



All right, everybody off the planet!

by Paul Harris

This is your Mother speaking. No, not that one; Mother Earth. I have really had it up to here with you snotty nosed brats, and I think it's about time we got a few things straight. Or, my little darlings, you are going to have to leave and find somewhere else to live.

Remember all those years ago when your Father got annoyed because one of you ate a piece of fruit? And he kicked you all out of the garden? Sheesh! Now that seemed to me like a pretty petulant thing to do since I put the damn fruit there to be eaten, but you know how I hate to contradict your Father. So I didn't say anything and hoped that once you got out from under his constant fiddling with the world you'd be able to make your own way without a lot of interference.

But, to the satisfaction of all the other mothers in the neighbourhood, you have turned out to be a bunch of ungrateful and spoiled jerks. They all told me I was making it too easy for you: nice parks to play in, great places to grow your food and to get things to drink, even lots of stuff you could eat that just sort of grew without you having to do much, plenty of sunshine for those who wanted it, snow for those who go in for that sort of thing. And I gave you music, and dance, and some of you learned how to imitate me and make beautiful art.

I'm disappointed that you never learned to get along together but all the other Moms tell me that's the way it is with their kids, too. Just a lot of self-centred creeps thinking the whole world revolves around them.

Well, maybe their kids are like that, but I gave you such a wonderful place to live, gave you all the tools you needed to make your paradise a Paradise (with a capital 'P'), that I sort of hoped you would try your best to make a go of things and prove your Father wrong. I can't stand the self-satisfied smirk on his face these days as he gloats over the fact that you keep getting closer and closer to figuring out how to annihilate yourselves. He thinks you deserve it; but after all the work I put into your upbringing, I can't stand the notion that you are just going to throw it all away.

But there is one point on which I agree with your Dad: I am fed up with the mess you make. You are dirty, disgusting, foul and seem to think it is your duty to turn my house into a pig sty. Hell, not even pigs are willing to live in your filth.

I can barely breathe with all the crap you keep spewing into the air; I feel constantly like I've got smoke in my eyes; every time I take a shower I feel like I don't get clean because the water is so dirty; you've ruined parts of the house by contaminating it with stuff you invented and now things may never grow there again; you tore a hole in that nice blanket I put around the planet

to keep out all the nasty radiation, and you keep on picking at it like you're afraid it might heal if you leave it alone; I put perfectly good food on the table and now you are using all kinds of scientific hocus-pocus to 'improve it' (improve it, my ass!).

Your Father built a lot of other critters to live here, besides you, but you seem to be the only one who thinks the whole place was just for your benefit. Arrogant little toads! And you seem to think you have some kind of duty to kill off all the other critters, either to eat them (that's fair enough, that's what your Father had in mind), because it's fun, or because you just don't like them. You seem to be smart enough to know that all those critters, including you, were made in a pretty exact balance and they all fit into an interdependent scheme. But you sure don't seem to care!

You're even making babies in test tubes! That one just boggles the mind because your Dad gave you such a fun way of making babies. But you just don't seem to be satisfied with anything.

Now, I know you'll say I'm old-fashioned, but I gotta tell you that the incredible array of electronic noise you've created is deafening. I don't mean what you call music, a point on which I'm afraid we would often disagree; I mean the endless barrage of television and satellite and telephone. If you are so shallow as to find all that interesting, then I guess I question how well your Father and I raised you. Mind you, I know times change and maybe I should just accept it; but it really is incredibly noisy and we would be ever-so-grateful if you just turned down the volume a little; or maybe turned it off altogether, just for a bit, and read a book.

I know I haven't been the very best Mother; sometimes I make it too hot, or too windy, or too cold, or I over-water. But you know I have always had your best interests at heart. I don't want to see you hurt yourselves, but you seem quite determined; it looks like the only other animals to teach you anything is the lemmings. You might have found a better role model.

So now I have to finally put my foot down and start to look after myself. I cannot allow you to continue to dirty my air, my water, my soil, to kill off your Father's creatures along with each other. You are turning this place into a tenement that is grossly devaluing the neighbourhood.

I don't like having to say this, and it is hurting me more than you, but this behaviour is going to stop or you are moving out. Where you go is entirely up to you, but your attitudes better change real quick or you are outta here. Got that?

Mom