

A view from the moon

Adventure Book



START



Chapter 1. Dear Reader

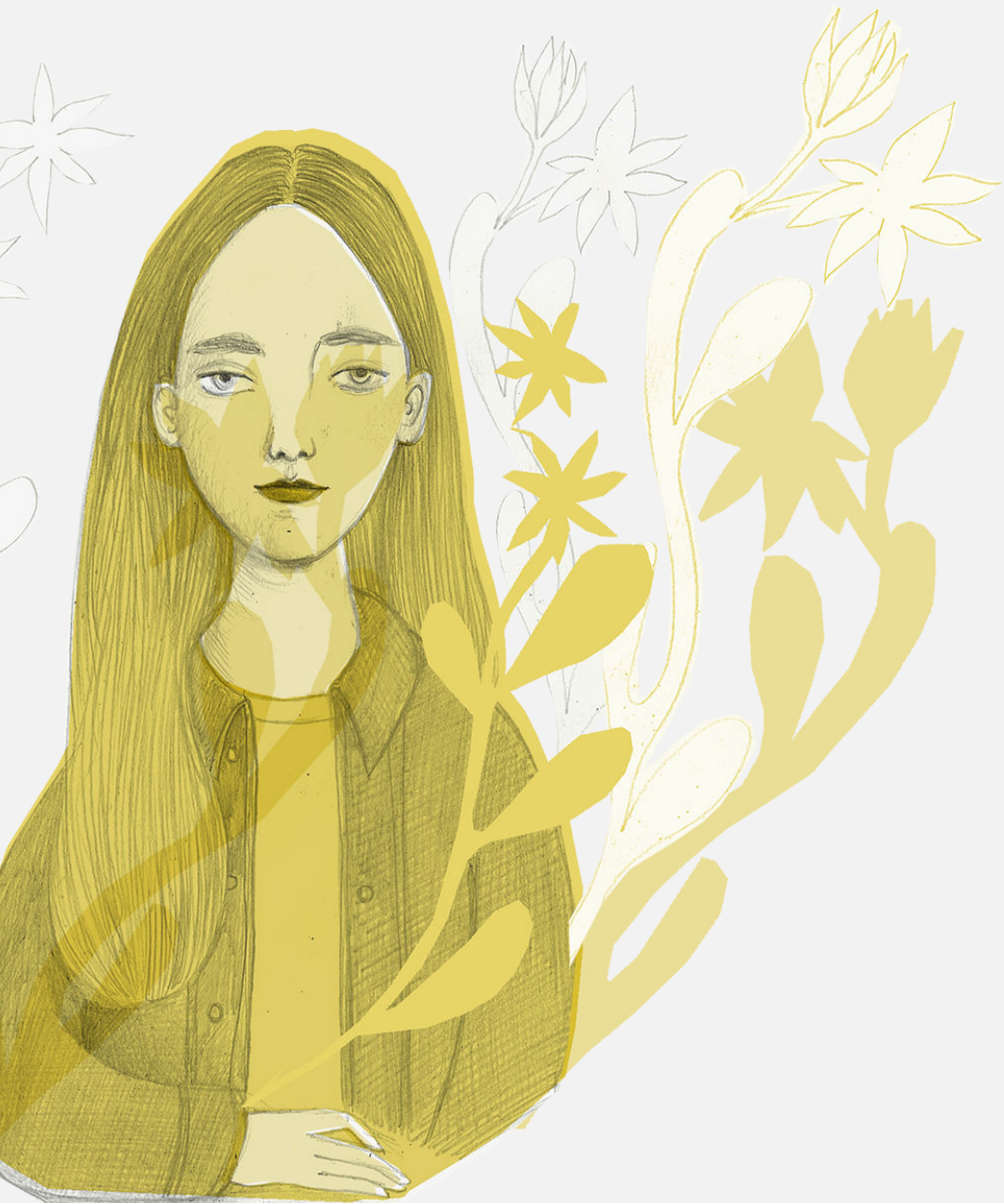
I am addressing you, the one reading these words, whoever you are, because I left this diary of mine in the hope that someone might find it and continue to fight. I do not know whether, at the moment you read these words, I will still be here. It is a difficult and dark time, although there are some among us who still nurture fragile hopes, but it depends on what we do, on the small and great choices we make every day.

I have always been afraid.

Afraid that there would be no future for those of my generation: those born in the previous century literally devoured it all, although we too have perpetrated the harm.



CONTINUE



When I was born, in 2024, the world was already compromised, but perhaps not enough for people to fully grasp the disaster that would unfold shortly thereafter. There had been a pandemic that, in two years, had killed seven million people. Fierce, absurd, unjustified wars had broken out. Stupid men in power had invaded territories, exterminated populations, and decided that the lives of those living on the margins were worth less than those of others.

My name is Chloe, my name means “green shoot”, and I am sixteen years old.

CONTINUE



I have only a hazy memory of the time when everything came crashing down, changing everyone's lives. But I know the world before through the stories told by my father, Odysseus. My father was an ESA astronaut. When I was little, I would listen to his stories spellbound; in his arms, I felt as though I could see the secrets of the stars and the elegant movements of the planets.

CONTINUE

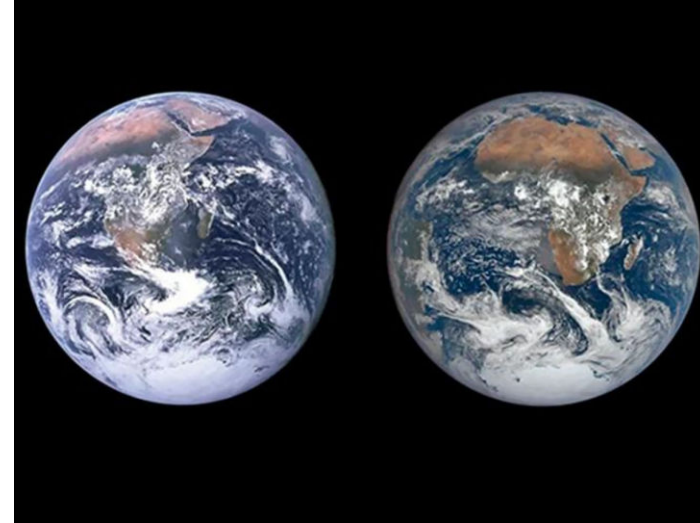
"I was not the first man to go into space, but the emotion and wonder are the same as those Gagarin must have felt. You know that you are suspended in the infinite Universe and that there is no word that can express what you feel. You feel that you belong to all of this, but that truly nothing belongs to you, especially not the Earth."

I did not see my father very often, he was always busy with some mission or special training, but whenever I had the chance, I would ask him to tell me about his days on the space station.



CONTINUE

When humans went into space in the 1960s, they saw our planet from a new perspective for the first time. Earth appeared for what it is: a small, fragile "blue marble," immersed in the deep universe. Its fragility, however, is not due to the enormity of space, but to the human creatures who inhabit it. Satellite images, as well as astronauts' accounts, tell us how rapid urbanization, deforestation, and melting glaciers are altering and modifying our planet. Energy-hungry and overly bright cities, the clearing and destruction of rainforests for intensive farming, have changed the color of entire regions. The shrinking polar ice caps are also visible, as is the increasingly thin atmosphere, which astronauts describe as a thin blue line. To directly observe these changes over time, you can use tools like Google Earth Timelapse.



The photo shows the planet in 1972 on the left, and a photo from 2022 on the right. It highlights the shrinking cryosphere, the areas of Earth's surface composed of water ice, as a result of melting ice. The decline in vegetation favors desert.



When he was away, my grandmother would take me into the garden and point to the spot in the sky where the space station was; I would wave, convinced that my father could see me.

It was his journeys that taught me a boundless love for our planet.

"Poor planet," my father would say. "Poor, our wonderful planet. This little blue sphere."

