

Waiting for the sunrise

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Down the hall I can hear my mother put the kettle on. Dust covers the windowpane, the sun filtering through the glass onto the floor. I lie under the blankets and think about my home. I had lived here for the best years of my life. My parents were definitely not nomadic people. It was a small cottage, cloaked in olive green bush, a creek at the side and bowing gum trees all around. The air was always heavy with the smell of banksias.

The love of the bush was always in my heart, but it had never been so strong. When the wind tore at the trees and the sun made the life of the hills cower, I was there. When the daffodils sprouted from the rich soil, I was watching.

The alarm goes off, and I climb onto the roof to watch the sunrise. Here I can see the Blue Mountains melt into a carpet of green bush. The scent of wattle flowers floats in the soft breeze. Magpie's song trickles through the bush land. I watch...

The sun rises through the gap in the mountains, illuminating the valley in a golden wave of light. The dew covered grass sparkles and the sweet air floats around me. The light changes and, in an instant, the moment of sheer beauty has passed.

I climb back into my bedroom and race downstairs. My sister Abby is already up eating breakfast, glued to the comic on the back of the cereal box.

"You missed the sunrise Abs!?" I said.

She looks up and shrugs. "So? It happens every day".

I wish I could make her see the brilliance of it all. It was like Mother Nature had made an art exhibition for the viewing of mankind, something to be cherished. And there was my sister, more amused by the *Hamster Huey* cartoon strip. I chuckle at the thought then tussle Abby out of her chair, get the bus money out of the tin and leave for school.

Nature is something unique. So far astrobiologists have failed to find life on any other planet apart from Earth. The number of wild animals here though has halved in the past forty years due to human consumption of animals in unsustainable numbers while destroying and polluting their habitats. We have already taken 80% of earth's rainforest and are still destroying a football field sized area of rainforest every 2 seconds. We drive some 135 plant and animal species to extinction every day.

It is time to turn a new page, time to act. Tomorrow I will get Abby up early, and will make her see the sunrise.