

Letters to the Future




GOAL
NextGen



Irish Aid

An Roinn Gnóthaí Eachtracha
Department of Foreign Affairs

What does a better world look like?

Where dogs live longer! 

What does a better world look like?

A world where difference is celebrated!

What does a better world look like?

More equality for everyone throughout the world.

What does a better world look like?

more pop-up festivals like today's, that activate the entire community

Strong female leadership!


What does a better world look like?



What does a better world look like?

A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE CARE ABOUT PEOPLE


What does a better world look like?

More unification for peace in our world. We all need to work together!


What does a better world look like?



What does a better world look like?

Everyone feeling safe and at peace.


What does a better world look like?



What does a better world look like?

Fair just with more empathy

What does a better world look like?



What does a better world look like?

no homelessness

What does a better world look like?

Peace

What does a better world look like?

A better future for us can be many things. Discrimination and racism are a must and have to be gone. Hunger, starvation and being unheard is something which I also hope is something to be abolished.

What does a better world look like?

HAPPINESS
LOVE PEACE
Inclusion

What does a better world look like?

A Peaceful and trustworthy and help after and look after around around.

What does a better world look like?

World Peace

What does a better world look like?

Justice

What does a better world look like?

More Farmers

What does a better world look like?

Kinder

What does a better world look like?

FREE HEALTH-CARE FOR ALL

What does a better world look like?

no Homework

What does a better world look like?



What does a better world look like?



What does a better world look like?

Womens rights

What does a better world look like?

Education For All

What does a better world look like?

- World Peace
- No Poverty
- No people on the streets
- Everyone happy

What does a better world look like?

Children getting to be children

What does a better world look like?

Everyone is smiling

What does a better world look like?

People playing football

What does a better world look like?

MORE FARMERS

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Abenezer
Ethiopia

Dear Future,

Hopefully, by the time you're reading this, the air smells like trees again not smoke and fumes. I hope your cities breathe with trees, not traffic. I hope your rivers flow freely. And I hope your children don't need to protest for their future, because we finally started listening. I'm writing from a time when factories still burn too much, waste too much, and pollute too much and it's costing us everything. I see the numbers: how industry contributes a quarter of our global emissions, how the same systems that build our world are also destroying it. But I also see something else.

I see engineers rising not just to build products, but to rebuild purpose. You see, I'm one of them. An engineer in the making. Not just of machines, but of change. And I've decided that my career will not be about convenience. It'll be about *correction*. I want to redesign manufacturing systems that *produce with purpose*.

I want to turn waste into *resource*, not regret.

I want factories that run on *sunlight*, not smoke.

I want products that are built to *last*, not to landfill.

I want communities where young innovators grow up believing that technology can heal, not just hustle.

And I want to do it all without leaving anyone behind.

Dear Future, I don't expect you to be perfect. But I hope you've outgrown the greed that blinded our generation. I hope you've learned that *progress means nothing without sustainability*, and that the greatest innovation is empathy.

To the engineers reading this in your time:

Design not just for function but for future.

Let the earth be your client. Let justice be your blueprint.

And remember, clean code and clean air go hand in hand.

I'll keep building from here one project, one prototype, one principle at a time until you, dear Future, become everything we dreamed of... and fought for.

See you on the other side.

With purpose,
Abenezer Fikremariam Mitiku



Ahmed

Iraq

Dear future Generations,

As I write this letter, I am acutely aware of the weight it carries, as it is a message from a time long before yours. I hope, with all my heart, that you are reading this in a world that has embraced positive change, where the seeds of progress planted in my time have flourished into a *thriving and sustainable future*.

First and foremost, I hope that you inherited a planet that has been nurtured back to health. Our Earth, a fragile yet resilient home, faced unprecedented challenges during my era. Climate change, pollution, and loss of biodiversity were pressing issues that demanded collective action. I hope that your world is now one where clean energy is norm, where renewable resources power your societies, and where the air and water are pure and not polluted.

In the world I envision for you, conservation and sustainability are not just *buzzwords* but fundamental principles *woven into the fabric of everyday life*. I hope you have learned to *coexist* with nature, recognizing that your well-being is intricately linked to the health of a planet.

I hope your world values diversity, celebrates different perspectives, and fosters an environment where collaboration and cooperation are the *cornerstones of progress*.

Technological advancements have undoubtedly shaped my era, and I hope they have continued to do so in your time, but with a heightened sense of responsibility.

Finally, I hope that you inherited a world where the *lessons from our past were not forgotten*. Our history is filled with triumphs and mistakes, I hope that the wisdom gained from both guides and your path forward

In closing, dear future generations,
I write this letter with the utmost *hope and optimism*.

Ahmed Nazar
25 years old
Iraq, Duhok



Age 23

Alanna
Ireland

I'm writing this to you in 2025. You don't exist yet, but you're on my mind. This letter is for you — to tell you what I *hoped* for your future.

The world you are growing up in has a lot going for it — people are *more connected than ever*, and there's incredible potential in technology, creativity and science. But there's a lot we're still figuring out: climate change, inequality, burnout, the sense that everything moves *too fast and not always in the right direction*.

What I want for you is a future where people take *responsibility* for their choices — where we act with long-term in mind, not just short-term convenience. Where curiosity is *encouraged*, and innovation is focused on *solving* real problems, not just creating new ones.

I hope your schools teach you how to *think critically*, not just how to pass exams. I hope your cities are *green* and not grey. That you walk or cycle more than you sit in traffic. That your food comes from the *soil*, not just factories. That your friendships are *real* and not filtered.

Getting there takes work. We've had to push for change — not just through protests or politics, but through *everyday decisions*: how we spend, how we vote, how we treat people, *how we show up when it's hard*.

Change isn't one big moment — *it's momentum*.



Alec

Ireland

The Future I Want To Leave To My Children

In the world I wish for, peace is a given
Hands build homes, not bombs
Kindness is instinct, not a decision
We answer for what we break and do.
In the world I wish for, nature has healed
Hope grows wild in every field
For our children, we left skies their lungs may rely on
Now it's our turn to make this real.
In the world I live in, belonging is a gift, yet a choice
Something we must contemplate each day
Not through what we say, but by what we do
The world I wish for must come From me and you.



Asanda
Ireland

*"We don't need perfect people.
Just people who care enough to try."
-A quote by my Father*

Dear future, Present and Past

The Beginning

I grew up in a calm, stable environment. We had food, *sunshine*, and a deep sense of gratitude. From early on, I was drawn to nature especially water and forests. Earth and water have always felt *sacred* to me. I remember visiting Durban as a kid. I must've been around ten. The ocean was crystal clear, *alive*. But when I came back at sixteen, *everything had changed*. The water was brown, full of plastic and waste. That shift shocked me. And I realized if something that *beautiful* could be destroyed so carelessly, then we needed people to *protect* it. That was the first time I became fully aware of the environment and the world's *neglect* of it.

