



### **Sarah Harris**

is a senior at the Electronic Classroom of Tomorrow. Sarah loves to draw, write, play basketball, and to take in as much knowledge as possible. In the future she plans on publishing her writing. She is looking forward to going to college and studying psychology so later she may open a firm with her best friend. Sarah has been looking at Kent State University, Ohio State University and Cleveland State among other schools.

**Y**ou should have seen it. You should have heard it. Tick. The fictional passing of time. Small wrinkles of the moment portrayed the massive lament; coursing through the crowd, seeping through his veins and out again. His trembling lips glistened in the fluorescent light, attempting to form semblances of words. You should have seen it. His eyes, of a certain direct perspicacity, now covered in the face of his attackers. His soul, ravaged and defiled by those he once called friends, now fading as each second passed. I looked at him, his body melting into the foundation of the desk he sat at. Channels of words smothered him; who he was, and who he would become. He was not normal, he was not worthy of living, and the apparent fact that he himself would go to hell was now set in stone. You should have seen it. I saw it, and yet, out of the falsehoods of my character, I did nothing. I was a mere spectator, trapped in the confines of the moment, the fear out of being rejected myself, and the inconceivable notion that I could not take them. We found out he was gay that summer, and he found out that his life would never be the same. But I did look at him, met his gaze, made sure that he understood that I did not hate him. But it wasn't enough, for as each day passed, and the seasons came and went, he was gone. His soul, his fiber of being; gone. My innocence had disappeared, and I cried. For him, for me, for the sea of people who should have been intertwined in the fight of hatred; for those who are irresponsibly silent.

I only wish that I could have saved him, and if not saved him, at least tried. To try is to have a chance at success, and to speak out is to repel negativity. I made an oath, a pact to myself, to never allow anything like that to happen again; to not see a face like his again. A face so broken and so withdrawn from any sense of feeling. I made a promise to not fail myself as a person; a human being. I propose a plan for the Ohio schools, a call to action. The plan would include ambassadors - 50 or so students from each grade who would act as monitors to survey discrimination, and report it to teachers, faculty, and other authorities. There would be meetings between all schools; monthly symposiums of methods of combating hatred and also progress being made. There should be more personal involvement in interactional functions and presentations; a child who is encouraged to use their hands-on ability to learn will want to learn; a child who is actively involved in a plan, and one to change the way we live, will have greater chances of implementing those learned values rather than one who sits through a lethargic speech made by uncoordinated faculty members.