

Wiz's Wonderful Web



**TIDY
BRITAIN
GROUP**

are you doing your bit?



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As soon as Emma came through the door from school her Mum knew something was wrong.



"What's the matter, Emma?" she asked. "Have you had a bad day at school?"

"No!" Emma replied trying to sound cheerful, but looking quite the opposite. She stomped upstairs muttering under her breath, "Stupid school, stupid teacher! Why didn't he believe me?"

"Well, I'm here if you want to tell me anything," her Mum called after her. "Would you like a drink and something to eat?"

"Yes! I suppose so," said Emma.

She saw Dad working at the computer - at least Emma thought he was working until she saw a screenful of explosions.

"Got it!" he shouted with glee. Then he noticed Emma.
"Oh! hello, Emma, just trying my new game," he continued, looking rather guilty.

"Dad," Emma asked, "can you show me how to do that Internet stuff?"



"Certainly," he replied, delighted that Emma was showing some interest at last. "Do you want to do it now?"

They settled down in front of the screen. Mum came in with the drink and some cakes. "Now what do you want to learn about?" asked Dad.

There was a long pause. Emma looked troubled by something. "Don't worry!" said Dad. "There are no monsters lurking in there to come and grab you."

"I know that!" snapped Emma. Tears filled her eyes as she continued, "I didn't mean to do it, but he wouldn't believe me."

"Do what? Who?" her Mum and Dad said together.

Then slowly the story came out.

How at break time Emma had finished her can of drink. How she thought she had put it in her bag. How it had dropped onto the grass without her knowing. How Mr Trump had seen it happen and come across and held the can in front of her face. How angry he seemed when he said 'litter goes in bins, Emma' and finally how, for a punishment, he had said she must give a talk on Friday to the whole class - 'Why I should not drop litter'.

"I started to tell him it must have been an accident," Emma continued, "but I don't think he heard me because he shot off to stop a fight on the other side of the playground. As he disappeared he told me it would give me something useful to look up on the Internet."

"Oh dear!" said Mum. "That doesn't seem very fair. Anyway, I'll give you a quick lesson so Dad can continue with his WORK."

Emma followed her Mum's instructions but was not impressed. It all seemed very, very dull. She had read about 'surfing the net'. That sounded very exciting, but this 'click & read', 'click & read' was duller than going to bed early. Emma started to imagine how much nicer it would be if she was outside playing on her new bike.

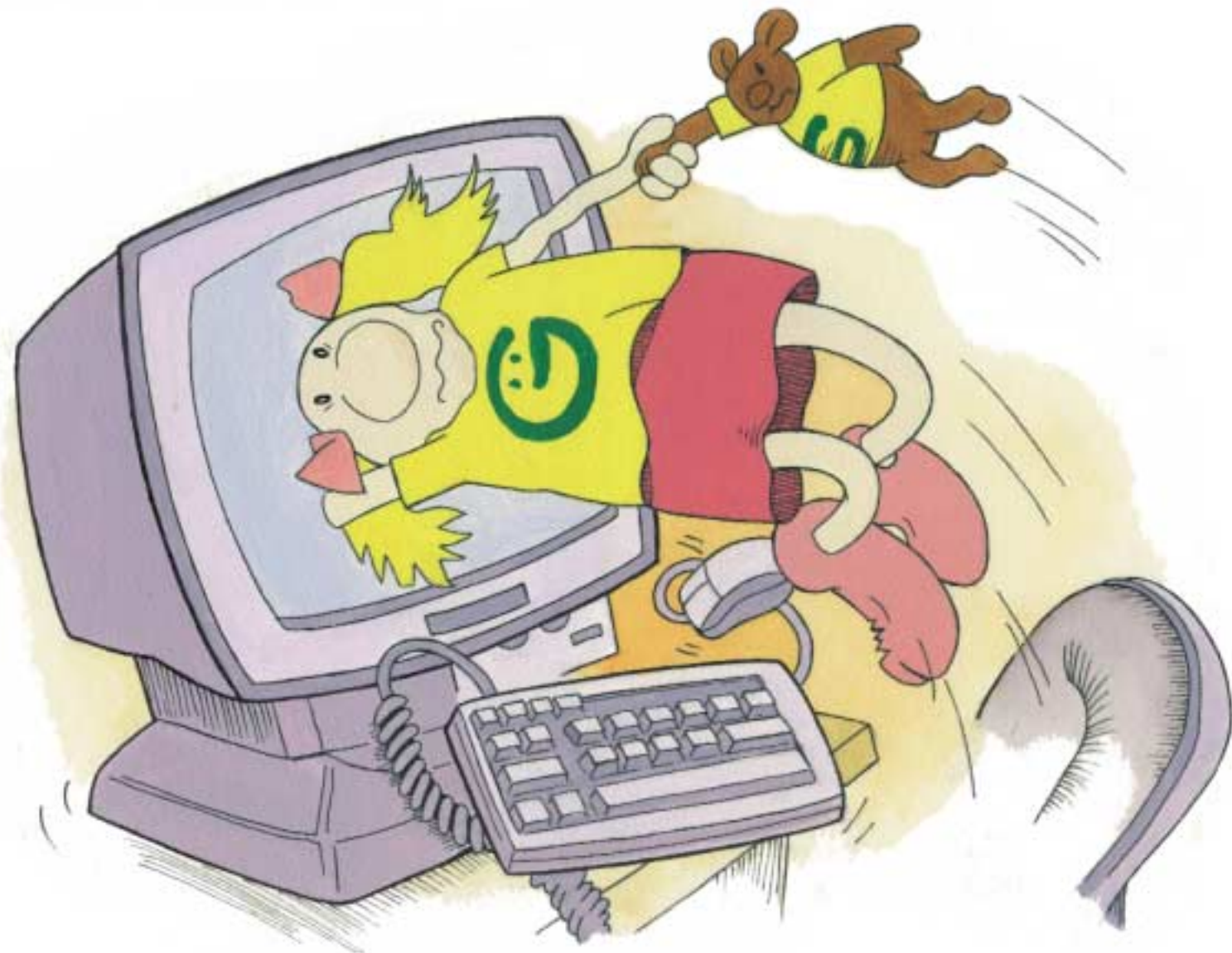
"There you are," said Mum. "That's all you need to know for now. I'll come back soon and see how you are getting on."