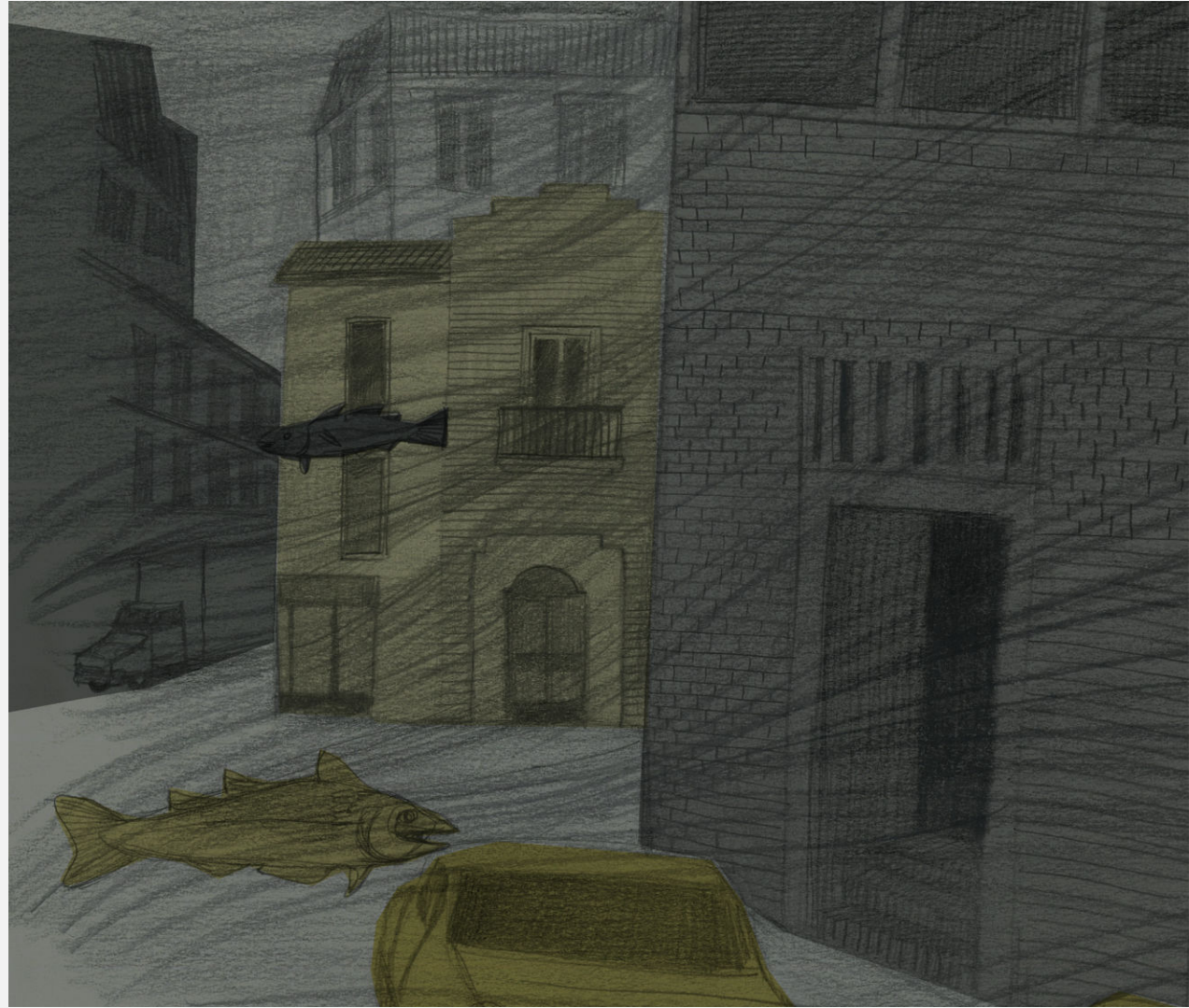
"Why? Why do you say 'poor planet'?" I would ask, not yet able to understand the gravity of what was happening.



CONTINUE

My father would speak, and I would see our planet floating, suspended in the void of the universe. I have always wondered why they called it Earth, given that it is covered in water. That same water which today has flooded territories and eroded coastlines.

After what everyone now calls the “disaster”, people were forced to move to the highest areas of the planet. The water erased cities and entire regions, reducing countries to a kind of enormous archipelago made up of islands.



CONTINUE

When I was born, the glaciers had already begun to melt. My father used to tell me about this too. The mountains were my grandmother's passion. Together they would climb up to the Chamonix glacier, which no longer exists today.

Fully equipped, with ropes and ice axes, they would venture along the alpine trails.

He would describe in detail the landscapes that stretched out beneath their feet, I felt as though I could see the intense green of the trees, the rustling of the branches.

I hear my father's voice making the mountains appear before me, the peaks and valleys, the gentle slopes of the hills covered with trees and vegetation, the chirping of birds that today almost no one knows anymore.

CONTINUE

“What did you see, Dad?” I would ask, closing my eyes.

“However hard I tried to look into the distance, I could never see where it ended. I felt the same emotion when I saw the starry sky up close and from within. Yet, before the majesty of the mountains, what truly struck me was their fragility. I realised that everything rested on a frail and delicate balance. People were too caught up in themselves, in their little daily routine, to look at what was happening around them.”

“How old were you?” I would ask.



CONTINUE



“The first time Grandma took me with her to see the glacier, I was more or less your age. We climbed on foot for days, just for the pleasure of being surrounded by nature.

Along the paths we could glimpse grassy fields and expanses of trees, animals of every kind: ibex and chamois scrambling up the rocky slopes, marmots playing hide-and-seek, and the stealthy movement of the fox.

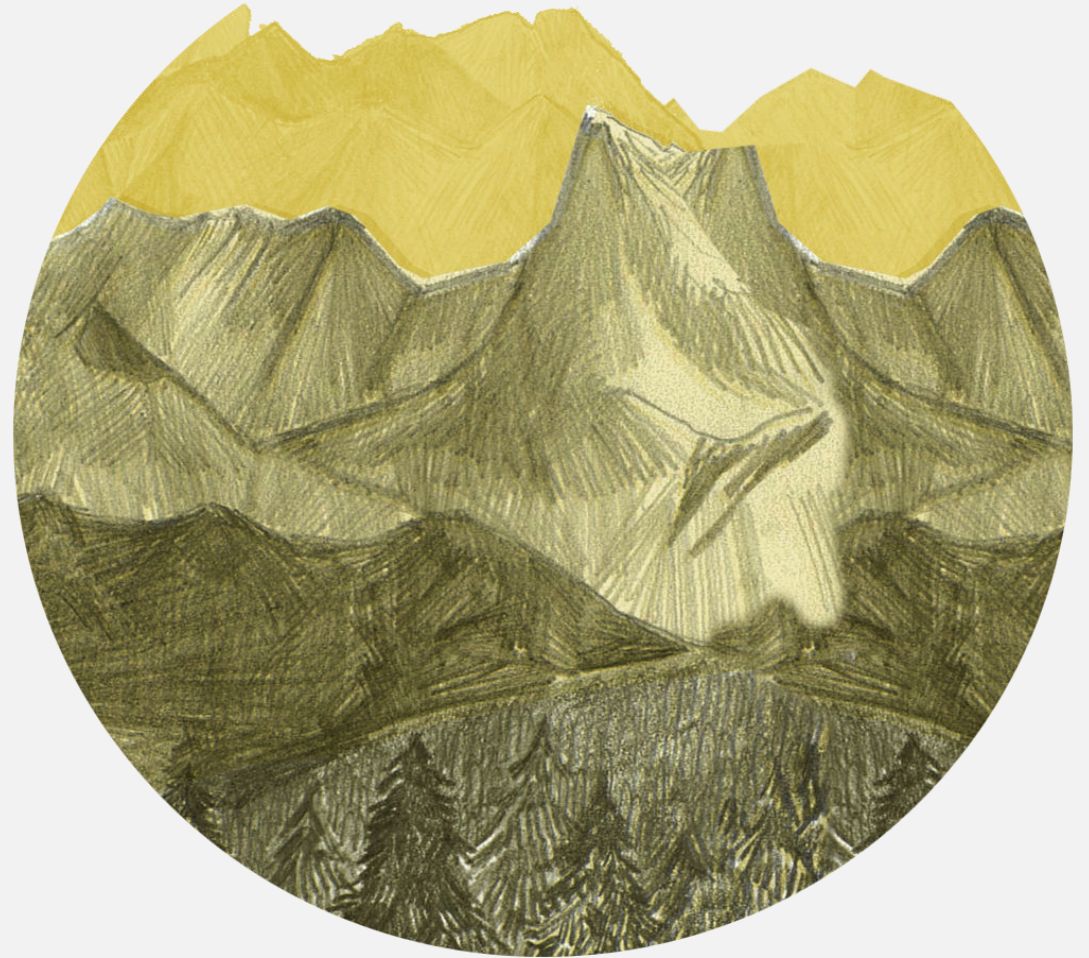
But above all, what I still remember is the enchantment of the dawns that, in the morning, painted the mountain faces. A rosy, soft and warm light that made me happy.

