

A Journey to the Other Side of the Earth

We tried to dig a hole to the other side of the Earth. We knew it would be difficult, but we also knew that doing difficult things is the only way to grow. We brainstormed ideas, organized them into charts, made good copies of the brainstorming, and then organized them again. We build models, we tested the models, we redesigned the models.

Several times, we had to start over. We made a lot of mistakes, but we did not make the same mistakes twice. Slowly, our machine began to take shape. We studied physics. Forces and motions. We redesigned as we went. We solved problems. We worked together. We were resilient.

Finally, our machine was ready to go. We filled it with books. With technology. With toys. With games. Chess. Fraction tiles. Puppets. iPad photo booth for a bit of fun. We made rules, we created laws. We needed these for our society to be fair. We believed in fairness. We said goodbye to our old selves. We were nervous about what would happen to us, but we were excited. Change is good, someone said. We knew it was true.

We filled that machine, the one that we built, with ourselves. With our minds. With our hearts. With our dreams.

We started it up and began to dig. Halfway through the crust, we found cave paintings from an ancient civilization. We had to stop and investigate.

We don't ignore curiosity. We explore it. We play with it.

We learned that cave painting told stories. More than stories. Dreams. They were whispers. Messages from the past. We listened to the walls. We remembered their voices.

We dug deeper. Through the crust and into the mantle. The mantle, we learned, is very large. It wasn't always interesting. We passed the time by with math skills, reading books, creating art, and dreaming out loud. We were together. We were a family. We grew a little bit older together. We learned about each other. We shared our cultures, and we created our own. We laughed. We talked. We imagined what the world would be like when we broke through to the surface.

We got to the core. It was heavy. This is the hardest part of the journey, someone said. We wondered if that was true. We got to the centre of the

Earth. Up was down, down was up, left was right, and right was left. We floated. We danced. We sang. Our own little island. It was perfect.

Time is relative, someone said. We all smiled. Eventually, we left the comfort of our perfect little island. We began our long journey back to the top. We read more books. We asked questions. We bubbled with excitement. Our dreams are waiting for us, someone said. We all agreed.

The way down felt like at eternity. The way up, like the blink of an eye. We broke through the surface. We found ourselves in water. Luckily, we had prepared for this. Our machine, the one that we built together, floated peacefully to the surface of the ocean. We opened the hatch, and all around us, we saw endless blue.

We did not see our dreams. We looked for them, but the sun was too bright. We couldn't see them. Yet, we were not worried. Dreams can wait, someone said. Yes, we all said, because in our hearts, we knew, that we had each other.

We laughed. We laughed at the silliness of it all. We laughed because we were happy. We had accomplished our goals. In a way that we didn't expect, we found exactly what we were looking for.

We had no idea where we were. The only thing we knew, was that the journey had just begun.

Our dreams are waiting for us.

Now, we have to find them.

Best of luck my friends. Never stop searching, never stop being curious, and never stop dreaming.

Craig Dwyer