

Six Feet Separ

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Change

**A LOCAL YOUTH
NEWSPAPER FOR
EVERYWHERE**

JAN 2021 ISSUE 9

Letter From The Editor

Issue #9! Six Feet of Separation started as a neighborhood newspaper for young people in Bernal Heights, San Francisco. Now we're a neighborhood newspaper for young people in neighborhoods ALL OVER THE PLACE.

As seasoned journalists, we noticed right away that a new president was sworn in this week. We also noticed when Amanda Gorman, the country's first National Youth Poet Laureate, knocked our socks off.

Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true: that even as we grieved, we grew; that even as we hurt, we hoped; that even as we tired, we tried.

Gorman's words echoed extra powerfully in Six Feet's ears, and we look forward to more growing and hoping and trying in the months ahead.

But first we're still making sense of all that has been happening, starting with the insurrection at the Capitol this month. Check out this issue's special spread on that troubling day, and more: The growing pandemic. A new year. An outgoing president. Returning to school and missing school. Living with tics. Stress. Dogs. Granola. With love, joy, anger, confusion, fear, humor and feelings not yet named, our writers and artists captured what it feels like to be young and human now. If you have a job, Six Feet recommends you quit it in order to focus on reading this issue.

Are you 18 or younger? Write for us! Draw for us! Our editorial policy is yes. Describe your neighborhood as if it were a person. List ten ways you've changed over the last year. Interview someone about how they've changed. Find a bit of nature within 200 paces of your front door and draw it. Paint 2021 somehow. Et cetera!

(There's still time to submit to our special issue on ADVICE. Give some advice to your younger self. Question some advice someone gave you. Write advice for someone you admire. Give advice to a pet. Write about how advice is always terrible. Anything! Submissions due Feb. 5.)

Send submissions to bernalnewspaper@gmail.com. Include your name as you'd like it to appear, your age and your city or town. Or submit it through sixfeetofnews.com. You can subscribe there, too.

We pay zero dollars and offer a generous benefits package featuring satisfaction, civic pride, negligible annoying adult editorial interference and probably some other stuff. Join the fun!

Thank you for reading, and extra thanks to the wonderful and talented Beth Holzer for designing the paper.

Chris Colin
Editor
Six Feet of Separation

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ON THE COVER:
"TRUMP'S HAMMER"

BY NATHAN KITANI,
6, LOS ANGELES, CA

• Don't Forget How Much I Love You

In the middle of
The seventh grade
One of my dearest loves
My best friend,
My family,
The loss of will to live.

In lunch period
We had the news.
A cry for help,
To get rid of the blues.
She took the leap
To clear the pain.

We all knew the truth,
She had forgotten
What she meant to us,
She had forgotten the truth
We did all we could
To care for her
And all we could do is pray:

Don't forget how much we love you
And did all we could
You know it's true
We love you
Wanting you to feel your best
Don't put our love to the test
Like this.

In the hospital
We saw her
She was all
The same
We were lucky,
Few injuries
Except to the heart

We wished her well
Talked for
A while
Told her how much
We missed her
We wanted her to know
We love her so:

Don't forget how much I love you
And did all I could
You know it's true
Wanting you to feel your best
Don't put my love to the test
Like this

**Izzie M.,
14, Raleigh, Nc**

• A Hidden Smile

A hidden smile lovely and long
trying to sing like a song
a hidden smile, one of a kind
Mine

**Maddy,
12, Berkeley, Ca**

• The Very Earth

The ground is shaking
Out from beneath our feet
A disaster just beginning
Cracks in the street.

Silent cries
As rubble slowly falls
Trapping them all inside
Nothing to grasp but four hard walls.

It grows larger day by day
People turn on their friends
All we can do is sit and stay
Until we find the loose ends.

The very earth is falling apart
Soon the words are forgotten
Ripped from the heart
Slimy and rotten.

Hope seems not to blossom
When faces are hard as stone
Or have sunk to the bottom
Nothing left but bone.

**Josephine Andre,
11, San Francisco, Ca**

When the lone wolf cries
in the middle of the night,
You know it is time to grow up
Listen to this song,
Little hands growing strong
You know it is time to grow up

When the sparrow has tried
And the little bird flies,
You know it is time to grow up
Listen to this song,
Little hands growing strong
You know it is time to grow up

Keep me in your mind
All throughout time
When the moon starts to rise
When it's dancing in the sky
When the lone wolf cries
In the middle of the night
When the sparrow has tried
When the little bird flies,
When you listen to this song
Little hands growing strong
You know it is time to grow up.

• Childhood

**Madison H.,
12, Hamden, Ct**

A Video Game That Should Exist: Takeover of the Aliens

Grady,
6, Atlanta, Ga

This station is in a video game called “Takeover of the Aliens,” where aliens are trying to take over and blow up Earth. The station is where they defend Earth from the aliens by blowing up their spaceships. Regular aliens can be destroyed with one hit. If the aliens reach Earth, then it is doomed, because it will explode soon after.

One fact: This station can also fly. It can blow up alien spaceships right from the alien planet.

