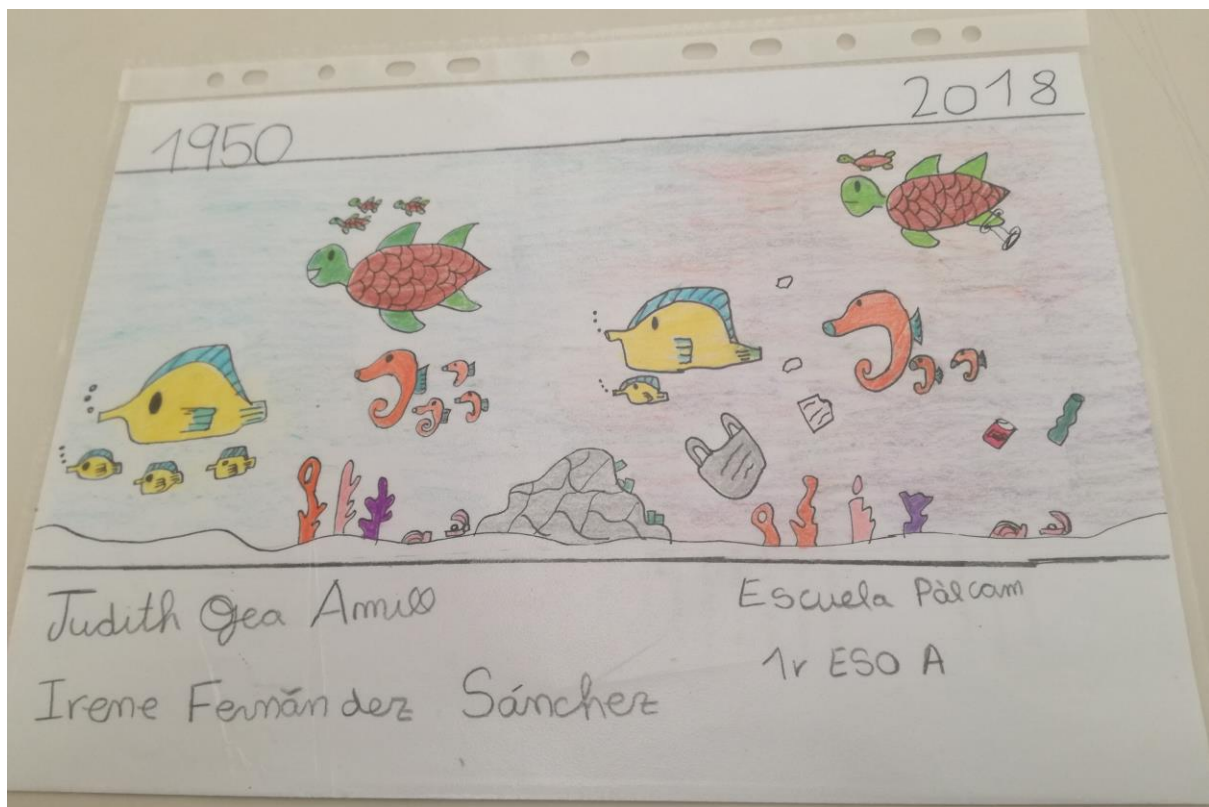
Agnese Fuolega

Same place, different Ocean

In 1950, Adam went diving during his holiday in a wonderful beach in Maldives. He was only a child, but he remember perfectly the crystalline water, the vastness of colorful fish, turtles, coral and unknown animals.

In 2018 he returned in the same place to made his grandchildren to see that idyllic ocean. But when they plunged in the warm water, Adam realized that it was very different from 70 year ago, now the water was dirty, polluted and full of rubbish, plastic bottles, nets and packaging. Furthermore the population of animals was very reduced and some sea creatures were embedded in plastic bags and wraps.

Adam called his grandchild and told them: "My dear, we have to protect our planet because the human pollution is destroying these amazing locations".



STORY #16

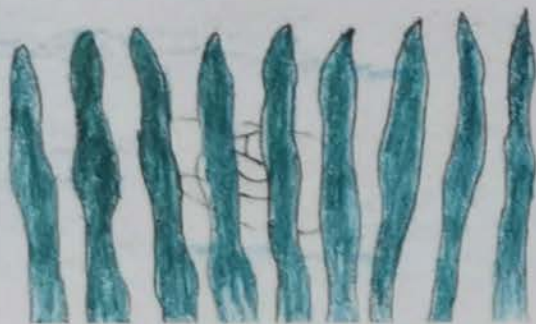
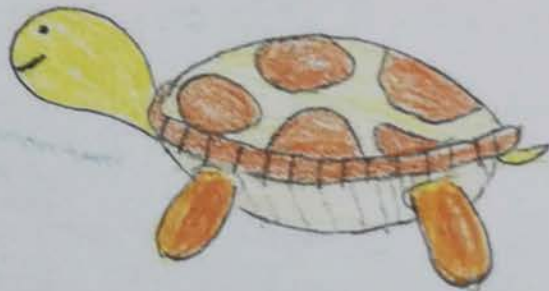
COOP

Gröda
Möl

IKEA

ICA

Chips



Märtha Ots, 6A

Save the seas

"Save the seas," the demonstrators shouted through the streets and across the square. Like every Sunday, hundreds of passers-by met to demonstrate together against climate change. Today the seas were the main theme and many people held great posters in the air.

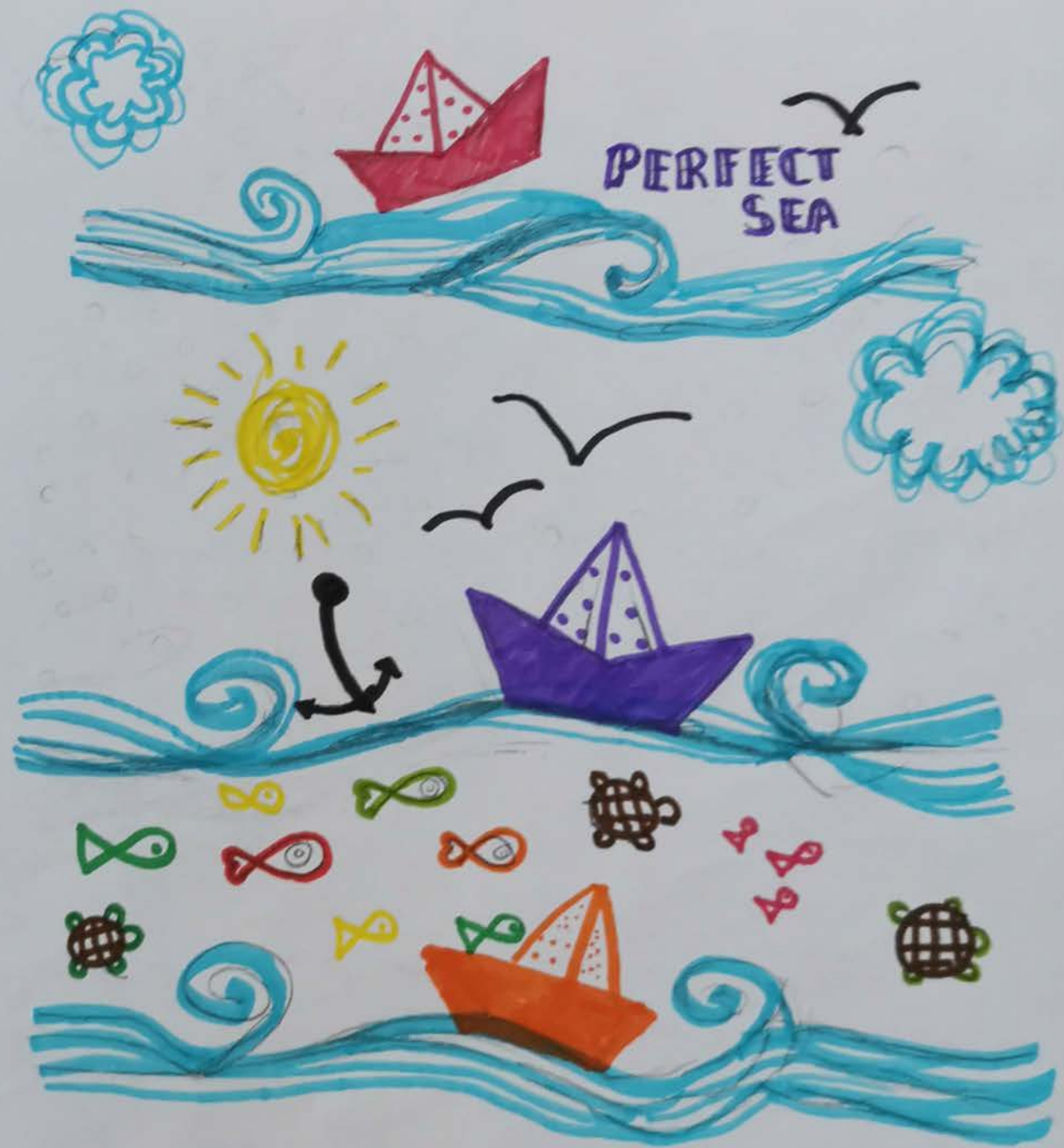
Lisa stood behind the stage. Her body was tingling, her toes felt numb, and her hands were wet with excitement. If she could do it, if she could talk to so many people, what if she forgot her text? A manager came to her and said it would start in about 5 minutes. She took a quick look around the stage pedestal. There were probably already about 600 people on the square and it was still filling up. She went through the course of her lecture once more and got scared. She would certainly not get a word out and what if nobody wanted to listen to her?

