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I attend a grammar school in Tomasikova Street. I was born in Bratislava. I would like to study journalism in the future. In my leisure time, I like to arrange letters into words, from which poems and short stories arise. I like to clear my head by doing latino and other, exotic dances, to which I devote myself. I also like reading books and poems.

It's all about the Red Hood, dear adults

We are young, beautiful, bold and rude. We seek our own path within the labyrinth of life. They refer to us in various ways: “dumb teenagers in puberty,” “kids,” or even more politely, “adolescents.” We are looking for our own selves. But who are we? That is what we are trying to figure out, because we do not yet know. Dear parents and teachers, dear lady on the street, we haven't found it yet. We don't know where we will end up, where we are heading, or which path we will take... and it is our right, because we haven't yet matured. So do not take away our freedom, our lightheartedness and our mistakes.

I am emerging from childhood. Throwing away the dolls, dresses, and even the Brothers Grimm fairy tales. I am throwing away “*Little Red Riding Hood*.” Who knows why Little Red Riding Hood dressed in red? Why her mother sent her to see grandma with pastries across the forest, where she knew there could be a lurking wolf? It is not my intention to analyze the tale of little red riding hood, but in what ways do you, kind adults, differ from the mother? You try to protect and to raise us,

you fear lurking wolves around each corner that may take us off our course. And yet, you still send us to see grandma. I will tell you something. On every road there lies a wolf waiting, and we do not always know or want to avoid it. If we happen to come across a wolf, there is something about it that attracts us. That something is you forbidding us to see it.

We try to explain how difficult it is for us to avoid the wolf, but you do not listen. You don't know why it is hard. Every day we meet with alcohol, cigarettes and drugs. It is a struggle, the struggle to free oneself, to do something forbidden and prohibited. We are attracted to risk, to danger, to the Devil himself. We want to find out why it is forbidden, and how far we can go, because we want to live! Yes, you can say all of that kills us, but we want to live life to the fullest and be happy in the present.

I love life. I love it with all the struggles, worries, and pleasant surprises one encounters every day. I love it despite all the roadblocks that life throws under our feet, despite all the steep turns, the slips and the falls... I love it despite the mistakes,

which I will probably never make enough of in order to learn to live without them. After all, all of this is what makes life interesting. Otherwise, it would be boring.

I love friends, whom I sometimes hate, and without whom life would be worthless. I love moments, small moments full of nice surprises, which in the end create perfect happiness.

And there is one more thing, which irreplaceably belongs in our lives, and that is love. We all revolve around it. Already we imagine how wonderful it is to be in love. Our feelings probably sound foolish to you, but sometimes it hurts us so badly. Due to love we cannot eat, sleep, think or even grasp the world around us, let alone study physics. Our minds are in the clouds. In the morning we are extremely happy, but at night we have the desire to jump out of a window. So we are struggling to find ourselves, and then sip our sadness, so we can be happy. We swallow the most painful, unique experiences, and that is life. Really, we already know how to love. We know how to feel happiness, excitement, pain and love. We are just now realizing what it's like. Life writes stories, it plays with us, it turns its back on us... and we stand before it with our heads up high. We walk through the forest, always full of pride. We do not want to crawl beside your feet. So let us carry our own everyday burdens. Let us walk in the labyrinth; we will eventually find some way out. Perhaps we will follow red as a symbol of love, or a symbol of maturity, or as a crosswalk light, or red symbolizing all our bloody and unhealed wounds. However, cautionary red didn't even help little red riding hood, she still met a wolf on her journey. Even we have met and will surely meet more wolves, but despite this "we

are not bad". We love life, so don't take it away from us.

Do not take away the light which life brings forth, because you'd rather extinguish the light and then yell at the darkness, as if you do not understand us. Are you teaching us how to live? Or are you only torturing us with the rules of adulthood? Forgive us, but remember that we still can only learn from our own mistakes.

My complicated path through the forest interests me and sometimes even hurts, but I feel free. You can feel free to look at me, let the wolf eat me, ignore me, and laugh at me if you want to. Because I'm standing on a tree from which I can fall. I am enjoying myself because I am at great heights and I am free!

I am not Little Red Riding Hood, and despite this I meet wolves. I also want my happy ending, which you have already forgotten about. You forgot to live, and you're forgetting about dreams. You are forgetting to be happy. You're falling within the stereotype full of receipts, of everyday worries, work... and you forget about the joys that life offers. You're forgetting to laugh. What cynicism! I know that deep in your hearts you love, but where did the affection get lost? Where did the happy ending get lost? Where did all the ideals and desires to change the world, of which I am full, disappear? Did life take them away from you? The cold harsh reality, did you let it win? Do you have eyes, ears, and teeth?

I have emerged from childhood. I have thrown away the fairy tales. My ideals, along with my age, are collapsing like a house of cards, and yet I still know how to step inside, again and again, into the forest.