



Dear Stranger

This is the children of 2007, writing to you from Skiathos Island. To you, we might be but a distant memory, but to our world, we are the Future incarnate!

Yet, people over here are often inconsiderate of our hopes. We dream of peace above men and bright blue skies above green fields. But our world is war-torn. Our world is ravaged for resources. Our world might even be dying...

So, on this day, we place these dreams inside this capsule for safe-keeping, so that time can spare them. We hope that when they are unearthed, this will finally be a world they can fit in...

With love,

