

Stanley crept closer and closer. He climbed over fallen trees, travelled through trickling streams and escaped the duskiness of the woods. There he stood, on a cliff edge, with the sea crashing onto the beach below.

Within seconds of standing there, Stanley's feet slipped from beneath him. Down, down, down he tumbled!

"Ahh..." Stanley cried as he awoke. Where was he? How did he get here? Stanley then remembered what had happened. He looked at his feet but they were gathered in discarded fishing nets.

"How unthoughtful for the sea creatures" whispered Stanley to himself.

Stanley looked around him. It looked as though he was in a cave. But what sort of cave had rubbish in it. Tin cans, plastic coca-cola bottles, fishing nets... There was junk everywhere!

"I do not have any idea how I am going to get out of this situation" Stanley cried to himself.