

Precious Life

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A precious life that is equally given to each individual will eventually end someday. This fact makes me feel the irreplaceable value of life.

However, such precious life is treated poorly in reality. Over 500 days passed since Russia launched a military invasion against Ukraine. Casualties are ever-increasing in both countries. On TV, I have seen many people crying as they lost their family members, friends, or someone they care about. Each time I saw such scenes, I felt a tightening in my chest. Their peaceful daily life suddenly ended and they were forced to spend uneasy days with death near at hand. They could not have imagined that such days would continue until today.

One day, I talked about this war with my family. "Why did they start a war after all?" "Isn't there anything we can do?" "I hope that this war will end soon." We each expressed various opinions. However, we cannot understand the actual terror of a war. What we said were merely the comments of outsiders living in a peaceful world without war. I oppose war. The reason is that war takes the lives of people. There is little to gain and much to lose from war. Soldiers going off to war have places to come back and precious family members, who are worrying about their safety on the battlefields. They have people who will mourn over their deaths. Therefore, I want the war to end as soon as possible.

I also have precious family members, but a disease robbed me of one of my precious family members. It was the winter of my 7th grade year. My little sister, who was a 6th grader, was looking forward to entering junior high school but suddenly had a fever. Her fever lasted one or two weeks. The period that passed without the cause of the fever being identified was very long for us. After such period of uncertainty, my sister's illness was finally identified through an X-ray examination, but she faced the harsh reality of a fight against the disease. I was totally upset and could not think of what to say to her and could do nothing but cheer her up.

My sister was admitted into a hospital in Matsuyama. During the first one to two months, she stayed the hospital alone. Considering the anxiety caused by the disease and the loneliness of staying alone, I wonder whether I could have held out. I am proud of my

sister who had completed what I could not have done. After that, my mother decided to attend my sister at the hospital. I felt discomfort regarding life without my sister and my mother and I missed them, but I put up with the situation considering that my sister was suffering more than me. I was looking forward to going to see my sister a few times a month. She was delighted to see me but looked sleepy, probably due to the loneliness of staying away from home and the fatigue from fighting the disease.

I became an 8th grader and enjoyed a school excursion with my classmates. On the night of the day when I returned home from the school excursion, there was a call on my grandmother's cellphone. It was a call notifying my sister's death. We hurried to the hospital in Matsuyama. I was overwhelmed with regret and sorrow and only kept crying. My sister died without experiencing any days at a junior high school, which she had looked forward to strongly. I learned the seriousness and agony of losing someone very important, like a family member or a friend, and suffered the sense of loss of not being able to see that person any longer.

A life equally given to each individual is not light by any means and cannot be replaced by any other person. So is my life, your life, and the lives of the many people lost in war. Not only soldiers but civilians, such as young people, elderly people, and small children, all had life equally. My sister, who looked forward to joining a basketball team at a junior high school, also had life. I want you to know the existence of people who could not live despite their wishes. I want my thoughts to reach people who are considering killing themselves. The number of people who committed suicide last year exceeds 20,000. I am surprised at this number. Even if you have a serious worry that makes you forget the happiness of just living, I want you to live through your life that was given to you. Look around you. There must be someone who cares about you. There is surely someone who would mourn over your death.

I am committed to cherish every single day in life more than anyone else. Not only human beings but all creatures have a precious life. We should not kill any of them carelessly. I am keeping five goldfish and many killifish and I have come to feel them to be members of my family while taking care of them sincerely. We should cherish all living creatures. A life ends eventually, but I treat any life with the attitude that I would like to grow together. No one can tell the future. There is a possibility that we may die in a war or due to a disease or a traffic accident. Therefore, I would like to cherish each day. As I learned the significance of life given equally to all, I feel happiness of just being alive. I would like to become a nurse, who works to save life, in the future.