

There is no Planet B

Poems for COP 30 2025



**National Centre for
Earth Observation**
NATIONAL ENVIRONMENT RESEARCH COUNCIL



Space
Park
Leicester

About this book

In the autumn of 2025, the world prepared for the thirtieth UN Climate Change conference, COP 30, in Belém, Brazil. To mark the occasion, the National Centre for Earth Observation and Space Park Leicester invited people to get creative by writing a poem exploring the theme *There is no Planet B*. Thank you to all the authors for giving us permission to publish their work in this book.

Many poems use the phrase as a title, or include it in the poem, while others simply take it as inspiration. Some poets write about the complexity of the climate and some focus on a single aspect of Planet A – as it is now, or as it might be. There are pieces about the world as a whole and poems that zoom in on a country, community or a single person. However, all of these previously unpublished, original poems were written to make you think.

The poems are combined with pictures of our planet, Planet A. Most were created using data from instruments on satellites in orbit around the Earth. We hope you enjoy the illustrations as much as the writing.

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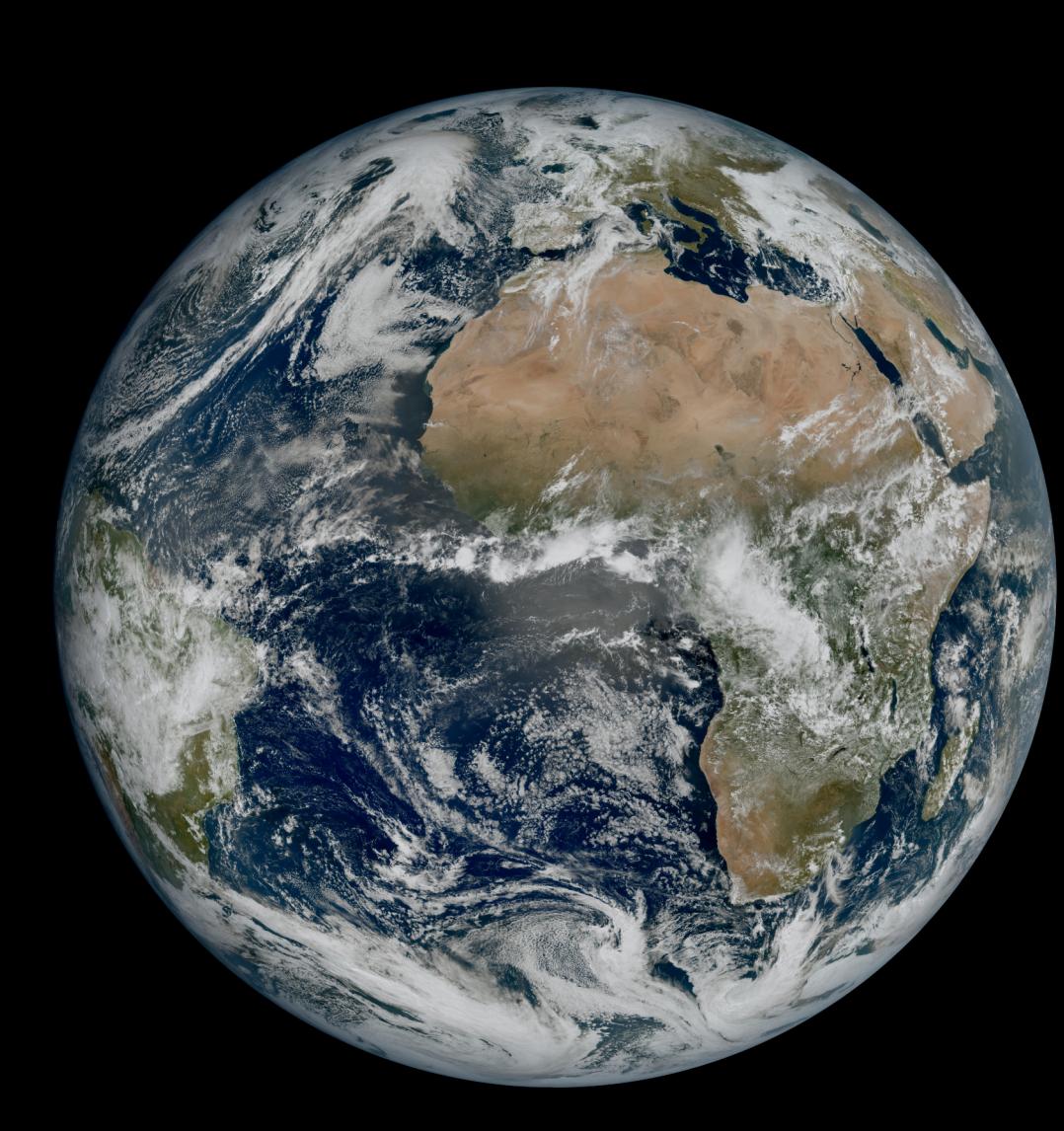
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Poems by children

under 11 years old



There is no Planet B

Planet A, Planet A, there is no Planet B.
Earth is our home
So let us look after it.

