

DEWI

in the

DEEP



PART 1: IT'SNO(W) JOKE

There are many kinds of eight-year-olds. Some are stubborn. Some are silly. Some are nosy. Some are brave. And then there was Dewi, an eight-year-old girl like no other. "Why is she so special?" you might ask. Where do I begin?

Dewi has the longest surname in all of Dollis Hill...

S i s i n g a

m a r a j a !

They enjoy watching the world go by
below and feeding the birds together as
they soar up to the windowsill from the
park below.





Meet Dewi's absolute best friend,
Tortellini the tortoise.

Tortoises live a veeery long time, and
Dewi is pretty sure that he'll be her best
friend forever.

Dewi's family are from Indonesia, a group
of islands all the way on the other side
of the world from London.

And her granny, Oma, always talks
about the beautiful animals that
live in the rainforests:
orang-utans, elephants and even tigers.



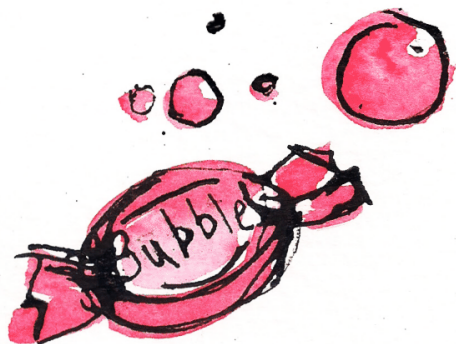
Every morning at 7, Dewi Sisingamaraja jumps at her frantic alarm and stumbles sleepily to the bathroom to clean her teeth and to scrub Tortellini's shell.



Dewi loves her violin and dreams of becoming a great violinist one day.



Then, school itself, filled with bells,
tests, bubble gum...



Mr Bat's squiggly sums



silly boys and paper aeroplanes...

Ordinary

The ordinary things

My life passes by

And I wonder why the world keeps spinning

Ringin' bells and tickin' clocks

Squiggly sums and smelly socks

The world keeps singing

And the world keeps spinning

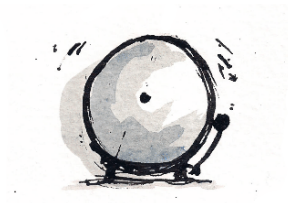
Ordinary

The ordinary things

My life passes by

And I wonder why the world keeps spinning

World keeps spinning etc



And then it's time to go back home...
...to give Tortellini his absolute favourite
afternoon snack - ginger nut biscuits!



She often dreams of a lady swimming
with very long hair floating behind her.

What the ravioli is going on?!

(Yes, tortoises do sing sometimes.)

Large snowflakes danced down into the park making the playground look like a delicious frosted cake.



There's something strange about this snow

You know

The Inuit have 50 words for snow.

You know

There's all sorts of snow

There's frost

Fresh snow

Snow you can eat, snow that's not snow

Crunchy snow

Sticky snow, fluffy snow

All sorts of snow, snow blizzards

Snow cakes

It's snow joke

The Inuit live at the roof of the world

In the North Pole

Yes! Where polar bears and walrus roam

A magic realm indeed

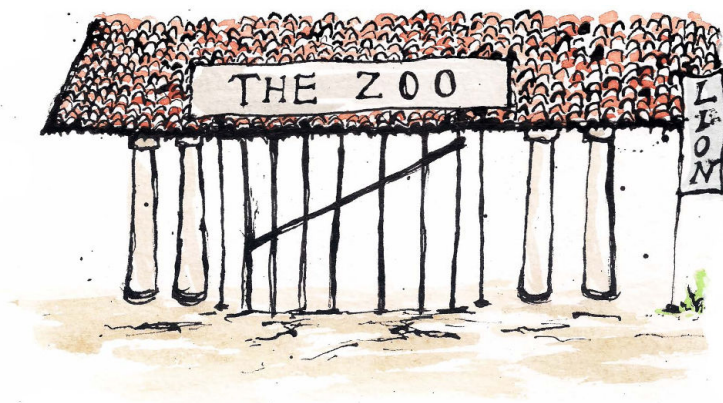


"Did you know Dewi, the Inuit people have an ancient tradition of mythology?"

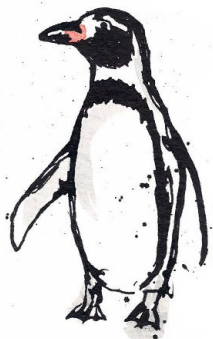
"Sedna is the goddess of the seas. She controls the tides, the waters, the animals, the elements..."

