

The Bamboo Destruction

I am a giant panda in the Qinling Mountains. The Qinling Mountains are a diverse mountain range in China. Despite its beautiful landscape and graceful animals, I believe that the Qinling Giant Pandas stand out from the rest. Everyone simply cannot stand our adorable eyes, fluffy hair, and black ringed eyes. But even though we are cute and the little panda cubs are immature-acting, we are capable of being extremely strong in our mature state of life. Us pandas spend the majority of our time pooping, sleeping, and eating bamboo. Life was perfect in the mountains until the night of the beginning of the bamboo destruction. It started as a perfect day. The weather was perfect, the bamboo was perfect, and my fur was perfect. Thoughts about a bamboo feast for tomorrow fill my head. That night, I was sleeping soundly when a loud sound woke me up. A giant truck is abolishing bamboo in the high land. What are they doing? It shouts a loud snarl like the roar of a thousand tigers, and it shakes the ground with strong fury. They tear through the land, everything disappearing from sight. The bamboo gets devoured, and my dreams of the bamboo feast I had planned for tomorrow slip away.

Every night, the truck comes with people following. Bamboo continues to disappear, and one species of bamboo gives way for the truck every night. After many long and worrying nights, the lost bamboo gives way for a long, impressive, and winding path. The next night, I snarl and bare my teeth at the people, but they chuckle and stroke my head. I feel ignored. Yes, the world thinks we are adorable and harmless. But inside, we all have a strong urge to protect ourselves and do whatever is needed to defend ourselves. After a while, the bamboo destruction stopped and one small patch of bamboo remains. It is too small to sustain us. Pandas need at least two variations of bamboo in their diet. Otherwise, we will starve to death. One day, there is only

one stalk of bamboo left in the upper range. I guess pandas will now eat one type of bamboo from now on. The truck and people start putting weird gray muddy stuff on the ground. They start paving the path and inserting signs. The project is interesting, but I am hungry. The days with only one type of bamboo are long and filled with uneasiness. “ Did you hear that?” I hear a panda whisper. “ My friend's mother’s friend just starved to death!” I feel worried as the story of the dead panda spreads across the mountain. Pandas now ration the precious bamboo. Our minds are different, but they all scream a single thought-Will I be the next one to die? Meanwhile, I discover that the project is for a sightseeing bus. Maybe the people who are working on the bus thing will turn these amazing mountains into some kind of weird nature display area! How much more time will I have to **cherish** these beautiful mountains? The Qinling Mountains are meant to be enjoyed as a place where nature rules, and a manmade bus on a manmade road is the exact opposite. Just like I predicted, the bus is full of bright lights and “disruptions of the panda environment”. It has a big speaker in front and loud fans in the back. The bus screams and screeches with every turn. The bus kills even more pandas, and I start to worry about our population. How much longer will it take for the Qinling Giant Panda to go extinct? One day, I notice that a young child is on the bus. It looks at me carefully, inspecting my body. It says something to its parents, but they shake their heads. What were they talking about?

Five months later, I look down the mountains and see people marching. They hold signs with text I don’t understand. Suddenly, I spot the kid I saw five months earlier. It was standing in the front of the marchers and yelling at the top of its lungs. They continue throughout the streets, jumping and shouting. People start joining the crowds, and pigeons start squawking along. They even march up to the bus and block its path! Perhaps the child started **widespread** support for the Qinling Giant Panda. Maybe that was what it was talking about when it was on the bus!

Maybe they will do something about the road! I start fantasizing about the **luxurious** bamboo I will eat every day. Will they plant bamboo? Or will they arrest the people who made that smoke-chugging bus? Excitement fills my heart, and I can't stop dreaming about bamboo. And later, the people in the protest get permission to plant the bamboo that we need! To us pandas, it is **apparent** that it is not legal to pollute our habitat. But weirdly, that thought did not come to our heads. Plus, the sightseeing bus is stopped. We now thrive in our habitat and have plenty of bamboo. That child who started the protest is now our hero, and every young panda is told about this wonderful heroic being.