

USEFUL AT FIRST, USELESS AFTER

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Have you ever heard the story of the whale that ate plastic? No? Okay well I'm here to tell you the story. Wondering who I am? A human? A whale? Nope, I'm a piece of plastic. Yes, one out of more than thirty pieces of plastics that ended up in the whale's stomach. I'm here to tell you about my journey from the human hand to the newspapers.

It first started in this human's store. I lived in a small container with my family and friends. Every day one of my friends was taken away by a human, then was fed with human food then handed over to another human. "Mom why do we need to do this every day?" I asked my mother. My mother smiled at me, "Well sweetie, it is our job to help humans carry their food because if it's not us than who else?" Mom said. I smiled at my mom's answer. I love being a plastic bag, useful for human beings.

Today is the day when I am taken from my family and go to a new home. Like my friends, I was filled with human food first then handed to the other human. Before I was given away, the shop owner said a few words to the other human. I didn't really understand much human language but I'm sure he meant "enjoy." I hope this human can use me for useful things and not throw me away like how some of my friends ended up.

It took a few minutes until I ended up on a white table. It was a little cold. Yeah it was cold but I'm not complaining, as long as my humans use me I'll be all right. I stayed on that table for hours. The food inside of me was already taken out but I'm still here on this cold table with no one to talk to.

Suddenly some human picked me up. I was glad that at least somebody in this house cared about me. However, I was wrong. After I was picked up, I was then thrown away into this dark container. I was confused. Why is it so dark? And it stinks in there!

I stayed there for some hours. No wait, it was for days! Imagine it, inside a dark and stinky box, all alone. What's worse than this?

Sadly there is something worse, like being thrown into a lake. Well it wasn't really a lake. All I remembered was that it was wet and cold. I was carried by the water for miles. Sometimes I got stuck on something but then got washed away again. It carried on like this for a few days until I ended up in huge lake. It was blue and the water felt different.

Over there I met new friends. We traveled together in a big group. Later I learned that this big lake was called a sea. It was beautiful, especially the blue water and the coral. Sometimes some of my friends got taken away by this big net that humans use. My friends tell me that we are polluting our sea, that's why we need to be cleaned up.

One day my friends and I were traveling under the sea. We were looking at the coral and the fish that swam around us. It was beautiful down there, the colorful coral and the blue water match well. After a few moments we continued our journey.

It was peaceful until suddenly a huge fish swam towards us. It was opening its mouth, trying to eat us. We tried to swim away but of course it failed. In just seconds we were in the big fish's intestines. Again, it was dark and stinky, but I wasn't there alone, at least.

I thought we were supposed to be thrown into this sea to feed these hungry fishes. I felt happy because I felt useful once again. However that happiness didn't stay long. A few days after my friends and I ended up in the fish's stomach, we were back outside. However, we were on the land again not the sea and the fish we were inside of before was dangling from a hook. It was dead.

After we were taken out, we were placed on the ground neatly. A lot of humans came around us with these small boxes that I heard were called cameras. They came only to take pictures of us with these cameras that shoot these very bright white lights.

Then I learned that we plastic were the cause of the death of the big fish, or so-called whale. We were trending in the news all over the world. I felt sorry for the whale. Of course we didn't mean to kill the whale, it was purely an accident. Or was it?

All of us plastic bags that ended up in the whale's stomach came from humans, either from houses or shops. Humans use us only once even though they know we can be recycled or even reused. Instead of reusing us they choose to throw us away. They choose to get rid of us even if they know that it will take years for us to decompose.

We were supposed to be something useful for the world, something simple that can help humans carry their belongings. If you really don't need us then we should have ended up in a recycling center, not in a whale's intestines. If we are only used once then why use us anyway?

You all can just use those reusable fabric bags, rather than use us every day then throw us away. Besides, that's what people now are talking about, a replacement for plastic bags. Yes they have found our replacement but still humans use us over and over and us ending up in the sea always happens. So please use us wisely so we won't harm any other living beings.