

The letter

One day at school, my history teacher gave me an unusual homework which was to write a story about technology in the past. I was confused and slightly annoyed because why would she give it only to me and I already had a lot on my plate, but I said, "Okay, I'll do it!" That evening, I decided to visit my grandparents' house to ask them about their past so I could find out what life was like when they were young.

While it was raining outside, my grandma found an old box, and she put it down on the kitchen table. Inside were some old yellow letters. My grandpa sat near me and softly smiled. "These letters are older than you," grandma said. She explained that grandpa had written them when he was young, long before technology existed. As she gave me one letter, I suddenly felt a strange feeling in my body and the room was slowly fading. My grandma was speaking to me about something, but I was unable to hear her because the only thing I could hear was the sound of rain against the windows and the ticking of the clock which were getting louder and louder. When I opened my eyes, I found myself no longer in my grandparents' kitchen. Instead, I was standing in a small village holding the same letter in my hands. I saw a young boy sitting under a tree writing a letter on a piece of yellow paper and soon I realized it was my grandpa but young. He was writing a letter to my grandma that I had just seen at their house. I wanted to yell, tell him who I was and let him know I was there, but I couldn't talk. I could only watch. I turned around and saw a couple in the distance, happily talking and walking through the forest surrounding the village. I saw kids playing games like football and hopscotch outside. I will never forget the happiness and joy in their eyes because it made me question myself and why I no longer hang out with my friends like that. There were no phones, no cars, no screens, no technology at all. People talked face to face, and kids spent their time

playing outside. I wanted to record those scenes, show everyone this amazing experience but as I reached for my phone in my pocket, I realized I had left it at my grandparents' house. I was sure nobody would believe me without any proof and that's when I started thinking about how much technology changed this whole world. My chest tightened as I realized how better communication was back then. Then all of the sudden, the wind blew the letter out of my hands. I reached for it but too late, everything changed again. The village just disappeared and I was back at my grandparents' house. My grandma was still holding that box and my grandpa was still watching me carefully. "You went very quiet for a minute there," grandma said. My legs were shaking. "I think I understand now," I said and left without saying bye.

As soon as I came home, I started writing the story and I didn't even feel annoyed about the homework anymore. When I finished writing the story, I saw that my grandparents had called me on my smartphone multiple times. Then my dad came to my room asking if I was okay because grandma and grandpa were worried because of how I left without saying anything. I told him that I was alright and I left like that because I was annoyed, but after he left my room, I called my grandma and told her everything that happened. She said I have a vivid imagination and that I probably just dreamt about it. From that day on, it remained just my little secret, but I promised myself that I would spend more time outside with my friends than I do in front of screens.