

Living the High Life

As I sit to write this story, I see my parents looking through our account book and my cousins fighting over the television remote control. My dad walks over and changes the channel to watch the news, but when he saw the violence that was being reported, he turned it off again. Everyone stared at him as he finally said, "It's too disturbing to let the kids watch." But it was too late, I had already seen. In Southern Lebanon, I saw two weeping men carrying a bloodied little boy to the paramedics. The war there was terrible, buildings were all reduced to rubble and the children living there seemed to know only of war. Then I thought how lucky I was to live in Australia where I was safe with my family and no one aimed shells in our direction. Then I thought again of the little bloodied boy and felt angry at the adult leaders who took away his right to live in peace.

I looked around our living room and saw that my well-fed cousins had only eaten part of their meal. I found myself thinking of other children, not a bloodied little boy from Lebanon, but children who had skinny arms and legs and hollow cheeks. In third world countries, they have nothing and wish for what we take for granted. I felt guilt running through my veins because I had done nothing to help them, yet I felt so lucky since I don't have to scurry through bins to find something decent to eat. I was one of those children who lived with well nourished families. I had food, water and when I was sick I would have someone to look after me and take me to the doctors.

Suddenly, my thoughts were disturbed by my aunt's voice. She and dad were arguing over who would be a better leader for Australia. Dad was yelling out that no one could ever be better than John Howard; however, my aunt screeched out that Kym Beazley was the best. This made me think of those people who were not allowed to speak for themselves. The people who weren't allowed to do anything besides what their leaders said. I wouldn't be able to survive not being able to speak up for myself. It would be as if someone was controlling your life; like you were being bullied or harassed. It reminded me of the scenes I had seen at school. A young girl being pushed and shoved but was too scared to tell anyone to stop in fear that people would tease her even more.

Yes, the sight of the little bloodied boy in Lebanon made me think about Human Rights. We all have the right to live free of war, all human beings should have enough food to eat, but even in safe old democratic Australia, there are still people who do not have the full Human Rights and I think once more to myself, next time I see someone being bullied or in need, I must help. Even though I cannot criticise others until I am perfect myself, I think that we all should help those desperate people in the world in need of some care.