Becoming

Now in my twenties, I've joined the NextGen Youth Global Programme and it's been *transformative*. I'm learning about youth advocacy, sustainability, and the *systems* we're up against. I'm seeing how access to resources, education, and clean environments are connected and unequal. Poverty *kills*. The lack of education traps entire generations. And so many countries, especially across Africa or in war zones, are *just trying to survive*. I want to be someone who uses the privileges I do have to help others access what they *deserve*. I want to teach my nieces and nephews the Alpha Generation how to *understand* this world. I want them to grow up in a future that's *fair, peaceful, and kind*. I don't have all the answers, but I'm learning. I may not be changing the world in a big way yet, but I'm *planting seeds*. And that matters too.

Building

I don't know exactly what my thirties will look like but I hope I'll have built *something meaningful*. I strive to have worked with organizations and governments to change the way we use our resources. To start businesses or schools that *uplift* underserved communities. I want to volunteer more. Mentor more. Work with people who want better not just for themselves, but *for everyone*.

Beyond

Looking further ahead, I *imagine a future of healing. Of community*. Where *no one* goes hungry. Where education is *free*. Where the planet is *respected*. Where young people lead and are *actually listened to*.

The future is uncertain, but one thing I know: *I choose to show up for it*.



Ayomide
Ireland

DEAR FUTURE GENERATIONS,

What do you see when you look up at the night sky?
That you *belong* to something vast and *precious*?

Amidst a sea of black, dotted with *sparkling* stars,
Orbiting the Sun,
Billions of miles away, still just the *right* distance,
A planet, a pale blue *speck*,
Rotating slowly on its axis,
Rays of *golden* light spilling *warmth* across its surface,
Sustaining life in all its forms,
The Earth: *home*

And yet, we draw *lines* to mark the *differences* between
Them and us,
Build walls tall enough to *silence* other voices,
Closing ourselves off from what *don't understand*
painting them as threats, worthy of violence

We cling to old stories, *unwilling to question them*
We were told power meant control,
That to rise, others must fall


Have you dared to open your heart beyond *what feels familiar?*

When you stand, earth beneath your feet,
Do you feel the *roots* below?
Their hidden world where survival depends on *connection*, not competition.





I hope you live in a world where power is measured by connection,
Where empathy, respect and fairness blossom,
And random acts of kindness,
Which spiral into many more,
Shaping new ways of being,
With each other,
And the world around us.

A future where different stories coexist freely,
Tangling across man-made lines
Where no one fears being seen,
Where the first step is to
stop and listen, 
And try to understand,
So we can tell new stories.

I want a future that feels slow and kind,
Like the warmth of a distant star gently touching skin;
Full of love and care and connection,
For everyone to feel that this Earth is home
And to care for it and each other.

I hope as you look to your future,

And still dare to reach for the stars.

This is the world I hope you inherit.

With hope,
Ayomide Ajan i





Bethlehem
Ethiopia

Dear Future One,

If this letter reaches you, then I have already crossed time with hope in hand, hope that the world you live in is *healthier, fairer, and kinder* than the one I was born into.

I write to you not just as an African woman, but as a dreamer, a changemaker, and a daughter of Ethiopia, the only African country never colonized, where *resistance runs deep in our bones*. I come from a people who have known sovereignty and struggle, beauty and burden. *And I carry both in my work*.

Today, I study Health, Communication, and Life Sciences at Wageningen University. I walk the path of science not for its prestige, but for its power, *the power to heal, to inform, and to give voice to the voiceless*. I've learned that real leadership is not about control, but about *service*.

That's why I've committed my life to human rights and global health, and why, one day, I intend to serve as the Executive Director of the World Health Organization.

That dream isn't about titles. *It's about impact.*

I've seen too many people suffer not because there were no solutions, but because there was *no access*. I've lost my grandparents to preventable diseases. I've watched women denied healthcare, girls denied education, and communities denied dignity. I co-founded the Samaritan Movement to give underserved children the basics they need to dream bigger. I organized film festivals to spotlight stories the world often ignores. I stood on platforms not for attention, but to *amplify voices that echo in silence*.

If you are reading this, I hope the systems we worked to change are now systems that *protect, uplift, and empower*. I hope healthcare is no longer rationed. The youth are no longer told to wait their turn. That every girl can walk into a clinic, a classroom, or a boardroom without asking permission. *Public health is built on justice, not charity.*

And if you forget, let this letter remind you. Let it remind you that I believed in science and stories. That I held data in one hand, and compassion in the other. *That I stood up for those the world tried to overlook, and dared to lead at the highest level, not because I was invited, but because I belonged.*

So, Future One, wherever you are, stay brave. Stay tender. Stay relentless. Because the world doesn't need another leader. *It needs a healer with vision.*

With all my belief,

Bethlehem Tesfu Estifanos

Future Executive Director, WHO | Human Rights Advocate | Public Health Communicator



Bezawit
Ethiopia

Dear Future Beza,

As I write this letter today, I'm filled with a mix of excitement and responsibility. I'm sitting here as part of the NextGen 2025 Programme, reflecting on the journey that has brought me here — on every step, every challenge, and every person who has shaped the vision I hold for the future.

This isn't just a letter about hope — it's a promise to myself and to the communities I deeply care about. I think back to my younger self, growing up in the heart of the city, surrounded by both possibilities and inequalities. I saw the contrast between those who had access and those who were left behind — not because they lacked ability, but because the system wasn't built for them. That early experience planted the first seed of my vision: to bridge gaps, amplify voices, and build spaces where people — especially youth and women — can thrive and lead.

Throughout my journey — from leading initiatives during university, volunteering in community development programs, organizing youth and women-centered events, to working in communications where every word holds power — I've carried this vision with me. I've seen how stories can change lives. I've seen how opportunities can transform communities. I've seen how collaboration can create impact that lasts. And today, through this programme, I'm re-committing myself to that vision.

My Vision for the Future:

I envision a world where every young person, regardless of background or identity, is seen as a leader, not just a beneficiary of change.

A world where women no longer have to fight for a seat at the table because they are already shaping the agenda, driving innovation, and leading with compassion.

A future where community is not just where we live — but how we live, together, with shared purpose, respect, and responsibility. I see myself continuing to stand at the intersection of storytelling and social impact — whether as a communicator, a leader in development work, or even as a political voice — amplifying marginalized stories, creating platforms for learning, and pushing policies that reflect people's real needs.