Mercury, Venus and Mars are way too hot for survival,
Jupiter and Saturn are made up of ice, dust and storms,
And if you step onto Uranus or Neptune,
you could just fall right through.

There's only one Earth
So let us look after it.

Let's talk about sustainability – it matters too ...
So, rethink, recycle and reuse!

Planet A, Planet A, there is no Planet B.
Earth is our home
So let us look after it.

You cannot live on another planet – they don't have life
So, let's be kinder to our planet – our home.
The trees, flowers – and other plants too –
help us to live and grow
And so do bees and bats.
If they help us, we can help them back.
So do your part and we will be grateful.

And remember, Planet A, Planet A, there is no Planet B.

Amber Hirani

Our wonderful world

Oh humans, oh humans,
Planet A not planet B
I am the only planet with life that there will ever be.
Use less fossil fuels, just get more tools,
To fix me and make me a bright star, that everyone will see.

I am the best planet to be,
but natural disasters like tsunamis are ruining me.
There is no such planet as planet B,
My future is in your hands so please try fixing me.

Oh humans, oh humans,
You are ruining me
because of things like factories, litter and oil spillages.
Oh please, please
Clean me, can't you see, you are not even busy so just fix me.

Oh I wish, I wish
I could be cleaner, so I could be happy and greener.
I am slowly ripping apart, but there is still time to fix me.
Please, please make me a wonderful world to live in,
Then I could be the best me I can be!

Zahra Kazimi
Winner of this age category





Our only wonderful planet

Oh climate change, oh climate change
please humans listen to me
there is only planet A not planet B.

I might be small
but that doesn't mean
that climate change isn't slowly ripping me.

Can't you see the damage of tsunamis, floods and wildfires
Oh humans, oh humans
please look after me carefully.

Earth will be greener and easier to breathe
Oh humans, oh humans
please stop cutting down plants and trees,
stop fossil fuels and get more tools to fix me.
Remember there is only planet A not planet B.

Alexandra Qayomi

Poems by young people

aged 11–16 years





There is no Planet B

I used to think the world was fine,
blue oceans, tall trees, the Sun would shine,
but now all I see everywhere I look,
signs that say our world's been shook.
The glaciers break and the icebergs melt,
our forests burn, now isn't that great?

Some people say, "It's not that bad."
But losing Earth would make me sad,
because where else could we be?
There is no backup – no Planet B

The penguins lose their icy floor,
the coral reefs can't survive no more,
the storms are fierce, the droughts don't end,
it's up to us to make amends.

It's not a movie, it's not a game,
the planets burning up in flames,
the truth is scary, can't you see?
There is no second chance for me,
There is no backup – no Planet B.

We can't just wish, and look away,
the change begins with us today.
This tiny rock, that we call home,
cannot survive on its own.

So please don't give up without a fight,
or someday we might not make it through the night.
The world's in danger, can't you see?
There is no backup – no Planet B.

The Earth's our home, our only shot.
It's precious – please don't let it rot.
We share one world, one sea, one sky,
so help us now so we don't have to say goodbye.

Together we stand to set her free
because there is no Planet B.
There is no second chance you see,
there is no planet – no planet B.

Evie Chester and Elisa Mason

There is no Planet B

There is no Planet B.
You don't believe me?
Just you wait and see.
If we're doomed
this planet will go BOOM!
Just you wait and see.
We ain't got no Plan B,
we ain't got no Plan Z.
Just you wait and see.

Maaria Islam Chowdhury



There is no Planet B

There is no Planet B:
A walk in the park,
Just like any other day.
The Sun's rays
Just a little warmer.
Just like any other day,
Everything is OK.

But it's not okay
When you slowly run out of breath,
When you slowly can't handle the heat,
When you slowly run out of food.
So when you do decide it's not okay
It's too late –
You won't be able to do anything anyway.

There is no Planet B:
A walk in the park,
Just like any other day.
The Sun's rays
Just a little warmer.
Just like any other day,
Everything is OK.

But it's not okay.
You are letting this happen.
You are watching this happen.
You are making this happen.

So tell me,
Are you making the change?
Even when everything's browning?
Even when everything's flooding?
Even when everything's gone?

Or maybe nothing has happened.
There is no Planet B.
So tell me,
Is it just like
Any other day?

