

The Little Chick

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My little beak starts to peck on the hard shell that engulfs me in darkness.

One peck, two peck, three peck, four

The shell around me starts falling to the floor.

Once I make it out of the egg, my hunger filled chirps signal my mother it's time for my first feeding, my little head hanging back as she closes the distance between us to regurgitate her previous meal for me.

"Yummy." I think as my tummy fills up, but I am still hungry.

Weeks pass as I start growing into a little fluffy chick, my knowledge of my home starting to grow.

I know I am hungry again, but my belly hurts, it's been that way for a while now. Mama tells me to wait until I feel better, but it feels like it's been a century since she told me that.

Mama leaves to go get more food for myself and her, with the mindset that I'd feel better once she came back. But she doesn't return to her happily chirping chick, instead, she finds me cold and still, now mama is very sad.

Even though it takes time, my body starts to decompose, showing the world the harmful stuff found in my belly. It was filled with different kinds of plastics, from candy bar wrappers to bottle caps, lighters to blow up balloons.

My tummy was stuffed with this stuff at a young age, because my mama had seen it floating on the blue ocean waves and thought it was food, which she brought it back for me to eat.

Even though I cannot physically walk the earth again, I watch with my young soul as the humans begin to explore the area, soon finding my decaying carcass which was stuffed to the brim with plastics of their use.

They left and came back with bags upon bags to clean up their filth, soon making my old dirty home, into a now clean paradise.

I wish to thank them for their help, yet they would not know I was even there, but I am still happy because they lowered the chance of another chick like me to starve to death with a stomach full of plastic.