"The world is warming up, because human beings are polluting it and it's messing up all the temperatures.... Still. What can I do really? I'm just Dewi Sisingamaraja and you're just a pasta-shaped tortoise."

PART 2: THE ZOO



The exotic bird enclosures of the zoo came into sight, and they were there! Without a moments hesitation, they dashed through the towering gates and into the zoo...



Elephants, kangaroos, platypuses, rhino poos

The zoouuu

The zoo the zoo

Snarling snakes, timid toads, sassy sea lions

Here in all their glory

Don't you put your fingers through the bars

Or you might find them in the jaws

Of very, very hungry creatures

Don't you look that panda in the eye

Or crush that pretty butterfly

Better be on your best behaviour

The zoouuu

The zoo the zoouuu

Fin, fur, feather, claw

Tail, scale, flutter, paw

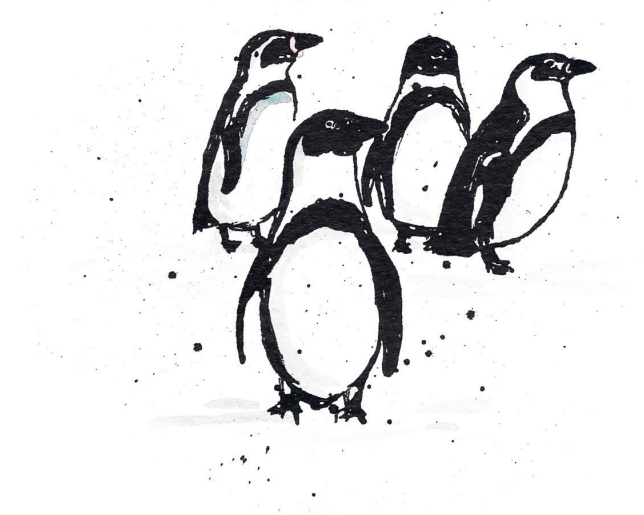
Sharp jaws, open doors

All the creatures at the zoouuu

The zoo, the zoou!!

Poor Tortellini skidded and slipped all over
the shiny wet floor of the
penguin enclosure.

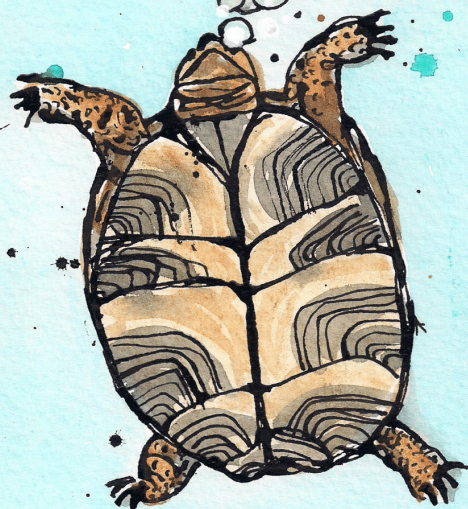
Very soon he began to lose control
entirely and found himself moving all too
quickly towards.... the penguin pool!!



Dewi found herself being
dragged downwards
by an extremely strong current.



