

Assaulting Injustice

I spent sixth grade putting my fist in the faces of my peers. That is, the imaginary reporter's microphone I conjured up every time I clenched my fingers together and aimed them at someone's mouth. "How do you like the new ice cream?" "What do you think of Jack and Jill dating?" I have always had an insatiable curiosity for my surrounding, specifically with the people of my surroundings. The pursuits, passions, and pitfalls of humans have never ceased to fascinate me. It was not until sixth grade that this amorphous interest found a solid shape that could be beneficial to society. That shape was journalism.

With the help of the five W's and one H, I have pursued my dream of becoming a journalist while still in high school. A testament to my writing ability, in general, can be found in the National Scholastic Writing Silver Medal I received for my Humor Writing submission as a junior. This award is only given to the top one percent of submissions. As for my journalism experience, I have been a staff writer for my high school newspaper, the *Titan Times*, since my freshmen year. I was elected Co-Editor-in-Chief my junior year. Under my leadership this year as Editor-in-chief, the *Titan Times* has printed four editions through December, a record amount. I also have experience with journalism outside of school. I interned with *Nashua Community Television* this summer. Not only did I learn how

to edit film, but I also hosted a program called "Nashua Goes Back to School" which aired on television in early September. In addition, I have been a high school columnist for the *Nashua Telegraph* since my junior year of high school. My tri-weekly column informs over 87,000 readers of school events. It was not until I worked as a high school columnist for the *Nashua Telegraph* that I realized the true assault reporting could accomplish: an assault on injustice.

What shocked me about the whole scene at the bus stop was not the piercings or purple hair. Rather, it was the students' willingness to be interviewed for my article for the *Nashua Telegraph* about how bus fare was no longer free for high school students. Even the student with the black lipstick didn't mind divulging his reason for riding the city bus, despite the fact it involved his painful bullying situation on his school bus. I could tell from their pleasant surprise that the students at the city bus stop had never been asked by anyone about their experiences with the city bus. The students' detailed responses were evidence of their desperate desire to have a say in this aspect of their life. I was able to print this story in the local newspaper and expand the audiences awareness to the woes of those students forced to use the city bus.

I am proud to call myself an aspiring journalist because such articles allow the voices of the silenced to be heard. Though I no longer literally put my fist in people's faces, I continue to pack just as strong a punch to the injustice of those

silenced by society through my reporting. As a journalism major. I aspire to clench a real microphone in my fist someday and knock out national injustices.

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