Lucie Edwards
Winner of this age category



There is no Planet B

From the river to the sea
there is no Planet B.
We must treasure our globe
like an astronaut to its probe.

There is no Planet B
so don't take this lightly.
Our futures are at stake.
Think about your mistake.

Pollution levels are rising
and humans are polarising.
Open your eyes and see
there is no Planet B.

Waseem Fraij and Graham Barber



The echoes of Earth

We stand on a world that's ablaze,
chasing comfort through the foggy haze.
We say, "See you later" as if there's time to spare,
But the signs are here, the clock is near.

Oceans choke on plastic fears and plastic tears,
Forests fade through these shadowed years,
We scroll, we swipe, we look away,
pretending the end is far from today.

The Earth still waits, kind and refined,
a living heartbeat, a timeless mind,
giving us light and endless nights.

But she's not replaceable, not on-demand
no copy waiting, no second-hand
or second chance,
once she's gone, she's gone for good,
and no step we take can take back
the damage we've done.

We build our empires, gasping for glory,
but what's it all worth if the skies rain pain?
And if the air we breathe just fades away?

But maybe, just maybe, it's time to change our way,
to give more back, to plant, to stay.
There's no reset, no second run,
just this blue world beneath the Sun.

Always remember that there's no
new world waiting beyond the sky,
just this one – wild, wounded and true –
and what it becomes depends upon YOU!

Macy Jackson-Beary



There is no Planet B

You don't think before you throw it in the sea,
You don't think before you chop down a tree,
But just remember there is no Planet B.

Look after the world because there is only one,
Or else there will be no more.

No more sea to throw things in.
No more trees to chop down.
No more world.
Because there is no Planet B.

Izzy Johnson

When the Earth speaks

The Earth speaks softly, in falling leaves. In daylight, the ocean waves. She once whispered calm, in steady tones, in icebergs' breath and ancient stones. But now her voice begins to cry, wildfires echo her silent pain, storms grow strong, icebergs melting making tides, coral fades, oceans turn grey, rivers shrink where currents used to spin. We should have stopped but we continued, seeds stopped growing as ash and clouds fill the sky. The Earth cries again as powerful as an earthquake. But do we stop? No. We need to learn there is no plan B or second chance for you or for me. So all we can do is hope that change will overrule our selfish intentions, that foolish pride that all is alright. Although the world is being covered in dust, some still rise to the case to help us face this time. They whisper to the Earth to stay secure and that change isn't far from here. The Earth hears our voice and accepts our help and stays strong until good prevails.

Summer Patterson

There is no Planet B

In the middle of the night, on a shell-spangled shore
When you just want to breathe the salty, clear air
for evermore.

And you stare up at the rich blue night
Which, even in this stagnant silence, proclaims its own
importance and might,
You may forget that this place is a mere speck
of the whole tale.

In the real story, the fish, the seabird, the whale,
Live choked upon plastic entrails.
The sloth, the monkey, the tiger,
Live driven out of their homes as swift as a sugar glider.

The air, once clear and pure as snowy-white cream,
Is now dense with smog, dust and the unclean.
The forests, once all rich shades of green and brown,
Are now coated with a crude plastic blanket, or gown.

As you sit on this soft-sanded shore,
You eventually realise that this fresh beach is rare,
and what is more,
There are so few of these pure, undamaged places left
on Earth, than there should be;
Of mountains, forests, coasts and seas.

Mountains, this high terrain,
Ruined by the changed climate's avalanches,
excessive snow, and rain.

Forests, this tangled once-stretching world,
Ruined by human's axes, their need yet unspeakable
greed unfurled.

As you ponder this beside the softly breathing sea,
A feeling of sorrow expands inside you, one that
should live in her, him, them, you, me.
For our planet has given us, granted us, our life,
And in return we have slowly stuck in
a destructive, cruel knife.

What we must realise, you muse,
Is that to save, to revive our planet we must fuse
Together as one, to regenerate our forests, wildlife, seas,
For a healthy lot of those, and our Earth then can breathe.

There is no Planet B.
We cannot replace our intoxicated forests, our seas.
We cannot filter the air once we realise
that we cannot breathe.
We cannot buy a new planet once this one
has been mangled, you see.

We must save, protect, regenerate our planet, Planet A;
For this is the only one we have.
For when we have lost it to pollution, destruction
and the rest due to the respect some lack,
There is nothing to be done, we cannot take
all we have done back.

Emma Ruiz Salfity

As trees blow on the sandy shores,

And the ocean hums in whispered roars,
People sleep without a care,
Retreating to their lonely lair.

And even though it has been years,
the thought just isn't dawning,
that through the years,
there will be death from global warming.

