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My Voice Against Violence

"There was once a time I felt safe in the house that is meant to be my home". These were the exact words my friend of 7 years told me before attempting to commit suicide two (2) weeks later, a family that seemed so perfect and happy on the outside was shattering right before our eyes but we couldn't even see it.

Violence, gender based violence why are these even a topics we have to write on in a world full of glam and the wantings of perfection we are slowly but surely cracking. Violence is talked about a lot but not spoken on enough, in a world where the guilty are protected and the victims are left vulnerable, unheard, weakened because we as individuals could not ^{keep our} ~~by~~ critic caps aside and focus on the actual issue at hand.

Today my voice interrupts this song, it interrupts this narrative, today I use my voice as a medium to stand up for every child who flinches at the raise of a hand, for every woman ^{who} is no longer alive but a shell of what ~~she~~ she used to be, for the woman that covers her pain and bruises with fake smiles and make-up, for the man who is not allowed to share emotion or feelings ~~or else he~~ because he will be viewed



as weak.

My voice joins the voices of many others to sing a song of hope, a song of retaliation against those disgusting practices, against songs created to empower violence, against traditions used to aid evil.

We often forget that violence is not only physical it is emotional torture, it is mind game against the rights of victims every act of discrimination, intentional humiliation against the people we are meant to consider our brothers and sisters, against the very people we are meant to stand by to build our ~~new~~ world into a place called eutopia, a place where we are all safe and cared for.

They say a single voice can't change the world, but they forget the voices of the men, the women, the children who have been singing for generations and will continue to sing for generations to come if care is not taken.

My voice and the voice of those before ^{me} are a blueprint for change a signal for hope. Imagine a world ~~where~~ where our security agencies are alerted within seconds about what is going on, a world where algorithms are able to pick-up on posts considered abuse, a world where we can actually ~~trust~~ fully trust the people we hold dear without an ounce of anxiety a world where we are able to see



the point of view of victims through visual reality.

What is the point of being in a developing world but we are stuck on topics that should have been eradicated decades ago, a topic that we fear to speak on all because our society has slowly started to accept and normalise things that go against our human rights.

Instead of judging victims and telling them they ~~what~~ happened to them coming lets create a world where the guilty are actually punished a world where our victims are put through therapy to overcome the trauma and are not told to simply live with it and move on with their lives.

In conclusion all I am trying to say is that each and every person on this planet called Earth deserves to feel love, cared for, and wanted despite of their age, gender, or class in society. All in all we are all humans. we all have feelings and emotions so let us protect our bodies and emotions and the bodies and emotions of our fellow humans intentionally or ~~un~~ unintentionally.

Thank You.

