



The Adventures of Shark Stanley & Friends

Ben Goldfarb & Leah Meth ♦ Illustrated by Dan Yagmin Jr.



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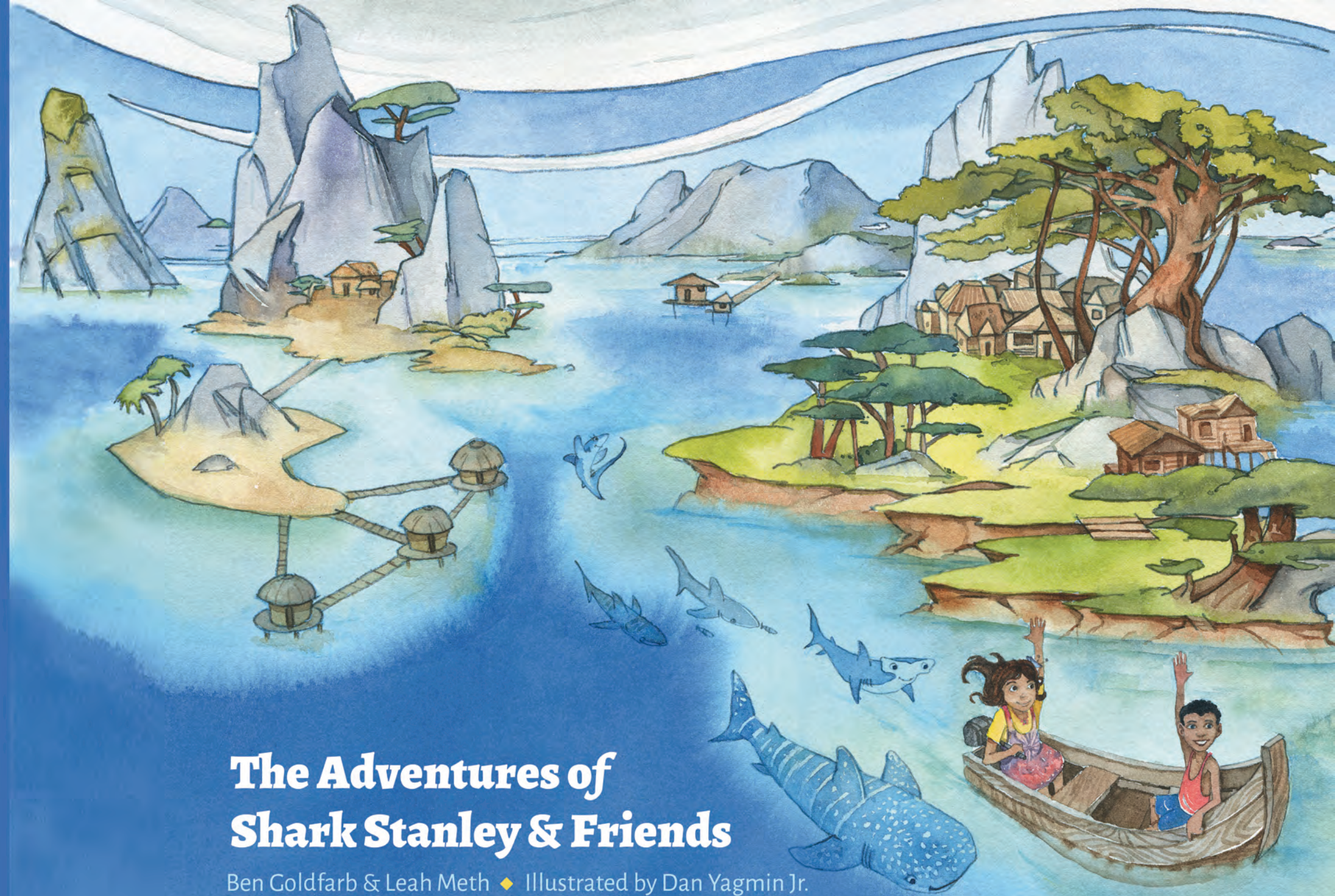
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The text of this book was set in Alegreya Sans.
The illustrations were created in watercolor.

Second Edition



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In a tropical sea, beneath surf and bright sun
Thrived a beautiful reef that was second to none.

From corals to lobsters, from gobies to grouper,
All creatures agreed that their reef was just super.

