

Kurt had a troubled youth. A fragile teenage boy who asked for very little and was neglected in return. School disappointed, peers bullied. Dad had left. Mom had found the bottle, once again.

It felt like you left no other option, thought Kurt. He bought a gun and hid it under the bed. Red dreams kept shadowing his days.

A month later, mom asked to pour out the rum. Dad moved back to the city, just few blocks away. At school he practiced guitar with his new classmates. In the night in his crowded, poster-filled room he tuned into radio to find his true calling. Kurt sold his gun.

Funny how life works out sometimes.

Do you ever wonder, what if?

You have a chance to rewrite the story of 50.000 socially excluded like Kurt. Help and donate. helsinkimissio.fi

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