

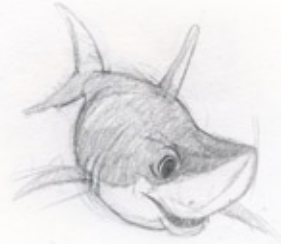
The book cover features a watercolor-style illustration of an underwater scene. In the background, two thatched-roof huts on stilts stand on a sandy beach. The water is a vibrant blue, populated by several anthropomorphic sea creatures: a hammerhead shark with large eyes, a smiling manta ray, a sea turtle, a large grey shark with a yellow eye, and a smaller grey shark. A small striped fish is also visible near the bottom. The title 'The Adventures of Shark Stanley & Friends' is written in a large, black, serif font across the middle of the cover.

The Adventures of
Shark Stanley
& Friends

by Ben Goldfarb & Leah Meth
illustrated by Dan Yagmin Jr.

Special Thanks to

Yale School of Forestry & Environmental Studies
Transcontinental Printing
Pew Environment Group
Shark Defenders
Angelo Villagomez



Shark Stanley and Friends copyright © 2013 Leah Meth
Text copyright © 2013 by Leah Meth and Benjamin Goldfarb
Illustrations copyright © 2013 by Daniel Yagmin Jr.
Design copyright © 2013 by Monte Kawahara

All Rights Reserved. Printed in Canada by Transcontinental Printing.
For information on permission to reprint selections from this book,
please write to info@sharkdefenders.com

www.sharkstanley.com

The Adventures of Shark Stanley & Friends

by Ben Goldfarb & Leah Meth
illustrations by Dan Yagmin Jr.

In a tropical sea, under surf and bright sun
Thrived a beautiful reef that was second to none.
From corals to sponges, from gobies to grouper,
All creatures agreed that their home was just super.
And this reef was the dazzling deep-sea domain
Of four special friends at the top of the chain.



Shark Stanley the Hammerhead led the quartet
With the strangest of noggins that ever you've met.
His face took the shape of a capital "T,"
And his big, wide-set eyes allowed Stanley to see
The whole shining ocean, every last bubble,
To help keep his pals from seeking out trouble.

But trouble was usually there to be found
When Pierre the Porbeagle was swimmin' around.
Up glided Pierre to Shark Stan and his chums
And, grinning with two thousand teeth in his gums,
Said, "Do you guys see that big jungle of kelp?
I can't wait to explore it – who wants to come help?"



Manta Reina cruised over, enormous wings spread.
"Calm down now, Pierre, don't go losing your head.
Try some plankton like me – it's truly delicious.
Do all of your meals have to be made up of fishes?"
She dipped and she swirled, her mouth open wide,
And a whole swarm of copepods vanished inside.



Just then the friends met with a pleasant surprise:
Said Waqi the Whitetip, "Hey, what's up, guys?"
Waqi loved traveling – she was always in motion.
Dozens of times she had crossed the whole ocean.
"It's great to be home," Waqi said with a smile.
"The reef still looks great, though it's been awhile."

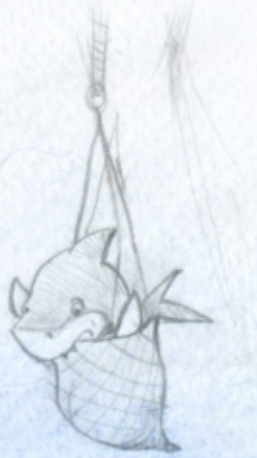




“Enough yakking!” called Pierre, “we don’t have all day.
I see something shiny and I want to go play!”
“Don’t touch that!” yelled Stanley, but it was too late,
For Pierre had chomped down on a fisherman’s bait.
“I’b god a hook in my lib!” the unlucky shark wailed.
The poor porbeagle’s jaw had been neatly impaled.

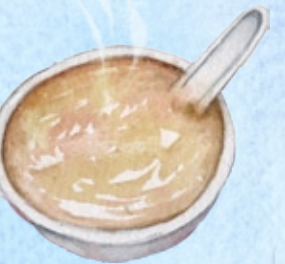
What the sharks didn’t know was that hook was connected
To a vast human system that had long been perfected.
For that huge fishing line was so terribly strong
That thousands of hooks had been strung all along,
And millions of miles of lines such as these
Were snatching up sharks in all the world’s seas.

And what happens to sharks once the line’s hauled aboard?
The fisher unsheathes a long knife or sharp sword
And does something so awful, so gruesome, so grim:
He kneels over the shark, takes off every last fin
And a beautiful creature, the king of the ocean,
Has been killed just for fins — what a heartbreaking notion!



