

Year 5 & 6 Category Runner-up

My Dad, the real-life clean energy superhero

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I live in Tasmania, where the air smells like rain and the trees stretch up like giant green umbrellas. Its one of the most beautiful places in the world, mountains that sing, and beaches that sparkle like they have been sprinkled with sugar.

In this beautiful state my dad is a superhero, however not the kind that wears a cape, (although I secretly think he should)! He is a clean energy superhero. Every day dad talks about energy like it's a treasure, not the gold and diamonds type, but the type that comes from the sun, the wind, and the water. He tells me that Tasmania is lucky as most of our power comes from clean energy, like hydro and wind.

At dinner when I ask him why he cares so much, he smiles the way he does when he knows a really good secret. "Because clean energy means hope" he says.

"Hope that the mountains will stay tall and the rivers will stay wild for you and your kids one day".

Last summer, we travelled to India to visit family. I was excited: new places, new smells, new everything, but I noticed something too. The air felt heavier in the cities. The cars made a loud coughing sound. Sometimes, the electricity flickered and went out. We had candlelit dinner, not because it was fancy but because it was normal.

I asked dad "why is it so busy here?"

He said, "not everyone has clean, steady energy yet, that's why we have to keep trying." He then showed me a rooftop full of tiny solar panels in a small village. Little silver squares, catching sunlight like catching dreams.

When we came home to Tasmania, I started seeing things differently. The way the windfarms looked like armies of white giants, marching across the hills. The way the hydro dams caught the strength and turned into light. I realised my dad was not just being a superhero - he was teaching me to be a superhero too.

Now every time I turn off a light, recycle a bottle, or tell a friend about windfarms, I feel like I am putting on an invisible cape too. Saving the world does not always need super strength- sometimes, it just needs a little care, and someone brave enough to believe small things matter.

Just like my dad!