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Topic: If I Could Invent Something New

Growing up, I had a lot of dreams that I hoped would not only remain dreams but would become reality and I could change the world. I unearthed a spirit in me to become an IT Engineer; I imagined if I could ever invent something no one could think of, but something we all need. My mother inspired me to follow my dreams before I couldn’t anymore. I was convinced to make a physical AI that could actually change the earth for good without replacing humans.

Furthermore, I went through a lot of classes and training for this role with the help of my mom. I planned on creating a mechanical creature that could serve as humans without overtaking them, somewhat like a personal guider. I would appreciate to make a memorable difference on earth with this creature. I believe it should be able to act as humans and help out as being parents to orphans, help in restaurant deliveries and many other characteristics that most humans don’t really do. I got all my inspirations from a dream that I thought would remain a dream that should only be dreamt.

Making this dream become a reality wasn’t going to be easy but I knew adding more hard work and a little more fantasy, I would achieve this dream. I didn’t want my wonderful aspirations to end soon. So I worked and thrived towards it with a morale of never giving up. This was where I realized my zeal was unstoppable and endless. A few days ago, I finally created a sketch of this unleashed creature only I could imagine and create. I carried myself with so much morale that I would finish my project sooner or later. I would show the world what I was made up of and what I would make an impact on earth.

My life was going amazingly good. I participated in many science and engineering competitions to improve on my skills and partially showing who the next most famous IT engineer. I began to make some money of it and used some of it to get some supplies to begin my project. I just needed to find exactly where I kept my sketches of the machine but I couldn’t find it anywhere. I was strongly determined to find it because without the papers I would be meaningless.

The following week, I got back from school to see my dad with my sketches and analysis of my creation over a hot blazing fire while scolding me about how I’ve been wasting my time and effort and thoughts into a machine that would never come to existence. I was very heartbroken after he said it. I fell down to my knees sobbing as I saw all my dreams I tried to make reality being burnt. I felt useless and weak and I thought to myself if I really even mattered on earth anymore. All my thriving had gone to waste; if only I could invent something new.