

TO ESTHER AND ROSIE

# HOPE JONES SAVES THE WORLD



JOSH LACEY

ILLUSTRATED BY  
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ANDERSEN PRESS



## YOUR PLASTIC IS KILLING TURTLES!

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I'M GIVING UP  
PLASTIC TO  
SAVE OUR  
OCEANS!

TOGETHER  
WE'RE GOING TO  
**SAVE THE  
WORLD!**

## Hope Jones' Blog

Hello.

Welcome to my blog.

My name is Hope Jones.

I am ten years old.

I am going to save the world.





**'How wonderful it is that nobody need wait a single moment before starting to improve the world.'**

**ANNE FRANK**

*'Unless someone like you cares a whole awful lot, Nothing is going to get better. It's not.'*

**Dr Seuss**

*'A defiant deed has greater value than innumerable thousands of words.'*

**Emmeline Pankhurst**

*'Remember to look up at the stars and not down at your feet. Try to make sense of what you see and wonder about what makes the universe exist. Be curious. And however difficult life may seem, there is always something you can do and succeed at. It matters that you don't just give up.'*

**STEPHEN HAWKING**

**'IT IS TIME TO REBEL.'**  
**GRETA THUNBERG**

**'THE EARTH IS WHAT WE ALL HAVE IN COMMON.'**  
**WENDELL BERRY**

**'Earth provides enough to satisfy every man's needs, but not every man's greed.'**

**MAHATMA GANDHI**



# Hope Jones' Blog



**MONDAY 30 DECEMBER**

If you're wondering why I want to save the world, the answer is very simple. The world is in a mess.

You do know that, don't you?

If you don't, you just have to pick your nose.

Stick your finger up there and pull out a bogey.

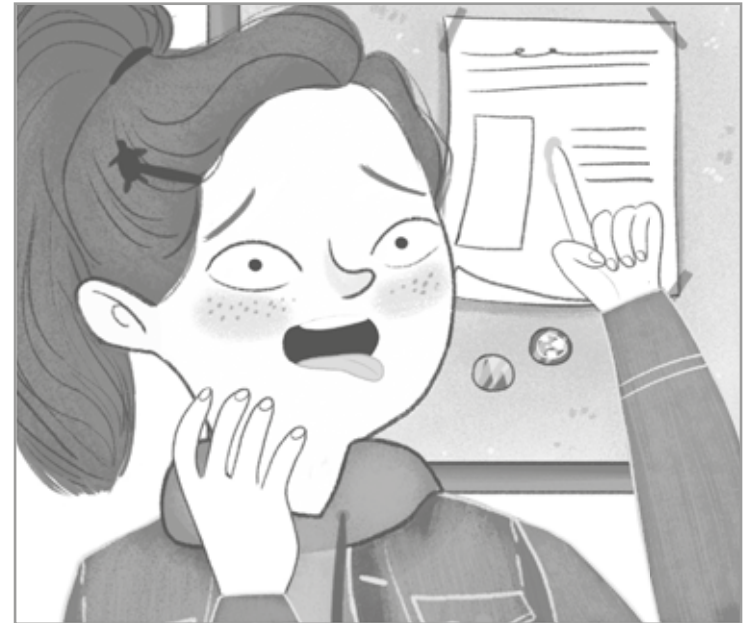
What colour is it?

Mine are black.

Yes. Black.

From the pollution.

Look:





Sorry, I know that's gross. But you know what is even more gross? Having black bogeys. They should be green, right? Not black.

Perhaps you live on the top of a mountain or in the middle of the countryside, and the air is lovely and clean, and your bogeys are bright green.

But I live in the city. And mine are black, which is how I know the world is in a mess. Someone needs to save it.

Dad always says if you want to get something done, you have to do it yourself. So I'm going to.



I'll write here every day about saving the world. So please come back and see what I've said. You can't leave a comment, because Dad says the internet is full of nutters and he doesn't want me communicating with them.

I don't think any nutters will want to read my blog, but Dad said, 'You'd be surprised.' So the comments are switched off.

But if you send me an email, I will write back ASAP (unless you're a nutter).

My email is **hopejonesavestheworld@gmail.com**

You could even send me a picture of your bogeys.

