

# **FUN OR MISTREATMENTS?**

**Children's plays that  
mistreat animals.**

*MANY CHILDREN USE IN THEIR PLAYS  
SMALL AND INNOCENT ANIMALS  
SUFFERING FROM THESE FUN.*

João José da Costa

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Children's story that integrates with the natural fantasy and creativity of children and young people, entertaining, educating and adding to the development of character, moral values, citizenship, ecological awareness, family values, culture, knowledge, spirituality, respect for educators, encouragement to study, order and discipline. Book for children and young people who enjoy intelligent, sensitive, cultural, educational readings and themes of social reality. Book with largest literary content, a better reading exercise.

*Synopsis:*

*The book tells the story of children's play that turns into mistreatments of animals. In some hours of fun, under the eyes of their parents, many children use in their play, small and innocent animals that end up being victims and suffer with these games. Many of these poor animals come to death. Children do not do this out of malice, and they have no idea what these games mean for the life of these animals. Thus, the book seeks to demonstrate the side of the animals victims of these games and the suffering they cause. It also shows the consequences of these games for nature. It is a book that seeks to sensitize parents and children to respect all animals as creations of Mother Nature and God. Their teachings also serve to develop high human feelings, a kind heart toward animals, and a conscience for the protection of the environment and ecology.*

## DEDICATION

I dedicate this work to all those who reserve part of their lives to educate children in some way, as a mission and a belief that in them is the hope of a better world.

In special to parents, teachers and grandparents, the basic triangle of early childhood education.

I thank God for the child that He still allows to exist in me.

João José da Costa

The day dawned beautiful. The sun painted the sky yellow, wiping the dewdrops from the leaves of the plants that had formed the night before.

Peter was still sleeping, but his mother was about to wake him up. Another day of school was waiting for him at school.

Peter, as usual, got up drowsily and did everything like a robot. It looked like he was half awake and half asleep! He washed his face, brushed his teeth, dressed, combed his hair, picked up his school supplies, and went to the breakfast table.

In fact, Peter turned off his robot way only after breakfast. After that he was back to be the smart and cheerful child everyone in the house knew. He enjoyed studying and went to school as much motivation and enthusiasm.

In the ecological park, the bait of the animals in search of their daily food had already begun at sunrise.

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The ecological park was Peter's favorite place to play and walk. He liked to have contact with nature, to hear the birdsong, to smell the flowers.

The ecological park was near Peter's house. There were many trees, a large lake, and trails for people to hike. It also had a park with several toys. This was the favorite place for the kids.

And in the anthill in the ecological garden park the movement was already great!

And the ant commander gave the orders:

*"Worker ants! Proceed toward your job of cutting and collecting fresh leaves!"*

*"Choose a plant with many leaves, but do not cut all the leaves!"*

*"Be careful! And remember that many animals like to eat us, such as birds, lizards, frogs and anteaters!"*

*"You ants that will stay in the anthill, clean the anthill by throwing out the trash, make repairs to*

*the anthill, transport the food to the cubs, and especially to our queen!”.*

*"And finally, soldier ants must take care of security and always be alert to invasions of other insects and other ants!”.*

Following the commander's orders, each ant occupied his post and began their work.

And, as they did every day, the worker ants walked happily and happily on a trail from a tree to the entrance to the anthill.

They carried small pieces of cut leaves on their backs, much larger than themselves.

And they sang, forming a choir that only the small, hardworking ants could hear:

*Let's go happy and together,  
Take these leaflets  
To our anthill.  
They are our food,  
Given by the little plants,  
Our livelihood all year long!*

But suddenly a terrible tragedy interrupted the little ants' march. And the warning shout was given!

*"Watch out! Run away! We are being attacked!"  
Some ants said.*

*"But by who? Any birds, any frogs? Or was it a lizard or even an anteater?" Others said.*

*"No, none of them! It's a giant!" Other ants shouted.*

And a giant appeared and, without pity or mercy, began to smash the ants with his huge feet. One by one they were trampled and crushed along with their pieces of little leaves.

The alert and cries for help reached the anthill.

The soldier ants sought the enemy to defend the colony. Marching worker ants scattered aimlessly through the bush around the trail, trying to save themselves. The giant kept smashing everyone he could find.