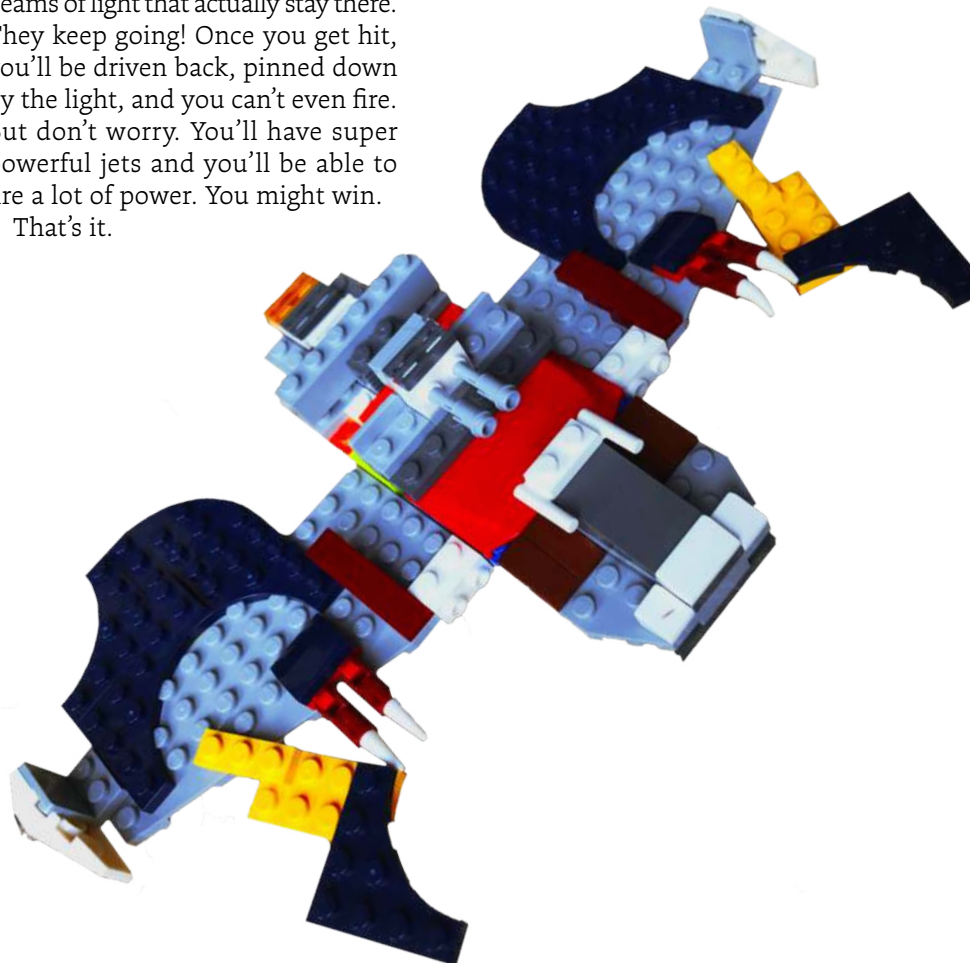
Sometimes your energy gets low. If it runs out, you will lose the game, and you’ll have to start over.

There are bosses. There are also levels. Every boss you defeat, you can level up. The bosses get harder and harder until you reach level 100 and get to Boss Impossible, who fires powerful blasts. If you are touched by these rays, you’ll be dead. If you’re able to defeat Boss Impossible, then you’ll move on to the Ultimate Level.

Can I tell you what comes next?

You’ll have to defeat 4,001 spaceships. The aliens now have rocket boosters on their spaceships, and the Boss is the Ultimate Spaceship, which is 40 times bigger. So humungous! The Ultimate Level Boss can fire beams of light that actually stay there. They keep going! Once you get hit, you’ll be driven back, pinned down by the light, and you can’t even fire. But don’t worry. You’ll have super powerful jets and you’ll be able to fire a lot of power. You might win.

That’s it.



“ My superhero self would have lightning power to take down bad things, like Trump and COVID. ”



Arik N., 7,
San Francisco, Ca

“Among Us,” the Perfect Quarantine Pastime

By Henry Furman,
13, Cambridge, Ma

Among Us” is both irresistible and educational. In “Among Us,” the simplicity of video games meets the complexity of game theory. It’s the perfect pandemic pastime, mimicking the penned-in conditions of real life but allowing all of us to act out virtually.

In “Among Us,” there are ten players on a single spaceship. Two are imposters, out to kill their crew mates. Players perform tasks that force them to circulate until they kill or stumble on a dead body. Then there is a discussion, “among us.” The topic: Who is the killer? After, the players vote. If a majority votes a player out, they’re ejected. If both imposters get

bounced before they can kill all the crew, the crew wins. If the imposters kill all eight authentic astronauts, the imposters win.

I draw three lessons from this fantastic game.

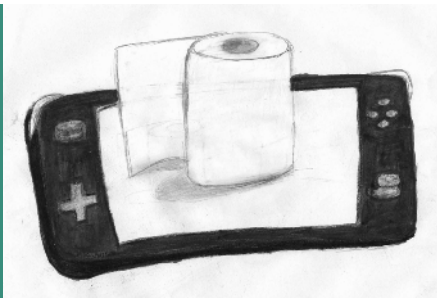
First, being bad is fun! I always wondered why some people go out of their way to mess things up for others. Dictators tend to end up strung up like Mussolini or dead in a hole like Hitler. Yet, every time I join a game, many players exit as soon as roles are handed out if they aren’t cast as imposters. Players like to be mischief makers. And since killing a crewmate in “Among Us” doesn’t risk a life sentence or an attack of conscience, everyone is all for being

evil. This reveals a hidden benefit of video games: They get the bad out.

Second, prosecution is powerful! In the games I’ve played, the accused player is voted out about 80 percent of the time. And most of the time, the accused are innocent. If an innocent is voted out, players rarely even mention their mistake in the next round of discussion. So, accusers are likely to succeed in ousting others and pay no cost for false accusations. Pointing fingers is powerful and truth is moot in 2021 politics and 2021’s trendiest game.

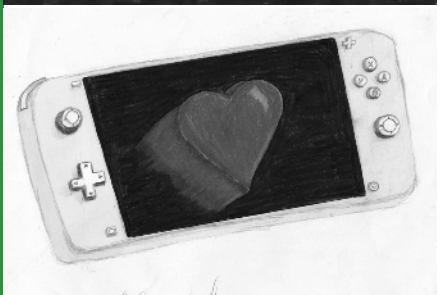
Third, the deepest facts of life can be drawn from the most superficial acts in life. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got to stop and power on “Among Us.”

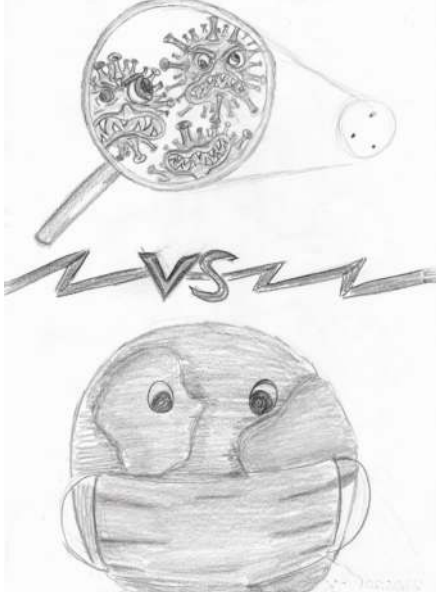




These drawings were created by a collection of students, ages 11-13, from Johannes Althusius Gymnasium school, in Western Germany. The pieces were developed as artistic diaries in the early days of corona lock-down.

