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The Evolution of Tools

2.5 million years ago, I was simple, just a rock and stick tied together by the knowledge of the cavepeople. I have come far in my evolution, from a rock to a web of knowledge. As the people developed, so did I. In the beginning, it seemed that if there were new ideas, life would be better. Originally I was used for cutting meat and digging roots from deep soil to feed the mouths of many. In a dark cave, illuminated by a warm fire, I shared the memories of families sitting together. I watched as the cold embers painted pictures of the world that were so simplistic, yet beautiful. As civilization expanded, I also expanded. From digging, I turned into hunting. A bent piece of wood pulled back by a string and a sharp tip, I was still me but I had become stronger. Instead of being inside a cave, I traveled to the far outdoors, from running through forests to hiding low in grassy plains.

As the people changed, I found myself in a crowded town, with patched roads and the smell of fresh products filling the air. I entered the shop of a blacksmith. He pounded a hot metal to form me into a musket. Instead of hunting animals, I was hunting humans. Instead of frolicking through open plains, I was thrown on a ship. Through the waves crashing against the hardwood, the sweet sound of drunken singing filled the night sky. Even though I felt changed, the people were still together, dancing and writing, so for a moment I told myself it was ok and I was still helping. As the tides moved forward, so did we. We reached a patch of land and a predestined war broke out between the musket and the bow and arrow, the musket won. The people were tearing each other and nature apart. As the new people replaced the old, construction tore down nature. Trees were cut into houses, people lived far from each other. As time flew, so did evolution.

I changed once again, each time losing a different part of me. I became smaller and more efficient. Each bang was faster than the last and each time more life was gone. I went from sitting in a crowded cave filled with joyful families to destroying families. Again the times had changed. As wars broke out around me I was lost. I traveled to Cambridge University in 1939. Humanity had completely turned on itself, with new deaths by the minute. I was finally used for good, to stop killing. I was named The Bombe and the genius that created me had cracked the code, literally. As World War 2 died out, I lived. I became a greater machine, known as the computer. Soon I was traveling all around the world, seeing the reflections of humanity staring back at me. I started as a way to bring people together and was now a web of answers for humans. As I shifted from a twist of wires to a weightless screen, I was used more. I

filled children with laughter, helped relieve the stress of adults' faces, and helped entertain the older generations. But something had changed, I felt alone. I lost the feeling of sunshine, I was only trapped between 4 walls. People had spent so much time with me, that everything else was lost. I tried to retire to the past, a simple rock and stick. I thought that if I could go back to being simple again, going back to my roots, I would be in nature again or be surrounded by people.

This brings me to the end of my story. As I have traveled around the world and back through time, I have become more advanced, but also more alone. I lost sight of green fields and family safety. People have used me for centuries solely thinking they were improving their lives. They were wrong, the waste I created turned on the very nature I had valued. Throughout my life, I learned that the progression of tools slowly kills the bond between the wild ecological world of nature and each other.