



A Better Future Awaits

A bright future awaits,

A bright future but goes waste.

A bright future awaits,

When trees in Rift Valley and Nyanza would grow in numbers.

A better future awaits

When rain comes to Garisa and Wajir.

A better future awaits,

When emissions from China and USA would not affect countries like Kenya.

A better future awaits,

If Mau could return to its old state.

A better future awaits,

If Rabour could turn green, I know that's a dream

But it's possible it could be true.

A better future awaits

When Wangari Maathai would be honoured again for fighting climate change

Although she is gone, her spirit lives on

Summits like Kyoto would not exist

Because we would be on the right track

A better future awaits

When our efforts to stop climate change would be recognised and honoured

A better future awaits

When our country will shine above the forest.

Climate Change from Different Perspectives: Empathy

English and Language classes at both schools tried to imagine the effects of climate change on other living beings: they explored the ideas of climate change on animals and plants based on their own experiences and stimulated by extracts from literature.

Polar Bear

It was a usual January morning but warmer, as it has been lately. I really needed to go somewhere colder for my young cubs. Luckily for my youngsters today I had already got their food for the morning it was a good big chunky seal for the three of us to share.

It has been getting better and easier to catch seals, as the water has been getting warmer, they were jumping out to get cooler, but to be honest the bright sun on the surface is quite hot too.

When the cubs had woken up and had their breakfast we went for a walk around the ice: I wanted to show the cubs the best spot to hunt for the food. As I was trying to teach them they went away and started playing I was ok with that until they reached thin ice and they were doing impressions of me and then **CRACK** the ice had broken; the cubs were floating away on a bit of ice, away into the distance. I realised they were out of my swimming reach but I didn't care I kept swimming and swimming and swimming.

I just about reached them but I overheated because of the heat of the water. I had lost my cubs, my only family, my only hope. If it weren't for the stupid global warming I could have caught them, given them a future, they could have started their own generation of polar bears to keep the family going.

A Day in the Life of a Tiger.

The sun seems to be getting hotter. Now every day is a fight for food and survival, especially when you've got a family of five.

Last night I had guided my family to the long grass near the lake and the big trees. Even though not much grows there anymore, it is practical for water and that is where the deer also come to drink.

The thing on my mind every day and every night is, will we eat tonight? My cubs always seem to be hungry and I hate it when I see their eyes open in the morning knowing that they are thinking the exact same thing as me: food. We lost one cub three weeks ago, it was too weak, and there wasn't enough water at the location we had been resting in before the next big hunt. Now there are three left. Us five. Against the world.

There was only about two days of water left in the empty lake, just enough to keep us going. As I looked up I thought I was seeing things. It was the first herd of buffaloes I had seen in days, maybe weeks. If I was going to get food for my family I would have to be completely accurate with every step.

The long grass camouflaged me enough to go about 100 metres away from the unsuspecting buffalo. Thinking of the juicy flesh made my mouth water. I took four strides forward ... three... two... one. Pounce. I don't usually go for animals bigger than me, but it is my last chance and if I don't, well it could be the end of our family. My front paws stretch out into the air, my back legs fly through the air, I love the feeling. I dig my paws into the thick leathery skin, but he is strong, he is fighting back. One stomp of his strong leg would kill me, isn't it funny how one moment can change everything?

As I lay there dying the only wish I have⁶⁵ is that when my cubs grow up the world will be a better place .

The Frog

Today, the ground seems dry. I had been wandering our forest for days, trying to find a nice soft pile of old wood. The leaves here are dead, but not the mushy pile of brown-orange mess that I need for my eggs to grow up, for them to live. Now the world seems cruel, all the soft, sweet, decomposing leaves and logs used to be so easy to find but now...

The dawn was growing ever closer and I knew that being out in the open where birds could see me was a risk, a fatal decision for me and my unborn tadpoles; stay here, search and perhaps be caught and eaten; or hide, wait for nightfall and stalk away? My only way to save my miracles: I must continue on my search. And at last! I find a nice, gentle patch of soft, green moss under a curved, solid rock, lined almost perfectly with leaf litter. My journey is complete. "EH-EH-EH-EH!" I called as loud as I could to my mate. He was not too far away and what a sweet old frog, he even brought me a pile of juicy bugs, some still wriggling their legs. After my feast I lay to rest, hopefully my final night before I lay my eggs.