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Some soldier ants managed to reach the giant's leg by applying painful stings. But none of this was any good. He kept treading and crushing the poor little ants until he got tired.

Peter still took a stick and dismantled the anthill entrance. Then he buried the stick in the anthill's front door, making the ants unable to leave or enter.

The ants remained panicked and frightened for many days. But they had to eat and go looking for their leaves. So, they sought to follow their destiny. There was no alternative.

In the anthill the work was even more intense. The ants had to rebuild various parts of the anthill destroyed by Peter, build a new entrance hole. In addition, they would have to wait for many other young to be born in time to replace the dozens of dead ants.

Ants live in very well-organized colonies, and each has a specific function - the workers work, the queen is the mother of all, and the soldiers are the guards.



The city of ants looks a lot like the city of men. Ants are great builders and work incessantly. They build underground nests by digging the land. The anthill is formed by many rooms interconnected by galleries and tunnels.

These rooms, called cameras, are used as a nursery, pantry for storing food, a garbage dump and a resting place for worker ants.

A group of workers take care of the queen's eggs and clean the nest. Others, called gardeners, have the task of taking care of the so-called fungus gardens, which is the food of ants.

Many persons think that ants feed on the leaves they carry. But in fact, shredded leaves serve only as a raw material for fungal proliferation. These are the main food of ants. Therefore, fungus gardens are essential for the survival of all ants”.

These admirable insects must be very respected. After all, they have existed on Planet Earth for over 100 million years!

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There are several types of ants. But the anthill of the ecological park was herbivore, that is, they produced their food from the leaves of the plants.

Ants are very important to the ecological park where you enjoy walking and playing so much. They cut specific parts of plants, regulating their growth, accelerating the growth of flowers and fruits.

In addition, ants accumulate large amounts of nutrients in the anthill, allowing the growth of other plants that feed on these nutrients, such as minerals and nitrogen.

If it wasn't for the ants, the forests would not be so beautiful, there would be no fruits and flowers.

Peter had not realized the dozens of ants he had killed. He was a good boy. However, that afternoon, he was very mean to the poor, hard-working ants unknowingly.

He simply thought he was kidding and having fun. After all, he thought that ants were just animals that were good for nothing.

In the anthill, the sadness was general. Dozens of ants did not return. The precious food of the day did not arrive, and many puppies starved to death. Even the queen cried.

Soldier ants returned much later to the anthill. They were still looking for the enemy that disappeared.

It will take many days for the anthill to return to normal. The tragedy caused by the unknown giant was never forgotten by the poor and hardworking ants.

Peter still did not realize the harm he had done to the ants. He remained the happy child he always was...

Peter didn't notice but Mother Nature and God crouched at the anthill's entrance door and sought to comfort and help the poor ants, encouraging them to continue their struggle for life...

The day dawned gray and with many clouds in the sky. It was late winter. So, the mornings were

still cold, but then the sun raised the temperature during the day. The condominium where Mary lived was a special place. In addition to the beautiful, well-built houses, there were gardens on all sides.

And these gardens added the greatest touch of beauty to the place. Fruit and flower trees, lots of ornamentals, palm trees, extensive lawns, a lake in the center of the condominium, and especially many flowers made the condominium a wonderful place to live.

And Mary was very fond of living there. She found everything she needed to play with and distract herself. She rode her bike, ran along the lanes, played in the playground toys for children. Rarely did she ask for a walk elsewhere.

Mary's school was outside the condo. She was a good student and she used to say she wanted to be a doctor when she grew up. Winter was in the last days. Soon spring would begin, and the condominium would be filled with flowers as it did every year.

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On a leaf hidden in the garden, tiny yellow eggs began to move.

From inside the eggs came little caterpillars. They were in a hurry and scattered through the leaves of the plant to eat.

They ate a lot and voraciously the fresh leaves of the plant. At the end of the day, they would gather and form a group to spend the night. And the next day the same routine was repeated.

Thus the small caterpillars soon became large caterpillars.

Spring had begun. The nights were still a little cold, but the day was hot.

One day Mary found two butterfly wings lying on the floor. She liked their colors so much that Mary had an idea: "I'm going to collect butterfly wings!".

