Life of a Bill Jayna Bettesworth

It’s my big day today. I finally get to go to the house of commons to become official. My cousin’s big day was last week sweeping by in an instant. All of us clapped for her, but her brother didn’t pass, getting thrown in the trash. Unused, not good enough, waisted. That is my fear today. I want to feel important. Feel like I matter. All of us are filled with insecurities, and defects, but after everyone's day to shine, we either live or die. No in-between now. Today’s my day. I'm nervous but ready. I've been ready all my life. Waiting.

The doors are magnificent and the room sparkles before me. They call me up as bill C-778. Little pieces of me are spread through the crowd of giants scrunching parts of me in their hands. Everyone reads the lines and hidden lines imprinted on my skin. No one says anything just read the insides of me. My nerves are raising and I rattle at the thought of being gone after this. I've already gone through so much. I must pass. My cousin said hope got her through. That’s what I need to do. Hope.

We already made sure that majority of our government will vote for it. So, I know that I should be getting through. I could be the cause of my party losing power if I lose. That won’t happen. I am strong. My paper is rough against the sweaty palms of all the house of commons. I shouldn’t be nervous, yet I shiver hear in everyone's hands. One of the giants step up and says "We are introducing bill C – 778, to allow the use of guns in Canadian. The entire house glazes their eyes down to me, and started peering in between my lines. Nothing yet, the first reading is over.

That was easy. I thought it would be a challenge. Not something to just read over. I thought I was done when an argument began between the giants. No, a debate. People discuss my insecurities, and my doubts, hurting my insides. It's not my fault I'm not perfect. Their words dig deep into my skin. I hurt from all the complains. They dig deep into all my problems bantering back and forth. Who would have known I had so many faults? I didn’t. I am ashamed now of coming when all the sudden they stop.

I am being brought into a room were people stare at me and scratch me open from the insides making me bleed out the words. Letters drop from my pages, and whole sentences too. I can’t believe it. How can any other bill go through with this? It hurts. Everything hurts. The committee scratches and pokes me until all my bruises pop open, forming into bleeding wounds. They start sewing me up into perfect little lines that won’t leave to many scars except for on the inside.

Still in pain they bring me back with the perfect little letters, and the almost perfect lines. The house awaits before me again, a room filled with giants glaring at me. They report the changes and stiches they gave to me out to everyone there.

They go back to yelling across the room. I am already hurt too much to care about their endless rants and endless verbal punches in the face. I just must endure a little bit more than this.

The giant start to vote. Slowly expressing which side, they are on. Slowly helping me through, or slowly holding me back. Then I pass. I PASS! I knew I had to go to help my party, and to not get the vote of non-confidence, but after all this pain, I thought otherwise. Just when I thought it would be all over, I go to the senate.

My wounds re-open, and pain trickles down my page. How could this be. I did nothing to offend anyone. They look me over, give me their sober second thought, but what bill would ever want that. I go through almost the same process again, but why? For no reason at all, for what I am concerned. They stich me up for what seems like the 100th time, and give me back. This time I’m not in pain. I feel confident. I feel proud of what I am now, not afraid to hide behind my words.

Finally, I’m out. The governor general comes in to give me royal assent. I am a law. I have grown up and official. I have become a law. I helped change the country. I cannot believe it. The most important day of my life is over now. I feel 10 years older.