"Here I go," thought Emma. "BOR - ING."

She stared at the screen, and began clicking. It was boring. Page after page of writing appeared on the screen. She started to yawn and think again about playing outside. It took her a little time to notice that a talking spider had appeared on the screen. It was looking rather cross as it asked Emma once again, "If you want the normal click & read boring option, choose a) or if you want my big adventure option, choose b). Please choose now!"

Emma tried to imagine what the 'big adventure option' might be; 'Life in a downtown litter bin', 'Rambles on a rotting rubbish dump', 'A day on a dust cart'. She didn't hold out much hope. "Come on! I can't wait here all day," the spider said impatiently.

Feeling desperate, Emma decided on 'b)'. The spider's face cheered up immediately and Emma felt a tiny twinge of excitement. Before she had time to think what might happen, she was being snatched into the screen.



"I'm glad you chose that one, Emma," said the spider, welcoming her and looking very thrilled. "I'm Wiz, Spider 'extraordinaire' in charge of Web Adventures Inc. So you want to know why you shouldn't drop litter. Well, ---."

He was just about to start when a tatty old lorry rumbled by. "Come on!" Wiz shouted rushing over to a bike. "Nothing like the real thing. Let's follow that lorry. I know what those two no-goods are up to. Jump on!" "But that's far too slow. We'll never catch them on that!" protested Emma.