So, she asked her father to buy a butterfly hunting net. And was promptly served by her father.

He enjoyed his dear daughter being distracted and playing in the gardens of the condo.

Mary began to hunt the butterflies she saw in the gardens.

She took off their wings and collect among the sheets of a notebook. Her collection has been increasing. And soon Mary's fun spread to other kids in the condo. The hunt for beautiful butterflies in search of their colorful wings was intense.

Every day, several children ran through the condominium gardens, disputing who could catch the most butterflies.

It was a common scene in the condominium to see children, led by Mary hunting the poor butterflies.

When asked why she was hunting these butterflies, Mary used to answer:

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"Ah, because we find their wings so beautiful and colorful. We are making wings collection. I already have more than 15!".

These caterpillars were created by Mother Nature for a very special mission. Once hung upside down in a cocoon attached to the leaves, they break free and become beautiful butterflies. And like butterflies they fulfill a very important mission - to pollinate flowers, that is, to mix pollens from one flower to another".

This allows the plant to develop fruits and seeds. In return, the flowers return this important work of butterflies by offering them nectar, a sweet honey. In addition to this eco-friendly mission, butterflies grace the gardens with their colorful wings and graceful, light flight".

The transformation of the ugly and bizarre caterpillar into an elegant butterfly is one of nature's great miracles.

And, attention! You should never catch a butterfly with your hands, because her very delicate wings lose the scales that come out as if they were a

very fine dust that, if brought to the eyes, can cause great irritation. In addition, the wings can easily break, condemning the butterfly to no longer fly.

Butterflies should be admired, but not touched. The butterflies are delicate, charming and colorful. When in errant flight, they seem to play among the garden flowers. No one can be indifferent when encountering a butterfly in a garden. Flowers and butterflies form a perfect and wonderful combination!

If you keep hunting these beautiful butterflies just because of their wings, they'll end up in the condo. In time no one will see the beautiful butterflies visit the flowers in search of precious nectar. The trees in the condominium will have poor fruit production. Its flowers will no longer be pollinated by the butterflies whose wings are now in their collections".

No one else will see the beautiful butterflies with their graceful, light flights among the garden flowers. The flowers will be sad, missing the butterflies. The beauty of the condo gardens will



no longer be the same. Everyone will miss the beautiful and colorful butterflies.

The wings of the butterflies that were in her notebook collections over time began to crumble. They no longer had the same beauty.

One day Mary got tired of her collection and threw dozens of butterfly wings on the lawn. It was the last memory of the beautiful butterflies that once lived there.

At this moment, Mother Nature and God wept over the loss of their creations so beautiful and so useful to all...

These dead butterflies no longer fulfill their mission. They could not lay their eggs on the leaves of the condominium gardens so that new butterflies would be born the following year. Likewise, pollination of flowers was greatly impaired by their lack.

Mary and her friends continued their daily routine of cycling, jogging, playing with park toys, going to school.

From time to time, Mary and her friends would look at the flowers in the gardens and feel sad that they no longer saw the beautiful butterflies.

And they said sorry:

“The butterflies left our gardens and never came back! We were to blame!”.

The time has passed. One day the following year, a single butterfly appeared in the condominium gardens.

Mary and her friends felt very happy. They laughed with joy, watching the butterfly fly from flower to flower with her graceful and light flight. She looked like the most beautiful butterfly in the world!

This time Mary and her friends just looked and admired the blue butterfly. She would be a hope that more butterflies would find in the condominium gardens the safety and food in the nectar of the flowers and repay with pollination for fruit generation, as well as giving back the lost beauty to the gardens. Mary and her friends

didn't even know where the butterfly-hunting nets were anymore...

In the crevice of a rock on the beach, the couple of crabs were preparing to breed more cubs. The eggs would be laid in the sand at the bottom of the sea and they would be returned to the safety of the crack in the stone.

Dad crab was going around worried. He wanted everything to work out. He kept both claws raised, threatening any predator.

But the mother crab knew that many eggs would be swallowed by small fish. From the remaining eggs, small larvae would emerge that would give birth to crab cubs.

However, many larvae would also be devoured by small fish and other marine animals.

But Nature is like that. This is called ecological balance.

