

*Lena (Student)*

It was just like any other day at school as I was heading to class,

Never thinking in a million years that a shooting would actually happen.

It was a spring day as the leaves were changing colors and falling from the trees,

As everyone started their daily routine of wearing sweats and flip flops to class.

The sun was shining bright as the clouds were moving across the sky,

Everyone was in good spirits and the semester was going well.

Getting to my public speaking class, we all sat in our seats waiting for class to start,

As my teacher walks in greeting us as we are prepared to do our speeches.

There were only 20 students since most of my classmates were afraid to take this class,

After a few people had given their speeches, it was my turn as I walked to the front.

No sooner than me starting my speech, I heard loud screams of horror,

Wondering what it was, I stopped for a moment and turned my head toward the door.

All I heard was loud bangs and people screaming and running through the building,

Minutes later, two students had walked into our classroom

as we were all shocked.  
As I tried to duck behind a desk, a stray of bullets started flying all over the room,  
Glass was shattering from the windows as my classmates were screaming in horror.  
I felt 2 bullets hit my body as they ricocheted off of objects and hit me instantly,  
The brutal burning and pain of these bullets hitting my body, I was in a state of shock.  
Not knowing what to do or how to react, I was able to look into the eyes of one shooter,  
All I saw was pure evil as his eyes were dark black and he looked familiar.  
Those eyes were lost as if they had been filled in by the devil in disguise,  
As I feel blood oozing from my right leg and right arm, it was so painful.  
I wanted to get up and try to get to a more shielded area but it wasn't possible,  
All I could hear was a hideous, evil laugh coming from one of the shooters as they kept shooting.  
When they were finished running through the bullets in their AR 15s, they reloaded,  
Then they ran out of the classroom to go and cause more terror in the school building.  
The police and EMTs weren't too far away at this point so they had to get off campus quick,  
Whoever the hell they were, chances are they went to school here and hated all of us.  
I recognized those guns as I've seen my uncle shoot those

before at a gun range,  
He had a government job and part of their training was to  
work and operate different guns.  
All I could hear were a plethora of different voices coming  
from different people,  
Whoever managed to escape from being hit in the class-  
room were tending to those who were,  
One of my classmates came to the front of the classroom  
and applied pressure to my leg.  
He took off his shirt and told me that I'm going to be okay  
and he's going to tie his shirt on me,  
He said he needs to apply pressure to my leg wound that I  
refused to look at.  
My flesh was torn open like a surgeon performing surgery  
on a patient in the operating room,  
The burning sensation was so bad, it felt like someone  
putting a lighter to my leg and lighting it on fire.  
The glass that was shattered, I could see some of my class-  
mates bleeding from their faces,  
As the glass penetrated my skin as this pain was becoming  
unbearable at this point.  
Hearing sirens coming onto campus as the building I was  
in was on a main road on campus,  
This only meant that I was going to be on a stretcher and  
in an ambulance real soon.  
Getting a second to look up and out of the window of my  
classroom on the first floor,  
I saw nothing but SWAT vans pulling up with armored po-  
lice officers and ambulances.  
EMTs had to be escorted into buildings with SWAT police

officers protecting them,  
As no one knew where these 2 shooters were on campus or  
if they managed to escape.  
With different entrances and exits, I started to wonder if  
they're still terrorizing students,  
Did they have a getaway car, or did they manage to run off  
campus and into the woods area.  
My school is in a suburban area so it's easy to figure out  
different ways to get off campus,  
Unlike if we were in a city area where there is traffic full of  
cars and people, it would be hard.  
Tears were rolling down my face as people were trying to  
get me to keep calm,  
Everything became a blur as these tears kept my eyes from  
seeing things clearly.  
My arm was starting to burn as EMTs got to me first as I  
was in the front of the classroom,  
They checked to see where my wounds were and got me  
onto the stretcher.  
There was so much noise and chaos going on as people  
were trying to get order,  
This was such a hostile, stressful situation, wondering how  
law enforcement stays calm.  
I guess with experience on the force for so long, you stay  
calm to keep citizens calm too,  
If they're frantic, then everyone else will be frantic them-  
selves and that won't be good.  
As I was rolled out of the classroom to the ambulance, I  
saw so many things,  
Through my blurry eyes after shedding so many tears, I

saw hurt souls laying on the ground.  
I've never seen so much blood everywhere in my entire  
life, with bullet casings everywhere,  
With bodies lying in stretchers in agony of pain caused by  
the bullet casings.  
I even saw bags over bodies which meant that these stu-  
dent's lives have ended,  
You never know what can happen from moment to mo-  
ment and even day to day.  
I saw a deep sadness in people's eyes as the torment of  
these shooters got to their minds,  
Their souls were lost trying to find their way back to them  
as everyone was hugging each other.  
Teachers, school security, students, as we all passed by  
each other daily,  
This tragic event brought everyone closer and made us all  
appreciate life for this one moment.  
You never expect that your life can be on the line at the  
hands of someone else,  
It was another day on a college campus and a bunch of  
crazed men went on a shooting spree.  
As my stretcher was rolled into the ambulance, and the  
doors were closed,  
Most of the noise and chaos went away and all I could hear  
were sirens from the ambulance.  
The EMT was constantly talking to me as I was starting to  
lose consciousness,  
An oxygen tank was keeping me breathing and in a calmer  
state of mind.  
The pressure being applied to my arm and leg is keeping

my blood from coming out,  
The EMT kept telling me I'm going to be okay as the ambulance sped through the town.  
Within minutes, I was at the hospital as I heard more ambulances behind us,  
Knowing that it was one of my fellow college classmates in those other ambulances.  
The nurses and doctors on call were awaiting our arrivals as I was rushed into surgery,  
As I transferred from the stretcher onto the gurney and I risked away into the OR.  
Scared as ever for what's to come, I wondered if I was going to make it through surgery,  
Wondering how the hell these shooters got access to these types of guns.  
The question became why and what were they thinking when they were shooting us,  
Was it to create chaos, murder others, cause inflicting harm to the next generation of people?  
As the anesthesia kicked in, I eventually fell into a deep sleep and fixing these wounds,  
Wondering if I was going to survive after losing so much blood from my body.  
Waking up in a daze and thinking about my parents and my family rushing to come see me,  
As the school was in madness and I knew if anyone turned on the television that's all that would be on.  
There has always been this discussion of gun control and what can be done about it,  
Just maybe this catastrophic event will bring it back to the

forefront of discussion.

My leg was wrapped up as, I was in plenty of pain,  
I was hoping there was morphine in one of these tubes that  
will get this pain to subside.

It would be hours before my family would be able to see  
me as they were frantic,

Seeing it on the news and them trying to reach me must've  
been hell for them.

I know that this tragic event will haunt my mind for years  
to come,

But I want to get better to be there for all of those who  
have suffered.

I can only imagine what others are feeling, dealing with  
and going through,

There comes the question of how we get gun control, un-  
der control.