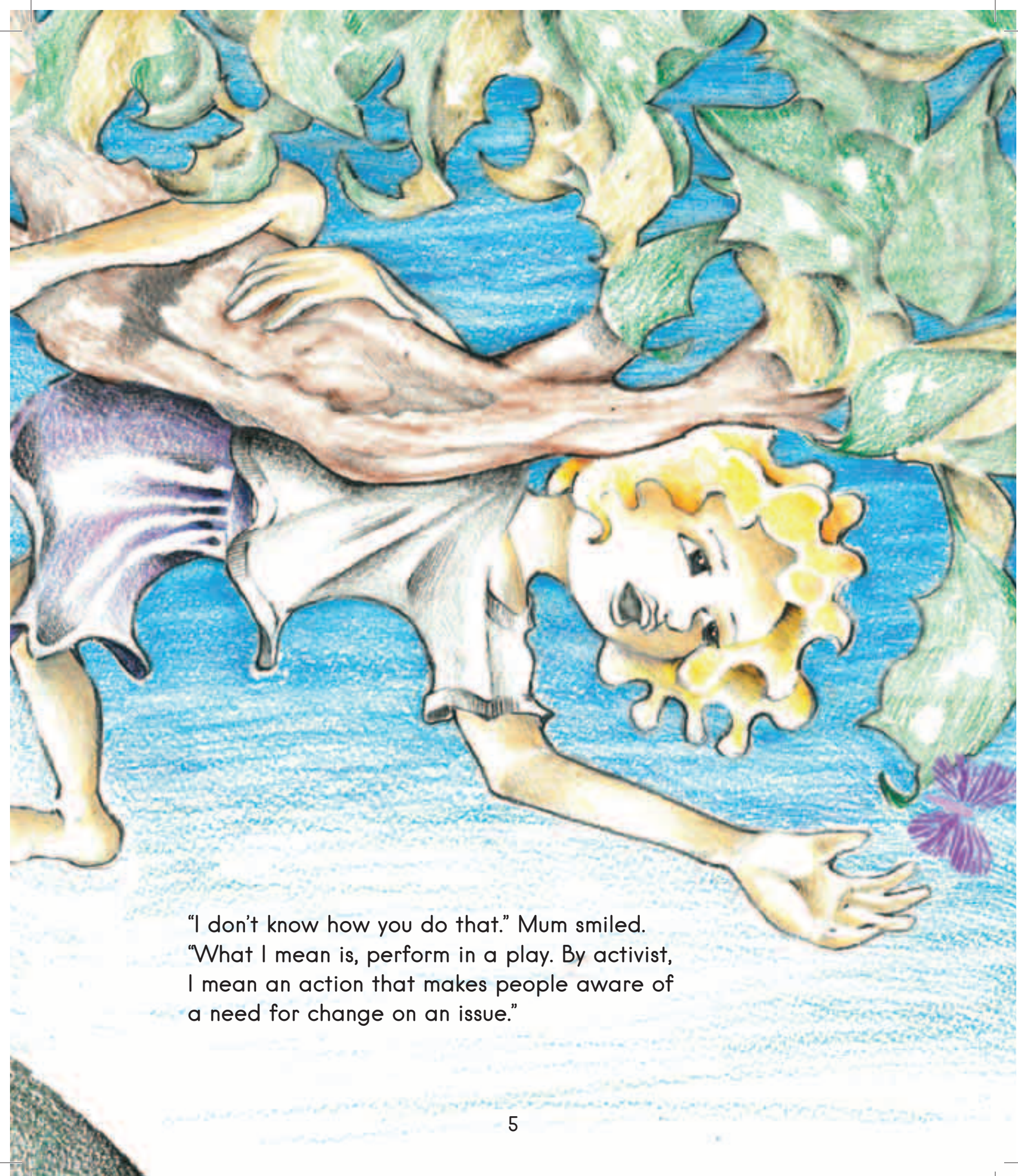


At first, I didn't even know what an activist was.