Ciara

Ireland

To the future,

In the future, I hope to live in a world where *gender no longer dictates your opportunities*, your worth or your potential. A world where little girls grow up *never doubting* that they matter. Where every woman is *free* to shape her future, where our labour is recognised, our rights respected and our contributions valued.

In this future, women and girls have access to *education*, to safe and *equitable* work and to economic *independence*. This is a world where *no woman is held back* by financial insecurity, unpaid care work or gendered expectations, instead, we are all *given the opportunity* to learn, grow and thrive. When I imagine this world, I think of my younger cousins, of my friends, and of the women in my community. *I think of the generations of women*, past, present and future, all over the world who *shoulder the burden* of unpaid domestic labour, who are denied educational and economic opportunities and whose voices are dismissed all on the basis of gender. Every single one of these women *deserves better*. They deserve recognition, dignity and meaningful opportunities, yet they are denied these by the world we live in. I want to live in a different world. *A better world*. A world where women and girls are valued, not demeaned, diminished or forgotten.

I'm tired. Tired of living in a world that ignores women's labour, that disregards our voices and questions our worth. Tired of the systems that profit from our labour, yet *fail to recognise it*. We are dismissed by the very world our blood, sweat, and tears built. We are not on track to achieve gender equality by 2030. Women continue to carry out the majority of unpaid care work. Girls are still denied educational opportunities. Instead, they are *forced* into domestic roles or early marriages, their futures are *decided* for them before they have ever been given a chance to choose for themselves. Women continue to be paid less than men for the *same* work and we remain concentrated in undervalued, *underpaid and unpaid roles*. Our voices remain *underrepresented* in law, in leadership and in policy. Our contributions are overlooked. *Our work invisible*.

I dream of a world where both women and women's labour are *recognised and valued*. Where women *lead*, where we are *fairly* represented in our governments and in our communities. A world where we shape the policies that impact our lives. Where *our rights are upheld, not debated*. True gender equality needs more than just legal changes. The way that society sees and values women and women's work has to *change*. We have to *dismantle* the economic and social barriers that hold women back and challenge the cultural norms that reinforce gender inequality. We need people to *speak up*, to support reforms and to stand with women in every space, from our homes and workplaces to our schools, communities and governments. I believe that this change is possible, but it cannot happen by itself. *It needs courage, compassion and action from all of us to create a better world*.



Connor
Ireland

Tar isteach

Conor Keane

Knock on the door, tar isteach, enter in,
Here is your classroom of the *future*:

One little angel sits smothered in sunscreen.
A sensory nightmare once acrid and greasy,
As rare as that *childhood heatwave*,
Is now latched to microbiome,
And as normal as the *sun* coming up.

One little sprite *whispers* secrets to her pal,
Bonding like electrons plugged into her heart,
Laughing in rapid human-like frequencies,
Learning moral code from old servers,
That, tomorrow, will *dream* for her too.

One little dreamer draws snow with a finger.
White is a theory taught in watercolour,
A *softness* held in thoughts alone.
In this world, there is no bitter freeze -
Just a drowning, drowning melt.

One little pearl scrolls past a sea of fins,
Mouthing the word tuna like *fiction*,
Tastebuds untouched by salty brine,
Fish not a *food*, nor a feature
Of her bonny ocean blue.

One little tyke unchains a mask in the evening,
Strapped up tight to imprinted skin,
Smog season celebrations underway.
Counting *coughs* like sheep before he sleeps,
With wool pulled over his eyes.

Look closely, you'll see that these kids aren't lessons,
But *warnings on what we have done*, and what they could do.
They are precious and soft enough to *relearn, reimagine, repair*.
This time, let them inherit less ruin and blunder,
And let your actions fuel action and hope and wonder.



David
Ireland / Zimbabwe

I Envision a Future

I envision a future where every knowledge system woven through the hands of countless peoples is honored, cherished, and heard.

No barrier of race, no boundary of creed, no shadow of history, no wall of belief shall silence the wisdom born of generations.

I envision

a world where every nation stands tall, rooted in the rich soil of its own knowing, nurtured by the rhythms of earth and sky, proud of the stories carved by time, reverent toward the journeys of its ancestors.

I dream

of a humanity awakened where every soul holds quiet confidence in the power of their own mind, in the sharpness of their senses, in the steady flame of understanding, undaunted by the trials of each day.

I envision

a world alive with epistemic courage, where every people claim their right to know, where justice flows in the rivers of thought, where many worlds and many truths intertwine in dignity and respect.

Yes,

I envision a future

where wisdom knows no borders, no race, where every voice is valued, and every mind is free.

Then shall we rise to meet the greatest challenges:

to conquer hunger, to end poverty,

to heal our planet,


and to build a world worthy of all humanity.



Diana
Honduras




To the people of the future...

I know our world may still not be perfect, but I hope, with all my heart that it has **changed for the better**. I don't dream of perfection. What I want is a world that is fair, safe, and worth living in. A world where being human means **being kind**, and where dignity isn't a privilege, it's a birthright. 

I see a fair world, where corruption no longer steals from people. Where leaders don't rule, they serve. I want political systems that protect the **vulnerable** and lift up the forgotten. I want governments to care more about **justice** than power.


I wish for a safer world for all, especially for women and children. A world where no one is afraid to walk home at night. Where gender-based violence is a story of the past, not headlines of the present. **A world where peace isn't an exception, it's the norm.** No more guns, no more wars, no more fear.

I want a healthy world, one where malnutrition is no longer a sentence. A world where every boy, girl, and mother-to-be is fed, cared for, and protected. I want healthcare systems that work for **everyone**, where healing isn't a luxury, but a right. 

I see a green and vibrant world, alive with forests, oceans, bees, and birds. A world where clean energy powers homes, where pollution is no longer in our skies, and our cities and communities **grow in harmony with the earth**.

And above all, I wish a world where **empathy** is our common language. Where we care for one another because we understand that no one truly thrives **alone**.

To the people of the future: May you never take peace, health, education, or nature for granted. These were not given freely, they were **fought** by people who dreamed boldly and acted bravely.

 So speak up. Care loudly. Be the kind of human this world needs. Because the future is not just a place we reach, it's a place we build, **together**.

With all my hope,
Dreaming that this is the world you now know,

Diana Fallos



Ebunoluwa
Ireland

No Fear

I wish for a future with no fear.
No fear of being othered, erased, or unclear.
No fear of borders, nor divide,
No fear that comes from choosing sides.
No fear of silence when we cry,
No fear of being seen and passed by.

