

Dear Earth: Letters from a Wanna-Be Astronaut

Twelve years ago, I was fifteen years old. Now here I am, about to become the first person to set foot on Mars. Twelve years ago, I made myself a promise. A promise, that when my dreams come true, I would show these to the universe. I wrote these letters in the fourteenth year of my life, to seal them up on my fifteenth birthday. It is now my twenty-seventh birthday, and dreams have come true. So,

Dear Earth,

Here are the letters of a fourteen-year-old dreamer.

1/1/2016

Dear Earth,

Hi! I'm Samantha Jones. This is a project my friend Belle Adams and I are starting together. Write a series of letters, one a month, for the next year. Then, on my fifteenth birthday, we will seal the letters, and not open them until we have achieved our dreams.

Why "Dear Earth" you may ask? Because, we agreed to share our letters with everybody on Earth when the time comes. And for me, it is a far simpler reason. Someday, I am going to be an astronaut. That's my dream.

I guess I will tell you about me, and my life. Today is January 1, 2016, AKA my 14th birthday. I live on planet Earth, in San Francisco, California. I am 5'2", I have brown hair, and green eyes. My family is mostly Welsh and we have been in America for at least 100 years. I believe that we are on iPhone number 6 and some letters right now (I use android so I honestly have no clue) By the time this is read again, we will probably be on iPhone 30, or telepathic Wi-Fi implants. Like something from Star Trek.

Speaking of Star Trek, I am a total nerd. I love sci-fi. In fact, I am writing this listening to my space playlist (basically David Bowie stuff). I'm also in the marching band. Figures, right?

-Samantha

2/1/2016

Dear Earth,

I actually didn't give up and stop for once! I am back writing more!

So, I am going to get philosophical now. What is your opinion on other people? Actually, no- What was your opinion on people? Maybe it is just growing up, but I feel different now, on some things. And I don't mean physical puberty stuff, but like mind stuff. Like I see people differently. When I was little, every picture I drew, was a girl like myself. Every story I wrote, the same. I think part of the reason is that it is easier and familiar to do that when you are young. But now I don't do that. If my protagonist is too much like me, I have to change them. This is the first time in a while I have allowed myself to write about myself in a while. It's really refreshing actually.

And similarly, I am more aware of issues, especially equality ones. My friend came out as a transgender boy, but it doesn't change him at all, really. But there is still prejudice against him, and people like him. And inequality of races or genders. But I am optimistic. That is why I like sci-fi books and TV. In general, they show optimistic views of the future, where people are equal, and prejudice against our fellow human beings is gone.

I want to open the way to that beautiful future one day. I want to meet an alien. I want to stand on Pluto! At very least, let me go to the moon. Let me be the second small step, the second great leap for humankind and go to Mars. I will be old enough by the time they plan on going to make the mission.

-Samantha

3/1/2016

Dear Earth,

I can't believe that I am back for a third time! That never happens with me.

What sort of literature is popular in the future? I enjoy Harry Potter. I enjoy John Steinbeck far less. I have to read The Grapes of Wrath for school. I am writing this instead. Oh, well. I find I enjoy books far less when they are assigned to me. I enjoy them the least when I am given a list and I need choose one. I always choose the wrong one, and get stuck with a giant slow-moving book. So, as a note to you teachers in the future, don't give us lists of books and have us choose.

Have you ever looked at something and thought "I have to do that!" Or, "I have to go there."

I get that at everything. Half Dome: gotta climb it. Lake Tahoe: have to swim in it. Oh, and those rivers? Need to wade in them barefoot. Then there are those things that you see and think "In dreams only." Well, that was the whole reason I am writing these. I am writing these for my dreams. If they are never read by the time I have died, and you find them, cry for me. Because that means my life was wasted. I never succeeded in my dreams. I don't intend for that to happen. I will succeed! And you will too.

My dreams are currently: go to Europe, Disneyland and Mars. Also, possibly climb Everest.

-Samantha

4/1/2016

Dear Earth,

Fourth letter. I am no longer all that surprised that I keep writing them. It is a habit now.

I sometimes don't read these letters until I finish them, and then I see things that I have written, things I never would have thought about myself consciously. Like; I would like to think that I am clever, and confident, and that I have decent common sense. The opposite is true quite often. I can act confident, but that is usually if someone else is nervous, and I am trying to help them feel better about doing something stupid that I have dragged them into. I don't usually have decent common sense. But when I was little I would say stupid things that might be rude, because I didn't have sense not to. But now that I am older I think that I am getting better.

