

By Santiago Joseph, Age 9

Fixing Broken Things
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One day, I felt like I did not matter. I went to school, but it was like no one saw me. I raised my hand... no one called on me. I was playing in recess... no one picked me to play. I went to get hot lunch... and they forgot to serve me pizza. Pizza is my favorite... that felt unnecessarily harsh.

“If you are in this world, you matter,” my mom said that to me. “Even if you are a person that nobody knows, you still matter.”

But I was not sure: why do I matter? I decided to make a list.

First, I always see the good in people.

Like in quarantine, some people are very sad, but I think that I am lucky to be with my FAMILY all Together. Sometimes it gets loud and people can be annoying, but they still care about me.

Second, I also take care of Nature.

When a tree dies, I get one of its seeds and plant the seeds. Something very small can then become something BIG and BETTER.

Third, I matter because I add to this world.

I make robots that don't really move on their own... but maybe one day they will. I make armor cardboard suits that I am hoping will help people move quickly and safely around the world... and people who do not have arms and legs can do everything they want.

When something breaks, I try to make something out of it.

I realized that I was broken thing... so I tried to put myself back together not by feeling sad for myself. But I cleared my mind, and focused on what I could achieve.