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I attend grammar school. I come from the outskirts of Levice, but I know Levice better than most of its inhabitants... I would like very much to study creative writing and journalism. It is possible to study these subjects only in Prague, which I regret because I would like to stay in Slovakia. If I fail, I will try to study journalism here in Slovakia (I will avoid Ruzomberok).

Many adults function on the principle:
“I advise others, and I’m fine without advice.”

At the moment, I am full of emotions, which to me doesn't seem like a good state to be in. But what can I do?! I can't even curse. I'm probably simplifying but around any of us there can be found someone in a similar state, so please think of them to help you understand me. My message to adults, yes, that's where I wanted to get. From my memories, experiences and everyday life I've come to the conclusion that it is better to commit suicide than to become an adult.

What frustrates me about adults? I would say that there are a few major things. I will begin with the most important problem. I don't know about you, but I'm always about to lose it whenever someone starts telling me how I should live despite them not being able to organize their own life. If I were them I would first reflect on how

to organize and understand my own life. Here I come to the root of yet another problem. First, look at yourself. To be honest, there are not many people capable of this. I am not claiming that no one is capable of it, I personally know a few people who are, but these people are in such a small percentile, because, evolutionarily speaking, it is better to be lazy and blind, or at least short sighted, than to look at yourself and move, right?

Many adults function on the principle: “I advise others, and I’m fine without advice.” This is how many unnecessary conflicts begin. I'm not sure if you know what it's like. I used to go out with a boy. He was twenty and hence he was already an adult. He was a diehard optimist...

Today he wants to commit suicide. We got together despite me still not having

sorted out my previous relationship. During our entire relationship, I was told how to live and what to do, and that I should forget about my previous relationship. I was told that I should stop thinking about it and move on. His optimism in this regard was seemingly infinite. It was conspicuous especially after I broke up with him and in a steady tempo we moved to just being friends. At first it was fine, but then his depression started to kick in. Yesterday, I found out that it's because of our breakup. I suppose he took it more seriously than I did. I have to stop dating the inexperienced... He wrote to me about how bad he feels, how bad the world is and how today he is almost a diehard pessimist. This "almost" will appear...

Now I will be bad, but I'm laughing at this whole naïve problem. Indeed, I also laugh at myself and everyone in a similar situation. Emotions will one day blow us away such that we will no longer be able to start a new relationship and we will laugh at sweet talk just as I do now, after this breakup.

A message to my partner: *"Never give advice about something you have not yet experienced, because now you fell in a trap and found out for yourself just how little your advice means to you. If I could, I would hug you and send you off to the future on a bullet train. I would smile, wave and wish you good luck, if I could, then I would send you all my strength to go forward and to be happy in future experiences. But I hope now you will be careful when passing out advice about something you don't know about.*

With good intentions and a small amount of suffering I showed you how one feels when accepting advice. Don't worry,

you won't die from a little emotional pain, it will just push you in a different direction of understanding."

Back to my messages...

God, if only I could curse. If it could be heard how I am screaming while writing, then I would enter it here, but that is impossible.

The message I would like to convey to adults is so deep within me that I do not know if I will be able to get it all out. Within it are contained all my wishes, curses, pain, fear, sadness and hopelessness. I feel mostly betrayed by my parents. They raised me in such a way that I should see parents as gods, but I am aging and thus realizing that they are far from gods. I'm finding out that they are less perfect than me. They also belong to those that tell me: "Look at yourself and then at others." Yet, in my whole life I have not seen that they would look at themselves.

My father pretends to be a "boss." He even uses that alias as his username on the computer. I was shocked when I found out his password was... Boss. That is when I realized that he is repulsive, bad and aggressive. Thanks to him, I hate people like him, which is frustrating for me because he taught me to see him as a "boss". But today I know that he ruined it with his "smart words." When I was small and even up until recently, he worked abroad and came home for one weekend a month. Then all of a sudden at around the age of fourteen he came to me and started saying how imperfect I am, how I should act, and what I should do. Today I know that the things he was saying were absurdities. As I would later find out, he realized that he made a mistake in how he raised me. That was the first step

in our alienation, that is, in my alienation from him. He recently celebrated his 40th birthday and so I was telling myself how he is changing from his 40's to his 50's. But not everything can be forgiven; that shouldn't be expected of me. Every day we grow further and further apart with his ridiculous demands. He wants me to have better grades, but completely neglects that my grades also bother me at the moment. So I tell him that maybe I should take extra courses, no? But he will not pay for that. At least the internet! I don't need that either, he got rid of it. In fact, I am wondering how I am going to send this text. I should go to the library, according to him. He will not give me room to read books. He has been threatening me that unless I fix my grades, he will put me in another school – kind and absurd at the same time.