Have you ever tried making a list? A list of your favorite foods, or songs? I should make my ultimate playlist!

Actually, it is going to take way too long to write down my favorite music. You hang out in the band long enough, and making a playlist turns into every song ever written, played in alphabetical order.

-Samantha

5/1/2016

Dear Earth,

Have you ever sat down to write something, just for the sake of writing, putting random thoughts on a page?

I do. That's what these letters are. My rambling thoughts. But nothing of my life. Would people have interest in my life in the future? Maybe.

I live in San Francisco. It is usually very foggy. People think it's always cold there. Sometimes it is, but we get nice weather too. There is the Golden Gate Bridge, which is actually red, not gold. It was probably named the Golden Gate because it's a gate to gold country, or something. I should look that up.

-Samantha

6/1/2016

Dear Earth,

Last night, I had my eighth-grade promotion ceremony. I got to make a speech opening the ceremony. I began with this quote: "How did it get so late so soon? Its night before its afternoon. December is here before its June. My goodness how the time has flown. How did it get so late so soon?"

-Dr. Seuss

Pretty fitting for a graduation ceremony. I hope I can make a speech again in high school. So... I am officially a freshman! That is scary! Also, it's now summer... meaning my friends and I are meeting up at the beach next week. I love summer!

-Samantha

7/1/2016

Dear Earth,

I went to Monterey on vacation last week! If you ever get a chance to go to Monterey, go to the beach. They have otters!

And the aquarium! The jellyfish are so beautiful! Makes me wonder: Marine Biologist or Astronaut? Which would I truly want to do? I think that Mars is more interesting. Still...

-Samantha

8/1/2016

Dear Earth,

I'm starting school next week. Bleh. And guess what I found out? I have to go to a different high school than all my friends, because we live too far

away from their school. I feel alone already, and school hasn't even started. Have you ever felt like smashing some very expensive things will make your world better? I do. **Right now. I REALLY WANT TO SMASH OUR TELEVISION!!!** But that won't help. I'm just sad, I guess. And being angry is more fun than being sad.

I guess I'll see how things turn out.

-Samantha

9/1/2016

Dear Earth,

I've been in school for about a month now, and I have made some friends. I do miss my old friends though, especially Belle. My new friends aren't all supernerds, like me, but they are very nice. We had a sleepover, to test our friendship, I guess. And as with all sleepovers, we had to play Truth or Dare. I am a daredevil, so I always pick Dare. I had to go dance on the lawn with a Barbie. It could have been worse. But then we changed it so you could only pick Truth. Then the inevitable "who do you have a crush on?" came. People always have crushes and I never do. Not even a celebrity crush. Sooo... that was awkward with them thinking that I was being secretive. But other than that, I like school so far.

-Samantha

10/1/2016

Dear Earth,

I am taking biology as a freshman, and today we learned about animals and human's sexual identities. Weird lesson, I know. But I learned that being gay, is not just a human thing. I have a friend who is lesbian, and

she found that interesting, and was a bit appalled because people were persecuted over something natural.

And something else I found out: asexual-Not attracted to any person of any gender. That sounds familiar, I thought. That is me! And get this: asexuality barely exists in animals, because it dies off. It's a mutation! I am a freak of nature! That is so COOL! I get myself now, and I love it.

Later!

-Samantha

11/1/2016

Dear Earth,

Halloween last night was so cool! I dressed up as Jaylah from Star Trek Beyond, makeup and all. I went with my friend Belle Adams, who was dressed as the Enterprise. People loved us! But it was raining, which stank. And Belle, she built her Enterprise out of cardboard, and it started melting. Same with my makeup. But it was still fun. It seemed like the end though. The last Halloween I'll do for a while.

Not much else has happened recently. My life seems to be at a standstill. Our marching band went to a few competitions, and didn't win much. But other than that, I seem to have stopped. Nothing is going to happen for a while, and everything just ended.

-Samantha

12/1/2016

Dear Earth,

It has occurred to me that this is the last letter I will write. It makes me sad. I feel a sense of ending, that I am not quite ready to face yet.

If this is the end, I know that now, more than ever, I need to reach for my dreams. I need to succeed. I will succeed. And when this gets read by the world, take this as a reminder that we all need to dream. And make those dreams come true.

-Samantha

1/1/2017

Dear Earth,

This really is the last letter. I am fifteen, and not much has changed since the first letter. But I think I know more about myself through this writing. I think that it won't take long, give me fifteen years, and the world will see me achieve.

I am sealing these up now, locked in a box, a personal time capsule of dreams.

Goodbye.

-Samantha

By Claire Collins