

Dear MP,

I'm writing to you on how, slowly, you are killing us off. I am one of the creatures who have had their home taken away and their wilderness destroyed. It is an outrage that the varmints have just thrown our precious plants away like useless bits of rubble.

Before the varmints put even a claw on our land it was peaceful. Birds would fly high in the sky and we would listen to their music, it sounded like heaven. We would dance to the murmuring of bees below, we would sink our teeth into the mouthwatering sweetcorn we grew and share stories with the bees. In the day on our greentime we would sway with the grass and joke with the clouds, it was so much fun.

Now every day when I go for a walk I see my kind starving on the streets. With no plants or anything they love, they can't find a reason to live. And, sometimes I see homeless parents giving away their kids to those varmints, desperate for them to have a peaceful future. But alas, those poor children grow sadder and sadder until they die, a few few months after. But what I find more depressing is YOU have done nothing about it! The adults die on the streets and the kids die in the varmints lairs. Me and a few others were lucky enough to find work and buy one of these awful flats. It is dirty, damp and wet and the noise of the varmints is unbearable.

So please, take down the city and help us replant the plants. Help us clear the skies and bring back the sunlight. Help us silence the noise and you can join us in the wilderness. But if you don't help the varmints with how us off by the time you realise you have made a massive mistake. Yours sincerely,
Vantura.



Killed