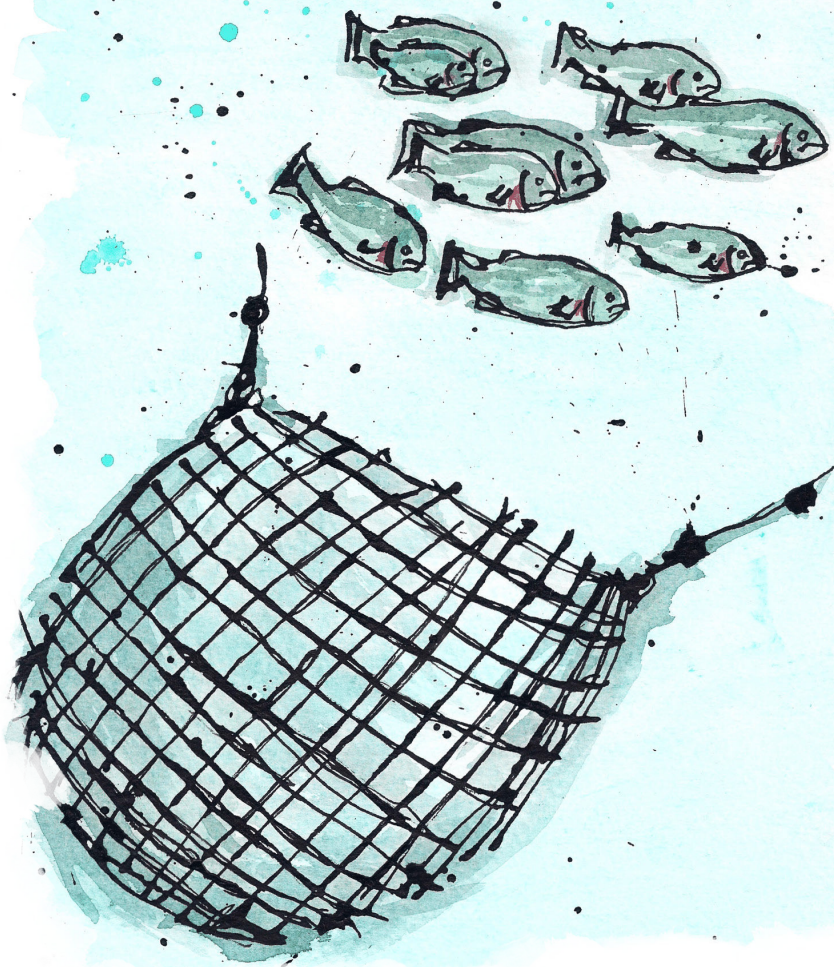
I'm falling,
I'm falling deep



PART 3: THE TRAWLER

We're heading North
Heading North
Up to the Arctic Circle
Why don't ya come with us
Why don't ya tag along
We're going up to have some fun
Times are getting tough
Times are getting hard
There's not much food
But there's plenty of fish in the sea
But what about me?
I can't just survive on algae!

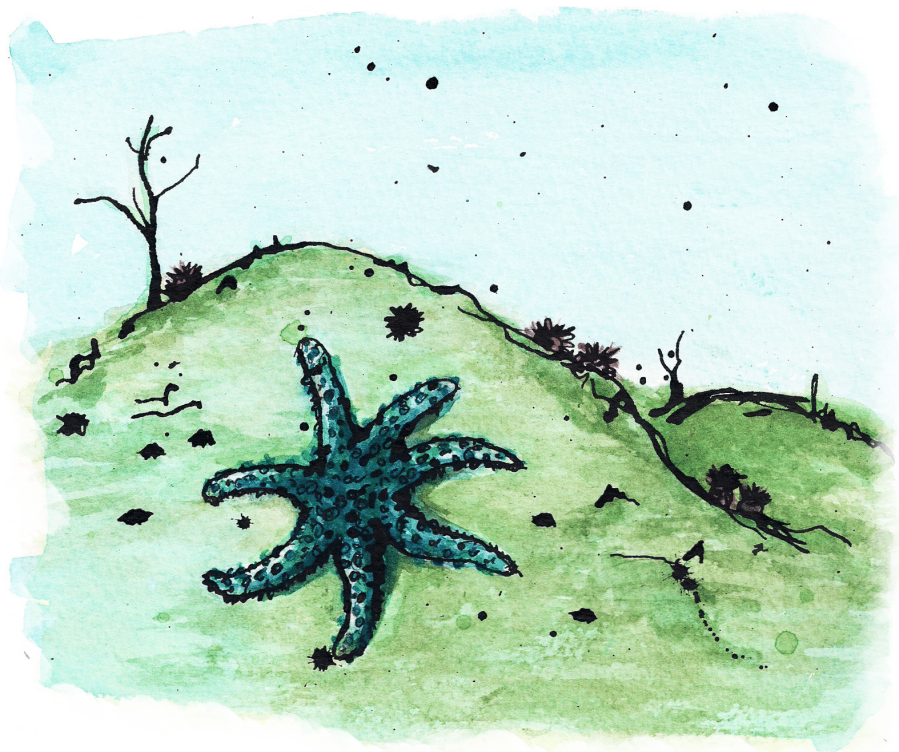
Out of nowhere, a net like a giant spider web glided silently through the water and surrounded them from all sides...

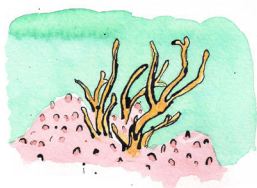


They were trapped!

PART 4: LITTLE BLUE AND THE OIL RIG

Dewi and Tortellini turned to look down
and saw a perfectly tranquil starfish
watching wisely from the sea floor.





The ocean

A strange old place

I called it my home for many years

But no one feels safe anymore

Not even safe on the ocean floor

They sometimes drag the nets along

Even though we've done nothing wrong

But human!... and tortoise where are you headed?