Suddenly awake I blinked around. There was my mate, and my eggs! All nine of my eggs. I knew from many hard years that most might die during a dry period and how devastating it would be to see them go but my last have moved on now, away with their mates to a new area. And now, here I was staring adoringly waiting for our eggs to hatch.

Unlike our strange neighbours, my tadpoles do not need an entire pond to grow in, they grow and transform in my mate's pouch, his most adorable role in their development. I knew these next weeks would be hard, catching food trying not to become food and crawling about during the days, just to get the biggest fly. But I did know that there was something at work here that none of our species could explain, we had heard it among the monsters that came through these woods to hunt. Enormous creatures that tower over our rocks. They mention a mystical name, a curse as we refer to it... "Climate Change" The dreadful thing that dries our ground but floods the shores... It drowns our tadpoles, our eggs. What is this? What does this mean for our species?

Flamingo

As I pecked my way through to the tasty red algae my beak felt colder than usual. Yes, it was winter but this was abnormal. There was a thin layer of ice on the lake. Steam rose as I stood there. Our diet wasn't as varied as it used to be. There were no small fish, insects or crustaceans.

Things were very different. Many families had migrated to warmer areas. Tonight was the night our family would leave. As the sun set we flew south towards Africa. Unfortunately it was a long way for some of our young. One, lost, a broken leg and a fractured wing. The corpse ripped apart by hungry dogs.

Life is now a lot nicer. Summer is hard though. There are now droughts. I suppose there will never be a suitable habitat for us. Together as a family we pull through day by day.

Who knows maybe one day the world will change. We'll have plenty food, water



The Mau Forest

I, the great Mau forest, known for my wondrous work as a rain catchment area, am now crying out because of the cruel and wild humans, and climate change. I now realise that I am dying. Do they not know? Or are they just ignoring my plight?

The traders come and destroy me by cutting down the trees: using saws to make money. The herbalists take plants to make medicine. Some come to kill my friends the wild animals.

The climate is also changing and this is having a big effect on me - it is changing from cool and wet to hot and dry and this affects the trees that are my family.

I used to be fertile and healthy when the humans remembered me and remembered my importance.

Oh humans! Remember me before it is too late for time is running out.

Please! Have a good heart and take care of what you have now for in the future you will regret letting me go.

Mother Earth

Mother Earth, a large spherical planet. I see everything that takes place. I am beautiful but I fear I will soon lose my beauty. I fear deforestation, industry, pollution and the exploitation of animals. Humans are controlling all of these. It is time they took responsibility for our future.



The Mugumo Tree

I, the Mugumo tree, am the raw material for the human beings - I am used to make medicines.

If you keep destroying my kind, soil erosion will increase and famine will come to the area.



The Elephant

I am a huge animal going by the name of elephant. We are many in the Masai Mara region of Kenya.

I am feared by many animals and also by human beings, but my life is also in danger. People hunt me down for ivory not knowing that I am also a living being - just like them. These people sneak into the park, hunt us down and cut the ivory off our skulls. Our community suffers and we are left sad at each loss.

Not only humans threaten our lives but the weather also is a threat.

Sometimes we are affected by drought and famine which makes us move from one place to another in search of water and food.

Our death seems to be happiness to the humans, as our bodies decompose into the soil we add fertility, but the environment loses.

The Crocodile

I am a crocodile. I live in Lake Victoria, a place of muddy water. I feed on both plants and animals but my most favourite food is cow.

I take my time, going round the lake so that I can find a place where there is plenty of sand to rest on.

Humans are my biggest enemy - bigger than any other animal. During drought I have difficulties in eating, breathing and I do not have the freedom to move round the lake the way I used to. During the drought the lake dries up, the water evaporates and I just have soft mud to live in. I am then an easy target for the humans to kill me because I cannot hide in the mud.

The Star Fish

I am small and scaly and have fins. I live in water bodies - rivers, lakes, oceans and seas. I am the most beautiful fish in most lakes in Kenya. I am tiny but brighter than any other fish in the lake. I am your source of food so why do you try to destroy me?

Each day I live I am alert: I hear movement I swim and hide in the rocks. You threaten me by releasing harmful chemical substances from factories. You pump sewage into our water and destroy us. My flesh is being damaged, my gills are closing down, my scales are coming off my body, but you do not seem to care.

I wish I was a different type of star fish; I would fly up into space and live with the other stars I would find a better habitat, and look down on earth to watch the suffering of others.