The future I see is *fearless*.
Not flawless — but fair.
Not perfect — but prepared.
Where justice isn't rare
and kindness lives everywhere.

I imagine a world where I can walk at dusk
and not clutch my voice like a fragile secret.
Where my skin doesn't signal threat
but legacy, beauty, belonging.
A world where names like mine aren't
questioned, just welcomed.
Pronounced with care, not caution.

Where a child like me can breathe deep
— not just air, but *ease*.
Where the news doesn't teach fear in slow
release.
Where we're not taught to shrink, to dim, to
freeze.

Where our *laughter* rings louder than warnings,
and no one's light gets switched off by mourning.

I want a world where my cousins and future
kids
don't inherit fear like hand-me-downs.
Where they walk streets that hold them,
not ones that push them out of bounds.
I want them to live in cities that *celebrate* their
sound,

not try to turn their volume down.

To those who listen —
teach courage, not control.

Let *empathy* lead, let humanity unfold.
We don't need more fear sold in gold.
We need hands that hold,
and *hearts that are bold.*

Because the future I believe in
does not make room for fear.
It makes space for truth.
For *love*. For all of us here.

And until that day arrives,
I'll keep dreaming it,
speaking it,
building it —
until no one
has to dream it anymore.



Elssanatu
Sierra Leone

The future I want to see is:

A future where no child will beg,
No heart will break, No life ignored
For power's sake.

A future where hands unite,
Not fists that fight.
Where wrong gives way
To what is right.

A future where truth is strong,
And all are free.
Where peace replaces every fear.
Where no child sleeps in pain,
Where love is louder than any war,
And justice knocks on every door.

A future that's fair
With equal chances
For everyone.
Where young and old
Can chase their dreams.
And hope flows freely like a stream.

A future where wrong
Is challenged by the right.
A world of peace,
Not filled with fear, where
Every voice is free and clear.

A future where dreams don't fade
Because of skin, and where
No one's hopes are left to die.

A future where technology
Is used not to divide,
But to connect, and uplift everyone.

A future with no guns in hands,
but books instead.
A world where kindness plays
The greatest role.

A future where we can
Protect our planet
like it's our only home.
And a world that loves,
And lifts each soul.



Emma
Ireland

A future of Tricky Conversations & The new century

This is my letter to the future
 My letter to the future, but, what future?
 Should we talk about a big, bright utopia? Or a dystopia?
 As I write now,
 Seas get hotter,
 Algorithms choose hate and division,
 And while some starve, face exploitation, or even genocide
 The world's wealthiest drown in mansions of material nothingness
 Thinking that their next big paycheck will help them find meaning
 Their next big paycheck, tainted cash, made by the bodies of invisible millions
 The few dictating who can live, and how
 So I look to a future that creates lasting change,
 To me, It begins with tricky conversations
 Tricky conversations that tackle historical injustice
 Forcing us into discomfort as we grapple with a past of systemic and colonial violence
 Recognising how it has benefited some of us and oppressed others
 Tricky conversations about borders, where is home?
 Let home be this planet, so we stop cordoning people into sections of this earth, like cattle
 Tricky conversations about new systems of knowledge
 So that indigenous wisdom can stand tall beside traditional science
 So that oral stories can teach us alongside the written word
 Tricky conversations that find enough water, food and shelter for everyone
 But I need dialogues to go beyond this, to ask how we can all thrive rather than simply survive
 Tricky conversations where we ask who is responsible?
 And we probably won't like the answers.
 As my fast fashion jeans burn my hard skin
 As my quick, convenient coffee funds the military
 I want a future of tricky conversations
 That can only find success when coupled with compassion and kindness, with sacrifice
 Perhaps this is not the easy solution you desire
 But mesmerising, shallow declarations of collective love and simple peace fall hollow on my ears

If we can match our actions to the outcomes of these tricky conversations
 If new systems of knowledge can develop that includes space and voice for all
 Then that's a future I look forward to participating in
 Where our collective humanity will sing through any division
 This is my letter to the future
 A letter to the future that challenges the present, each and every present
 The time is now, the choice is ours.
 Every tricky conversation starts with you

In the year 2100
 I'll be old and grey
 My grandbabe will crawl up on my lap
 And I'll hear her say
 'Granny, tell me about all that you've seen, tell me about the trees that grow in rows atop the hill
 About the song of the robin that perches by my window
 Tell me about the breeze that cools me and the sun that showers me
 About your friends and neighbours, and the strangers you've met along the way
 Granny, tell me about all that you've seen
 Granny, tell me about the world we live in today'
 I'll pause for a while, to consider
 And I'll remember this moment
 Three-quarters of a century before, where, at age 23, the future seems rather bleak
 Where we are threatened by suns so hot
 Floods so vicious
 That no robin can survive
 Where millions suffer for a few to sit on piles of tainted cash,
 The world's wealthiest drowning in mansions of material nothingness
 While others drown in their attempts to flee suffering on tiny boats
 I'll think of the lies spun, and the corruption that ruptured society
 where our collective humanity and shared connection was swapped by the media for
 narratives of division and oppression
 After all, division sells.

But I'll know then, in the year 2100
 What I know now
 That change happens
 When people rise, shoulder to shoulder
 Together in resistance, together in defiance, together in harmony
 That we can break away from histories of oppression,
 of ordering people into sections of this earth, like cattle
 Our collective humanity will sing through
 And our conversations will be free
 Without the filters of marginalisation and inequality
 In the year 2100
 I'll recount all this to my grandbabe
 Curled up in my lap, pondering the manners of this tiny planet
 And her curiosities will be soothed,
 And she will breathe a sigh of relief
 That in the century before her, humans got to work
 So that my grandbabe can live in a world of less suffering.
 In the year 2100
 A new century begins, a century of peace, a century of equality
 A century of connection
 It's time to make this future feasible
 It's time to get to work for our grandchildren

My letter to to the future

Age 22



Eunice
 Honduras

To uncertainty and hope

I write to you from the dust,
from the earth that burns with names
that don't make the news,
I write to you with my feet *firmly planted*
in the south of the world,
where our tongues taste of corn, and
our grandmothers still pray with agua
florida
where they kill us for existing,
But even so, *we resist.*

And I don't come alone.

I carry with me Berta's living words,
the *collective* Nicaraguan voices,
the clamor of the searching mothers
of Sonora, and the deafening silence
of the disappeared.

I write to you from the televised
massacre, from the genocide burning
before our eyes, I speak to you from
Palestine, from the occupied territories
bleeding in the face of *global apathy.*

They called us illegal,
They called us the 'other',
they made us disposable.
But here we are,
with our huaraches on,
our gaze fixed, *and the tenderness of our*
people in our hearts.