Actually, please don't.

Bye for now!

See you tomorrow.



# Hope Jones' Blog

TUESDAY 31 DECEMBER

Hello!

It's me again. Hope.

You're probably wondering who I am. Sorry, I should have introduced myself properly, but I got distracted by all that stuff about bogeys. So today I'm going to tell you a bit more about myself.

My name is Hope Rose Jones.

I am ten years old.

My favourite colours are red and black.

My favourite foods are lasagna, black olives, and chocolate ice cream.

My worst fears are global warming and spiders.

I am not going to tell you where I live, because we did an internet safety class at school, and we were told never to reveal our actual addresses or phone numbers to strangers.

But I can tell you that I live with my mum and dad.

This is what they look like:



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I have one brother and one sister. I'm in the middle, which is definitely the worst place to be. It's nice being the eldest, because you get to stay up late, and have more pocket money, and you have the biggest room. And it's nice being the youngest, because everyone says you're cute, and basically you get away with everything, and no one ever tells you off. But being in the middle is rubbish.

Unfortunately there's nothing I can do about it.

Anyway, this is my little brother Finn. He won't stay still, which is why you can only see the back of his head. He's always running around and shouting, but no one ever tells him off, because he's the youngest. Like I said, he gets away with everything.



This is my big sister Becca. She's sixteen. She's usually quite nice, but today she kicked me out of her room for being annoying, which wasn't exactly friendly.



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I think she's just depressed because it's New Year's Eve and she's stuck at home with us.

She says she's the only sixteen-year-old on the planet who isn't going to a party tonight. Aunt Jess says Becca's got the rest of her life to go to parties and she should enjoy welcoming in the New Year with us.



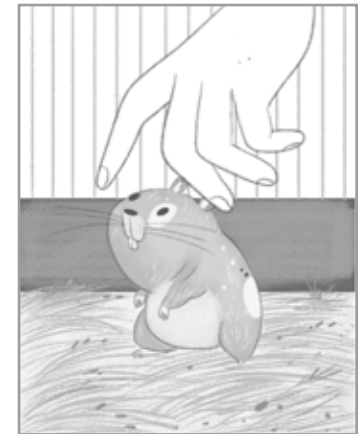
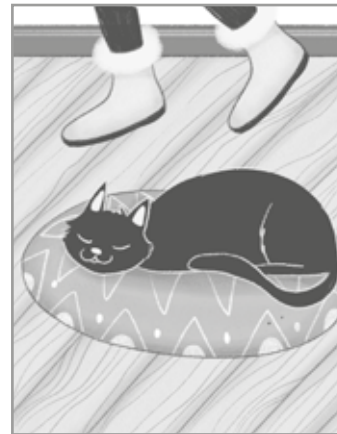
Aunt Jess is very cool. She isn't going to a New Year's Eve party because she's just broken up with her evil boyfriend. I suppose he's now her evil ex-boyfriend. He's not really evil. But he dumped her in a horrid way. So she's not in the mood for parties, which is why she's babysitting tonight.

She's going to let us stay up till midnight as long as we go to bed without any fuss afterwards.

So now I've introduced you to my whole family. We also have two pets.

Here is our cat Poppadom.

This is our hamster Chutney.



Obviously Chutney and Poppadom won't help me save the world, but I hope the others will.





Today is the last day of the year.

The seconds are ticking down . . .

Till tomorrow . . .

The first day of the new year . . . When I'm going to start saving the world. I can't wait!

I've already made my resolution. Do you want to know what it is?

I'll tell you. Tomorrow.

I have to go now. We're making flapjacks with Aunt Jess.

See you next year!



WEDNESDAY 1 JANUARY

# HAPPY! New! Year!

Today is a big day. I am going to start saving the world.

