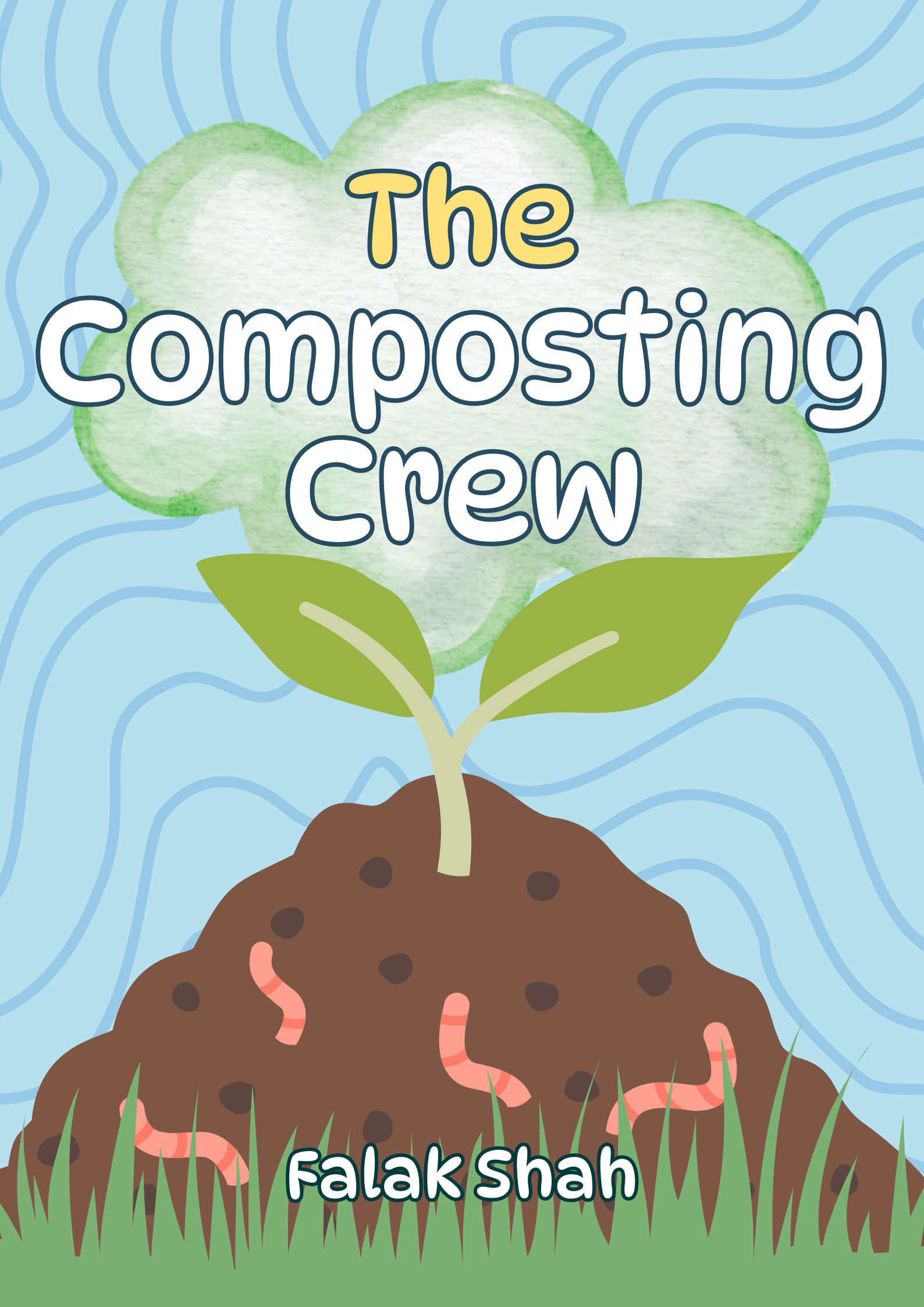