And we dream of a world where privilege
doesn't cloud *empathy.*
Where the land and women
are no longer a territory of conquest.
Where we don't have to write in blood
to be *heard.*

I want a world without hierarchies or
chains, where childhoods run *free,*
without anyone touching their *innocence.*
A world where love poems can be
written without rage being the ink.

I want to hear *the birds,* not the bombs.
To feel the rain, not the fire.

I long for fireflies at night and cicadas in
the summer.
Warm rains, slow days, *shared bread.*

I dream of an education
that doesn't break us to make us useful,
but lifts us up to make us free.
With lives that don't revolve around the
clock, but around *caring.*

I wish a world where creating is not a
luxury, *but a way of life.*
Where we don't worship transnational
corporations or sell our lands to the
selfishness of a few. Where we know
how to be self-sufficient, take care of
ourselves, *be a community.*

I speak to you from the voices that are
no longer there. Those that dust
covered without a name, without a
grave, without justice. Those that were
silenced by blows and yet...
resonate.

I speak to you from the erased bodies,
the forbidden languages,
the steps that never arrived,
the songs drowned in blood.

From the cracks.
From the grave.

From the bottom of the sea.

Of those who sowed without seeing the
harvest, because they were swallowed
by the bullet,
hunger,
exile,
silence.

But their seeds
continue.
And we grow.
And we cry out.

Because hope,
like wildflowers,
breaks through the asphalt.

And we,
those of the forgotten south,
the plundered peoples,
the broken childhoods,
the persecuted dissidents,
we who were the stepping stone
to build their empires,
today we rise.

With our heads held high.
With our dignity intact.
With our feet on the ground
and our hearts burning.

We do not sell out.
We do not surrender.
We do not betray ourselves.

We cover our chests
with an open hand,
and the gentle rage
of those who have learned to resist
without ceasing to love.

We are buried words that return,
memory that screams,
fury that blooms,
tenderness that burns.
We are everything they wanted to
disappear.

And yet, here we are.

And future:
even if you don't come,
even if you don't embrace us,
even if you don't notice us,
know this:
We dream of you.

And they won't be able to stop us.
Because we are made of the fire
that never goes out.

A future where dreams don't fade
Because of skin, and where
No one's hopes are left to die.



Fayia
Sierra Leone

My name is *Fayia James Kleima*, and I am writing to you from a place where the sun meets the Atlantic Ocean, a place I call *home* — Sierra Leone. As I sit here, the salty breeze shares *stories of past generations* who lived with the ocean's rhythm. But I'm not only thinking about the past; I'm dreaming of a *future*, a bright picture made with the Blue Economy and strong care for the environment in our coastal communities.

Furthermore, in this dream, *inclusion and diversity* are the base of our progress. I see women, who have always been the *strength* of our coastal areas, not just processing fish but also leading fish farming projects and caring for protected ocean areas. I see people with disabilities, once left out, now using their *skills* in new ocean businesses. At the front, young people are *leading*. Young Sierra Leoneans, like me, are not just receiving help, but building the future. We're using new technology, creating *sustainable* tourism, and leading ocean research. Programs like the NextGen Youth Program have grown, giving us the knowledge and skills to care for our ocean resources well. We're *shouting the world* that new ideas and saving nature can work together.

Moreover, I want to see clean beaches, safe waters, and communities living *peacefully with nature*. To make this real, we need to act now! We must protect our waters from pollution and too much fishing. We need education that teaches young people about the ocean and how to use it carefully. I believe programs like the NextGen Youth Program can help us learn and lead. The government, businesses, and communities must *work together* to make fair rules and support green jobs.

In conclusion, the future I want to see is part of the Sustainable Development Goal 14 — to protect and use oceans and marine life wisely. If we all work together as young people, we can build a Blue Economy that brings *hope, health, and wealth* to Sierra Leone and the world.

With hope and determination,
Best regards,
Fayia James Kleima



Jovia
Uganda

I Was There
– A Letter to 2100

I don't know what the world looks like
where you are now.

But I hope the air feels lighter on your lungs.
I hope your children run barefoot
through clean grass,

And the rivers remember what it means
to flow free.

Back here in 2025, we were choking.
On smoke. On waste.

On silence from leaders who knew better.
I come from a village where milk spoiled
faster than we could sell it.

Where the buzz of mosquitoes wasn't just
annoying; it was deadly. Hundreds of dying
from mosquito-borne malaria disease.
Where trash piled up and covered
households in towns.

And we prayed the rains would come...
but feared they'd bring floods.
I remember thinking, "Is this it?
Is this how the story ends?"

But something in us said no.
We weren't scientists in white coats.
We were girls with dreams, with *dirt*
under our nails and fire in our hearts.

We took the waste they ignored
And turned it into fuel, fertilizer, and healing.
The Spoiled milk? We made it fight malaria.
Food waste? We fed it to black soldier
flies and watched it come back as *gold*
for the soil.

And that little thing called BioNx?
Yeah, we slipped it into fuel engines— and
suddenly, bikes and cars coughed less,
Engines burned cleaner,
And the skies began to whisper thank you

It didn't make headlines.
But it made change.
People started asking,
"Wait! what if the solution isn't in some
faraway lab... but right here? In the
hands of a *farmer's daughter?*"
And you know what? They were right.

So I wonder, in your time

Do people still look down on girls
from rural villages?

Or have they finally realized we've been
holding the blueprints all along?

Maybe the world looks different now.
Maybe it's *gentler.*

Maybe you walk on land we helped heal.
And if you do... then know this:
It wasn't easy.
We failed. A lot.

We were told we were too small to matter,
too poor to innovate, too young to lead.
But we did it anyway.

Because we believed in something
bigger than fear.
We believed in belonging.
In science with a soul.
In a future that doesn't just survive!
It thrives.

So from one human to another,
From one time to the next
Please, take care of this place.
Not because we begged you to,
But because you remembered who you are.

With love, sweat,
and soil still on my hands, I was there.
And I believed in you.
Even before you arrived.



Kevin
Uganda



Drone picture taken by Johnny Miller, part of the project 'Unequal Scenes'



Me in a rural community in Uganda, telling stories as usual. Picture taken by my close Ugandan photographer friend, Moses Sserunjogi.

Dear Leo,

By the time you read this, I'll probably be the kind of old man who shows up late to Zoom calls because I forgot my password, again. Or maybe I'll just be chilling somewhere under my mango trees, sipping herbal beer, laughing at how serious the world has become.

