

Clean Up  
Our Heritage Day



DAMPIER SALT FLATS

A short story  
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One sunny Saturday,  
the Campbell family  
was getting ready to  
go camping near The  
Dampier Salt Flats.

Lily, the oldest  
child of the Campbell  
family, was very excited  
and was hoping that  
nightfall would come  
early. "Of course that  
wouldn't happen", said

her Mother shaking  
her head at her  
daughter's foolishness.

Meanwhile, Haley, the  
youngest daughter,  
(who was only two), was  
running up and down  
the stairs in joy.

"Haley, Honey, stop running  
up and down the  
stairs, you'll trip yourself,"

said her Dad. "No, I won't Daddy, I do it all day when you're at work," replied the daughter. "You are so cheeky," said her Dad and then continued.

A few hours later when they all were ready, Stacy, the second oldest daughter called,

"Everybody ready?" with her voice filled with excitement. "Yes!" they all replied. Then they all rushed down stairs, of course Haley in the lead.

Soon they had reached the salt flats, but when they got out of their car, they were shocked. Their favorite, sparkling

and the wonderful salt supply for future generations had been LITTERED! When the children turned to their dad, he was ringing the police.

Then the Police Officer arrived, but he didn't seem to be in much of a shock.

"What are we going to do?", said Stacy, in a worried voice. "Well, I've heard these 'bittering' cases a lot this month and I was thinking to have a 'Clean up our Heritage day' but now I am sure we're going to have one!" "Yay!", said everyone, everyone except the

eight year old, Stacy.  
She had to know why  
these salt flats were  
so important.

Then she asked her  
Dad, "Hey Dad! Why are  
these salt flats so  
important?" "Well," said  
her dad and then  
continued, "These Salt  
Flats are a very  
important part of

making salt and these salt flats are also part of our heritage so we should value it," he said. "And how is salt made, Daddy?" Stacy continued asking. "Well... the main source of salt is the ocean. First they collect sea water, using tunnels. Then they

take it to these salt flats and store it into them and as you see the salt flats are kept under the direct sun so that all the brines (salt solution) dries out. They then collect all the salt that is left in the flats and take it to the Chemical

Processing Plant to get it cleaned, purified and packed to take it to the supermarkets," he finished. "Wow!" said Stacy.

Just then they realised that they had been talking to the Police Officer. "Then do you both agree on having

the 'clean up our  
Heritage day' tomorrow?"  
asked the Officer.  
"Yes indeed!" said the  
father and his  
daughter. "Well! See  
you tomorrow then," he  
said as he saluted to  
them all and went  
back to the police  
station in his police  
car. "Sounds like a

big day to me", said Lily.

At the far corner, Haley had been looking for a muddy camping spot so she could play with the mud at night instead of sleeping. But it was so hot and dry, that she couldn't find a muddy

camping spot so  
instead of telling  
her dad where to  
camp she said,  
"Daddy, where are  
we going to camp?"  
with her sweet little  
voice. "We'll go camping  
right there", he replied  
pointing at a nice,  
smooth and dry surface.

The next morning they were all ready to clean up. During the whole day, they all were so busy (even Haley for a change) that they hardly got to see each other.

By the end of the day, each of them had at least collected

50 pieces of rubbish,  
altogether, about 200  
pieces of rubbish!

In the evening, when  
they were having  
cooked marshmallows Lily  
said, "Boy, was that  
tiring!" in a tired  
voice. "True," said Stacy  
gently replied and  
th continued, "But I

didn't mind at all, because I knew that I was valuing my heritage" she finished and they all happily agreed.

The  
End!!  
😊

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Salt Flat pictures  
taken by:

: Navyaansh Shukla 😊

















Oh no!

The salt flats  
have been littered!  
Read how the  
this family helps  
in cleaning their  
heritage.