

A Sustainable Christmas

In a little Welsh village by the long winding stream,
lives a girl named Willow with a mighty big dream.
She wishes for snow, and fresh mince pies,
And thriving green forests and unpolluted skies.

Her best friend Mahia, who lives down the way,
Also wishes for clean rivers and oceans one day.
A world without plastic and wild animals galore,
Is a world these girls feel they can only wish for.

Their Christmas lists are full of all of these things,
In the hopes a clean Earth is what Santa will bring.
Unable to wait and determined for change,
Willow and Mahia had planned something strange.

They hatched a plan to build a huge tree,
A tree that would change the world that we see.
They'd build it and make it with recycling bin things,
And tie it together with plastic and string.

In the dead of night, they'd move the big tree,
Down to their village for their neighbours to see.
They'd also both write a very stern letter,
For the government to change all for the better.

Their letter would tell them what needs to be done,
And how to fix all the wrongs and make the world fun.
They'd urge them to hurry as there's no time to waste,
A toxic planet is a world that we face.

A week before Christmas, they set to their plans,
And started collecting their paper and cans.
They hid their rubbish for no one to see,
Away from all who could ruin their tree.

But one day, when Willow was too tired to blink,
Her mum found her plans and started to think,
Of ways she could help make their idea better,
And for more people to join in and sign on their letter.

She messaged the neighbours as Willow slept,
And out of the door with her plans, she crept,
To the neighbours, The Plunkets, who signed it with glee,
And gave her a bag full of card for the tree.

Then to the Morecombe's, who also hate plastic,
They think their plan with the tree is fantastic.
On down the road to sweet Mr Cubbish,
Who gives them a bag full of yesterday's rubbish.

Mrs O'Leary hears of this grand Christmas plan,
And comes running with rubbish straight from her van.
Miss Potter signs the letter in sparkly black ink,
And agrees with them that the world really stinks.

Willow's mum was exhausted. She'd met loads of people,
She could hear the church bells ring out from the steeple.
"I better run home. It's late," Willow's mum said.
"And stash all this rubbish, then quick into bed."

When Willow woke up, she got quite the shock,
To see all the rubbish piled up to the clock!
"Muuuum!" she shouted, confused as can be.
"Is all of this rubbish in here just for me?"

Her mum explained what she had done,
And how the neighbours had joined in with the fun.
They wanted to know what more they could do,
To help Willow and Mahia and save our Earth, too.

Willow called Mahia, who shouted with glee.
"Our world will be saved this Christmas, you'll see."
They both came together to make up some flyers,
And watched as their rubbish piled higher and higher.

They walked around town sharing their grand plan,
And begged all who'd listen to do what they can,
To keep the sky blue and our oceans clean,
To keep the air healthy and our forests all green.

Everyone was in awe of the work they had done,
And the rubbish they'd collected weighed more than a tonne.
Their neighbours had said they'd try to change too,
And to save the Earth for both me and you.

Mr Foster from Gloucester stopped using bags,
And Miss Brint from Flint reused her old rags.
Mr Harth from Bath stopped buying water
Mrs. Cork from York inspired her daughter.

In a couple of days, everyone knew,
How to save the Earth, and the right things to do.
And together the girls crafted and tied with the string,
Their collected rubbish like paper and things.

Soon, Willow and Mahia had built a huge tree,
And wheeled it to town for everyone to see.
It stood tall and proud like the trees in the woods,
But this tree was going to do even more good.

Willow's mighty big dream had finally come true,
But there was just one last thing they had left to do.
She took the letter and a big piece of card,
And wrote the address to 10 Downing Street Yard.

Mahia stuck it to the tree and tied a huge bow,
And hoped that Santa would know where to go.
The crowd gave a cheer, and the lights flickered on,
The whole village was dancing and singing a song.

They danced and sang until their feet grew sore,
And the girls couldn't keep their eyes open any more.
They curled up in bed and looked out at the moon,
And wished for the changes to come around soon.

As they dreamed of snow and fresh mince pies,
And thriving green forests and unpolluted skies,
Of clean rivers, oceans and wild animals galore,
Santa came creeping up to their door.

He left with their presents his own little letter,
Of promises to help make our world a bit better.
He picked up the tree and tied it to his sleigh.
He lifted to the skies, and he was off on his way.

To 10 Downing Street Yard, letter in hand,
For the government, just as the girls, they had planned.
With a wink of his eye, he declared with delight,
"A Sustainable Christmas to all, and to all, a good night!"