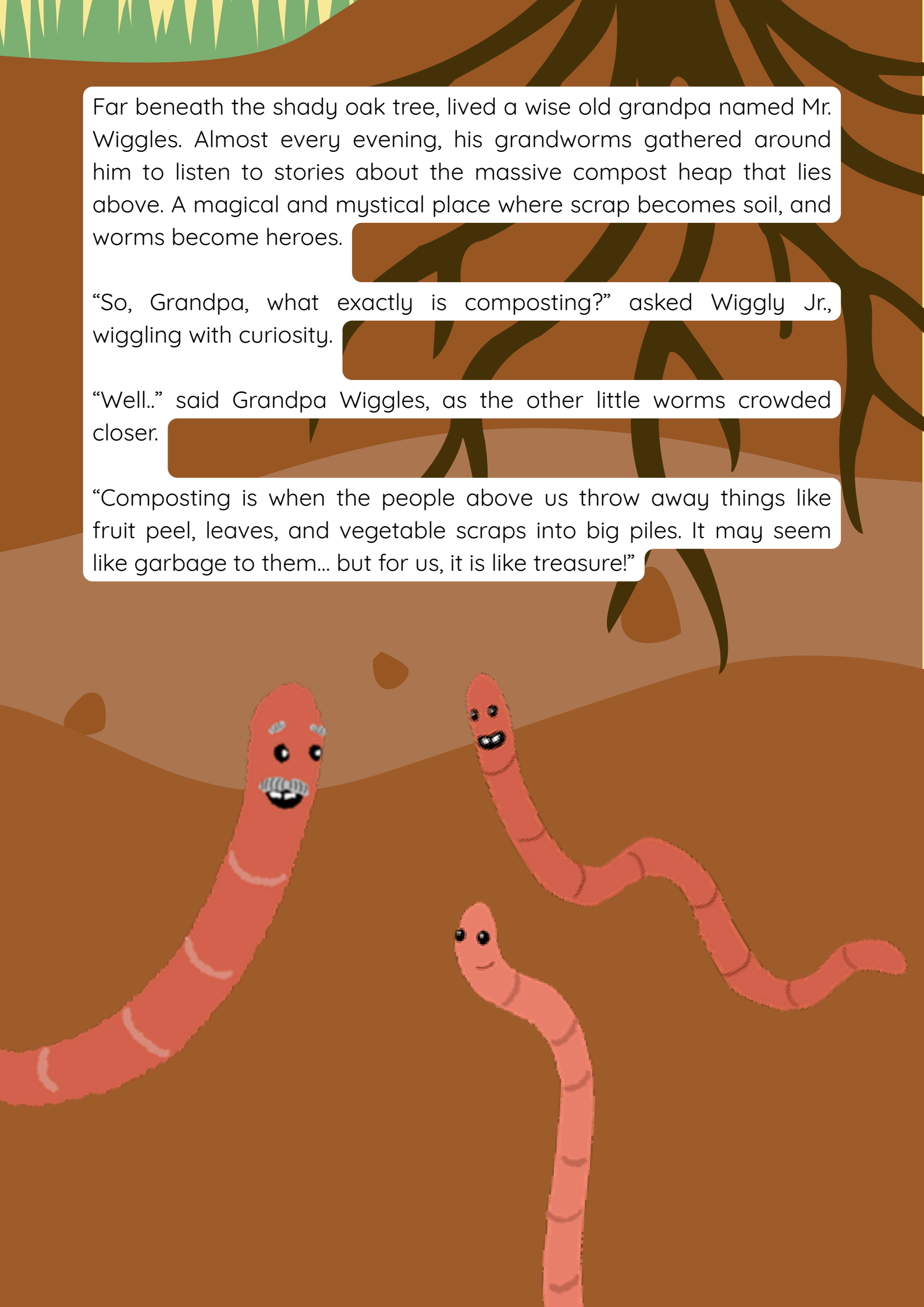