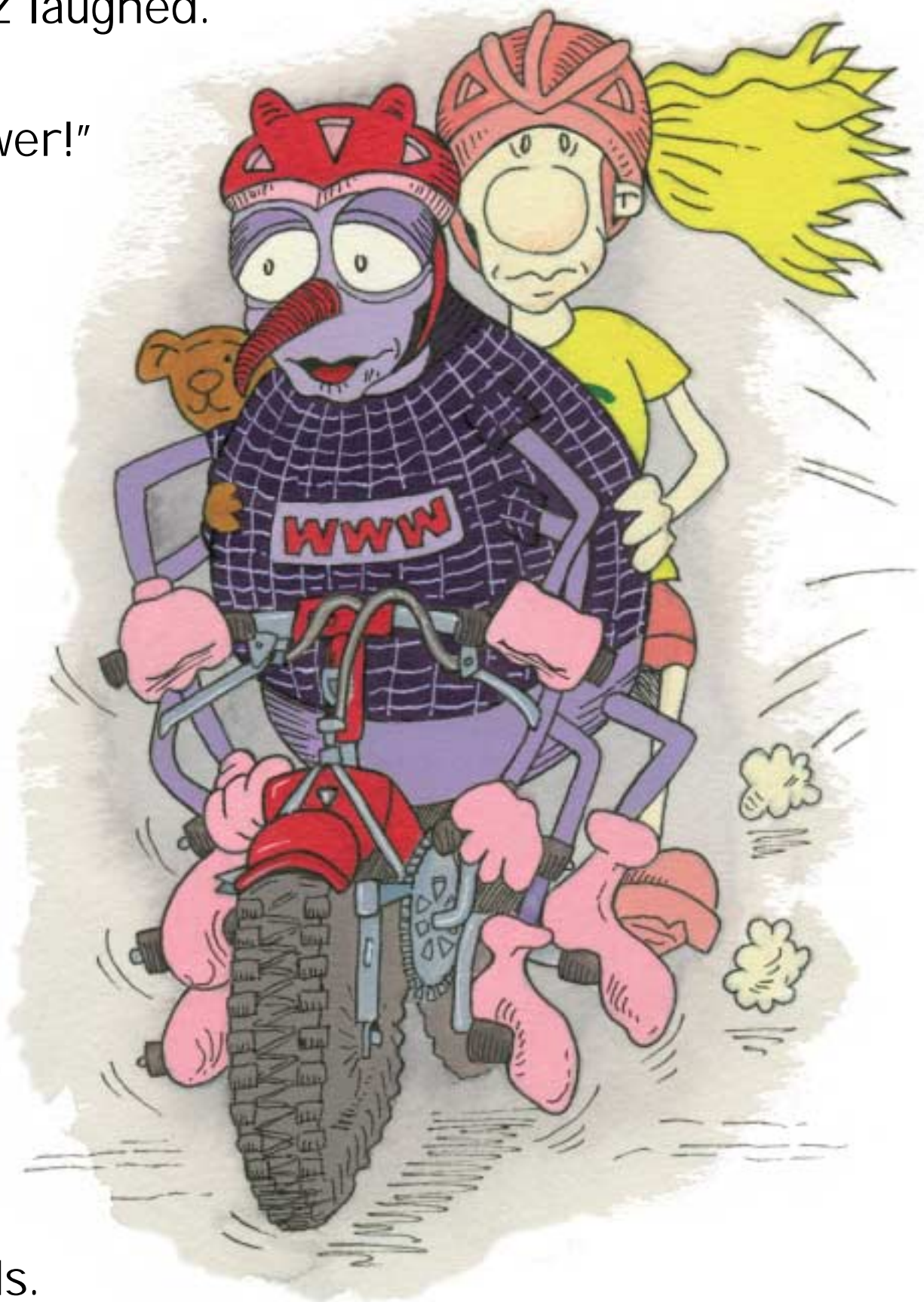
"Oh yes we will!" Wiz laughed.

"See all these legs?
That's real pedal power!"

They hurtled off
up the road.
Emma hung on,
exhilarated
and terrified
at the same time.

The lorry stopped
by a river bank
and reversed
to the edge.
Wiz and Emma hid
behind a leafy bank.

Two men got out.
"This'll do," said
the ugliest of the
two rubbing his hands.



"Dump it here and let's get out of it before anyone sees us. It will save us a load of money not going to the dump."

Wiz nudged Emma. "Watch this!" he whispered.

As they reached the water's edge, a fish appeared standing on its tail. "Excuse me sirs!" it enquired in a very posh voice. "Are you thinking of leaving that rubbish here?"