I have debated for a long time whether I hate or love him. Neither, because for me he is a stranger. He is someone whom I perhaps knew in the past as a joyful and peaceful person. Today this same person is a bunch of nerves aimed at irritating his surroundings, eating from dusk till dawn, and constantly spending time with his cat. He is supposed to be the breadwinner, but at the moment he is not making any money and the breadwinner is my mom. Lately, his whole world revolves around the material world, which he gladly throws at me to solve my main problem, namely, that I do not focus on it.

I never wanted to hate my dad or to not accept him. He is the one who wanted to play God. He chose aggressiveness and wanted me to work, which I didn't want to. He forced me to listen while he said that at any given moment he could throw

me out of the house. He told me how I will live on social welfare because I do not have any chance of making it in the world. This person wanted to take my hope and all my illusions; he almost managed to take my life.

My mother? Yes, the most influential woman under the sun. She allows my father to constantly lecture her. But she is right; if you can't beat them, join them. It wouldn't be so bad, if she didn't expect complete independence out of me. She was trying to persuade me that I will not accomplish anything in high school and that I should go to hotel school. Too late!

After high school, I should go to college. During the winter break my mother came to me and started telling me that I will not get accepted to a college, but that she knows of some specialized courses. That's what we in my family call "moral support." Presently my grandmother is telling me that I will not be accepted to where I want to go because it is full.

It is all so demeaning and condescending! I feel as if my parents want to push me off the edge. At numerous times I wanted to give up, I cannot endure this forever. If they want to be machines without any feelings, let them, but I do not want any part of it!

Message to my parents? I wonder if my yelling is in vain. *"People, realize that I am not a toy. I am a person like you! I have rights like you do! Just because I am 20 years younger doesn't mean that I am not capable of thinking or living. I am not here so that you may mock me or so you can get rid of your complexes regarding your father or your mother, so why is it that you are returning what they did to you onto me? Why are you getting rid of your pa-*

rental responsibilities and already throwing me out? I will one day leave, yes, and I won't return. There won't be a reason. You took my reason as well as my sense of security. Next to you I am lost and lonely. You constantly tell me how disappointed in me you are, but when will you realize how disappointed I am in you, people who instead of supporting me are trying to get rid of me?"

I am worried that one day I will become something similar. But I do not want to be like them. I want to understand my own child. My dream is that my child will one day tell me: *"You were my best friend."* If I will be successful, only then will I be truly happy, believing that I reached something good and worthy of an adult. *"Parents, I am sorry, but these words I cannot tell you."*

For a long time I tried to figure out what makes an adult, as everyone knows that being eighteen is simply not enough. After deep reflection, I came up with one answer.

In my opinion we reach adulthood when we realize which responsibilities belong to us and we accept it, responsibilities for ourselves, and later on for others. Perhaps adulthood lies somewhere else. This fact alone does not permit adulthood until the age of 26.

I also have a message for myself; I will be considered an adult in less than two months, so I suppose it's appropriate here. I would like to tell myself to not give in to the pressures of my parents. I know

that the pain they caused me lies half on my part. I will go to college and hopefully even complete it.

Every one of us should understand ourselves, our actions and our strength, as well as the strength of the words we daily pronounce. We should think more about where our road to self-understanding begins and take it. In my opinion, the foundation lies in understanding how we live, and how it could be changed in the future. Now it should be clear that I do not yet have anything clear in front of me, but I do know that there is a light in front of me, which cannot be extinguished because the only thing that keeps it blazing is me. Life teaches all of us, for me, how I shouldn't be, for others, how they should be. Suicide takes guts, perhaps it is even beautiful, but is it really worth it when you know that not everyone who has stood beside you has left? Shouldn't these be your parents? I came across my angels by accident. They were here my whole life, and I just didn't recognize them. Unfortunately, they are not in my family! Now they appeared and are shining lights on my road. I cannot give up thanks to them; they believe in me. This brings me back to responsibility, the responsibility not to injure, despite being injured.

Look! There! Life is fleeting! So why are you sitting next to this text? You have to jump and let life take you forward! The future awaits, and one day be good parents who believe in their children!