

# Shearwater

## Migration

### Journey Script

Imagine you are a seabird flying over the ocean. Gently stretching out your wings. Gliding up and down the wave peaks and troughs as fast as you can back to land. You've been out all day searching the sea.



Time to come home, it's nearly dark you see. Into your burrow all safe and warm. Bringing home the fish to your hungry chick. It's such an important meal packed with all kinds of things; fish, squid, krill and invisible information about the wide open ocean. For tomorrow it's time to fly far away off on a migration journey across the ocean waves.

Out at dawn, the sun rises swiftly, out of the burrow and into the breeze. You have long, strong wings to carry you along. Your body is designed to fly so far. Light bones, streamline feathers and a strong sense of smell to guide you along. Out on the water, you fly close to the waves. Shear-to-the-water to save your energy.

*Invite students to stretch out their wings and begin to fly in a large group circle. Shearwaters fly silently out on the ocean, without flapping wings; this saves energy for the long journey ahead.*

The day is spent hunting for food at sea, following the smell of the ocean delicacies. Watching the coastline disappear from view, now the wide ocean stretches out in front of you. Diving down deep into the waves, wings tucked back, pushing your webbed feet as hard as you can, you find your feed with your strong beak.

*Invite 6 students into the circle to feed on fish. Tucking wings back and pushing with strong webbed feet.*

Resurfacing, you see that others have joined you, enjoying the feast of fish. Tonight, you will rest on the ocean waves together. Sitting wingtip to wingtip, to alert the group in case something comes up from the deep.

*Bring all of the students into the centre of the circle, ask them to sit or stand wingtip to wingtip.*

As the morning breaks, the shearwaters fly off, the ocean temperature is getting warmer, we move into the Coral Sea. Flying past the tiny islands found off the coast of Papua New Guinea.



*Ask the students to begin to fly with wings stretched out and gently glide to the first of our countries marked on the floor.*

You don't land here; it's still a long way to go. Along the edge of the Pacific Ocean. Flying along until you can't anymore. Feeding and resting on the ocean waves. On and on and on you go... up to the coast of Japan.

*Find the coast of Japan and rest out at sea.*

Another day of flying will soon have you there. Into the Sea of Okhotsk (Ok-hot-sk) off the coast of Russia. You've made it in record time to feast in the sun. Food in abundance. Here you will stay until it's time to head home, but not until you've had a belly of fish.

*Encourage a few students to come in and feed on the fish, bending their wings back to dive down.*

After weeks, the Sea of Okhotsk (Ok-hot-sk) is full of birds, the chicks have arrived, showing their brand new feathers. Floating about, it all must end soon. For a feeling is growing inside. One of travelling back home to Lord Howe Island, Australia. It's a long way back, hitting headwinds all the way. Flying and flying until one day, there is a familiar smell drifting over the sea. Right into my nose. I'm home! Finding my burrow at the edge of the forest, I dig down to clear out of the mess to rest inside before our breeding begins!

Adapted from *Shearwater Secrets* by Tracey Gray.