CONTINUE

Then, after a few days, we would reach the French side to enter the cave that, every year, they dug deeper and deeper into the mountain, because the ice was retreating. Tourists came to see it just as they would have gone to the circus to see a singular and strange spectacle.”

Just to say: “We were there!” but without worrying about anything else. It was 2015, and I remember hearing the guide tell his group of tourists that the glacier had retreated by more than seven hundred metres compared to 1990.

It felt as though I were watching a giant that was dying.”

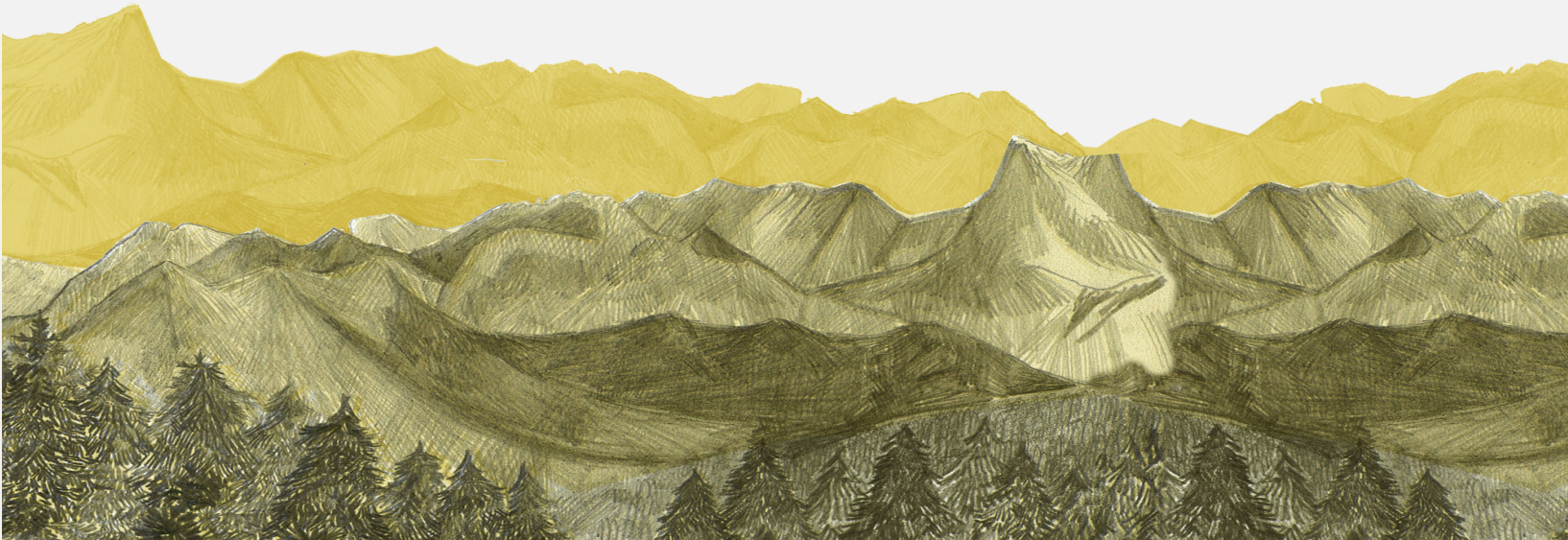


CONTINUE

“And you, Dad? And Grandma?”

“We felt powerless. I would take photos and compare them with those from the previous year, and I could see the glacier retreating, slowly disappearing. The temperature was rising, the winters were becoming less cold, but it was the summers that were the real problem. Hotter every year.” ⓘ

Then, together, we would look at the photos, he would say to me, “That’s how it was,” and to me they seemed like portraits of a distant world disappearing before my eyes. It seemed to me like a long wound cutting through the mountain, which, without the ice, looked bare, naked and desolate.



CONTINUE



Legambiente, in 2024, set out with a "caravan" to monitor the health of the glaciers, through six stages: the Mer de Glace Glacier, the Valpelline Glacier, the Flua Glacier, the Fellaria Glacier, the glaciers of the Julian Alps, and the Marmolada Glacier. The first stage was the Mer de Glace Glacier on Mont Blanc, known as the Roof of Europe and the King of the Alps, which in 174 years has lost about 300 meters of thickness near the Monteverve station. For decades now, the debris cover, i.e., the rock fragments

that protrude or accumulate on the surface of the glacier, has also increased due to rockfall from the adjacent walls and the effect of the glacier's contraction, especially on the French side. At the same time, the moraines and rock walls of the valley are becoming unstable, with repeated collapses. The cause lies in rising temperatures and the freezing level at high altitude.

Between 2022 and 2023, the "Sea of Ice" lost over 30 meters.

Vanda Bonardo, National Alpine Director of Legambiente and President of CIPRA Italy, states: "We are losing the historical memory of the oldest ice. More than ever, we need European glacier governance and mitigation and adaptation policies."

The data were presented in 2024 during the press conference held in Chamonix.

<https://www.legambiente.it/>





My father had studied aerospace engineering; he had been chosen from among thousands of astronauts and had travelled to the International Space Station on two different occasions, a few years apart. From up there, he had seen the Amazon rainforest for the first time.

“They called it the green lung,” he would say, “even though it was already badly compromised the first time I saw it. Much of it had been destroyed to be turned into pastureland.”



You had been born only two years earlier, and seeing the forest, I thought of you, of what I was leaving you.” Those were terrible years, the world seemed to have gone mad, there were wars everywhere, and care for the environment seemed to remain in the background and in the actions of a few isolated groups. The widespread war, which year after year expanded, involving more and more countries, did the rest.”

CONTINUE

In July 2024, Greenpeace, reporting data published by the Brazilian National Institute of Space Research (INPE), denounced how the Brazilian Amazon rainforest has suffered a dramatic increase in deforestation and fire outbreaks. A total of 666 square kilometers of deforestation has occurred, an increase of 33.2% compared to July 2023, thus surpassing July 2005, a record year for the number of fires. These data should serve as a wake-up call: as the dry season is accompanied by long periods of extreme drought, which recur year after