The Composting Crew

Falak Shah

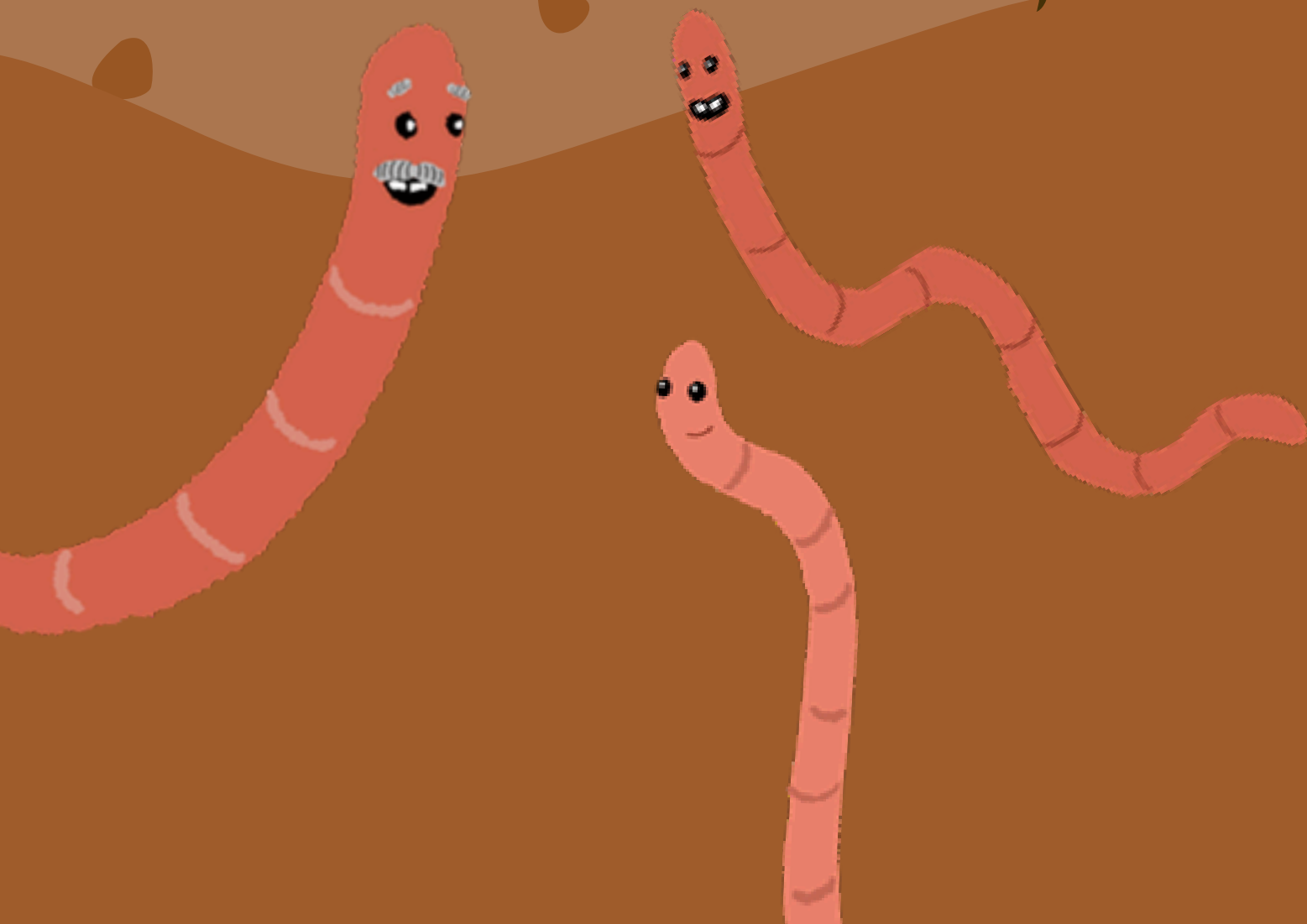


Far beneath the shady oak tree, lived a wise old grandpa named Mr. Wiggles. Almost every evening, his grandworms gathered around him to listen to stories about the massive compost heap that lies above. A magical and mystical place where scrap becomes soil, and worms become heroes.

“So, Grandpa, what exactly is composting?” asked Wiggly Jr., wiggling with curiosity.

“Well..” said Grandpa Wiggles, as the other little worms crowded closer.

“Composting is when the people above us throw away things like fruit peel, leaves, and vegetable scraps into big piles. It may seem like garbage to them... but for us, it is like treasure!”



Grandpa Wiggles continued, "One day, a banana peel fell right next to me with a bang! You young ones should have seen how ecstatic the crew was! We received fresh food for recycling!"

Wiggly Jr. asked, "Grandpa, but why do the humans drop scraps on our heads?"

Grandpa Wiggles replied, "Ah, they don't mean to drop it on us. They are actually helping us do something hugely important."



Wow!

