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I study at the 5-year Protestant bilingual grammar school in Liptovský Mikuláš. I am in the 4th year with oral A levels for Slovak in a few days. I very much like guinea pigs and Japan. If everything comes off for the best, I will study Japanese language, history, and culture. If everything comes out a bit worse, I will found a guinea pig farm.

The day I forgave Wendy for leaving Peter Pan was the day I willingly abandoned my childhood.

Dear adults, let me from the very beginning express my feelings towards you: I dislike you. The only reason why I am writing this “essay” is due to my five year-old friend. Yes, I really do not care about the money. I believe it still is not too late for her. Yesterday, she came to visit me. Her two front teeth were missing, yet she smiled and laughed so heartily, exposing the huge gap in her tiny mouth, the proof that the disease you adults spread has not affected her.

Now, you are probably wondering: “*What the heck is this girl talking about?!*” How typical of you! You tend to act like Mr-know-it-all, but you never understand the simplest things. If you, after the fol-

lowing lines by any chance do not begin to see what I am trying to convey, please, stop reading.

When I was a little kid, I enjoyed jumping into the rain puddles more than anything, the muddier the better. The moment my feet entered the little pool I felt a pleasant tingling that slowly filled my entire body. The water easily made its way through my cheap boots (why buy expensive and good quality shoes for children when their feet grow so quickly?) and thin socks, and it embraced my little heels and toes, and I could almost hear her sweet voice: “*Here I am Katy, again. Let me mingle with your smooth skin.*” Unfortunately, at that point, the not so sweet voice of my

mother would interrupt us: *"Katy! Get out of the dirty puddle! Not only will your shoes get drenched, you will also get sick!"* Suddenly, the water was not playful, smooth and silky anymore. It became wet and cold, trying to hurt me. Gradually, I started to avoid rain pools and my mom must have been proud of herself, thinking what a great parent she is. After some time, the omnipresent voice of my mother taught me that touching stray cats is at least as dangerous as raising mosquito larvae and I soon lost many of my beloved activities and hobbies. This process continued to accelerate and after a short time reached its climax.

The day I forgave Wendy for leaving Peter Pan was the day I willingly abandoned my childhood. Up to that day, to me, Wendy was just a bitch who betrayed Peter when she left Neverland and decided to grow up. On the day that I forgave her, I felt an eerie compassion, an understanding for Wendy, and, I admit, a grudge against the always carefree and cocky Peter. Disgusted with my feelings towards Pan, I recognized myself as not worthy of calling myself a child anymore. My mother has never been so proud of me before.

Naturally, parents are not the only adults responsible for the spreading of the incurable disease that results in the death of *adolescence*. You might (although I believe you do not) remember the times when you as a child almost cried your

eyes out, clamoring for the bike in the shop window which your parents were not willing to buy (You found it under the Christmas tree two years later, though.) The cold stares of the passers-by, saying, *"What an ill-bred spoilt brat!"* must have made you wonder, *"Why are they looking at me in such an angry way? Do I cry because I am sad or is what I do wrong?"* Thus, you learned to conceal your feelings.

For some reason, you adults like to categorize people and expect people to behave according to the category in which you classify them. Yet, this is no excuse for the barbaric treatment towards the so called *"trouble"* children with medicine. Just because a kid behaves and acts differently does not mean he or she is ill! How dare teachers send children to see psychologists if they are curious and ask many questions?

Dear adults, I will soon become one of you. I am not begging for myself, I know I am already lost. I am begging you for my five year-old friend who can still laugh heartily without her two front teeth. Please, do not spoil the magical moments for her and other children's lives, like bathing in the rain puddles or hunting stray cats. Please, treat them as individual beings instead of categorizing them as *"trouble"* or as *"talented"* and the rest. Most importantly, let them grow up at their own pace.