Relationships

Love / Kindness

Ivy

In 10th grade I read a story about a war-torn world, where human depravity was so normalized that to interact with another human being and walk away with your life was considered a miracle. The protagonist was someone who insisted on being better, and something about that deeply resonated with me. Even though we don’t live in a world where people shoot each other in the streets, I felt that there was something deeply lacking in my life. I desired to be better. I wanted to be kinder than other people and to go the extra step. Why? I didn’t really know. I think, just like the character in the story, I desired a better world. Somehow, my small actions would make a dark world brighter. This was the way that I went about most of my life, and there is a certain hope in it. Often, I feel that I cling to that hope.