

2020 International Essay Contest for Young People

[Youth Category – Honorable Mention]

A Letter To My Younger Self

(Original)

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I pondered on how I should start this very precious letter. There are a million ways on how this can go, just like how every second of our lives, there are a million ways that we could change our fate unknowingly. The choices you have made, it all leads to this very moment where I am writing this to you.

It killed you, every second of it, to the point where you were nothing more than skin and bones, a hollowed out shell of what used to be shiny dreams and aspirations. It drives you crazy doesn't it, growing old? Unfamiliar ground, treacherous territory, where it feels like everything is slipping away from your fingers.

Wounded by your own dreams, you learn that everything that you've ever known is questionable. In a room full of people who loves you, you've never felt more alone. Despite all the nights you drive down the streets, laughing until your ribs get hurt, all the loud nights you tried to drown your own thoughts, it was never enough. It felt as if you were drowning and everyone was watching.

The world is unfair, you learn. It was horrid, watching the weak get stepped on by the strong. In a world powered by greed, one's instinct is to survive, selfishly filling their own cups while the unfortunate died of thirst. You wished you had more to give, you wished you had the power to make it all stop instead you spend your nights on your knees, pleading for a miracle. You stopped reading the news, as it was mostly unfairly manipulated to cover the cruel intentions of others anyways.

You were built to love, but it doesn't necessarily mean others would too. There will be a point where you will feel that your empathy is a form of weakness, but do not let them get to you, as your little form of kindness could unknowingly save a life. Be generous in all kind of ways, it's not a curse rather a blessing that only some could comprehend.

Not long from now, you'd meet someone who will love you endlessly, and trust me you deserve to be loved after all you've done. You will watch everything fall into place, one by

one, it will all make sense to you. You will witness the fall of kingdoms, and the beginning of fairer ones, where there are equal chances for everyone.

It will all collectively get better, where everyone would stand hand in hand, stronger by the day goes, against corruption and greed. There will be no more wars between brothers and sisters, nothing but love, understanding and kindness. The world would slowly heal, to a place I live now, where nothing would come in between us, where survival is no longer our instinct, instead it is to keep each other alive.

Our children would never know that they play on graveyards, their lives would be filled with nothing but endless warmth and certainty. They would never have to learn about the unfairness of the world like you did. Headlines of wars, murders and slander would become a myth, as they would stop yearning for something more, destroying human kind in the process, instead they would learn to be content with what we have.

Earth would heal itself too, slowly and gently, gracing us all with its beauty. No one would dare to ruin it ever again, no one would dare to trade the tranquility we possess now. The seven deadly sins will be nothing more but words.

If you give up now, you wouldn't be able to witness all this, you wouldn't be able to contribute to such a beautiful change. The world isn't as cruel as it seems, one thing for sure is good will always win. Despite how dreadful it is, how lonely it gets, or how terrible it feels, put a little faith in fate because I promise, in the end we will all be alright.