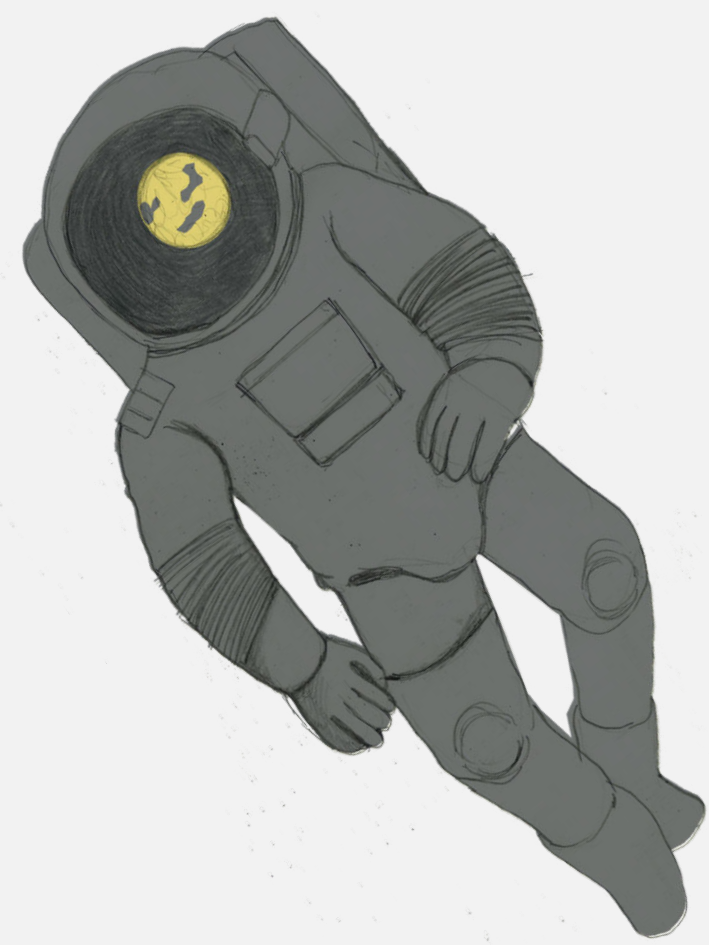
year, making it increasingly difficult to contain the fires. The goal of zero deforestation must be achieved well before 2030, so that the Amazon does not pass its climatic tipping point, beyond which most of the ecosystem would collapse, compromising the forest's primary role as a CO₂ sink and making the effects of the climate crisis even more devastating.



Chapter 2. The war of the worlds

Perhaps that is why my father decided to leave the city and move to the mountains. That decision of his saved my life. Despite what was happening in the world, my father was called up for another space mission. I was six years old. I have not seen him since.

Perhaps what happened prevented him from returning, and he continues to watch me from up there. Or perhaps he is somewhere, on a distant island, doing everything he can to find me.



CONTINUE

I do not know what really happened, I was too young to know: perhaps the bombs dropped during the war, or perhaps the final summer, when temperatures reached unprecedented highs, causing Greenland's ice and other glaciers to melt, or perhaps both.

Whatever the final cause was, the level of the seas and oceans rose further, and many cities were flooded, nothing remained of the world as I had known it. Cities and landscapes sank, vast stretches of land, along with roads, road signs and traffic lights, ended up at the bottom of the sea.



CONTINUE

In the disaster, much of the technology was lost, communications were difficult, and news arrived in a fragmented and incomplete way.

The islands that formed are very far apart and difficult to reach without facing danger. There are violent and sudden storms.

Or you might crash into buildings that have not yet collapsed, just below sea level.

CONTINUE



After the glaciers had melted, the waters of the Atlantic Ocean flowed back up the Amazon River delta, causing the salinisation of the river. The brackish water destroyed the vegetation by suffocating the roots and turning the forest into a swamp.

The forest began to rot, releasing an enormous amount of CO₂. Many of the populations were wiped out in the years that followed. Some members of the Guarani tribe survived by moving to higher ground, where the water had not yet reached.

There, a portion of the forest endured, and for those who still had hope, it had become the point from which to begin again, in order to save at least part of the world.

For me, the forest became a point of reference: it was the last thing my father had spoken to me about.

CONTINUE



Chapter 3. Floating cities

Life resumed, perpetuating its bad habits, and the world split even more deeply into two: those who were desperately trying to save what could still be saved, and those who, on the contrary, continued to think only of themselves, secretly building city-ships in which to take refuge, while the rest of humanity was being killed by the violent changes in the climate and by the consequences these had brought about.

Architects and engineers had been conscripted to build fortress ships capable of withstanding anything. Many, however, had remained incomplete, others had proved useless against the force of nature.

CONTINUE

After my grandmother's death, I had become part of a community of activists made up of scientists, but also many children and young people my own age, who had been left alone like me.

In the years before the disaster, they had created safe places in which to preserve plant seeds, as well as animal embryos. Thanks to their expertise, we had vegan food, made from special mushrooms and vegetables grown in small greenhouses. The surviving animals, like us, had to contribute to the beginning of a new life.

However, before long, even those shelters were at risk, as were our lives.

CONTINUE



Among the people who looked after me was Noa, a biologist and embryologist who had begun to develop this idea as early as the end of the first years of the new millennium, when she had seen many animal and plant species disappear.

Perhaps because of her name, she had thought of a kind of Noah's Ark, which she had of course renamed Noa's Ark. She reminded me of my grandmother, with her long white hair and eyes of the purest blue. An aristocratic nose and a smile capable of lighting up even the darkest moments. Despite being seventy, she had the courage and strength of a sixteen-year-old.

CONTINUE

Then there were the meetings, endless and heated, to understand how we should proceed, because there really was no time left.

“We need a fortress ship, it is our only hope,” said Noa.

“Do you think they will give us one, just because we need it?” said Telemachus, raising his voice, unable as ever to hide his anger and disappointment.

“We do not have enough weapons; it will be difficult to manage to take one,” added another member of the group.

“We could talk to them,” I said. Thirty eyes turned towards me with questioning looks.

“Chloe,” Telemachus began, “they have never listened to us before; do you think they will do so now?”

CONTINUE



“Let her speak,” Noa interrupted him gently. “It is always us adults who make decisions, and look where they have led us. They are the future; it is them we need, the boys and girls, the children. They are our seeds, the ones we can plant in the future. They are the embryo of the world to come.”

Telemachus sat down and fell silent.

On an island not too far from us there was the A.T.E. shipyard, an acronym that stood for the insignificant and hardly suspicious European Technology Agency.

“I know that an old friend of my father’s works there, she is a naval architect, her name is Diletta. It belongs to some billionaire, who is probably partly responsible for the disaster we are living through. But we have to convince her to give it to us.”

CHLOE’S CHOICE

⇒ We leave to try to take the ship by force. Go to page 39

⇒ We leave to try to convince Diletta. Go to page 22

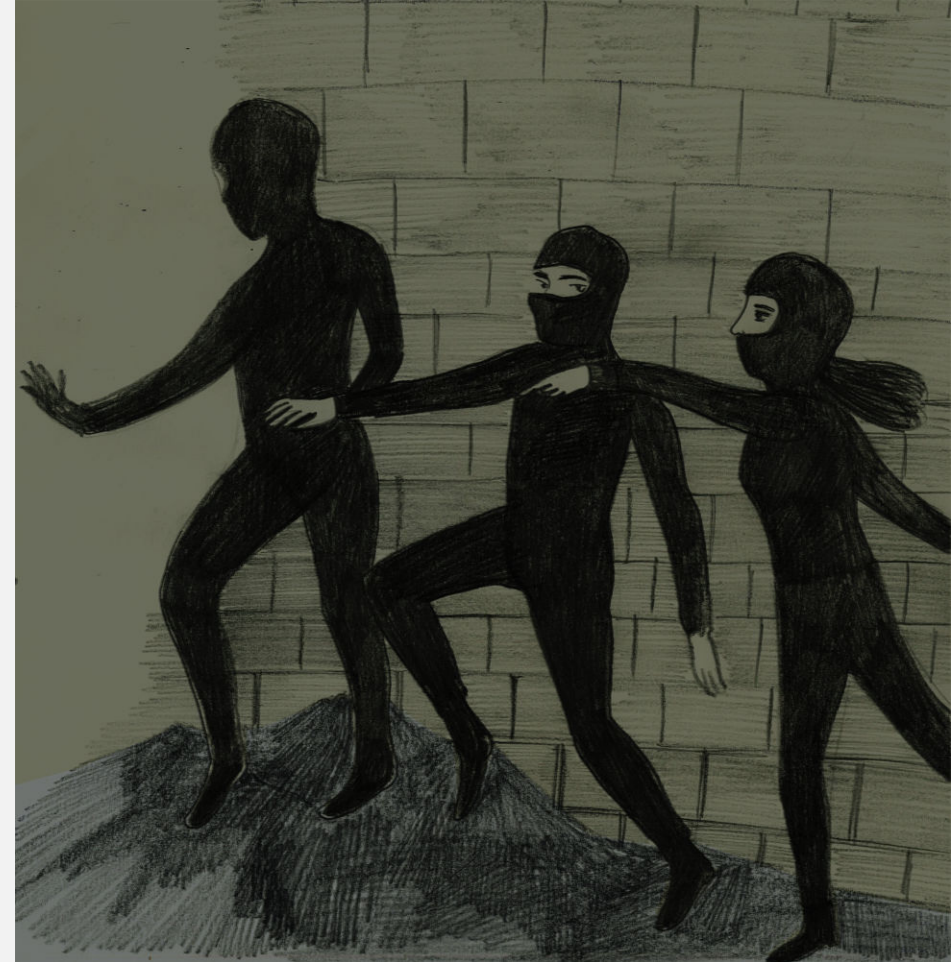
Chapter 4. We leave to try to convince Diletta