I've not seen your sort round these parts

I hide and disappear

When trouble comes near

When humans burn coal it releases mercury

It floats in the atmosphere, dissolves in the sea

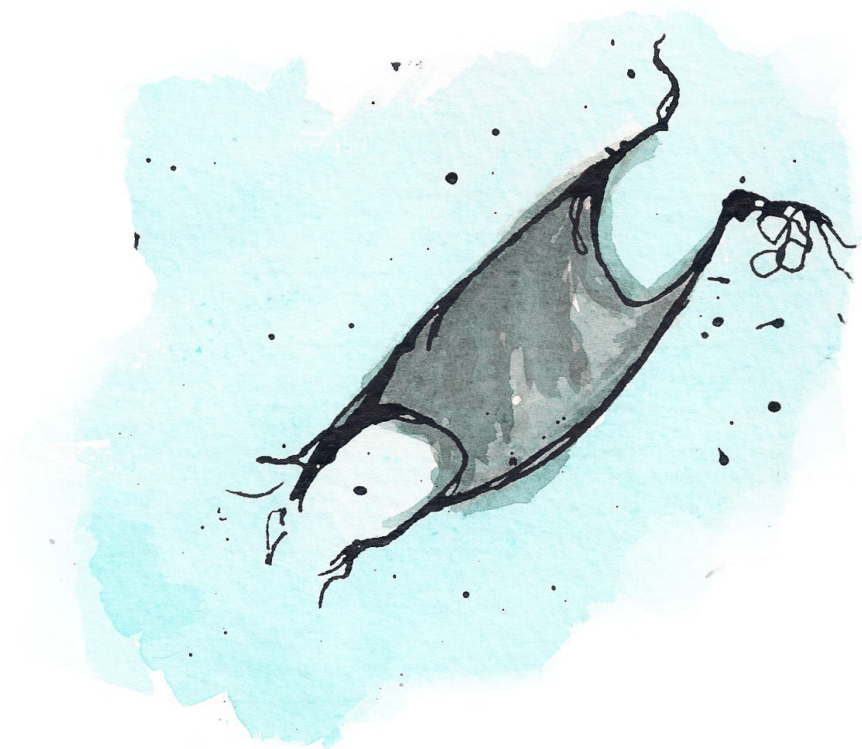
The poor sea bass and other creatures soak it up

It's harmful for the animals and the human beings

that eat them!



(A mermaid's purse)



"Oh please... call me
Coscinasterias tenuispina.
Or Little Blue for short."

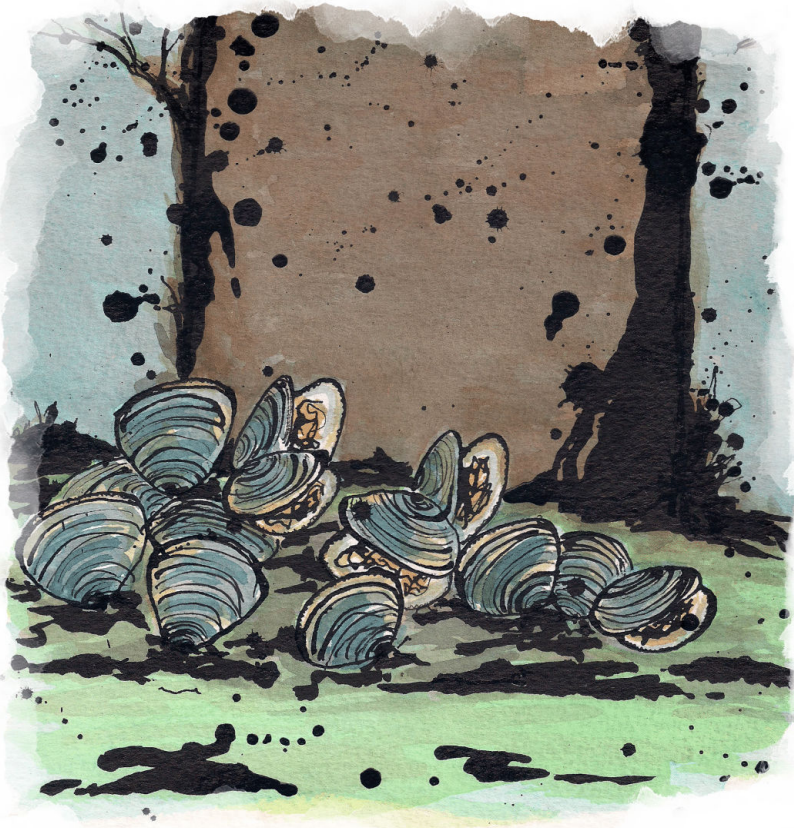
Soon they spotted the oil rig Little Blue had mentioned.