The ice caps melt, the sea will rise,
like a killer in disguise.

We must do something, we don't have time,
That's why I wrote this simple rhyme.

We must do something, all far and all wide,
To stop these ever-growing tides.

We must think of the future and learn from the past,
Or this generation may just be the last.

So if you lie awake at night,
And think the future isn't bright,
Then get out there! It isn't strange,
To go help fight back climate change!

Think of the tigers, snakes and bears,
Things with feathers, skin and hair,
They will all die if we don't act now,
Every person has been endowed.

So we can't let these creatures go,
We can't just vanish on furlough.
Together, combined, our power is great,
But the world is planning its doomsday date.

Anyone can be a hero,
Even if you were a zero.
So take this time now to reflect,
And think about what the world might do next.

We must do something, we don't have time,
That's why I wrote this simple rhyme.

We must do something, all far and all wide,
To stop these ever-growing tides.

We must think of the future and learn from the past,
Or this generation may just be the last.

So if you lie awake at night,
And think the future isn't bright,
Then get out there! It isn't strange,
To go help fight back climate change!

In the ground, the sea and air,
A global extinction is being prepared.
When this will happen, well, nobody knows,
But once it starts, the whole world will go.

But on the bright side, we still have today,
And we can help this world in different ways.
So maybe it's time to lend a hand,
In the air, on sea and land.

Maybe we do have a bit of time,
So let's all listen to this this simple rhyme.
You must do something, all far and all wide,
To stop these ever-growing tides.

We must think of the future and learn from the past,
Or this generation may just be the last.

So if you lie awake at night,
And think the future isn't bright,
Then get out there! It isn't strange,
To go help fight back climate change!

So as trees blow on the sandy shores,
And the ocean hums in whispered roars,
People sleep without a care,
Retreating to their lonely lair ...

Leo Timson

Poems by adults

over 16 years old



The willow's elegy

The breeze glistened upon the viridescent jewels;

Bequeathed a vision of memories past.

Floral chitterings, vibrant hues;

Our vast domains, filled with dews.

The walkers come, and learn our craft;

And just as fast, we see their aft.

Mountains rise, rivers flow;

Naught for walkers, they must grow.

Their branches grew and their roots were planted;

But how could we ancients be supplanted?

A friend was felled, a city wrought;

Though surely, I, would never see hell.

Upon a morn, I spied most dear;

The smog approaching, unending fear.

Decades, lost to their ambition;

Millennia more, I see in my vision.

They mourn for me even as I breathe;

Some deepen the wound, granting no reprieve.

Many dream of escaping into the skies;

But to one such as I, these are sweet lies.

And yet, the sun rose, again;

And yet, perhaps, I should join my friends.

I no longer fear winter, though a summer may take me;

If summer takes us all, the walkers' tomb marked by me.

Abrar Ahmad



Gift

Castles of stone and steel rose high where birch and oak once grew,
Meadows trapped by thrones of iron, crushing their lush green hue.
And the echoed thunder from trees that fell, bleeding forests dry,
Still, the engines kept on roaring –

Roaring – roaring –
The engines kept roaring, as fumes concealed stars from the night sky.

The flames hollowed out a forest's heart, the hillsides stripped bare,
And the rivers ran with bitter soot, and smoke that defiled the air;
The embers hissed and cracked – they danced in terrible delight
And creatures cried in terror,

They all fled in terror.
Till a silence fell so deathly, and the Earth gave up the fight.

Kingdoms afar and yonder glistened in bright soothing waves,
Until crowns of ice, lay broken at the foot of the mountains' graves.
Northern lands were swallowed, where the lakes and the valleys meet
And sorrow flowed through the land,

This home of sorrow – our land.
For the ice ran down in streams, to the kingdom's frozen feet.

Tears fell vast and wide, where lakes of shining water once gleamed.
Cities that stood tough and proud, sank below where shadows dreamed;
Streets once bright where shores had been, were buried by the boundless sea –
And ghosts danced through the towers,

These fallen water-filled towers,
While the moon watched over those drowned and the fortunate who flee.