Humans, your problem is that you are ruled by money and you are not thinking about the effect you are having on the environment.

The Frog

I, the helpless frog, as small as I am I have lived for many years on earth surviving in two beautiful and quiet habitats. I have been content with my life but now things are changing. I am losing my habitat. I am endangered. Soon you will only be able to find me dried up in a museum.

I do not understand why you humans are doing this. The harmful gases you release w



I am your best friend.

I, Jakaranda tree, provide shadows when it is too sunny and I help to bring rain. Too much heat from the sun makes me lose my leaves.

I, Jakaranda tree make the environment a beautiful place - look at my flowers.

I, Jakaranda tree, am polite, I do not like to quarrel. I am requesting you not to cut me down.

If you protect me, the environment will be improved.



The Lion

I cry out with a loud voice. When the rains fail and the vegetation cannot grow nature cannot provide me with food.



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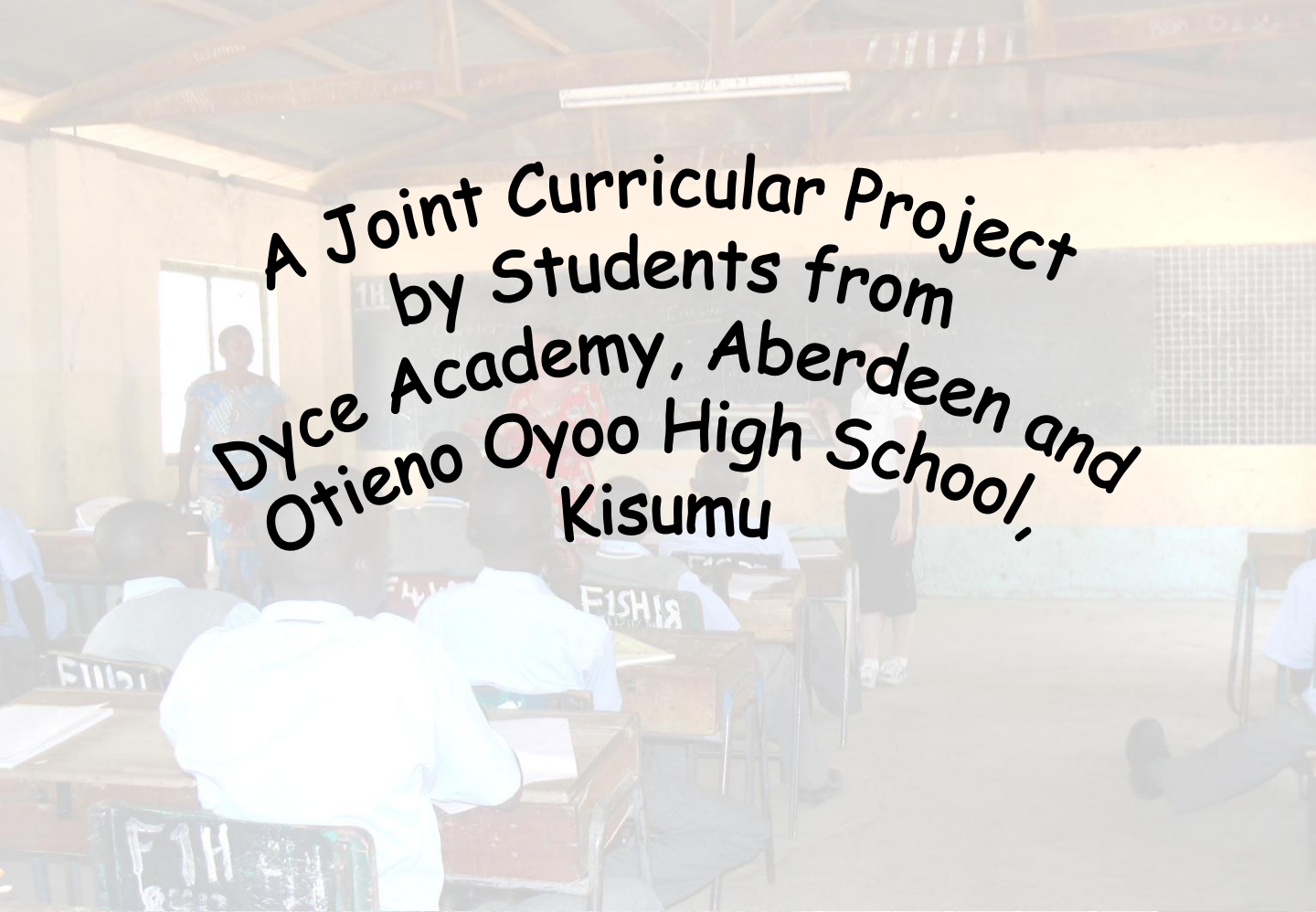
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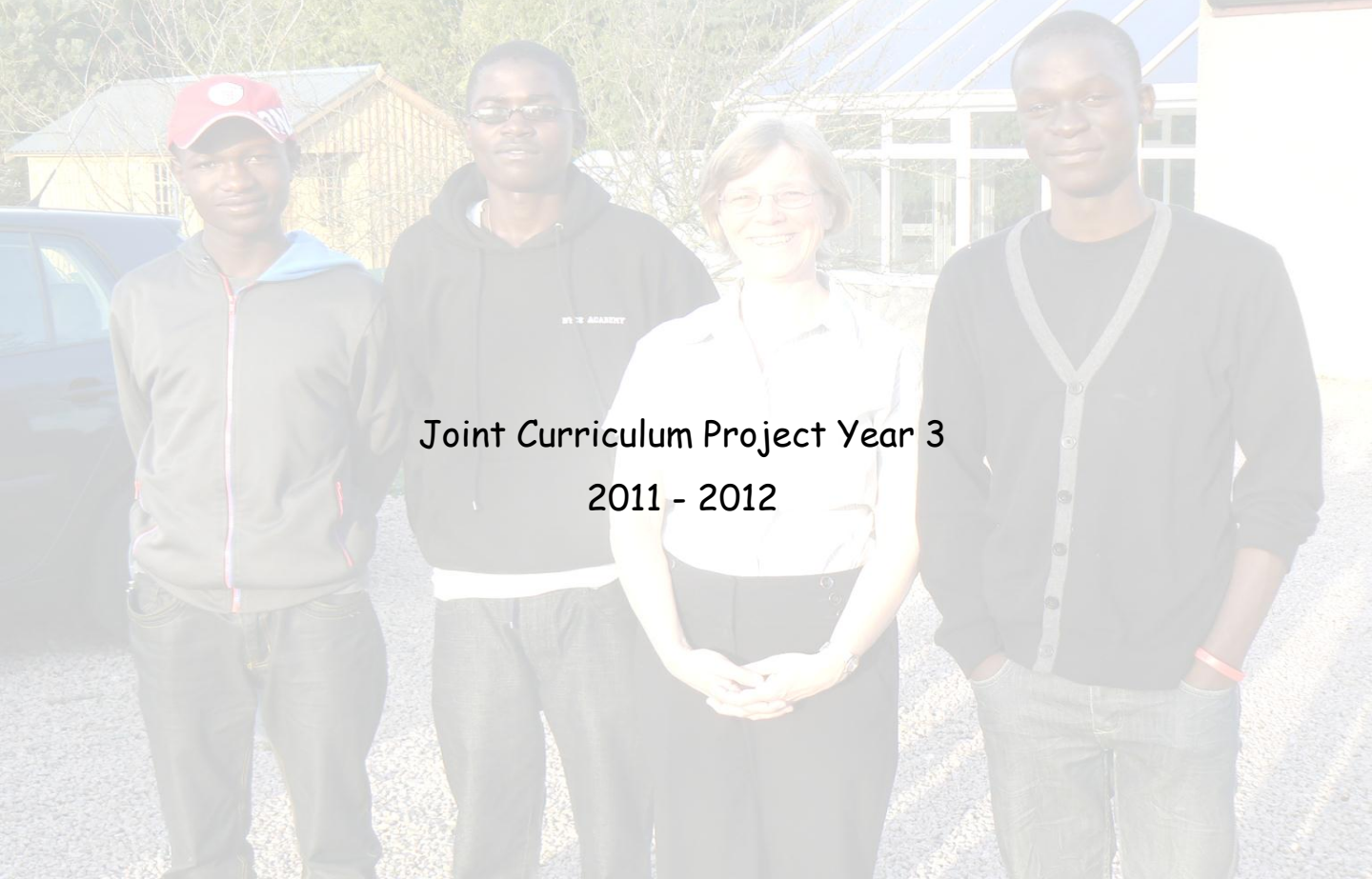
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