Spring, 2020.







Contributors:

**Flynn M. Ole
J.K.
Johann L.
Louic G.
Saskia W.**





EVERY
WE HAVE PAUSED OUR FILMS
SEE YOU SOON

The End of Cinema?

Hope Bhargava
17, London

The months leading up to the first lockdown have become intentionally blurred in my mind. But one thing I refuse to block out is my final visit to the cinema. I had booked three film screenings within those months and was subsequently only able to attend one of them in the days leading up to the eventual lockdown.

At that time, no one was really ready for what was to come; no one really understood the scale of what was going on around them. It was just another news story unfolding in the virtual sphere of “News,”

somewhere else. People kept telling us that, “just like Ebola,” it would be something that someone else had to deal with. It wouldn’t come anywhere near us — patriotic pride and othering, fuelling the denial that blinded the government’s response for weeks to come.

As I walked into that cinema for the last time, I distinctly remember feeling as though I shouldn’t be there. As if something wasn’t entirely right, but I just couldn’t put my finger on it. In the time before common usage of masks and hand sanitizer, the sporadic echoes of coughing across the room was

frightening, yet I didn’t really understand why.

We had been told to be careful and observe our personal space when walking in the streets, but somehow being squashed up next to people in an enclosed cinema for the next two hours was perfectly okay? None of it made sense.

Reflecting on this now, I can only regret not appreciating this last cinema trip more. I wish that I hadn’t taken any of it for granted, as I now find myself longing for the day when all of this is over and will one day be able to feel the thrill of cinema again.

This winter, I missed going with my family to the cinema on Christmas Eve. I missed opening the doors to the ubiquitous smell of salted popcorn and watching as it's scooped up by the worker behind the counter, then handed to kids dressed up in Star Wars costumes, or to the girlfriend in a couple who had clearly been dragged along against her will. But most of all, I miss the excitement and collective emotional journey that the audience experiences, from the initial background chatter and dimming of the lights to the end of the credit roll, when the lights come up and the chatter begins again.



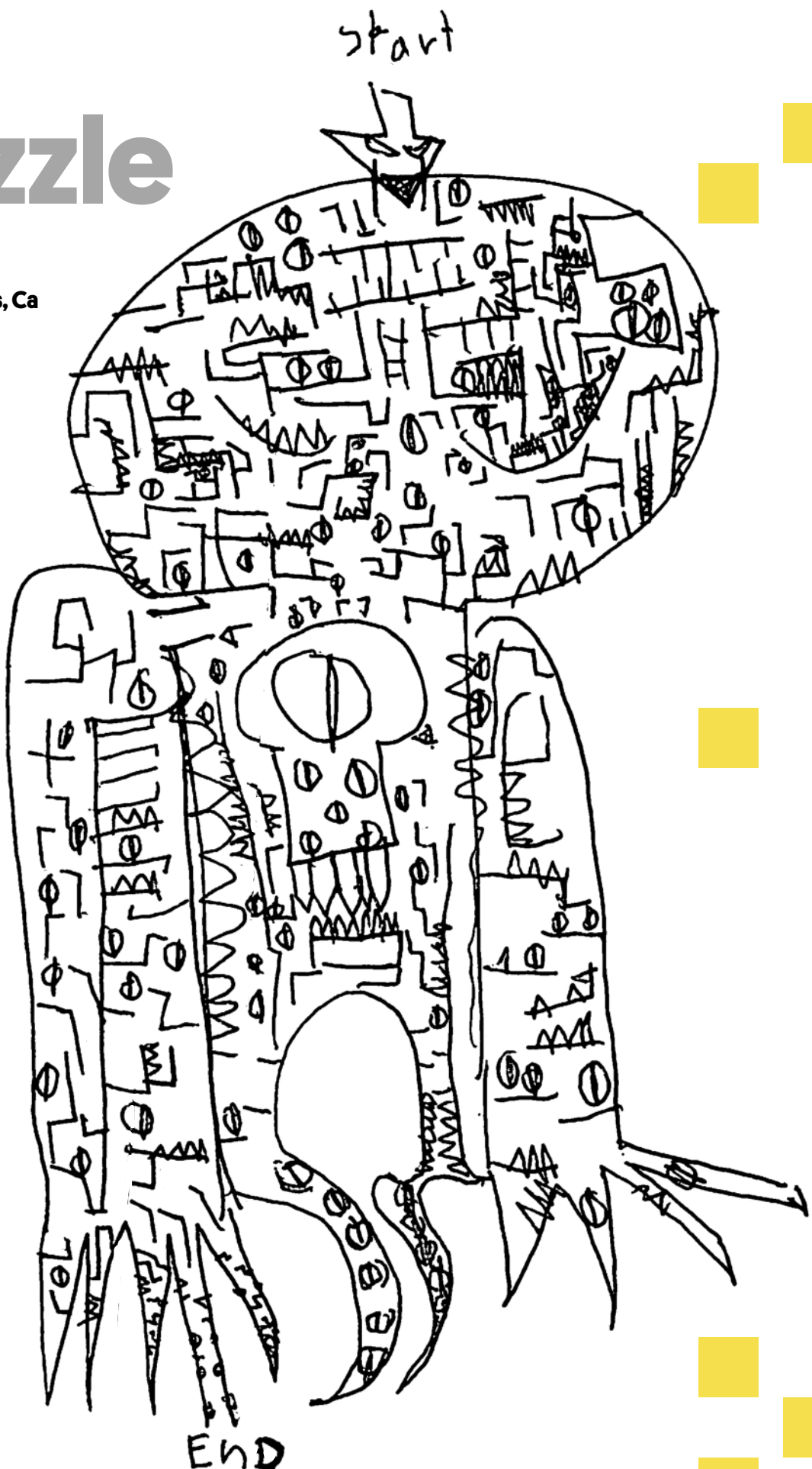
After all, the audience itself is a form of theatre, itself a scene that elicits a response. You'll know what I mean if you've ever broken away from the trance of the blue screen for even a split second. It feels almost defiant to counteract the rhythm of the film experience, to glance around the room, almost invasively, as if tapping into someone else's thoughts for that one, fleeting moment as you catch a glimpse of the subtle reactions of those around you to the sights and sounds of the film.

