

# Why?

## Melia Bartlett

As I was gliding through the ocean,  
My green scales reflecting off the sun,  
I wonder,  
Just why are you doing this to my family?  
To my friends?  
To me?

I swim through the ocean to look for food,  
But tell me why I always end up getting an ache in my stomach,  
After eating my meal.  
As I look for food,  
Why can't I even smell,  
For there's a sharp pain in my nose and I don't even know why.

I also ask,  
Why is it harder,  
Harder to hunt,  
Harder to move through the ocean,  
Harder to smell and even digest.

I wonder why my cries of help are never heard,  
For I am hurt, hurt, hurt  
I go above the sea for some fresh air,

But as I do so I feel something grab the edges of my carapace.

I frantically move my flippers to escape.

Being hoisted out of the sea, I thought,

This is the end of me

And my misery.

Looking up after being placed on land,

Seeing two giant figures,

Standing over me,

Speaking a language, I did not know.

Bending down with pinchers,

I closed my eyes preparing for my death.

But instead of death,

I feel them pull the thing in my nose.

It hurt for a minute or two,

I know what was done.

They helped the pain go away.

They let me go,

Go back to the ocean,

Go back to my home.

Scurrying back to the ocean,

I looked back and gave a look of thanks.

A turtle I am,

A turtle they see.

When I got back to my home I thought,

Why aren't there more giants like them?