And this reef was the dazzling deep-sea domain
Of five special friends atop the food chain.

Shark Stanley the Hammerhead led the quintet
With the greatest of faces that ever you've met.

His head took the shape of a capital "T,"
And his big, wide-set eyes allowed Stan to see

The whole shining ocean, every last bubble,
To help keep his pals from seeking out trouble.





But mischief is usually there to be found
When Tingem the Tiger Shark is swimming around.

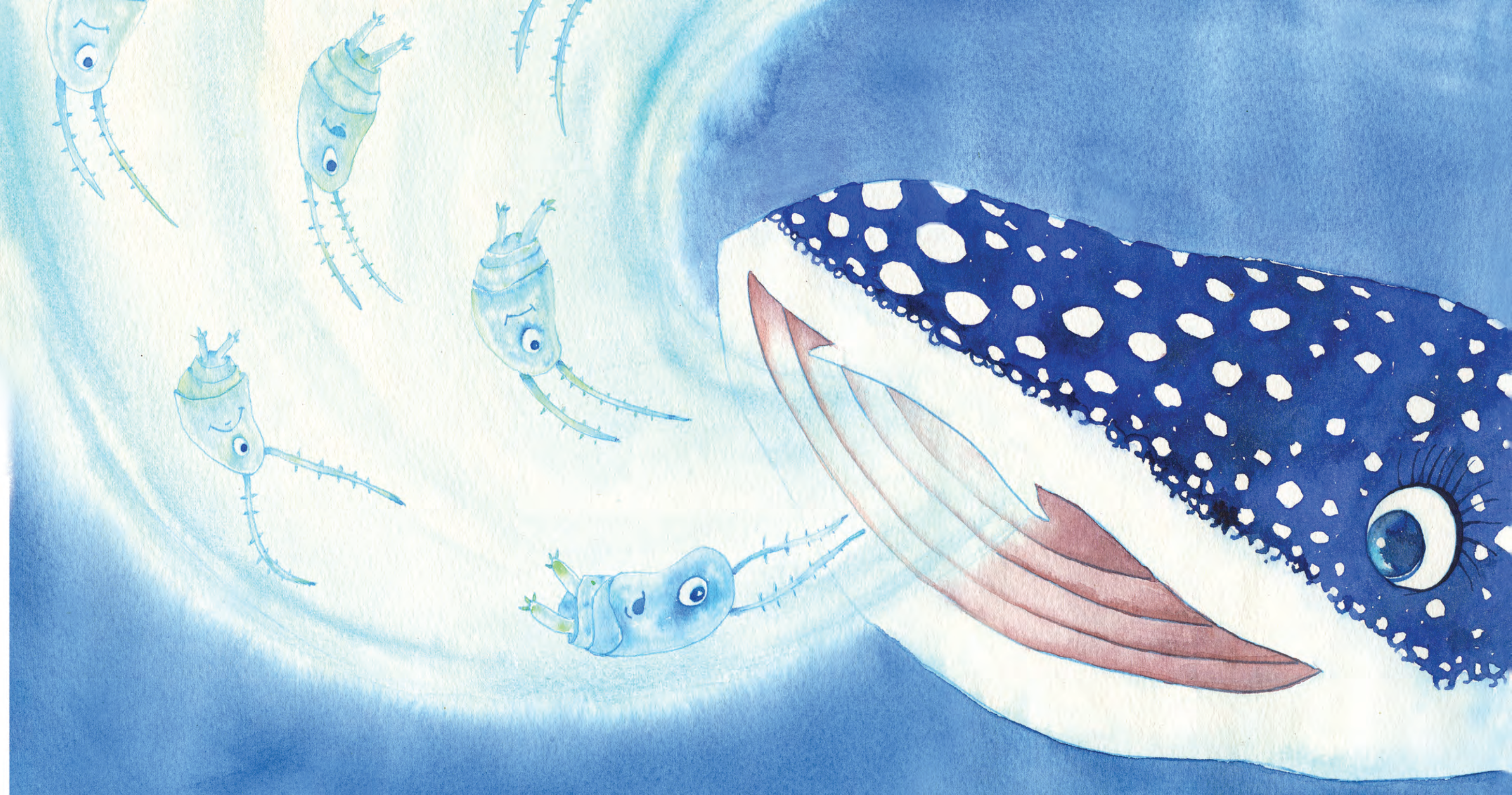
Up glided Tingem to Stan and his chums
And, grinning with two thousand teeth in his gums,

Said, "Who else is hungry? It's just about lunch.
I'm gonna find something tasty to munch."