But sadly, as we enter into another year of continued uncertainty, I worry that the future of cinema in its material sense is threatened. As Hollywood studios prepare for a year of experimental streaming of blockbuster films, their move towards virtual or home cinema is maybe a view of what is to come: a world of empty, abandoned theaters. Alongside last year's film delays and the current restrictions, it begs the question, *will cinema ever recover?*



Puzzle

Nathan Kitani,
6, Los Angeles, Ca





Color of the Year

**Anona Nori,
12, Oak Park, Ca**

2021

Welcome to 2021. The year where things will change. The year where this might end. The year we might be back. The year we have hope. The year we will change. The year the world will change. The year our perspective will change. The year where it will happen. The year of 2021.

**Kate Z,
9, Berkeley, Ca**



A few weeks ago, I came across the fact that each year is assigned a different color by the color company Pantone. 2020's color is Classic Blue (like the outcome of the presidential election!).

When I read this, I couldn't help but realize how true this was. People call it the "Blues of 2020." From the pandemic to the fires around the world to the Black Lives Matter protests (and deaths), 2020 shook us to the core.

2021's color is a combination of Ultimate Gray and Illuminating (a very bright yellow). Hopefully, like these colors, 2021 will be a much brighter and better year for all of us, and we can see our friends and family once more.

One good thing came out of 2020, though: People became more appreciative and thankful for what they have. Personally, I am grateful for

my family and my friends who keep me sane during the lockdown and the first responders who take care of our country's people.

Furthermore, I am thankful for teachers who make distance learning almost as fun as in-class learning. Teachers are always there to check in with us and make sure we can cope with the work.

School has been more difficult because of online learning, especially for higher grades. You can't meet with your friends, and it is difficult to make friends over a meeting. There are so many aspects of distance learning to dislike, but there are positives, too. For one, we can sleep in for more time. For another, we can join our class from anywhere. We cannot forget that distance learning keeps us all safe from the Covid-19 pandemic. No matter how hard the situation, all of us need to look on the brighter side.

Questions



**Grace
12, Davenport, Ia**

Stuck. That's how I feel when I'm not able to do the assignment the teacher has given me. The directions are so unclear and they don't reply to all those emails I've sent. My mind keeps wandering, wanting to skip my classes and do something else. There are no Zoom calls, no Google meets. I have to wait until Wednesday, or was it Thursday?

The day comes where I can finally talk to my teachers in person and

ask questions. I'm walking to school, walking to the door to meet my friends — wait, what was it I wanted to do? Well, I'll think of it soon enough.

Walking up the stairs,, it's hard to breathe in this mask. I take a moment to catch my breath while my homeroom teacher stands at the door squirting hand sanitizer on the hands of people walking in. Then I'm walking to second period then third then it's fourth period....

Finally lunch!

But it isn't the same. We have to sit where the black stickers are on the tables and stand on the orange dots on the floor while waiting in line. I go for a taco salad and two containers of tater tots. Lunch is over then it's P.E. and my sixth period seventh — oh no, I forgot, I was supposed to ask my teachers the questions I had! Now what?

I guess there's always tomorrow...yesss

Fletcher's Easy Granola

Fletcher Lee Johnson
5, Cookeville, Tn

Hi Six Feet!

I'm doing well. I'm still writing meditations and new one just came out, "Heart Care." My goal for 2021 is to make money so I can buy a video game. I'll be focused on writing more meditations so I can publish a book. I also want to do more recipes like this one. But, I am hoping to do more fishing with daddy!

PREP TIME: 5 MIN | COOK TIME: 20 MIN

Ingredients:

4 cups gluten-free rolled oats

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cashews, chopped

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup dried figs

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped raisins

2 tsp cinnamon

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup avocado oil, olive oil or melted coconut oil

Instructions:

1. Preheat oven at 350 degrees.
2. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper to keep your granola from sticking.
3. Mix all ingredients in a large bowl.
4. Transfer granola mixture onto a baking sheet with parchment paper and spread evenly, even pressing down on it to encourage it to stick together in places.
5. Bake at 350 degrees for 20-25 minutes or until golden brown on top.
6. Allow to cool. It will harden as it cools. Store in an airtight container.

Notes:

To ensure that the granola is truly gluten-free, double-check that you use certified gluten-free oats.

Use seeds like chia, sunflower, and pepitas instead of nuts.

Sprinkle dried coconut half-way through baking for toasted flakes on your granola (yum!).

"This will blow your mind it is so good."

Going Back To School

Stella Pearl Hayden
6, San Francisco, Ca

I GO TO school in-person now. I get there by foot. I see Ms. Antonio at the door. Today Jojo walked in with me.

I used to be nervous about the stairs at recess because I couldn't touch the railing. The problem fixed when the teacher gave me a glove.

School is a big, pink school. When I come in, I do six steps. The six steps aaaaaarrre(!): hand sanitizer before you walk in; hang your backpack on your chair; take out your folder and put it on your blue "X" on your desk; open your folder, take out your homework and put it in the homework box near the door and then get today's homework by the whiteboard. And put today's homework in your folder. And then put your folder back in your backpack.

The classmates names are Lia, Sasha, me, Connor, Cyrus, Henry, Gavin, Oliver, Ysabelle, Jojo and Leo. And we're in kindergarten. I like my classmates. We all like school.

And in school we have to wear a mask and there is blue tape on the snack benches. It's for sitting six feet apart. Today, I found a yucky thing on one of the blue tapes and no one sat there until the teacher put it in the garbage.

A Different World

Sophie Freedman,
10, Ardmore, Pa



OVER THE PAST nine months I have felt a change in my community. Before COVID, everyone was used to high-fiving people on the street and meeting up with friends. Seeing a smile was a regular occurrence. Nowadays, high-fives can be as dangerous as prodding an atomic bomb, and seeing a smile is worth more than 24-karat gold. Many people have only seen the blurry outlines of the ones they hold close to their heart via FaceTime, and hugs from grandparents are so 2019.

