

Nos. 25-238, 25-566

IN THE
Supreme Court of the United States

CUTBERTO VIRAMONTES, *et al.*,
Petitioners,

v.

COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS, *et al.*,
Respondents.

EDDIE GRANT, JR., *et al.*,
Petitioners,

v.

RONNELL HIGGINS, IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY AS
COMMISSIONER OF THE CONNECTICUT DEPARTMENT OF
EMERGENCY SERVICES AND PUBLIC PROTECTION, *et al.*,
Respondents.

**On Writs of Certiorari to the
United States Courts of Appeals
for the Seventh and Second Circuits**

**BRIEF OF SURVIVORS AND FAMILY MEMBERS
OF VICTIMS OF THE PARKLAND SHOOTING AS
AMICI CURIAE IN SUPPORT OF RESPONDENTS**

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STATEMENT OF INTEREST¹

Amici are survivors and family members of victims of the mass shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida, on February 14,

¹ No party or counsel for a party authored this brief in whole or in part. No party, counsel for a party, or person other than *amici curiae* or their counsel made any monetary contribution intended to fund the preparation or submission of this brief.

2018. They have experienced firsthand the devastating impact that an assault weapon can have, allowing one man to murder or injure more than 30 students and teachers in under 10 minutes. *Amici* are committed to working to prevent anyone from experiencing the same trauma they have and have a vital interest in ensuring that the Constitution is interpreted correctly to allow the enactment of gun-violence-prevention measures that will protect themselves, their classmates, their families, and all Americans.

Aalayah Eastmond was a junior at Stoneman Douglas and in a Holocaust history class in Classroom 1214—the third classroom that the gunman targeted—on February 14. She survived by hiding under the body of Nicholas Dworet, who was shot and killed along with others in her class. She is now an outspoken activist against gun violence and is a founding member of Team ENOUGH at Brady United. She joins this brief in her individual capacity.

Jaclyn Corin was a junior at Stoneman Douglas. On the day of the shooting, she spent hours trapped and hiding in her classroom, fearing that the gunman might target her class next. She is also an activist against gun violence and is the current Executive Director of March for Our Lives. She joins this brief in her individual capacity.

Robert Schentrup is the brother of Carmen Schentrup, who was killed in Classroom 1213 in her AP Psychology class. He is also an activist against gun violence and is a founding member of Team ENOUGH at Brady United. He joins this brief in his individual capacity.

Ivy Schamis was a history teacher at Stoneman Douglas and was teaching her History of the Holocaust class in Classroom 1214 when the gunman fired into the room, killing two of her students. She is a member of Teachers Unify to End Gun Violence. She joins this brief in her individual capacity.

Mitch and Annika Dworet are the parents of Nicholas Dworet, a senior and gifted swimmer who was killed in Classroom 1214, and of Alex Dworet, who was wounded in the shooting.

Anthony Borges was a freshman at Stoneman Douglas who was shot five times while using his body to hold a classroom door closed against the gunman. He was the most gravely wounded survivor and received the Congressional Medal of Honor Society's Young Hero Award in 2019.

Stephanie Horowitz was a freshman at Stoneman Douglas who hid in a classroom closet for more than two hours and lost four friends in the shooting. She is now a law student at Tulane.

Fred Guttenberg is the father of Jaime Guttenberg, a 14-year-old student who was killed in the shooting. He has dedicated his life to ending gun violence.

All *amici* file this brief in their personal capacity and not on behalf of any organization.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF ARGUMENT

This Court recognized in *District of Columbia v. Heller*, 554 U.S. 570, 595 (2008) that the Second Amendment right to keep and bear arms is “not unlimited.” Nor has the right ever been viewed as “a right to keep

and carry any weapon whatsoever in any manner whatsoever and for whatever purpose.” *Id.* at 626. *New York State Rifle & Pistol Ass’n v. Bruen* later established a framework to determine whether conduct is “rooted in the Second Amendment’s text, as informed by history” and so is constitutionally protected. 597 U.S. 1, 19 (2022). That framework requires determining, first, whether “the Second Amendment’s plain text covers an individual’s conduct,” and, second, whether “the regulation is consistent with this Nation’s historical tradition of firearm regulation.” *Id.* at 17. The Court should find for Respondents at either step.

Assault weapons fall outside the Second Amendment’s presumptive protection. The Amendment protects weapons “‘in common use’ today for self-defense.” *Id.* at 32. As *Heller* emphasized, self-defense is “the central component of the right” to keep and bear arms, 554 U.S. at 599, and “weapons that are most useful in military service—M-16 rifles and the like—may be banned,” *id.* at 627.

AR-15-style weapons share the M-16’s core design and are almost never used for lawful self-defense. *See* Cook Cnty. Br. 2-3, 36-38, 53; Conn. Br. 24, 32-33. Even to the extent they are “Arms” because they are “customarily used for offensive or defensive purposes,” *Wolford v. Lopez*, 609 U.S. 185, 195 (2026), it is their offensive, military character that makes them so, rather than any common use for lawful self-defense.

