**Diary entry of the Earth (Dec. 24th, 2017)**

*Dear diary number 7.528.903.581.*

*Merry Christmas to you,*

*I am starting into this day full of Love, Optimism and Hope.*

*Even in this very moment. Last night I took a Time-Out for myself. At first, I tried to look upon myself from any perspective. It took me several hours. I tried to see conditions in every country, any Ocean, Lake, Forest and to watch every Being. Then, I sat down in silence for even longer. I just sat there and listened to every sound, scream, whimp or giggle coming up from my Planet. Later, I became as still and empty in myself, as one can be. To let every delicate sensation or feeling of any of my Beings and Institutions flow through my empty self. How long ago was that, since I have sensed my own self in this way? Have I ever? No diary entry, that tells me.*

*Guess, what happened then? I truly received an answer. Read it yourself:*

My dear Earth,

I am so glad to hear from you. We supposed you have forgotten about us. It´s me, the Ocean.

For a long time now, my life is one of fear. Fear of losing control over myself. It could have a horrific outcome for the balance of the World and could affect or destroy many lives.

My inner peace is disturbed by influences from the outside. My currents, which always used to follow my familiar inner flow, are changing without my own willingness into bizarre or rather dangerous directions. This is not the natural way things change. Something else comes with it. Beings call it “fever”, I believe. The temperature of my system increases from day to day. Imperceptible for Earth-Beings, but the wonderful water-creatures are suffering with every micro-degree and feel at risk. My crustaceans are in danger to lose their crust by a high concentration of carbon dioxide, which muddles up my acid-base-balance. They will probably die out and disappear from the food chain. I am in fear of the consequences that might bring. My tiny and precious plankton is starving as well, because these changes of the water-quality takes away their ability to store iron, on which they live. And I, myself need plankton for my oxygen-level. I have this weird feeling of becoming blind with eyes wide opened, of being burnt alive. Human Beings contaminate me with all they have. I have to somehow cope with solid, liquid and gaseous garbage. My precious inhabitants try to adapt here and there, but they can only succeed, if stress is not too high.

Don´t get me wrong, my beloved Earth, I like and need stress to develop. But these things happening for some time by now, are too many, make me very sad and will force me to take counteraction in order to survive, as long as I have the necessary energy.

I am so very glad, that you contacted us and I am looking forward to enter the dialogue with you and all the others.

I bow to you, my Earth, the Ocean.

*I read it about five times, dear diary, meanwhile I pressed my hands on a part of me that would not stop throbbing. I was so very moved by the pain of the Ocean and yet so endlessly happy for his honesty and his very wish to find a solution with everyone else. “My heart, the Ocean, still is alive“, I thought, when suddenly the next message arrived.*

My dear Earth,

I am so glad to hear from you. We supposed, you have forgotten about us. It´s me, the Earth´s Surface.

As I am writing this letter, my hands are shaking. I am trembling with excitement, fear and weakness. Yes, I am so very weak, that I cannot guarantee to be a sustainable partner for all the others on Earth anymore.

My resilience decreases from day to day, with any heavy truck running down my asphalted streets. I hate asphalt. I am locked up under it and can hardly breathe. On the other hand, the Human Being takes away my stability by removing trees in many areas. Tree-roots and me, this is about the most beautiful existing symbiosis I can ever imagine. Giving and Taking. Stability for Nurture. Great, meaningful conversations and friendship included. The trees give way for plantations. What then grows in me, has no culture whatsoever. It fills me with boredom and won´t stay long anyway. The land is being sprayed with something. “It is toxic.” I heard them say „But not so bad.“ they replied. I am not just losing forests, but also glaciers. Faster then normal. If glaciers, mountains and trees disappear, my land dries out and a shortage of drinking water is the outcome, draught and forest fires within. More and more of my beloved roots are taken from me dying. How much more loss am I capable of?

Don´t get me wrong, my beloved Earth, I can learn to live with loss in order to develop. But these things happening for some time by now, are too many, make me very sad and will drive me into trying to destroy myself, as long as I have the necessary energy.

I am so very glad, that you contacted us and I am looking forward to enter the dialogue with you and all the others.

I bow to you, my Earth, your Surface.

*This throbbing part in me, dear diary, was hardly to calm down after I read this note. The letter slipped on the ground as I cried. For a moment, I had the feeling of helplessness and isolation. And as the third letter arrived, I could hardly read it with my tearful eyes.*

My dear Earth,

I am so glad to hear from you. We supposed, you have forgotten about us. It´s me, the Air you breathe.

I must write this slowly, as fast movements are giving me a hard time these days. I am suffering for some time by now on quite heavy pressure and apnea. This takes away my precious energy.

My existence has gone away and changed into a see-through nothing. Something is so very wrong. It smells awful. And in other places even worse. Sometimes burnt and sometimes sour. And it always is hot. I am not fond of heat. But nobody knows, as I am transparent, formless and colorless. No one sees my illness. The greyish clouds floating over chimneys, are not being connected with me. My carbon dioxide level is as high as seldom before, but trees to help me digest and transform it into oxygen are hard to find. Instead, I see oodles of pigs and cows, cooped in too small areas. These animals produce methane. Methane rises into the atmosphere and cuts of my very path of metabolism with it. How can I now change nitrogen with oxygen? I am trapped in between methane and the Earth´s Surface. It feels so narrow, that I can hardly breathe and panic attacks haunt me down. My last scream are wild storms and sour rains. At the expense of Surface and Ocean.

Don´t get me wrong, my beloved Earth, I am capable of living with a frame in order to develop. But this tightness, which is depressingly crushing me for some time now, is too much, makes me very sad and will drive me into madness and windy outbreaks, as long as I have the necessary energy.

I am so very glad, that you contacted us and I am looking forward to enter the dialogue with you and all the others.

I bow to you, my Earth, your Air you breathe.

*Oh, diary, me, the self-named beautiful Earth. Immediately I felt like the skin of something that was nothing. Motionless I fell on the ground, I nearly fainted. And I lay there, just lay there. And wanted to die. Just die.*

*I don´t know, for how long I was lying on the ground weeping. If I was awake or asleep. Nothing of it. But I remember, that I suddenly felt this tiny hand on me. Carefully tipping onto my skin. And an even tinier voice, which clerarly came from a child´s mouth, said to me: “***Why are you crying, Earth. We are here with you. We can hear you. And we promise to help you***.“ Slowly I opened my eyes and I could not believe, what I saw. This crowd with all these children in any color and wonderfully dress. It was so bright, that I was dazzled.*

 **„Shub Naya Baras!“** *a three-year-old Indish boy called as he made a quiet funny Christiano Ronaldo move into my direction.* **„Hristos se rodi“** *a shy Serbian girl whispered in my ear.* **„Glædelig Jul“** *screamed this toothless Danish boy and smiled.* **聖誕快樂 新年快樂 „Kung His Hsin Nien bing Chu Shen Tan.“** *The youngest of all, a little Chinese kid stuttered.* **„Noeliniz Ve Yeni Yiliniz Kutlu Olsun.“** *The Turkish girl was very gentle and bowed a little.* **„Chung Mung Giang Sinh“** *yelled a cracking Vietnamese voice from behind. Then there was no hold anymore. Everyone screamed.* **„Frohe Weihnachten!“, „Geseënde Kersfees!“, „Mele Kalikimaka!“, „Feliz Navidad!“** and all the other exclamations became a wonderful melody.

**„Merry Christmas.“** The little girl said, who was still holding on to me with this tiny hand. **„Don´t cry anymore. We are with you forever.“**

Then I fell asleep.

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