But the thing that has changed the most is how much we value and care about each other and our voices. Even though we are apart, we all have come closer together. A large portion of my town attended a Black Lives Matter rally to protest the racial

injustice facing our country. On days when I can do the occasional socially distanced visit with my grandparents, those brief talks and laughs are so much more precious to me than when it was the Before Times, and it's all because the visits are not on a regular basis anymore.

There's one last change I am going to mention, and it has to do with how our leaders handled this entire year. It has become everyone's responsibility to do what's safe, speak up and stand up for what is right, and how little voices are becoming more powerful. For example, if you write in a small digital newspaper and someone out there in that beautiful, broken world is reading what you wrote, it doesn't matter what they think of it, because you have made an effort to make your voice heard. That in itself takes so much courage, and is worthy of praise and recognition, especially right now.

Now, as I bow out for today, let me ask you this: How is your world different than it was before?

Dogs

T.M. Truman
7, New York, Ny

As I walked past dogs in Washington Square Park, I met a Corgi, a terrier, a Pomeranian and a sheepdog. I asked their owners if I could take photos of their dogs.

When I got home, I painted them with my gouache paints.

There were two dogs at the fountain that I sadly couldn't take photos of because my Polaroid battery was dead. I was happy with the four that I got.



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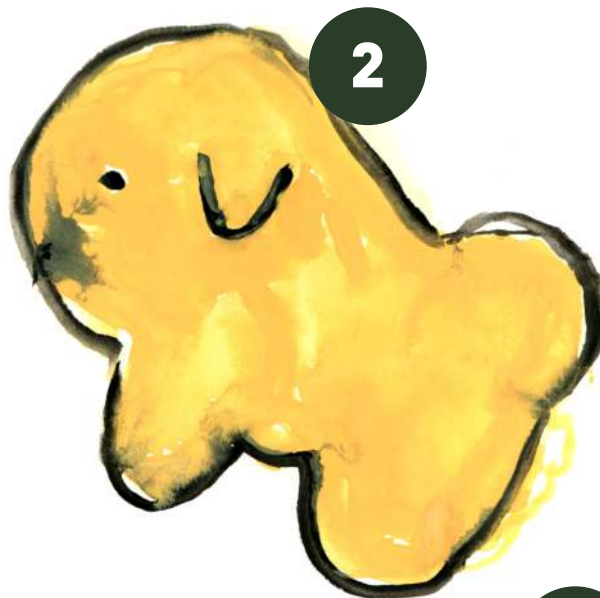
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1

Washington

Of



Square

To

Be

Me

Like

Is

It

What

So you may have noticed that sometimes I'll hit myself in the head or say "oh" and "woa." I might aggressively blink or twitch or jolt my head to the side. Those are tics. No, not the bug. It's something where you will uncontrollably twitch or say things. It varies from sounds and squeaks to full phrases. I've said "top of the good morning to you" and "wear your shoes." And those are just a few of the funny things I say. This doesn't affect who I am. It's more of a comedic add-on. It doesn't make me not able to learn. I read perfectly fine.

To answer a few questions that you might have, it's not a virus, nor is it contagious. I have some control over it, because I can keep myself from blurting out full sentences in class. But holding in tics takes a lot of energy and breath power. They do hurt sometimes — for example, when I have an attack where I'm continuously doing one tic that can cause harm and pain — but I don't get attacks that often.

Another thing you might notice is that I'll say something and pause for a second. That's because while I'm trying to say my sentence, one part of my brain says "say medifacation" and the other says "say medication," and the parts of my brain get into a fight and then the whole system shuts off for a second and then reloads so my brain can tell my mouth to say the right thing and stop all the arguing. When this happens, it can be harder if there is a substitute teacher because they are often so focused on keeping the class together that they don't notice when I'm getting anxious. Or if I ask

to sit outside, the teacher will say no, because my original teacher didn't say that it was okay for me to step outside.

It's also a struggle when I'm with my friends, because I worry that I might hit them on the head or kick them, but my friends understand really well what's happening and are accepting if I accidentally punch them in the arm. We're used to roughhousing.

I have found ways to cope, though. Sometimes if I need to occupy my hands, I'll draw and it's calming. But I don't draw on paper. I prefer to draw digitally. Another thing that's calming is writing. It's soothing to write a fantasy world that I want to live in, or a love story that's sweet, or a coming-of-age story that's empowering. Or to read and travel into amazing worlds. I find these activities comforting because they take me away from the real world where all the problems are, and it's so very peaceful.

Covid has affected this part of me in good ways and bad ways. The bad way is that I would love to share what I've been going through to spread awareness, but I can't because of social distancing and isolation. I can only express this to my close friends and neighbors. The good way it's affected me is that I can learn about my tics and help people online.

**Ruby Sherman
11, Madison, Ct**

stress

Kelsie N-O
14, Brooklyn, Ny

So many people are really stressed all the time due to doing lots of work. Here are the effects of too much stress: low energy, headaches, insomnia and other symptoms.

Low energy doesn't let you focus, so the more you stress, the less you focus. This can affect your work ethic.

Your headaches are really bad due to crying while you're stressed. You become agitated and frustrated. And stress makes it difficult to relax your mind.

Insomnia can affect your health a lot because if you don't sleep well you won't have enough energy for the next morning. Also what causes stress is worrying about certain things.

These are the many symptoms of stress. However, stress is easy to manage. If you're stressed, take a break and relax. Do a relaxing hobby. Don't be too stressed.

january

“ This is what happens when dangerous lies go unaddressed and people refuse to take accountability for spreading them. It’s imperative that we be skeptical of everything we may hear, and demand accountability for insidious lies. ”



“ I will remember January 6th, 2021, until the day I die. I will tell my kids, their kids, and maybe even their kids about it, so that I do my part to ensure nothing like this ever happens again. ”

1

“ For a while I didn’t feel anything. I couldn’t process what had happened. And then when it finally hit me, I felt a wave of fear so intense that I can’t quite describe it. ”

“ My anxiety grew when I realized the Senate was actually on the floor, certifying Joe Biden’s electoral college votes. My mind raced with questions: *Where is law enforcement? Is the mob inside?* ”

sixth



A Day I'll Never Forget

Maggie Dees
17, Salisbury, NC

I never thought I would witness a coup before my 18th birthday. I honestly thought my biggest problem this year would be getting my college applications in on time and keeping up with online school. Looking back, I feel naive to have felt that way, but the anxiety that I feel about this country had become such a normal part of my daily life that I never imagined it could get worse.