Now we know that shark-finning’s a terrible deed,
But don’t blame the fisher for trying to feed
His wife and his children, perhaps living in squalor.
So he sells the shark fins, and he makes a good dollar.
And the fins then get sent, in a single fell swoop
To be dried and shipped out and turned into soup

So that some pricey restaurants, from Hong Kong to New York,
Can sell bowls of shark soup with their chicken or pork.
But here’s the dirtiest secret: it doesn’t taste very good!
People just eat it ‘cause they think that they should.
So millions of sharks get de-finned every year
For the sake of becoming just a food souvenir.





FRESH FISH

SHARK FINS

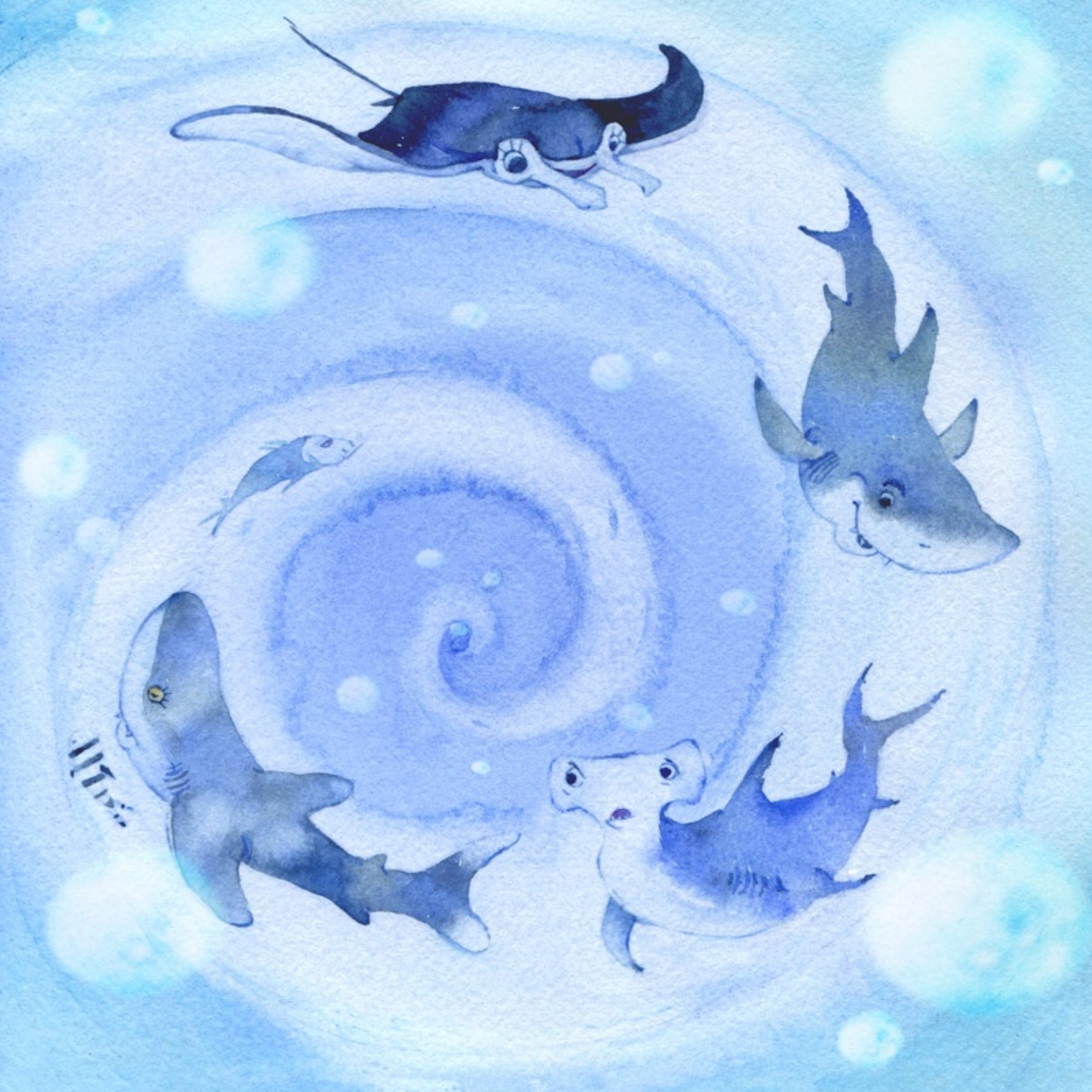
MENU
SHARK FIN SOUP
110.00

With a crank of a winch, the line started to rise
And Shark Stanley saw fear in Pierre's big black eyes.
"They're pullig me ub!" Pierre shouted with fright.
"Don't worry," said Stanley, "we're going to fight!"
As the fishermen hauled, Reina used her wingtip
To yank out the hook from Pierre's lower lip.

