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ESSAY

Topic: How can EU funds be used for the benefit of the community in which you live?

What word comes to your mind when you hear the word 'Kosovo'? I assure you that there is no wrong answer, that we have it all; good and evil, white and black. Kosova, Kosovo, a state, a system; many people who work to get the above question answered with only positive synonyms, without antonyms to them.

When I talk about myself, I think about Kosovo, and when I talk about Kosovo, I think about myself. How do I want to see my Kosovo? What would I like to see every time I go out on the street? But be careful! If I look long I risk a car accident, because there really are a lot of cars! Therefore, before looking for more greenery and bicycles, we should focus on the broad awareness raising of our compatriots on the issue of the environment. A much more difficult process than I imagine, but necessarily possible, because my soul tears when I see the clouds formed by the smoke of Obiliq!

Ah, if only there were benches across the neighbourhood where that old couple could sit, whose love has not faded even after fifty years of marriage. And in the bench just in front of the "RECYCLE HERE" sign there would be a group of teenagers with cloth bags and glass water bottles, with flushed cheeks and smiling lips. The place they had returned from, the "Youth Centre", was almost a magical place; there was no one passing by that door who was not filled with positive energy. I imagine how well this object would adorn every neighbourhood of this huge city. It would be a space where you could relax with your friends, you could sit and enjoy your own company, you could gather a group with common interests and talk until the next day. In short, we would have a space for young people who do not like cafes and discos, because not everyone is attracted by the lights that shine on Friday evening. On the way from this Centre, my eyes would not be filled with tears for the children who were heated by the gas pipes of the vehicles, whose parents tried to provide them with a penny for two loaves of bread.

In these moments, while I am thinking about utopian Kosovo, hundreds of knives twist my heart knowing that these families are looking for food in the garbage bins, the children remember insults, swearing, not school lessons, and find shelter only when their fate decide to have mercy on them. On the way to the square, I imagine a Kosovo that has shelters for these poor people, these people for whom Migjeni had mourned years ago. In a parallel universe I would return home with very few worries in mind, get my books ready for school, and read a work by Tolstoy. The next day, when my

mother would take me to school, she would say "eh, how much this place has changed since I attended school here...", kissing me and continuing her way to work, and I would enter the school that had very few shortcomings. In a few minutes I would see explosions in chemistry, sparks of electricity in physics, amoebas in biology, and eruptions in geography; all this in our cabinets prepared to quench, and at the same time to increase the curiosity of the students. If only I had these labs now! That night I would fall asleep with difficulty, because the today's lessons would roam questions in my head. And then I would smile, because I would be very grateful for the conditions that my Dardania provided me, with the help of the countries surrounding us.

I have a pretty bold imagination, eh? I believe that there is no need to repeat that all this becomes more difficult than is said. However, one thing is impossible only if we say that it cannot be done. Therefore, I know that one day I will live in the Kosovo of my dreams, yours, and ours.