For this reason, Mother Nature had expected mother crab to lay hundreds of eggs on the

seabed. Thus, there would always be many larvae that would turn into small crabs.

Born and raised in the sea, the little crabs knew they would have to search the beach sand to hide from predators and end their growing cycle. As adults, they look for cracks and holes in the sea stones. It has always been like this for millions of years. Long before men appeared on Planet Earth, crabs were already using the beaches in their breeding cycle. That is, the crabs arrived well before us!

In this race for life, small crabs take advantage of the waves of the sea to get very close to the sand. There they run for a safe place to make a hole in the sand and stay there until adulthood. In this race, many of them are still eaten by birds. Such is nature. But those left are enough to ensure the continuity of the specie's life.

Crabs are very interesting crustaceans and draw the attention of everyone on the beach, especially children.

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They have an oval body, ten feet and two powerful claws for defense and attack. One should never reach into holes and crevices in the rocks near the sea to avoid a painful surprise.

And a little crab managed to get through all these challenges.

From his mother's egg he turned into a larva, then a small crab, ran to the beach, made a little hole in the sand and hid himself.

Now he was happy in his new home and felt very safe. When the sea hit the hole of our friend crab, he went out and took the opportunity to feed on the nutrients contained in seawater.

Everything was fine with our little crab, until one day the afternoon was leaving the beach, the night came, when some children played hunting crabs and killed them...

The beach was full of tourists. Among them, several children. John and his two brothers played in the sea water.

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They loved to jump and play in the cool waters of the sea. They jumped, laughed, played ball, and had a great time.

John and his two brothers were good boys.

They liked to study, obeyed their parents and their teacher. And going to the beach was their favorite walk. Everything went smoothly until John saw a small crab come out of his hole. He sought to touch the seawater brought by the wave and make his meal.

That's when John called his two brothers:

“Look, a small crab! Shall we catch him?”.

And the three began to pursue poor crab. His parents laughed at the joke of their three children. John surrounded the little crab here, his brothers there. The crab was cornered.

The children could not hear, but the crab shouted:

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*"Help! Someone save me from these evil giants! I am afraid to die!"*

And that's when the worst happened.

John picked up a stick that was lying on the beach sand and tried to hold the little crab's legs so he wouldn't run away. Terrified, the crab tried to get rid of it. John pressed the stick into the crab's body, and he died.

The children, seeing the small dead crab, pulled their claws out to show their parents. They were like two trophies. Everyone was funny. John and his brothers were uninterested in playing with the crab. Then they went back to the sea to jump waves, play ball.

The little crab failed to complete his life cycle. He had died before he could hide in the hole and crevices of sea stones and one day raise his own cubs.

These children have returned to their home, but in the sand lay the inert body of little crab, waiting for some bird to still eat it. Crabs are very

important to the life of other marine animals, such as octopuses that feed on them, as well as other fish.

If they are killed, many other animals will suffer from this for lack of food. These children, who I will not name, never realized that they had done a great evil to poor little crab!

And, like them, many children do the same thing. This is why it is difficult to find crabs on the beaches frequented by tourists today. Almost all are killed by child play or pure adult malice.

These kids didn't hear. But near the crab, Mother Nature and God wept and mourned the death of such a complex and important being... This is the sad story of this crab killed by these children...

Then they got up, picked up their toys and followed their parents back home.

Spring is undoubtedly the most beautiful season of the year. Everybody like the cool mornings, the warm sunshine throughout the day, the flowers



that open in all the gardens of the houses and forests.

And especially, spring is the season of love among most animals, especially birds. They mate and nest in the spring for the abundance of insects, flowers, seeds and fruits.

Thus, they can feed their chicks and ensure the continuity of their species.

At the farmhouse, Joseph, the caretaker's son, and Charles, the farmer's son, were finishing two more slingshots. The bird hunt the day before was very good, and now with these new and more powerful slingshots, they were sure they would do an even better hunt.

Joseph and Charles were two excellent boys. They helped their parents with farm work, were cheerful, and enjoyed going to school, even though the school was far from the farm.

They rode more than an hour by bicycle until they reached their school.

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However, Joseph and Charles enjoyed playing hunting birds that lived in the woods near the farm.

