

2020 International Essay Contest for Young People

[Youth Category – 1st Prize]

Boomerang of Hope

(Original)

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Sitting alone in a scantily lit room, I feel my words being addressed to the silence. I write these lines with grief in my heart, guessing how it will be difficult for you to read them. You will be trying with all your might to convince yourself this letter was written by a stranger who doesn't resemble the one that meets you every morning in the mirror.

I see this. No matter what happens, we are the ones who always turn a little problem into gigantic trouble. We pick up a smidgen of reality, combine it with fiction, and from this solution, we inflate a huge bubble to hide inside it from routine.

Fate is not without a sense of irony: you will not recognize me, but we cross each other's path every day, in each of your dreams and thoughts. Although in one exact moment you will avoid looking me in the eye to face this fact.

Let me unlock a secret for you: there will also be disenchantments for you, because there is no way I (you in the future) could equal your hopes. Sorry, but even your lowest bar will be too high for me to jump to. I am not strong enough to climb up on a pedestal and be "the best..." Well, take it from me: you will not forget the moment of realizing that being first in the race is not the main thing.

Looking at the paper, I imagine flocks of your questions emerging and becoming tangled together. They will be apt to find the gaps in my story. In this way, it will be easy to label it incredible.

Anyway, if I still seem to be a pure figment, then, please, listen to this figment.

To imagine the world in 2030, just ask yourself a question: "How do you see it with your own eyes?"

In this very moment, you generate my reality in your mind. Every day, people in your



world throw boomerangs a decade's distance. These boomerangs show us in 2030 the path to follow, and indicate how people in 2020 see their prospects in the future.

I can't even calculate how many of these boomerang-messages each of us gets every minute. Each time, it turns into a gamble of uncertainty. Yesterday, my friend came to know that, in the past, she had decided to do some charity work. She had already sent in her future wish to lead a charity fund.

I expect now to hear your skeptical note that it sounds too easy: just send your wish into the future and it will be fulfilled.

To be honest, I am still waiting for my boomerang. I feel like I am at an impasse point, where I think it could have gotten lost in the sands of time. My boomerang just didn't manage to fly here, because your wish was lacking in faith.

Every day, I live playing by someone else's rules. Hard work in the office has become so annoying for me and my colleagues, whose past selves ordered them to adjust to this life! All that remains for us is to regret that something was done wrong earlier. We had to convince ourselves to move all the mountains along the way, in order to accept who we were.

Believe in yourself!

Remember what your father said: "It is not so important to obey rules as it is not to be hit by a car". The worthiest goal is not to become the perfect version of yourself, but to be a happy person who builds her path from scratch.

Create a new life for me!

We are completely different, yet so connected by an invisible link. It sends your thoughts to me, so they can turn into reality here.

Just look around: your life is like a castle, built with bricks of the dream of one little princess. That one was you, who believed in becoming a kind witch who would make a better world. So please, send your boomerang of faith to fill the hollowness around me.