Ballena the Whale Shark,
as big as a bus,
Cruised up to Tingem and said,
“Don't make a fuss!

Try some plankton —
it's truly delicious.
Must all of your meals
be made up of fishes?”

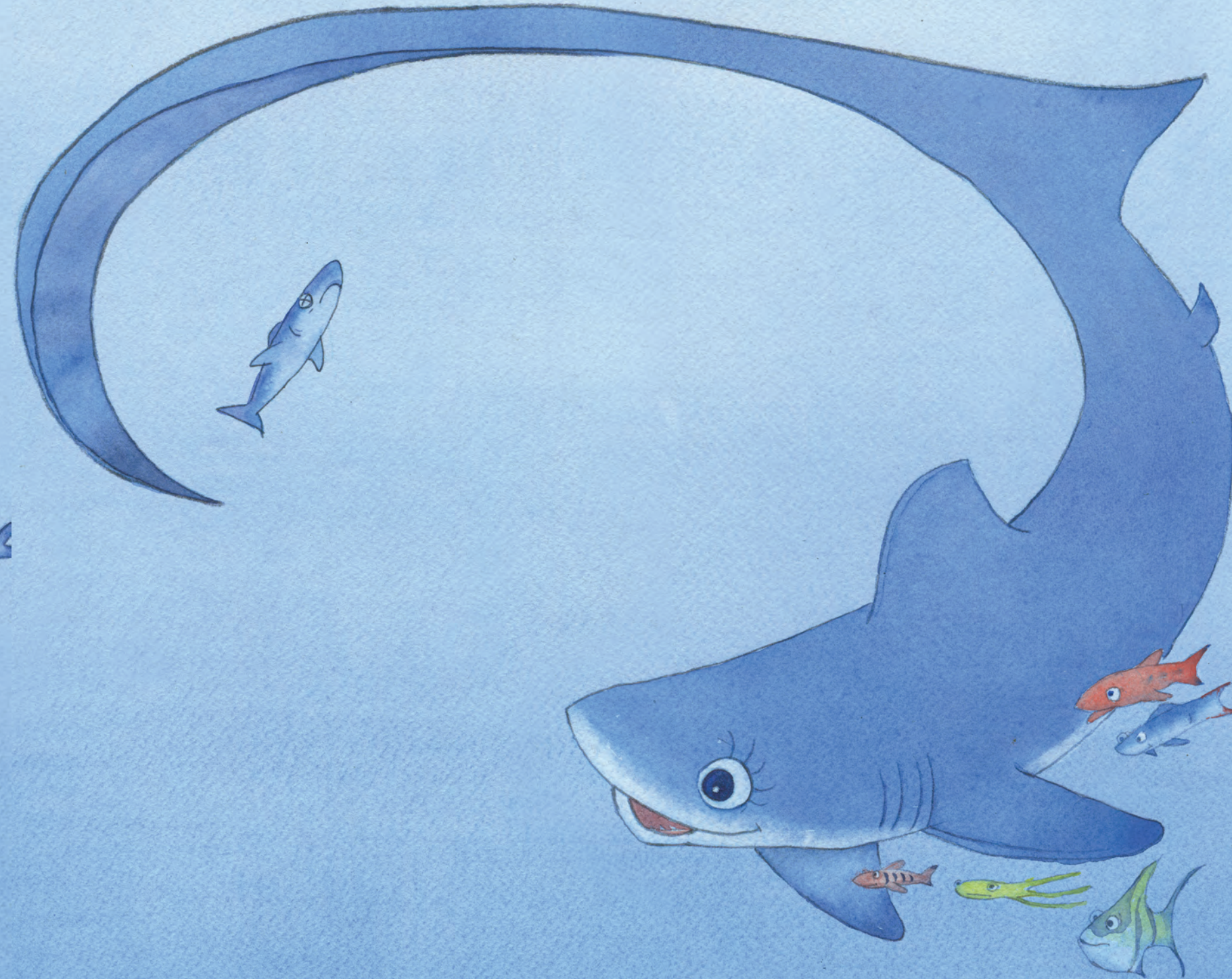
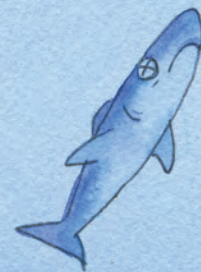
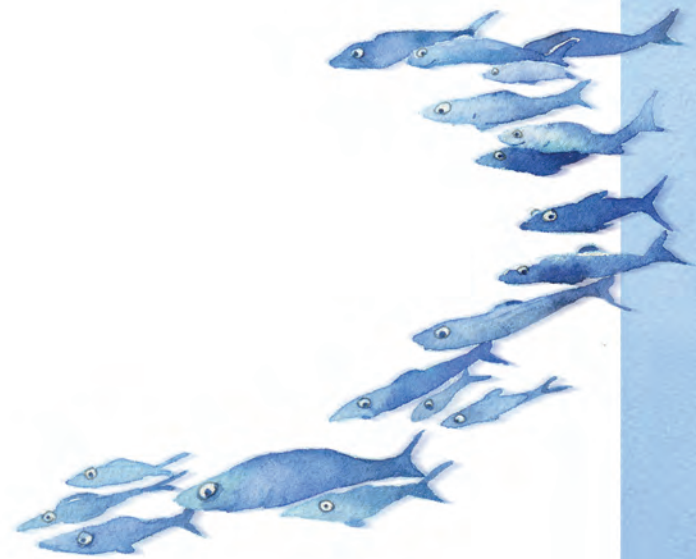
She dipped and she swirled,
her mouth open wide,
And a whole swarm of
copepods vanished inside.



