

## Why I Love “Please Clap”

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When a broken, defeated Jeb! Bush spoke to a crowd in New Hampshire in February, he couldn't have known that the content of his actual speech would elicit the least attention on that historic day.

Sweaty hands clasped around one another, shoulders sunken, the pitifully nepotistic presidential candidate ever as thrilling as a lukewarm bowl of soup suddenly, confidently, thrust his arms to his sides and spoke:

“Please clap.”

These two simple words will define Jeb!'s campaign for years after his early exit from the presidential race. His legacy will rest upon their sheer immortality. And to this perpetually unfulfilled writer, that's anything but bad.

It may have been chilly outside, but the revolution brewing inside the quaint Hanover Inn quickly fired up the nation. The tenacity of “please clap” defines our generation – nay, *all* generations. And if this means a young white man who plays “Wonderwall” on his acoustic guitar at his university quad finally has a cause with which he can identify, then that's something worth supporting.

Jeb!, the unflavored toothpaste of presidential candidates, whose unironic exclamation point long contradicted his moroseness, earned his vindication that evening. His unmitigated fervor may have contributed to the beginning of the end of his campaign, but his battle for self-actualization was won. On that day, one man's cry for recognition was finally heard.

On that day, “please clap” became the unofficial rallying cry of all people who yearn for *more*. I don't know about you, but I think that's a phrase we can all use to better our lives.

Please clap.