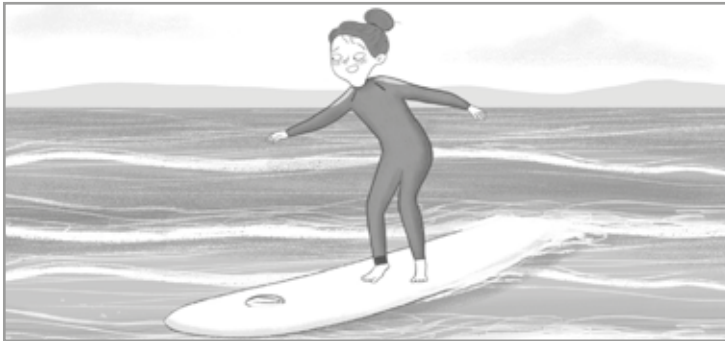
So here is my New Year's resolution: I am giving up plastic.

Do you want to know why? It's very simple. Plastic is making a mess of the whole world. Look at this:





I didn't actually take that picture. I've never been to Hawaii, although I definitely want to one day. It is the birthplace of surfing. I love surfing.



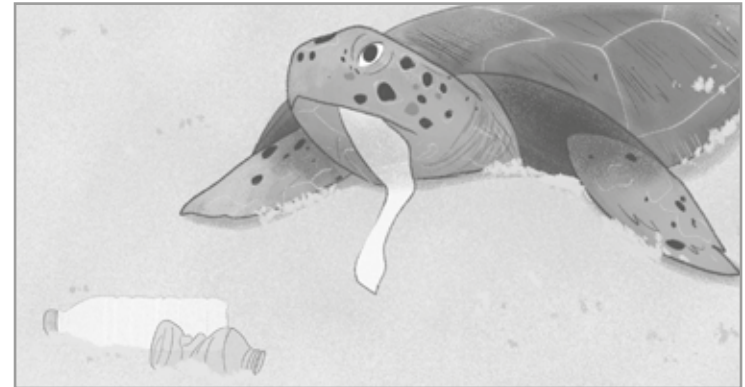
Anyway, like I said, I've never been there, but I found that photo on the internet. And it made me really sad. Look at all those bottles! Some of them floated all the way from Canada. Others came from Japan and China. There are even a couple from England.

Ten years ago that beach was a beautiful spotless sandy beach. The perfect place to go surfing. Or lay your eggs if you were a turtle or a seagull searching for somewhere nice and quiet to bring up your babies.

Now it's covered in plastic. You wouldn't want to surf there. Or bring up your babies. That lovely beach has been ruined. But it's not only beaches that have been messed up by plastic. It's also the lives of birds and animals.



Look at this:



Have you ever seen anything so horrible? That poor turtle!

At the end of last term we watched a documentary about the ocean. There were whales and walruses and dolphins and plankton and coral and all kinds of other amazing stuff. There was also this turtle who suffocated and died because she got a plastic balloon trapped in her tummy. It was the saddest thing I have ever seen. I couldn't stop thinking about that turtle. I used to love balloons. But not any more.

What if the balloon which suffocated that turtle was one of the plastic balloons from one of my birthday parties? Even if I hadn't killed that particular turtle, I might have been responsible for the death of a seagull or a jellyfish or some other ocean creature strangled or poisoned by a plastic balloon.







And it's not just plastic balloons that kill turtles. It's also plastic straws and plastic bottles and plastic bags and all sorts of plastic rubbish, floating in the ocean, poisoning the planet, and killing creatures everywhere.

- 1 **More plastic has already been produced in the twenty-first century than during the whole of the twentieth century.**
- 2 **Less than a tenth of all plastic is recycled.**
- 3 **The tiniest pieces of plastic are called microplastics. They are now everywhere – in fish, in animals, in our food, in our bodies.**
- 4 **The average person eats a hundred microplastics in every meal.**
- 5 **Plastic kills at least a million birds every year.**
- 6 **Plastic kills at least a hundred thousand marine animals every year.**
- 7 **Two million plastic bags are used around the world every day.**
- 8 **Each one is used for an average of ten minutes, then thrown away.**



I did some research. I discovered some horrible facts about plastic. They made me feel very depressed. And extremely guilty about all the plastic that I've used in my life. So I made a decision. My New Year's resolution is to never use plastic again.

No plastic bags. No plastic bottles. No plastic balloons.

No. More. Plastic.

## **The Jones Family's New Year's Resolutions**



**ME**

I am giving up plastic.



