

raid the capitol building. Pictures were posted on social media of people carrying Trump 2020 and confederate flags through the capitol building. A video of two men reenacting George social media posts. Why would these people do this? Is everyone alright? These thoughts took over my brain.

The next day at school we were having a weird day. In most classes we avoided the subject, until English came. I slumped down in class expecting a regular english class. Until my teacher brought up the raid at the capitol. We started a discussion. Ideas were flying around the room like little flies. And every time my teacher exclaimed something new, It was like he was dropping food and hundreds of flies swarmed the room.

student justified. At first this seemed ridiculous to me.

Trump had no problem sending the military on peaceful protesters, I thought.

Although Trump has made bad decisions in the past, he could just be trying a new approach, another voice in my head reasoned.

Trump just didn't want to hurt his supporters. He obviously cares more about being in power than this country.

They would have caused more fear, but then the people would learn they can't just storm the capitol.

True.

_____ *Change is scary. In order to change the country, fear is going to happen.*

His words slapped me across the face. I suddenly had a million flies around my head. These people who raided the capitol, had done something that would impact generations to come. They had done something big for what they believed in. They were doing something with their lives. I just had been opened to a new world. This made me realize that I had to do something with my life. I wasn't going to be some name on a headstone somewhere. I wanted people to know who I am. Not that I was going to raid the capitol building, but something. I wasn't going to just work at an office job for the rest of my life. Not only did I want to do something meaningful with my life, I wanted to be more outgoing. I was done cocooning. I started to talk to more people, and share my ideas.

As the discussion continued I was excited. I could have ran 100 miles and not been tired. I headed home that day and told anyone that would listen and I was going to be known. I fell asleep and dreamt of all I could do. I'm still ready to have my voice heard.

This discussion in class was just a discussion to everyone else. But to me, this would be something I would never forget. I learned purpose, confidence and self worth. This raid taught me if I wanted something to get up and get it. I could have the world if I fought hard enough. Now I'm not saying I'm going to go raid the capitol building. I believe there is a right way and wrong way to make change. Raiding a capital building because an election did not go your way

is wrong. The moment was more about these people doing something that wouldn't be forgotten. If Trump supporters could go down in history books for something stupid like this raid, I could do something better with my life and be known. I've always heard you should learn from your mistakes, but I never knew you could learn from other people's mistakes.