"I'm free!" Pierre hollered. "Thanks to you, I'm alive!"
"We did it!" said Reina. "Looks like we'll survive."
The sharks turned to head back to their balmy lagoon
But just then, from above, came a giant harpoon
Whistling toward Reina, who heard fishermen say,
"We just lost the shark, but we can still get the ray!"

Manta Reina turned pale, for she'd lately been hearing
About strong human hunters who'd been skillfully spearing
Helpless mantas like her, and removing their gills
To be ground up and turned into medical pills,
Although many a doctor had written a letter
Saying manta ray gills don't make sick people better.





Reina leapt from the waves and up into the sky
“Holy cow!” yelled the hunters, “that manta can fly!”
She jumped like a porpoise, she splashed through the spray,
“Grab your spears!” cried the fishers, “she’s getting away!”
As the hunters came closer, what kind shark should appear,
But Waqi the Whitetip, shouting, “Get over here!”

“I know the seas well through my epic migrations,
And among what I’ve learned are the currents’ locations.
Follow me and I’ll help you escape your distress!
The Great Current will get us right out of this mess.
Let’s head for the current – just follow those whales!”
Off they went, with Stan and Pierre on their tails.

They entered the current, and were instantly swirled
For six months, they were carried all over the world.
They saw icebergs and narwhals, giant squid and dugongs.
They frolicked with dolphins and held whale sing-a-longs
Till at last, after months, to their true disbelief,
The Great Current took them back to their home reef!

But was it really their reef? 'Cause they couldn't quite tell.
The smell of the kelp seemed to ring a faint bell
Yet it all looked so different – and all for the worse...
As though some evil spirit had laid a cruel curse!
The water was dark with foul bits of black grime
And where once was bright coral, now only grey slime.



"I'll tell you," sobbed the turtle, "it's an awful sad tale.
As soon as you left, the reef started to fail.
With you out of the picture, the medium fish
Like the groupers and snappers could do what they wished.
Their numbers exploded without sharks around
And they ate all the small fish, whose numbers plunged down."

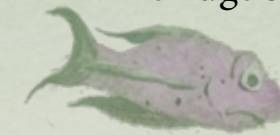
"This is gross!" yelled Pierre, "this slime's gunking my gills.
"And where are the fish? This reef gives me the chills."
"It gets worse," Stan sighed, shaking his hammer-shaped head.
The friends followed his gaze, and were soon filled with dread.
They saw bottles and wrappers and pieces of plastic.
They'd seen pollution before, but this was so drastic!