**MUM**

Mum's resolution is running 5K at least three times per week, so she has bought herself some new trainers and new tracksuit bottoms and a new sports bra. She hasn't actually done any running yet, but it's only the first day of the year, so can everyone please give her a break.





### DAD

Dad's resolution is giving up alcohol for January except in unforeseen circumstances. I asked him what 'unforeseen circumstances' are, but he said he didn't know, because they're unforeseen. I think he means having a bad day at work.



### FINN

Finn's resolution is playing for Manchester United, which isn't exactly likely, but Mr Ilkley says it's good to have high aspirations.

Mr Ilkley is the coach of his team in the Junior Football League, and is a big fan of positive thinking. He says nothing is impossible if you set your mind to it.

I hope he's right, because it will be the first time in history that a seven-year-old has played for Manchester United.



### BECCA

Becca has twelve resolutions written on her phone, but she won't let me see them, because they're strictly private. I think they must have something to do with finding a boyfriend. She's been wanting a boyfriend for ages, but a good man is hard to find. That's what Becca says, anyway.



### POPPADOM

Obviously Poppadom doesn't have any resolutions, but I wish she would stop chasing birds, because the time that she caught a sparrow was traumatic for all concerned.



### CHUTNEY

Obviously he doesn't have any resolutions either.



# Hope Jones' Blog

THURSDAY 2 JANUARY

Dear grown-ups,

I don't know if you're reading this. I don't know if any kids are, either. But if you are reading this, and you're a grown-up, I would like you to know one thing: you have made a mess of the world.

Yes, you. Grown-ups.

Not just you personally. But all the grown-ups throughout history. You have turned our world into an enormous horrible mess. Please clean it up!

You're probably wondering why I'm asking you to do this, rather than doing it myself, and the answer is very simple. Kids haven't messed up the world. We've just arrived.

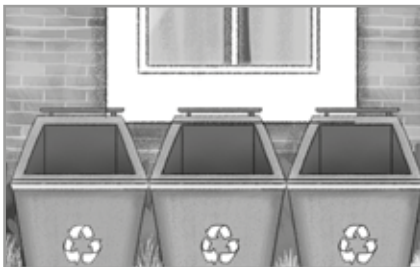
We're looking around. Finding out what's new. How to walk. How to talk. How to tie our shoes. How to read and write. Our favourite foods. Our favourite colours. Our likes and dislikes.

But you . . . Grown-ups! You have messed up the world.

So please, please, please . . . Clean it up!

I know some of you do already. You clean up after yourselves. You recycle, re-use, and reduce your consumption.

But some of you don't. Take Mr Crabbe, for instance. He's our next-door neighbour. Today was rubbish day. Here are his recycling bins:



I thought he must have forgotten because of the holidays, so I knocked on his door to tell him, but he wasn't at all grateful. In fact, he told me to mind my own business.

I said, 'Don't you care about the planet?'

Mr Crabbe said when was the last time the planet had done anything for him? My mind boggled. I literally didn't know where to begin. Without the planet, there wouldn't be any metal to build that great big enormous car that he loves so much. There wouldn't be any rubber to make the tyres. There wouldn't be any bricks to build his house. There wouldn't be any food for him to eat. In fact, he wouldn't even exist.

Unfortunately I didn't get a chance to say any of this, because Mr Crabbe had already stormed back inside and shut the door in my face.

Mr Crabbe, if you're reading my blog, I hope you don't mind me saying this, but you really should do more recycling. Also, you should work on your people skills.

And if any other adults are reading this then, please, please, please, clean up your own mess!

Thank you!