But for now, it's 2025, and as I write this letter, I'm in India, hopping between the bustling streets of Mumbai and the quiet rhythm of Coimbatore, doing what I've always done best: telling stories. Recently, I walked through Dharavi, the second-largest slum in the world as of 2025, and home to some of the most resilient people I've ever met. I spoke with a 14-year-old girl who runs a small recycling business with her mother. Amid the narrow alleyways and endless movement, she looked me in the eye and said, "I want to go to school and start my own factory someday."

No AI, no matter how advanced in your 2050, could write her story the way I witnessed it. It's not just about waste or poverty. It's about resilience, hope, and the smell of hot metal mingling with the sound of kids laughing in the background. That's the kind of journalism I believe in, Leo, the kind that carries the heartbeat of real people. They say you love journalism. A bold choice, Leo. By your time, I imagine storytelling has evolved into something I can't even wrap my head around. Maybe your pen is now a chip in your brain. Maybe your interview subjects are holograms. I don't know. But if you've still got that burning passion to tell the truth, to shake things up, and to say what others won't say, that's the stuff that matters.

Here in 2025, we're trying. We talk a lot about climate change, justice, mental health, and the future. Sometimes we act. Sometimes we just post. But movements like Goal NextGen remind me that it's not all talk, there are young people from every corner of the world doing real, heart-driven work. That's where hope lives. That's where you come in.

You were born into a time that I hope is greener, kinder, and fairer. I imagine you walking through cleaner cities, where school kids plant trees for fun, and the rivers actually look blue. I imagine you laughing out loud, not just at memes, but because life feels lighter. If that's the world you know, it's because people before you fought like hell for it.

Let me tell you something though: journalism, even in my day, was risky business. Censorship is real. Stories are filtered, twisted, or buried. AI is booming, don't get me started, but it can never match the heart of someone who's lived what they're telling. I don't care how good the bots get;

they'll never capture the smell of dusty red earth, the shaking in someone's voice during an interview, or the fire in your gut when you know a story must be told. So if you're out there, reporting from some slum, mountain, or digital metaverse, *don't forget what makes your work powerful, it's you. Your truth. Your lived experience. Your voice.*

People may laugh at your dream. Your parents might beg you to study something "safe." But listen, Leo: no headline is worth your life. Tell stories, but come home *safe*. And always remember, the most powerful tool you have is not your tech, your reach, or your style, *it's your intention*. In 2025, we tried to tell stories that matter. Some of us succeeded. Others let ego and competition get in the way. I wish we had come together more, maybe our voices would have carried further. But it's not too late for your generation to get it right. Use your stories to spark change, not just clicks. Be the reason someone understands their world better. And when it all gets too loud, find the silence. *That's where the real stories live.*

And if you ever forget why you do what you do, come back to this one quote, something I hope still makes sense in your time:

"Use what is good in you to spread what is good around you."
– Kevin Kasoma, 2025

Stay curious, stay kind, and for heaven's sake, don't let AI write all your scripts.

*Blessings,
Kevin
2025*

Age 24

My letter to to the future



Kevin
Ireland

Dear Future,

I hope you're warm, not just in climate, but in spirit. I hope the air feels *fresh and alive*, the streets full of people moving easily, *kindly*, without rush or fear. I hope it feels lighter. Not perfect, just *better*.

In your world, I imagine cities that are *green and clean*, with third spaces that invite people to be, not just to consume. Parks full of laughter, libraries buzzing with curiosity, trains and buses that run often enough to connect people *instead of isolating* them. Where public transport isn't a chore, but a chance to see each other. *To share space. To belong.*

I hope the cost of living no longer feels like a life sentence. That people can afford to *live and not just survive*. That opportunity isn't hidden behind ten forms and five layers of gatekeeping, but something that feels *possible, reachable, and fair*.

I want a world where community feels natural again. Where people are funny and weird and open and *empathetic*. Where judgment doesn't arrive before *understanding*. Where we learn the value of compromise and the courage of conviction. Where leaders lead with *humility*, and not just headlines.

I imagine education that feels like an invitation, not a punishment. Something exciting, an investment in yourself, not just a tool to make yourself useful. I see towns and cities filled with art, history, and architecture that make you pause and feel something. Not just survive in the grey but thrive in colour.

In your world, I hope there are places to go just because they feel good to be in. I hope culture floods the streets, past and present. That buildings have soul, food is *nourishing and sustainable*, and people can live without fear of the very systems meant to protect them.

I hope AI helps, instead of harming. It becomes a *tool for thought*, not a replacement for thinking. That it guides, supports, uplifts, and doesn't erode what makes us human. Let it be the internet's second chance, used wisely this time.

And above all, I hope we have finally stopped needing to be *validated* by wealth or consumed by status. That we realised there's more to merit than productivity. That contributing to the world can mean many things for many people, not just output, not just results.

I hope openness is no longer a risk, but a value. That culture can meet without clashing. That ideas can differ without needing to dominate. That disagreement isn't a threat, but a space to *listen, learn, and evolve*.

Future, I really want to believe in you.

I want to live in a world where unity is strength, where transparency isn't a buzzword, and where long-term thinking is the *norm* and not just the exception. Where materials, resources, knowledge and kindness are used for the common good.

So, if you're reading this and you're living in that world, or are still building it, I say *keep going!* Let this be proof that we all tried to at least imagine something better. Don't let others' *inaction* dilute your *wanting* for action.

And let that imagination be the *seed* for real, tangible change.

With hope,
Kevin



Megan
Ireland

To the Future:

With our eyes aimed at the future, my mind seems to race. I have so many hopes and wishes and even *more questions*. It's so strange to imagine that one day I'll wake up and everything will have changed from how I grew up.

In the future I hope the endless fast fashion halts, and I hope that the *compulsion* to overconsume that has gripped so many people passes. I hope that we are *responsible* with our creations, that we *respect* the environment and the planet. I hope we begin to cherish our biodiversity and protect it, rather than treating it with carelessness. I hope we stop polluting our rivers and lakes.

I hope we take action so future generations inherit a *thriving* planet, where nature thrives and where there is peace.



Milad

Syria

Dear Future,

My name is Milad, from Aleppo, Syria
– a city that's seen both beauty and destruction.

I'm a proud participant of the NextGen Youth Programme,
and today I write this letter
with all my heart.

If you're reading this, it means the *world still listens.*
That someone out there still cares about the voices of youth
who refused to give up.

I come from a place where hope is not easy – but it's real.
*Where we learned to dream, even when everything
around us told us not to.*

I write to you not as a leader or a celebrity, but as a young
person who chose action over silence.

