

Where Do We Stand?

I sat down in my usual seat at the front of the class. I was slouched down in my seat, a far cry from my typically good posture. I looked around. Everybody else sported the same dazed look, the look one has when one is abruptly awoken from a dream.

“Instead of a lecture, we will discuss the election result,” the professor declared. I straightened my back. Although I am not as politically aware as my peers nor do I particularly care about politics in the first place, there was no doubt that the election result interested me.

Thus, today’s lecture was transformed into an open forum. Although the students in class were not typically subdued, today seemed to be an exception.

“What upsets me isn’t who our president is, but rather that so many people voted for him. It made me think ‘Wow, so this is what most people think.’”

“Regardless of who is in power, there are always people out there who are on your side. There is always a silver lining.”

“We learn history to know how to progress forward, and we have made a lot of progress in recent years. However, we have grown complacent. We let ourselves believe that humanity is always progressing, forgetting that history can repeat itself.”

I looked around yet again. Most students seemed to be of Asian descent. *Where do we stand in today’s America?* I thought, knowing that we were not the ones in the direct crossfire.