

Submission from Daniel (16 – QLD)

We once thought Verity could never die. That she was eternal. She seemed so ethereal, so otherworldly, so untouchable, that for her to die... seemed impossible. The world is that much darker without her presence. Existence without her is bleak. Our collective grief bears the weight of us, our children, and their children, until the end of time. Her death means an uncertain future for everyone.

But who killed her? Politicians, who point fingers to their opponents, all whilst hiding a smoking gun? Scammers, who wear a mask to trick you into giving them everything? You and I? We are all to blame. Those who spread it, fund it, encourage it, are guilty. But so are we. She was already dying before – so we could not simply trust she could tell us what to do. But we cannot pretend she is not dead.

Life may seem harder without her presence, but we must consider the ramifications. Lying here in mourning does nothing. Pretending she is not dead does worse. If we blindly believe she is there to guide us, we will fall for every trap people place in our way. So we must hold our heads high and continue marching forward, in the hopes that one day, Verity shall return.