



Green-Schools National Marine Creative
Writing Competition
1st-2nd Class Winner

Under the Waves

Crawling crabs, Leaping rays,
Tiny turtles, under every wave.

Sleeping sea otters, amazing angelfish,
Sparkling seadragons, prettier than I could wish.

Surfing swordfish, silky sharks,
Fearsome fangtooths In the deep and dark.

Scuttling spider-crabs, Sneaky stingrays
Flapjack octopus, Inspire me every day.

All these creatures we must save.

Protect all life
Under the waves.



Caragh Healy,
St. Mary and St. Gerards National School
Wicklow



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Rialtais Áitiúil agus Oidhreachta
Department of Housing,
Local Government and Heritage





Green-Schools National Marine Creative
Writing Competition
3rd-4th Class Winner

Deep


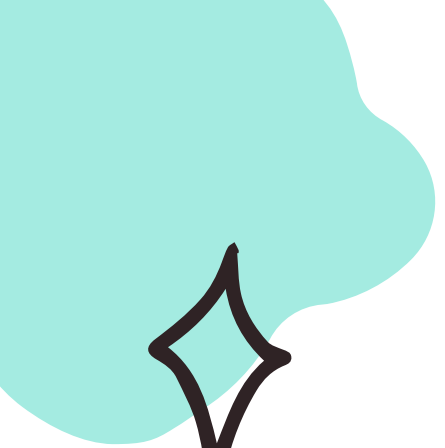
I stare at the sea, its green, blue and grey waves crash against the pebbled beach. I can't put it off any longer, I dive into the freezing ocean. Tiny fish and bubbles cascade around me, the sapphire in my necklace glows, granting me the power to swim as swiftly as a dolphin and breathe underwater. I swim deeper and deeper, I pass a huge basking shark swimming lazily with its mouth open wide, seals diving for fish and even huge blue whales. After a while I spot a flicker of light in the distance.

Determined to find the source, I swim deeper into the dark abyss. Soon I find what I am looking for, a tribe of about 200 swimming dragons. Scales of blue, green, and aquamarine flash in the dark, I swim to the back of the tribe. Near the front I see a tiny blue dragon drop away from the rest of the tribe. I swim after it. When I am closer, I see that the dorsal fin on its back is not fully formed.



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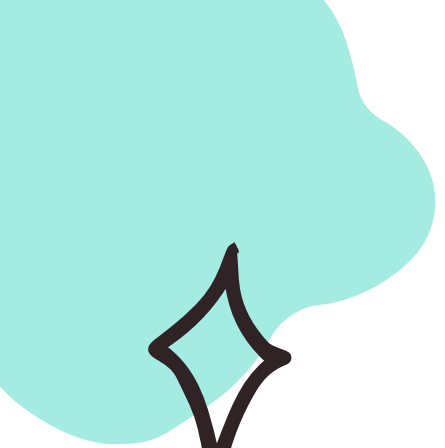


The hatchling is barely three days old. If the dragon has a full dorsal fin but is still quite small that means it is a dragonet. If it is larger than a dragonet that means it is a fully grown dragon. I see that the hatchling is sinking faster, so I catch up. For the first time I noticed the plastic can holder tangling up the hatchling's wings. Well, it shouldn't be a problem I could cut through... something catches my eye, a huge great white shark swims towards the hatchling. I draw my dagger. But I freeze when I see the scar above the shark's gills. I had given it that scar two weeks ago when it had been dragging small dolphins underneath the water and killing them. I had tried to scare it off by kicking it, but it just kept coming back, so I stabbed it and drove it back. Or so I thought. Now it turned and saw me; its malicious black eyes narrowed to slits as it swam away. By now the hatchling is struggling at the bottom of the ocean. I swim towards it but the tribe has realised that the hatchling is missing. They appeared to be swimming around frantically.



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I quickly began to cut at the dragon's plastic bonds; soon the dragon is free and swimming desperately up towards its family. The shark lunges towards it but I kick its dorsal fin, throwing it off course. It's black eyes glinted malevolently. I look upwards and a large green dragon is thundering towards us. It must have noticed us. It is about thirty metres away, while the shark is much closer. I swim towards the dragon, the hatchling in my arms. I throw the hatchling into the chest of the huge green dragon. I swim for my life. I reach the pebbled beach, welcoming the air into my lungs and smile.