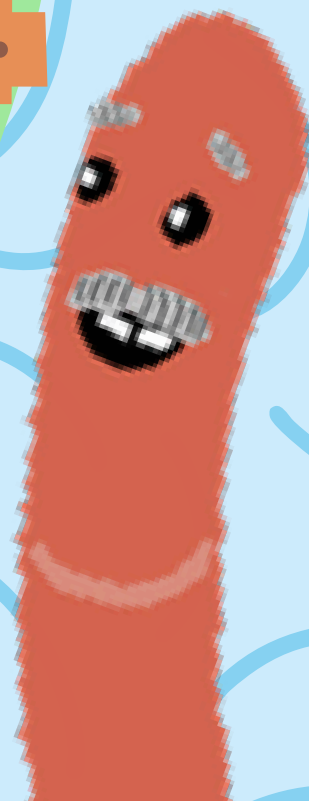
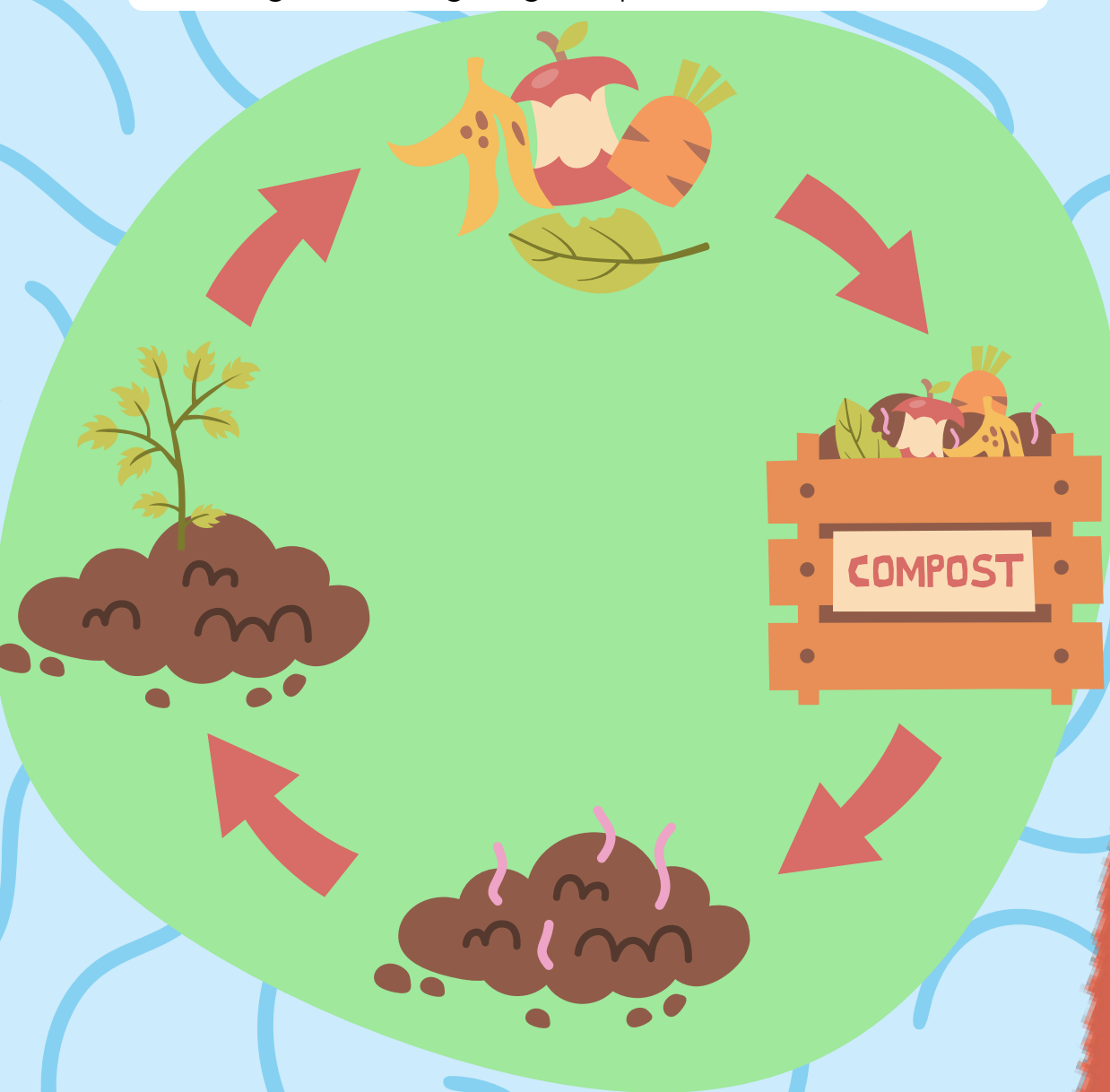


“Humans have named it composting.” Grandpa continued. “Instead of throwing away food waste, they save the peels, leaves, and other leftovers in a pile.”

An infant worm, with his eyes sparkling, asked, “So, do they just give us snacks for free?”

“Yes!” Grandpa smiled, “But it is also a job.”

“Composting keeps our environment clean by keeping waste from reaching landfills...giving our planet a second chance.”