Maybe by the time you read this, your skies are clearer.
Your streets safer. Your leaders more *human.*

If so, remember — none of that happened by accident.

Someone spoke up.
Someone planted.
Someone cared.
Someone like us.

Our generation may not have had all the tools, but we had
the voice. And we *used it.*

So if this letter reaches you, carry its message forward:
Don't forget *the hands that built a better world*
— even when it was falling apart.

With love,
Milad



Mohana
Ireland

I look at you with widened eyes, *a glimmer of hope,*
My face taut with surprise.
Before me stands everything I've ever wanted.
I lean in to get a better peek,
The *warmth* of the future engulfs my face.
Two children run past, hand in hand,
Smiles stretching from ear to ear like dawn breaking.
I am taken aback
They are humans I have never seen before.
They are neither purple nor blue,
They do not look like me or you.
But rather — children.
Just children, running *together* across a field,
Untethered by flags or fears.
No religion, no borders,
No groups holding them back,
Only the wind, the sky,
And the sound of shared laughter.
And in that moment,
Hope is no longer a dream
It's a glimpse of what could be.



Omozee
Ireland

Dear future,

I don't have your address, but I'm sending this anyway, to a world I hope is kinder, and *not so far away*.

I hope your skies are blue naturally, not by filter. I hope your oceans still sing, your forests still stand, and your people, *all people*, are free to live, love, and laugh. I hope children shout louder than sirens. That books are more powerful than bullets. *That borders don't divide dignity*, and that skin is not a reason to fear or be feared.

But hope alone won't get us there.

To construct you, we have to begin now. Not with perfection, but with intention. We must teach empathy louder than history's silence. We have to prefer truth to convenience, and courage to comfort.

We need to plant more than we harvest, sometimes listen more than we speak, and pursue justice, *even when it makes us sacrifice ease*.

Progress is not paved in speeches, but in small, *stubborn acts of care*. It's in the hands that clean, feed, mend, build. It's in choosing kindness when cruelty is quicker.

If you are brighter, it's because *we refused to dim*. If you are better, it's because we believed "enough" was never enough.

So when you read this; in a class, on a park bench, perhaps even from Mars, know that this letter originated from a world still striving, still emerging. Still trying, still growing.

And we wrote it with *love*, so you'd rise high above.

With all my hope,
Omozee Odigwe



Professor
Zimbabwe

Dear Future

As I pen this letter from the cusp of 2025, a year brimming with both daunting challenges and boundless *potential*, my mind casts itself forward, daring to dream of a tomorrow vastly different from today. This is not merely an exercise of hope; it is a heartfelt plea, a blueprint for the world I yearn to witness — a world where echoes of current struggles have faded, replaced by the symphony of progress and peace.

I want to see a world where the sustainable development goals are not just aspirations but a lived reality for every single person on this planet. I wish for a future where poverty is a *distant memory*, where hunger is eradicated, and where quality education and healthcare are universal rights, not privileges.

I want to witness a future where justice flows like a river, where corruption is an *alien* concept and where our roads are meticulously maintained, facilitating commerce and connection across our beautiful nations. I wish for our hospitals to be beacons of healing, equipped with state-of-the-art facilities and staffed with well-compensated, dedicated professionals. The days of medical shortages and dilapidated infrastructure must be firmly *in the past*.

I want to see an end to conflicts and wars, *replaced* by diplomacy, understanding and genuine collaboration among nations. I wish for a world where climate change is no longer an existential threat, and where biodiversity *thrives*. I envision a future where environmental stewardship is ingrained in our consciousness and where our planet is not just sustained, but *regenerated*.

I want a future where technological advancement *serves humanity*, bridging divides rather than creating new ones. I wish for artificial intelligence to be a tool for progress, used responsibly and ethically to solve complex global challenges.

I want to see a society where *diversity is celebrated*, where every voice is heard, and where systemic inequalities based on race, gender, religion, or any other characteristic are eliminated. I wish for a time when equity and inclusion to be the *foundation* of our communities.

For this future to come to pass, I believe we must cultivate a deep sense of *empathy and responsibility*. We must hold our leaders accountable, demand transparency and actively participate in shaping our societies. We must invest in our youth, empowering them with knowledge and skills to innovate and lead.

We must prioritize *long-term vision* over short-term gains, recognizing that the choices we make today will ripple through generations.

I truly hope that when you read this, you will look back and confirm that we, in 2025, played our part in building the beautiful, just and sustainable world we desperately yearned for.

With hope and determination
Yours

Professor Murata



Ruvimbo
Zimbabwe

I yearn for a world where justice rolls down like a mighty river, quenching the thirst of the oppressed and marginalized. A world where leaders serve with integrity, not manipulation, and where the voices of the people are heard, not silenced. I want to see a future where exploitation is a relic of the past, and where those in power prioritize the well-being of the many over the interests of the few. I envision a world where education is a lighthouse of hope, guiding the way to a brighter future for all. Where every child has access to quality learning, regardless of the weight of their family's wallet. I want to see a world where the capped and gowned are not left to face an uncertain future, but instead, opportunities bloom for those who dare to dream.

In this world, healthcare is a fundamental human right — not just in theory but in practice. Giving birth is a celebration of life, not a gamble with death. Grey hair marks the wisdom and beauty of a life well-lived, not a consequence of avoidable suffering. I dream of a world where technology bridges gaps and opens doors to communication and connection. Where hunger is a distant memory and people are free from the struggles of poverty. In this world, echoes of laughter bounce back and forth, our hearts beat as one, filled with the rhythm of progress. Unity propels us forward and together we achieve greatness!



Sinéad
Ireland

I would like to think that we would find ourselves in a future in which we feel Safe and supported. Safe from unnecessary suffering such as that endured as a consequence of climate change, conflict, or lack of healthcare, and supported through difficulties by others.

I would like to see a future that values connection to the world around us; a future that places great importance on our connection to our close friends and local communities, and also to the world as a whole, with all of its people, animals, and natural environment.

I hope that in the future, we continue to work to create more peaceful futures for ourselves and others. I would like to see sustainable practices, solutions, and energies being prioritised as we continue to engage with our world in a hopeful and optimistic manner.

This view of the future relies on education to allow people to realise the problems that we are facing as a world and to understand the interconnected nature of all aspects of our societies and of the world. We must understand how our current actions and inactions are our path to the future, and encourage each other to use our agency to create positive change and acknowledge our place in local and global communities.