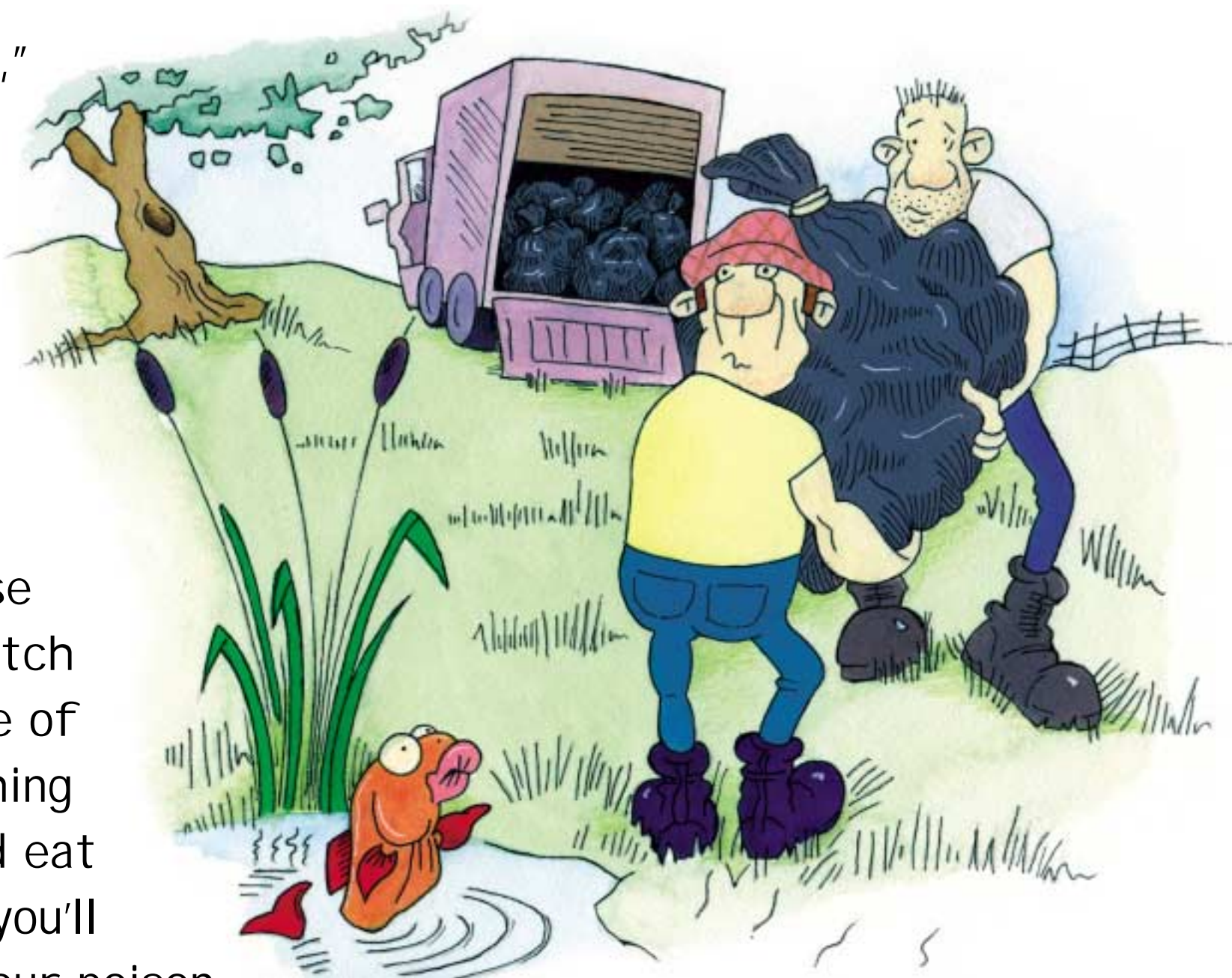
"What did you say?" growled the ugly one looking at his mate. "Nothing!" said the other. "I thought it was you."

Then they saw the fish. It asked again if they were going to leave the rubbish.

"You see," it said, "all that rubbish poisons us and makes us ill.

Of course if you catch us on one of your fishing trips and eat us then you'll get all your poison back. But that's only fair isn't it? Have a nice day."

It went back under the water and swam off.



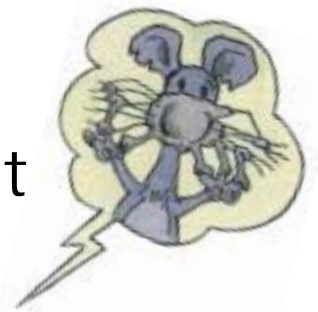
The men looked at each other. Scared out of their wits, they jumped in their lorry, and decided to go to the dump after all. "I don't think they'll do that again," said Wiz. "Now let's go and see some friends who live in your school's wild area. They have a few stories to tell."

Some mice, voles, frogs, insects, birds, a fox and a cat were all sitting round a large toadstool when they arrived.



"Have a cake!" said the cat to Wiz, "I made them specially for you." Wiz took eight of them. He looked at Emma, winked and whispered, "One for each leg."

One by one the animals started to tell her about their problems with rubbish. The fox had got a plastic bag stuck on its head for hours when it tried to get a left-over sandwich out. The vole had got stuck in an old drink can and had only escaped when someone heard the scrabbling and squeaking inside and let it out.



