

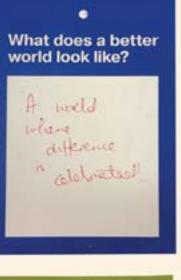
Letters to the furc



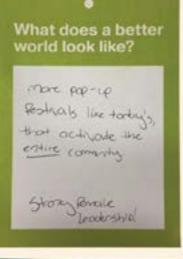






















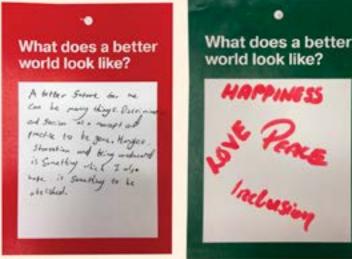


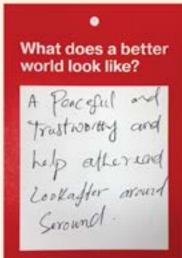












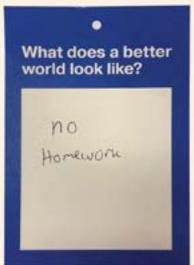






























Lowtents

6 Partcipant Map

8	Abenezer Mitiku, Ethiopia	41	Eunice vasquez, Honduras
10	Ahmed Nazar Mustafa, Iraq	44	Fayia James Weima, Sierra Leon
12	Alanna France, Ireland	46	Jovia Kisaakye, Uganda
14	Alec Lowe, Ireland	48	Kevin Kasoma, Uganda
16	Asansa Nzama, Ireland	51	Kevin Trautt, Ireland
18	Ayomide Ajani, Ireland	54	Megan A. White, Ireland
22	Bethlehem T. Esrifanos, Ethiopia	56	Milad Al Jadoua, Syria
24	Bezawit Shiferaw, Ethiopia	58	Mohana Sarwar, Ireland
26	Ciara Murphy, Ireland	60	Omozee Odigwee, Ireland
28	Conor Keane, Ireland	62	Professor Murata, Zimbabwe
30	David A. Chikwaza, Ireland	64	Ruvimbo Muza, Zimbabwe
32	Diana Saravia, Honduras	66	Sinéad M. Hogan, Ireland
34	Ebunoluwa Jamgbadi, Ireland	68	Theo Claffey, Ireland
36	Elssanatu Kargbo, Sierra Leone	70	Tigidankay Kallon, Sierra Leone
38	Emma Hara, Ireland	72	Webster Isheanopa
			Makombe, Zimbabwe









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 surlight, 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 Fikremaryam Mitiku

Age



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 int 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 weren 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







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 keped 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 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.



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



Asanda Ireland

Dear Future, Present and Past

The Beginning

I grew up in a calm, stable environment. We had food, sunskine, 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 fransformative. 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 frying 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 wolft 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 501den light spilling walmth across its surface, Sustaining life in all its forms,

The Earth: home

And yet, we draw lines to mark the difference's between Them and us, Build walls tall enough to sile to other voices, Closing ourselves off from what don't undustand 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 kell familial?

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 Where &

I hope you live in a world where power is measured by connection,
Where *MPALY CRITICLE 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, nAnd try to understand,

So we can Hell Men Stories.

I want a future that feels \$100 and \$100;

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, Ayonide Ajani







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, whift, 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 ६५६ г√ young person, regardless of background or identity, is seek 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 - suplifying warginalized stories, creating platforms for learning, and pushing policies that reflect people's rew 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 dildhood heatwave, Is now latched to microbiome, And as normal as the sun coming up.

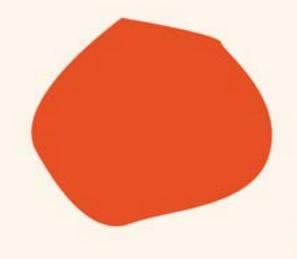
One little sprite whispers secrets to her pal, Bonding like electrons plugged into her heart, Laughing in rapid human-like frequencies, Learning moral code from old servers, That, tomorrow, will dream for her too.

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 ever√ knowledge system wover 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 wisdow born of generations. Lenvision 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. Lenvision 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. Lenvision 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



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. 1/2

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 Yv\next{next} be and lift up the forgotten. I want governments to care more about Justice than power.

Wish for a sofer 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 lister.—
teach courage, not control.

Let compaths, lead, let humanity unfold.

We don't need more fear sold in gold.

Because the future I believe in does not make room for fear. It makes space for truth.

For love. For all of us here.