Theo

Ireland

To the Future We Owe Each Other

I imagine a time when the skies no longer carry warnings, and the wind speaks gently again of seasons we've repaired. A time when my sisters walk beneath trees, not towers, and breathe deeply—because the air no longer asks for forgiveness. A time when bees return to hum above gardens on rooftops, and rivers—once buried—run bold and bright through the hearts of our cities. Where food is grown close to home, and joy doesn't leave a carbon trace. *I picture a world that didn't wait.*

Where promises became plans, and action outpaced excuses. Where leaders chose *courage* over convenience— and change began not when it was safe, but when it was *right*. I want that world. One where energy is clean, streets are green, and the future feels like something you can hold in your hands. I want my family to live in a world that *remembers how to care.*

Where progress means more than profit or power— and where enough is finally enough. I wish we had seen sooner that protecting the planet wasn't sacrifice— *but love.* So if you're hearing this now, know this:

The future isn't sealed. It's still soft clay in warm hands. Shape it with kindness. Build it with belief. Carry forward the work we left unfinished.

That future still belongs to us. *Let's not leave it behind.*



Tigidankay
Sierra Leone

The future I want to see; I want to see the creator who created us being glorified. free living, good speech over hate speech, embracing equalities and reducing inequalities.

I want to see a future where young people speak up for the betterment of their nation and not been lockup for speaking up. I hope to see a future were good over throws the bad were government have the peoples mind at heart, to help create a little space for a better world for all.

I want to see a future were dreams are becoming reality, bringing creativity and innovation into existence a future full with passion for growth, peace over wars, disagree to agree for a better world I want to see a future that do what they say full fill promise, a future were identities are identified.

They say change start with you as a person.

You want to make a change look in the mirror,
and be the change you want to see.

All the dreams you dream the desires you admire to acquire requires a change
So let embrace unity and peace. Why rest in peace when we can live in peace?

Reducing inequalities and embracing equalities needs a change
from hate speech to good speech.

Know that you have potentials greater than kinetics the light you carry is the lightning that lit up the world so you shine brighter than bright were every you go.

So be a change synthesize the world with your light
Rekindle others, uplift others shift the culture.

Reduce criticism increase praises ginger them with energy.

Why stand with child labour when every child can have a quality education even the ones that cannot math the mathematics but can maths the business uses their voices to speak roar like a Lion.

Maintain gender balance like balance diet, with good health and wellbeing.

You can start now by being the change you want to see. So let stand for peace and justice protecting the right of every citizen globally.

They say when life gives you lemons make lemonade so let make lemonade that will be an aid for all to tastes.

If you care enough for the living, make a little space for a better world for you and for me. Be the change you want to see...



Webster
Zimbabwe

Dear fellow and future Earthizens.

Whenever I think of the future, I often relate to the intro in one of my favourite songs by the South African rapper Young Chief. The song is titled "Note to Self." The song starts with a comrade reading a John Phillips quote, and the quote goes:

"The future is not some place we are heading to, but one we are creating. The road to it is not found but made, and the activities of making it change both the maker and the destination."

The idea that the future is made just made me want to be a *better ancestor*. As such, for me, the idea of the future is to just be a better ancestor. To be better than those who came before us, but I don't think my generation is.

As a Shona man, I am a son of ancestors who revered Mother Nature and took care of the environment and our wildlife *heritage*. A people who were one with nature and had a deep sense of humanity and humility. People who, through folklore and heritage, shared the power of *nhu / unhu*. The *philosophy* coined *munhu, munhu na vanhu*, which loosely translates to "I am because we are."

That, fellow and future Earthizens, is my *message* to you. I envisage a future powered by "unhu" and a deep love for *humanity*. With *unhu* at the centre, no one goes to bed hungry or dies of hunger because we have enough to share amongst ourselves.

With *unhu*, no one goes to war, no one is displaced, no one is diseased or dies as a result of conflict. With *unhu*, a number of social ills are cured, and these *man made* problems go away.

Fellow and future Earthizens, I envisage a future where my children and their children have a "Museum of Donor Aid," where my great-grandchildren question and ask, "What does 'donor-funded' mean?"

A future where they can provide for themselves with ancestors that would have set good governance structures that support *unhu*, and allowing my future posterity to fend for themselves and their fellow countrymen and fellow Earthizens. A future where gone will be the days of waiting for funding. A future that is funded by resourced youth and future ancestors.


Dear fellow and future Earthizens, the future I want to see is a future where GOAT Zimbabwe achieves its goals and duties before their office. Just like they came with a sense of urgency in 2002, I see a future where their *collaborative* efforts with youth and government lead to a big and brighter Zimbabwe, and like the year 2001 and before, they will feel the need to be stationed in Zimbabwe anymore.

A future where we can help ourselves so much that our once resident helpers can't help but leave. A future fueled by partnership and collaborations with *unhu*.

With love from your optimistic ancestor.

Webster Ishemba Makambe

What does a better world look like?

Where dogs live longer! 

What does a better world look like?

A world where difference is celebrated!

What does a better world look like?

More equality for everyone throughout the world.

What does a better world look like?

more pop-up festivals like today's, that activate the entire community

Strong female leadership!


What does a better world look like?

NO POLLUT


What does a better world look like?

A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE CARE ABOUT PEOPLE


What does a better world look like?

More unification for peace in our world. We all need to work together!


What does a better world look like?

Global Social Justice


What does a better world look like?

Everyone feeling safe and at peace.


What does a better world look like?

Siochan
♥ Grá ♥


What does a better world look like?

Fair
Just
with more empathy

What does a better world look like?

more flowers


What does a better world look like?

no
homeless
ness

What does a better world look like?

Peace

What does a better world look like?

A better future for us can be many things. Discrimination and racism are a must and have to be gone. Hunger, starvation and being unheard is something which I also hope is something to be abolished.

What does a better world look like?

HAPPINESS
LOVE PEACE
Inclusion

What does a better world look like?

A Peaceful and trustworthy and help after and look after around around.

What does a better world look like?

World
Peace

What does a better world look like?

Justice

What does a better world look like?

More
Farmers

What does a better world look like?

Kinder

What does a better world look like?

FREE
HEALTH-
CARE
FOR
ALL


What does a better world look like?

no
Homework

What does a better world look like?

Stop World Hunger!!


What does a better world look like?

Peaceful


What does a better world look like?

Womens
rights

What does a better world look like?

Education
For
All

What does a better world look like?

- World Peace
- No Poverty
- No people on the streets
- Everyone happy

What does a better world look like?

Children
getting
to be
children

What does a better world look like?

Everyone
is
smiling

What does a better world look like?

People playing
football

What does a better world look like?

MORE
FARM
ERS



Irish Aid

An Roinn Gnóthaí Eachtracha
Department of Foreign Affairs