In all events, as Respondents explain, the restrictions on assault weapons in these cases are independently sustained by the Nation’s historical tradition of regulating unusually dangerous weapons. In

making that assessment, the Court should look at “how and why the regulations burden a law-abiding citizen’s right to armed self-defense.” *Bruen*, 597 U.S. at 29. This is particularly important in cases—such as these—that implicate “unprecedented societal concerns” or “dramatic technological changes” different from those in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. *Id.* at 27.

As the Parkland survivors and families know all too well, AR-15s and other similar weapons can be used to carry out mass shootings. There is no evidence that, at the time the Second Amendment was drafted, *any* firearms could be used to carry out mass shootings. “From 1791 through the mid-nineteenth century, the ubiquitous firearm was a single-shot, muzzle-loaded firearm,” and the few repeating arms of the era were “technologically flawed curios with limited practical utility.” *Barnett v. Raoul*, 180 F.4th 1035, 1055-1056 (7th Cir. 2026). The unprecedented change in technology that allowed for the creation of modern assault weapons has created equally unprecedented societal concerns. As a result, the Court should conclude that there is no constitutionally protected right to possess AR-15-style assault rifles.

Ultimately, however, we leave the law to the parties and other *amici*.

On February 14, 2018, a gunman armed with an AR-15-style rifle entered Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida. He opened fire in the school’s 1200 building, and, in less than ten minutes, he killed 17 students and staff members and wounded 17 others. The attack became the deadliest mass shooting at a high school in United States

history. We write in this case to tell the stories of those who died, those who were wounded, and those were left behind to carry their legacies.

What started out as an ordinary Valentine's Day quickly turned into death and destruction spread across classrooms and hallways. In a matter of minutes, lives were lost, survivors sustained devastating physical and psychological injuries, and families and an entire community were left to confront enduring grief and trauma.

Petitioners would have this Court hold that a firearm's perceived popularity determines whether the Second Amendment protects the right to own it. That "popularity" based rule is not required by the Constitution and would lead to shootings like Parkland over and over again. Assault weapons are weapons of war, and governments should be free to enact bans to keep these dangerous weapons out of civilian hands.

ARGUMENT

The stories that follow recount February 14 through the experiences of teachers and students who were inside the school and families who lost loved ones. Together, their accounts illustrate both the catastrophic destructive capacity of assault weapons and the lasting human consequences of their use in a mass shooting.

A. Aalayah Eastmond

From a young age, Aalayah Eastmond was intimately aware of the horror and lasting impact gun violence can cause. When she was a child, her uncle was shot and killed in Brooklyn, New York. Although Aalayah was too young to understand what was going

on at the time, she saw how the tragedy affected her mother. Because of that experience, Aalayah was aware that gun violence was an unfortunate reality that she personally could face at any point.

But Aalayah had no idea that she would become a survivor of a school shooting when she arrived at campus on February 14, 2018. The day began like any other. There was a fire drill that morning, during which Aalayah remembers hearing conversations about the need for a school shooting drill as well.

Aalayah's last period that day was Ms. Schamis's history class in room 1214. Aalayah was seated near the door, which she worried would be distracting. As she worked on an independent-study lesson, she heard several loud noises. She did not know what the noises were at first, but she knew immediately that something was wrong.

Those loud noises were the first shots fired outside of Aalayah's classroom. When the second set of shots went off, Aalayah and her classmates tried to hide in the corners of the room. Unfortunately, with more than 30 students, there was not enough space for everyone to hide.

Aalayah made it to a corner, diagonal across from the classroom door. Another student, Aalayah's friend Helena Ramsay, began passing around books from a bookshelf for Aalayah and her classmates to use to shield their heads from bullets.

Even as she prepared to shield herself, Aalayah thought that the noises might be part of a really messed up senior prank. When she saw red liquid pooling on the floor, she thought it was red paint from

a paintball gun. Then she saw Helena slump over on the ground and Aalayah began to understand the reality of what was happening.

Terrified that she would die, Aalayah watched as another classmate, Nicholas Dworet, began to tilt towards the ground. She mimicked the movements of Nick's body as she fell to the ground underneath him. Aalayah told herself that she would hold her breath if someone came by and kept waiting to see the shooter's boots appear on the ground next to her.

The shooter moved away from classroom 1214. Aalayah's classmates started to check pulses of the others in the room to see who was injured and who was dead. Aalayah's friend pulled her behind the podium in the front of the room for safety.

Aalayah saw that one of her friends was clearly injured. She texted her friend's mother to let her know. Aalayah then called her own parents to say her last goodbyes. She told her parents she was sorry for anything she had done that might have upset them.

Finally, police officers entered the room. The officers told the students to run out of the building as fast as they could and instructed them not to look up or down. As Aalayah ran out of the building, she passed the bodies of three more of her fellow students.

When Aalayah got outside, complete chaos had erupted around her. Barefoot, she walked over to a Walmart a few minutes away from the school. Police officers near the Walmart grabbed Aalayah and began picking body matter out of her hair and placing it in a bag as evidence. The officers then brought Aalayah back to the very place she had just fled and took her

into an evidence truck parked outside Building 1200. The officers had Aalayah take off her clothes and change into a hazmat suit as they asked her to recount everything that had just happened. Finally, hours later, Aalayah's mother picked her up from the Marriott ballroom where she was waiting with other students and the families of those still missing.

