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When yet another mass shooting makes the news, what do you feel? Are you tired of hearing the same news each week? Do you feel numb? Indifferent? Apathetic? Maybe you don't know what it feels like to experience it from my perspective.

I walk into school with survivor's guilt from a tragedy that didn't happen to me.

As soon as the intercom buzzes, every student asks themselves, what if this lockdown isn't a drill?

A older generation might have prepared for natural disasters, our generation prepares for the terrifying reality of school shootings. Where will we hide? Which cabinets will make the best barricades? Will the locks on the doors be strong enough to withstand the gunfire? How long can I hold my breath while playing dead?

Huddled under a desk, chilling thoughts seep into my mind. Will my friends and teachers be willing to die for me? Am I willing to die for them? If I leave for the bathroom now, will I come back? When the fire alarm rings, how long should we risk being engulfed in ash and flame before we know for sure it's not a trap?

What will they tell my mom?

We are terrified.

No one seems to care that our schools are more dangerous than war zones. Our mothers have to hope every day that we come home on the bus and not in a bag. No one seems to care.

I feel guilty that I cannot change the world as much as I want to. I can beg my parents to vote for common sense gun laws, but I cannot cast my own ballot. I can write letters to politicians and speak at rallies. I can scream at the top of my lungs, but I cannot make them listen. We collect signatures, we knock on doors, we lobby and we march, but the bullets keep coming. I feel guilty spending time on school work instead of spending every fleeting moment fighting for what is clearly a much bigger issue. I feel guilty for pretending everything is normal.

We live in the only country where this regularly happens. There are people who are fighting against common sense solutions to this problem. There are people fighting against our lives. And we cannot take it in silence.

I wish I had the privilege of being apathetic. I wish I could turn off the news, I wish I could live without the tangle of fear, grief, and helplessness scratching at my insides. I wish I could go to school and worry about my grades or my friends or my schoolwork. I wish I could forget about it, but I can't. None of us can. We have been betrayed.

We need your action. Justice cannot originate in apathy, it must grow from passion. In order to spark change, we all must speak up.

We can no longer suppress our emotions, we must let our government know what we feel when they ignore our calls to action. We must tell our parents, our teachers, our neighbors, our friends. Each bullet that strikes an American student strikes every American student living in fear.

We must tell our stories until it is impossible to ignore us.