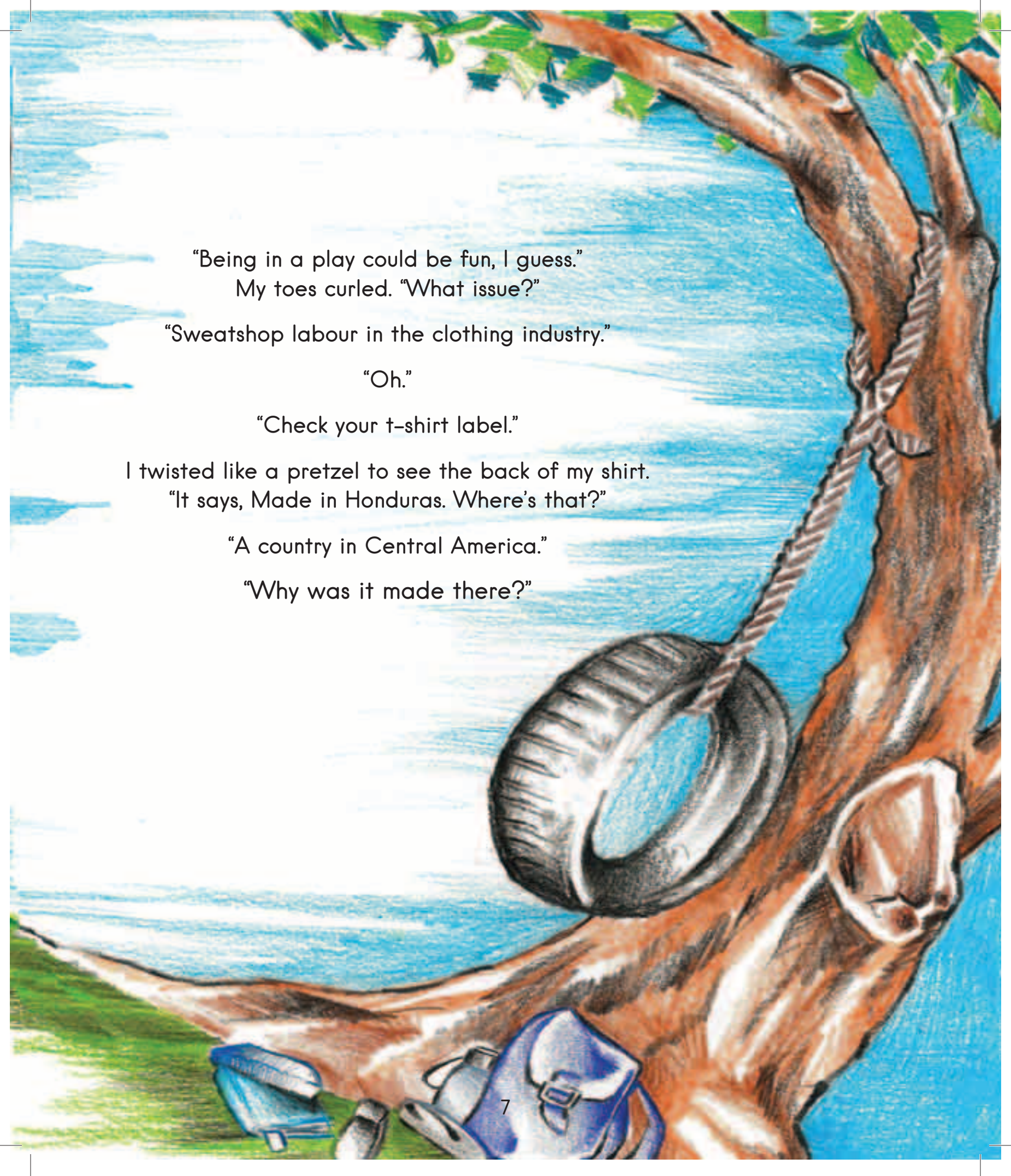
One day, when I was hanging around in my favourite tree, Mum came out and said, "Hope, how would you like to be in a play, an activist play?"

"Well, I love to play, and I'm pretty active." I swung down onto the ground - with a thump.



“I don’t know how you do that.” Mum smiled.
“What I mean is, perform in a play. By activist,
I mean an action that makes people aware of
a need for change on an issue.”





“Being in a play could be fun, I guess.”
My toes curled. “What issue?”

“Sweatshop labour in the clothing industry.”

“Oh.”