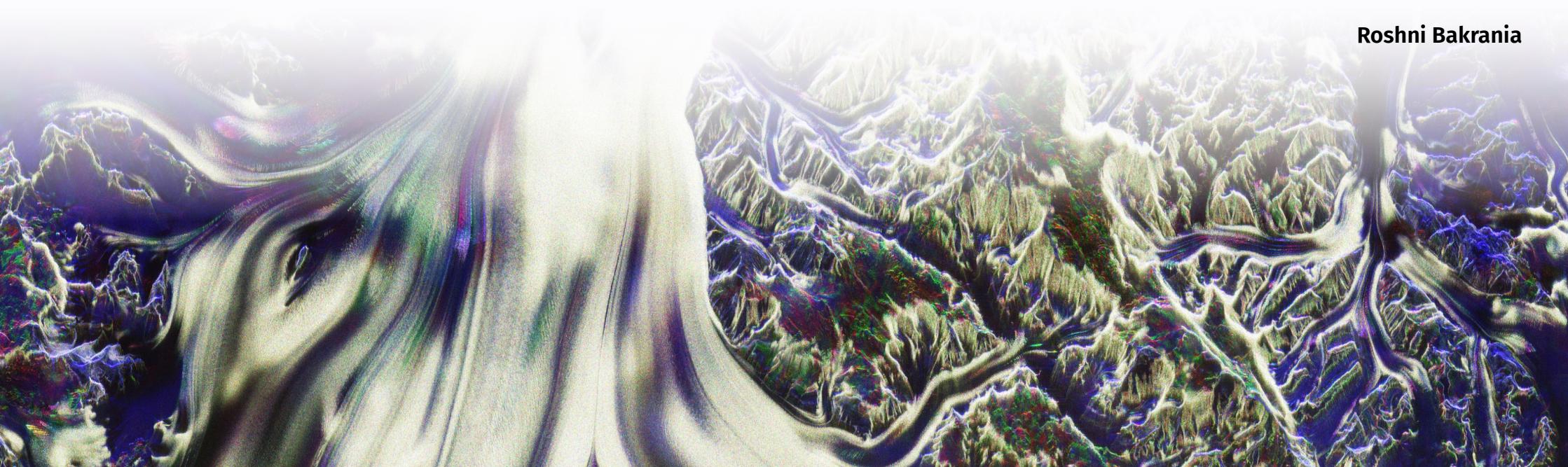
Somewhere upon this weary Earth, the storms retire in shame,
And fields of harvest lie in despair, each crop gone all the same.
Their roots lay cracked and arid, and their colours now withdrawn –
The land lay parched and hollow,

Each idle one now hollow,
While the wind blew dust and anguish through the avenue of dawn.

For every gift you've stolen, I shall claim something in return,
And I beg of you right now: please remember what you burn;
I gave you precious stone and silver, golden fields ablaze –
Let the wildflowers flourish,

Give trees a chance to flourish.
Now let the woodland breathe and the great beasts ramble and graze.

Roshni Bakrania



Our common home

The common home
Our living planet
The house is on fire
Are we just staring?
Flame after flame

Do you know where your food is coming from? Your coffee is in danger.

When just ashes are left, are you going to eat your money?

I don't want to find a planet B,
Our Planet Earth is the only place I want to be.

I want my trees, my sea, my home.

Together we can take the lead
To take care for the World that's lit.

Harvest the light from the sun
To make a sustainable home.

Look around, healthy land is all we need,
The beets, the roots, the bees.

We are still on time, we don't need a planet B.

Sofía Choza Fariás





Mother Nature's wonders

The first rays of liquid gold caress my skin
Accompanied by the sound
Of twittering birds
And the sight
of a hundred blooming flowers
As I wonder, "Who is the creator of it all?"

Who streaks the canvas of the sky
With pink, purple, orange strokes
And guides the flowers so delicately
To bloom
Every day without delay,
Every day without amiss
"It is mother nature," I realise
Who allows us to be, feel and evolve

Whose visualisation is all encompassing,
From the softness of flower petals to the hardness of rocks,
From the intricately complex venation in leaves to the
simplicity of a flowing stream,
From the freezing glaciers to the volcanoes erupting with lava
And the glorious changing of the seasons.

She who allows all beings to be,
Grants them the gift of life
And guides them through their tribulations,
She who is omniscient,
Who we cannot hide from
And who we should never cross.

Those who think they are above her
Have never felt
The ferocity of her wrath
That shakes the Earth
Tearing down skyscrapers,
That raises the ocean
Engulfing land.

She should be given the respect she deserves
For protecting us,
For guiding us,
For glorifying our Earth in all her beauty
And making it the home of so many beings
Who have nowhere else to go to
Because after all,
There is no planet B.