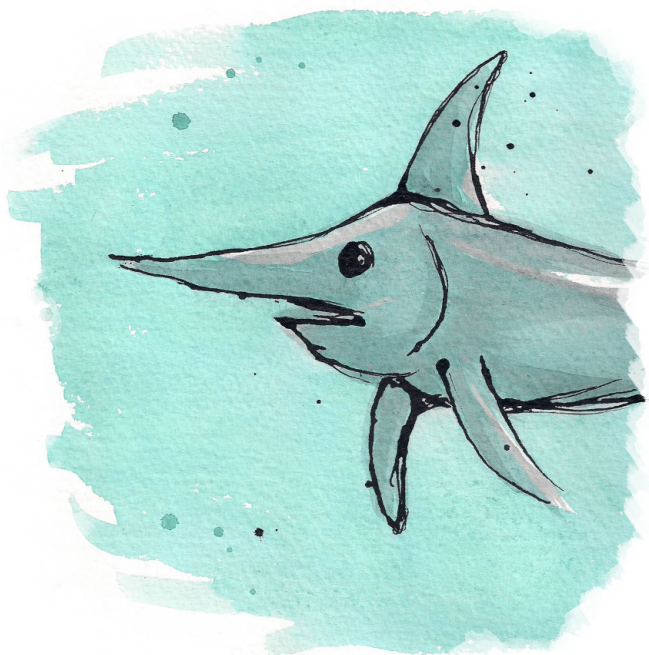
Its huge, ugly, metal pillars bored down
into the ocean floor.

We thrive where others don't
Where others don't
We thrive where others don't
Where others don't
I think you'll find there's no
one else around
To join our festival of sound!
Why don't you come and
sing with us?
Come and join our fiesta!
Have a little siesta!

Almost everything's contaminated with oil out
here, it's so easy to get covered in the stuff...
It's a sticky end for most...



PART 5: THE PLASTICBERG

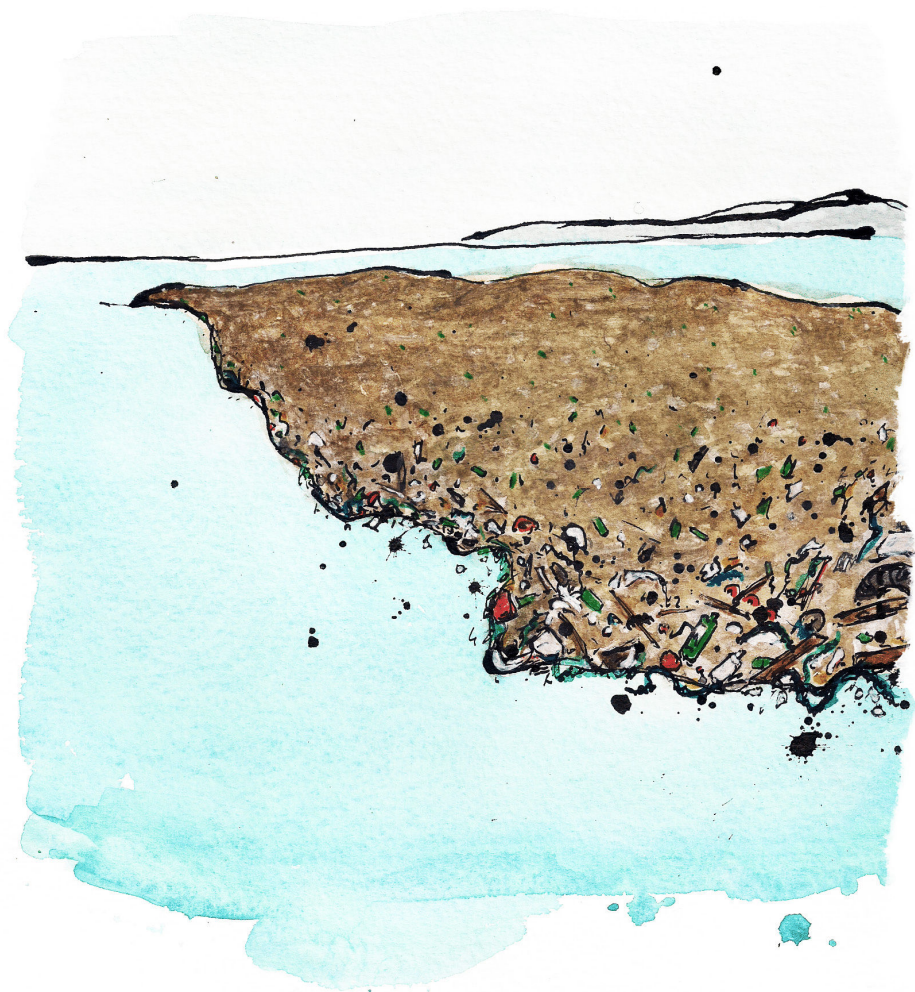


Suddenly

It's hard to understand
Such beauty and such tragedy
If I'd known this all along
I'd have written us a song
To sing to humans everyday
Why don't we leave our oceans be?