Then it was time: she was asked to get on the stage and got a shock! So many people at once she had never really seen before in her life and everyone looked at her and expected her to give a great lecture. But her throat was like tied up and her mouth was dust-dry. She wouldn't get a word out, definitely not. What should she do now, could she simply run away or should she rather go to the organizer and say she was not well and she could not speak at all now? Panic spread inside her. But suddenly she remembered her little sister. How she had sat there and painted a picture for her, an underwater picture with a turtle, fish and lots of plastic waste. And that gave her a jolt. She would speak now and here for her little sister, for the animals out there and the people here. She closed her eyes, breathed deeply three times and began to talk.

The first few sentences were hard for her and she stuttered around a bit because her voice over the microphone sounded strange. But after a few minutes she had found her way around and it went much better, even really well! First, she talked about climate change, then about the sea. She talked about the endangered animal species, about the dying coral reefs and about the fact that the sea is getting more and more damaged by our daily waste and plastic consumption. "The plastic we know as ordinary plastic bags and packaging can take up to 450 years to decompose. But when the plastic waste gets into the sea from ships unloading something or from the wind, it usually turns into microplastic. This, in turn, is eaten by the fish and destroys them. We should not be responsible for the fact that living beings can no longer live on our planet".

She closed her eyes. She had made it.

And the audience raved.



ESCOLA PALCAN

1º B

Lucia Arias, & Laura Cerdura

MARCO FOLIN

This night I made a dream: I closed my eyes, when I've reopened them I was in a wonderful place.

Firstly I saw an incredible blue sky without any clouds and some birds flying far, then I realized that I was swinging.

Looking left and right I didn't understand where I was, so I got up: all around me there was only water, a fantastic crystalline water.

Looking with more attention I saw something far away, something strange I didn't really understand what it was.

Only secondly I realized that I was on a boat, but not a normal boat: it was a sailing boat made of paper like an origami paper boat.

It was incredible: a little ship all for me, surrounded by an infinite sea. Watching once again this beautiful landscape I saw again the unknown thing but now it was nearer and, wow! I was really surprised when I discovered it was another paper ship. Sometimes later the other sailing boat reached mine.

On this sailing boat there were a lot of children like me: they were all happy and they invited me to follow them in this magic sea.

I wanted to accept but the alarm went off and everything disappeared: it was only a dream.



ESCOLA PALCAB

1º ano B

Lucia Arios, & Laura Cordero

STORY #17



Nils Bernhard, 6A

The Wave

When he noticed the last load of oil which penetrated his kingdom like a heavy, black veil, it finally became too much for him. He had long rested, watched them long enough, unloading their garbage, exterminating its inhabitants, braving all its dangers with their dirty ships, and innumerable of its inhabitants who had always led a peaceful and carefree life, tangled in their plastic bags and metal rings, fishing nets and fishing lines dying by the thousands. It was enough now. The oil seeped through the water, streaks pushed against the light that penetrated the surface of the water, covering everything, the algae, the stones and its inhabitants, the fish and small crabs, with a greasy black film. When he saw how a small sea turtle panicked to escape from the streaks and the oil which covered the entire seabed after some time, his decision was made. They had for too long ravished and plundered his kingdom with its biodiversity. Now the tables would be turned.

Elisha did not even notice the wave, nor did Manuel or Kate. She was sitting in her small boat which she had taken from the harbor in order to go fishing and was staring thoughtfully into the blue water where the outline of her old net was clearly visible below the surface, in which no fish but a plastic bag had been caught. In the distance you could see the skyline of the big city where Elisha sold her fish and where the harbor lay. Elisha, who was of Filipino descent and had spent her entire life on the water, immediately realized that something had changed when she put her palm on the previously still calm surface of the water. A vibration or trembling, nothing natural went through the water. Something stirred.

Elisha pushed the old straw hat off her forehead and looked at the horizon. Her old eyes widened as she saw what she could not believe. Barely noticeable, something had moved in front of the setting sun. It filled the entire horizon. A dark blue, thick strip of water. A wave. It was bigger than the expensive skyscrapers of the city which the business people praised so much. It was higher than the only mountain in the small archipelago on which the metropolis was located. It was gigantic. And it moved with deadly speed towards Elisha and thus to the city. Horror took hold of Elisha. No thoughts on the fishing net, none on the catch. She turned the rusty engine on and headed feverishly towards the harbor. She would not make it. She felt the wake seize her. Elisha, heading for the harbor at breakneck speed, did not look up as the

vast shadow settled over her. It lay down over them, the quay walls and the skyscrapers so much praised by the businessmen. All the light of the city went out as the flood of water swallowed it.

Manuél frowned and narrowed his eyes to see something on his mirrored mobile phone display. This day on the beach of Nazaré had been particularly hot and particularly rich in waves. His friends, the stocky Carmen and Victor, romped about in their neoprene suits and surfboards in the giant waves. A good day for surfing in the Portuguese Nazaré, the most famous and dangerous surfing area in the world. For two hours Manuél was chasing through the waves with his surfboard, which just reached his chest, had made dangerous turns and passed wave tunnels. But now he needed a break.

Manuél lay on a large blanket in his swimming trunks, his hair encrusted with salt, drying in the blazing sun. Since he had nothing to do, he switched on his cellphone and threw the packaging of the ice-cream, which he had just eaten, next to him in the sand. He typed a few times on the small screen until he finally found the live device and set it. Now his live image has been sent to his friends, who could watch him on the beach with the highest waves in the world and ask all sorts of questions. He chatted so generously into his cell phone that he did not notice the deafening roar of water behind him. He also did not notice the cries and cries for help or the shadow that was slowly moving over him. Manuél was so absorbed with the small device in his hand that he did not even have time to scream when the deadly water swallowed him. The news from Inez, a Spanish school friend, "what the hell was this huge wave doing behind his head", Manuél would never read.

New York's everyday life could sometimes be so stressful that it did not surprise Kate having sought a job at the Long Island Nautical Center. This morning, as on any other day of the week, she'd left the noise of the Big Apple and fled to the remote tip of Long Island. The silence, the silence surrounding Kate here, meant everything to her, which also explained why 36-year-old Kate was still single.

The cold wind hit her as she got out of the car at 6:02 am, just after sunrise, wrapped in her windbreaker. The last silver streaks of the morning were still visible and there was no trace of a blue sky, clouds drifted by. This place gave Kate, who had suffered from severe depression since she was 24 years old, peace. The nautical headquarters lay secluded on a cliff and you had a clear view of the Atlantic Ocean with its steel-gray water and the whitecaps that occasionally danced across the surface. No seagulls nor any other kind of life was to be seen, which Kate found extremely strange for this season.

The warm and comforting smell of the building comforted her as she opened the heavy door and turned on the light. Within the next hour Kate checked all monitors and took notes of weather measurement results. The water was unnaturally excited today. This time, Kate thought, was best, when she was still alone in the main office. After all the tasks were done, she made herself a warm drink with the old coffee machine which was in the next room. The machine hummed and Kate whistled and when the coffee was finally ready, she sat down in front of the large panoramic window of the control center from which one had an excellent view of the water.

Kate sloshed the coffee and was in her mind, too late did she notice the gray streak of water drifting across her habitual horizon. A wave. She choked and dropped the enamel cup with a loud clatter. The coffee splashed like brown blood on the windowpane. Feverishly, Kate ran to the monitors, trying to reach someone. She stormed to the phone, outlining a large pile of papers that her colleague Herb had neatly piled up the day before. She tapped the old-fashioned device and waited for someone to pick it up. Nobody. With a thunder the wave came closer. Kate did not know what to do, the thing was bigger than the damned Empire State Building. She noticed how her pants got wet. Oh, if only Herb, anybody, was there. Herb who always supported me. Herb who showed me everything. Herb who had stacked the papers. Herb always kept an A 36 revolver in the bottom drawer of his desk for an emergency. Kate stopped thinking about it. Even before the wave broke the glass, the spilled coffee blended with blood. She had not wanted to witness it. No matter where, in every coastal city, even if it was only a village, the waves came in exactly at that time. All over. Nobody was spared. And he? He was glad that he had been able to retrieve all the lives that were once taken from him.