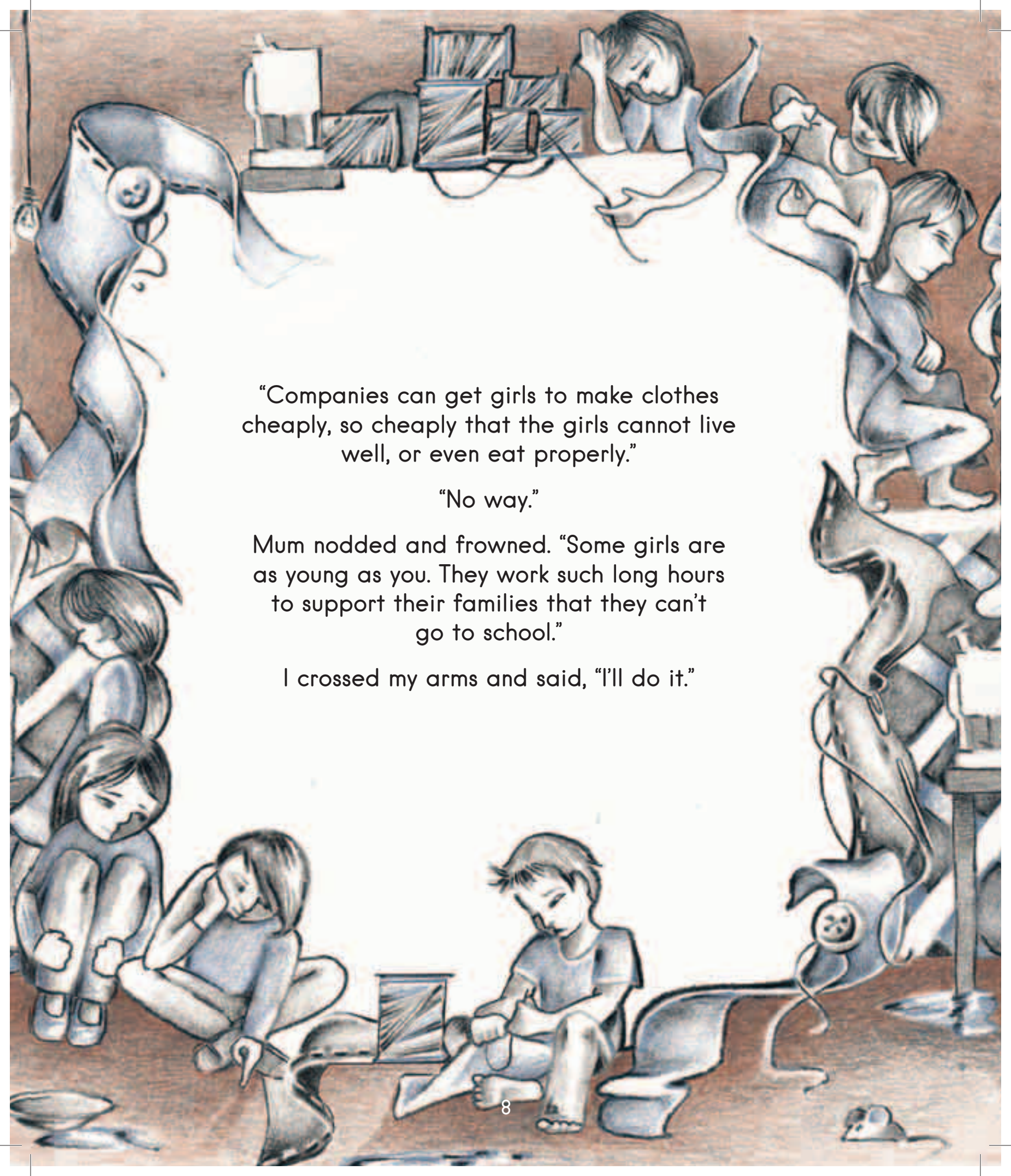
“Check your t-shirt label.”

I twisted like a pretzel to see the back of my shirt.

“It says, Made in Honduras. Where’s that?”

“A country in Central America.”

“Why was it made there?”

A blue-toned illustration of a busy sewing workshop. In the background, a child sits at a table with a sewing machine, surrounded by spools of thread. To the right, two children are huddled together, one holding a large piece of fabric. In the foreground, several children are sitting on the floor, some working on garments. A mouse is visible in the bottom right corner. The scene is framed by a vertical strip of fabric on the left and a vertical strip of fabric on the right.

“Companies can get girls to make clothes cheaply, so cheaply that the girls cannot live well, or even eat properly.”

“No way.”

Mum nodded and frowned. “Some girls are as young as you. They work such long hours to support their families that they can’t go to school.”

I crossed my arms and said, “I’ll do it.”

