

Max and the Pirates of Puddleton Bay



Max ran out of the house and down towards his dad's café on the harbour. He couldn't wait to find out what was going on!

Dad was always in the café early on Saturday ready to make fish and chips for the visitors. But not today. As Max ran towards the café he could see that part of its roof had been blown away, hundreds of plastic bottles were covering the harbour and the beach, and everywhere was covered in white bubbles and foam!

Dad was with some of his friends all shaking their heads looking at the large ship that was stuck on the sandbank. The ship had been carrying crates of washing-up liquid, bubble bath, soap and shampoo. Most of this was now in the sea with the empty plastic bottles being washed up on the beach and bobbing around in the water.

“We can't do much about the café roof or the ship today,” said Dad. “But we really do need to get all this plastic off the beach before the tide comes back in and causes yet more problems.”

Max wasn't so excited anymore. He could see all the damage the storm had brought to the bay and that meant no more visitors. He could see all the plastic bottles on the shore and in the water, and he knew what could happen to the wildlife if they were left on the beach.



By now, lots of people had gathered on the beach to help were carrying big bags, filling them with the plastic bottles. The bottles were difficult to find under all the bubbles and foam, they needed more help and they needed it fast! “Any good ideas, Max?” asked his dad. Max shook his head, but then he remembered... he remembered the recycling project that they had done in school. He remembered the website that they had looked at and all the places that you could go to if you wanted to be a ‘recycle helper’.

“Maybe... maybe... we could put it on a website and ask for helpers,” said Max.

“That’s a good idea, Max, but I don’t think we have time for that,” said Dad.



Dad's friends all looked at each other and grinned. "That's a great idea, Max, but we'll put a message on the 'Friends of Puddleton Bay' Friendbook page instead," one said. "Hopefully lots of people will see it and come to help."

"We could ask the local radio station to put a message out, too," said Dad. "There will be lots of people listening to the local news."

Everyone thanked Max for such a good idea and as he ran across the beach to start his collection of plastic bottles, feeling very pleased with himself, Max could hear the roaring sound of lorries, bulldozers and diggers arriving on the beach. This was a bigger job than Max had thought; the big sea wall had been hit so hard by the storm, it had crumbled onto the beach. The bulldozers and diggers had to rebuild it and fast; the tide came back in that night.

Max looked all around the beach, there were lots of people helping but more and more plastic bottles were being washed onto the shore and blown across the harbour by the wind.

We'll never get this lot cleared up in time for tonight, thought Max, and that will mean NO more visitors and NO café for Dad, and then we really will have to leave Puddleton Bay! Looking across the beach towards the cliffs, Max saw something on the road. In the distance but getting closer and closer, he could see a long line of cars. He could hear the sound of car horns tooting loudly and lots of traffic arriving in Puddleton Bay! Had help arrived at last?