Text: Mina Geisler, 8a Gymnasium Altona

Adrián Hartigán
David de los Mulas



THE TSUNAMI STORY

If someone thinks that the sea is a relaxing and safe place, he says this only because he has never seen a tsunami.

A few years ago, while I was on vacation with my family, totally in love with the beaches with white sand and clear water, after a long day of sunbathing the catastrophe took place.

After a sunny day, in the middle of the afternoon the sky changed, it became cloudy, the wind came and the waves crashed angrily on the rocks. For fear we decided to run away; when we arrived at the hotel we found everyone worried glued to the television:

A TSUNAMI WAS ADVANCING IN THE CITY!

The day after we went to the city and given the damage caused by the water, we decided to help the poor local people because it was a catastrophe for everyone.

Codolo Martina 3B

STORY #18

Elsa Lundberg, 6A

Oceans

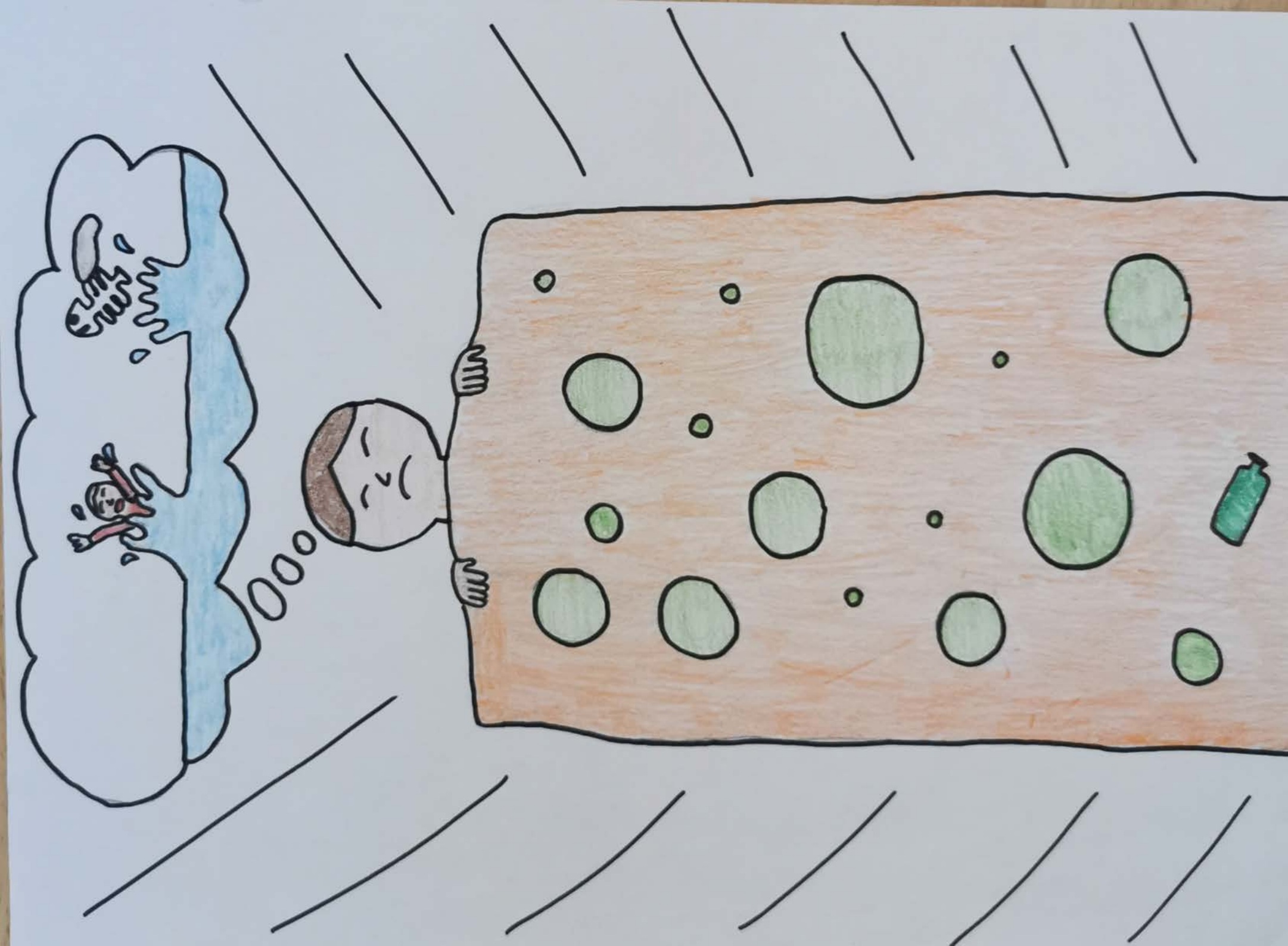


The Sea is not a Trash Can

Jim drank the water, but what's he doing with the bottle now? He throws it into the river. "Hey, you're crazy, the river's not a trash can," that came from a woman who came straight to Jim. Jim tried to defend himself and said, "Oh, everybody does that." But the woman only replied: "If everyone thought like you, we would no longer have a river here, but a sea of plastic. The fish eat the plastic and you eat the fish. I hope you are aware of that." The woman turned around and left.

Jim's mother made fish for dinner. Suddenly there was a plastic bottle on Jim's plate instead of the fish. Jim got scared and jumped up. Shocked, his mother asked: "What's the matter?" Suddenly Jim's plate had the fish on it again. "I'm not hungry and pretty tired. I think I'm going to bed now."

Jim went to bed and fell asleep. He sat on a bench by the river. Jim heard the river rustling. But what was rustling was the plastic in the river. Suddenly there was the woman. She smiled at him and pushed him into the plastic sea. A fish skeleton came towards him. Plastic hung everywhere on its skeleton. Suddenly the fish skeleton got bigger and bigger and opened its mouth. Jim panicked. He ran away. He ran as fast as he could. But the fish skeleton came closer and closer and the noise of the plastic became louder and louder. Suddenly a current pulled him away and he was in a swirl, a plastic swirl. He was pulled downwards. But then everything around him was black, black and silent. With a bang he landed on something hard and woke up. He lay on the floor next to his bed. There was no noisy plastic, no huge whirlpool and there was no huge fish skeleton, either. He looked at his alarm clock. It was eight o'clock in the morning and Saturday. He got dressed and went out. He went to the river and was happy to see that it wasn't full of plastic. He saw a boy. The boy had a plastic bottle in his hand and wanted to throw it into the river. So, Jim shouted, "Stop! There's a trash can back there. Throw the bottle in there. The sea isn't a trash can."





A strange nightmare

Toby was a young man, when he was 18 years he became a vegetarian because he had always loved animals, so he decided not to eat them anymore.

However, one day he felt sick and went to his doctor's, who told him he had a protein deficiency and he should start eating fish again.

Toby returned home sadly and went to bed to relax a little.

When he woke up, against his will, he went to the supermarket to buy some fish to cook for dinner.