The island was not far away, and we reached it easily in the small boats at our disposal. Along the coast were the ruins of houses and the rotten trunks of old trees. But the problem was the high walls surrounding the shipyard, on which rows of armed soldiers were stationed.

“What do we do now?” someone in the group asked.

Noa, with her usual calm, explained: “There is an opening nearby through which they will bring the ship out. We must be careful, but we will manage to get through.”

In silence, trusting one another, we moved through the darkness, crawling as close as possible to the high walls. As Noa had said, we found the passage.



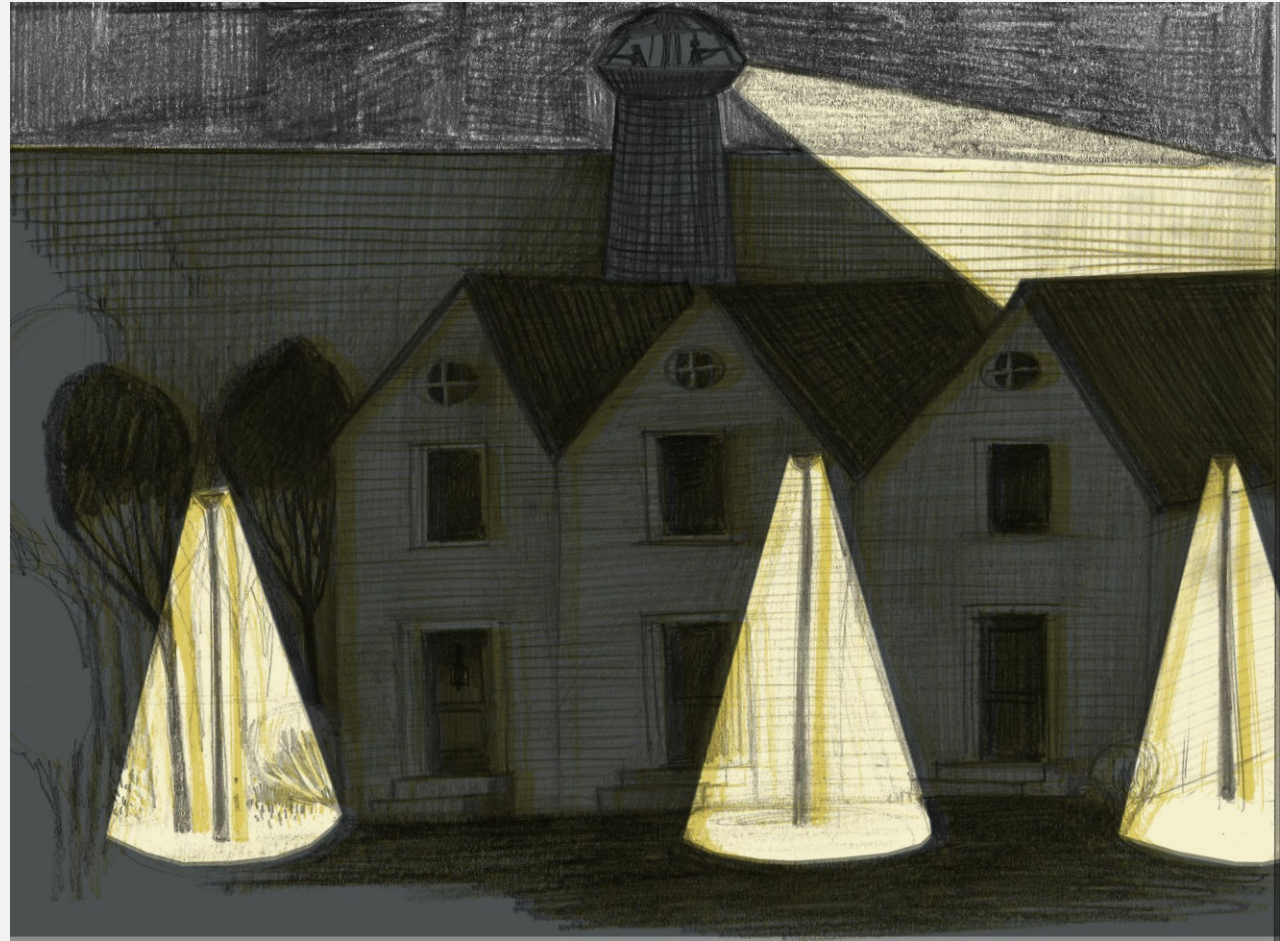
CONTINUE

We spotted small buildings, which we imagined were the homes of the workers and technicians.

“We’ll never find her!” Telemachus hissed.

“This is the one!” I replied, pointing to a door on which hung an old cowbell, the kind cows used to wear. My father had given it to her, after picking it up during one of his many hikes in the mountains.

We knocked softly, but loudly enough for Diletta to hear us. She came to open the door, surprised and sleepy.



CONTINUA



Frightened, she let us in, muffling her own voice with one hand so as not to scream: "Are you mad? If they see us, if they see you, they'll kill you all..." Then she turned to look at me and, even though we had not seen each other for over ten years, she recognised me.

"You. Chloe. You are Chloe, Odysseus's daughter!" she said, hugging me and kissing me affectionately. "I'm sorry, I overwhelmed you, but seeing you was such a powerful emotion and..."

CONTINUE

Then, realising the others were there, she asked,
“Why are you here?”

“We need the ship you built,” said Noa, looking at me
as if inviting me to continue.

“There is no time left; what little remains of the world
is disappearing, and perhaps very soon no trace of it
will be left. But Noa has preserved the seeds of
botanical species and the embryos of many animals.
We want to reach the Amazonian Island and try to
save what remains of it. We could not do it with our
small boats. We need this one, the one you built.”

“But it isn’t mine. If it were, I would give it to you
without even thinking twice, but I can’t. I have no
choice.”



CONTINUE

“That’s not true, we all have a choice. You can give us the ship and try to save the hope of a world and a life that are still possible, or you can send us away and give the ship to the billionaire who will save only himself. I don’t know whether we will be able to repair the damage our planet has suffered, but I know that we must at least try.”

Diletta let go of my hands, which until that moment she had been holding tightly in hers. Turning her back to us, she remained silent, and we with her, waiting for her to tell us what she had decided.

DILETTA’S CHOICE



Diletta chooses not to give us the ship. Go to page 35



Diletta chooses to give us the ship. Go to page 27



Chapter 5. The gift

Diletta let out a long sigh, then, looking at me intensely, said:

“It’s yours. I don’t yet know how I’ll be able to justify it, but it doesn’t matter. If I don’t do the right thing now, I believe I won’t have another chance. The only thing I ask of you is to take with you the children of the technicians and workers who live here. The ship can accommodate forty people. It contains supplies of everything that may be useful for thirty years. You’ll need doctors; there are two here, and the captain, to steer it. He’s my brother.”

“And you?”

“You won’t need me, and there isn’t enough room on the ship.

