

Water pollution

Pollution, it has covered the sea. None of the humans care about the wildlife anymore. The reefs have died, overfishing has led species to near extinction and no one has done anything. When I was still a child the sea was full of vibrant colors. Coral reefs housed thousands of homes for many fish, there was always a shoal of fish passing by and the humans never threw anything into our aquatic utopia.

It was not to last. After the government found a more efficient way to package food and more economic fuels, plastic was tossed into the water. It was useless to them so after their recycling centers filled up, they loaded up tankers and dropped plastic into the ocean by the ton. As it submersed into the populated areas, it was eaten by whales and turtles. This poisoned many of them. The oil waste ruined the coral and forced all its residents to find a new home. It endangered species and our way of life was turned into history.

The population of humans rose rapidly in 2047 and overfishing took place. Cod, tuna and sardine used to have an ever-expanding population of millions, but when the human food demand rose, their numbers dropped rapidly to less than three hundred. It is awful being a fish.

One morning I woke up to the normal brown muggy sight of the open sea. The oil coated plants and bits of usual plastic floating around. Normally most people like to sleep in as long as possible, I never go back to sleep after the sun comes up. Swimming quietly as not to wake anyone up, I crept out of the mangrove from where we had been staying for the past few weeks, and set out for the old coral reef. It used to flourish with fish and color but now it a deserted wasteland.

On the way to it, there is a series of narrow gaps going through the wrecked ship from long ago. There it passes through the captain's quarters. Although it has been underwater for ages, it is worth stopping and looking at. The goblets are a dazzling sphere of metal polished to perfection and the chandelier is a ball of glinting diamonds. The wardrobe is full of the finest clothes filled with robes of valuable materials and covered in gems. Food arrangements fit for a king lay set out on the table never to be used again. The windows, although cracked or smashed, have a hint of beauty as they glint majestically in the water.

As I swam up across the deck I noticed another fish in the distance. The only problem was that as it swam towards me, it was increasing in size. As I turned to swim away I got caught in the sail. Before I could untangle myself, the fish which turned out to be a human, grabbed me and shoved me into a plastic tub. I was trapped.

As he swam towards the surface with me under his arm, I noticed that other divers were descending towards the mangrove where everyone is sleeping. There were also boats above sending more people down. As we climbed out of the water, I knew that I had to escape. The boat was packed, there were boxes of food, water and diving gear everywhere. The human put me down on a box as he went to the other end of the dingy. Now was my chance to escape

The lid on the tub I was in had a basic catch on it and after a few attempts it fell off. The only way back into the water was to bounce off the side of the boat. It's soft, springy material should launch me back into the water. I reared up against the other side of the tub and swam for the surface. The second I left the water I entered a world of suffocation. When gravity took effect, my nose squashed into the side of the boat. Although, as I launched into the air, I fell backwards towards the boat. As I fell between the containers, I slipped out of consciousness.

I thought I was dead. The only thing I could see was a bright light and an odd rushing sensation but then I felt the water swallow me up. When I managed to open my eyes the sea looked different. Instead of the brown water, oily plants and bits of plastic, the water was blue. The plastic was gone and so was the oil. To make sure I wasn't dreaming, I swam into a rock. It was real. The humans had clean our area of the pollution. With any luck they may clean it everywhere. The sea is no longer a space of danger and filth pollution had created it.