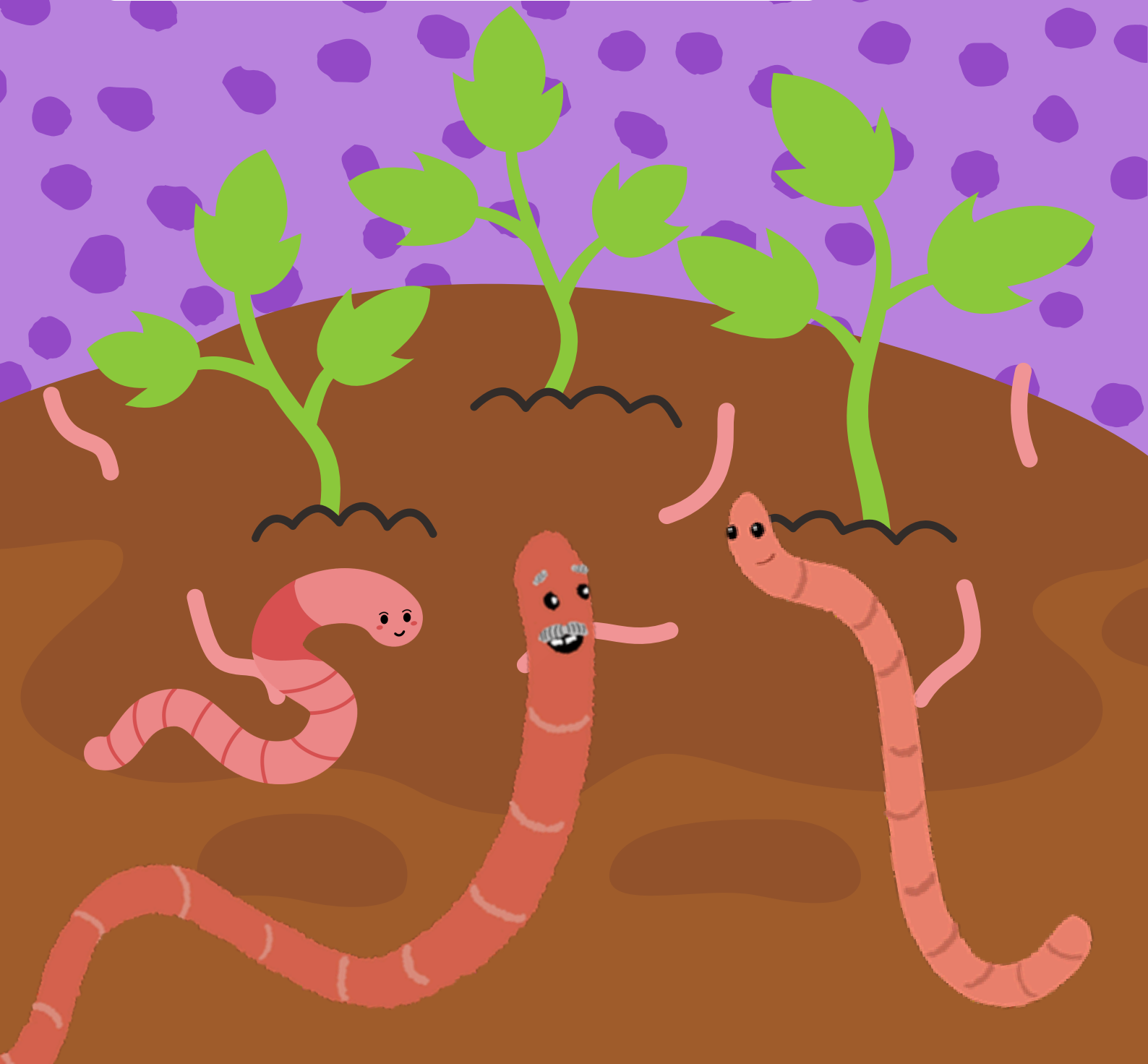
“Us worms become recyclers,” Grandpa stated.

“When new food scraps arrive. We munch them into tiny pieces.”

Wiggly Jr. asked, “But why tiny?”

“This is because small pieces convert to soil much quicker,” added Grandpa.

“The quicker compost is formed, the healthier the soil, and healthy soil keeps our environment happy,” added Grandpa.



Out of nowhere...bang! A lettuce leaf landed right next to Wiggly Jr. "Fresh food!" shouted all the baby worms.

Grandpa Wiggles chuckled, "Everybody, easy now...Good composting takes a lot of patience."

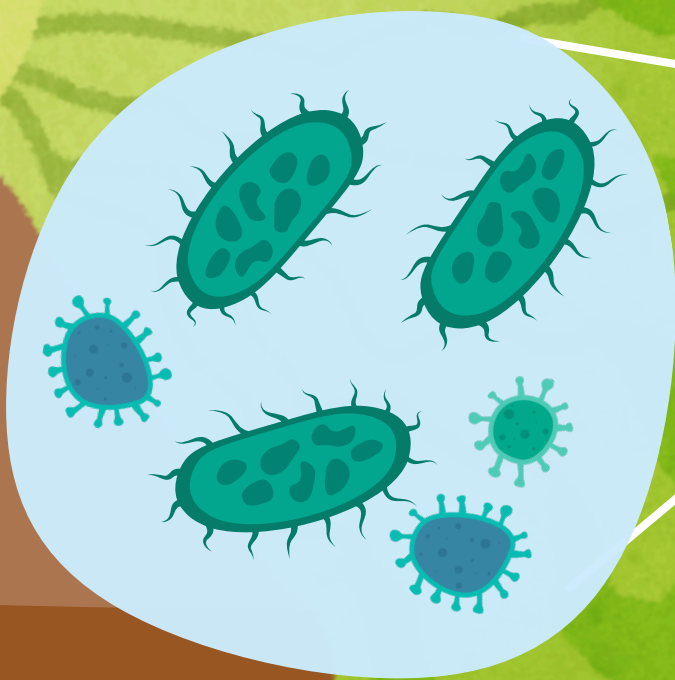
The tiny worms wriggled through the scraps, nibbling them apart. "This is really hard work, Grandpa," huffed Wiggly Jr.