CONTINUE

Diletta went out to wake the others while we began to board with all our belongings. The armoured ship looked like a gigantic tortoise, broad and flat; it had been built on a slightly sloping area and positioned parallel to the shore, so that it could slide directly into the water.

We were joined by the sons and daughters of the island's inhabitants, along with the doctors and Guarino, Diletta's brother. Half-asleep, they were pushed inside, unable to fully understand what was happening. Like me, they too might never see their parents again.

Diletta closed behind her the bulkheads that sealed off the dry dock and, when the blocks were removed, the ship began to slide towards the sea. We heard shouts and gunshots as we moved away from the island. Noa's Ark was ready.

Guarino asked, "Where are we going?"

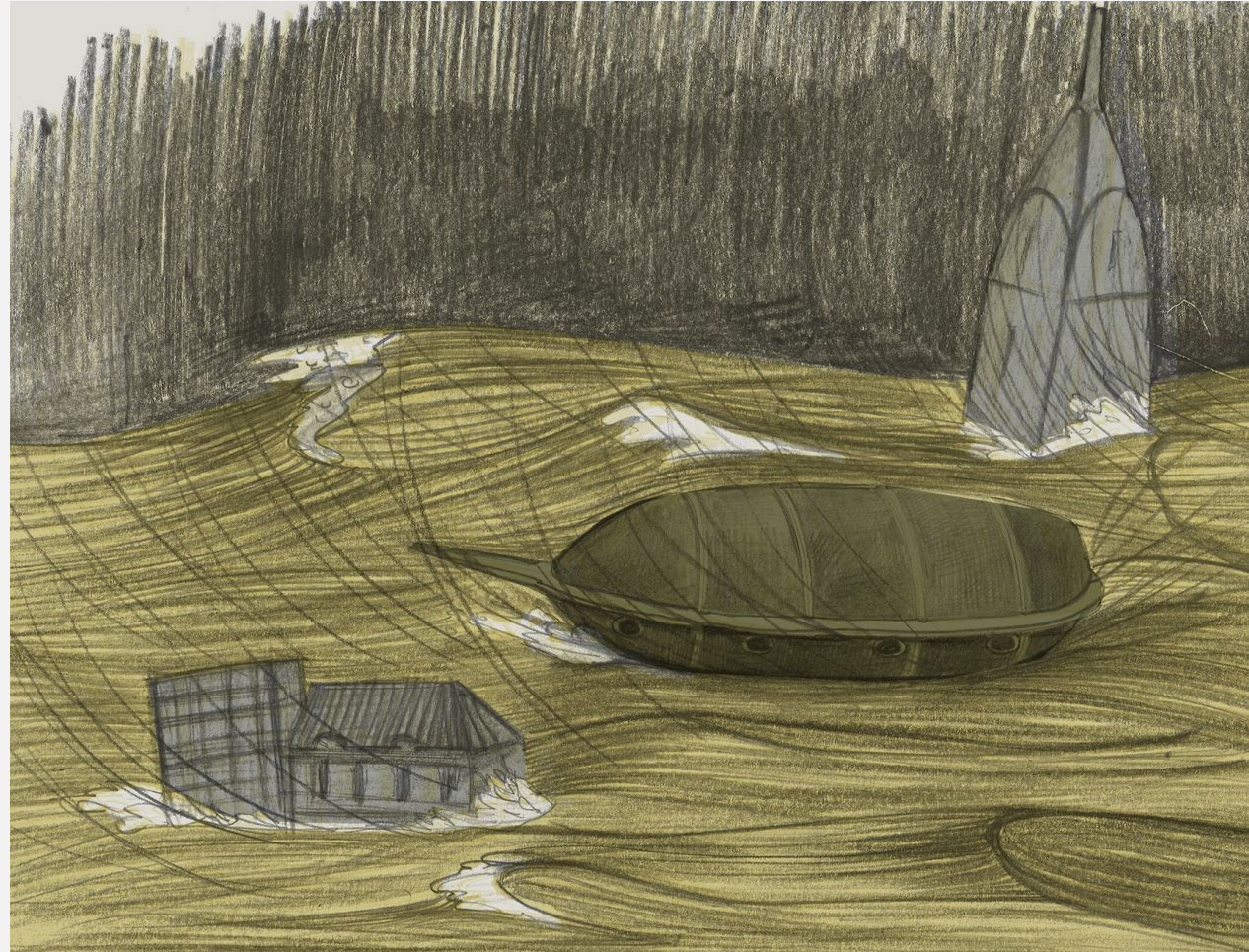
"Towards the Amazonian Island," I replied, without looking back.

CONTINUE

We sailed for days on the open sea, safe despite the many storms, inside the tortoise-shaped ship.

The part in the water was flat to avoid hitting buildings and rocks emerging from the water, and part of it was transparent to allow us to see into the water.

But the sight was so sad that I soon gave up. On the seabed, we could see cars and the rails of a train folded in on itself, while fragments of every kind floated around. There was no trace left of fish or anything else. Sometimes I wondered what we would really be able to do with the seeds and seedlings grown by Noa.



CONTINUE



One night I dreamt that my father was in the forest, surrounded by very tall, lush trees.

Beside him stood a Guarani girl. Gently pushing me towards her, he said: "This is my daughter Chloe, her name means "green shoot."

Then, pointing to the girl, he continued: "This is Cyara. Her name means "the one who illuminates". She will be able to tell you what to do."

When I woke up, we had arrived.

CONTINUE

At first we used respirators, the air was unbreathable, the swamp was consuming all the oxygen, but as we climbed towards the higher areas, where the presence of living trees gradually increased, we could breathe without them.

We looked around in amazement that a place like this could still exist. From somewhere hidden among the foliage, I could clearly hear the sounds and voices of animals unknown to me.

Then suddenly they surrounded us: men and women with black hair and tattooed bodies. They had approached menacingly, until she arrived, the girl from the dream. We explained what our intention was, but after listening to us, Cyara, as spokesperson for her people, said to us:



CYARA'S CHOICE



We are forest.
We will not allow
others to act. Go
to page 32



We are Forest.
Your help is
welcome. Go to
page 43



Chapter 7. We are Forest

"We are Forest, we will not allow others to act." Her voice was calm, gentle, Cyara looked each of us in the eye, one by one.

We watched her in silence; only the call of some distant animal overlapped with her words, which, slow as music, entered us, into our hearts and our minds.

"Others in the past, before the great disaster, came here and killed the forest, and us along with it. We cannot allow anyone, however well-intentioned, to intervene in our place. Every change brings a consequence."

CONTINUA

Her voice brought back to my memory the words of my father.

She was turning us away, but her words were kind. I understood it; we all understood it.

Cyara smiled.

“If you wish, you may stay, but nothing that is on that ship, animal or plant, may come ashore. The forest must find a new balance, and we fear that anything that does not belong to it could destroy what little remains.”

There was no resentment in her words, perhaps only a little fear; nevertheless, “The One Who Illuminates” illuminated our hearts.

We had made too many mistakes to want to continue imposing our will. By mutual agreement, we decided to set sail again in search of an island, of a place where we could try to begin again. Keeping Cyara’s words as a warning, or perhaps as a rule: I am Forest. To learn to live with respect and fully in the world we inhabit, because we are that world and we have no other.

CONTINUE

The ship has thirty years of autonomy. We have food and resources. Animals and plants to grow, to create a new life. Perhaps my father is still on the space station. Perhaps he is watching me from there, or at least I like to think so, and perhaps he too, like me, is trying to create a possible world, a kinder and more respectful one.

THE END



Chapter 8. The refusal

Diletta turned around, keeping her eyes closed. Then, slowly lifting her eyelids, she looked at us, bewildered, shaking her head.

“I can’t,” she said, pacing nervously around the room. “I can’t, I’m sorry, I can’t. If I did, we would be dead. I am here of my own free will; I chose to work here because it was the only chance to save myself and my family. Outside here, you know it too, there are not many possibilities. The news reaching us is increasingly dark and hopeless. If I gave you the ship, if I allowed you to take it, they would kill us all. The Earth will find a way to recover, to begin again...”