The four pals heard a *crack*,
like the snap of a whip,
And knew Tala the Thresher
was using the tip

Of her 10-foot-long tail
to stun fishy prey.
“*Arriba!*” she hollered, “I could
do this all day!”

She waved her tail like a
rope over her back.
“Don’t mess with my friends
or you’ll be getting a whack!”





Just then the sharks met
with a pleasant surprise:
Said Waqi the Whitetip,
“Hey, what’s up, guys?”

Waqi loved traveling —
she was always in motion.
And the young sharks were
itching to wander the ocean.

They gathered ‘round Waqi,
whose epic migrations
Had taught her the currents’
and gyres’ locations.

“To the Great Current!” she said.
“We’re strong and brave.
Let’s look for adventure
on the very next wave!”



They entered the current,
and were instantly swirled

On a journey that carried
them all 'round the world

They met mantas and sea
slugs, sunfish and dugongs.



They frolicked with dolphins,
and held whale sing-a-longs.

They played tag with turtles
and went surfing with seals.

They scuttled with scallops
and danced with eels.

But as they went further,
they felt growing unease,

For it seemed the whole
ocean had a disease.

Nearby to the east, to the
sharks' great distress,

They found a vortex of plastic
and a big oily mess.

To the west, curtains of mesh
hung down in the blue.

Big fish had all vanished, and
sharks were gone, too!



They soon found out why:
A ship passed with a roar,

Dragging a huge net just
above the sea floor.

The friends fled as fast as
they could from the threat

And watched a whole school
of tuna disappear in the net.



“This is scary,” said Ballena, her eyes filled with fear.
“Before we get caught, let's get out of here!”

So they swam to the south and then swam a bit more,
Far away from the nets, 'til their fins had gone sore.

Hungry and tired, Stan cried with despair,
“The ocean's not safe, stick together — beware!”

But Tingem had darted off north with great haste.
“There's something shiny and I want a taste!”

“Don't touch that!” called Stan, but it was too late,
For Tingem had chomped down on a fisherman's bait.

“I'b god a hook in my lib!” the unlucky shark wailed.
The poor tiger shark's jaw had been neatly impaled.



The sharks didn't know that
the hook was connected
To a vast human system
that had long been perfected.
And millions of miles of lines
with hooks like these
Were snatching up sharks
in all the world's seas
To become shark fin soup
or some other food:
They're baked and salted
and fried and stewed.