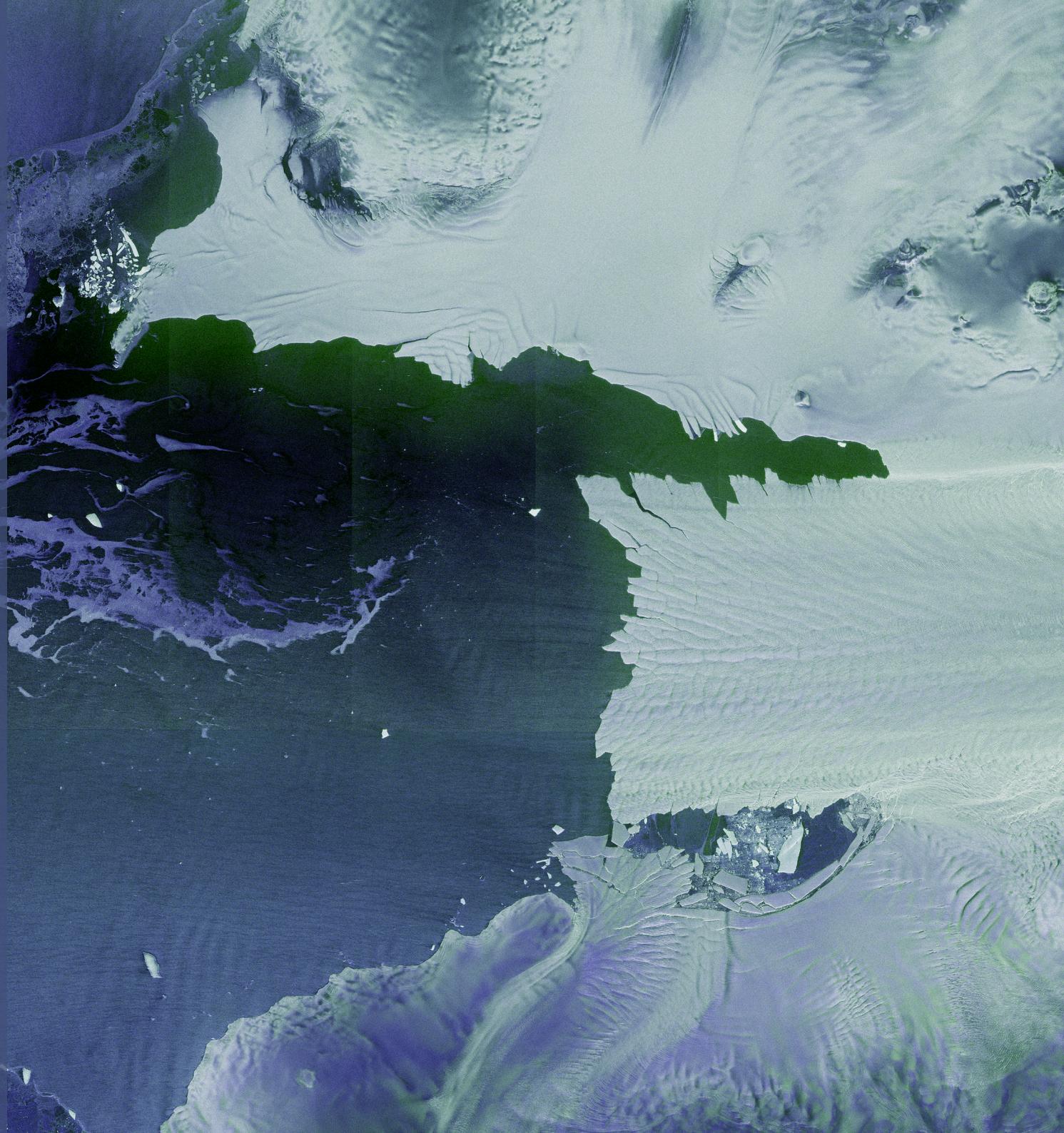
Prabhani Thathsara Herath

It's only a little thing

It's only a little thing,
A cough and sputter,
Hot smell of burnt exhaust,
Breathed deep into our lungs,
Just a bit more CO₂,
Or perhaps we should be more exotic,
A sprinkle of benzene,
A touch of chrysene,
Don't worry,
It's only a little carcinogen.
Spitting up into the sky,
Some settling,
Like dust,
Just soot to wipe off walls and windows,
Staining black hands and clothes and snow,
Just a little bit of carbon,
Reflecting nothing back.
And the others,
Left dancing in the sun,
Perhaps a little bit radical,
Swapping partners and breaking bonds,
As from this shifting smog,
Excess ozone leaks.
With that sharp smell of lightening,
Without yet another storm in sight,
Just this hot and heavy weather,
A perfect summer drought.
But what's a degree or two?
Lazy waves of heat washing,
From ground to sky,
And back again,
Turning green to brown,
And revealing land under ancient ice,
Its freshwater mixing with salt,
To weaken our beating heart,
As our dying oceans still,
And dying lands stagnate

But don't worry,
It's only a little thing.

Esmé Lane



The planet whispering through time

I was born on a planet, still green, still alive,
Where rivers would sparkle, and forests would thrive.
Born in the **nineties** – a child of the hills,
Where silence was sacred, and pure were the thrills.
A small hill station, cradled in mist,
Where sunlight and monsoon would peacefully twist.