CONTINUE

“The Earth can do nothing on its own; it needs our help, because we need its help. Perhaps the Earth will find a new balance, but it will not be good for us humans,” I told her, almost crying. But she was immovable.

“Perhaps it is better this way. Perhaps our planet will be infinitely better off without us. We will spend the years we have left here. I cannot tell you whether we are safe, but it is the only choice I can make,” Diletta said to me in a resigned voice.

I would have liked to answer her, but Noa signalled to me to stop and pushed us all outside. We got back into the boats to return to our island.

On the journey back, Telemachus suggested returning: “We cannot give up...”

CONTINUE

It was at that moment that Noa stopped rowing, striking the oar hard against the water. We all remained silent.

“A war, another battle, killing, destroying. No, we will do nothing.” Her words had frozen our hearts, in fear and in a kind of ominous hope.

I do not know if you are still reading me, if you have felt my fears inside you, if you have nurtured the same hopes as I have.

Sometimes, thinking that someone might read me makes me believe that, if I have not managed to carry my plans through to the end, you may be able to take them up and continue.

We spent days trying to understand what alternatives we had. But there were none. Without the ship, we did not have many chances.



CONTINUA

Supplies were dwindling more and more, and maintaining the cryogenic laboratory required a considerable amount of energy.

The situation became more difficult day after day: it was increasingly hard to breathe, the oxygen supplies had quickly run out, but Noa never gave up. She continued to grow her seedlings until the last day of her life and to come up with energy solutions to power her laboratory. Many of them died, others, like us, survived; I still do not know how to judge whether this is a good thing or a bad thing.

I have written down everything that happened.

I have nothing else to add. If you are truly reading me, if there is a chance that someone else like me has survived and is reading me, I truly hope that you, whoever you are, can really learn from our mistakes and try to change and save what little remains.

THE END



Chapter 9. In battle

We were frightened by our own determination, but we had realised we had no other choice. We arrived at night, with the few weapons we had at our disposal. Telemachus and others in the group had fashioned some rudimentary bombs.

We attacked them whilst they slept, firing shots and causing chaos. We had brought knives and whatever else we could find; despite our inexperience, the element of surprise worked in our favour and we got the better of them. The ship left the island and headed out to the open sea. We sailed for miles without seeing any other islands except in the distance. In some places, however, we could see the remains of sunken cities. My memories were too vague, but Noa and the others couldn't hold back their tears at the sight of fragments of their past literally drowned in the sea.

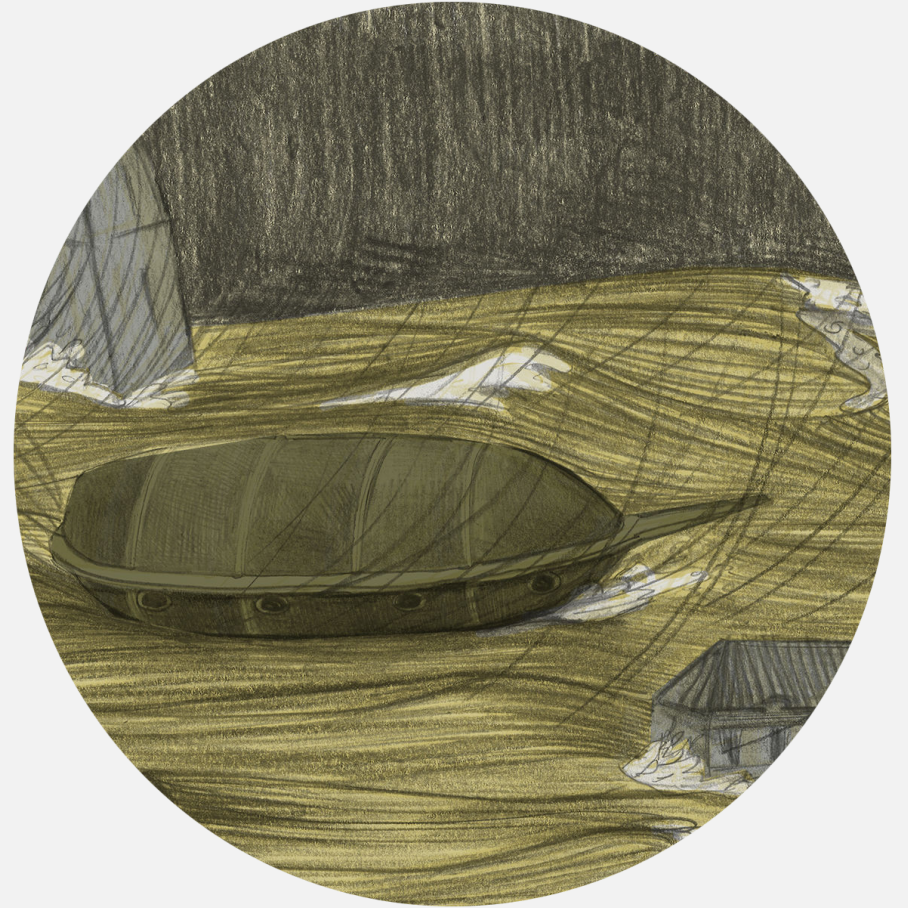


CONTINUE

You could still see the cars and buses, while pieces of shattered objects floated around. There was no trace of fish left. The ship's hull was flat precisely to avoid colliding with any emerging building, and part of it had been made of a transparent material to allow us to see what was underneath.

The upper section, too, was a large inverted hull that made it resemble a gigantic tortoise. Using the motion of the waves and wind energy, we moved quickly. Safely. The air was filtered and cooled by special filters. I cannot say how many days had passed since our departure, but suddenly something struck the side of the ship.

"They followed us," Telemachus shouted, while he fumbled with the ship's defence system to respond to the attack.



CONTINUE

Meanwhile, the blows continued to strike the side of the ship.

The billionaire was not willing to lose his vessel. We all went below deck to discuss and decide what to do. Telemachus returned fire, but perhaps because of his inexperience, it seemed that our shots were not as successful. We were frightened, the youngest children so much so that they could not even cry.

“Before the irreparable happens, we must surrender.”

Telemachus would have wanted to continue, but Noa was immovable. What happened to her and the other adults after our surrender, I could not say. We were separated. Looking up, I met Diletta’s eyes.

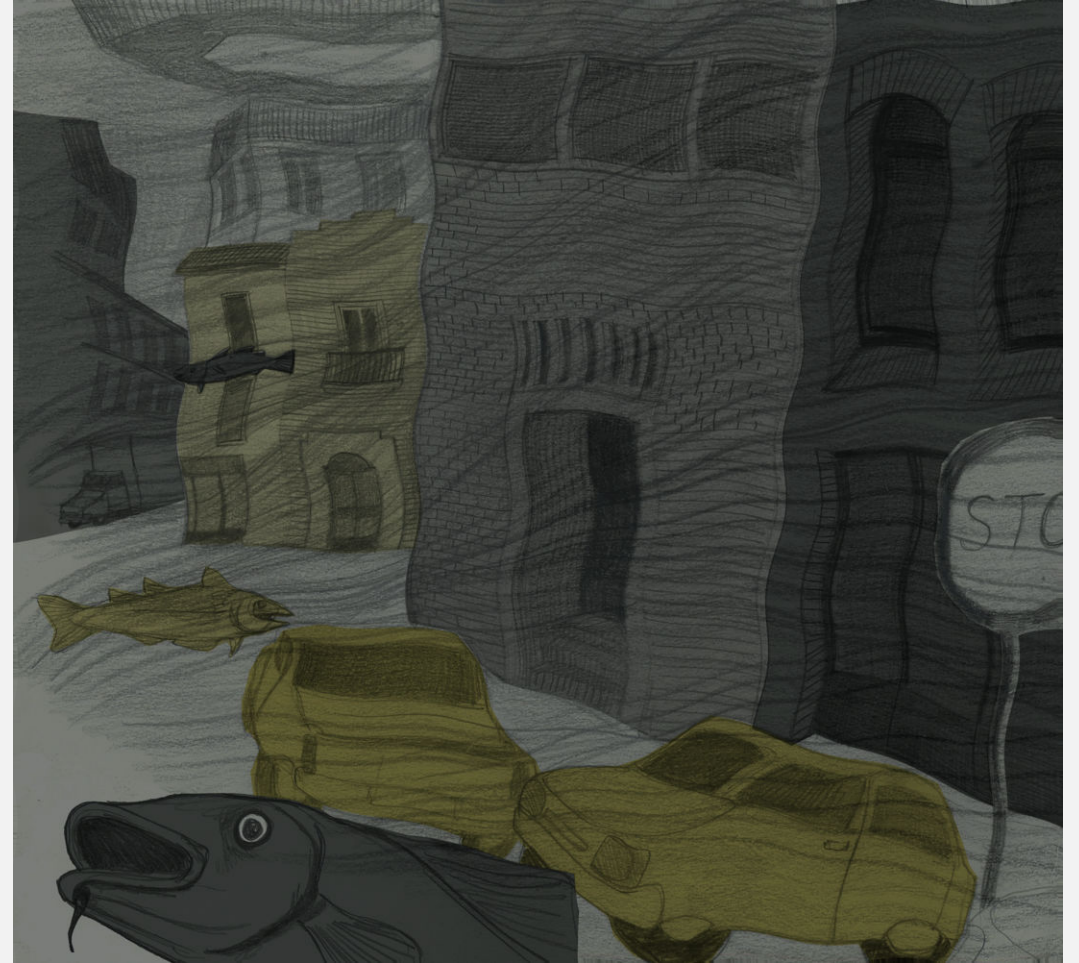
“You young people will be transferred to an island where you will work to repair the damage the ship has suffered.”