Now we know catching sharks
is one way to make cash,
But don't blame the fisher
for the sharks' rapid crash.
He's just feeding his family,
perhaps living in squalor.
So he sells off his catch,
and he makes a few dollars.
But it's bad news for sharks:
Making babies is slow.
Young sharks take a long time
to flourish and grow.



With a creaky old crank, the line started to rise,
And Stanley saw terror in Tingem's black eyes.

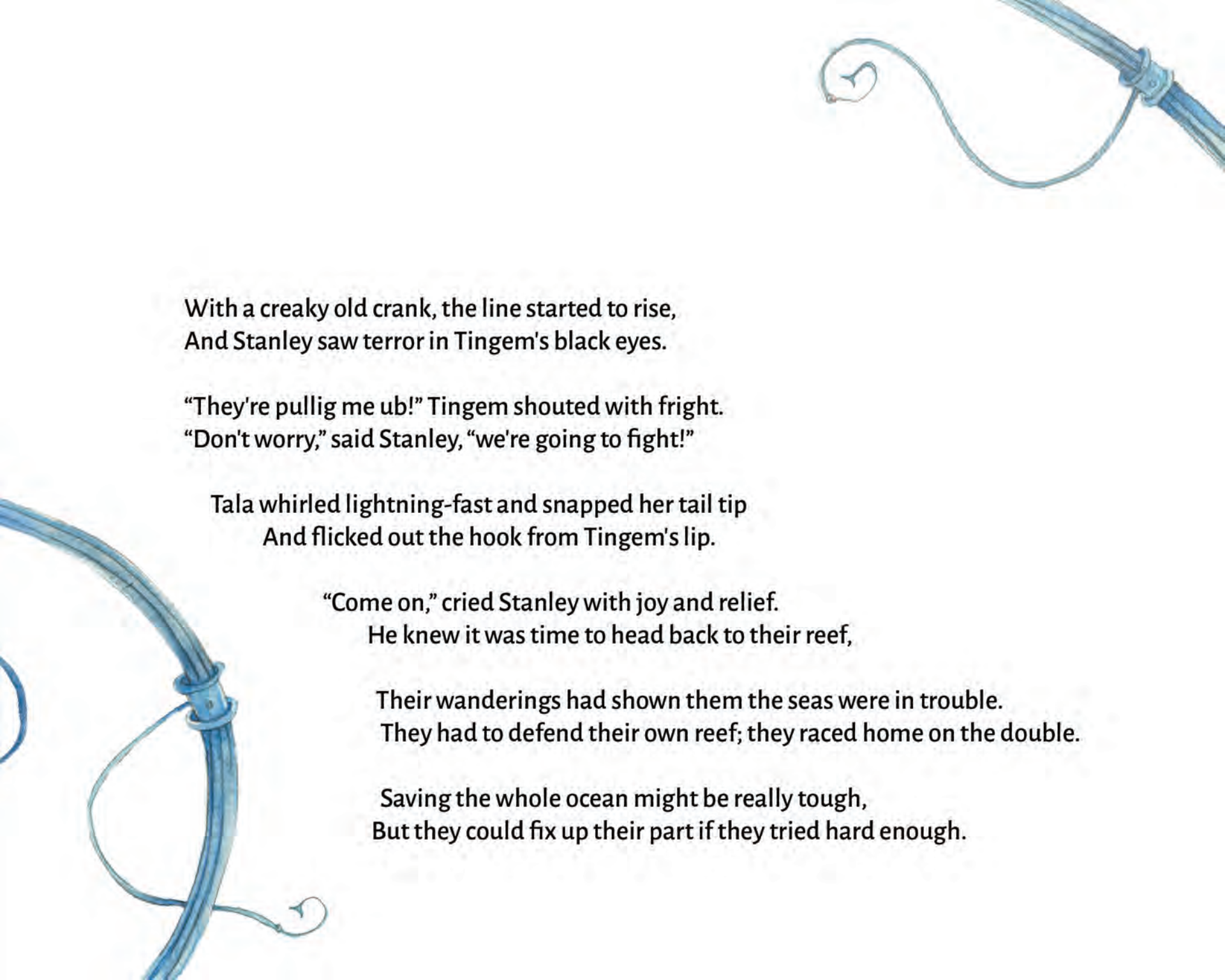
"They're pullig me ub!" Tingem shouted with fright.
"Don't worry," said Stanley, "we're going to fight!"

