**Her Revenge**

Thus man was born. He opened his eyes for the first time, and blinked, gazing around at the marvelous, exquisite site around him, the emerald trees, the luscious berries, the glistening river, the Sky: His Mother.

At first he was filled with gratitude, lived in the motherly embrace of nature, gaining nutrition from fruits and roots, drinking from the pure nectar of the river, filling his lungs with the unpolluted air from ten thousands years ago. He was truly specimen of nature.

A few years later, he chanced an encounter with his own species and started a new phrase his life. He was free from isolation at last. He started a family of his own, rejoicing in the tinkling laughter of his children, slowly, unknowingly, evolving in and lifestyle.

Him and his tribe decided that they wanted to cultivate their own crops, become dependent on their own sweat, rather than only on nature. And so began the concept of agriculture. And the days flew by as they often do when we are preoccupied .

Huts evolved into apartments, bullock carts evolved into cars, plain cotton clothes evolved into fancy frocks and jeans , but the most distinct change was in man himself. He still looked the same, talked the same still waked up when the run rose and went to bed when the moon emerged from her blanket of darkness. What changed was his lifestyle. What changed was his schedule. His clothes, his slang, his mode of transport, his entire universe had changed, but most of all, it was his attitude towards his first mother the earth that had changed.

He didn’t consider her as his mother anymore, she was just a maid who would provide for him. The cars he drove everyday suffocated her, but he didn’t care. The sweage and chemicals he dumped into the river poisoned her. The plastics and the fertilizers he buried in the soil contaminated and burned her skin, but he didn’t care. The loud noises his machines made deafened her, but he didn’t care the son had turned into a murderer and the mother, a victim.

She was on the verge of death, her skin devoid of the trees that gave her life, her precious fuels and the stones stolen from her breaking down, dying slowly, unable to even cry as acid was mixed in her tears of rain. And then, when she couldn`t take it anymore, she would not suffer at the hands of her own son. She would be a good mother. She would teach him a lesson. Her son had turned into an unstoppable monster and it was up to her end his rampages.

And she took revenge. The volcanoes erupted in rage, the winds howled with the stole purpose of vengeance. Halestorms, gales and thunder storms blasted the land with an unparallel rage, destroying houses and schools in their fury. Cyclones and tornadoes uprooted trees and killed anything and everything in their path. The sea rose up and engulfed the shores, plunging everything in water. There was unimaginable death and destruction. The earth was left in Shambled, devoid of life, a destitute wreck. And as man lay in the debris, life leaking out of him in ruby drops, his mind full of regret his dying thought was, “I wish I could`ve done something to stop this from ever happening”.