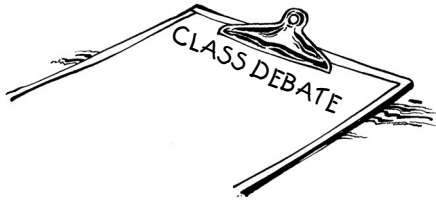


MS FLINDERS' BROCHURE



Tania concluded her debate speech with style. “Australia is in drought,” she explained. “The dams are almost empty. But each time we turn off the tap, or take a shorter shower, we save water. The future starts with us!” Tania sat down in triumph. She pulled the elastic from her ponytail and let her brown hair flop onto her shoulders. There was no way their team would lose this debate! The class applauded. Ms Flinders, their teacher, stood and clapped her ringed fingers.

“Well done to both teams!” Ms Flinders said, but she looked mainly at Tania. “Your arguments



were clear and well prepared. I will work on the scores during break time, but for now,” she checked the clock on the wall, “you can all have an early break. Off you go, but don’t make too much noise in the hallway.”

Tania let most of the class thunder ‘quietly’ out of the room until there was just her, Emily and Ms Flinders left. The two girls helped put the debate chairs back under their proper desks.

Tania loved debating. She was good at it. Ms Flinders said that she had ‘real potential to change the world’. Tania liked that as well.

“You did good,” Emily helped with the last chair. “Shaun almost shot your team down, but when you stood up, they didn’t have a hope.”

Tania grinned, “Thanks.”

“Tania,” Ms Flinders called from where she was tidying her totally messy desk. “I received some brochures the other day in the mail, perhaps you would like one?”

She held a leaflet out for Tania. It wasn't really a brochure; it was more like a photocopied advertisement. The smudgy photo showed a crowd of people walking down a city street carrying placards that read "Water is Life," and "Water for the World". It looked sort of like the recycled fashion parade she, Daniel, Sam and Emily had organized a few months ago... only several hundred times bigger.

"What is it?" Tania asked.

"It is the annual Water for the World march taking place this weekend. Did you know that there are over one billion people on earth without safe water to drink?"

Tania scanned the details on the ad.

Date: Saturday 14th.

March starts: corner of Park and Central Street.
10:30 am.

Advocacy Stalls: from
9:30.



"What do you think?" Ms Flinders quizzed. She was always saying that what you said had to match with what you did.

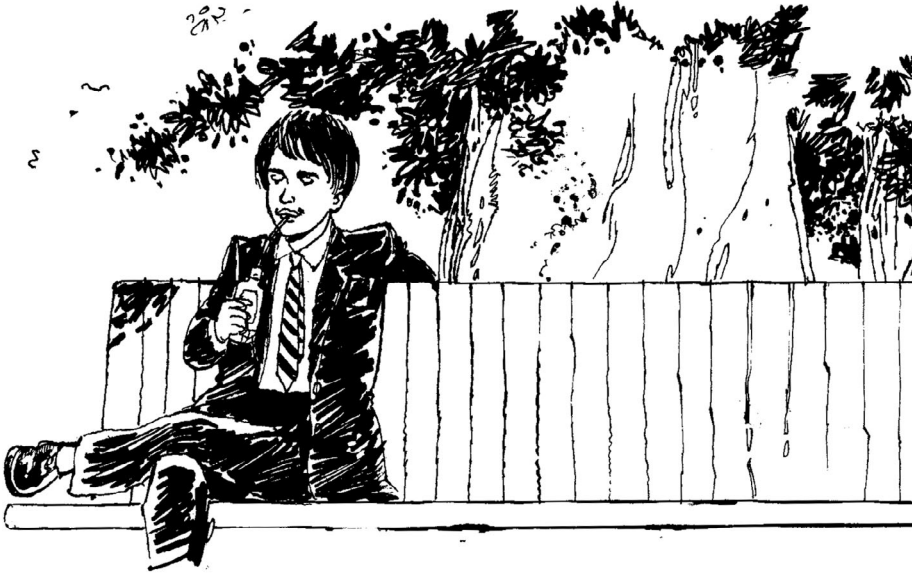
Tania Abbey

“I’ll be there,” Tania said. She handed the leaflet back.

“Oh, no, you keep that one. I have a pile to hand out at the staff lunch!” Ms Flinders laughed.

Tania followed Emily down to the seats under the gum trees. The oval was empty and the school quiet while the rest of the classes waited for the bell.

“Are you really going into the city to march with all those people like Ms Flinders?” Emily asked doubtfully.



“Why not?” Tania pushed the straw into her juice. “Do you remember how Ms Flinders congratulated us when she heard we bought those goats for the villagers in India? Imagine what she’d say when we turn up at the Water for the World march. We might even get an award from the Principal, you know, one of those ‘Contributing to Society’ awards that come with a cheque.”

“I don’t think my mum would let me go,” Emily interrupted. She tugged open her packet of crisps. “And...” she popped a crisp into her mouth, “I don’t think your mum will let you either.”