Hmmm, fishy, she thought...

And as they looked up they saw thousands and thousands of not just plastic bags, but plastic bottles and fishing nets, packed to-gether in a plasticky soup!



"Did you know Dewi,
that Jellyfish are thought to be
the oldest creatures
in the world?"

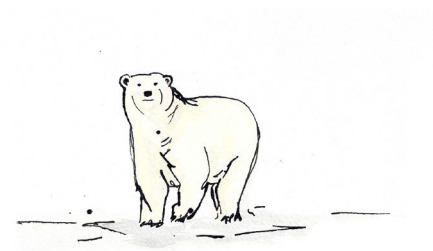


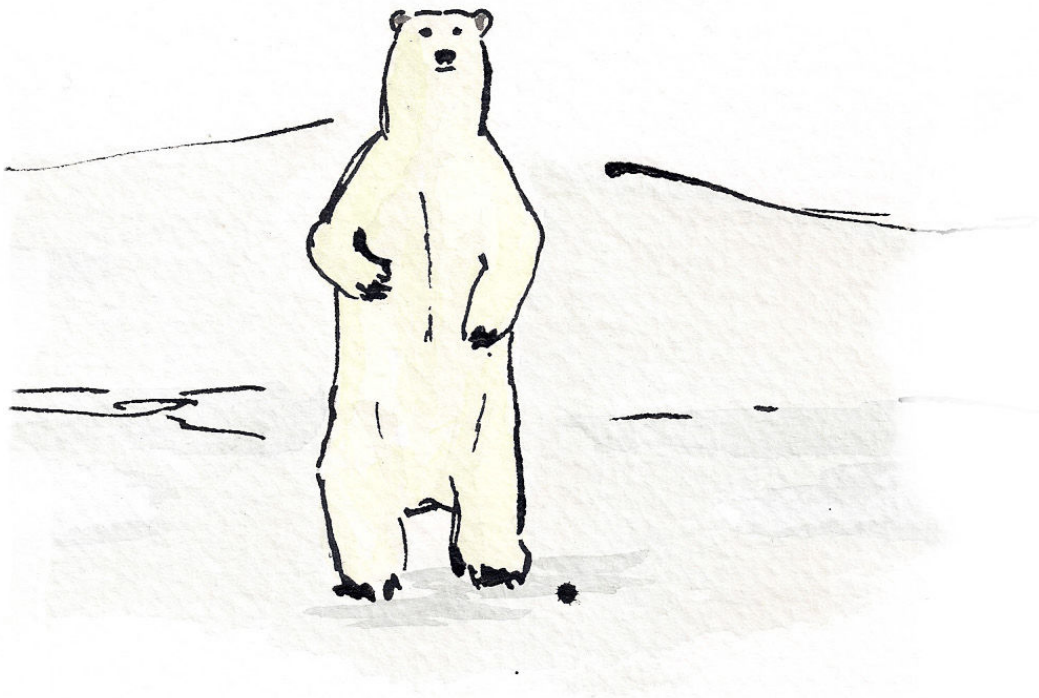
PART 6: THE MELT

Dewi took a joyous leap
onto the ice and slipped and
whizzed over the surface,
Tortellini skidding along on his
back beside her.



There, at the very edge of the ice
sheet, gazing up at the iceberg,
was an **enormous** polar bear.





At the top of the world
We live closer to the sky
We tread amongst ancient paths
Inhale, inhale ancient stories
Inhale the earth

We are very few now.