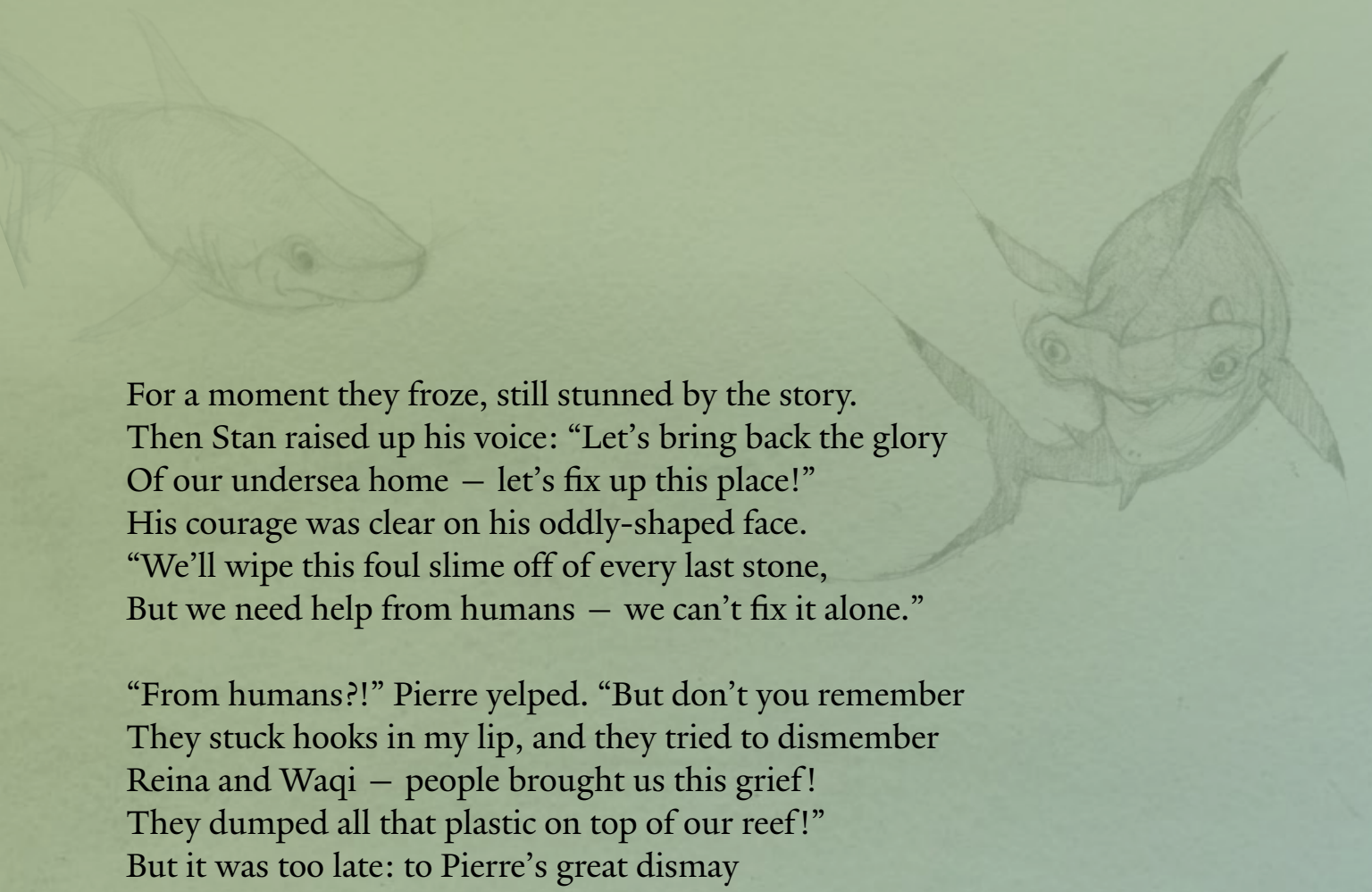
"That's awful!" cried Waqi, "those poor little dears."
"That's nothing," said Myrtle, "just you wait 'til you hear.
It's the small fish, the guppies, who eat all of the weeds
And help give the coral the space that it needs.
But there's so few of them left that they just can't devour
All that nasty grey slime getting worse by the hour."

Just then came a cough from behind a grey lump.
"Welcome," wheezed a small voice, "to your new home, the dump!"
"Could it be?" Reina asked. "That sounds like my friend Myrtle!"
And out limped a trash-covered, slime-coated turtle.
"What happened, Myrtle?" yelled Stan. "Something smells fishy.
What's up with this plastic, and why's our reef grown so squishy?"

"And the plastic?" asked Stan. "How'd the trash all arrive?"
"Glad you asked," Myrtle said. "Once the reef took a dive
The fishermen here just stopped paying attention
Without reason to care, they no longer mentioned
All the trash swirling in, from near and from far,
The huge slicks of oil, the great globules of tar."







For a moment they froze, still stunned by the story.
Then Stan raised up his voice: “Let’s bring back the glory
Of our undersea home – let’s fix up this place!”
His courage was clear on his oddly-shaped face.
“We’ll wipe this foul slime off of every last stone,
But we need help from humans – we can’t fix it alone.”


“From humans?!” Pierre yelled. “But don’t you remember
They stuck hooks in my lip, and they tried to dismember
Reina and Waqi – people brought us this grief!
They dumped all that plastic on top of our reef!”
But it was too late: to Pierre’s great dismay
Stan shot up to the surface and began splashing spray.

On the beach, people saw unmistakable fins.
They all put down their nets and, grinning big grins,
Cried: “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.”

They all hopped in canoes and strapped on their flippers.
They grabbed for their gloves and they picked up their clippers,
And they trimmed away plastic and wiped away slime,
And they planted young corals, and in several months’ time
The reef had grown back – it looked better than new,
Filled with turtles and groupers and moray eels 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 oodles of cash,
And they paid local folks for the honor to dive
And the fishermen cried, “Sharks are worth more alive!”

From that very day forward, no one cut off the fins
Of a shark or a ray, because everyone wins
When we live and let live, when we forget about greed,
When we help threatened creatures, when we take what we need
And not an ounce more, so we’re asking you please
To help Shark Stanley and friends keep patrolling the seas!