Love from  
Hope

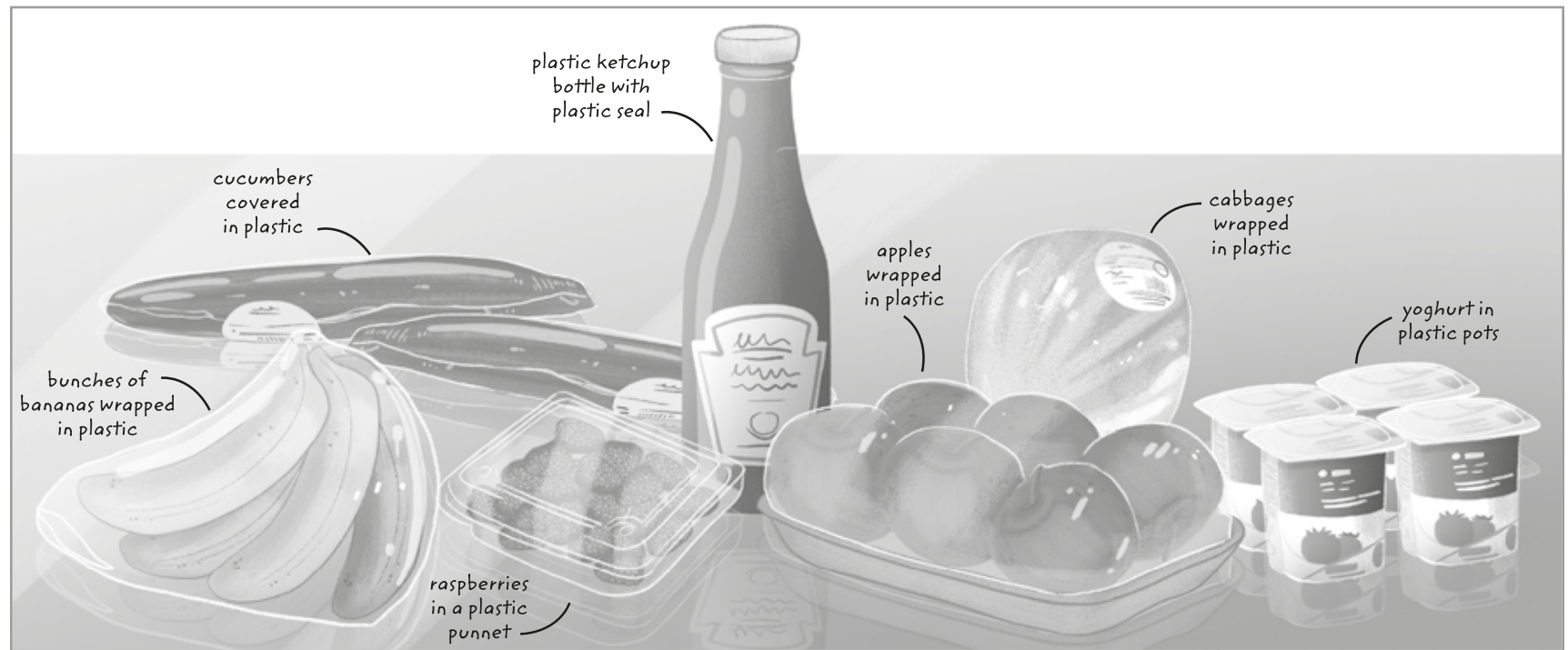
FRIDAY 3 JANUARY

Have you ever been to a supermarket? I bet you have. I have too. A million times. But today was the first day that I noticed what the supermarket sells more than anything.

Not food. No.

Obviously there was a lot of food for sale, but the supermarket was actually selling something which you didn't even have to pay for.

Plastic!





Mum did her best. She tried not to buy any plastic. We put broccoli and onions and carrots straight in the trolley, rather than using plastic bags. We bought a glass bottle of ketchup instead of the plastic one. And obviously we took reusable linen bags instead of buying new plastic ones.

Did you know teabags are made with plastic? Mum was shocked to hear that. So she bought loose-leaf tea instead. She says it's nicer anyway, even though it's more of a hassle. The tea did actually come in a plastic bag inside their cardboard box, but we didn't find out till we got home. Which just shows how there is plastic everywhere in that supermarket, even when you can't see it immediately.

Anyway, like I said, we did our best. But even so, there must have been enough plastic in our trolley to murder an entire family of turtles. Mum and I had a fight about it. I wanted to take out everything which used plastic. She said then we'd be left with nothing to eat for the whole week.

You know what? She was right.

I felt terrible. My New Year's resolution was giving up plastic. But look at all the plastic in our trolley!



The toilet cleaner comes in a plastic bottle. The toilet paper is wrapped in plastic. So are the sausages. The milk comes in a plastic bottle. The cream comes in a plastic carton. There is plastic literally everywhere.

