

Dreamer

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3^{er} Premio: Bronce

XI CERTÁMEN LITERARIO "LETRAS DE BABEL"

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DREAMER

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3° ESO B

Medalla de bronce

The world is a sphere, a circle full of humans, nature and culture. All over, people are trying to change the world, make a difference. Well, I'm one of them, trying to make 1% of this world better, and I'm here to tell you my story.

My name is Tylie, Tylie Birks, eleven years old, born in Texas and a girl full of imagination. My mom once told me I was a dreamer. Well, I guess I am. My mom is my biggest fan, and also, my best friend. It's just me and her, living in a small townhouse in Austin (Texas). In the third grade, at school, we watched a documentary about Africa. It showed the wildlife and the people who lived there. The wildlife was fascinating but I was surprised to hear the rest. My mom and I have never been poor; we've always had a stable life with clean water, plenty of food and a warm house to sleep in every night. In the documentary, there was no one living like us. People live in small stick homes, they walk miles to find water and there was food only some days a week. When I got home that day, I asked my mom why those people had that life and she told me that they weren't given opportunities like us.

–Could I do anything to help them? –I questioned her.

–It's very unfortunate and they don't deserve that hard life, but, there's not much we can do. –She answered.

For the next month, I searched for hours on the computer, trying to find a solution for the African families. Obviously, I was only eight then and my mom was right: there was not much I could do. Until one day, I found an image of a well on a website on home structures. All of a sudden, it came to me an idea. A brilliant, magnificent idea. When my mom got home from work, I rushed to the door spilling everything I had come up with to her. She looked very tired: droopy eyes and slow movements. She didn't seem to be interested in what I

was telling her. All she said to me was “That’s great, honey”, and she went up to her room. Something was wrong. I thought maybe she had just a bad day.

Next week was busy for me. Everyday after school I spent time coming up with new plans. My mom was overwhelmed with work so I talked to my teacher, Mrs Miller, about my plan. She believed it was a great idea but very expensive and it would take a lot of job and money just to build one well. Wait. Have I even told you about the idea? Oops! My bad! Let me tell you. People all over Africa suffer from clean water supply. Everyday, women and young girls walk miles to a stream or a river to collect jugs of dirty brown water. My idea is to build wells in small towns in Africa that provide them clean fresh water. Back to the story, when Mrs Miller told me it was a hard project to do, it didn’t get to me: I just had to put a little more effort into it, so that was exactly what I did. I asked my mom if I could set up a website where people donated money to make the wells. At first, my mom didn’t believe in it and she was doing it to cheer me up. The website took a long time. I’ve never been a “computer person” neither my mom, so we had to watch a lot of Youtube tutorials. When we finally uploaded it, I was as happy as can be. I told everyone I knew about it, but they only donated ten dollars. Weeks went by, months and then, a year. We had raised 200 dollars. I was upset because my dream was far away to become true. On April 9th 2014, my mother called me downstairs. I walked down and she was smiling in front of the computer, her blue eyes wide, looking at me.

–What? –I said.

–I got an email. –She answered.

–An email? –I repeated, wondering why she would tell me that because she gets hundreds of emails everyday.

–It’s about an interview.

–An interview?

–Yes, for you. They say they want to ask you about your website.

–My website! Really?

I jumped up, glad and excited. She responded to them immediately, telling them it would be an honour.

That month flew by until the day of the interview. It was in a small brick building. I sat in a dark room on a wooden stool. There were lights shining on me from every direction. Tory, the host, asked me questions like: “Why did you create your website?” or “What do you want in the future?”. I tried to do my best. My mom said I had wise and humble answers. When I got home I felt satisfied and excited to see if the interview would help and, believe or not, I opened the website and we have raised in one day 1000 dollars. I was in shock, my mom was laughing. She was joyful and full of excitement.

Weeks went by and people were donating thousands of dollars. I had more interviews. My mom took a break from work to help me. We finally had enough money to build, at least, twenty wells.

We picked some of the poorest towns and hired people to make them. It was a very long process. But mom and I were extremely happy. We kept working for the next year as wells were being built all over Africa. By 2019, there were over two hundred. The time had come to see them. My mom and I bought tickets and travelled across the world. We flew into Kenya where some people were waiting for us at the airport. They had signs saying “Thank you”.

We took a taxi to a small town. We saw the first well. It was round and made of brick. There was a little girl fetching water with her little brother. It brought my mom to tears. She never cries unless she is really sad, but these were happy tears: tears of joy and love. She grabbed my hand and whispered to me: “You are a dreamer. Keep on dreaming”, and that’s that.

That’s my 1% of trying to make this world a better place for all of us.