At school, I read words – ozone, CFCs,
Deforestation, depletion, dying of trees.
I wasn't a scientist with charts to define,
But I knew the blue sky was starting to decline.
The adults were certain, the leaders were grand,
But who was protecting the soil, the sand?

Then came the **2000s** – the skyline turned grey,
I moved down to Delhi – the price we must pay.
From whispering pines to the roar of the street,
My lungs gasped for air, inhalers to meet.
The stars disappeared, the heat grew insane,
And yet, they called it “growth” again.

The **2010s** came burning and fast,
Floods in the news, forests fading to past.
Kyoto, Paris – promises made,
But papers can't heal the forests decayed.
We posted, we marched, we hoped, we prayed,
But healing's not hashtags – its choices relayed.

Now in the **2020s**, oceans still rise,
Spring comes too late, and winters defy.
I live in the UK – I can breathe little more,
But even clean air feels heavier than before.
Greens are tamed, rivers drawn tight,
I have crossed all borders, the Earth still aches in sight.

We dream of Mars with billionaire grace,
As if leaving the Earth will erase our disgrace.
But there are no aliens waiting in line,
No Planet B in the grand design.
The only friends we've ever known
The trees, the tides, the soil, the stone.

So let nature be your truest friend,
Her love is not endless – it can end.
Hear the planet's whisper, breathe slow, live free,
Remember always – there's no Planet B.

Ankita Pant
Winner of this age category

Listen, before she stops speaking

We were gifted a garden,
Called it Earth
Where the birds sang
While the winds whistled
And the stars gazed upon us –
Trusting that we would listen.

But we learnt how to count rather than care
Greedily eating more than we can digest
Built towers to touch the clouds
Forgetting the feel of soil beneath our feet
We traded green for gold
Breath for smoke
And the silent hums of birds for machines.

They say,
“Don’t worry, Earth will heal.”
But healing isn’t gentle
It’s the Amazon screaming in flames
The arctic crying saltwater into rising seas
The great barrier reef bleaching itself pale
As if mourning the colours we stole.

We’ve borrowed her breath
And never intended to give it back
We built cities so bright
That even the stars gazed away,
Realising trust was a big mistake.

We say, “We’ll find another world”
But do tell me –
Where else will the dawn raise so gently?
Where else will the moon memorise the pull of our tides?

When will we realise
There is no planet B?
There is no spare sky we can rent
No oceans on standby
No second sunrise waiting its turn.

If we destroy this world
It’s like shattering the mirror that made us
For every tree we destroy
A chapter is destroyed from our own story
For every glacier we melt
We wash away one of our precious memories
And for every species we lose
We silence a voice in natures choir.

So let our feet remember the feel of soil,
Before it’s too late for us all
Let our hearts ache for the things we’ve broken
Before our greed gets its way, setting things in stone.

Shhh, listen,
She is still calling,
yet all we can hear is the growling of our greed
She is warning and forgiving all at once
But even forgiveness has an end.

We were gifted a garden
Called it Earth
But if we do not learn to love her
She may never call us back home ...

Aisha Sacranie



Make Planet A great again

They voted to be great again.
They said, "Drill, baby, drill!"
Proud Boys and prouder men
Chanted, "Go for the kill!"
Start the final war on baby-eaters,
Forget the lions and the cheetahs,
Call God to make new heaven and Earth.
So, no need for plan B, and anyway –
Science is a hoax.

The world's hunger and need
Is trumped by their greed.
They believe it's normal fluctuation
Random rainfall variation.
"It's not a man-made flood", they'd say
On the last peak rising from the waves.
It is such an ignorant thing to do
If the drillers love their children too.

Is there no hope in this song?
Or was this plan A all along?
Is the loveheart on a heavenly body
Heaven's sign of love toward everybody?
With attention to detail
He counts every hair.

He who made the garden put a snake in there too
It said, "Eat, baby, eat, feel free to consume."
It was just an innocent thing to do
But it swelled into an obscene hunger
Which Earth can't suffer any longer:
Thoughtless waste, consumer feasts
We may fail to bring back extinct beasts.
So let's save those still here from the pyre
It's our duty to attend to the plight of Gaia.
Make this planet great again
Because there is no Planet B.

Tuomo Tikkainen

To bee or not to bee

Why do they call me 'Climate Clare'?
Leave the tap running and I'll be there.
When you drive and you could take the bus,
I'll make a 'carbon footprint' fuss.
Abandon the unwatched TV screen?
You'll really make me want to scream.
Throwing leftover food into the trash?
Causing needless emissions and wasted cash.