I talked to the woman at the checkout. Her name was Serena. She was very nice. But she wasn't much help. I asked Serena why there was so much plastic in her shop.

'Don't ask me,' Serena said. 'I just work here.'

I said, 'Then who should I ask?'

Serena wasn't really sure. 'You could talk to my manager.'

She had a look around, but there wasn't any sign of her manager. He must have been on a break. So Serena gave me the manager's name, and his email address, and suggested I should write a letter if I had any issues.

Serena was very interested in my New Year's resolution. She has six grandchildren, and she is worried about the world that they're going to grow up in. She said from now on she's going to try and use less plastic too.

As soon as we got home, I wrote a letter to the branch manager. He hasn't replied yet. But I'll tell you as soon as he does.







**FROM** Hope Jones  
**TO** Jeremy Schnitzel  
**DATE** Friday 3 January  
**SUBJECT** Plastic



Dear Mr Schnitzel

This morning I went to your supermarket and I was shocked by the amount of plastic.

Don't you know plastic is bad for the environment? For instance, if someone drops a plastic bag in the ocean, it will float around for hundreds of years. During that time, it is very likely to cause trouble for a turtle, a seagull, a seal, a walrus, or some other bird, fish, or mammal.

Plastic bags aren't the only problem. Plastic bottles are just as bad. So are plastic cartons and plastic wrappers.

Your shop is full of plastic. But it really doesn't have to be. For instance, you really don't need a plastic bag just to wrap up a couple of apples or some tomatoes.

I'm sure you don't want to destroy the planet. So please can you use less plastic in your shop?

Thank you!

Yours sincerely

Hope Jones



SATURDAY 4 JANUARY

I give up!

I can't do this any more!

There is so much plastic everywhere!



Don't worry. I'm not really giving up. It's only the fourth day of the year and stopping my resolution now would be pathetic. Mum has been jogging, and Dad still hasn't touched a drop since New Year's Eve, and I'm definitely not giving up before either of them. No way! Because the planet needs me.

But there is just so much plastic everywhere!

Reduce. Re-use. Recycle. That's what I keep telling myself.



But it's so difficult! It is almost impossible.

For instance, I just looked under the sink. I couldn't believe the amount of plastic. There were plastic bags, and plastic wrappers, and seven plastic cartons, which someone had kept, although I don't know what for. There was a spare plastic washing-up brush, and a plastic packet full of plastic sponges, and two plastic washing-up liquid bottles, and a roll of plastic rubbish bags, and a plastic bag full of other plastic bags, and a plastic bag filled with twenty dishwasher tablets which were individually wrapped in plastic – what a waste!

Don't get me started on the fridge.

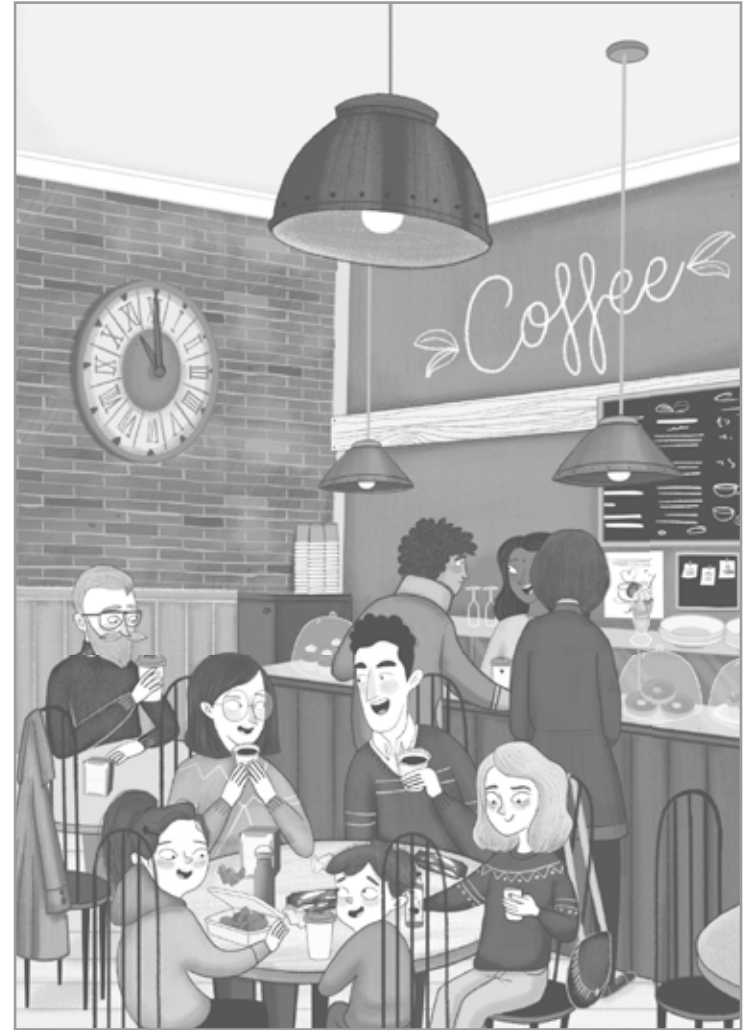
After my experiences under the sink, I was feeling terrible. Dad said a walk in the park would cheer us up. He was right. It did. Especially when we flew the new kite that Finn got for Christmas.