"Important work is often the most difficult, my child," nodded Grandpa.

"Are we the only ones working?" asked another baby worm.

Grandpa Wiggles whispered, "No, there are Bacteria and Fungi who help us break things down as well! The invisible helpers.." He added.

The baby worms were initially confused; they did not realise how many tiny friends were there to help them every day.



Very soon, the pile began to feel warm...

"The heat means the composting is working," said Grandpa, beaming with pride.

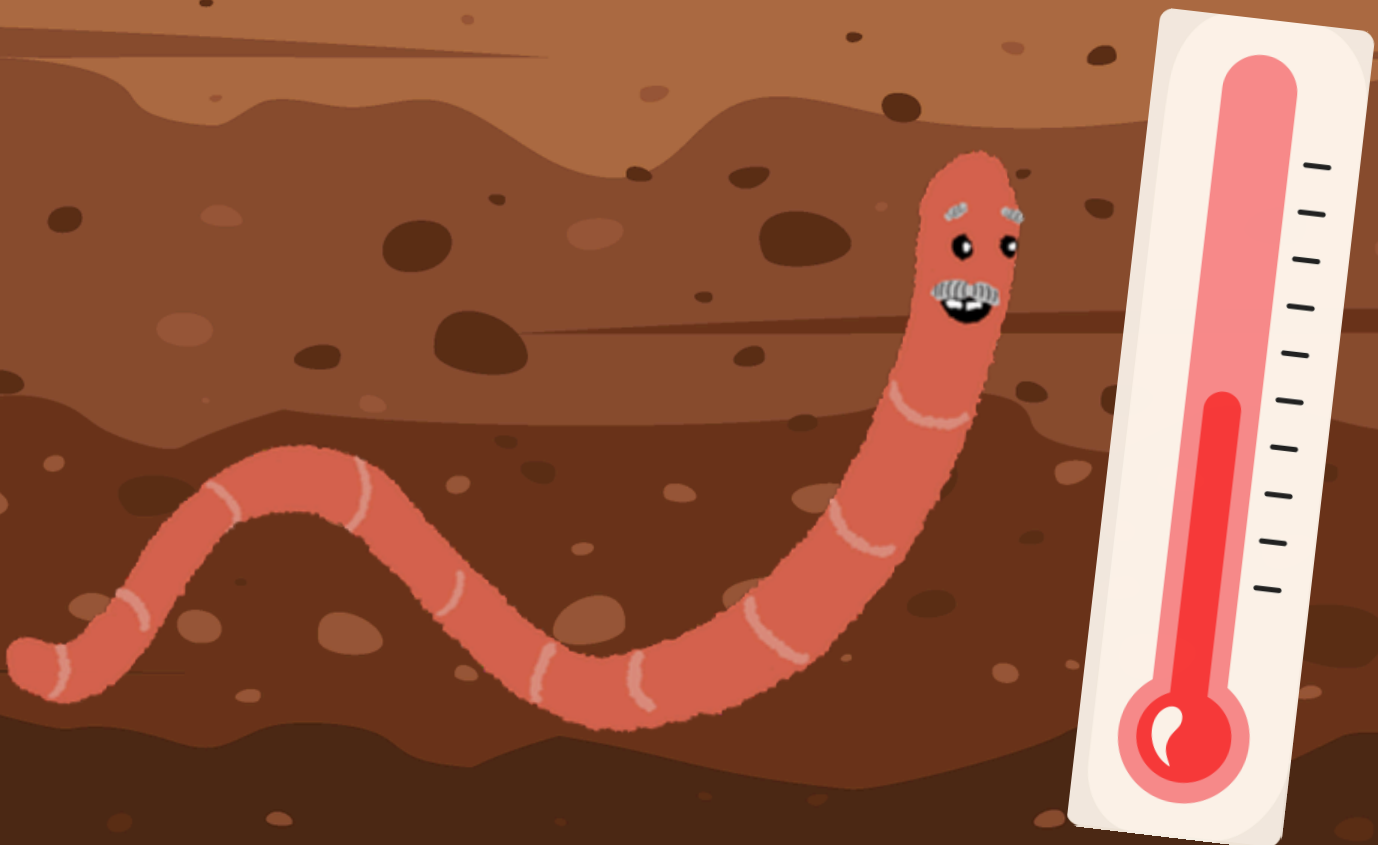
"This does not look like food anymore," said Wiggly Jr. The babyworms noticed as the waste began to change color and texture, turning dark and crumbly.

