

“I’m scared,” said my brother. We were at my grandparent’s house for my grandfather’s birthday, and the TV was on. It was saying something about Trump. My family was piping mad about what he had been doing and we all were wishing we could change it.

“I know,” I tell him. “We all are.” It was my job to reassure him that everything was okay, even though I’m just a kid. It seemed to be doing the opposite. Every time I told him that things were going to be fine, he just argued with me. And in the end, he always found a way to prove me wrong. It’s like he wanted to be mad, and sad, and disappointed in the election. We sang happy birthday to my grandpa and wished them farewell.

I was glad to get out of the door and away from the TV. It was all too upsetting for me to listen to. Also, because I’m just a kid, I felt like there was not much I could do. The next day, at school, we listened to the announcements come on. “Come join our Discussion Club next Wednesday, after school. Please pick up permission slips in the office.”

My friends and I talked eagerly about the club all day long. None of them wanted to join, but I sure did. I loved discussing and debating topics, especially when I won. I picked up a permission slip, filled it out, and sat in the classroom the next Wednesday after school. I watched and waited as people slowly came in. Many were talking amongst themselves.

“Alright!” the teacher shrieked, her shrill voice high over the noise of the classroom. The room became silent. I wondered how she did that. Nobody would listen to me. After all, I’m just a kid. Nobody listens to kids. We “don’t understand.” I understand alright. Sometimes it seems like I understand more than the adults. But then again, I am just a kid.

Our topic today was global warming. We got into groups and had 15 minutes to discuss our strategies for winning the debate. I tried hard to get in a word edge-wise with my group, and we began the debate.

When I got home that evening, my mom called me into the kitchen. She was chopping potatoes and wanted me to help.

While we were chopping, she started talking about a protest and who was going to be there, and when and where it was going to be. I stared at her in awe. "What does this have to do with me?" I asked impatiently.

"What do you mean?" my mother replied in shock.

"Well I'm not going!" I shouted, losing control of my voice. "I'm just a kid!"

"Just a kid??" my mother replied. Her voice raising every second. "Well, THAT is the worst excuse I've ever heard!! You are so much more than 'just a kid.'" I stared in amazement and realized she was right. There is so much you can do for the world. Even when you're just a kid. I thought about the fact that I helped my brother, even though he argued with me. I thought about how I got my opinions expressed at the Discussion Club, even though I had to work hard to be heard. I thought about my mom's offer to go with her to the protest. And even though I am just a kid, people might be even more impressed that I had taken the time to go because I could have stayed home and played instead. Even now, I think about how there are people, *real people*, who stop fights amongst themselves. Because if we get along, the world will get along too. When I go out, intending to make a difference and stand up for what I believe in, I can succeed. Even though I'm "just a kid."