They did this for pure fun, not realizing the harm they were doing to these poor birds and to Nature.

When asked why they were hunting, they used to answer:

"We're hunting birds to bake and eat!". Joseph said very excitedly.

They didn't feel sorry for the birds doing this.

They argued that there are many birds in the woods... So, they wouldn't mind killing some!

What they didn't know is that behind their hunting fun there is a sad story to be told!

*Once upon a time there was a bird who was very happy with her nest where she had laid three eggs.*

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*She was already hatching her eggs, and soon three beautiful chicks would be born to brighten the spring even more.*

*The male bird was preoccupied with fetching insects and chunks of fruit to take to his mate in the nest. So, she didn't have to go out to feed, letting the eggs cool. This could cause the death of the little chicks forming inside the eggs.*

*But one afternoon the male bird did not return. The female bird waited all night and nothing of her mate appeared.*

*The next morning, hungry and worried about her mate's disappearance, she abandoned the nest and went looking for him. It didn't take long to find him dead under a tree.*

*The female bird was saddened by the loss of her mate. Now she would have to leave the nest, no longer hatching the eggs. There was no way to feed without leaving the nest. The three little thrushes that were to be born also died inside the cold eggs.*

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*And in the days that followed, other birds appeared dead - an owl, a hummingbird, a sparrow, a parrot, among others.*

*They had all been killed by injuries from slingshots thrown stones.*

*The forest birds had no doubt. A terrible and evil hunter was in the forest and was killing these poor and defenseless birds. But who would it be?" They asked without an answer.*

*This is a big threat to nature! Many children start hunting animals for fun and play without the notion of evil. But they can turn into mean and cruel hunters when they become consciously grown up!*

*The slingshot is a primitive weapon, built with a wooden or Y-shaped wood fork, having elastic rubber strips, usually of tire canvas, at the ends of the Y.*

*These weapons can hurl small stones or glass balls at great speed and strength. And these*

*stones are enough to crush the birds' heads or mortally wound other parts of their fragile bodies.*

*However, many children were blinded in one eye or had serious injuries caused by other children when they missed the targets and the stones did not reach the unfortunate birds.*

*In big cities you no longer see children playing with slingshots. But in the inner cities it is very common to see children with slingshots in their hands and having fun killing birds.*

But they didn't know the story of this poor bird that they just killed. And they did not only kill him!

They have killed the chicks, killed the beautiful song of the birds that resonates in the woods every day, left the female bird sad and helpless.

Charles and Joseph didn't realize the harm they had done to the poor male bird. Charles and Joseph had not realized they committed this terrible evil with the poor birds.

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And Charles said:

“You know, boy? When I grew up, I want to have a real shotgun and hunt other bigger animals, like the deer, the rabbit, the tapir, and maybe even one jaguar! I wanted to be a great hunter!”.

And Joseph added:

“But now we just have fun as small birds hunters!”.

Happy, they left to their homes...

Mother Nature and God once again wept when they saw the children doing these evils with their creations...

Beth and Rose lived in a big city. In the neighborhood not far from where they lived there was a clean water lagoon. A rare fountain of pure water sprang from a rock within the only remaining forest in the neighborhood. And this water fountain gave origin and life to the small pond.

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They said that one day, a condominium of houses would be built in the area where the forest was. If this really happens, all the trees will be felled, the water fountain will dry up and the pond will disappear. Beth and Rose heard this story but did not believe that anyone would have the courage to destroy a forest with so many trees and plants and such a beautiful pond to build houses.

Beth and Rose enjoyed walking along the shores of the lagoon.

The lagoon was surrounded by a green forest.

And they used to take pictures of ducks and other birds that lived there.

Beth and Rose loved to play and stroll along the shores of the lagoon. Beth and Rose lived near the pond and could hear the croaking of frogs and tree frogs at night:

“Croc, croc, croc”. The frog croaked.

“Cricri, cricri, cricri”. The tree frog answered.

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That afternoon Beth and Rose were looking at the lake very near the shore when they saw dozens of tadpoles.

They were black and swam back and forth. When the tadpoles noticed the children, they soon swam to hide in the mud of the lake. But then they surfaced. And Beth had an unfortunate idea:

“Rose, let's get some tadpoles with a can and put in the bottle? It will be fun to look at them in the bottle!”.