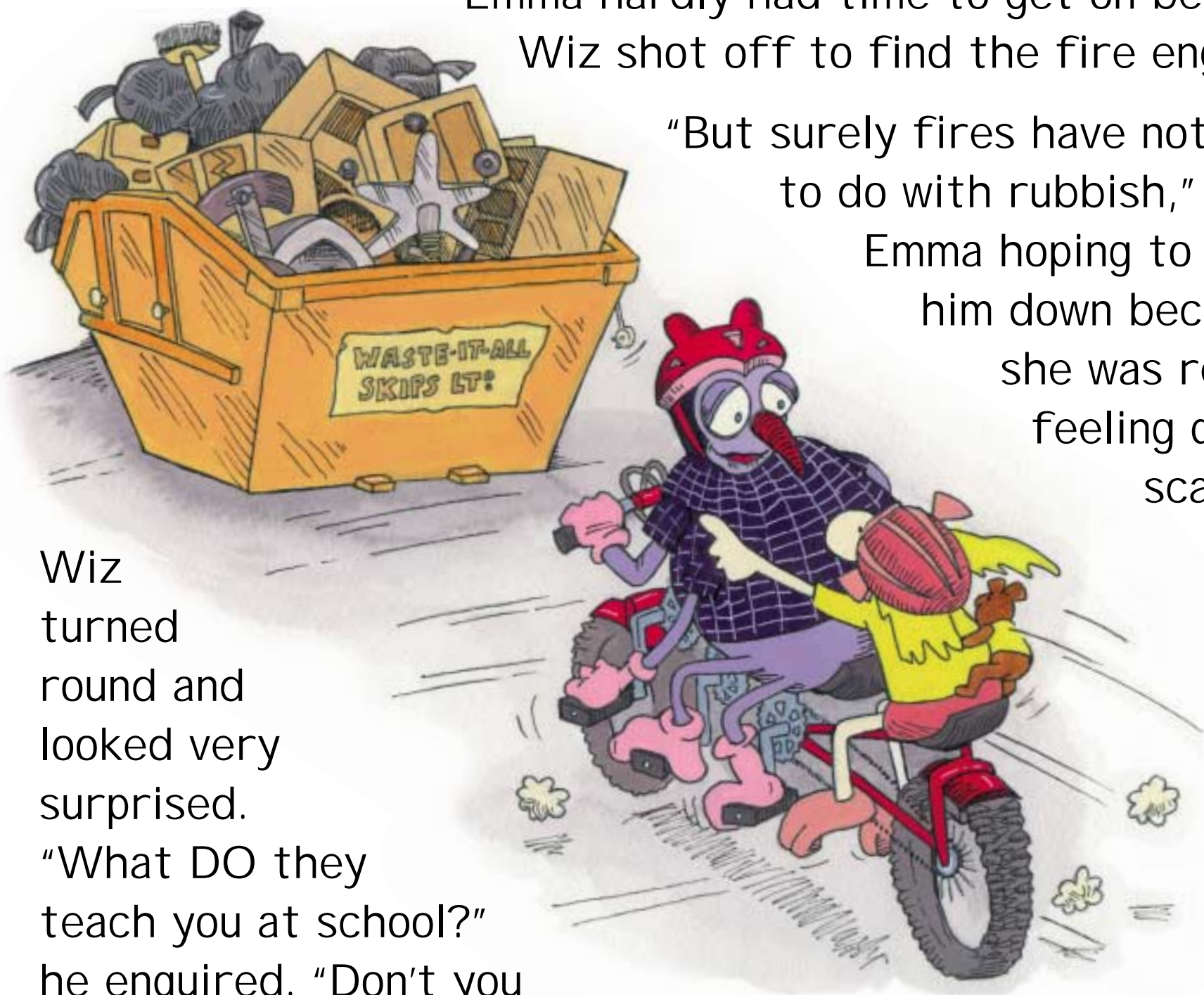
The cat held up a paw showing where it had been cut on a piece of broken glass. "And I got bubble gum all over my whiskers!" chipped in a tiny mouse.

They asked Emma to tell all the children and the adults too, not to drop rubbish. "I'm sure they don't mean to hurt us. It is just that they don't know how dangerous it can be to animals like us."

Emma felt very sorry for them and was about to say she would when Wiz got excited again. "Do you hear that siren? It's a fire," he said. "Jump on, let's go."

Emma hardly had time to get on before Wiz shot off to find the fire engine.

"But surely fires have nothing to do with rubbish," said Emma hoping to slow him down because she was really feeling quite scared.



Wiz turned round and looked very surprised.

"What DO they teach you at school?" he enquired. "Don't you know that litter and rubbish are fire hazards?"

"Look out!" shouted Emma in an absolute panic. Wiz turned round just in time to swerve around a skip.

It was full of old wood, metal, furniture and computers from an office building that was being done up.

“What a waste!” Wiz said shaking his head. “All that stuff in there isn’t rubbish. Most of it is good enough to keep on using. The rest of it could be recycled to make new things. You can tell that to your friends as well, Emma.”

The fire engine stopped at what looked like Emma’s local shopping centre. Wiz asked the fire officer what had happened.



“Well!” she said. “As far as I can see, the people round here are a messy lot. They obviously don’t care what their place looks like. They drop their litter in the streets. The wind blows it around and it piles up in alleyways like this. All it takes is one burning cigarette end and whoosh, up it all goes!”

The fire was soon out and fortunately, there was little damage done, but it could have been very nasty.