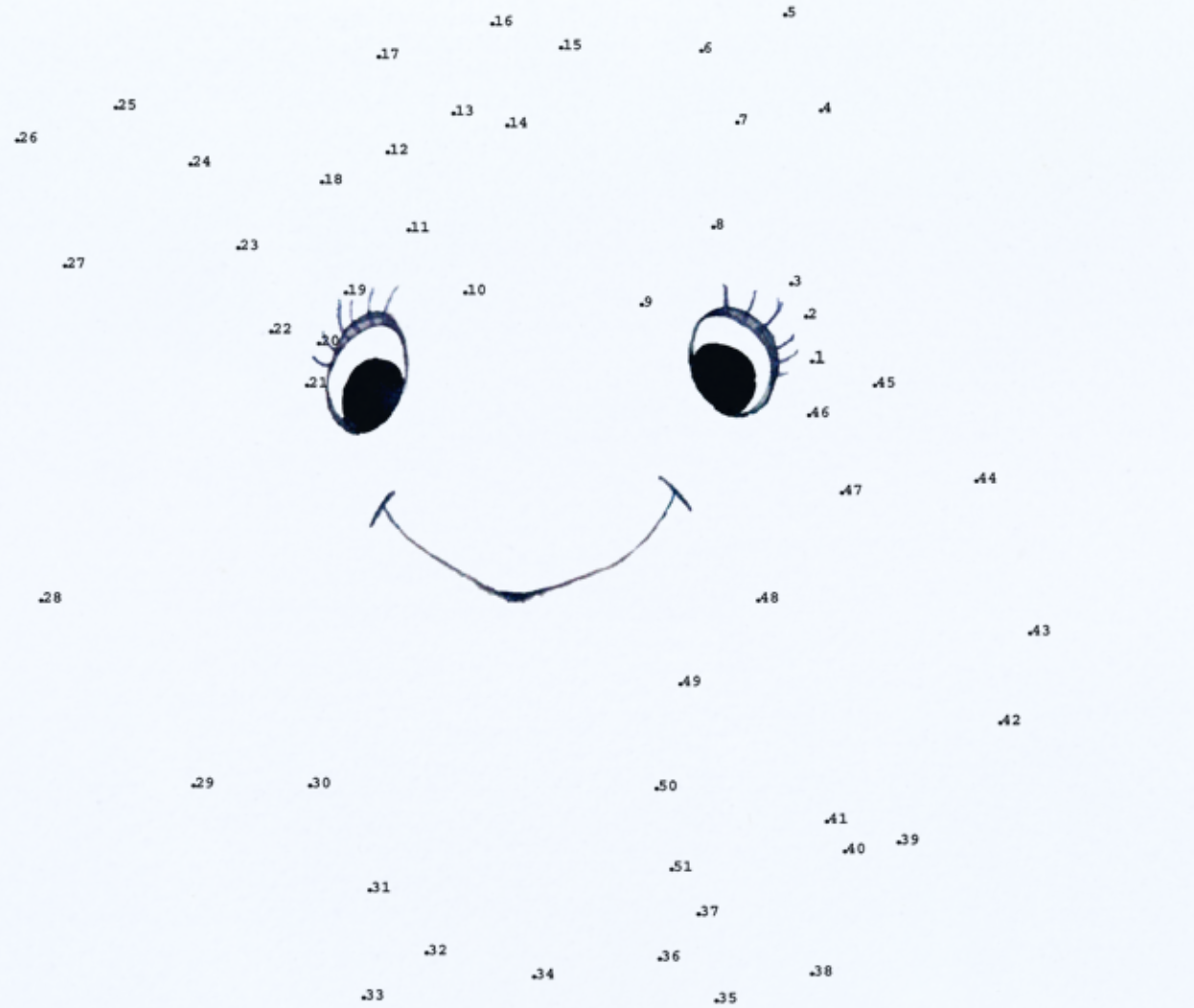






Connect the Dots!