We need hands that hold.

and hearts that are bold.

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 Pists that Pight. 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 Fa\r 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 Percer
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 instend. A world where kindness plays The greatest role.

A future where we can
Protect our planet
like H5 our only home.
And a world that loves,
And lifts each Souls.

-

Age 22

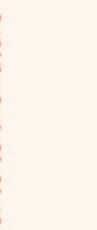
















Emma Ireland

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 wtopie? Or a distopie?

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 wearing

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 wordside 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 we

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 wowent

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 and 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 tree

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 reliet

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

40

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 keard.

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, skared 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.

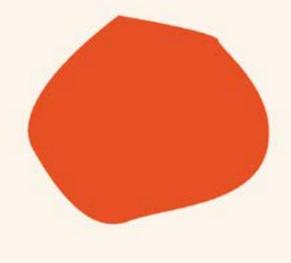
We are buried words that return, memory that screams, fury that blooms, tenderness that burns. We are everything they wanted to disappear.

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 Faylq James Weimo, 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 Refuse, 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 Airength 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 Susfairable 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 Shouling the culorid 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 fogetter 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, Fayin James Weima My letter to to the future



I Was There
- A Letter to 2100



Jovia Uganda

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.

Age 23



My letter to to the future





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

Kevin Uganda

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 Al, no matter how advanced in your 2050, could write her story the way I withessed 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 heartbeart 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. Al 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 wakes four work powerful, it's four four 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 sade. And always remember, the most powerful tool you have is not your tech, your reach, or your style, it's four indication 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 read 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 Al write all your scripts.

Blessings, Kevin 2025 My letter to to the future





Kevin Ireland

Age 24

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 beffer.

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 expathetic. 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 Al helps, instead of harming. It becomes a fool 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

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 Compussion 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.

hope we take action so future generations inherit a hope we take action so future generations inherit a hope we take action so future generations inherit a hope we take action so future generations inherit a



Megan Ireland

Age 22







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 listers. 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

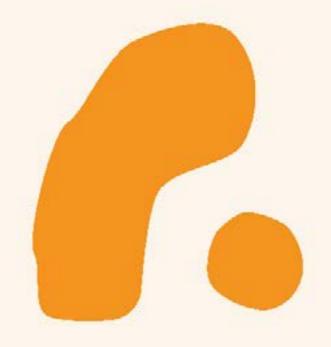




Mohana Ireland

Hook at you with widened eyes, a glimmer of hope, My face taut with surprise. Before me stands everything I've ever wanted. Hean 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 got 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 case.

Progress is not paved in speeches, but in small, studborn 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 healthcare are universal rights, not privileges.

I want to witness a future where justice flows like a river, where corruption is an allean 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 I'm tere boust.

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 have a lenvision 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 too 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 four later. of our communities.

For this future to come to pass, I believe we must cultivate a deep sense of emphory and vergousibility. 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 \oug - \tau \use 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.

Klik hope and determination

Trofessor Murata



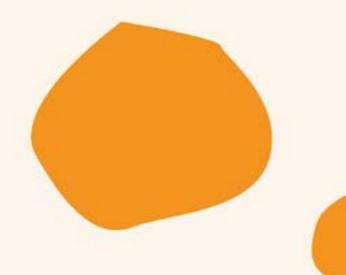


Ruvimbo Zimbabwe

the thirst of the oppressed and marginalized. A world where leaders serve with 'n'egrity', 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 mony 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 peace ful. 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

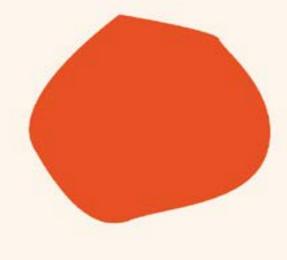
I imagine a time when the skies no longer carry warnings, and the wind speaks gently again of seasons we've repaired. A time when my sisters walk beneath trees, not towers, and breathe deeply-because the air no longer asks for forgiveness. A time when bees return to hum above gardens on rooftops, and 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 coursels 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 rewewbers 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 would 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 lottle.

I want to see a future were dreams are becoming reality, bringing creativity and innovation into existence a future full with pussion 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 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 eworker with 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 Liek.

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 for want to see...

My letter to to the future





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 belief. Owes two. 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 wantage. 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 wesself to you. I envisage a future powered by "unhu" and a deep love for when with 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 way weeks 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 collabore their 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.

Wife love from your optimistic ancester.

Welfler Ishenopa Makanbe



