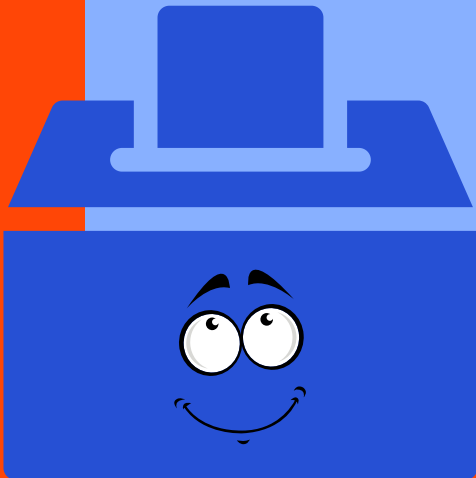


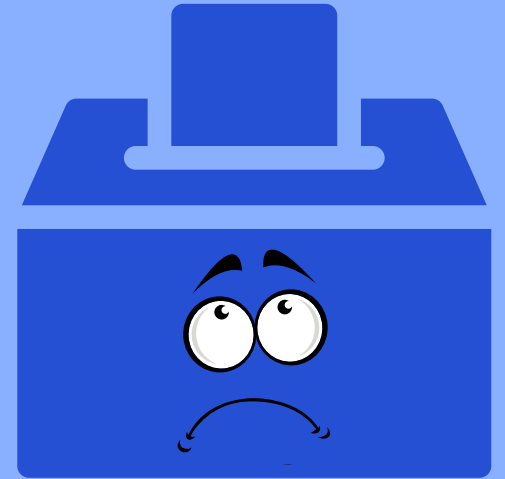
nextgen
america



THE TINY BALLOT



**One tiny ballot, just paper and ink,
Sits all alone and begins to think.**



"I'm not very large
and I don't have
much force.
Doing big things
doesn't seem like
my course."

"I keep hearing how special I am — but it's strange. How can one piece of paper make any change?"


This country's so big and there's so much at stake. To think I could fix it seems like a mistake."



**Feeling helpless and though she's been firmly outwit,
The ballot decides that perhaps she'll just quit.**



**And just as a
tiny tear falls to
the ground,
She raises her
eyes and looks
all around...**

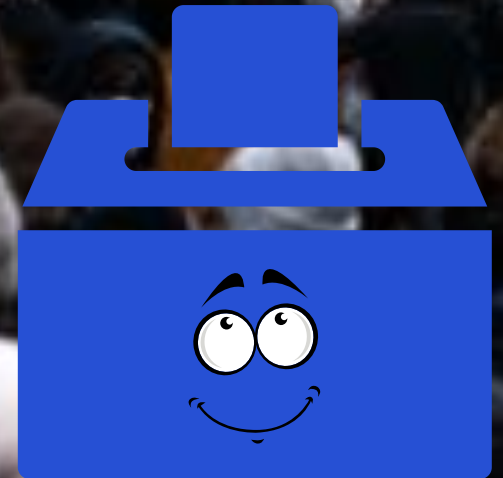
A large crowd of people is gathered for a protest or rally on a city street. The crowd is dense and diverse, with many individuals holding signs and banners. In the background, the US Capitol building is visible, suggesting the location is Washington, D.C. The scene is captured from a low angle, looking down the street towards the building. The text is overlaid on a blue diagonal graphic on the left side of the image.

**She
finds
that she's
not all alone
after all!
She's surrounded
by millions of others
– all small.
But when piled together,
they soar to great heights,
Ready to take on the world's
biggest fights.**

“I see!” cries the ballot. “This is our finest hour!”



**“Together, we
have unlimited power.”**



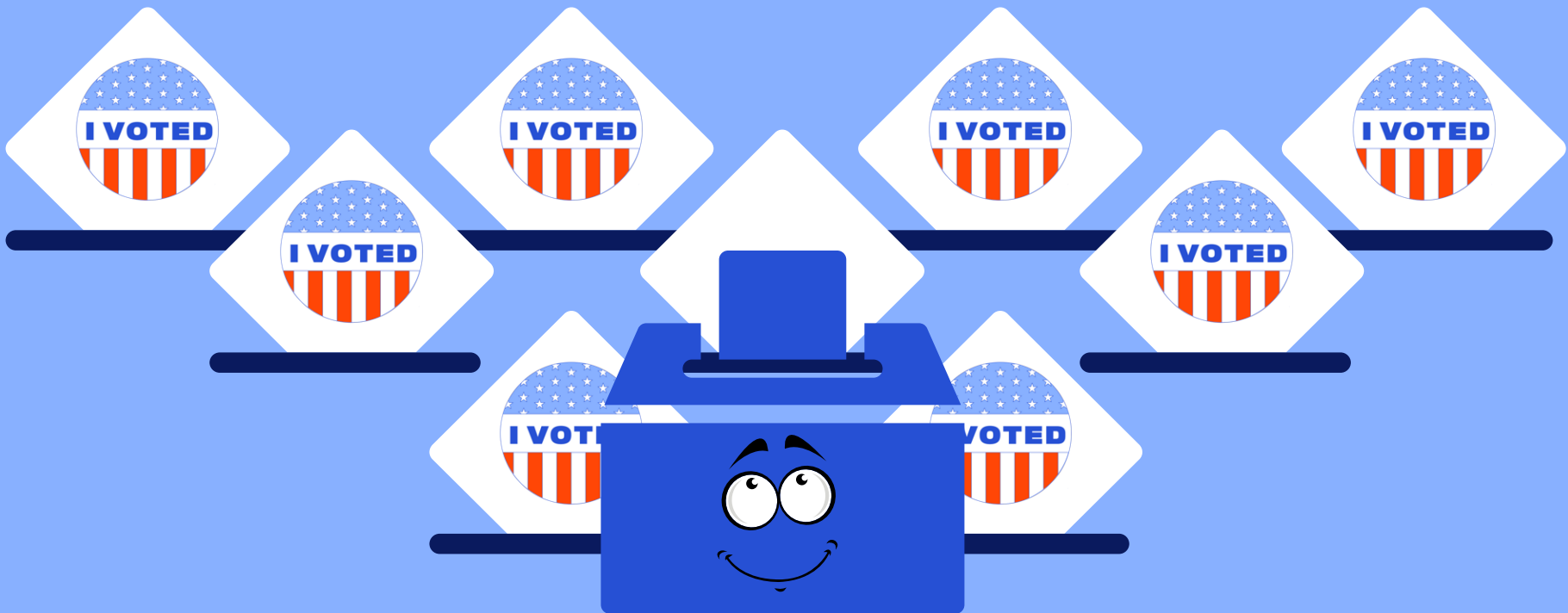
A low-angle photograph of a person wearing a grey hoodie, with their right arm raised and fist clenched, pointing towards the top of the frame. The background is a clear, light blue sky. The person's face is partially visible at the bottom, wearing a dark face covering.

**Like building a
city or
starting a
band,**

**Change takes
lots of people
all lending a
hand.**

**When the problems we face feel too big
for just you,
Remember we're all on a team with you,
too!**

**There's no hill we can't climb, no storm
we can't weather,
When we all cast our own tiny ballots
together.**



THE
END