PART 7: SEDNA

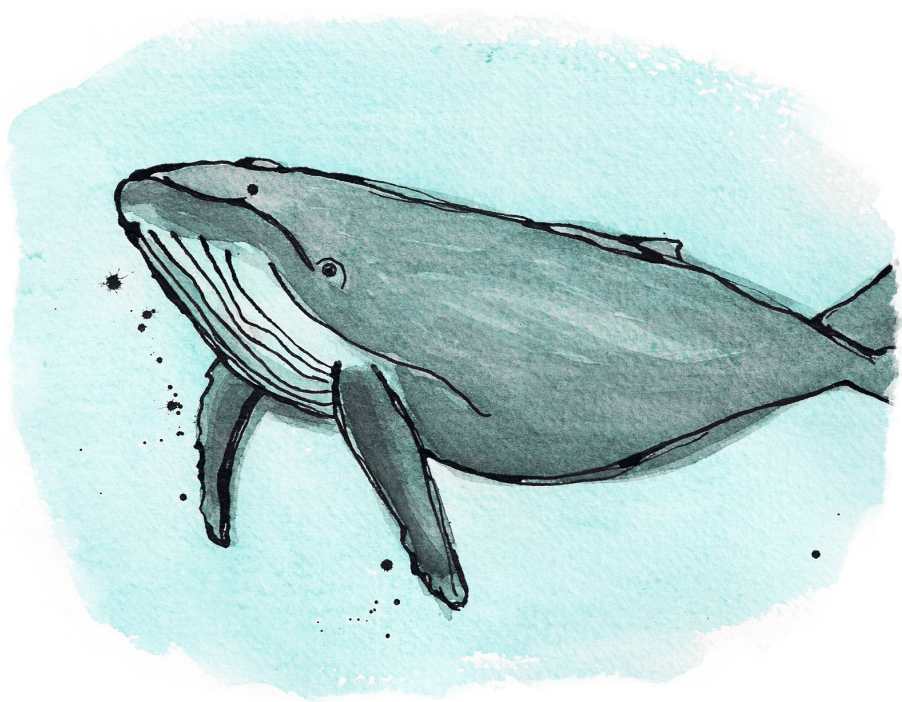
It seemed as if the seaweed hummed, each strand emanating a different musical note. They were surrounded by sacred sound.



In the dark, eyes flickered and
flashed in the depths...

"Sharks are the guardians of the
ocean"





And as if by magic, there in an opening
of dense seaweed, an enormous
humpback whale came into view, drifting
slowly through the weeds.

They didn't know me at all

But they took my hand

Showed me around their blue world

Seaweed and sand

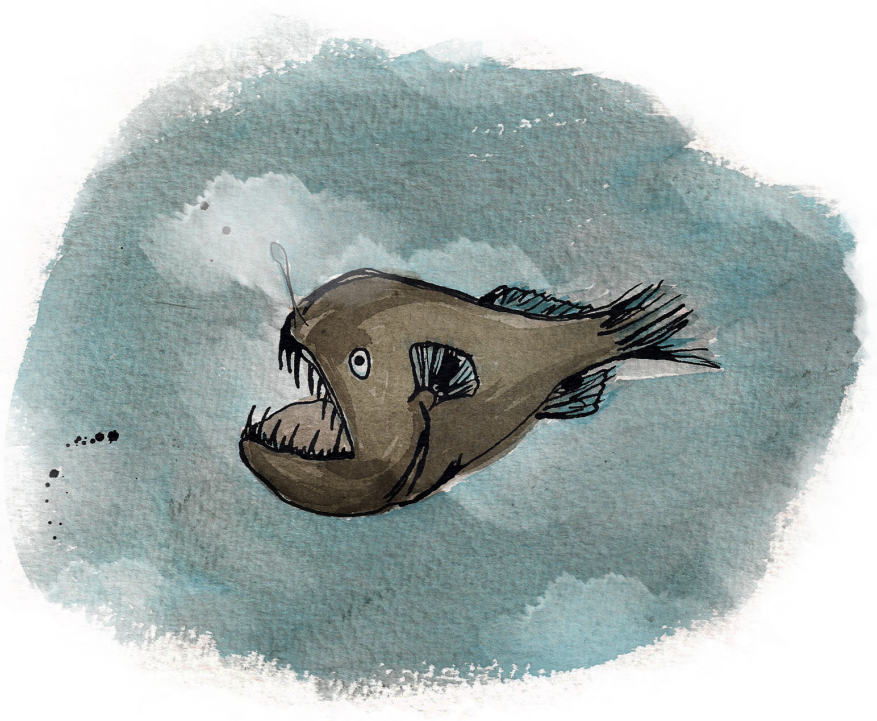
Sometimes we flew and sometimes we swam

They showed me things

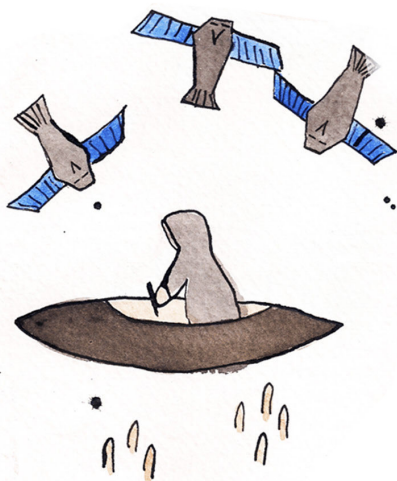
I don't understand

"WHALES CAN COMMUNICATE
WITH EACH OTHER ACROSS
HUGE DISTANCES
WITH THEIR SONGS!
ENTIRE OCEANS IN FACT!"

