

Are there yet...

A bitterly cold winter-sque morning awaited us in Brighton as we embarked on our journey to affect change. Are we there yet I felt like yelling out so feverishly. While I was somewhat knowledgeable about the workings of the UK political system I had never been at the business end of it nor did I ever think I'd get to influence debate in such a profound way...or so I had naively envisaged. So buoyed with enthusiasm, it's almost as if my mood had serendipitously impregnated the rest of the group. However that zeal soon waned as the Liberal Democrat delegates & members rejected the fliers for our fringe meeting one after the other. While some were genuinely intrigued by our cause the majority



weren't so inclined to tear themselves away from their busy schedules. So what was to become of our once keenly anticipated fringe meeting? As I began to wonder, somberly, gradually becoming irritated, I felt like screaming out 'don't you care about tomorrow's MPs, QCs, Neurologists, Architects and Investment Bankers.' When it hit me, almost like an epiphany...Is it not but a harsh reality that these atrocities will always predominantly torment the black community that forgive me for being crass have been time and again pigeonholed underachievers? Put aside rhetoric of political correctness and the facts speak for themselves. For the rest of the day I couldn't seem to shake that thought, even more so as it appeared delegates & members alike were only taking our fliers just out of benevolence. The evening did end on a good note however as the group all merrily gathered around to tuck into what was a scrumptious meal. Despite the events of the day the group still seemed markedly enthusiastic or maybe it was because the thought of a warm bed loomed. As I turned off the lights I lay awake pondering on a few inconvenient truths...just how many lives would a gun have to claim for Kids to really count?



Not to overstate matters but the next morning really did feel like a wintry morning in Scotland. By then we'd handed out so many fliers that everyman and his dog had heard about 'Kids Count' and I'd hoped this would equate to a high turnout for our meeting. Surprisingly I wasn't disappointed. The room could have been filled twice over not to mention how it could have lasted at least another 30 minutes such were the levels of interest. It really did surpass all expectations, evoking heartening sentiments from the audience. So much so that a lady was quoted by a BBC reporter as saying this had been the best fringe meeting of the conference'...and no it wasn't our very own Linda. If I wasn't already, I found myself proud to be apart of our barmy little group. Are we there yet...no.



The truth of the matter is that we lack the political clout to directly address the ills that plague today society. But will we stop trying...no, because this is a multifaceted problem that requires all - government, schools and parents - of society to pull together and in each of us is lies the determination of a hungry rockwilder and the passion to bring about change...So, Bournemouth here we come!

Tinashe