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The Fate of the Earth

Dobby Morse

It's cloudy when I set out for Founders Hall and I don't expect to see the bay. I wander up the walkway and note the softness of the berry bush—something my dreams failed to convey. While I could theoretically jump the rails without hurting myself, I choose not to for the sake of the bushes.

I look up to a clear sky underneath the dispersing white clouds. I look up and see the bay, and I can feel the screams trapped in my chest.

The night before, the bay exploded. It looked pretty at first, like fireworks. But anyone with a working knowledge of the environmental damage they cause know it's just a farce, a front for the fire and pollution that last long after the pretty sparks fade.

I write this as I pace the walkway of Founder's Hall, watching the crows fly over the alders in circles.

I turn back towards the exploding bay.

Two humans walk my way. They are not screaming. Not like the night before, when all that could be heard were the booms of a natural explosion taking revenge on unnatural acts. They can't hear the screams of humans burning to death. One of them wears heels and I can hear them clacking down the stairs.

They think I'm insane. Maybe I am. Maybe I'm the sanest person alive.

I was in a good mood this morning. I thought it was nice of Morpheus to concentrate my fears into a dream so that I could write today. But this anxiety is constant; it bonded to me when I was eight years old and read a child-friendly

account of polar bears drowning in their homes because of the lifestyle my grandparents led.

I can still hear last night's screams over the hum of the building. Maybe I have PTSD from a lifetime of living like this. Living under Bill Nye's assertion that the youth will innovate new technologies that will stop the things that happened last night.

The clock tower sets off a series of calming chimes, much like the therapeutic keyboard that my middle school teacher brought in. She noted that I enjoyed the forest green mallet, as if my destiny as an Earth Justice lawyer was so burned into my soul that I vibrated at the frequency of the Earth.

I am twenty-two again, a writer. Just a writer that isn't writing what they set out to write.

I've yet to touch on the moon and her advocacy for her ailing mother as she guides her into the nursing home. The moon has always cared for her mother, and that care will wipe out countless coastal communities all around the world.

But would it do any good?

I have lived with this burden all my life. But others barely acknowledge it or outright dismiss it. My vegan diet and spot-wash showers matter to me, but do they matter to Earth while the military invent useless, jet fuel burning tasks to get more money, or when McDonald's burns down the Amazon for the same reason?

I'm just a writer, and not a very prolific one. I can't save Earth with my little vegan lifestyle or even a well-written article. I can do my part to ensure that I'm not causing harm, but I can't order all US military bases abandoned or the Amazon replenished.

The youth are not your saviors. We're just your victims.