CONTINUA

A few days have passed since that moment. I have continued to write in this diary. I do not know why. I only know that whatever choice they have made for me, it is not mine. I have written these final lines in the hope that whoever reads them may still have the chance, or the time, to think again and make different decisions.

I no longer have any of that.

We are on the open sea; the sky is vast, infinite and dotted with stars, perhaps it resembles the one my father used to see. I have decided to leave the ship. I will slip into the sea, swimming towards the bottom, towards the sunken cities.



THE END



Chapter 10. We are Forest

An intense emotion brought tears to my eyes. I felt like my father the first time he had seen the Earth from space. I looked at those trees, those people, and I saw life, which, despite everything, endured. His words echoed inside me.

“We are Forest,” said Cyara, looking at each of us one by one.

As she pronounced the word “we”, we understood that she was speaking of everyone, not only of her people, but also of me and my travelling companions.

“You bring new life, and we welcome it. The forest is very sick because of the great disaster, and perhaps what you bring with you may be the cure, or perhaps it could also accelerate what has begun.”

CONTINUA

"We are Forest," she repeated.

"That is why we know what it needs. We know what must be done because we know it just as we know our own body. What happened was not by the will of some wrathful god, but because of human stupidity and arrogance.

We live in it and with it, and it lives in us and through us. Any other animal or plant being would alter the already precarious balance.

We do not know whether we will manage to save ourselves and save it.

But if that were not to happen, we would still have respected its being.

Respect is a word you do not know.

Respect for the environment, for nature and for others.

The world does not need human beings.

The forest is wise and will find a way, another way,
to continue living and regenerating itself.

You may stay, but under our rules.

We will live here, in peace, as long as the forest allows us to."

CONTINUE



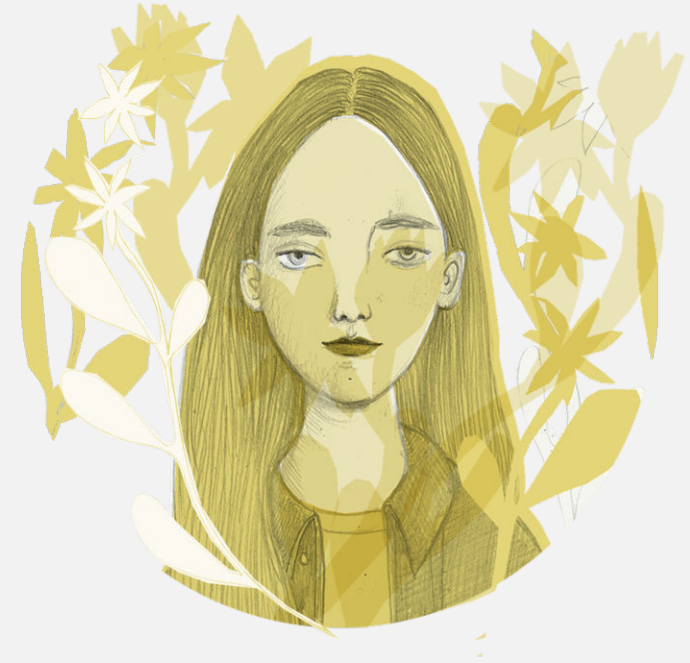
Only the cries of some animals and our breathing could be heard. I took a step forward and slowly began to take off the clothes I was wearing; then, gathering a little earth, I drew a red line across my face like the one that adorned theirs.

"I am Forest.

We are Forest.

We will do only what you tell us, respecting the forest and its time. We will rewrite the rules by learning from our mistakes, and we will no longer allow it to happen."

Many years have passed since then. Not all the plants we planted survived; others, however, took root, and slowly we are reclaiming the territories of the swamps. Many of the animals have returned to live, as has a new people, who call the trees and creatures brothers, because we, all of us, are Forest. Like you who are reading me, perhaps one day you too will learn to feel like Forest.



THE END

REFLECTION QUESTIONS

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

Next



What does the phrase “We are Forest” mean to you?

Do you think human beings are separate from nature, or part of it?



What did you learn from this story?

Did you discover something new about climate change, human choices, or the relationship between survival and responsibility?



**Is it better to persuade others or to act
by force?**

Which choice seemed more right to you?

What risks does violence involve, even when
people believe they are acting for a good
cause?



**What is the relationship between
power and responsibility in the story?**

Who really holds the power? And who
uses it in the most responsible way?



**What can young people do in a world
shaped by decisions made by others?**

What actions are still possible, even when the
damage already seems very great?



Is there a choice that, in hindsight, you would make differently?

If you could go back through the story, which decision would you change? Why?



What kind of future is truly worth saving?

In your opinion, is survival enough, or does it also matter how we survive and with whom?



How could you act differently in real life?

The story deals with climate crisis, responsibility, and difficult choices. Is there anything in it that makes you reflect on your own behaviour, your priorities, or the way you see the world?



Which ending did you reach? What choices led you there?

Think back to the decisions Chloe and her group made. How did their first choices influence the final outcome?

FUTHER RESOURCES

Next



IPCC – AR6 Synthesis Report (Summary for Policymakers)

<https://www.ipcc.ch/report/ar6/syr/summary-for-policymakers/>

WMO – State of the Global Climate / Glaciers and Ice Caps

<https://wmo.int/publication-series/state-of-global-climate>

<https://wmo.int/topics/glaciers-and-ice-caps>

NASA – Sea Level Change Portal

<https://sealevel.nasa.gov/>

ESA – Amazon Tipping Point / Space for our Climate

https://www.esa.int/Applications/Observing_the_Earth/FutureEO/Space_for_our_climate/ESA_investigates_high-stakes_Amazon_tipping_point

https://www.esa.int/Applications/Observing_the_Earth/FutureEO/Space_for_our_climate

Crop Trust – Svalbard Global Seed Vault

<https://www.croptrust.org/what-we-do/programs/svalbard-global-seed-vault/>

<https://www.seedvault.no/>



This adventure book is a creation of Erasmus+ Green Saga Project

Funded by the European Union. However, the views or opinions expressed are those of the author(s) alone and do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the European Union or the Agency of Youth Affairs. Neither the European Union nor the granting authority can be held responsible for them.

Project code: 2024-2-LT02-KA220-YOU-000293123



**Co-funded by
the European Union**