

Wood splintered and crashed. All day, wood splintered and crashed. The machine pushed into the forest and wood splintered and crashed. Yellow and black, rock-hard, steel-hard, weighing over seven thousand kilos, its maker's abbreviated name, CAT, stamped in black along its side.

The bulldozer would not doze, would not sleep languidly in late afternoon sun. Fed on diesel, it coughed black smoke.

Wide-awake, the dozer approached the gum, stopped before it. The man inside pulled a lever and it reversed. It paused, idled, then began a slow creep forward, shovel held aloft. Bark split, branches shook. The machine retreated, charged again. The tree cracked, its roots struggled and let go, flailed at the sky.

Revvng and attacking, it went on through the day. Trees smashed, ground trembled. A possum fell, a possum and its baby fell. Owls' nests fell. Pygmy possums fell. All manner of

animals fell, succumbed under the weight of fallen trees.

Tomorrow, again. The next day, again. On and on and on, they fell. Fur fell, eyes fell, hearts fell. How many?

The next day the man climbed back up into the CAT. A minute later it spluttered alive. The machine, Caterpillar, crawled, slipped in old mud. The first trees of the day, dead and down. Birds scattered, wings broke, innards spewed—nerves spoke pain. God-made, dust-made; but made, all the same.

Home, a different word to habitat.

Habitat smash.

Habitat crash.