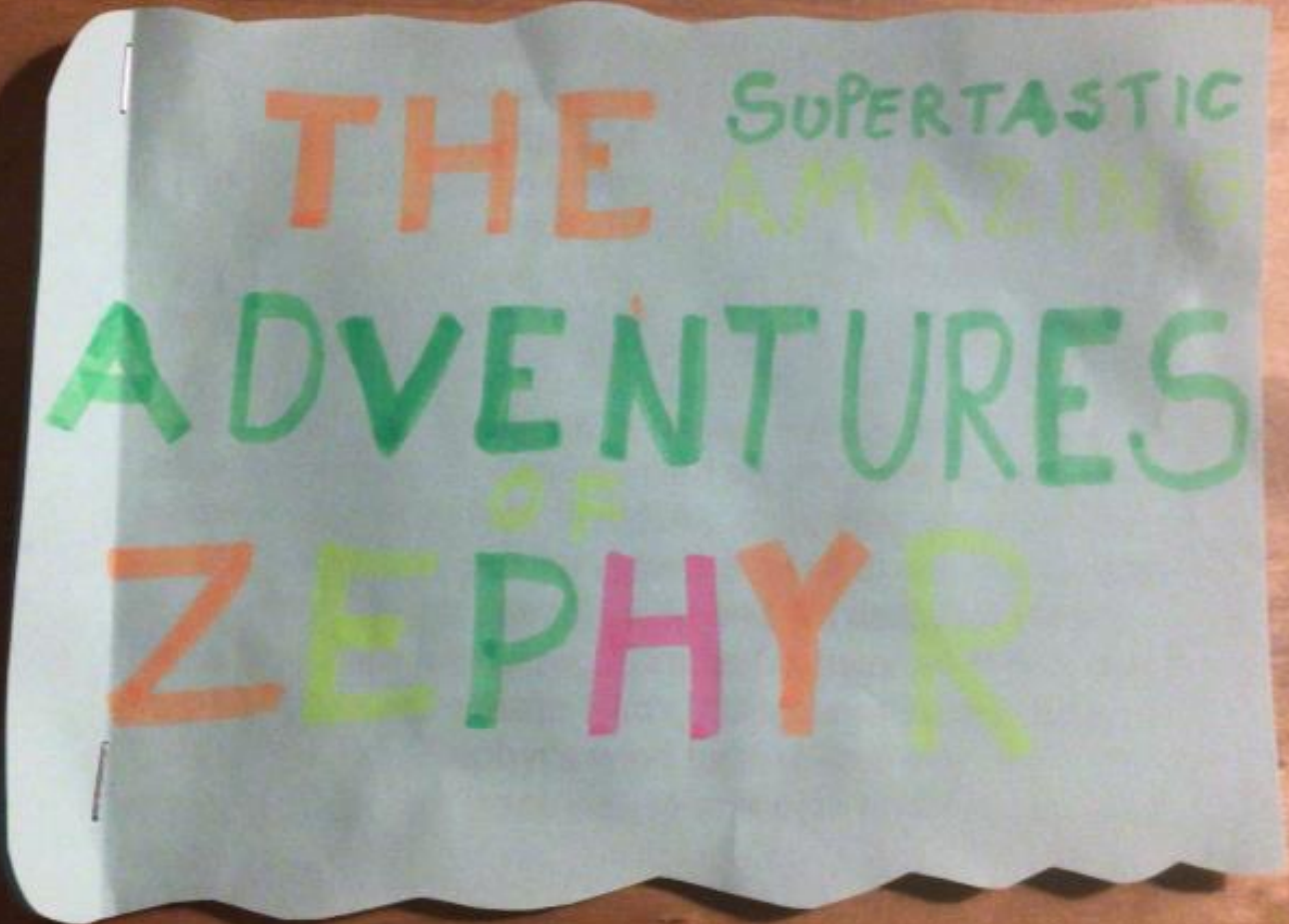


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THE SUPERTASTIC
AMAZING
ADVENTURES
OF
ZEPHYR

Zephyr, the incredible young inventor, was happily floating around on his hoverbike, looking down on the green fields of his beautiful home town, Lewes. He was so high up that he could barely see his Climate Change Correction Club. Zephyr loved looking down at the town and did this every day.

One windy day, Zephyr was racing with his friend Andy, his amazing assistant. Zephyr loved dipping and twisting and turning - it was so fun! Suddenly, a choking smell of thick air filled his lungs and he turned around to see the captain of climate change, Carl Dioxide and his assistant sisters, Mary the Mean Menacing Climate Monster and Pam the Putrid Pollution Parasite Punk, riding on a smoke bike. Earlier that day, Zephyr's wind turbine had stopped working. First that goes wrong and now this! What could he do?

All of a sudden, Zephyr heard a thick, mechanic, click clacking noise that sounded like a rusty door hinge. He slowly turned his head, just to find that his bike was clogged, and, before he knew it, he was falling, falling, falling, falling, falling,

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falling, and dropping through the air, and he heard the menacing laugh of Carl, and the scared cry of Andy. Zephyr felt scared again, and worried of what would happen next. What do you think could save him? He needs help!!!



A gentle breeze swished by, and through Zephyr's hair, making him shiver. He felt cold air under him, and on his sides - he was flying!!! Zephyr looked up at the angry faces of the failures, Carl, Mary, and Pam. Andy was dancing about with happiness, almost falling off his bike from excitement, and Zephyr gave him a thumbs up. His wind turbine had started working again, and he floated to the ground safely. A smile stretched from ear to ear, but it wasn't time to celebrate just yet, as he still had to capture the bad guys. Zephyr wasn't a policeman, but he sure knew how to catch them.

Moments later, Zephyr was already in his workshop, still out of breath from running, and had already started building his Greenhouse Gas Gathering Gadget, which would help him gather all of the bad gasses. Carl tried stopping him, but he couldn't see through the smoke that HE created earlier, on his flying motorbike, which used petrol, and pollutes the air, causing him to cough and sputter uncontrollably. Zephyr grabbed Carl and his two menacing sisters, and took them into his workshop's office. All around you could see screwdrivers, and nails, a couple hammers, solar panels, and a lot more. If you came on a normal day you'd hear some sawing, cutting, drilling, and the occasional zap of electricity, or any other one of that inventing nonsense, that only he could understand, without any doubt, with his intelligence.

Zephyr explained to them about how if you cut down trees, they can't clean the bad air (Carbon Dioxide) and into good oxygen that we breath in. Factories and cars which use diesel and petrol, or fossil fuels and plastic, and not electricity or natural things which don't pollute the air and water like the other ones, which are bad for people, animals, and plants - for nature all together. The bad guys didn't know, and felt bad.

So, to wrap it all up, you should use less plastic and try not to use cars or public transport too much, if not necessary or obligatory. And, if you see a bad man and two menacing sisters walking around with a pollution gadget, just call Zephyr!

THE END