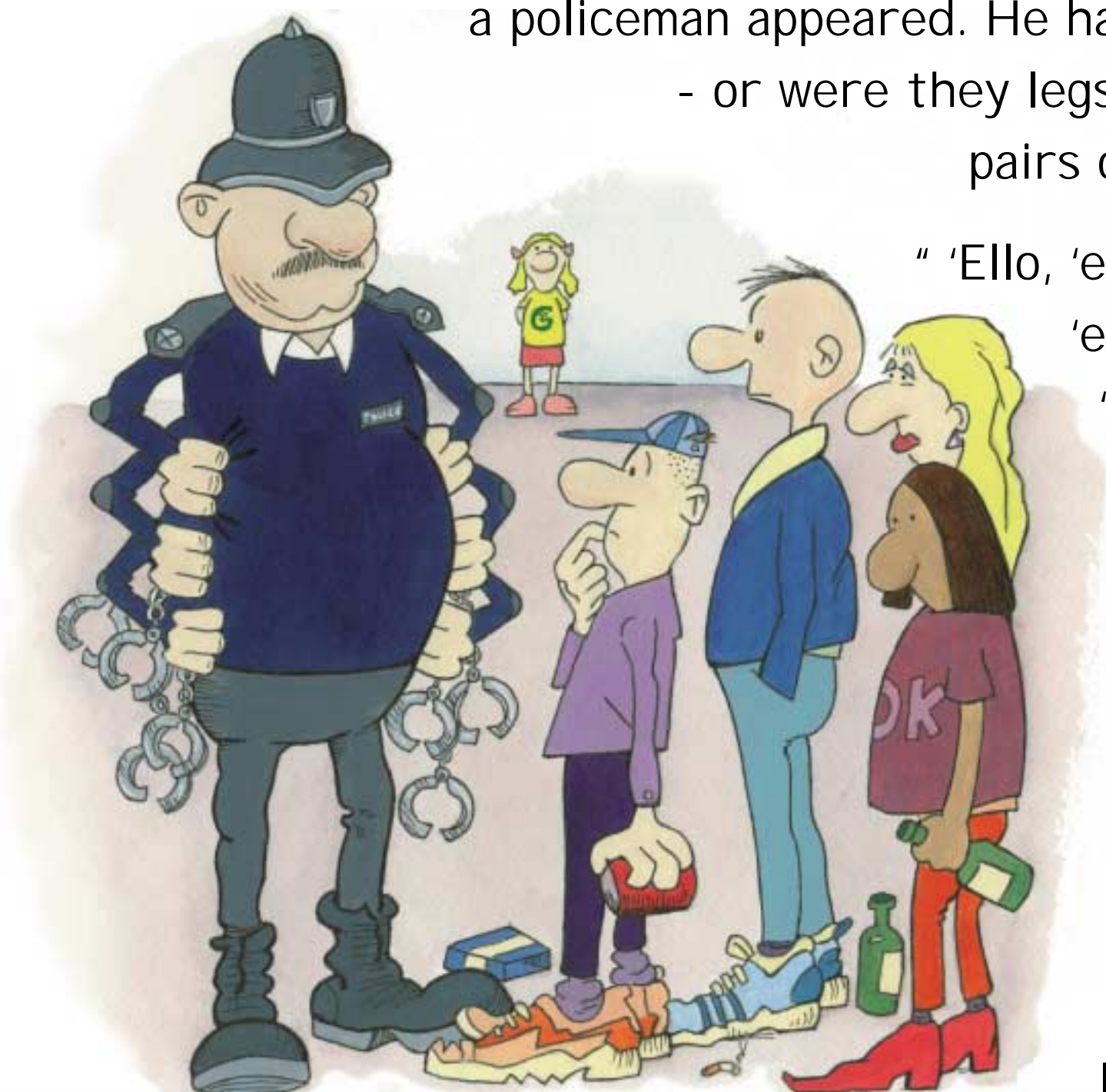
As they were about to leave, Emma saw a group of youths walking along the High Street leaving a trail of rubbish behind them. Wiz also saw them. "They need a lesson too I think," he whispered in Emma's ear. "Will you give it to them?"

Emma felt a bit frightened because they did not look as if they wanted a lesson in litter. However, it was a lesson they needed and she decided she was the one to give it to them. She was sure Wiz would protect her if necessary.

She stepped towards them. They looked even less friendly as she got closer, so Emma was relieved when a policeman appeared. He had eight arms - or were they legs? - and eight pairs of handcuffs.

" 'Ello, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello" said the policeman standing in front of them and rattling the handcuffs.

