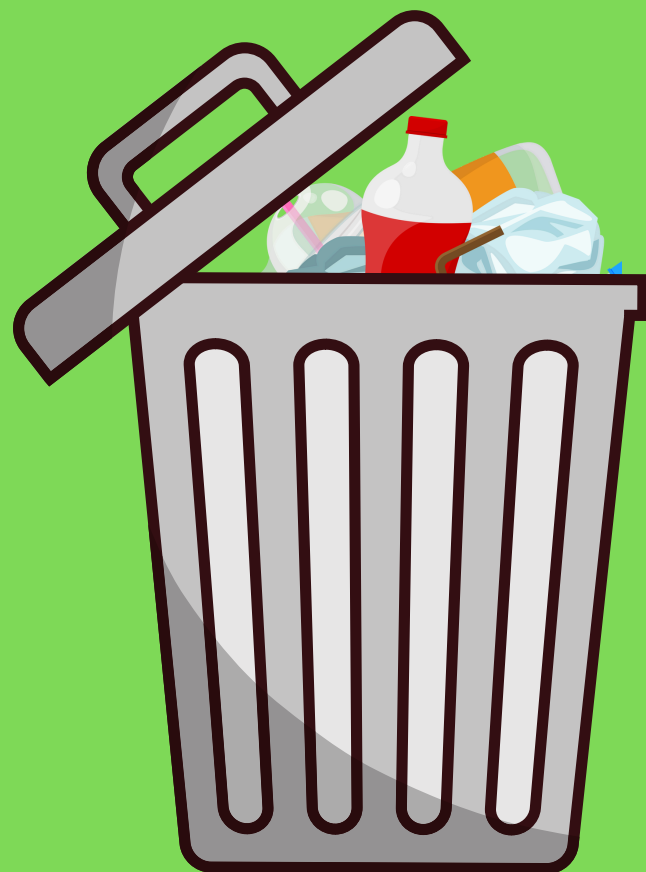


The Journey of a Plastic Bottle.

By Daniel Crispin



I am lying on a small alleyway on the filthy streets of Melbourne, I got dropped from a young kid's pocket.



Soon a heavy downpour started and slowly edged me towards a storm water drain. It was extremely miserable down in the drain because I was soaking wet. I slowly floated down the drain until I could see a ray of sunshine and there was a river outside the drain so I dropped down into there.



I was lazily floating down the beautifully, crystal clear river, there are other plastic bottles that look like me. They must have been dropped like me but many of the bottles look older than mine but they still are intact. "I don't want to mess up this nice river!" I muttered out loud to myself



I wait for many years in that mound of garbage I can feel myself slowly decomposing but it still feels so slow that it would be thousands of years before I decompose. I feel so bored that I am up to wondering about what is the point of having a bottle cap is. After a few years I see a boat with giant net behind it. The boat is heading towards me! I get whooshed under the boat and caught up in the gigantic net trailing behind the boat.



It's very fun being caught up in the net because I got to see the whole ocean. After a few days could feel myself being lifted up into the sky and being lowered into the back of a huge semi truck. The engine revved to life and I quickly shot off onto the freeway.



Soon, I was being dumped into a big hopper, I was very uncomfortable being squished inbetween other pieces of plastic. I was going along an cover belt towards a big machine that was extremely hot. Once I got inside the machine I felt all weird and lquidly. As quickly as I came in I went out and got squished into a small box formation.



I got packed into a box with others just like me and I went to a shop. I got bought by another young kid and put in his pocket.



