

A Presidential Election Through the Eyes of a 15 Year Old

Every presidential election is important, but this one, this one was the most critical of them all. I am only 15 years old, but politics is my second nature. Before this I didn't know what I wanted to do in life; but the 2016 election really helped me decide to become a lawyer.

Tuesday

Election Day 2020. Millions of people put their health on the line so that they can speak for themselves. I was very nervous. I told both my parents, "Check your ballot three times. Make sure you picked the right person." You can never be too careful. My parents are both scientists, so they wore their "Science Will Win" masks and shirts when they went to vote. When the votes started to come in, they were all for Trump. My father said, "It is over. We knew Biden wouldn't win." I then replied and told him, "There is a chance. You have to believe." I actually cried because I was scared of the next four years. I didn't want history to repeat itself, so to speak. Last election cycle, I was so heartbroken because I believed Hillary would win.

Wednesday

I woke up on Wednesday morning with the expectation that the election was over and Donald Trump had earned his second term. I opened my phone to check the map and Biden had taken the lead in Michigan and Wisconsin. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was very tense and difficult to watch. It was the kind of tension that makes you pace around the room. The kind that makes it hard to sit in one place. I remember my mom telling me to go back and work instead of wasting time. As the votes were counted, Biden was slowly chipping into Trump's lead in both states and Trump's voter fraud claims became louder.

Thursday

When I woke up on Thursday, nothing much had changed except for a couple of Trump

leads thinning. I went to school but had the election on my mind all day. It was really stressful because I was focusing on the wrong things. During lunch, I actually watched CNN with my friends to see if there were any developments. There wasn't that much but the surge in Pennsylvania and Georgia was lowering the margin. I also had an English test the next day which added to my stress tremendously. As I was studying on Thursday after school, I kept checking in to see what was happening. Then at around 7 pm the President spoke. He hadn't said anything publicly all week except through tweets. He opened with the idea that the election is being stolen from him and he then proceeded to insult and attack the good people of this country. At that point I lost it. I started screaming at the TV because it was so maddening to watch him speak. He accused the poll workers of stealing votes and duplicating democratic votes. It was sickening and cruel and made me realize that there is something wrong with this country if people can support this.

Friday

When I woke up on Friday, Georgia had flipped for Joe Biden. I was still so stressed out because it wasn't that big of a lead. I was so stressed that I actually forgot my book for my English test. School went a lot like Thursday did because I checked the map every chance I got. I was still stressed after the English test, but I had some breathing room. I had to take a nap to relieve the pressure because my stomach began to act up. I barely could sit through my cello lesson, so I watched the news for 3 hours. I don't know why, but I just felt good. As I was watching, I could feel this surge of pride in America. I knew at that moment that America would no longer be the laughing stock of the world.

Saturday

I woke up and I wasn't as focused on the election as I was during the week. I had to go to

Hamdento meet up with the Mill River String Quartet. We had just started a new piece, and it is probably one of my favorite string quartets: Mendelssohn String Quartet in A minor No. 2 Op. 13. The election was called at 11:25 which, coincidentally, was when we started playing. After we finished, one of the parents announced that all major news sites had called Pennsylvania for Biden and deemed him President-elect. I could hear shouting in the streets all around this progressive neighborhood. It wasn't like the celebration in the major cities, but people were happy. At that moment in time I was proud. I was proud because America stepped up and did the right thing. To overcome the incumbent president is a very difficult thing to do, but this America did it. The piece that we played has a very soothing and calm tone. When I play it, it feels as if I am being wrapped in the world's softest blanket. It also has a very hopeful sound which represents the hopefulness that we have now that Biden is president. We can celebrate the fact that Joe Biden is president, but we must realize that this is not the end. While Donald Trump may be gone, racism won't magically disappear. It isn't a light switch. We need to strive for equality for all and put a damper on the evil ways of racism. Racism will never be eradicated, but it's a step in the right direction. I can do something to better the world for myself and other people like me. I realized that I can make a difference by fighting for change. Hope is a dream. I am hopeful for the future and making that hope a reality.