Thank goodness the whale had also managed to swallow a glowing angler fish, which flickered frantically around the walls of the whale's mouth, lighting up the sides.



"This is the story of Sedna!"



Seeing their world
in miniature like
this, it was so
clear to see what
their world had
become.



Dewi and Tortellini curled up together on the whale's wobbly tongue, shut their eyes, and as they drifted off to sleep, wondered what had become of their world and what they might do to save it.

PART 8: NOT SO ORDINARY



She was back! Back in her little bedroom,
with its spotty wallpaper, back in
Dollis Hill, London...

But how did she even get
back?!

A whale! Did it... did it take
her ALL the way back to
London?





Perhaps it was all just a dream...

But it can't have been.

The whale,

the bear and the ice.

The jellyfish and the plastic.

The clams and the oil.

The sea bass and the net.

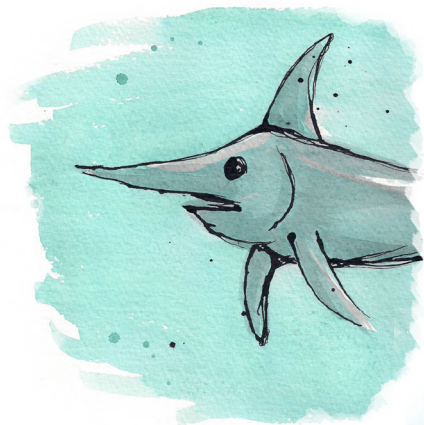
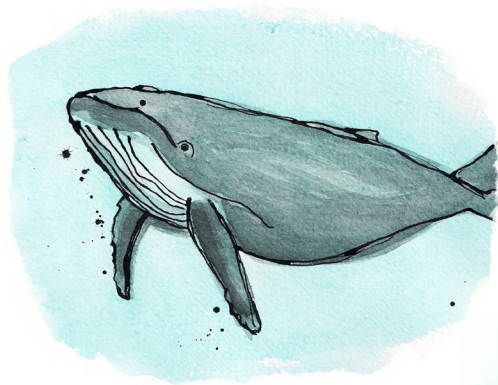
Little Blue.

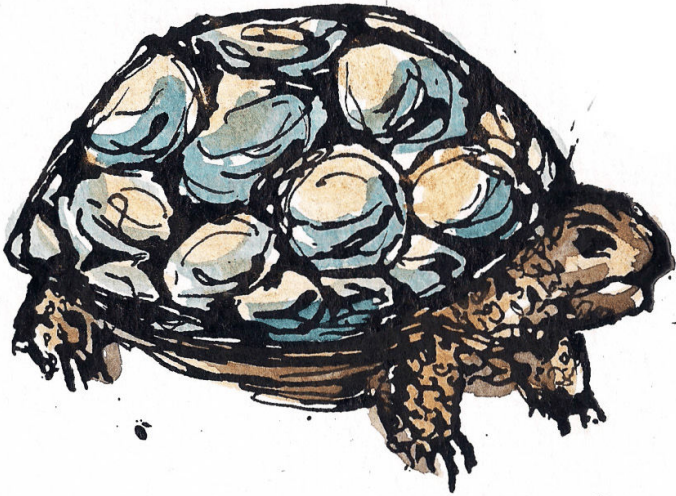


From that day on
Dewi Sisingamaraja has done
things a bit differently...

There are many kinds of
eight-year-olds.

But like Dewi, all of them
have the chance to protect
their planet, their oceans and
the creatures in them. We all
must do our bit. Listen...





THE END

A story brought to you by The Opera Story

Written by Lucie Treacher

Music by Joaquim Badia and Lucie Treacher

Illustrated by Flora Mackay

Narrated by Paul Elliott

Sung by Satriya Krisna, Lucie Treacher and Paul Elliott

With Orchestra for the Earth, conducted by John Warner

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and The D'Oyly Carte Charitable Trust

the opera
story



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