

EUBALAENA

BY STRIPES THE ECO-CAT



One day I was strolling down by the beach ...

"What?" I hear you say, "A cat by the sea? You must be kidding!"

Well yes, I know cats don't often go near water, but I'm a very special eco-cat, remember? An eco-cat loves all of nature, even the beach. So I sometimes stroll along by the sea to see what my friends are doing down there.

There was Chrissie the Crab, shuttling along sideways over the sand.



"Listen, Stripes, I don't have time to chat. There's a problem by the rocks and you have to help. Quickly!"

And oh dear, there was indeed a problem. A baby whale was in deep trouble. She was barely able to keep her head above

water to breathe. Some fishing net and rope was wrapped around her flipper and the other end was stuck in the rocks. The harder she tried to break free, the more she got tangled in the rope!

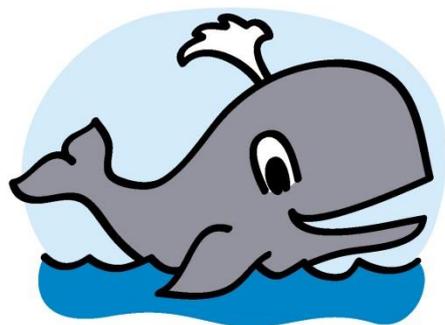
"Hey, Chrissie", I shouted to be heard above the crashing waves; "I'll run like the wind to find a human with a knife who can help to cut the rope. A human will probably listen to a cat rather than a crab."

So off I scampered to find a human. I think it was that little whale's lucky day because there, on the beach, was a human called Antonio. Antonio knows me because he comes to talk to my humans about the litter, especially the plastic stuff he picks up on the beaches.

"Oh, oh Antonio", I could hardly speak from running so fast, "come quickly, you have to help. Bring your knife!"

Antonio didn't even stop to ask questions. He just came running, jumped into the sea and cut the baby whale loose.

"Thank you, thank you!" gasped the little whale when she could breathe again. She slapped her tail on the water to show how happy she was. "I'm so pleased to meet all of you. But where are my manners. My name is **Eubalaena** and I'm a Southern



Right Whale. That's my mommy over there, waiting for me", she said pointing to a very large whale waiting anxiously in the deep water. "You are so kind. You saved me from the fishing net. You are also picking up litter from the beaches so it won't harm any other animals."

She waved her little flipper at us and turned round towards her mother. "I shall never forget you!" she cried as she swam away happily.

Text by Anina Lee

Illustration by Jacci Rudling with colourist Dante Campbell