



Zohn's Tale to Tell


as told by

TRINA PERFECTO

&

illustrated by

JOEL CHUA

A cartoon character with a large head, wide eyes, and a small body is floating in space. He is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and red shorts. He has a small tuft of hair on his head. The background is a dark blue space with a large, bright yellow crescent moon. There are some small white stars and clouds at the bottom.

Hi! Zohn here. I've been wandering about
aimlessly for some time now.

Lost.

Alone.

Do you want to know why?

Let me share with you my story.

I was not always alone, you know. I had friends. I had companions wherever I went and whatever I did.

Oz and I were best buds since the day we were made. We had a strong bond between us, since we were both oxygen atoms. We were called the dioxide molecule. We thought our friendship was one of a kind. Until, one day, we met another pair of atoms also known as dioxide.



They were Zoe and Oxy. Zoe easily warmed up to Oz and me. But I knew Oxy had her apprehensions in becoming friends with another dioxide molecule. Whenever she could Oxy would say that our meeting was a disaster waiting to happen.




One rainy morning, we were hanging out together, when a very strong lightning illuminated our surroundings. The sudden burst of energy caught us by surprise. In our fright, Oz, Zoe and I huddled together. Oxy, however floated away from where we were. I remember her shouting, "I told you so! I told you so!" And that was the last we saw of her.



The lightning's sparks brought us three closer to each other. We started to call ourselves The Ozoehn (Oz, Zoe, Zohn). All through our years in Lower Atmosphere Elementary School, the other atoms and molecules would find us three together.



Because we were still young and immature, the three of us would do naughty things. When we were in our destructive mode, we would act as SMOG or Air Pollutants. We would damage anything made of rubber or plastic, and destroy tissues of plants and animals. We usually caused headaches, burning eyes, or irritations to the respiratory tract of humans. Those were the times when our elders shook their heads and doubted if our bonding together was a really good idea.



But as we grew older, and more mature, we became better individuals and the best threesome ever. When in Upper Atmosphere High School, we had outgrown our selfishness. We became more helpful and considerate. Of course, we still were together all the time.

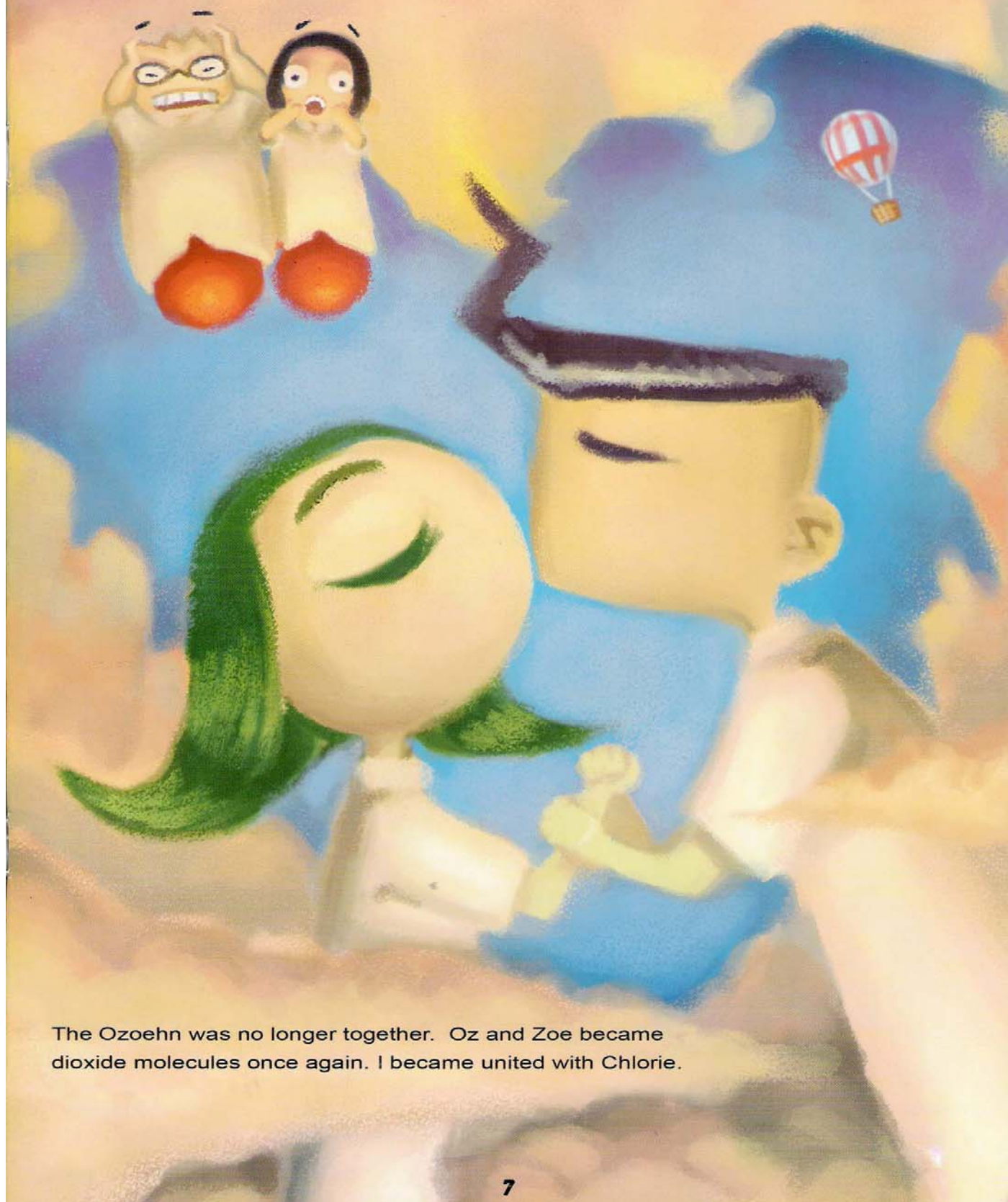
Together, we extended our help to the powerless people who would get bullied by Sunny. Our trio was one of the ten Oh-three (03) groups, in a million Atmosphere air teens, trying to shield the vulnerable from Sunny's harmful UV ray display. We were successful in our cause 95 to 99 percent of the time. That was the prime of our lives. Others finally appreciated our presence. We made our elders proud.