"Exactly! It is becoming soil!" Grandpa responded. "Plants love this soil," Grandpa explained. "It makes sure that roots grow strong."

"So we help out our plants?" asked a little worm.

Grandpa nodded, "Yes, and plants help us and the entire planet!"

"The healthier our plants, the cleaner our air. Which means our work extends far beyond just the compost pile," explained Grandpa.



Some time later, seeds began to sprout into flowers and veggies.

“We made that?” whispered Wiggly Jr. to his Grandpa.

“You helped in the creation, and that truly matters,” Grandpa explained with immense pride.

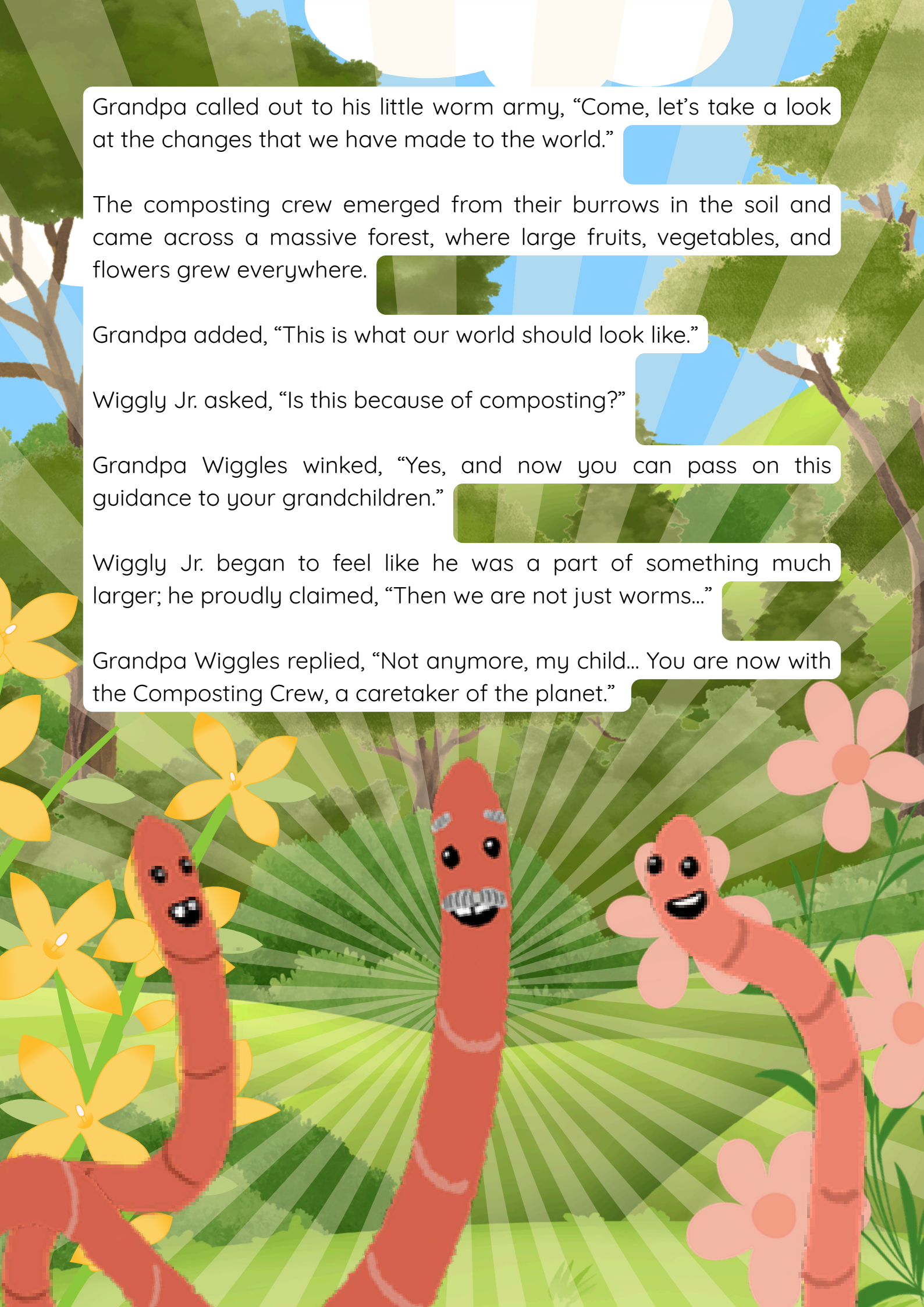
Wiggly Jr. puffed out his chest with a sense of accomplishment. He now truly understood that even the smallest of helpers can work to create the largest changes. The rest of the baby worms wriggled in excitement.

“We want to help you out every day! Grandpa,” said the little worms in unison.