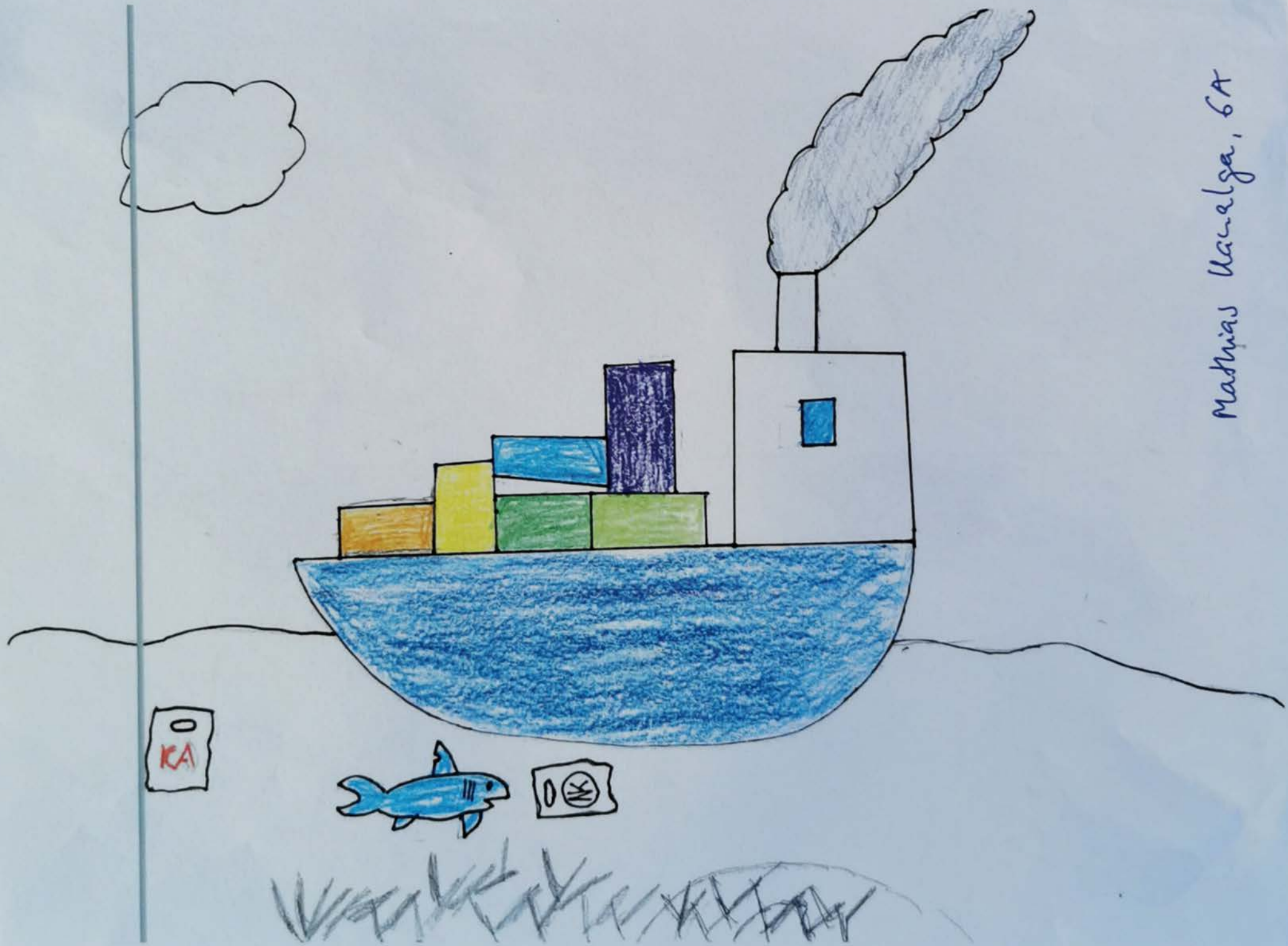
After having dinner, he sorted everything out and he went to sleep.

But while he was sleeping, he made a terrible nightmare, where he was in a boat in the sea: there was strong wind and huge swells; suddenly a gigantic wave hit the boat and turned it over, Toby was drowning since he couldn't swim.

While this was happening, the skeleton of the fish that he had eaten for dinner jumped out of the water, sneering at him.

After that night, Toby decided never to eat fish again in his entire life.

STORY #19



Mathias Kavalga, 6A

Shipping traffic - curse or blessing?

One day a cargo ship sailed from the port of Hamburg to the USA with a load of the latest cars and trucks. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, it was always on the same route. The sailors were 30 to 50-year-old men, who were not necessarily interested in the environment.

They threw garbage overboard if the garbage cans were full, but the sailors were not the main reason for the pollution of the sea and the intoxication of the fish. It was the ships themselves, the huge means of transport, that fed the fish with plenty of oil and ship sewage. Many fish in the area were poisoned and died of the consequences. But the sailors are not to be underestimated, either. The fish consumed the discarded plastic because they mistook it for food. The consequences were that fishermen, who sailed out to fish, caught the poisoned fish and in the worst case resold them. But if the plastic was not eaten directly by the fish, it dissolved in the sea and led to even worse consequences, such as the contamination of the entire sea.

Max was one of the sailors. It was his first day on board. Apart from the several times he threw up, he experienced other evil things. Max wasn't like the other sailors; he was an environmental activist and was committed to nature. He only applied for the job to see what the sailors were doing about the environment. He was stunned to see the sailors polluting the sea and the fish eating the garbage around the clock. He tried to avoid plastic as much as possible in everyday life, which meant he couldn't shop in an ordinary supermarket, where most food was half-heartedly wrapped in plastic. His sailors, on the other hand, were so reckless with the garbage that he was outraged. He took a look at the giant exhaust gas boiler, which released a pile that stimulated climate change. During his trip, he talked to his colleagues about the environment, although they were not very enthusiastic and barely listened.

After 6 days, the ship arrived and Max was relieved, but he still had a guilty conscience as he witnessed how several dozens of fish had probably died. Later he quit his job and decided to sail to Hamburg instead of going by ship, he found himself back home with his wife and children and had a long story to tell.



Escola: Pálcun @

Marta Sancho
Nerea Chuecos

The Jhonson family went in Madagascar on holiday for 2 weeks.

One day, they decided to go on a hike with a boat of fishermen, because they thought it would be a good way to stay and know the local people and also an unforgettable experience for their little son, Adam.

So they decided with the fishermen to go the next day.

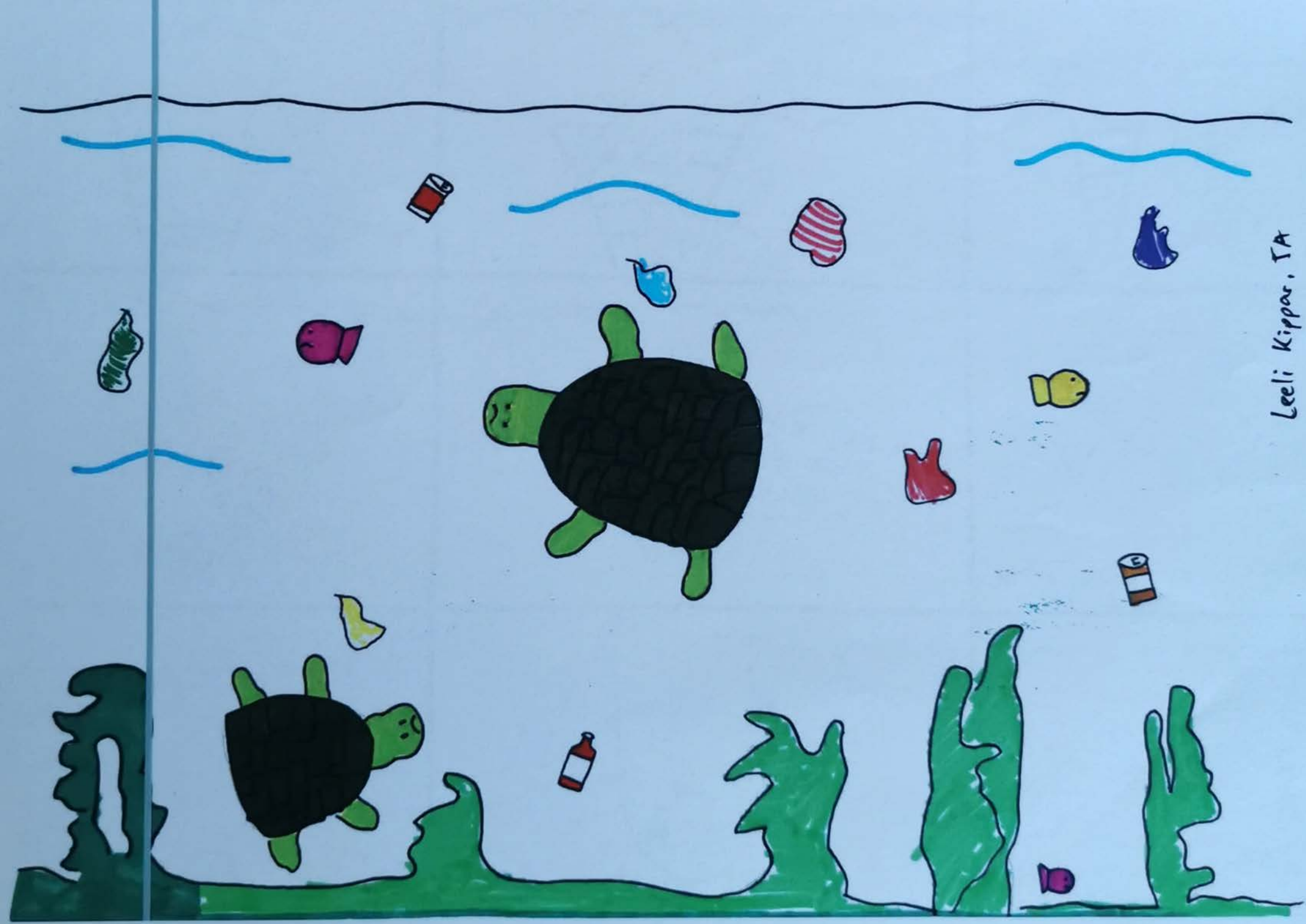
The morning after they woke up early and at 8.00 o'clock they left from the beach with the fishermen' boat.

