



THE QUEEN'S  
COMMONWEALTH ESSAY COMPETITION 2017

Junior Winner: Ariadna Sullivan, 13, Canada

What is in Your Toolbox for Peace?

A New Perspective

*A Dismal Poem that When Read Backwards Line by Line,  
Achieves a New Meaning*

I have a toolbox of hatred and struggle

I shall never say:

My peace is undying, my love is true

for

At this, I chuckle

I am swift to rage and loathing is my friend

Trust and hope

Will be replaced with

Relationships built on despise

In my toolbox, hate will thrive

It is foolish to say

**There is a possibility for peace**

My toolbox is malicious

And I refuse to believe that

It can change the world for the better

This may sound outrageous but

Joy is extinct in my toolbox

It is a ruse that

I have confidence in it to contribute to world peace

I use what is in my toolbox to reach the common goal of peace

That is simply mendacity

I deny that

We can hope in my toolbox and I

The world has no hope  
It is silly to think that  
The contents of my toolbox will present us with some hope to build upon  
You may assume I have gone mad, but  
I know that my tools will grant the world with chaos rather than peace  
To lie is to say:  
Hope is our most important resource

The only hardware I use from my toolbox are the drills of dread, hammers of hatred, screws of  
struggle, and nails of neglect  
You are fooling yourself if you believe  
I have tools such as levelers of love, wrenches of righteousness, hammers of hope, and jigsaws of  
gentleness  
My tools will lead us to our common goal  
Power  
Not  
Peace

We are all born with some evil inside of us that is waiting to be roused  
I do not believe  
All we need is a new perspective  
Maybe  
There is no hope  
It is irrational to think:  
We have a chance for peace using my tools