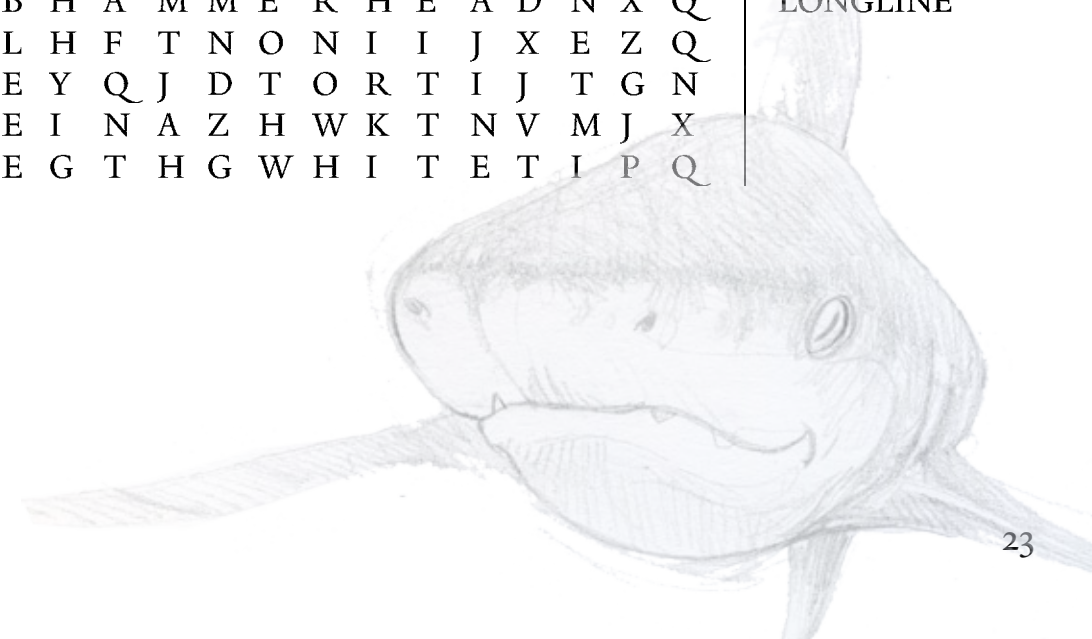
My wingspan can be up to 5 meters!
 I'm very smart; I have the biggest brain of all fish.
 I like to eat plankton, the tiniest creatures in the sea.
 I'm an acrobat and love barrel rolling with my friends.



Waqi's Wordsearch

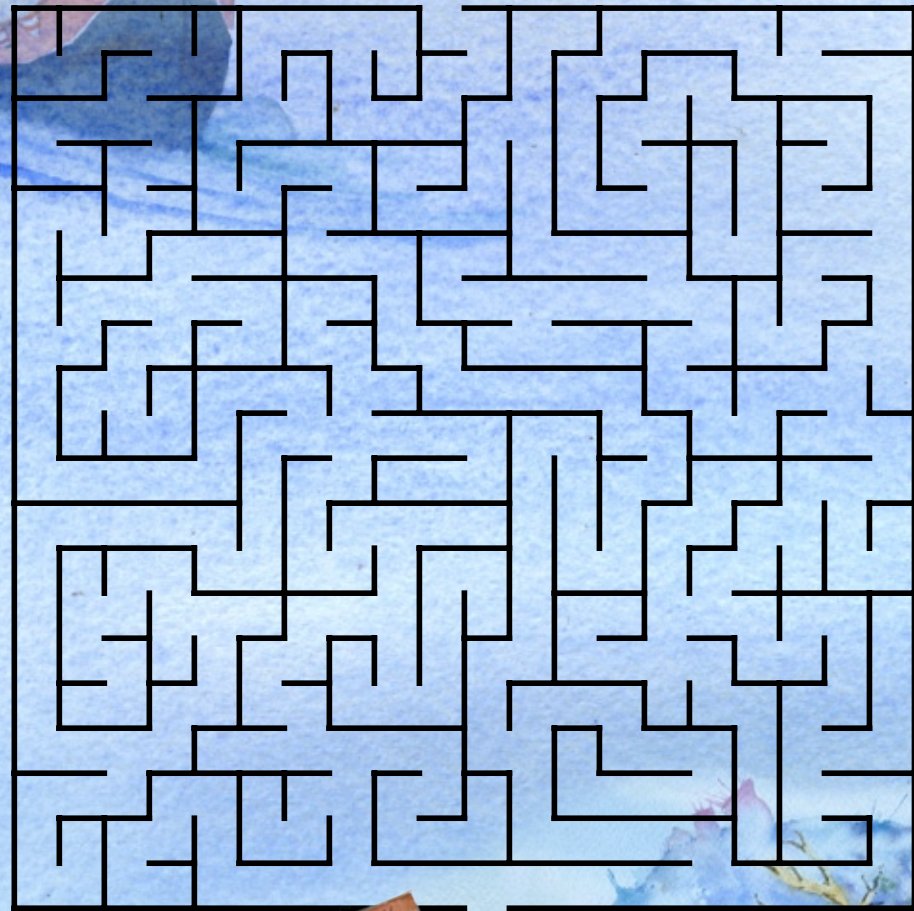
C	U	I	P	V	K	J	Y	L	S	K	C	P	X	U	I	G	J	J	F
G	Y	K	V	W	R	D	J	C	F	R	T	G	Q	F	I	N	S	O	I
V	Y	O	I	J	M	H	K	X	C	I	U	T	K	Z	V	Y	K	O	S
H	Y	O	V	P	H	A	G	T	Q	V	B	U	J	X	L	R	P	H	H
F	B	I	K	M	V	L	N	A	I	P	O	R	B	E	A	G	L	E	E
D	U	F	L	X	Q	B	W	T	V	Y	H	T	U	H	Q	Q	K	M	R
