

## Hannah and the Hot Chocolate Revolution

---

“Grandma, tell us the story again!” the twins shouted in tandem with each other, their eyes excited as they climbed up beside her on the big mossy bench in the garden pod.

Grandma Nora chuckled, brushing away grey curls from her face. The sunlight sparked through the dome above them, casting leafy shadows across her wrinkled hands. “The Hannah story again? You two never get tired of that one.”

“Nope,” said Lily, hugging her knees.

“Especially the part about the coffee shop,” added Leo, eyes wide. “And the fish!”

Nora took a sip from her biodegradable cup of synth tea and smiled. “Alright then. It was fifty years ago, back when people still used plastic like it grew on trees. We weren't as smart or careful as we are now. We didn't have smart oceans or compost-credits (points we earn from the government for properly composting organic waste, such as food scraps). And Hannah... well, she was about your age.”

“Was she really real?” asked Lily, half-whispering.

“Oh yes,” Nora said. “And I should know, I knew her. We were best friends.”

“You were friends with the Hannah?” Leo gasped.

Nora smiled mysteriously. “Let me tell you how it all started...”

It was a rainy Tuesday in 2025, and Hannah was tugging at her mother's coat outside The Munchies Coffee Shop.

"I don't want the chocolate today, Mum," she said, staring at the basket near the counter.

Her mum frowned. "But it's your favourite, sea salt caramel!"

"I know," Hannah said, scuffing her boots on the floor. "But they wrap it in plastic. Every. Single. Time. That's hundreds of pieces a week. Where do you think it all goes?"

Her mum blinked. "Well... the bin?"

"Exactly!" Hannah cried. "And then the wind blows it into the sea, and the fish choke on it and...ugh. Why can't they just use paper or something?"

A barista with green-dyed eyebrows overheard. "Sorry, kid," she said kindly.

"It's company policy. But you can always refuse the chocolate."

"I did refuse it!" Hannah said. "But no one else does!"

She stormed out of the café with her hot chocolate steaming in her hands.

That night, Hannah couldn't sleep. She tossed and turned, thinking about dolphins caught in plastic, seagulls pecking wrappers, turtles tangled in bags.

By morning, she had a plan.

"Okay, team," she said, standing on the wobbly bench in the school courtyard. "Who here likes chocolate?"



Everyone raised their hands.

“Who here likes fish?”

Fewer hands, but still most.

“And who here thinks chocolate shouldn't kill the fish?”

That got attention. Heads turned.

“Then sign this!” Hannah held up a hand-made petition. “We're asking Munchies Coffee to stop using plastic for their freebies. We want compostable, biodegradable, fish-friendly wrappers!”

“What's a petition?” asked a 5th Class boy.

“It's like yelling at a company, but politely, and doing it with writing.”

One week later, Hannah and a group of friends from her school, about twenty strong, marched up to the nearest Munchies Coffee branch with a stack of paper and a lot of determination.

A manager in a brown apron blinked at them.

“You want me to take this to the head office?” he asked.

“Yes,” Hannah said. “Or we can stand out here every day with signs that say ‘Killer Chocolate.’”

The manager sighed. “Alright, alright. I'll pass it on.”

And then... things started to change.

Two months later, a big announcement appeared on Munchies' social media pages:

"Exciting News! Munchies Coffee is going green! Starting next month, our chocolate wrappers will be fully compostable! Thank you to the students of Leixlip Primary School for inspiring us!"

Hannah's heart nearly burst.

"And that," said Grandma Nora, "was just the beginning."

"What else did she do?" Leo asked, breathless.

"Did she become, like, a president?" asked Lily.

Nora laughed. "Not quite. But she changed more than a few laws. See, Hannah realised that doing good things for the planet made her feel... good. Not just happy-for-a-minute good, cheerful and joyful. But deep, important good."

"Like how we feel after picking up the park litter with the Tidy Towns initiative!" said Lily.

"Exactly," said Nora. "She started eco-clubs in school. Then, green clubs in her town. She helped design city gardens, created online workshops for clean energy, and once... once she even turned down a job at a mega-corporate organisation because they wouldn't stop dumping waste."

"Whoa," said Leo.

"She made a big deal out of natural capital," Nora continued.

“Natural what?” both kids asked.

“It means the value of nature, the clean air, the water, the bees, the trees. Hannah showed people that protecting these things wasn't just about hugging trees. It was about surviving. About being happy. About hope.”

“Did everyone listen?” asked Lily.

“Not at first,” Nora admitted. “Some people laughed. Some called her a ‘green weirdo.’ But she didn't stop. And every time she acted, more people joined in. She met her best friends through those eco-clubs. She found her career in healing cities and rewilding land. And... she became someone the whole world admired.”

The twins looked at each other with wide eyes.

“Was she famous?” Leo asked.

“She never wanted to be,” Nora said, standing up slowly. “But in the end, people listened. They changed because they saw what one person could do.”

She pointed to the glass dome above them.

“See that?” she said. “That's a breathable sky. That's solar-grown moss. That's reclaimed rainwater feeding our garden. All of that exists because people like Hannah fought for it. She wasn't just saving fish; she was saving us.”

Lily leaned against her grandma. “I want to be like Hannah.”

“Me too,” said Leo.

Nora smiled, a little sadly.

“Well, I suppose you can be,” she said, her voice softer now. “You’ve got her fire.”

The twins blinked.

“What do you mean?” asked Leo.

“She never gave up. She believed small actions make big waves. And she did it all without needing fame or fortune.”

Lily squinted up at her grandma. “You sound like you knew everything about her...”

Nora paused. Then, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, she said:

“Well... maybe that’s because I am Hannah.”

The twins’ jaws dropped.

“WHAT?!” they cried in tandem.

“I changed my name when I turned 30,” Nora said with a grin. “Too many people started calling me ‘the chocolate girl.’ I wanted a little peace and quiet.”

Leo leapt up. “You’re her? You really started all this?”

“I had help,” Nora said, chuckling. “No one changes the world alone. But yes—my first step was saying no to a piece of plastic-wrapped chocolate.”

Lily hugged her tightly. “You’re my hero.”

“And you,” said Nora, hugging them back, “are my legacy.”