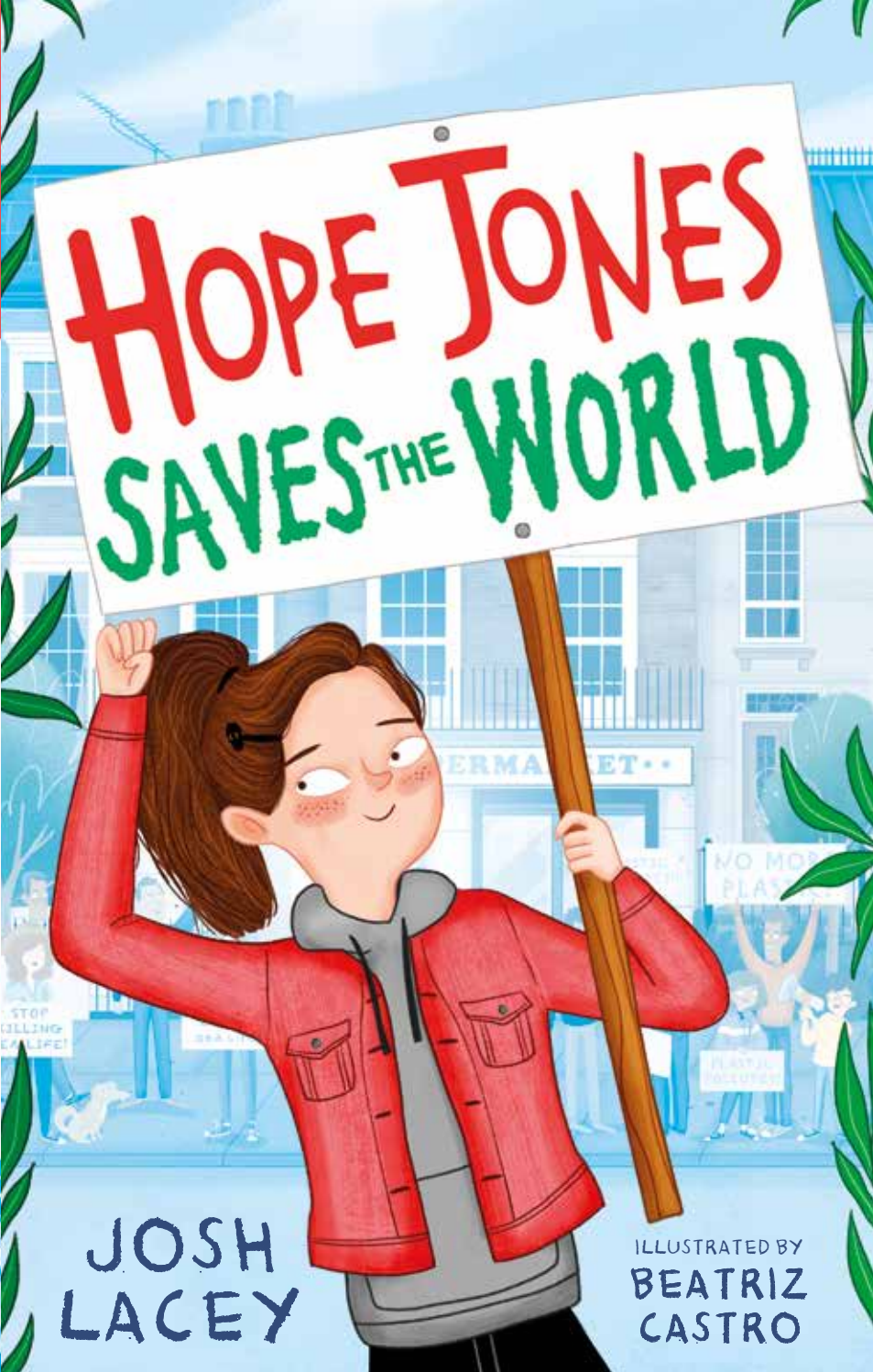

HOPE JONES
SAVES THE WORLD
JOSH LACEY
ILLUSTRATED BY
BEATRIZ CASTRO

TO ESTHER AND ROSIE

HOPE JONES SAVES THE WORLD



JOSH LACEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
BEATRIZ CASTRO

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 **hopejonessavestheworld@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:



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.

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.

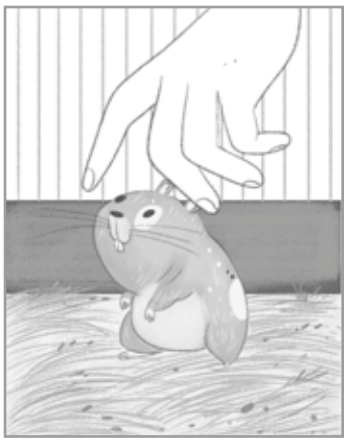
She's going to let us stay up till midnight as long as we go to bed without any fuss afterwards.

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!



Hope Jones' Blog

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.

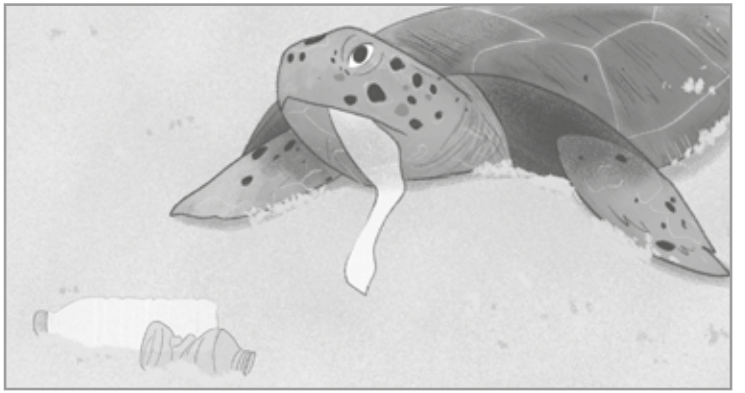


Anyway, like I said, I've never been there, but I found that photo on the internet. And it made me really sad. Look at all those bottles! Some of them floated all the way from Canada. Others came from Japan and China. There are even a couple from England.

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.