

## **The State House takes my breath away.**

*By Chelsea*

Each room we pass through is stuffed with precious treasures. My ears greedily hold onto each word spoken. With every stride, I plant my shoes with purpose and hold my posture with pride. As we move through the building, my stomach churns with anxiety and excitement at the thought of speaking.



We walk through one particular hallway where I stop and look below. The ‘Flag Room’ is a two-story hall decorated with a glass ceiling above and most noticeably, the flag of every Massachusetts town displayed on the walls. There are chairs lined up and a small podium in the center.

I’d just seen most of my friends deliver their statements at a crowded lectern in front of legislatures and reporters. I held onto the railing, a seed of determination in my gut. I turned to someone- or no one- and said, “One day, I’m going to speak there.”

No more than ten minutes passed before Representative Vargas walked us downstairs, directing us to a doorway.

“What do you guys think about speaking here?”

We step onto the floor of the ‘Flag Room.’

I’m the first to reach the podium.