

To Human #013

Here, take a seat. I haven't seen anyone like you in a while. I know we're by a flowing river, but the sun's out; today's going to be a good day. Scoot further until your toes kiss the sparkling water. Not too close to the edge or you'll fall in. You can pretend to look at yourself, but don't get too cocky. If your reflection starts to morph into a scary monster or your worst nightmare, you're doing it wrong.

If your reflection is all you see, you're doing it wrong.

The grass here is an immaculate emerald, isn't it? It's believed to be the high protector of this very spot, so please, please don't screw it up. For far too long, my neighboring lands have been destroyed by these highly intelligent species. They look like you but a bit more towering. Since you have some room to grow, and since you're smiling, I think... I kind of like you.

They are gigantic yet small things that loom over everything smaller than them. They move from place to place with a fixed look on their face. Sometimes, their brows are knitted together, and most of the time, they come in bundles, yelling at one another with this unpleasant tone.

Do you know if that has anything to do with *age*?

Anyway, they ride around in these big noisy yellow machines. When the sky becomes dark, at the end of their days, they manage to murder the peaceful section my green canopies lay in.

One by one, my canopies fall with a *thud*.

When the sky becomes light, after a thick gray blanket disappears, the sight of green seems to be nonexistent; imaginary even.

How can something be so cruel? Why wipe out something so innocent? Essentially, they are just innocent trees! They live to protect while your kind lives to destroy. Perhaps the looming fellas with their scary yellow machines don't mean it, but it's like they've never heard of the word *stop* in their life before.

It's just not *fair*.

You just have this endearing look on your face.

This is why you have my trust.

You didn't come with a big noisy yellow machine after all. Ultimately, it made me think, "Hey, this kid's got it." And no--it's not because you wear a "peace, love, and nature" shirt, (although that is an appreciated touch), but because you brought yourself, no one else. (Did I mention you have wonderful eyebrows)!

Don't get me wrong, I mean, there's more room for another person, or two. I wouldn't mind sustaining a whole village or even providing for those who need me, but like you, sometimes I just need some space to breathe. You know that feeling you get when all you want to do is be alone with your own thoughts?

It's not like hating the world for a day but more like wanting to be free in the presence of everything at the moment (which *is* absolutely everything to me).

Do you see what I mean?

Imagine crashing into a party that you weren't necessarily invited to. Now, imagine that area filled with people who just want a blanket of peace. (Me being "people"). Sorry to say, you have just become the bad guy, and everyone hates the bad guy.

Here, come closer to the edge. I see you have zoned off with my ongoing rambling and are now stretching the limbs. Sit back this time, relax. We're almost halfway there.

You see that thing with fins and scales?

Yeah, the bigger one!

Oh! A Freshwater Sturgeon--thanks for that.

My last ever contact with a species like yours involved similar bad guys. Like the towering people who murder canopies for a living, these guys brought a whole stack of silver poles to hunt once! Like I've said before, I really don't mind, it's just... well... those fish have been here for years. Imagine being forcefully selected at random, never being able to see home again.

It's official: fish feel pain.

It's kind of sad to see all of these Sturgeons dwindle away though.

In the morning, when I used to dip my toes in the sparkling water, I remember the feeling of being watched by a hundred eyes. I would look down and see a kingdom of my Sturgeons, with glorious shades of white and gray, passing by, moving with grace, and acknowledging my presence in the way.

Now, I call myself lucky if I even catch a glimpse of one. Do you feel the ache of my loss yet?

I see you've brought a wooden journal too... I like the flowers engraved in it, don't get me wrong, and the shade of it, is beautiful, but it reminds me solely of the beautiful green canopies and their trunks. You know, this used to be a big forest, believe it or not. The trees used to whisper to each other here, but now, that one above you seems to whisper only to himself.

Sorry that I am kind of emotional and morbid right now; it's just that time of month.

For me, remembering what the past used to be like is the only thing that keeps me goin' all right. I like to remember what my beautiful green kingdom looked like when the sunlight hit

just right, or even the sound of the pleasant *coos* of my animals sleeping in their trunks.

Sometimes, I think about my school of sturgeon, busy yet one with the sparkling water.

You're going to think it's cheesy, "remembering what once *was*," but man, how it creates *hope* for us all.

Since the wind is picking up right now, I can't help but remember how the wind used to whistle around all the tree trunks. Picture a powerful unending symphony. I do truly miss hearing the pleasant sound of this harmony.