The past four years have been marked by an overwhelming fear of what an irrational man would do next, or what his supporters would do. When he told the Proud Boys to “stand back and stand by,” they listened. When he told the terrorists that easily overtook the Capitol he loves them, they listened — and his affirmations gave them a sense of belonging and immunity. They were lulled into thinking that they could infiltrate a build

ing containing the House and Senate without any retribution. The most concerning part is that they were right.

When I first heard the news of a “protest” at the Capitol building, I never considered the possibility that they could break into one of the most secure buildings in the country. I was quickly proven wrong.

My immediate reaction was confusion and anger. Why were the police, who were supposed to be protecting the building, taking selfies with insurrectionists? How did this escalate so quickly with no resistance? Were senators actually having to hide in fear for their lives? How is it that on the same day Georgia elects its first black senator, a Confederate flag is flown for the first time ever in the halls of the Capitol? How did Georgia also elect its first Jewish senator right before people with antisemitic clothing are seen participating in the insurrection? After these and hundreds of other questions swarmed my mind, I nearly had an anxiety attack. I started the day feeling so proud of the South for this momentous success (thanks to Stacey Abrams), only to end it with a sense of fear for how our country can recover from this.

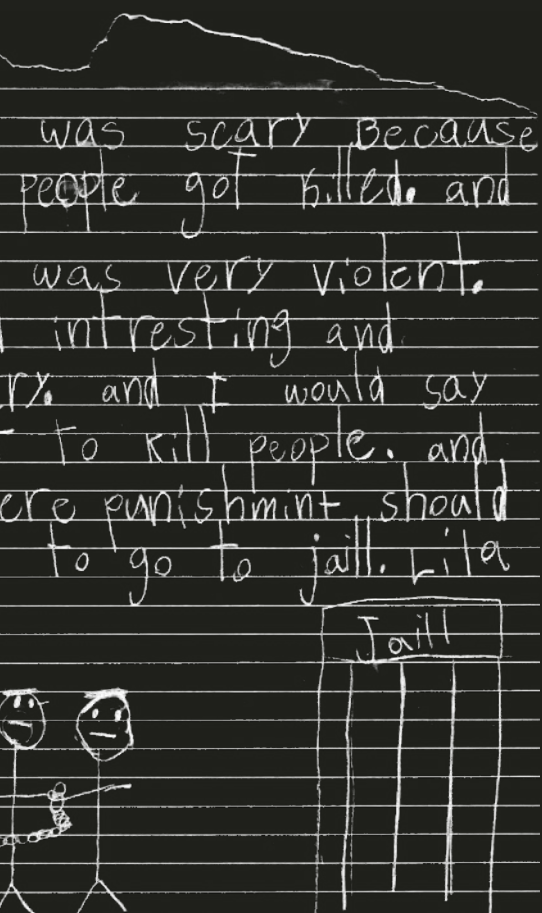
Now that I have had a couple days to contemplate what happened, I am still confused. I still feel like it was some sort of nightmare — that an insurrection encouraged by the president could never happen in the United States. I also know that this is more than just a bad moment in our history.

It is proof that the power white supremacists hold in this country can no longer be hidden or excused. We have to create a country where kids don't feel anxiety about their futures, and aren't constantly berated with bad news — and told that they have to fix it.

While I still can't fully articulate my emotions after January 6th, I know it is a day I will never forget. It was a day where nearly 4,000 Americans died from Covid-19, mostly due to the lack of action from the same president who incited and encouraged the irrevocable damage done by domestic terrorists that same day. It was a day where I felt so much joy for the progress made by the South, where I've grown up. It was the day my generation turned to the news to watch a national disaster occur.

Hopefully it will be a day that inspired Americans to really think about why it happened, and how we can never allow something like it to happen again. I now try to look forward to optimism from the darkest day in American history during my lifetime, and hope that it was the push this nation needed to grow and heal.





Iverson
Philadelphia, PA



Sofia Legarreta
6, Washinton D.C.

Confused Ever Since

Tate Fowler
13, Cornelius, NC

It was a cloudy, powdery day on the ski slopes. We were there as a safe way to celebrate my 13th birthday, four days earlier. I had been out all day with my dad and my brother. As we walked into the house we were staying in, my attention immediately turned to what was happening on TV. A mob of Trump supporters were storming the U.S. Capitol building.

I was shocked. I remember my brother and dad were still getting their ski boots off and my mom was on the phone. I remember yelling, "Guys, look at the TV fast! Protesters are storming the Capitol!" I was shocked but not really surprised since my family had discussed the crazy things the President might try before the inauguration. But this was just a whole new experience.

My anxiety grew when I realized the Senate was actually on the floor, certifying Joe Biden's electoral college votes. My mind raced with questions: Where is law enforcement? Is the mob inside? Are the senators and representatives safe? After a while, we got pictures from inside the building, and no picture has ever made me worry more than when we saw the hundreds of rioters inside the Capitol corridors. After a while, the mob

finally left the building, and Congress got right back to work counting electoral votes.

I've felt confused ever since. I trusted law enforcement would be on site faster, and that people wouldn't have to die for leaders to step up and say, "Hey, we need to put a stop to this violence."

Two things still boggle my mind. Some members of the mob were carrying firearms. I never imagined watching Congress members needing to take cover. Of course, as a student in the public school system, my classmates and I have to perform routine active shooter drills, so I knew exactly what every member needed to do. Also, the police were spread so thin, they were unable to do whatever necessary to prevent these domestic terrorists from breaching the Capitol. I will never believe it.

It's been almost a week, and I am now worried about the possibility of this happening again. As a 13-year-old, I can't control any of this but my own self, so I've been trying to do positive things every day since, like getting my homework done early or cleaning up the kitchen. Tonight, I am baking chocolate chip cookies for my family and friends. Who doesn't like cookies?

