

Last Birthday

By Rinchen Karchungtsang

Cold. Its so cold. When will our punishment end? Dead and barren were words often associated with the dry, hot desert. Something as beautiful as the great Earth would never... no, shouldn't have ever been sullied by such words.

[Bzz... "Earth's booming economy and nature, slain-" Bzz... "-by the creations of God! Earth has fallen to the depths of hell...Earth is no more." Bzz...tchk.]

TO: Survivors

07-06-2070

How long has it been? I don't even remember the life I used to live. All my pleasant memories have vanished off the face of this world, taking it with it. Overwriting them with the bad ones. Back in 2023, a 30 year oil project was approved. "Willow Project". That was the beginning of our end. The voices of millions didn't matter to the government. Money this... job this... now look where we are. Didn't really matter did it now? The air is thick with ash and soot, covering every part of the city. The change in the climate over time caused the dormant volcano of yellowstone to erupt, effecting a wide area all around Montana. All that is left of the world is a dry, sucked up, barren land beyond saving. I've become too old for this, and my health is deteriorating. There are too many casualties and young who are struggling. Seeing the world in such a state in my last moments was not what I

wanted to end with. Today is my birthday and will be my last. I will make a wish. If I were to be reborn, I want to come back as someone who can be the change. To be that effect that spreads even to the government. And I know that many who would do the same. It is only then, that we can save Earth.

- Rinchen Karchungtsang