Firstly they were so excited but then they went far away in the sea and saw the reality. Into the sea there were thousands of plastic bottles and other rubbish, and the saddest thing that they saw was the amount of dead fishes.

In the afternoon they came back to the hotel and they were so sad, but they decided to return the day after with other people, tourists and local, to take up from the sea more waste as possible.



STORY #20



Leeli Kippar, 1A

I feel so sick. I don't know how I'm supposed to survive in this water. Everything I see is plastic. Plastic bottles, plastic bags, I just can't handle it anymore.

I have always dreamed of an ocean where I can eat everything without thinking about it.

This plastic keeps pushing me up. I can hardly dive anymore.

My mum always used to tell me stories about what the ocean looked like.

Swimming around, having fun, not being stuck in a plastic bag.

I want that kind of life. I don't get it, why people keep on polluting our oceans.

Why?

They destroy lives and homes.

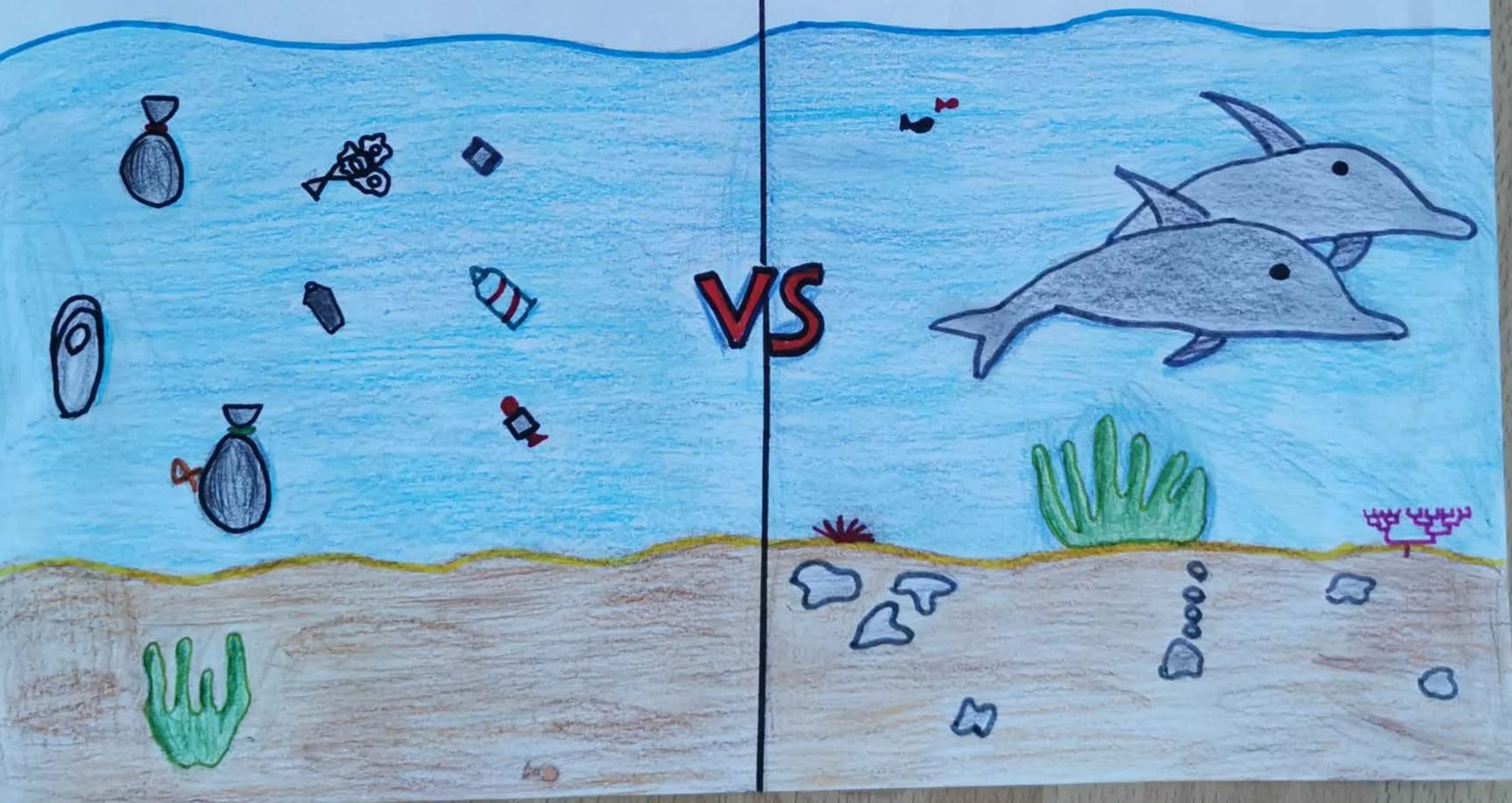
Hopefully, this will change one day and I will finally get to know how a plastic-free ocean works.

Text: Tomomi Müller-Mark, S3 Gymnasium Altona

Real

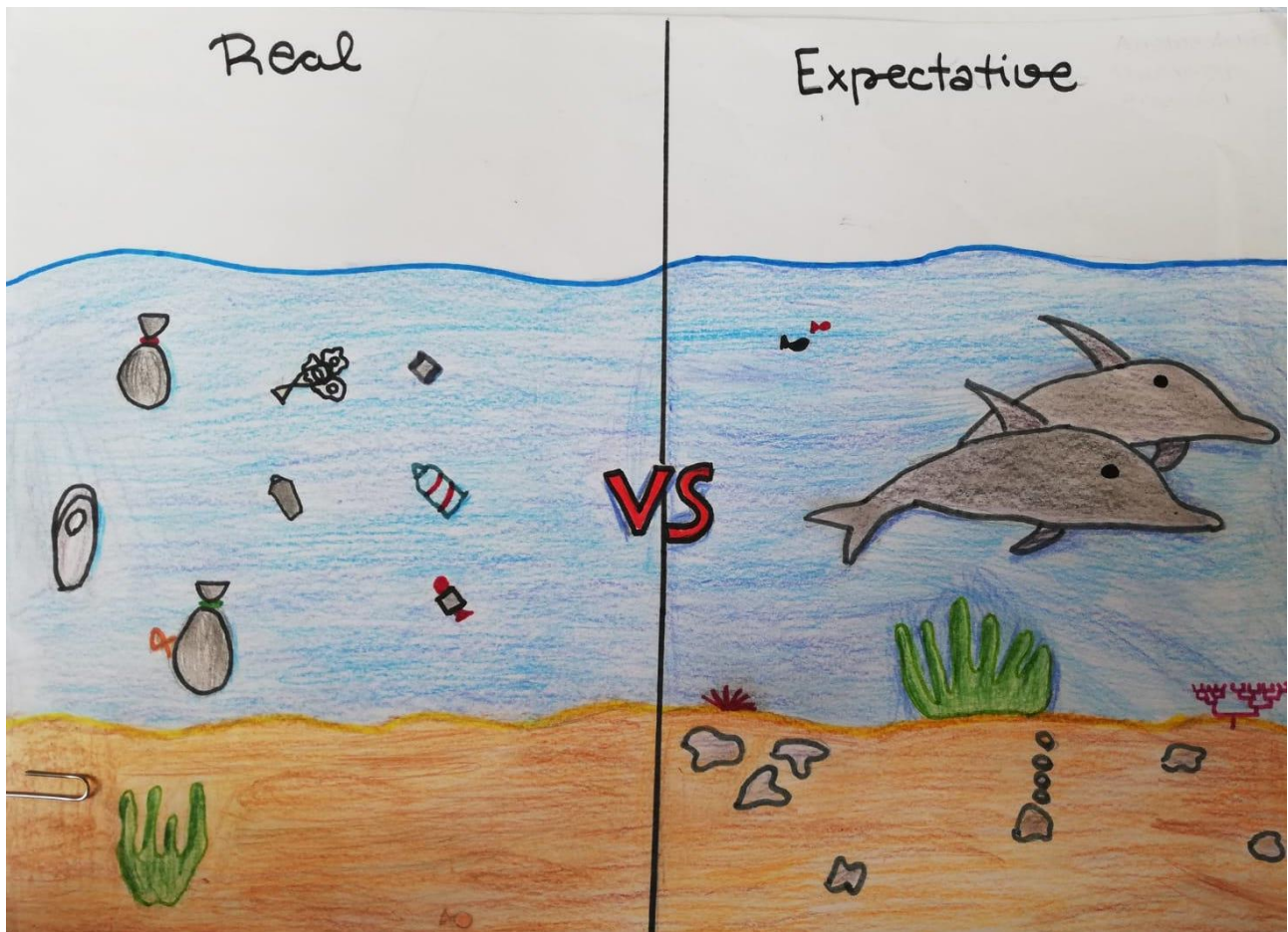
Expectative

VS



LEA VARINI

THE ISLAND OF PLASTIC



There were two dolphins swimming in the ocean
happy and content of being together.
They had friends all around the sea
that would play with them with joy and peace.
One day they found the scariest thing:
it was the nightmare of every fish.
That monster was painted in black, white and grey
and moved around with his horrible face.
The dolphins were told several times to keep the distance
but they were too curious to loose that chance.
Approaching the beast they realised the biggest news:
that was nor a monster or a shark, but even worse...
that was a plastic isle.

