

Kristína Ištvánová

High School

Železničná 260, Revúca

I am 16 years old. I am in my second year of PSLG in Revúca, I was born in Poprad in 9/6/1993 and I live in Predna Hora – it is a small village in the middle of the forest. I am planning to study script writing and dramaturgy after graduating from the grammar school, but I am still thinking it over. I like writing, I am a sports fan, especially of football. I play this game, sometimes just for pleasure.

Thank you very much for honouring my paper. I wish you a nice day.

Message to Adults: I'm Interested in the Future!!!

“My interest is in the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life there”

Charles F. Kettering

As the title already implies, I am not yet an adult. Indeed, I am a student and, once I become an adult, I would like to change the world, reconfigure it in such a way that everyone will be able to enjoy peaceful and happy lives. Do I possess the necessary resources? The truth is, I do not have the money to fulfill this goal, and I can't imagine that I will be able to acquire such funds, for it would take a quintillion. What is everything I would like to change and how? The list is extensive enough.

In front of my eyes the world emerges as a roof, which has holes in numerous places. It leaks. In certain countries, high infant mortality rates, extreme poverty, hunger, HIV and AIDS. But there are also

diseases which affect the developed world, such as gender inequality, wars, natural disasters... and even more and more holes in the roof of humanity, which should be patched up.

Which one of these should be chosen first? Not an easy question. Every single one of them has a leakage problem, and each one evokes tension and problems. Maybe the one that leaks right on my head? Or maybe the one that leaks on someone I care about? Is help in the form of patching up the holes even effective? I imagine myself standing above one of the holes. Which one I would chose at a given moment is irrelevant. I hold my hands, maybe I hold up a piece of scrap metal to block the hole. I try with all my strength, but gradually I get more and more tired. My hands begin to hurt. My whole body begins to ache as I lose more and more strength. It becomes evident

that this solution is ineffective. The hole is only momentarily blocked until my strength recedes and even then the rest of the holes remain leaking. It would be far more effective to replace the whole roof instead of attempting to patch up every individual hole, to build a new, stronger and more resistant roof for everyone. Yet, how can we build this roof? It is obvious that I cannot build the roof by myself. It should be built by a team. It should be built according to one design. To build a supporting structure and the exterior walls is not simple. I think that all the holes in the roof are mainly there due to ignorance. Poverty and hunger correlate with the ignorance of how to grow enough food under the given circumstances and of how to protect the living standards. AIDS and high infant mortality rates are due to the ignorance of healthy lifestyles. Discrimination in its various forms as well as wars are due to the ignorance regarding hungry usurpers of power...

The supporting structure of the roof should therefore be knowledge and education, the type of education that would be available to all. Teaching people to read and write; explaining to them how they can protect their health and grow crops; teaching them to protect the forests in their respective countries; but also teaching them how to put the future into perspective, how to plan responsibly, and how to have regard for human rights – that will sustain them. It is important to respect all that is alive and to protect this planet. Only an educated person can see the value of educating his or her children and with it a systematic elimination of poverty. Only an educated person is aware that he or she will live in his or

her own future, and therefore he or she should make the best of it.

I will return to the introduction, to the beginning of our road, to my dream of changing the world and making it a better place for all. I said that I do not possess the resources needed to get the job done. Indeed, I am a student and I really do not have the finances needed to accomplish these goals. It is hard to imagine that I can eventually acquire these funds. After all, I would need a quintillion. That is why this road cannot be only about me, it is about all of us. These dreams can be realized, if we are united, if we responsibly and rationally pursue these goals, if we sacrifice our laziness and carelessness, our feelings of superiority and disregard for others, if we unite our powers and resources.

Patching up individual holes on our leaky roof – investing in various welfare organizations – is in my opinion the road to hell. Only treating the symptoms only serves to cement the problems and to make those receiving the aid dependant. The fundamental problem persists as we are only temporarily patching up leaky holes.

Once again I return to the introduction, to the beginning of our road, to my dream of changing the world and making the world a better place for all. I am missing the necessary abundance of resources. I am a student and I do not have the financial resources to accomplish these goals. Yet, are financial resources the only resources? Do I really not have any resources that may help?

I am starting to realize that the idea of not having enough resources in order to change the world for the better is a deceptive illusion. Hence, I am changing my

assertion and I am asking: what are my resources, so that I may accomplish my goals? It is my hope that this world can be better and more beautiful, that it can be good, loving, and a safe home for everyone. It is my belief that there is good in all of us and that everyone is important for this world. It is my love and respect

for life, for every living creature on this planet. It is my future, which is ahead of me. It is my maturity and my (indeed, our) responsibility for this world.

Hey, grownups, it is also your future, and that of your children... will you join me?



Foto: J. Bartoš