H	X	L	E	U	Q	H	Q	W	A	D	O	L	S	D	U	F	D	O	Y
O	L	K	Q	V	L	S	Z	I	I	R	L	E	V	P	C	M	I	A	G
Z	R	P	S	H	G	U	U	X	C	H	A	D	X	H	V	O	Y	S	N
D	E	K	T	X	M	S	D	N	N	L	N	Y	M	Q	I	M	L	V	I
W	E	W	A	L	K	T	N	P	L	A	N	K	T	O	N	A	O	M	W
Q	F	A	N	C	Q	A	H	H	H	S	U	O	F	R	J	E	N	F	R
G	L	F	L	S	R	I	G	A	F	K	N	P	T	W	T	B	G	V	M
Y	H	G	E	Q	D	N	N	H	I	R	P	Y	G	U	O	B	L	P	X
F	Z	S	Y	C	P	A	L	A	Q	M	V	X	C	T	J	W	I	B	R
Z	F	W	I	Z	I	B	H	A	M	M	E	R	H	E	A	D	N	X	Q
J	V	I	Y	L	E	L	H	F	T	N	O	N	I	I	J	X	E	Z	Q
V	F	N	K	R	R	E	Y	Q	J	D	T	O	R	T	I	J	T	G	N
A	F	Z	L	U	R	E	I	N	A	Z	H	W	K	T	N	V	M	J	X
O	G	A	Z	W	E	E	G	T	H	G	W	H	I	T	E	T	I	P	Q