Grandpa Wiggles, teary-eyed, replied, “Welcome then to the Composting Crew!”

Wiggly Jr and the rest of the little worms cheered, “We will wiggle, we will munch, and we will recycle!”





Grandpa called out to his little worm army, “Come, let’s take a look at the changes that we have made to the world.”

The composting crew emerged from their burrows in the soil and came across a massive forest, where large fruits, vegetables, and flowers grew everywhere.

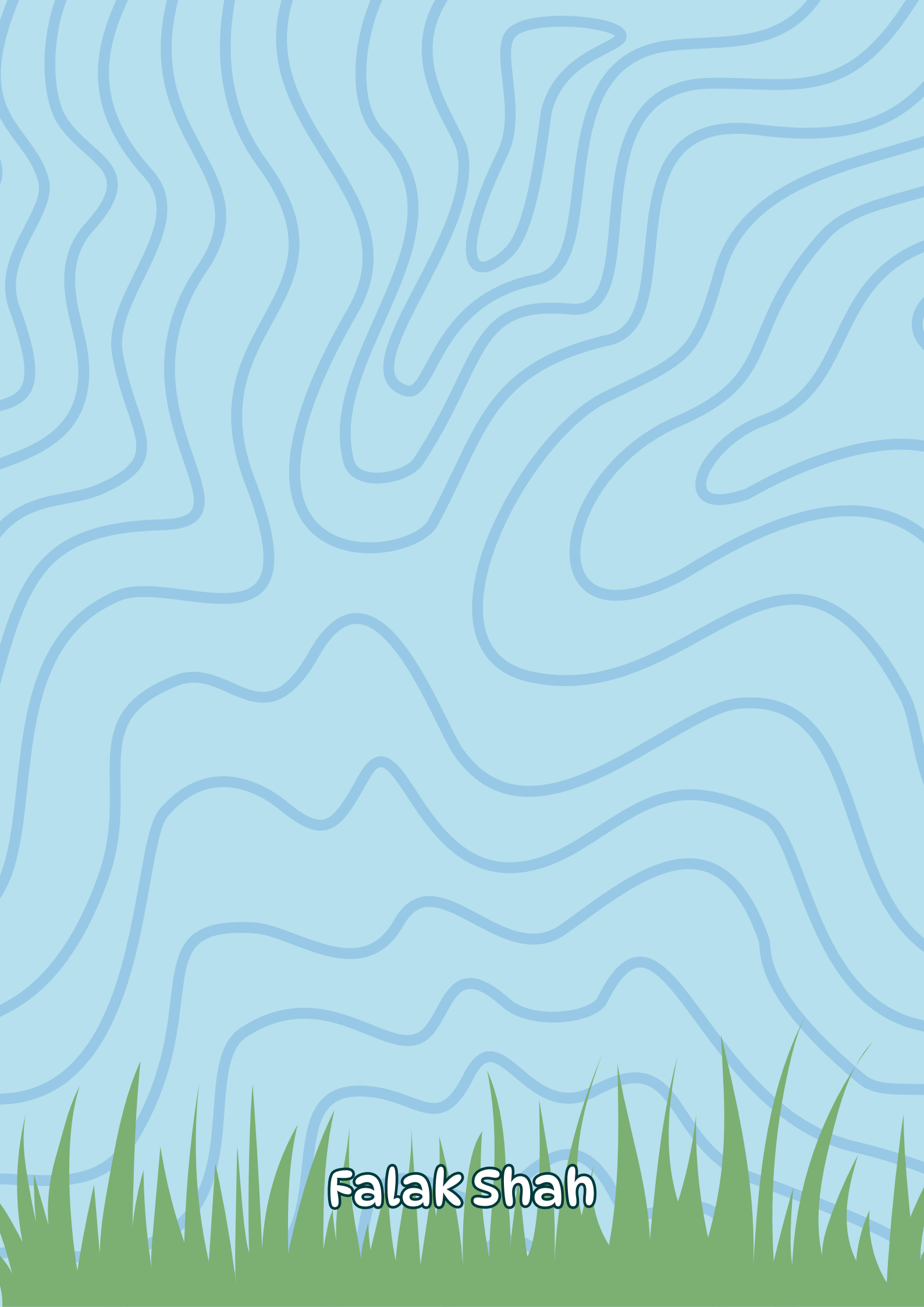
Grandpa added, “This is what our world should look like.”

Wiggly Jr. asked, “Is this because of composting?”

Grandpa Wiggles winked, “Yes, and now you can pass on this guidance to your grandchildren.”

Wiggly Jr. began to feel like he was a part of something much larger; he proudly claimed, “Then we are not just worms...”

Grandpa Wiggles replied, “Not anymore, my child... You are now with the Composting Crew, a caretaker of the planet.”



Falak Shah