



YE RUMBLES

# YOUNG PLANET DIALOGUE

An altered planet, and a new generation





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ENVIRONMENTALIST

# The girl who followed plastic

A story about small changes that matter

*“Plastic is everywhere. It’s hurting the Earth!”*

Tara had heard her teacher say this several times in the class. One day, she decided to fix the problem.

**“I’ll stop it.”** She said to herself.

Next morning, she woke up with the mission of Stopping the Plastic.





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She brushed her teeth—and paused.

The toothpaste came out of a shiny plastic tube.

Her toothbrush? Plastic too. She frowned.

“It starts here,” she whispered.

She opened her cupboard. Her favourite jackets, fleeces, yoga pants, jeggings were all made of plastic-based fabrics.

Her mother had chosen these synthetic fabrics because they are wrinkle-resistant, dry quickly and moreover cheap.

But they shed microplastics into the water supply when washed!





At breakfast, Tara went with her granddad to the milk booth. The milk came in a crinkly plastic packet.

At home, she looked around carefully.  
Her toys—plastic.  
The switchboard—plastic.  
The paint on the walls—plastic.

Even the bright pink nail polish her cousin loved—plastic.





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Tara feels overwhelmed.

“This is impossible,” she said.  
“*Everything* is plastic.”

Just then, her granddad came to her, and said: “When something feels too big, you don’t fix everything. You find where it begins.”

“So, where does plastic begin?”  
Tara asked.  
“Not in your room,” he smiled.  
“Come, let’s follow it.”





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First, they visited the shop.  
The shopkeeper handed out biscuits wrapped in plastic, fruits in plastic, even bottles in plastic.

“Where do you get all this?” Tara asked. “From the supplier,” the shopkeeper said.

So they went to the supplier.  
Huge boxes arrived there, each filled with smaller plastic packages.  
“Where do *you* get it?” Tara asked again. “From factories,” the supplier replied.





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So Tara and her granddad went further—past the busy roads, past the noisy city—until they reached a factory.

There, melted plastic flowed like thick, glowing honey, poured into molds to become bottles, wrappers, toys.

Tara watched quietly. “This is where it begins,” she said. Granddad nodded. “Yes. But also... it begins with people choosing it.”



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On the way home, Tara didn't feel small anymore. The next day, she made a different choice. She used a steel water bottle instead of buying a plastic one.



She carried a cloth bag to the shop. She asked the milkman, "Can we use a reusable container?" Some people said no. Some people laughed. But a few said, "Hmm... maybe."

Her granddad found a old glass jar for storing biscuits. The shopkeeper agreed to try paper bags. Her friends brought lunch in metal boxes and undertook plastic cleaning drives in roads and parks.





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# Small changes. But they added up.

One evening, Tara stood in her room again.

The plastic had not disappeared. It was still in her brush, her switchboard, her walls.

But something had changed. She was not just surrounded by plastic anymore.

*She was changing the story around it.*

