

Title: If the Earth Could Speak

If the Earth could speak, I think it would beg us to slow down. To plant a tree before we raise another building. To think before we throw plastic into rivers that used to be blue. But the Earth doesn't speak. It coughs. It floods. It burns. And we call it climate change.

Growing up in Akwa Ibom, I remember how green everything was. But now, the trees are fewer, the breeze hotter. It's like we are cutting off our own future with each forest we destroy. This is why I believe restoration is not a choice, it is survival.

We, the youth, are the generation that can either repair or ruin what's left. I see hope in solar panels on rooftops, in beach cleanups, in farming without chemicals. But we must go beyond hope. We need to act, speak, and inspire others to join us.

This is our Earth. Our only one. If we keep waiting for someone else to fix it, we might wake up one day with no Earth left to fix. The time is now. The work is ours.