And Rose immediately agreed:

“Good idea! So, we can look at them inside our homes. My bottle with the tadpoles I'll take to my room!”.

The two friends started this game for pure fun. They packed an empty oil can and began hunting for tadpoles inside the pond.

Soon the bottles were full of terrified tadpoles that swam around the bottle, looking for a way out. So, the two friends started a deadly game for



the tadpoles and frogs in the pond. Other neighborhood kids found the game amusing and began hunting for tadpoles.

The children were hunting tadpoles just for fun and that they were disputing who took the most...

Whoever saw this scene would be desperate and distressed to see the poor tadpoles flailing in the bottles.

Sometime ago there was a clean and clear water pond surrounded by woods where ducks, wild animals and birds and various species lived.

And in this pond were many frogs.

And all the frogs sang happily:

The Frog

knows

Jumping in the pond

The Frog

knows

He doesn't fly

.

The Frog  
Swims  
Swims

And at every corner the frogs jumped and plunged into the lake again.

From afar, his parents Toad and Frog watched and cared for their tadpoles.

They knew many of them would never be a frog one day. But they could do nothing but teach their tadpoles to bury themselves in the mud of the lake when they saw danger.

And the danger came from some fish and birds that ate the tadpoles as they were turning into little frogs.

But always a part of the tadpoles turned into beautiful and healthy frogs.

So, the pond could always have frogs living there, brightening the nights with its croaking.

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Frogs always remembered how it all started. They married, laid many eggs on the edge of the pond, then the eggs gave rise to tadpoles, which looked more like fish. But over time, the little legs began to grow and gradually they became frogs.

But one day some giants appeared and started hunting the poor tadpoles, taking them out of the lake and their homes, and putting them in bottles just for fun...

Toad and Frog were desperate for their tadpoles. But, didn't find them. They were not in the mud of the lake, nor on the lakeshore and anywhere else on the lake.

Before long, no tadpoles could be seen in the pond.

Toad and Frog were so sad that they no longer croaked over the following nights.

And because frogs eat a lot of insects, it wasn't long before the pond was full of mosquitoes and other insects.

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Thus, these mosquitoes and insects began to make the lives of the residents hellish, causing discomfort and serious illness.

That year, the number of mosquitoes grew too much. Diseases spread like dengue fever. And one reason for this huge amount of mosquitoes is that there were no more tadpoles to eat the mosquito larvae.

Nature makes frogs have a lot of chicks.

Thus, they feed some birds and wild animals. But with the disappearance of tadpoles in the pond, these animals found no more food in the pond and some even starved to death...

This is the story anyone would like to tell to Rose and Beth.

The poor tadpoles, who were swimming aimlessly, no longer finding the food they needed, the fresh air, the clean water of the pond where they lived, and who would soon die in the bottle, came back to life as soon as they felt the fresh, pure water from the lagoon... and ran towards

their parents all happy and relieved. If the children did not release the tadpoles after a few days, they would begin to die inside the bottles. They would starve, short of breath and live in polluted water.

Everyone would lose. It would be a child's play that would turn into a great tragedy for Toad and Frog, their tadpoles, and the entire neighborhood community. At night there would no longer be the croaking of frogs. And nobody could get close to the lake, such would be the amount of mosquitoes.

Beth and Rose forgot about this play in the following years. They were excellent girls and, in time, realized the evil they were about to do with these little tadpoles.

Every year there are hundreds of tadpoles, taken from their lake habitat, which find death, trapped in bottles or aquariums, for the fun of children. These tadpoles were denied life and the possibility to grow, to become frogs, to help the survival of their species. What a pity...

More and more frogs have fewer lakes and ponds. Everyone will miss hearing the frogs croaking if they disappear. The lakes and ponds will be sad. The frogs will cry so much that their tears will make these lakes and ponds overflow...

And their cry was followed by the cry of Mother Nature and God once again...

Only mosquitoes and insects will be happy with this...

But Nature will react within the time and one day new frogs will brighten the evening with their croaking.

Who has ever seen the sea? Most kids have seen it. And they all had the same expression:

“How beautiful the sea is! How much water! What hot waves to jump! How fresh the water is!”.