Little did we know that this was also the time we would be tested.
In the last year of high school, during the coldest month of the year, I met
a pretty atomic new student.



Her name was Chlorie. She was a transferee from the old Refrigerator school. She was a very active atom. She liked doing a lot of things. She loved meeting other atoms. I never felt more alive than when I was with her. For the first time in my life, I felt pure excitement and was very much motivated. I thought, "I must be in love!"

However, my friends thought she was bad news. They warned me of her sly ways of breaking the ozone apart. They reminded me of my role as one of the Ozoehn. Oz and Zoe pleaded for me to stay away from her. But my heart was stubborn. So, on a bright spring morning, I decided to leave school and run away with my vibrant, bubbly Chlorie.

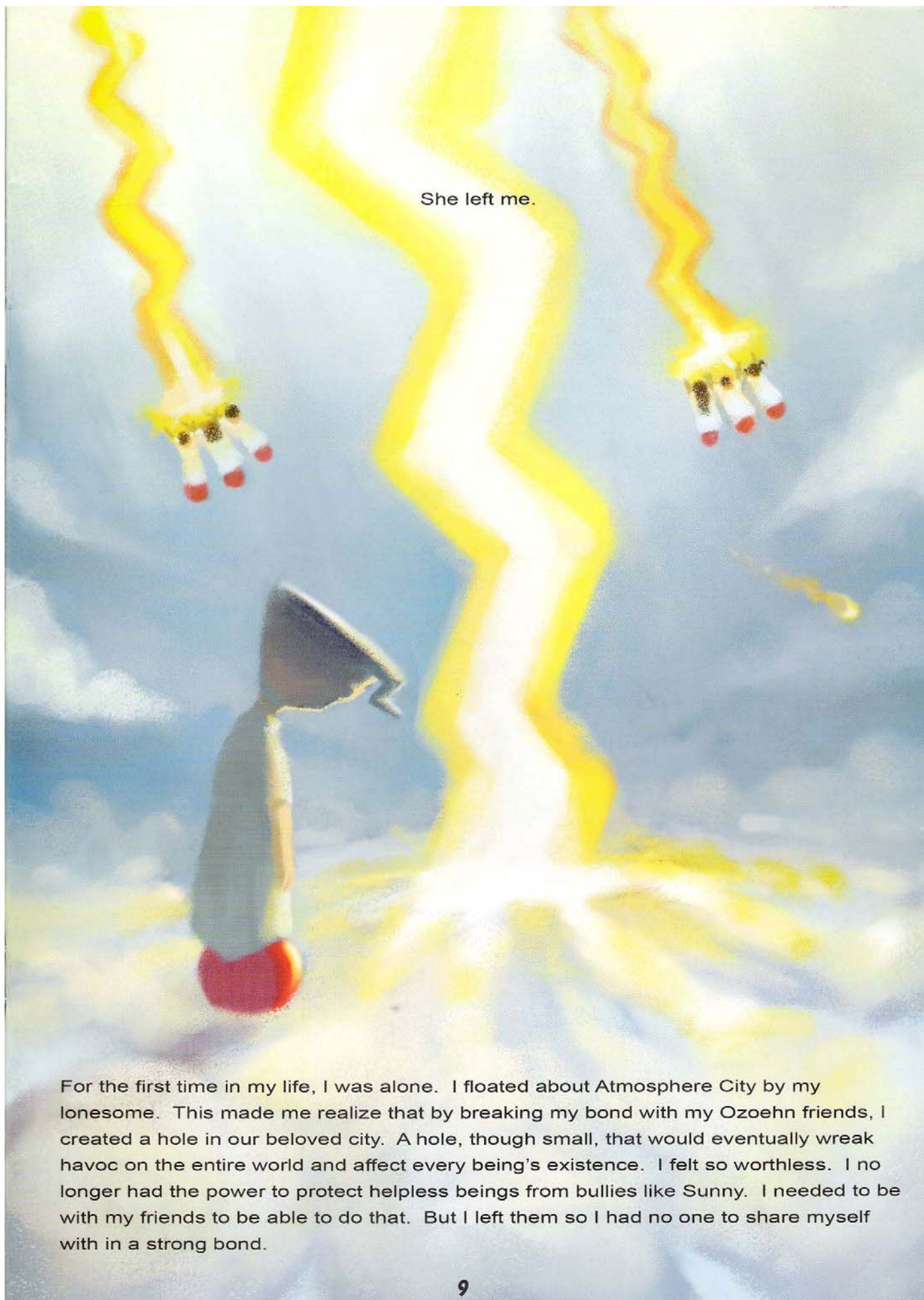


The Ozoehn was no longer together. Oz and Zoe became dioxide molecules once again. I became united with Chlorie.

Chlorie and I had so much fun together. She was the real thing. She brought me to places I never saw before. Atmosphere City was like our own huge playground. All the while we were together, I didn't keep in touch with my old friends. I did not know what was happening to them. They did not have any idea where in the world I was. Still, I did not feel guilt or pain. I continued to be happy in Chlorie's company.



But like any other whirlwind romance, our time together did not last long. When the hottest month of the year came, Chlorie's attention was caught by another atom. I stopped being the center of her life.



She left me.

For the first time in my life, I was alone. I floated about Atmosphere City by my lonesome. This made me realize that by breaking my bond with my Ozoehn friends, I created a hole in our beloved city. A hole, though small, that would eventually wreak havoc on the entire world and affect every being's existence. I felt so worthless. I no longer had the power to protect helpless beings from bullies like Sunny. I needed to be with my friends to be able to do that. But I left them so I had no one to share myself with in a strong bond.

Now, I keep hope that someday I will find Oz and Zoe, or that I might meet another solitary oxygen atom, or maybe a dioxide molecule, to assist me in fulfilling my destiny of being part of an O₃ group once more.

But for the meantime,
I continue to just float around.



Lost.

Alone.

Now you know why.



Republic of the Philippines
Department of Environment and Natural Resources
Environmental Management Bureau

PHILIPPINE OZONE DESK

DENR Compound, Visayas Avenue, Diliman, Quezon City 1116

Telephone Nos: (632) 925-2344 * (632) 928-4696 * (632) 928-1244

Email: ozonewatch@vasia.com * Website: www.emb.gov.ph/philozone/philozone.htm

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