
Our Planet Is Our Home

(A letter for Kenya)

An Essay by Aanika M. Conry

Dear Kenya, my imaginary friend,

Allow me to intRroduce myself: My namE is Aanika, I will be 9 years old in August and I am in thirD grade at a School in Yonkers, New York. I am so happy to live on our Uunique Planet that gives us love and proteCtion!

But wE must do our best to RRespond in kind as well!

We both know that all rivErs flow into blUe Oceans and everything is wonderfully connected on this Earth!

So, we know that keeping the rivers clean, will save all the colorful fish and funny dolphins in our Oceans.

I never throw trash around! I also respect recycling and separate plastic, glass, aluminum foil, batteries, from regular household trash.

After my night-time story, my eyelashes heavy, my eyes close outside and open inside my dream: I am on a trip by the coast line of warm Indian Ocean. There, I hold your hand as we play in the calm waters, a funny breeze messing up our hair.

You are telling me that yesterday you walked bare-foot with your brother, for two hours, just to bring back clean water from an Oasis in the Savannah! You used two buckets that you have for years! Thank you for sharing that with me, my dear friend, I wish I was there to help you!

I opened my eyes. The morning sun, shy still, reminds me of my dream-trip: Kenya's story, her incredible effort to save our Planet, still resonates in my soul.

I decided right away that I will not buy plastic water bottles ever again. I will REUSE a stainless steel cup every time I am thirsty. Thank you, Kenya!

I hope to see you soon, in person, my friend. Until then, I hope you hear in YOUR dream, the poem I wrote as I will always remember our encounter:

I met you on a Nile River trip,

In a small house of clay.

I loved your friendship every bit,

On a bright, sunny day!

Dear Kenya, you are a star,

A courageous girls' Avatar!

With friendship and great hopes,

Aanika.