On the way home, we stopped in a café for a special treat. That was a mistake. A big mistake.

I had brought my reusable water bottle and a Tupperware box for snacks, so I didn't actually need anything, but the others weren't so well prepared. Finn wanted a hot chocolate, which came in a plastic cup. He also had a small packet of ginger biscuits, which came in a plastic wrapping. Becca had a smoothie in a plastic bottle. Mum and Dad had forgotten the reusable coffee cup, which I gave them for Christmas, so they both used plastic cups.



Even the plastic spoons were wrapped in plastic!





I talked to the woman behind the counter. She was really nice, but she said she couldn't help. She said the owner had just popped out, but I could leave him a note or write him a message. She gave me his email address.

I wrote to him as soon as we got home. I copied and pasted some of the message from my email to Mr Schnitzel, because Dad said it would be more efficient, and no one would ever know. I hope he's right.

**FROM** Hope Jones  
**TO** Brendan Corrigan  
**DATE** Saturday 4 January  
**SUBJECT** Plastic

Dear Mr Corrigan

This morning I went to your café.

I love Flat White. It's the nicest café ever.

I don't actually like flat whites. Or any other coffees. But the hot chocolates are deeeee-licious. Especially the ones with extra whipped cream and a sprinkling of marshmallows. My dad loves your coffee too. And the cakes are yummy. I would like to go to your café every day.



But there's just one problem. You use so much plastic! The smoothies. The flapjacks. Even the plastic spoons. They're all wrapped in plastic!

Don't you know plastic is bad for the environment? For instance, if someone drops a plastic bag in the ocean, it will float around for hundreds of years. During that time, it is very likely to cause trouble for a turtle, a seagull, a seal, a walrus, or some other bird, fish, or mammal.

Plastic bags aren't the only problem. Plastic bottles are just as bad. So are plastic cartons and plastic wrappers. Your café is full of plastic. But it really doesn't have to be. You really don't need to wrap up your plastic spoons in their own plastic wrapping. You could use metal spoons instead. You could use reusable cups instead of plastic ones. You could make your own smoothies instead of selling ones in plastic bottles. They would be much nicer. And better for your customers.

I'm sure you don't want to destroy the planet. So please can you use less plastic in your café?

Thank you!

Yours sincerely

Hope Jones





Mr Corrigan hasn't replied yet. Mr Schnitzel hasn't replied either. I am worried he didn't get my email.

I asked Mum if we could go to the supermarket again and have a word with him. She said all we need is bread and milk, and we can get that round the corner.

When we went to Mr Ghosh to buy bread and milk, we took our own bag, but we still ended up buying a lot of useless plastic. The bread came in a plastic bag. The milk came in a plastic bottle. Even the bran flakes came in a plastic bag inside the cardboard box.

I asked Mum not to buy any of them, but she said, 'Then what will you have for breakfast tomorrow morning?' I'd be happy with a tangerine and some leftover flapjack, but apparently that's not enough for the others. They need toast and cereal.

