

### Sky (Joan Chen)

Look up. There I am. I am the \_\_\_\_\_. I am a warm and protective blanket wrapped around everyone on Earth.,I can bring clouds, \_\_\_\_\_, and wind. I can be an ice storm. Without me, you'd fry. Every day, I am the breath you take in, yet you are making me \_\_\_\_\_. I am congested, off-balance, polluted. You see, I am more delicate than you think. It took millions of years to get it just right. My perfect mix of gases, temperature and weather that you enjoy. But now your \_\_\_\_\_, your factories and dust... they have pushed me past the limit. And you wonder why my typhoons and tornadoes are more intense, more frequent. I have become unpredictable. Less rain here, a lot more rain there. Hotter \_\_\_\_\_. Colder winters. I cannot even control myself anymore. Enough about me. I will show my changing self to you in your days ahead. But in the end, I'll be fine. Give me a few thousand years; I have weathered trauma before. I am not worried for myself. \_\_\_\_\_ up

### Mother Nature (Julia Roberts)

Some call me \_\_\_\_\_. Others call me "\_\_\_\_\_Nature." I've been here for over four and a half billion years: 22,500 times longer than you. I don't really need people, but people \_\_\_\_\_me. Yes, your future depends on me. When I thrive, you thrive. When I falter,

you falter... or worse. But I've been here for eons. I have fed species greater \_\_\_\_\_ you, and I have starved species greater than you. My oceans. My soil. My flowing streams, my \_\_\_\_\_. They all can take you or leave you. How you choose to live each day, whether you regard or disregard me, \_\_\_\_\_ really matter to me. One way or the other, your actions will determine your fate, not mine. I am Nature. I will go on. I am prepared to evolve. \_\_\_\_\_ you?

### Flower (Lupita Nyong'o)

I am a \_\_\_\_\_. Yes, I'm \_\_\_\_\_, I've heard it before and it never grows old. I'm worshipped for my looks, my scent... my looks. But here's the thing. Life starts with me. You see, I feed people. Every fruit comes from me. Every \_\_\_\_\_: me. Every kernel of corn: me. Every grain of rice: me. "Me, me, me," I know... but it's true. And sometimes I feed their souls. I am their words when they have none. I say "I \_\_\_\_\_ you" without a sound, "I'm \_\_\_\_\_" without a voice. I inspire the greatest of them. Painters, poets, patternmakers: I've been a muse to them all. But in my experience, people underestimate the power of a pretty \_\_\_\_\_ flower... because their life does start with me, and it could \_\_\_\_\_ without me.