STORY #21



Lykke Kinberg, 5a

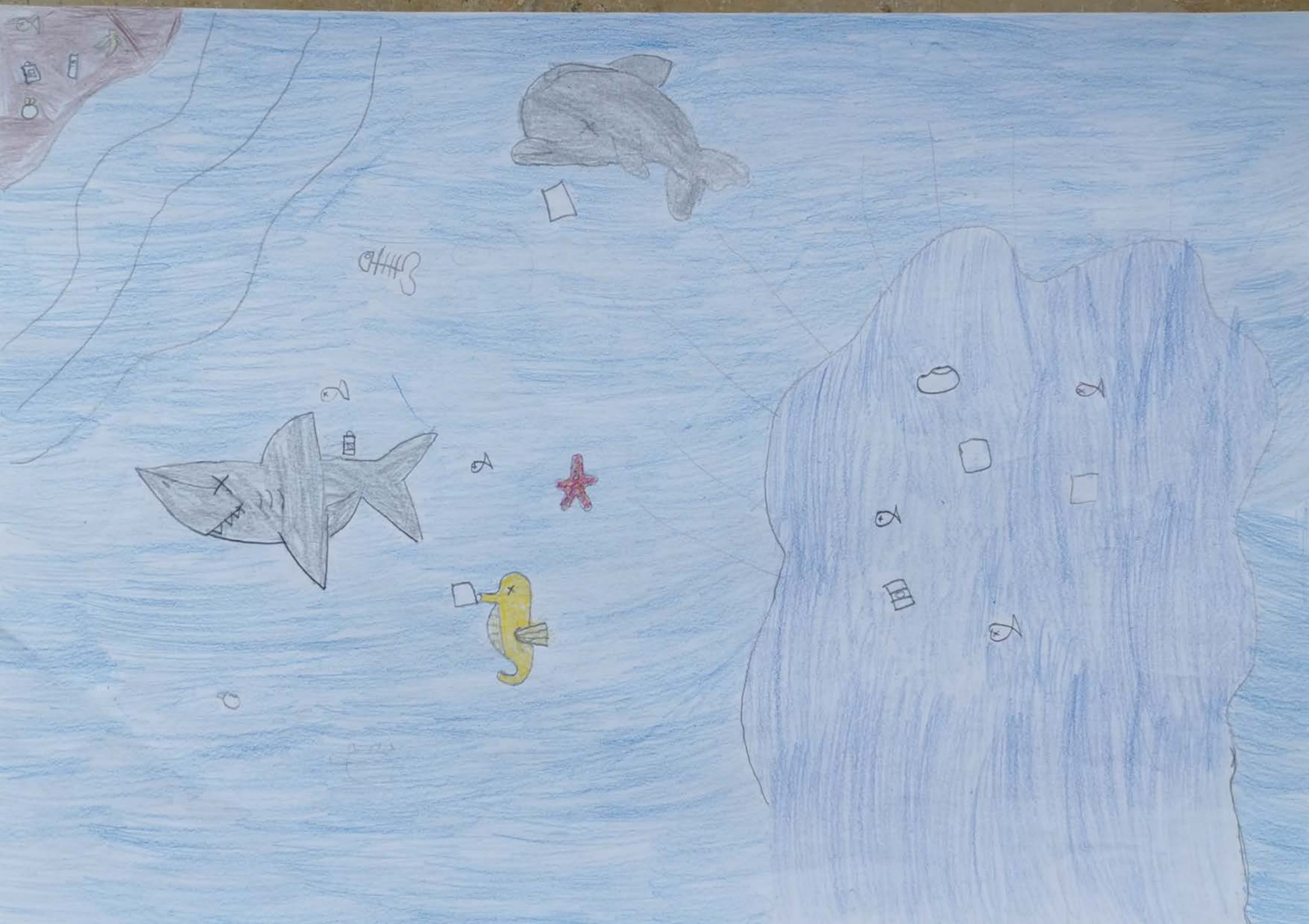
Home in the Sea

Hey my name is Tom and I live in the sea. A few days ago, I swam to my friend and I noticed that the water wasn't very clean and when I was with him, I wasn't doing so well. When I returned home later, my mother told me something I was very sad about, I couldn't believe it, I didn't want to believe it. She told me that my father died because he suffocated from the garbage. Today I swam back to my friend because I wanted to distract myself. We swam together into the coral reef and noticed that it was no longer so beautiful, the colors had faded. That makes me sad. When I swam back home, I got caught in a net. I did not manage to free myself. When I looked up, a heap of garbage floated towards me. Thereupon I saw how a giant stone moved towards me. At that moment I was so afraid, I thought I would die every moment. But I was lucky, a small current came and I could free myself.

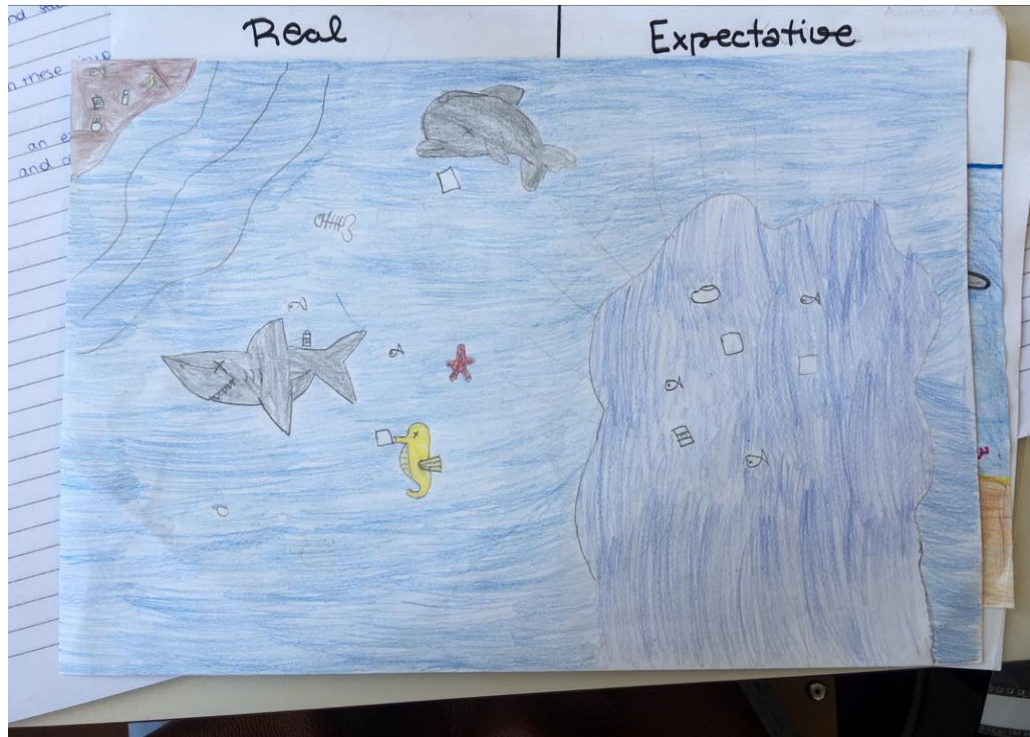
Me and my mother will swim to a safe place in a few days.

Narrator: Before that could become true, Tom died on his way to his friend. Every day innocent fish die because of us humans and the sea gets more and more polluted.

Text: Chiara Keskiner, 8a Gymnasium Altona



Just a fairytale?