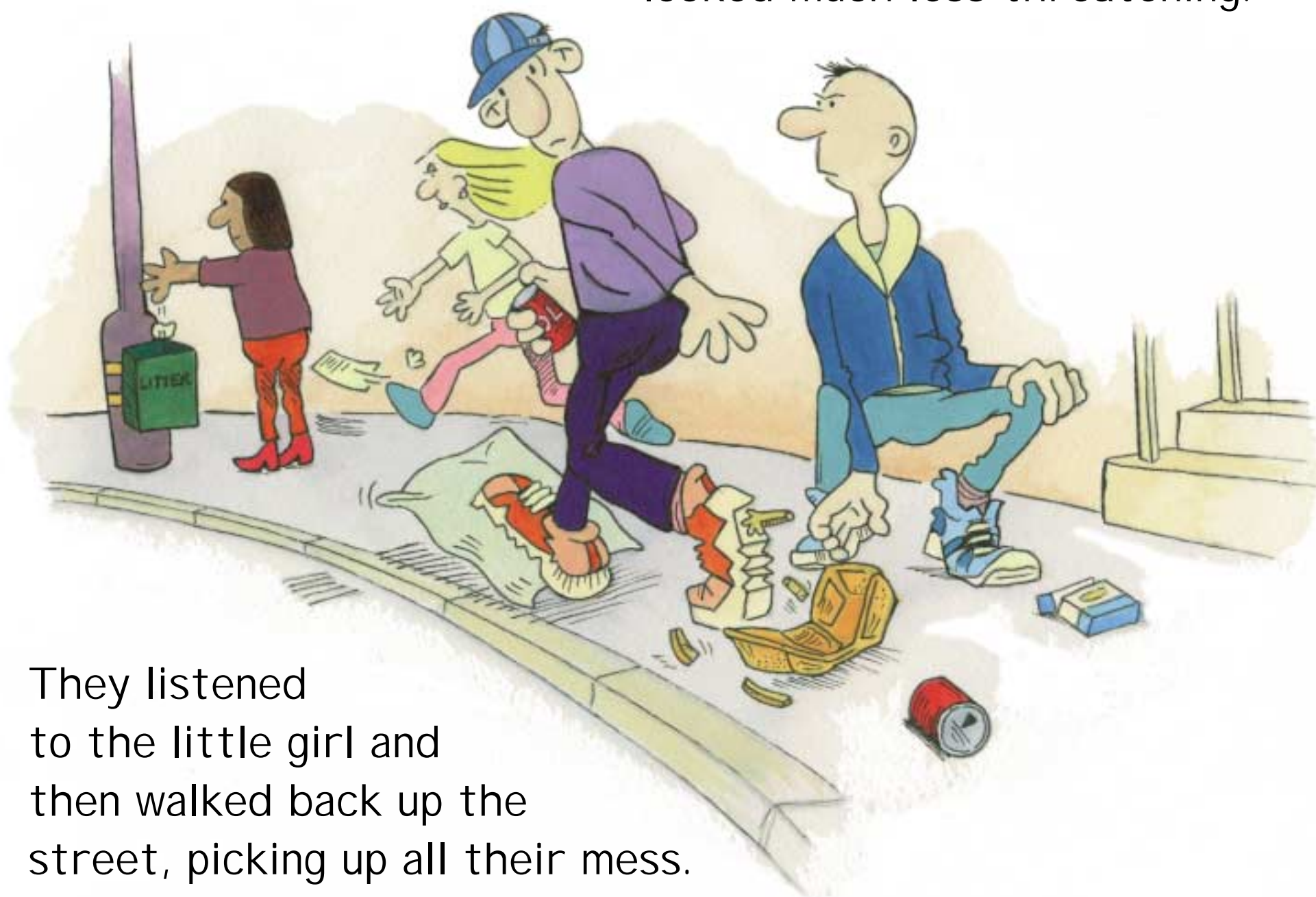
"What 'ave we 'ere? Litter louts?"



The group stood speechless. "You 'ave a choice," he continued. "You either listen to this young lady's litter lesson and then go back and pick up all your filthy rubbish - including that piece of gum you spat out onto the pavement, or - - - "and at this he started to open up the handcuffs, "you can come along with me to the police station and pick up a hefty fine instead. Dropping litter is against the law."

One of the group managed to get some words out. "O-O-OK!" he stammered, still not believing what he saw. "Whatever you say. We're sorry. We weren't thinking what we were doing."

"Listen well, and afterwards Emma will watch to make sure you pick up every piece," said the policeman. The group looked much less threatening.



They listened to the little girl and then walked back up the street, picking up all their mess.

"Well done, Emma! Now what?" Emma looked behind her to see Wiz standing by the bike. "I know, jump on."

They pedalled up the road, but quite slowly for a change.

"I'm sure this is the road where I live," said Emma.

"Look, there's my Mum. She's calling for me."

"Oh dear!" said Wiz sadly. "I was really enjoying our adventure. But maybe we can do it again when you need to learn something. I suppose I had better say good-bye. Will you come back soon?"

"I certainly will," said Emma and just as suddenly as she had been snatched into the screen, she found herself deposited back in her chair.

She turned round and saw her Mum. "You must have been miles away," she said. "I was calling from downstairs but you didn't hear me. There's a phone call for you."

