

Dear earthlings,

You are living inside me. If you are going to slowly kill me with air pollution, global warming, deforestation and many other things, then you won't be around anymore.

I am your only home and your only hope. Think wisely about your actions and start treating me as your one and only home.

I want you to listen carefully to my warnings. I don't want it to be a complete mess.

Clean me like how you would clean your clean homes. Stop treating me like a giant trash can. Respect me, treat me like how you would treat your dearest friend, or family member so that I will be a safe home for you.

Time is really ticking as I speak. Think carefully as I say to you to hurry up and think fast. Do you want your home to vanish? Or do you want your one and only home to be there for you?

Look at the past, look at the present. In the past, homes used to be a happy environment. Look at us now with construction workers invading me. Factories, spreading air pollution vigorously.

I wish I could turn back time and live my peaceful happy life. If we don't stop, think of all the little earthlings who are going to suffer.

You will be destroying their innocent lives before they even begin. I shudder to think what might become of them.

I always think to myself, "Why don't the governments, or the presidents or anybody else in power want to help save me?"

Probably because they think that the citizens will start hating them, as some would purely disagree.

What about those earthlings wanting more and more and they will still never be satisfied? You earthlings already have done so much that it is killing me!

Come on. Both your future and mine lie in your hands.

Life has given you so many options. You know which is the right option to pick.

Imagine if... you could stop saying, "Spread awareness!" and start taking action right now. Spreading awareness and other things are helpful but it's not enough. I'm dying, can't you see? We don't have all day. My body is getting weaker and weaker.

Imagine if... you look up at the sky, seeing how clear it is. I can't imagine what you earthlings did to my dirty sky. If you want your home to have a cleaner environment, you have the power to make the change happen.

The oceans, my lovely dear oceans. Imagine if the ocean was so clean, so fresh. My marine creatures are screaming for help. They are whispering to me, telling me how you earthlings are poisoning them. Oh, earthlings. I thought I could trust you but now at this rate, I don't think so.

Despite the number of times you have betrayed me, I will still trust you but you must change. Please listen to me. This is not a polite request. This is a must as I am crying for help. You can be my salvation and my only hope like I am to you.

Sincerely,

Your broken earth