Men didn't care about pollution and they keep throwing away bottles and any kind of plastic object in the oceans and so nobody dared to swim in because oceans were completely covered by rubbish. Fishes started suffering and dying when suddenly fishermen hooked a talking anchovy which screamed: "you're destroying earth and the sea, think about what you are doing, there'll be no more food for your children!"

In restaurants mussels danced in the plates and tunas jumped out of cans to avoid being eaten.

Men were so scared that finally they understand their mistakes so they clean everything, seas and oceans become healthier than before.

Tell this story to your children before they fall asleep and when you go to bed you will feel the best parent ever.

And this is only the first page of the guide "How we can save our planet", hopeful no more needed.

Elisa Vianello

STORY #22

Andrea Sheppskedt, 6A



• The Boat and the Dirty Sea •

One day my father and I went out in our boat. My dad and I hadn't been in the boat for a long time since last summer when we got into a storm that no one had foreseen. The day was beautiful, but in minutes everything was cloudy. The thunder was indescribable and the rain was pouring. The waves were getting bigger. They crashed into the bow of the boat which filled with water.

Somehow, we ended up around the old dump of the factory that was running our town. Because of the rising water, the trash had fallen into the sea. The trash was sharp and dangerous. An old and sharp tube was rammed into our engine. All the engine oil was flowing into the ocean. We couldn't get home at that moment because neither of us had a phone. After a while, the storm passed. If people in the city were aware of the landfill incident, the Coast Guard would be, too. Minutes later we saw a little ship. They picked us up and warmed us with hot tea. This incident made our city better. People cleaned up the dump and helped recycle all that junk, and my dad and I repaired the boat together.

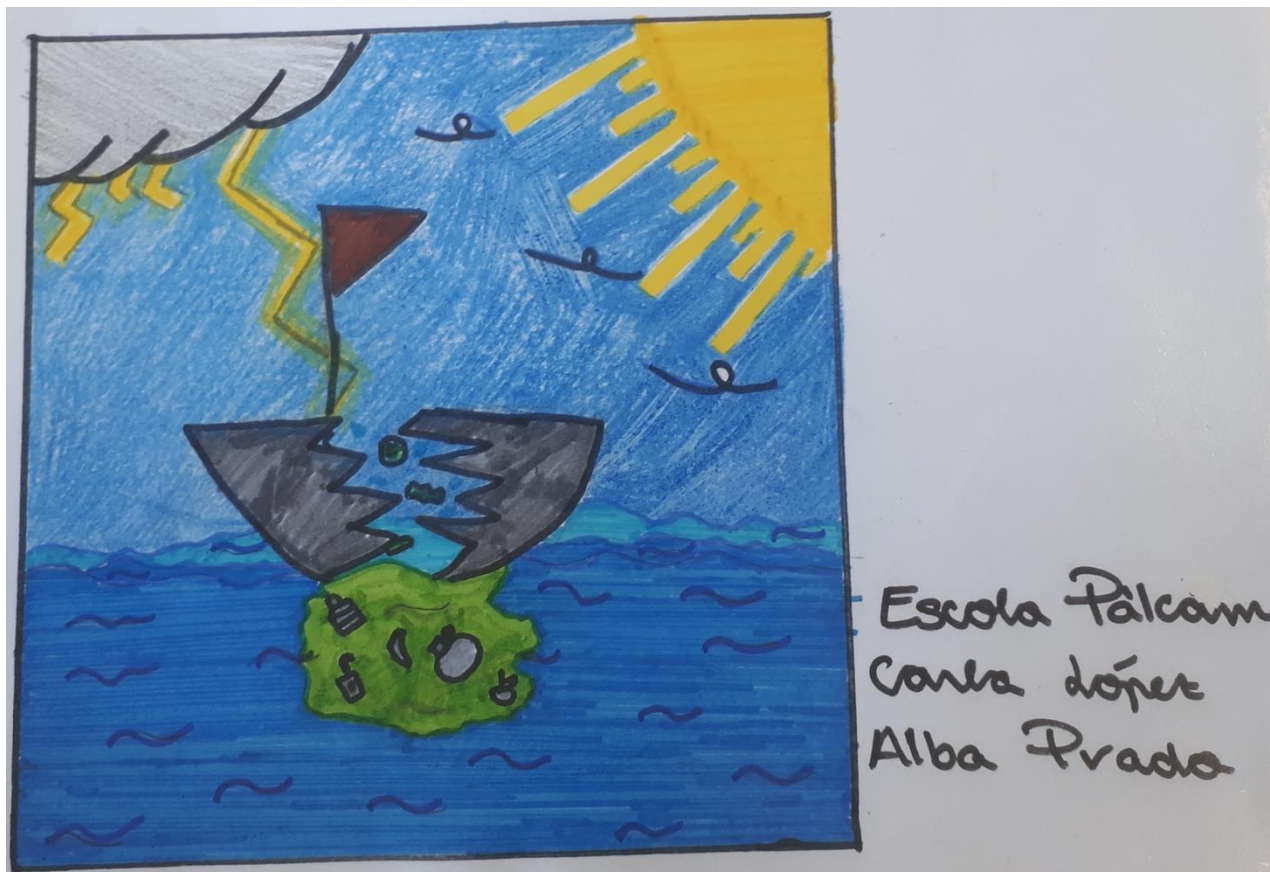
Text: Georgi Chakarov 8a, Gymnasium Altona



Escola Pálcam
Carla Lopes
Alba Prado

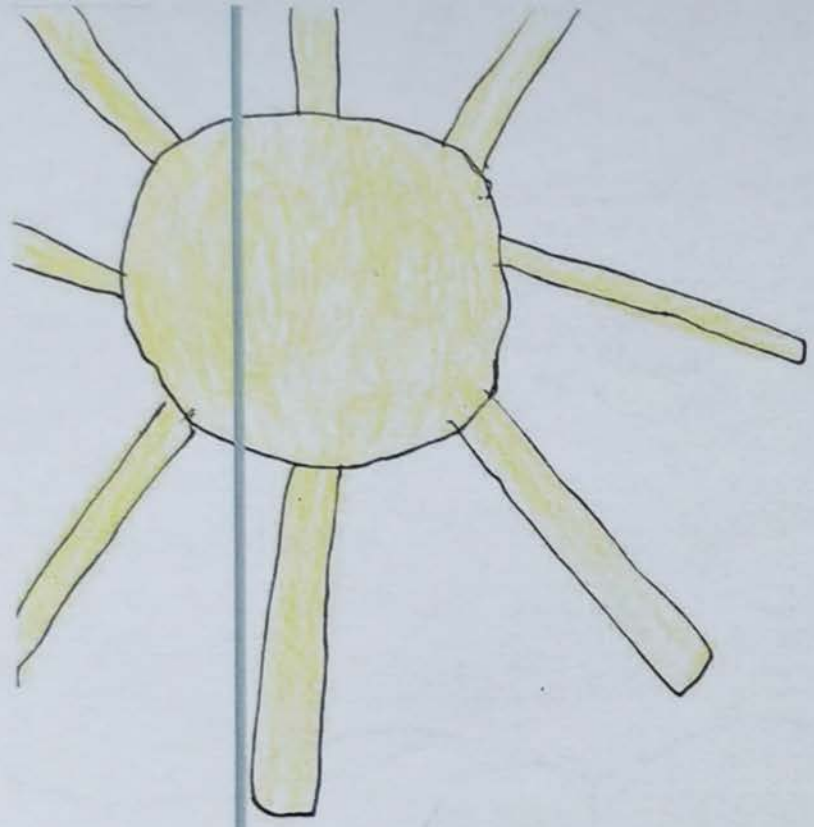
Pescatori Luca

Sea's pollution



Once upon a time there was a ship which liked to sail through the seas and the oceans, it was a big grey vessel with a red flag at the top of the master tree. Once, during a sunny day while there was a tranquil sea and the ship was sailing the ocean, a big black cloud was moving close to it and an intense window started to blow. The ship had just finished to pick up all the rubbish that there were in the oceans when a bright, flashing and shining lightning hit the ship which split up into pieces and lost all the trash it had picked up. Since then all the sea is covered by a big spot of fuel and rubbish and fishes continue to die for this reason.

STORY #23



Bruno Schwartz, JA

Once South and Back

Rocky the blue whale lives alone in the wide seas off Greenland. In the polar sea life was safe, but very monotonous and grey. That's why Rocky had set his mind on getting to know the world.