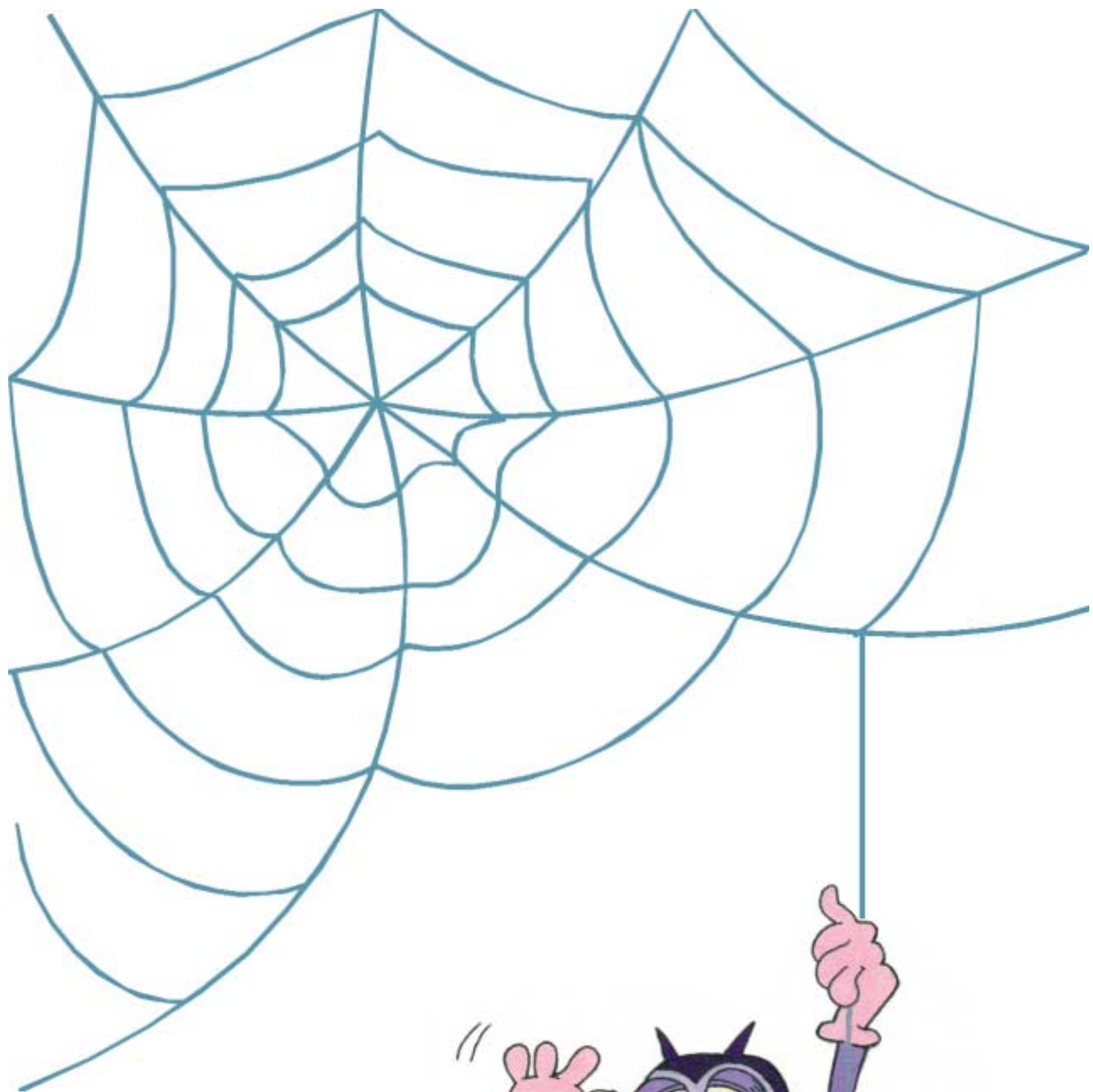
"Oh sorry!" Emma replied, still rather puzzled.

"Are you alright?" Mum asked. Then looking at the plate, "or are you feeling sick? I see all the cakes have gone."

Emma, still wondering what had happened, went to the phone. "Hello Emma!" It was Mr Trump and he sounded very friendly. "I'm sorry for not giving you a chance to explain things earlier. One of your friends told me what happened. I should have known YOU would not have dropped anything on purpose. You don't have to do the talk."

"But I want to," said Emma full of enthusiasm. "There is so much Wiz and I want to tell everyone. Why don't you come along too?"

"Sounds like I should," replied Mr Trump, intrigued to know who Wiz was. "I'll look forward to it. Bye!"



Wiz's Wonderful Web

a citizenship resource

When Emma drops her empty drink can on the ground, it starts her on the road to an adventure with Wiz, the Internet spider with very special talents.

You can share their adventure and learn what to do with your rubbish at the same time.



FIND A BIN
TO PUT IT IN

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