Like Jiminy Cricket from *Pinocchio*,
Lies and deceit make your carbon nose grow.
Like Priestley's *An Inspector Calls*,
Blame for climate change is with us all.
Didn't you learn 'mend and make do' from your Nanna?
No conscience tattoo like Maui in *Moana*?

Did you know that only one long-haul, eight-hour flight
Emits your annual carbon budget in just one night?
Don't bury your head beneath layers of sand,
Throwing last year's fashion into holes in the land.
We faff around at the green-washed edges,
Making self-righteous carbon-reduction pledges.
While the Earth behaves like our Dorian Gray,
Each of her gifts we take, she has to pay.

In satellite eyes from Leicester's dome,
We watch the planet that's our home.
Rashly we burn millions-of-years-old fossil fuel,
Melting ice caps, floods, storms, droughts, global heat accrual.
Now vital crops that people sow –
All fail – too hot and dry to grow.

We pollute the seas that should be for fish,
With tonnes of single-use plastic rubbish.
Deforestation scars – no sequestration,
The bees are gone, no pollination.
The uninhabitable part of the Earth is so great,
That the people with small green feet have to migrate.

We must cut emissions at source,
And 'sink' the ones humans have caused.
Why do they call me Climate Clare?
Because I speak up. Because I care.
My children won't ask, "Why didn't you shout?"
And I'll keep on 'til the lights go out.

Clare Townley

Where we belong

Staring up at the star-lit sky,
We dream of a distant world;
In search for new land, a new life perhaps,
While beneath our feet, her sorrows unfurl.

Is it truly easier?
Are you sure this is right?
When did we decide to give up this fight?

This air we share,
Though no one can see
It fills our lungs,
It allows us to be.

Let's take another look
Turn your head to the sky
See the horizon burning bright
Colours cascade, rays of shine.

There are whispers in the breeze
Ocean waves serenade along,
For the song of the day, and howls of the night
This, is where we belong.

Keep looking on up
because it doesn't stop there,
With dawn she wakes, each dusk she dreams -
Oh, what a phenomenon we share!

As she warms and cools
She keeps on turning
But when anger stirs and tempests wail
Let us not give up, for we must keep on learning.

Why run away,
when her heart still beats?
This floating rock
is home for you, and home for me.

As the saying goes
The grass is not always greener
So we water where we stand
I'm sure that we can redeem her
respect is to be earned
We shall begin with the morning's sun
Now look up to our sky,
Collectively as one.

Abigail Waring





National Centre for Earth Observation

NATIONAL ENVIRONMENT RESEARCH COUNCIL

The National Centre for Earth Observation (NCEO) is an internationally leading research centre dedicated to long-term study and exploitation of satellite and remote sensing Earth Observation (EO) data for our planet's health and sustainability.

Our mission is to harness the power of Earth Observation to generate new knowledge of the inter-linked physical, chemical, and biological systems of planet Earth, advancing our understanding of current environments and how they may change in the future.

Our vision is to push the frontiers of Earth Observation and Earth System science, bringing environmental data and prediction systems into the heart of human life and business

We generate new knowledge which underpins UK Environmental Earth System science, and provide trusted expert support to the UK environmental science community, industry, government and the public; our impact has been recognised in awards, evaluated impact cases and strategies.

The NCEO Directorate is based at the University of Leicester, co-located with NCEO Executive Director Professor John Remedios, and at the University of Reading, University of Edinburgh, University College London, Imperial College and King's College London.

NCEO works very closely with interested UK organisations through strategic workshops, co-organisation of national EO conferences, networks and business clubs, provision of data and instrument facilities, training and collaborative projects.

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Space Park Leicester is a world-leading hub for space research, innovation, and enterprise. Founded through a collaboration between the University of Leicester, industry partners, and government, our mission is to push the boundaries of space exploration, satellite technology, and Earth observation to benefit society and the economy.

Our role is to support and nurture this growth by boosting economic performance nationally and internationally, as we strive to become a strategic asset in delivering the UK's industrial competitiveness.

At Space Park Leicester, we bring together leading scientists, engineers, and businesses to drive cutting-edge advancements in space technology. Our facilities support everything from satellite manufacturing and data analysis to climate research and AI-powered space solutions.

We foster strong collaborations between academia and industry, accelerating the development of new technologies and creating highly skilled jobs within the UK's rapidly growing space sector. Whether you're a startup, an established space company, or a researcher, Space Park Leicester offers the infrastructure and expertise to help you succeed.

We are committed to making space more accessible, sustainable, and impactful. By harnessing space data, pioneering new technologies, and inspiring the next generation of scientists and engineers, we are shaping the future of space innovation.

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