Believe it or not, more birds use to sing here as well. Before the big propelling yellow machines found out about all of us, you could hear the smallest insects hum for miles. Before the bad guys with the silver poles and stern faces came ruining our peaceful daily picnics, you could even make out the tiny rustles of petite-sized animal feet rushing to drink some river water!

These memories provide me with so much fear... Fear for *my* future and fear for *theirs*. Do you see how *one* thing can affect almost *everything*? Do you notice how one of your towering species can destroy multiple of my friends at once? Do you see how this notion can continue when your species continue to harm us?

Each time I witness a part of us foolishly trampled on by your bad species, it makes me think about how it would feel if the forces of nature, combined, could do that to a single one of you.

We're not that different really.

I'm just like one hundred times larger that's all!

Speaking of which... sorry... but you didn't even mention your name?

I have a hard time understanding you from up here, (the height difference), so I'll just call you Human #013.

Oh, I see. It suits you because there's like a billion of you now?

Wow, that's amazing.

Back to what I was saying... Okay, let's pretend you are at a party again (still uninvited), but this time, you decide to crash the party with x amount of people. For starters, you're still definitely the bad guy. In conclusion, there are multiple bad guys.

All I'm trying to say is that instead of more good being able to come, essentially, it all boils down to this negative domino effect. My kingdom of trees, my beautiful sturgeons, my quiet creatures, they all are presently dwindling. All hell has been broken loose thanks to your group of bad species, one after the other. Once more, peace is trampled on, and once more, your bad group of species are unable to "mind their own business."

They could help us, and even root for us of course. You know, plant more trees, feed the fish, leave the creatures alone... but no, they choose to do the exact opposite.

I like to close my eyes and not even watch the murders most of the time...

It's not that simple though, is it?

I can't simply close my eyes to make the pain go away. I can't shield myself from the damage, and because I am the heart of it all, I must simply act like a crying spectator!

Oh, and don't get me started on how your bad species would leave the insides of my river. It's not technically at the spot you're in right now, but somewhere out there, it seems like a contest of throwing the most random pieces of stuff in the water.

Littering you say?

Yes, I think that's the word.

Anyway, I only know this because, at random parts of my day (every day), there happens to be an irregular oddity that floats itself.

Ah--it could be a water bottle?

That seems extremely alien to me, but you could be right.

So, remember when you looked at your reflection? There was a reason you did so. I'm almost out of breath, so hold on tight. We're almost to the finale.

Let's backtrack for a quick second. I'm wondering if you noticed how the water looked when you first came by? How it really looked. The way the sun threw its glitter, forming a momentary, hopeful pause.

Well, when that stops, and reality strikes, and you are able to find the bad things, take a look from left to right.

Do you observe anything?

Something shiny maybe?

Yes, you're correct.

It's safe to say that what you call "trash" does presently exist. I know what you're thinking. What exactly am I trying to get at, and *why* am I trying to get at it?

Basically, I just want you to know that it's okay if you don't get it right the first time.

I won't be mad at you if you overlooked it (no biggie), but I'll expect you to do something about it next time.

Before I vanish once and for all.

With that being said, I just wanted to remind you that floating oddities still do exist. Truthfully speaking, a sparkling river isn't quite the ideal home for them.

Ah, I see you've put down your journal. You have your back to the immaculate emerald grass. Wonderful. You can feel them dancing on your fingertips--I don't mind.

Here, I'll take a seat next to you. The sky looks pretty nice from here, don't you think?
Let me join you for some tranquil cloud watching. This time, I'll have my eyes wide open.

Oh, done already? That's fine.

Now, I see you've hopped on up to the edge of the river once more. Scoot further until your toes kiss the sparkling water. Remember, you can look at yourself, but don't be too cocky. If your reflection starts to morph into this kind of vessel with genuine eyes, you're doing it partially right.

Since you didn't come with a big yellow propelling machine or a whole stack of silver hunting poles, since you're smiling with a "peace, love, and nature" shirt on, and in my perspective because you have some room to grow, I guess I'll trust someone like you...

After all, you did just draw this secret spot, and you made me look nothing but beautiful!
You did pick up some "trash" from my river, and you did just sit with me in peace.

Now, go on.

You've listened to everything I could offer. I suppose you can bring more eyes next time.
Just make sure they're the *good* kind.

With that, Human #013, I must bid you goodbye. Do what you will with this bulk of information. It was a pleasure, and a complete honor, being in the midst of a vessel who actually paid this enough *attention*.



It's time for me, **Mother Nature**, to talk to the next one.