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I was walking through a sea of TRASH. Mountains, thousands of feet high towered over me like great, stinky, shadows. A man walking close behind me called out to me, but I couldn't hear a word he was saying. I turned and saw his lips moving. Then, he pointed to the tallest pile of litter, spit out his gum, and threw it up, up, up, into the pile. The pile swayed round and round, and then came crashing down on me. A wave of sickening horribleness hits me when-

I jolted upright in bed, cold sweat dripping down my face. *Just a nightmare.* I told myself as my mom called my name.

"Jolie!! What do you want for breakfast? Dad's making eggs and Annalise is making hash browns."

"Mom, can I have eggs and hash browns?"

"Sure! Can you walk Pebbles while they make you breakfast?"

"Yeah sure."

I quickly pulled on a plain t-shirt and jeans and grabbed Pebbles' leash. Pebbles is the family Jack Russell Terrier. My older sister, Annalise, named him. I was planning to take Pebbles to our favorite spot in the park! I hooked him up and half-walked-half-ran to the park. When I reached the old, stone, gazebo, I stopped for a minute to catch my breath. I like this place so much because it's so old and has vines and pretty flowers growing on its stone walls. I was devastated when I stepped inside and CRUNCH. I looked down. Candy wrappers, plastic cups, paper plates, food scraps, and so much more covered the floor and benches of the gazebo.

"What's with all the LITTER?!" I shrieked. Pebbles barked a few times to contribute. I felt like crying. Someone had a party and left it all for someone else to clean up! Even worse, I can't even tell you how many signs are set up around the park, telling people to NOT LITTER. I decided to walk around the park a little more. I was surprised that nature presented me with even more unsettling sights. Benches had spills and paper covering their surfaces, and with every 3 or 4 steps there was the CRUNCH of a candy wrapper, or the CRACK of a breaking plastic cup.

"What happened?!" I exclaimed. "Just last week the park was sparkling clean! I don't get it!!" But the real question was, *how can I help?*

"Come on Pebbles. We're leaving!" Pebbles whined a bit as I dragged him out of the park.

When we arrived at home, my mom asked me, "How was your walk?"

"It was AWFUL!!" I replied. Annalise turned from the hash browns.

"What do you mean 'it was awful?'" she asked. "You and Pebbles love the park!"

"Not today we didn't!!" Pebbles barked in agreement.

"Why not?" Mom asked.

"There was litter everywhere!! It was outrageous!! I'm hungry. Can I have breakfast?"

Annalise laughed and flipped a large hash brown onto my plate. I inhaled four huge hash browns, and six servings of eggs.

"Yum!! Thanks dad! Thanks Annalise!!"

I scarfed down a few more eggs and raced up to my room. I sat down at my desk and logged onto my computer. I looked up ‘trash clean-up clubs in Dreake.’ I couldn’t find a thing! No wonder the whole city was a mess! I needed to do something. That night I lay in bed thinking about a trash clean-up club. I finally fell asleep and slept until morning. I woke up to someone knocking on my door.

“Jolie? Are you okay? Breakfast is ready. Jolie?” I heard my sister ask nervously.

“Yes Annalise. I’m alright,” I replied sleepily. “I’ll be down for breakfast in five minutes.” I slumped out of bed and hastily dressed, combed my hair, and hopped downstairs.

“Yum! Smells like avocado toast, Gemma!” my dad exclaimed to my mom, who was stooping over the stove. “Oh... Gemma look. Jolie’s here. Morning Jolie!”

My mother turned and cried, “Oh Jolie!! Good morning!! Eat quickly! The bus will be here soon.”

Again, I was VERY hungry and chomped down three whole pieces of toast. I heard the bus beep, and I quickly grabbed my backpack and raced out the front door shouting, “Bye mom! Bye dad! See ya’ Annalise! Love you Pebbles!” When I arrived at school, I skidded to a halt in front of the big bulletin board. A very large poster read:

How can YOU keep PA beautiful?

BE A LITTER HAWK



A litter hawk? What’s that? I thought. I raced to class as the first bell rang. I was very surprised when Ms. Clairey declared, “Pens and notebooks out children! I am sure you read the litter hawk poster on your way in. I want you to write about how YOU can be a litter hawk. Chop, chop! No dilly-dallying! Fred, Amiya, do I need to separate you two?” I laughed. *This is perfect! I can write about my trash club idea, and maybe the school can help me achieve my goal of making it happen!* I quickly started to write.

I can be a litter hawk by starting a trash clean-up club! I can gather a group of people who believe that the way we can save our planet is by not littering! We can make posters to hang around Dreake, and on certain days we can clean up places around town, like the park and the streets! I think having a trash clean-up club would do this town some good, and I hope this school can help me make it happen!

When I was finished, I sat back and thought. Ahhh. This is perfect. If this club goes through, it would show the whole world that me, joined by lots of others, care about our planet, and that every litter bit matters.