

# Fall Election Wind

*by Ruigan Zhu*

As many voters did, I voted in the November 2006 elections. I voted for my governor, senator, and congressperson. I hoped for a better quality of life in the future.

I liked to watch TV and read some newspapers about the campaign before making my choices. I was talking about the candidates' opinions with my friends, classmates, co-workers, and family members. We cared about who made better points and who was the best candidate. We argued some questions about the various stands of the candidates through the election season. I also heard similar arguing from a corner on the street, a hallway in the building, a yard next to the sidewalk, and many other places. Folks seemed to be very interested in how the vote would go on Election Day. In the moment, people seemed to me like different colored trees; the campaigns were like the seasonal winds. Some times, "Trees want a little quiet, but the wind doesn't stop." That was all that TV news was talking about. It didn't stop. It blew into each big street, small driveway, great building, little house, and any place people gathered. Everywhere, if you were a voter, you would feel this wind. It was blowing, and it blew into the hearts of the people.

That was an important election wind. I was willing to be involved because it could bring some new faces with some new ways of doing things. It could let people discuss the election questions, to consider the candidates, and to choose their new government. I did not care about the new governor's skin color or origin. That was not important. I cared about the better quality of life my new governor could give me. (Deval Patrick was elected our new governor. He's the first black man to be elected governor in Massachusetts. He leads



the new government and serves his people with new ideas. I have some of the same ideas.)

On Election Day, I worried about any problem that might block my bus on the way from Boston to Newton. I was afraid that I might not be able to vote. So, I decided to go back to my home town an hour early from class and work in the afternoon.

That would give me more time and guarantee my being able to vote. At my polling place, the volunteers helped the voters with smiles on their faces. The process was clear and the atmosphere was quiet. Finally, I was waiting in the line to put my vote into the ballot box. That was a power line. People gave their power for the new Government through this power line. I was very excited when I finished my voting. I had to do more work the next day because I hadn't finished everything when I had left early to vote. It made me busy and tired, but I was still happy to do it.

Today, I believe Deval Patrick is writing a new history in Massachusetts government. If he works effectively in this term, I will call him to continue next term, and I will vote for him again. Let's go together to the beautiful future!



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