The sea is a huge expanse of water that occupies two thirds of the planet Earth and connects itself through the so-called oceans. And the sea is full of life. An estimated 2,700,000 species of animals

and plants live in the oceans! And the life of the fish that live in the sea is not easy. They have to run from predators all the time. Some fish feed on marine plants. However, most feed on other fish, eating each other.

Because of this, fish moms produce thousands of eggs so that a few little fishes can reach adulthood.

But that is how Mother Nature created the harmony of plants and fish in the seas.

If all the fish ate only plants, the day would come when all the sea plants would be gone, and all the fish would starve.

Mother Nature is very wise!

The little fishes as soon as they are born are called fingerlings and they instinctively seek to hide among the plants and sea cliffs so that they will not be eaten by predators.

Some fingerlings try to be very close to the sand of the beach, where the water is warmer and

where predators can't catch them because it is too shallow. And they stay there until they grow a little more and return to the sea.

But what the little fish did not expect is that on the beach are also in danger and life threatening.

Winter was over. The icy sea water was now getting warmer. Spring was approaching. Mama Fish felt that the hundreds of eggs in her belly needed to be spawned.

She had done this for a few years and knew the routine very well. So, she searched the cliffs near the beach to find a hole where she would lay her eggs. And she knew most of her eggs would be devoured even before the little fish were born.

And the little fishes that could be born knew instinctively that they had to look for a shallow spot on the beach to stay there until they grew older and stronger. By abandoning the protection of the hole where many of them were, their fate was also locked in the mouth of other hungry fish.

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However, many of them could approach the shallow waters of the beach.

But despite all the dangers of predators, a good number of them would come back and grow into adult fish that would one day also lay their eggs and perpetuate their species. This was the life cycle of many fish in the seas.

That sunny, warm afternoon, the little fishes were very happy on the beach, enjoying the warm water and feeding on the tiny tidbits that the seawater contained.

Cheerful, they joked, lined up after each other, swam to the surface of the water, then plunged deep into the sand. Everyone had fun. "Here we are safe, and no one will eat us!" Everyone thought.

Mama Fish never had contact with her little fishes and kept going the fight for survival. She didn't know where they were, but she knew they should be protected somewhere on the beach. Maybe one day she and some of her puppies could meet at sea again!

All was well, until the young began to feel huge feet heading toward her. And these giant feet began to kick the school of little fishes by throwing many of them into the warm sand of the beach. Fortunately, others managed to escape and ran deeper into the beach. In the sand the poor little fish hit by the kicks struggled for life.

They were short of breath and burned in the bright sunlight.

Then big hands took them and threw them into huge containers containing fresh water. Those who fell into these containers were relieved but frightened. They knew they were no longer in the beach water. Other little fishes were forgotten in the sand and died stretched by the heat of the sun.

In the sand of the beach, Chubby and his sister Diana played hunting for little fishes. Her parents had bought a plastic bucket for each and they walked along the shore looking for the little fishes.

When they watched the little fishes swim together, they run and kick the poor little fishes toward the beach sand.

“I got it, I got it!”. Screamed Chubby very happy.

“Let me put them in the bucket!”. Diana asked.

Chubby's and Diana's parents looked on with satisfaction at their children's play.

“I am glad they are enjoying playing on the beach!”. Their father said.

And so Chubby and Diana filled the two buckets with dozens of little fishes. Inside the bucket the little fishes thrashed, tried to find a way out of that huge container and back to the beach. The water in the bucket was getting hot and without oxygen. Some were already beginning to die.

But as the afternoon came on, the sun was already setting over the horizon and Chubby's and Diana's parents called them back to the apartment.

"Mother let me play a little longer with my little fishes!". Chubby asked.

"Dad, can I take my bucket with the little fishes to the apartment?". Diana asked.

"No, you cannot!". Their father said, completing:

"Tomorrow, you play fishing again. Now throw these little fishes away and let's go!".

How Chubby and Diana had dug a big hole in the sand with the plastic paddles, forming a puddle, they threw the little fishes there and went hand in hand with their parents.

Neither Chubby nor Diana nor her parents realized the tragedy behind them. In the sand the little fishes that were not collected in the buckets were already dry and dead.