I asked Mum not to buy any frozen peas either, or rice, or crisps, because they all came in plastic packaging, but she said she couldn't turn her entire life around just because of my New Year's resolution. I don't see why not. I know it's inconvenient. But wouldn't it be even more inconvenient if we didn't have a planet to live on?

In the old days, when Mum and Dad were kids, people used glass bottles for milk. So they could be re-used and recycled. I wish they hadn't changed to plastic. Dad says you can still get milk in



glass bottles, but they are five times the price, and unfortunately he's not made of money. He said I'm welcome to give up milk and have water with my bran flakes instead if I'm so worried.

I reminded him that I don't eat bran flakes any more, because they come in a plastic bag inside the cardboard box. I'm going to have porridge instead.

'Fine,' Dad said. 'You don't need milk with that.'

I was still feeling bad about the bread, the milk, the frozen peas, the rice, the crisps, and the olives. Then things got even worse. We had a competition to build Lego towers.

Becca said she's too old for silly competitions, not to mention Lego, so it was just me, Finn, and Dad.

Obviously Dad's a lot older than Becca, but he says nothing would make him happier than beating his children in a Lego-tower-building competition.





Mine would have been the tallest, but Finn knocked it down with his Frisbee just as I was applying the finishing touches.



Finn said it was a mistake, but I wasn't born yesterday. I was just about to demand a re-match when Becca said, 'Have you ever noticed what Lego is made of?'

I hadn't. But she's absolutely right. Plastic.

Then she said, 'What do you think that's made of?'

She was pointing at my tablet.



I said, 'Glass.'

'And?'

'Metal.'

'And something else too,' Becca said.

She was right about that too.

There is plastic everywhere.

Dad came to find me.

He said, 'What's wrong, pumpkin?'

I hate it when he calls me that. I'm not three years old. I said, 'Nothing.'

He said, 'Then why are you crying?'







I could have lied. Or asked him to go away. But in the end, I told the truth. I was crying because I felt terrible about the world and plastic and my resolution and how impossible everything is.

I don't want to give up my tablet. It's my best Christmas present ever. But it's made of plastic! So what am I supposed to do?

Dad said we're all confronted by difficult choices and we just have to try our hardest and do our best.

'Come on,' he said. 'Let's go and look on the internet. I bet we can find something to cheer us up.'

I thought he meant silly videos, but actually he meant the price of milk. He has looked up the price of milk in glass bottles. It isn't actually five times the price. It's only two and a half times. He said we could afford that, especially if we're all very careful and make sure we don't use more than we need. So he's ordered it from next Tuesday.

At least we're not going to use any more plastic milk cartons. It's a good start. That's what Dad thinks. And I suppose he's right.

After we'd ordered the milk, we researched alternatives for the other plastic products in our house. We found lots. It isn't going to be easy. In fact it will be hard work. But I don't care. We'll be making the world a better place.



Welcome . . .

To a very special place . . .

Our bathroom!



Sometimes this special place is full of danger . . . You might be attacked by a bad smell . . . Or an angry teenager who needs some private time. If you're really unlucky, you might even find an enormous terrifying spider which has crawled out of the plughole. But today we have the bathroom to ourselves. And we can go on a hunt for plastic.





Let's start with the big things:



Yes. I'm sorry to say they're all made of plastic. The bath. The toilet seat. The shower curtain. All plastic. The taps might be metal, but they have plastic fittings. The light is plastic too. Even the clips on the mirror are made of plastic. But that's not everything. Look at this:



That's just Becca's shelf. Mum has almost as much. And this is all plastic too:



There is plastic literally everywhere in our bathroom. The toilet cleaner comes in a plastic bottle. The toilet brush is made of plastic. The toilet paper isn't plastic. But it comes in a plastic wrapper. The soap isn't plastic either. But it comes in a plastic dispenser. Some of these plastic things can be reused. Others can be recycled. But most of them aren't. Most of them just get thrown away and replaced.

Or they would have done, anyway. Until now. Change is coming. Come back in a week and there won't be any plastic in this bathroom!

(Apart from the bath. And the shower curtain. And the toilet seat.)