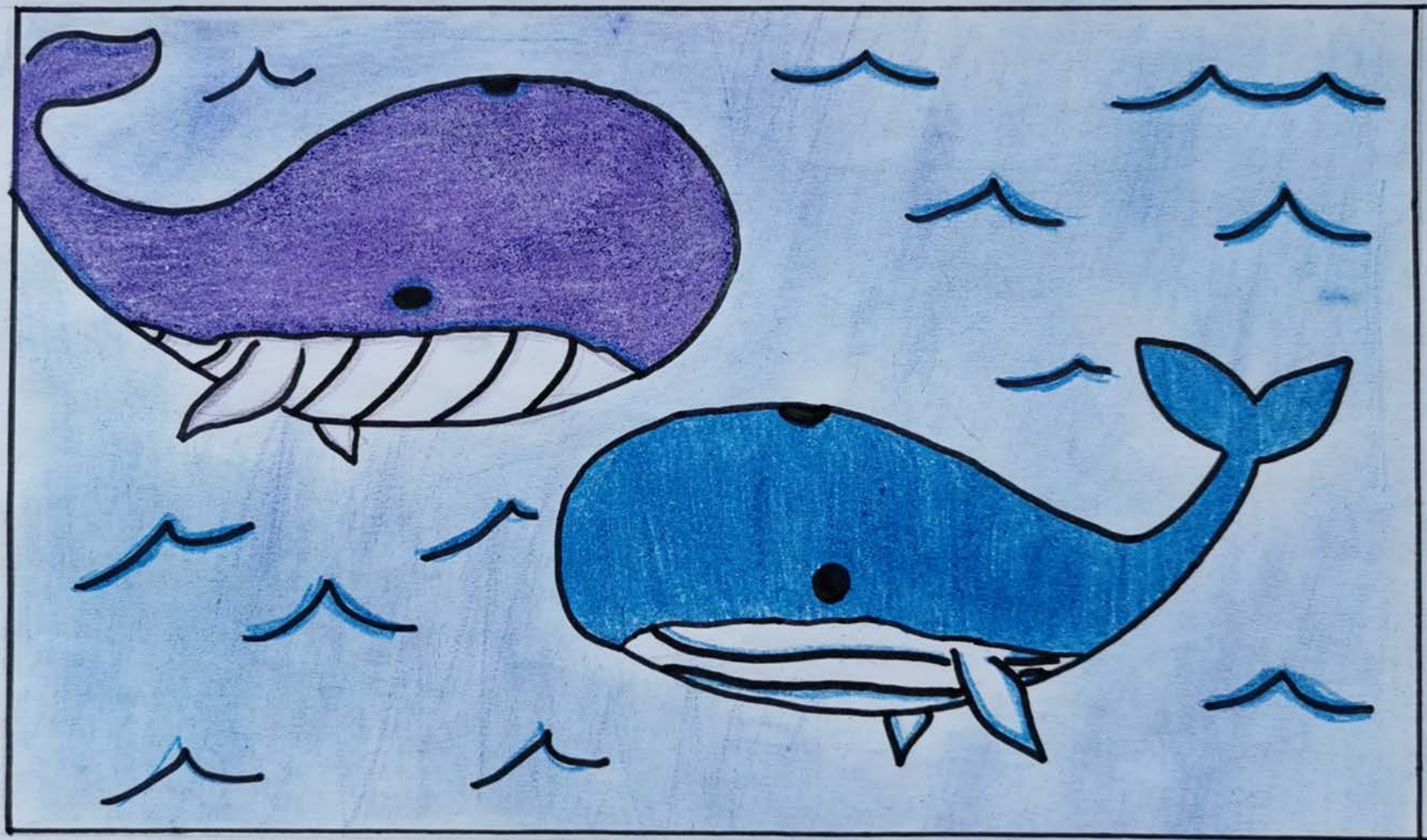
He swam south. When he reached Norway, he noticed another whale. He asked him curiously: "Where are you swimming to, my friend?" "To the south! I want to see palm trees!" "Great, then let's swim together," Rocky replied.

The two whales swam south together, all the way to the Spanish coast. They were thrilled to see the colourful beach life, the palm trees and the sun that always shone. They were very fascinated by the atmosphere there. But it was very noisy and restless. Once, when Rocky had not paid attention and was almost caught by the propeller of a container ship, which had approached him, it was immediately clear to the two of them that it was not safe enough there! They were also disturbed by the little space in the water that they had to share with swimmers, surfers and excursion boats. That's why they made their way back to the north. The two whales swam past France, where they could see mussel banks in the distance. Through the English Channel they reached the North Sea, where they could eat the famous herring. After the small snack, they swam further through the European North Sea back to Greenland in the Arctic Sea.

Through this long journey, Rocky had become aware of how good it was in the Arctic Sea. He had also met a friend for life on the journey. With him, life in the Polar Sea would certainly not become monotonous and grey, but would provide further exciting adventures.

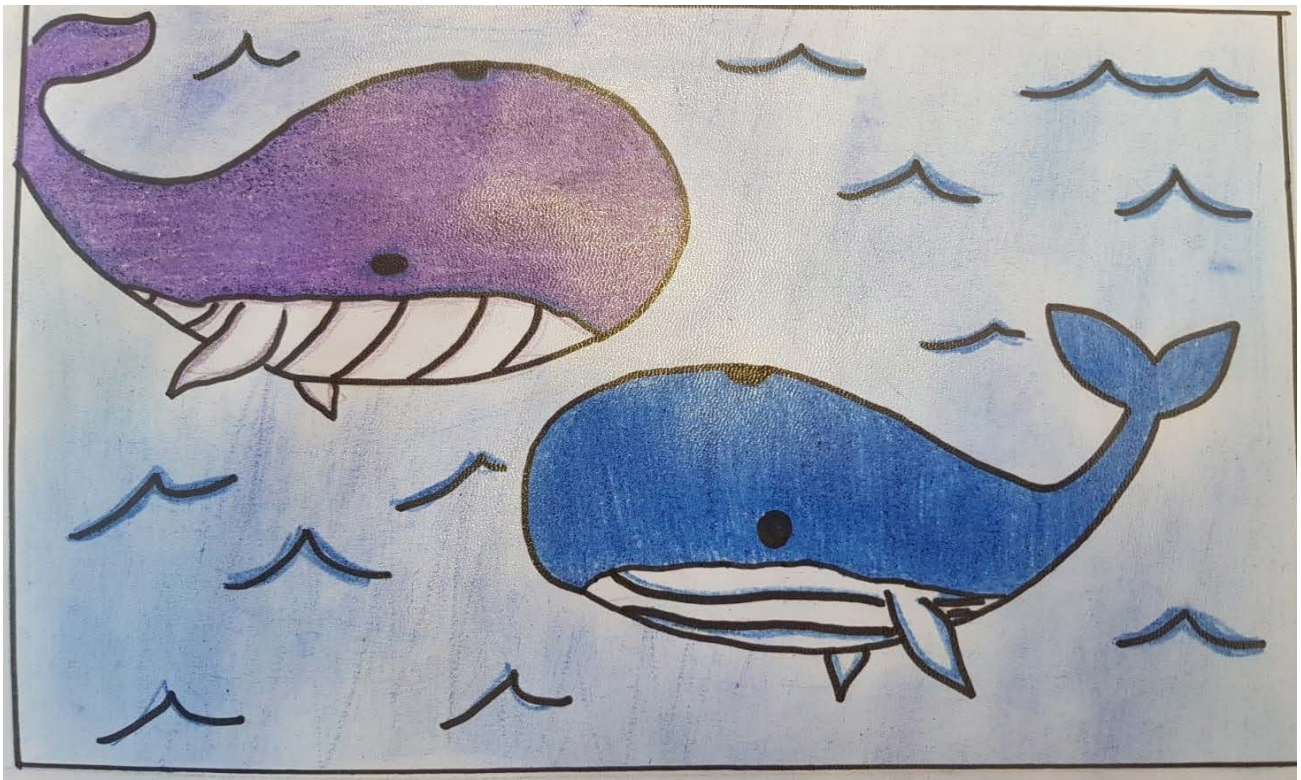
Text: Emma Schönfelder, 8a Gymnasium Altona

Escola Pálcam



Ágata Pesarrodoná
Cloe Ger 1ESOB

A PLASTIC BOTTLE'S STORY



It was a Sunday evening, and a father, in his day off from work, was fishing with his son.

They were walking along the jetty waiting for a fish to come.

It was a foggy day, the jetty was empty and all the stores were empty too.

There was only another man, who was fishing too.

While they were fishing, something was floating, so the kid, seeing this, started shouting: "A WHALE! A WHALE!". But the whale was immobile, the animal was getting close to the coast slowly, it was pushed by the current.

The father called immediately the animal protection.

When they arrived and the whale was layed on the beach, the operators and the lifeguards opened its giant mouth... they found hundreds of plastic bottles .