The puddle of sand on the beach, which was a joke to Chubby and Diana, was slowly draining. Until all the water seeped into the sand, the puddle dried and the little fishes stuck to the wet sand and all died.

For Chubby and Diana, it was another day of fun on the beach and they had a great time. For their parents, a break and a rest while they watched their children play animated on the beach.

None of them heard the terrified screams of the poor little fishes who were suffering and dying by the dozens. Thus, the sea lost dozens of fishes that could grow and, one day, serve as food for other fishes, for men themselves, and many of them, even breeding hundreds of other fishes.

In this case, see that children had encouragement from their parents.

And the children and their parents couldn't see, but the little fishes' cry was followed by the cry of Mother Nature and God once again...

Mother Nature and God have not stopped mourning over so many other children and adults playing who mistreat animals.

They saw people tie cans to cats's tails, who fled in panic like crazy. Many cats were run over by

cars, others hid in manholes and drowned, others were wounded.

They saw people collecting beetles, pulling them out of nature and exposing them in spiky pins.

They saw people throwing stones at stray dogs, injuring them and adding to their suffering from homelessness without food.

They saw people tying their tails with lashings, tossing them against the wall or dragging them across the floor, wounding them and even killing them.

They saw people put shoe boxes on top of hamsters so they would move inside her from here to there, giving the impression that the shoeboxes were walking alone. Many of them came out with their nose bleeding and stressed.

They saw people unravel the cobwebs that they had worked hard for a whole night to feed.

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Thus, the spiders could not hunt insects, such as the dengue mosquito, and they did not feed for a few days.

They saw people rip off the legs and wings of insects so that they could no longer walk or fly and enjoyed the pain of locusts, butterflies.

They saw people set traps to hunt birds who dared to eat some grains of corn or rice placed under the traps.

They saw people shoot birds with shotgun crippling them and even killing them.

They saw people step on every insect in front of them for pure fun, and they saw that children were taught by their own parents, even the little ones, to act like this: "Look a bug, kill it!".

These kids didn't even know why they were doing this. But they learned to kill animals...

Mother Nature, sad and crying a lot, did not want to see any more mistreatments of animals that day and asked God: "Why should this happen?"

When will humans and their children respect animals?”.

And God answered: “Many men are still in the process of development. One day, they will recognize that all living beings are God's creation. They will understand that animals have soul and conscience and suffer pain like all humans. And when this happens, all animals will be respected and protected”.

“But are all men acting like this? Fortunately, not! Many men and their children are generous to animals and protect them. These have already been touched by the love of God! They have found that true happiness lies in life in harmony with nature, with all its plants, animals, crystal clear water fountains, bird sounds, fresh air...”.

“Parents should never forget that children often learn by their example. And those parents who mistreat or despise animals will never raise children who respect life”.

Then God carried Mother Nature into His arms to see millions of children who like and respect



animals. She could see everywhere many people who like and respect animals. There are people playing and lovingly caring for their puppies, their kittens, their bunnies, their hamsters, their fish in the aquariums. Other people put fruit and seeds in the yard to feed the birds that live in big cities. Others simply admired and respected animals in their natural habitat. And most importantly, letting all the animals go about their lives in peace.

For a moment Mother Nature wiped the tears from her eyes and, looking at God, gave a smile of joy and happiness...

And Mother Nature left with a message to all children.

I am the Nature... and I am much like this:

*I am sometimes carried by the wind, the crystal-clear waters and the falling leaves of the trees. I am in many places of our planet.*

*I live in the song of the birds, the flowers, the dew of the night that moistens the leaves of the*

*trees, the breeze of the wind, the morning sun, the freshness of the woods, the fresh mountain air, the cold of the glaciers, the softness of the snow.*

*I live on beaches caressed by the sea, in a flower of a small vase or in large gardens. It lives in the waterfalls and rapids of the rivers, lives under the dead and damp leaves of the forests, lives in the dry sands of the deserts. I live in many places, especially at the birth of a lifetime.*

*I die to the sound of a chainsaw or an ax, I die burning in the fire of the fields and woods, I die suffocated by pollution and the destruction of the places where I live. It's very common for people to fall in love with me when they meet me!*

*Such is me; such is NATURE!*

THE END