

## The More Responsibility One Has, The Less Freedom One Enjoys

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“The more responsibility one has, the less freedom one enjoys”... It rings a bell does it not? Have you ever said, “Oh, how I wish I were a grown-up?”. Every morning while getting dressed to go to school; or when our parents quelled at us for being insolent; or when we had to sit for a math test; or spend hours sitting with our noses stuck into a biology book trying to get into our brains what the mitochondria was; when we did not realise that life was simpler, lighter. As if growing up meant to start living life, freely, without consequences, without timetables! How foolish we all were!

There was a time when it was all fun and games. Everyday, a new identity, a new profession was there for the taking. We were actors, astronauts, superheroes. No care for gender distinction, no care for time spent on preparing the scenery. We were skillful creators, masterminds on how to prepare a rock stage within four walls; on how to defeat Darth Vader with our laser sabers which were actually broom sticks, (but don't tell Mother). That is how we grew up, dangling with our imagination. A new Thanos' subject to defeat; a new song to write; a new friend to rescue from mortal danger. But then the question has to be asked: why did we desperately want to grow up? Why did we want to leave all this fantasy life behind?

Looking back on it, I think I can give a better glimpse of it. You see, (and I am sure I will be speaking about the general public) I am not what they call an early bird. I profoundly hate – better yet, detest with all my being – having to wake up early in the mornings. I know it is quite pathetic to feel this way towards something as breathtaking as sunrise is – good old Apollo would rather have a quarrel with me about it! Having to be at school at eight a.m. sharp (which, from my perspective, meant having to get up at six thirty because I could not have lived any further away from school) was a heinous activity to go through, for almost twelve years. Therefore, I understand why, as a young and naïve little girl, I so desperately wanted to be a grown up. Did I dream of having to deal with ill-educated bosses? Of course not. Did I wish to be unable to meet impossible, yet mandatory deadlines? Not once. Did the mere thought of still having to get up early in the mornings ever cross my young and impressionable mind? Not... For... One... Second. How was I to know that the torture would never stop?

Growing up means having to see all these wonderful daydreams vanish into thin air. Instead of preparing an imposing movie set for which we could have spent hours working on for it to be perfect, we have to prepare dinner while giving the last touches to our reports for the following day's presentation. Instead of fighting for the future of humanity, we fight the well-brought-up man, that shouts unnerving and unfathomable words at us whenever a car makes a sharp turn when stuck in a rather bothersome traffic jam. It means not dealing with having to help clean cities after a massive

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\* 1º premio del Concurso Literario USAL en Lengua Inglesa – Categoría ensayo (2020).

demonstration, yet having to vacuum everytime your dog moves around the house\_ running after the clock for the guests not to notice the “hairy” floor.

There is a common wish among human beings; to grow up. At some point in our young lives, we all desperately desire to be older than our current age. How strange it is that when we reach a particular age in our lives, we desperately desire to be young and naïve little boys and girls again. A time when responsibility was measured according to whether we had done our homework or not; whether we had had an excruciating lunch with Granny; whether our room was tidy enough after an extremely long session of imaginative play. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the more responsibility one has, the less freedom one enjoys. So, may those who claim never to have said “I want to grow up” or “I wish to be older”, cast the first stone.