Deforestation entries.

By Harrison Hutton
The mountains above

Have you ever watched from the mountains above, as plumes of smoke, created by the machines in the forest below, move slowly, loudly and unfriendly to a branch... a tree falls, a home falls, birds fly, wombats scramble, baby chicks fall... and die, bees hover away with the desire to sting and fight, but courage fails them, weak and ruined, they flee.
Humble forest

Walking through a humble forest, in peace with all life, the sun warming your skin, the wind blowing against your face, the trees growing at the pace they desire, squirrels playing, birds singing, wombats digging, bees working, rabbits bounding and bears dozing... nowadays that's fantasy, and no help, no more.
Wombat underground

I came out of my hole to look for some food, but only saw a tree teetering, now falling towards me. I fell back in shock, rolling down my hole. I hear a thud and the world becomes dark as the tree blocks out all light and all hope of survival. Days pass. I need water, need food... weeks pass. Hunger eats me from the inside out... a month passes dead. I'm not cared for enough to go to the afterlife. I silently lie unable to think.