

My Beast would be the whole world, with the mountains as its head and snow as its fur.

With volcanos as its fiery eyes, coves as its mouth with icicles as its teeth. The thunder as its roar. The tributaries as its claws with lightning its nails and rivers as its limbs. My beast has been very turbulent in past over time had become quiet almost docile in a state of hibernation or so it seemed along came the human race with its greed and the want for more. Though I am sleeping you keep probing my body. With the digging of holes into me looking for precious things such as carbon fuel, gold and other items. You found that the carbon fuels stopped you picking sticks and striking flints together to make a spark to light the sticks. You then found as your family grew that you then needed more ground to plant more food. So then found a need to cut trees to clear a space for this. Then found that trees could make a better living area better than skins you are living under then. So more trees had to be cut to provide this. Then other people came along and decided your ground was better than theirs so go back and cut more trees and more trees. Before long you are fighting over land. I awoke for a time and opened with showing my fury by letting loose with my volcanos. I also showed that I can let loose with water and cause floods, with this and trees you cut away with mud that the waters caused. Even this did not stop your greed for more that you found way of speeding up killing without getting near the other tribe. So the killing got more intense and you start to destroy me and I cannot have that. So I have begun fighting back by causing obscene weather conditions and you are still not listening. You are still burning fossil fuels which is not doing any good; you are still trying to disturb me. Beware if you carry on you fully awaken me and we will return to the beginning and the world will not be as it is now.

If I ever met this beast and I am sure I won't, but future beings may just take note there is no need for all this. We need to all calm down and all heads of the different tribes sit down smoke a pipe of peace and talk. We all need to do this; if we all do not do it then it will still happen. You will unleash my fury that none of you will survive this place. There is nothing so big or even so small that talking will not solve. So if you do not wish to waken me and all my fury and you still want to live. Then take heed and look no further than yourself. Let's save ourselves and calm the beast then keep things clean and stop destroying me. I can be calm and assist you in your ways, but stop destroying the trees.