



## **Climate Change: An Existential Crisis**

We live in a world facing an existential crisis - one great enough to demolish the human race completely. It is almost demonic and inhumane if you choose to block yourself from the truth. For years, it has been clear. The science has been clear. The youth have screamed for climate justice, but governments seem to go blind-eyed when the question is brought to the table: When is action against world-wide pollution and destruction of mass ecosystems and the biosphere going to take place?

This has been talked about a million times over and it's always the same answer from the politicians: "In 2050, all cars will be electric." It can also be argued that by 2050, there will be more plastic than fish in the ocean. By 2050, I will be 41. By 2050, I will be old enough to become a politician myself, by then it would be too late.

The UK consists of the greatest group of islands - from the icy peaks of Scotland, the sky a warm September blue, clouds thick with anticipation to the warm summer beaches of Cornwall. I don't mean to brag, but the UK is truly amazing - the people, the diversity, but sometimes we don't show it.

We live in a diverse universe, but we have only one planet.

It has been said before, our future is at stake, and the last generation that will be able to end this crisis stands before you today.

I have lived in an African country for the majority of life. In Nigeria, we heavily rely on oil and gas, one of the leading resources in our wealth. Yet we are classified as one of the poorest nations. The money difference of Naira to UK Pounds is 600 Naira to 1 pound.

This puts lower income countries at a higher risk to those in bigger industrial nations, nations such as Brazil, Nigeria, India, Mozambique and Papua New Guinea. Not to mention, war stricken countries like Syria and places like Liberia which are still facing the economic crisis of war, the effects of the Ebola epidemic of 2014 and now coronavirus and poverty and climate change.

In the 1960s, the global growth rate of atmospheric carbon dioxide was roughly  $0.6 \pm 0.1$  ppm per year. In 2019, the global average atmospheric carbon dioxide in 2019 was 409.8 parts per million. This has grown tremendously since then. We have seen from the recent events of the Australia bushfires, the British snowstorms, California earthquakes that our Mother Earth is rapidly dying.

Most people hate the rain, but I love it as I'm never alone. It gives me hope, hope in humanity, and hope in my future. During Covid, our rooms are our little cubicles, our phones have become the only means of connection to the outside world. I sit endlessly at my table desk and watch as the hours tick by and the day leaves me alone and scared for what my future holds. Unlike rain, time never comes back; one day, I know, if we don't act now, the rain too will not come back for a long time. We will burn, knowing we could have done something when we had the time, but we didn't.

People tell me this ideology, this way of thinking, is scary. It is, it scares me, but I'd rather face the truth than block myself from it. I embrace my dear past, the memories now distorted, I mourn for the future as I figuratively die in the present. We talk about the weather, we talk about the blooming rays. An ethereal yellow gold, the golden hour before sunset. We sing about it too, but that's all it has become: "Alexa, play golden hour then change the playlist."