

the time for me to confidently pursue veganism. It is important to note though, that by this point in my life I had started to become much more aware of the impact of mass agriculture, both economically and environmentally.

"Earthlings" was the push into my current reality. As humans, we live in a world with so much fear, suffering and violence. But why are those emotions only cared about in our species? Why is one human killing another human, instilling fear and causing suffering in the process, considered any different from doing the same to a creature who shares this planet with us?

How could I be affected by other people's pain and suffering, then contribute to the feelings of fear and hurt emanated into the world by animals before they die? Not only that, but subsequently consume them as a part of my daily life? Especially when I could live a healthy life, a healthier life in fact, without any contribution to this problem.

The way I live in the aftermath of, what I can only describe as a shift in consciousness, is constantly filled with new realizations about how disconnected much of our Western culture has become from the world we live in. I walk into a grocery store and see the rotisserie chickens turning slowly in their little glass ovens and imagine what panic would ensue if there were human carcasses being displayed the same way. Now I know that some may argue that it's not quite the same thing. Isn't it though? We wouldn't do that to our families, our children, our friends. So why is it okay to do it to other creatures that inhabit the same earth as we do? The more I thought about this, the sillier living any other way seemed. To me, the world is no longer "them and us"; two separate inhabitants of an unconnected planet with no consequential effect on one another. On this earth it's them AND us: two halves of a living whole.