Tala whirled lightning-fast and snapped her tail tip
And flicked out the hook from Tingem's lip.

"Come on," cried Stanley with joy and relief.
He knew it was time to head back to their reef,

Their wanderings had shown them the seas were in trouble.
They had to defend their own reef; they raced home on the double.

Saving the whole ocean might be really tough,
But they could fix up their part if they tried hard enough.





But was it really their reef?
It was covered in grime
And where once was bright coral,
now only green slime.
Just then came a cough from
behind a grey lump.
“Welcome,” wheezed a voice,
“to your new home, the dump!”
“Could it be?” Stanley asked.
“That sounds just like Myrtle!”
And out limped a sick-looking,
slime-coated turtle.

“I’ll tell you,” sobbed Myrtle,
“it’s an awful sad tale.
As soon as you left, this place
started to fail.
The reef needs its fish to
eat up all the weeds
And help give the coral the
space that it needs.
But without sharks around,
it all fell out of whack.
The fish disappeared and
they haven’t come back.”



“Now there's so few fish left that they just can't devour
All the fields of algae getting worse by the hour.

The nasty green slime is now so very thick,
And it feeds tons of microbes that make corals sick.”

Myrtle was right — their reef couldn't thrive
Without sharks to keep fish and coral alive.

For a moment they froze, still stunned by the story.
Then Stan raised up his voice: “Let's bring back the glory

And fix up this place — our undersea home!
But we need help from humans — we can't fix it alone.”

Onshore, at that moment, stood a sister and brother.
They saw dorsal fins and then looked at each other.



“Our sharks have come back! At long last they've returned!
Oh, we were so worried! So very concerned!

For without you around, all the fish disappear.
Our bellies are empty — it's been a tough year.”

“But it's more than that,” said the girl, looking at Stanley.
“For generations, sharks have watched over our family.”

For the shark was their totem — a wise, sacred creature.
They respected the shark, their protector and teacher.

So they trimmed away seaweed
and wiped away slime.
They planted young corals, and
with patience and time
The reef grew back — it looked
better than new,
Filled with turtles and groupers
and parrotfish, too.

And then, on one wonderful
balmy blue day,
Came a boat full of folks from
a land far away.
They'd heard that the reef had
lots of sharks and no trash.
They'd brought scuba equipment
and plenty of cash
And paid local people for the
privilege to dive.
And the fishermen cried,
“Sharks are worth more alive!”



Said Stan to the kids: "You've helped save our home!
But one reef's not enough; we need room to roam.

We travel across the whole ocean blue.
We need protection all over, and we need it from you."

And so the kids thought and a great idea came:
A "shark sanctuary" — that would be the name

Of a giant safe space where sharks swim as they please.
They'd keep sharks protected in their whole country's seas!

They hopped in a boat and raced over the surf
To tell other islands to protect Shark Stan's turf.





'Til at last, on a beautiful shining blue day,
The president went to the whole world to say:

“Our sharks are too special — none will be caught.
No hooks will be set and no fins will be bought!”

Then country by country, the kids all took note.
They took pictures and Tweeted and Facebooked and wrote.

And now it's your turn — can you help our sharks out?
Can you raise up your voice, can you shout a big shout?

And tell the whole world to forget about greed,
To live and let live, to take just what we need

And not an ounce more — so we're asking you please
To help Shark Stanley and friends keep defending the seas!





co-author

Leah Meth studies tropical marine conservation and is passionate about protecting ocean critters. She's a grad of the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, where she and her friends started the Shark Stanley campaign. Leah wishes she could live underwater.



co-author

Ben Goldfarb is a correspondent for High Country News, an award-winning magazine that covers natural resources in the western United States. His writing has also appeared in Scientific American, OnEarth Magazine, and Earth Island Journal. He loves all marine creatures, though his favorite is the nudibranch.



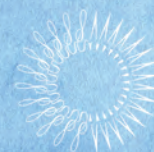
illustrator

Dan Yagmin Jr has been making art for as long as he can remember. His work has found its way into outdoor publications such as Rock & Ice and Climbing Magazine. When brushless, Dan can be found climbing rocks or riding waves.





Five great friends embark on an epic adventure with loads of fun, but no shortage of dangers. They're on a mission to protect the ocean and need just a bit of help...from you!



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