Failure in Every Sense

My whole life I have heard the stories of 9/11/01. My parents can retell nearly everything they did on that September day, and how they felt. I always hoped I wouldn't have a similar experience to tell my future kids about — that the last time something so horrible happened was before their father was born. On January 6, 2021, I was robbed of that hope.

The best way I can describe how I felt on 1/6 was as if I was walking on clouds and not in a good way. Everything that happened that day felt like some kind of perverted reality — more like a nightmare than being awake.

The closest feeling I could compare it to was how I felt on the day, roughly 18 months ago, when I was told my childhood friend had died. My mom says

that is the feeling of trauma. Watching the news all day and constantly refreshing my Twitter feed for developments at the Capitol was definitely traumatic. I gave up on doing any homework pretty quickly that afternoon. I couldn't focus on anything but wondering what might happen next.

Now that it has been six days since the attack, my thoughts are much more clear. What happened on January 6th was a failure in every sense of the word. We have a president who, word for word, told those domestic terrorists to go to the Capitol, inciting their violence from a podium down the street. He has endangered the lives of his political enemies and allies alike, and refused to send the National Guard when it was needed. He is a failure of a leader for everyone around him.

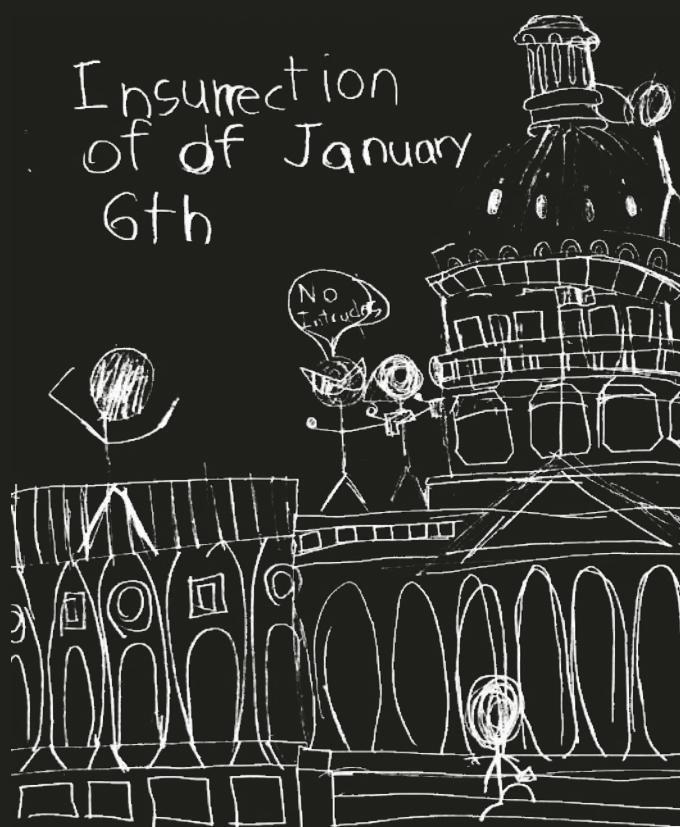
We also have a complete failure of security.

Evidence now supports the idea of this being an inside job. People planned these attacks on social media and they were not trying to hide. Also, the people who truly defended the Capitol were, quoting Hamilton, "outgunned and outmanned." When the Black Lives Matter protests were happening over the summer, National Guard troops at the Capitol were armed to the teeth. Where was that support on January 6th?

I am still trying to understand all that is implied by the lack of security — it is more than just a president who allowed this terror.

I will remember January 6th, 2021, until the day I die. I will tell my kids, their kids, and maybe even their kids about it, so that I do my part to ensure nothing like this ever happens again. Unacceptable, irresponsible, pathetic. Five people didn't have to die, and I really hope that nobody else does at the hands of these terrorists.

Cam Fowler
16, Cornelius, Ne



"For a while I didn't feel anything. I couldn't process what had happened. And then when it finally hit me, I felt a wave of fear so intense that I can't quite describe it. I drew the picture because that's the only way I knew how to express my feelings without understating how I actually felt."



Vile Behavior



A few days ago a lot of stuff happened at the U.S. Capitol building. Ever since Joe Biden won the election, people started a riot for Trump. Because of this I have heard about a lady being shot by the security, and four other people also died. On the news I saw footage of people that made it into the Capitol. When I saw this I could not believe my eyes, people were fighting and breaking windows.

As a 9-year-old kid, I see this as very vile behavior. This has

never even happened before. I say if you want something but it doesn't happen, you shouldn't protest violently for it. But anyway stay safe, wear masks, and I made a quote: "A mask a day keeps the coronavirus away."

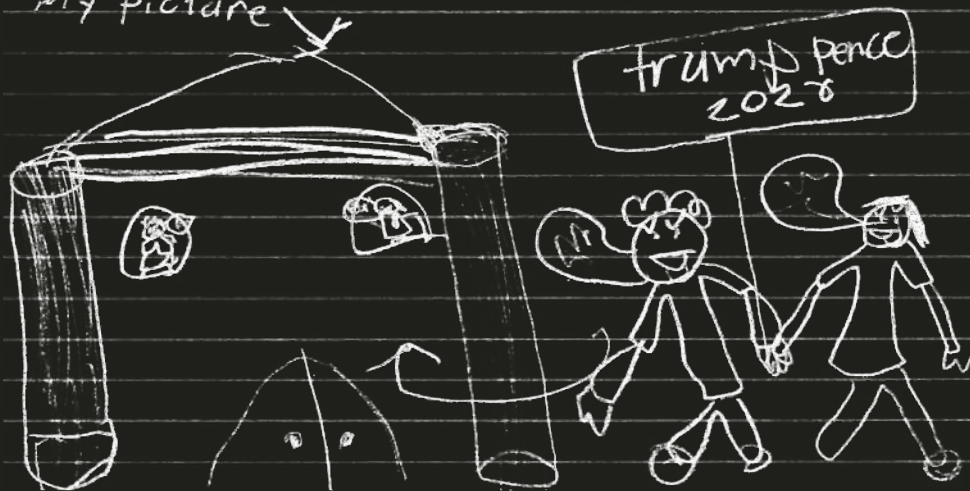
Alexander Legarreta
9, Washington, D.C.

