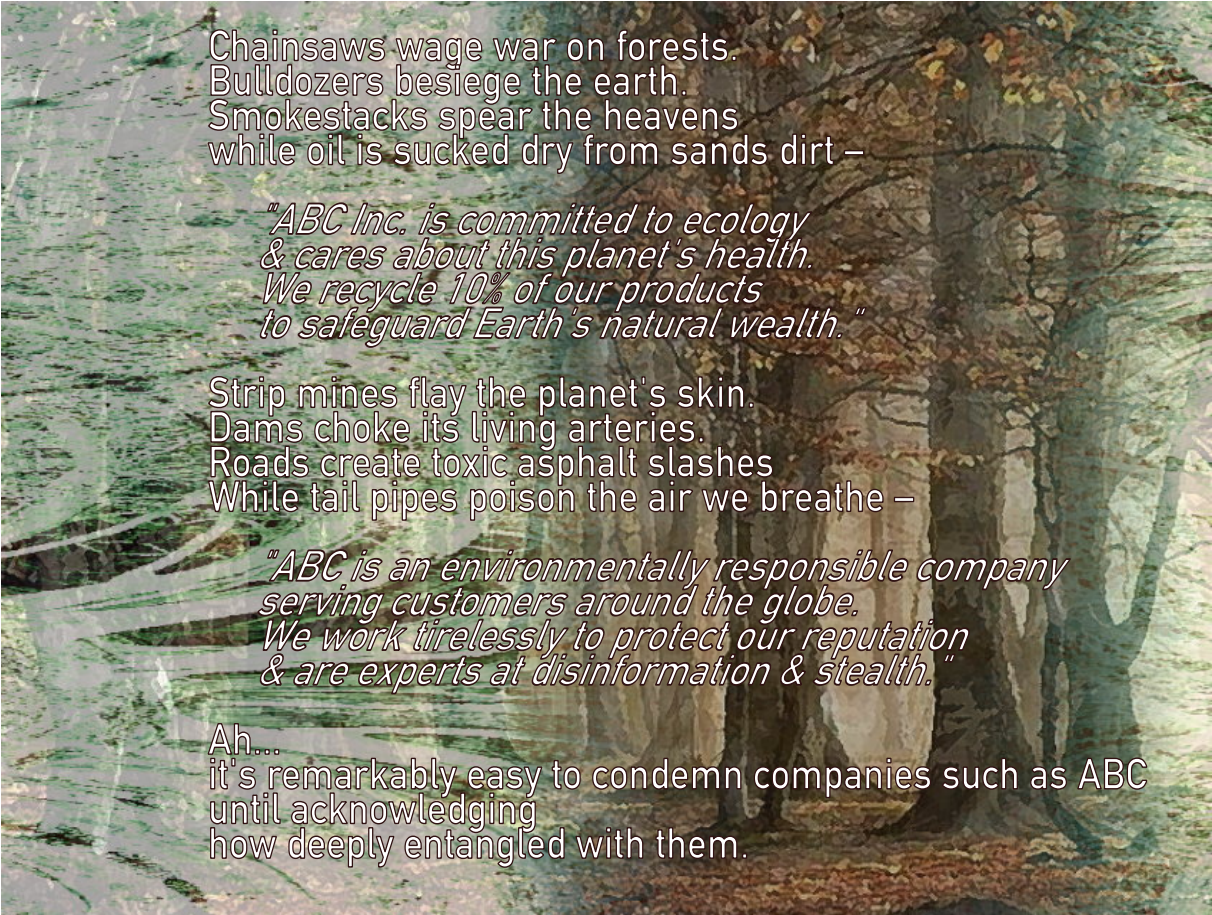


ECO-PEACE:

A Call for Social Accountability



Chainsaws wage war on forests.
Bulldozers besiege the earth.
Smokestacks spear the heavens
while oil is sucked dry from sands dirt –

*"ABC Inc. is committed to ecology
& cares about this planet's health.
We recycle 10% of our products
to safeguard Earth's natural wealth."*

Strip mines flay the planet's skin.
Dams choke its living arteries.
Roads create toxic asphalt slashes
While tail pipes poison the air we breathe –

*"ABC is an environmentally responsible company
serving customers around the globe.
We work tirelessly to protect our reputation
& are experts at disinformation & stealth."*

Ah...
it's remarkably easy to condemn companies such as ABC
until acknowledging
how deeply entangled with them.

The steam from Satoru's mug swirled into the chilly air of the cabin as he stared out the window, watching the distant, smog-fringed skyline. He set his coffee down with a sharp click.

"It's too easy to rant about how evil corporations destroy the environment without considering our own lifestyles," he said in a voice heavy with a frustration that had been simmering all evening.

Across the room, Frida rubbed her temples, looking up from her laptop where dozens of open tabs detailed carbon offsets and sustainable supply chains. "Yeah," she sighed, her shoulders slumping. "Actually living in an environmentally responsible way is a lot harder than talking about it."

Sitting cross-legged on the rug, Ying twirled a dead leaf between her fingers, her gaze fixed on its fragile veins. "Eco-friendly," she murmured, almost to herself. "I wonder what those words really mean."

A spark lit Dmitri's normally reserved expression as he leaned forward. "Maybe what we need," he said, "is a new kind of Green Rangers."

Frida let out a sharp, cynical laugh, shaking her head. "Green Rangers? Seriously? Have you been reading superhero comics again?"

"No." Dmitri met her gaze without flinching. "I'm completely serious." He paused before continuing. "We need people who treat caring for the Earth as a mission—not a marketing strategy. Ordinary people willing to teach, inspire, and challenge others to live differently."

Frida folded her arms, a weary smile crossing her face. "Haven't we already got enough missionaries," she replied quietly, "all trying to sell us one more creed?" Silence settled over the cabin. Outside, the wind stirred the trees, while beyond them the haze hanging over the city remained unmoved—a quiet reminder that the line between victim and accomplice is seldom as clear as we'd like to believe.

- T Newfields

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