- SHARK
- MANTARAY
- REINA
- PLANKTON
- PORBEAGLE
- PIERRE
- WHITETIP
- WAQI
- HAMMERHEAD
- STANLEY
- FINS
- SUSTAINABLE
- FISHERY
- REEF
- TURTLE
- LONGLINE

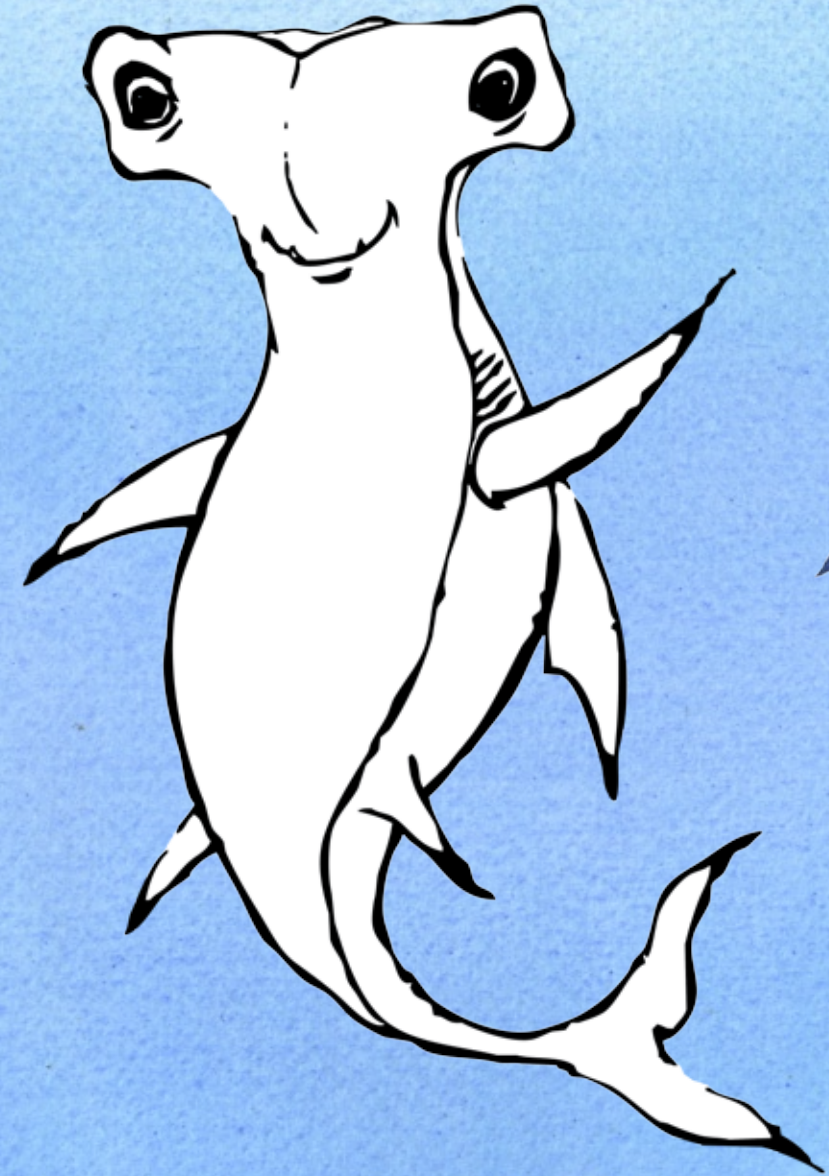


Help Shark Stanley Get Back Home!

Did you know that up to 73 million sharks are caught each year? This is especially bad news because it takes sharks a long time to grow up and they have very few babies. This means that shark populations cannot bounce back very easily from this kind of overfishing. Help Shark Stanley escape the fishing boat and find his way back to the Shark Sanctuary!



Color your own Shark Stanley!



Take us on your own Shark Stanley adventures!
Cut along the dotted lines.



What You Can Do to Protect Sharks

Know the facts! Learn as much as you can about the threats our oceans are facing. Sharks are key predators that regulate food chains and keep marine ecosystems healthy. Without them, we risk the health of the whole ocean. Tell your friends what you learn: together we can make a difference!

Be careful with what you eat! Avoid seafood that results in the “bycatch” of sharks. For example, the longline fishery in the North Atlantic kills 5 sharks for every swordfish caught.

Avoid buying any shark product. Though shark fin soup is the biggest problem, did you know that shark is also in a whole bunch of other things, from fish and chips to cosmetics, clothing, jewelry and herbal medicines?

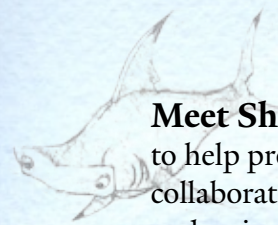
Support banning shark fishing and the sale, trade or possession of shark products in your community – and don’t be afraid to speak up if you see shark fin for sale! The best place to make a difference is your own backyard.

Help keep our oceans clean! Trash and especially plastic pollution hurts all sorts of creatures in the ocean. If you live by the beach, you and your family could organize a cleanup.

Go dive or snorkel with sharks! By supporting ecotourism, you can help make it profitable to keep sharks alive...and being in the water with these beautiful animals helps change negative stereotypes.

Get involved in shark conservation! Volunteer with local organizations that do marine conservation, or ask your teacher if you can learn about sharks in class. You can also join international efforts like Shark Defenders online.

Join the Shark Stanley campaign! Shark Stanley and friends are travelling the world to gain support for international protection of sharks and manta rays. To join the campaign and make sure your voice is heard by key decision makers is simple: cut out Shark Stanley and friends, take a photo with them and send it to info@sharkdefenders.com. Go to www.sharkstanley.com as well as Shark Stanley’s Facebook Page to learn more!



Meet Shark Stanley... a charismatic little hammerhead travelling the world with his friends to help protect sharks and rays! He's the cornerstone of our grassroots campaign which is a collaboration between masters students at the Yale School of Forestry & Environmental Studies and artist Dan Yagmin Jr. Our aim is to provide engaging and creative educational tools to mobilize youth support for shark and manta ray conservation, and ensure that our voices are heard on the international stage. We hope that Shark Stanley and friends will be characters with whom young people can build their own relationships, while making meaningful links with youth around the world as they share their own Shark Stanley adventures.

Dan Yagmin Jr.

Dan 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.



Ben Goldfarb

Ben is an environmental journalist, poet, the editor of Sage Magazine, and a serious nudibranch aficionado.



Leah Meth

Leah studies tropical marine conservation. When not in class, she can be found underwater looking for whales, sharks and any other creature she can find.



Monte Kawahara

Monte is a graphic designer currently studying the art of forestry. In his spare time, he enjoys making music and fighting wildfires.