Amelia Booth,
St. Marys and St Gerards National School,
Wicklow



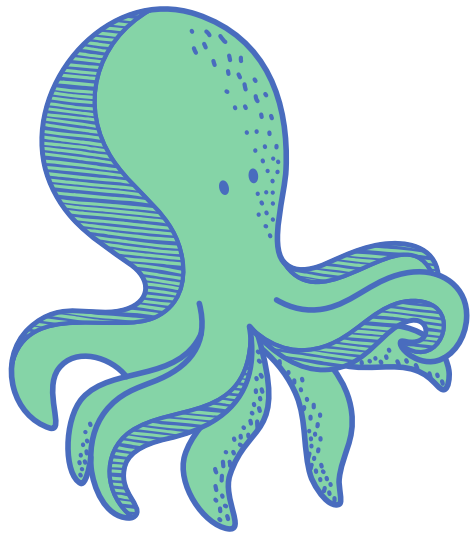
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Green-Schools National Marine Creative
Writing Competition
5th-6th Class Winner

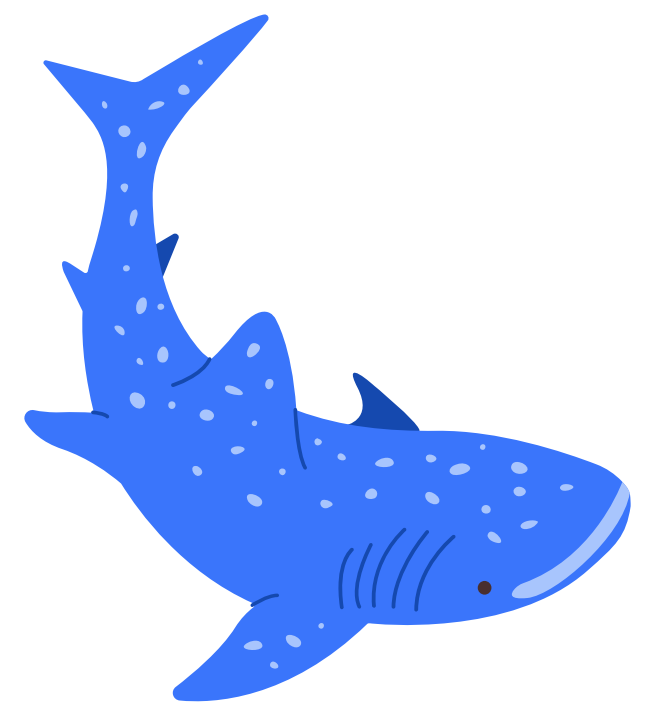
Our Troubled Ocean

There's trouble in our ocean,
It's full of plastic and debris,
Little fish caught in bottles,
Trying to get free.



If you peeked under the water,
One hundred years ago,
You'd find so many colours,
Animals swimming with the flow.

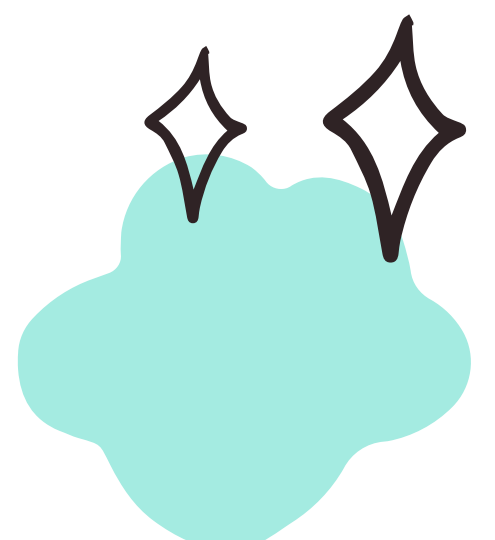
Sharks, molluscs, octopi,
Plants you'll find fantastic,
But ten years from now,
All you'll see is plastic.


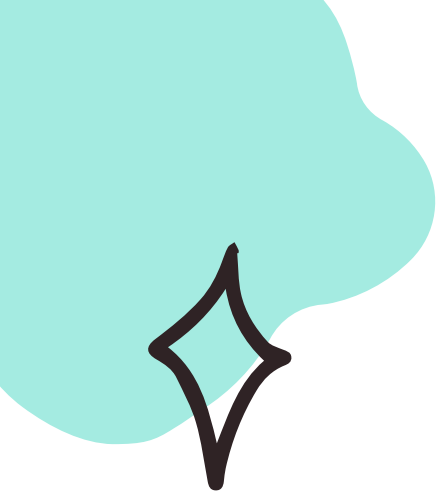


So next time you think to litter,
You won't be so enthusiastic,
When you think of the little creature,
Poisoned by your plastic.



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So next time you think to litter,
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By Sarah Colhoun,
St. Francis National School
Donegal



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