"This is History And Not In A Good Way"

Oren Flint
11, San Francisco, CA



I think that it was suprising, interesting, scary, and unexpected for me. I feel like I am living in a weird time with covid19 and trump also the riot. I am ~~glad~~ glad the the police came and it was ok. But not all ok many people hurt ~~and~~ even if were killed, if I ever come across some one response. I would be mad and I think there punishment should ~~be~~ be the rest of there life ~~in jail~~. In jail. If it ~~happend~~ happend at home I would try to protect ~~every~~ every thing and person I could ~~do~~ and call the police at once. I have one question: what will happen next? will all go to jail? or will some go into hiding? Will trump still fight to be president? I don't know.
my picture



The Big Riot

Naomi Silverman
8, Philadelphia, PA

Danger Since Day One

Cady Diamond
15, Bozeman, MT



After the events of January 6, I saw many of my friends, adults I knew, and senators condemning the insurrection and starting to realize that Trump was a dangerous president. I'm certainly glad they're realizing it, but all I can say is, is that what it took? Would they have continued supporting him if he hadn't tried to literally overthrow the government? Is that their threshold? Not the fact that he failed to condemn literal neo-Nazis in Charlottesville, or that he has multiple sexual assault allegations against him. Not the fact that he was invited to parties with Jeffrey Epstein, or that it's not uncommon to see a Trump flag next to a swastika or a Confederate flag — or that he continually gaslighted his supporters into believing that none of these things ever happened.

We've known that he constantly lied from day one, when he lied about the size of the audience at his inauguration for literally no reason. Even his slogan, "Make America Great Again," has set off warning bells in my head since I first heard it. When was America last great? Was it when it was founded, when people could own other people and treat them like property? Or during World War II, when the minimum wage was 40 cents an hour and Jim Crow laws forced people of color into a perpetual state of social inferiority? America never has been great, and the only way to make progress is to move forward, not back. That slogan never sat right with me, but even I was desensitized to it after a while. The list of offenses is so long that we can't even remember all the insidious things he's done. We've known he was unfit to lead. So why did it take a literal coup to

make people realize it?

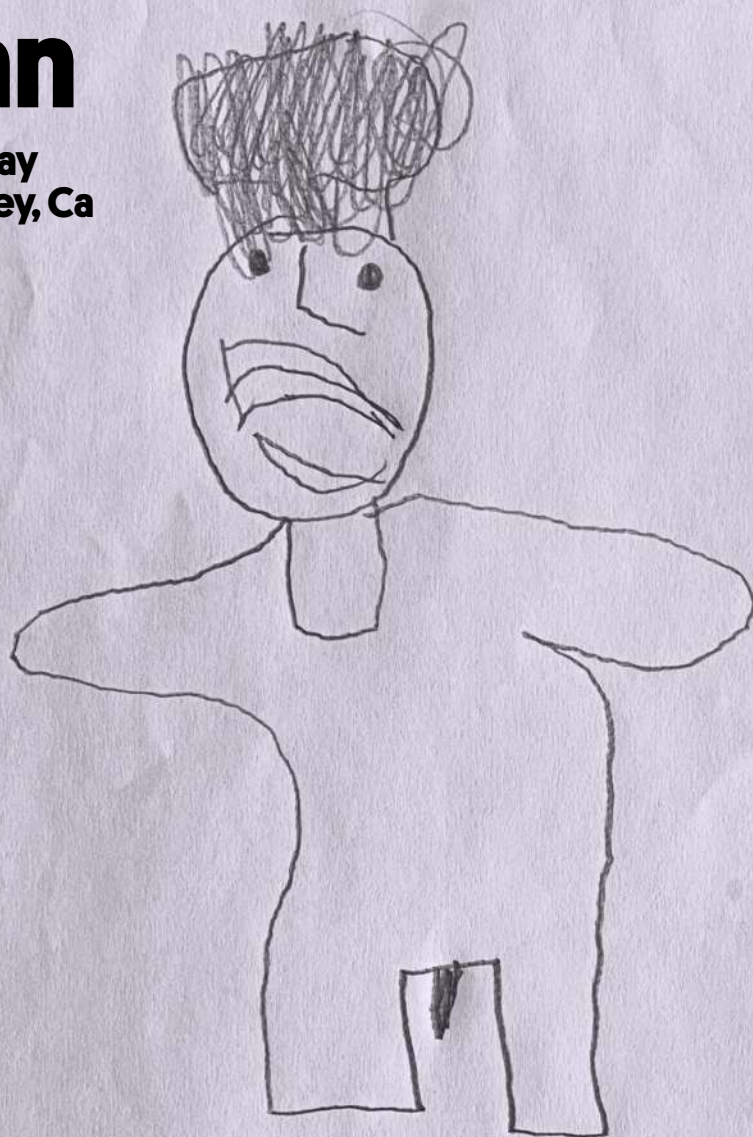
I can't say for sure, but to me it has lots to do with the media and accountability. Most news outlets spend their time either trying to "fact-check" Trump or straight up deflecting from the issue. Fact-checking his lies is actually kind of ineffective. Let's say a bully grabs your hand and slaps it against your face while asking, "Why are you hitting yourself?" Responding, "I'm not! You are!" makes you sound dumb, even though you're right. He knows he's lying, but he also knows that no one will hold him accountable for it, so he can lie all he wants.

This is so dangerous because Trump and his cronies will try to tell us that we didn't see what we saw, to distrust everything anyone else says and to only trust Trump. And what's so scary is that people believe it, they trust him. When every aspect of the media is either frantically pointing out Trump's lies, ignoring his lies, considering the basis of those lies or outright agreeing with those lies, confusion ensues. It requires nuance, time and compassion to understand the truth, but all that's required to spread lies is confusion, a retweet and hate.

Too many senators let Trump call the election fraudulent, and some actively spread that rhetoric. They let these lies spread, they told thousands of people that they were being lied to by the whole world except for Trump, they told them that everyone was against them, and they were surprised when they rioted. This is what happens when dangerous lies go unaddressed and people refuse to take accountability for spreading them. It's imperative that we be skeptical of everything we may hear, and demand accountability for insidious lies.

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Winnie Bay
4, Berkeley, Ca



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