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Civilization. That’s how I’ve continuously heard people calling our 21st century world, a world empowering us with multiple means of development, from brand new 3D plasmas to high-tech robots-in-miniature-mobile-phones. And that’s what we call a civilized developed world, patting our heads with great pleasure, believing that we are the best version of the world so far. But what do you do when the best is not enough, when you have a world drowning in technology but stepping on essential human rights that initially formed the ground of the world as we know it? ...Then what?

I, for one, am trying to picture my life with all the development that’s suffocating us, but without my right of speech, without my voice, my right to education or a home, to a family or a “different” sexual orientation. As far as I am concerned, that would be useless, because I essentially find no great purpose in life if I were to be without any or all of the above mentioned aspects. What’s even more intriguing is the fact that I find those rights basic, compulsory and indubitably needed, while a little girl from India might find them privileges, if not a violation of tradition in a scary, unknown world. Poor girls get raped by family members, kids are denied education and put to work long, restless hours, females are forced to marry when there’s no love but only money, and LGBT people get killed.

What these people need is a voice. Therefore I am willing to give mine. It may sound extreme, it may sound as if I am just another teenage girl who was hit by real-life and is confused, puzzled and quite ambitious. Many may say that I, as only one person, can’t change anything. I do not completely disagree with that. But if I just lay here, refusing to really see the essence of the world, that would mean that I’m accepting each and every abuse that happened, is happening and will happen. And I am not. What I plan to do is give those people a voice: speak for those who can’t, raise questions for those who won’t and explain for those who don’t. Starting in my family and expanding to the neighborhood, school and so on, I have started to be aware of every little abuse of rights, be it a joke, a word, a phrase or a mentality. I ask people if they understand how truly dangerous their little joke is, how much labeling, prejudice and phobia that little joke can contain. People are flabbergasted. Sometimes they make excuses and sometimes they just lower their heads a bit.

In the end, what’s truly important is to know. Knowing is caring, caring is sharing knowledge, sharing knowledge means raising awareness and awareness leads to having a voice: a collective, powerful and empowering voice that can raise up like a monster and defeat traditional mentalities and defeat violations of rights. Some may close their eyes to that. I’ve chosen not to.