

I don't have a voice
by
Sarah Cunningham

Where I am, here, I don't have a voice. I am a silent figure who floats in the background. A thoughtless drone who follows orders from adults. Where I am here, nobody listens to children. We are too young, too immature, too naïve to understand the functions of the world. I have screamed, cried, yelled, begged to be heard, but now I am just numb. *If I can't change them, why should I try anymore?*

When I was younger, my mind was like a sponge. I could soak up any information, languages, school subjects, numbers, letters... but now, they've taken it away from me. My ability to be a child, to learn, to play, to think. My parents were taken from me. I was put in a group home for 13 years of my life, by angry and negligent adults. I miss my parents. *They understood.*

I have given up hope. I am surrounded by authorities who hate me. I am controlled, controlled by those who have been brainwashed. I have tried to be heard, many times, but in the end, it's no use. When I imagine a child-friendly community, children's voices are heard. Their opinion is shared. Their thoughts are agreed with. Their laughter flows around town, like the whistling wind.

Younger children, who have been robbed of a childhood like me, get to regain it before it is too late. When I envision a child-friendly community, I see that other kids are speaking up. I see our imaginations flowing. Dragons, princesses, warriors... All their minds are free and running fast.

We want to be listened to. We are humans. We have rights.

And as for me, I want to be freed, and I will be freed. One day, in the near future, I hope that these children are powerful again. We will be heard.