Immediately following the shooting, Aalayah was scared by everything. She even remembers feeling terrified when her own beloved dog poked its head into the room. Aalayah spent weeks sleeping with her mother in the same bed because she did not feel safe even in her own home.

In the wake of the shooting, Aalayah's mother encouraged her to speak out about her experience. Her mother told Aalayah that by sharing her story, she might help others in similar situations. Years later, Aalayah continues to do so. She now lives in Washington, DC and dreams of becoming an attorney. Aalayah believes that while her experience surviving a school shooting is unfortunately not unique to her, it should be. She cautions that unless a change is made, this country will continue to watch young people die by firearms. Now is the time for change, by imposing restrictions on assault weapons like the one that was used to kill and maim Aalayah's fellow classmates.

B. Ivy Schamis

Ivy Schamis grew up in North Miami Beach, Florida, and moved to Parkland in 1995. She and her husband were drawn to the close-knit, welcoming community as a place to raise their two children, who later attended Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School. Ms. Schamis began teaching at the school in 2001 and

took great pride in its strong academics, extracurricular activities, and school spirit.

February 14, 2018, began as a wonderful day. Students were in a festive mood that Valentine's Day, carrying flowers and boxes of chocolates. That afternoon, Ms. Schamis was teaching her fourth-period History of the Holocaust class in Room 1214, on the ground floor of the school's 1200 building. Because the Winter Olympics were underway, she had planned a lesson on the 1936 Berlin Olympics.

With about 20 minutes of class remaining, Ms. Schamis and her students heard loud, unmistakable gunshots in the hallway. The students looked to her and then scattered to different corners of the crowded classroom, crouching beneath desks and behind furniture. The school had not conducted an active-shooter drill, and some students initially wondered whether the sounds were part of an exercise. The room offered no meaningful place to hide: a long glass panel ran down the classroom door, making the students easy targets, lined up like ducks.

Earlier that day, during an administrative meeting, teachers had been reminded to keep their classroom doors locked. Although Ms. Schamis had not routinely locked her door before then, she did so that afternoon. Within seconds of the first shots, gunfire shattered the door's glass panel and entered the classroom. Ceiling tiles fell, and the room descended into chaos as students tried to move books and furniture for protection. Ms. Schamis watched the damaged door and feared that the shooter would enter.

Ms. Schamis recalls hearing screams, gunfire, and prayers, as well as shots in the classroom across the

hall, where a colleague and friend taught. Cell service was poor, making it difficult to reach 911, but Ms. Schamis was able to contact her husband, tell him that there was an active shooter at the school, and ask him to call 911.

A SWAT team eventually arrived and instructed those who were injured to identify themselves. The barrage of gunfire killed two students, Nick Dworet and Helena Ramsay, and injured four others. SWAT then directed Ms. Schamis and the surviving students out of the classroom and the building while the shooter was still inside the school. Outside, Ms. Schamis saw students running in all directions. Although she lived only about five miles away, she remained near the school and later went to the Marriott, where students and families had gathered to wait for news. There, she encountered students bearing the visible effects of what had happened and witnessed scenes she described as carnage.

Ms. Schamis returned to teaching after only two weeks away. She remained at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School through the end of the 2017–18 school year so that she could see her seniors graduate, then stayed another year to see her juniors graduate in spring 2019. After that graduation, she took a leave of absence. She was not ready to retire, but she needed a change. In January 2020, Ms. Schamis and her husband moved to Washington, DC, where she continues to live. She now works as an office manager at a private school rather than teaching because she felt she could no longer take responsibility for classroom safety.

The shooting profoundly changed Ms. Schamis's sense of safety. She worries about gun violence all the time and continues to experience ripple effects. She looks for exits whenever she enters a room and still has panic attacks in settings that remind her of the shooting. Under her desk at work, she keeps a very large bulletproof shield for protection in the event of an active shooter at the school. She also recalls being deeply unsettled when, at a mall a few miles from the school, she encountered a video-game display featuring four life-sized AR-15s. Her service dog, a large German Shepherd specifically bred and trained to help her navigate her environment, is an important part of her life and accompanies her everywhere, including work.

Ms. Schamis remains in contact with former students and with families affected by the shooting, reaching out on meaningful occasions. She is also a member of Teachers Unify to End Gun Violence, a support and advocacy organization that includes educators who survived school shootings in communities such as Columbine and Sandy Hook. Since the shooting, Ms. Schamis has spoken publicly and given interviews about her experience. She continues to advocate for policy changes because she believes public policy is essential to preventing gun violence.

C. Mitch and Annika Dworet

Mitch and Annika Dworet built their family life around their two sons. They moved to Florida when their eldest, Nick, was one year old, and raised Nick and his younger brother, Alex, in an active household filled with swimming, soccer, karate, and family 5ks. The family had chosen Parkland specifically because

they had heard it was one of the safest places to raise a family. Mitch had worked in the culinary and hospitality industry for two decades before leaving to transition to a more flexible career in fitness training and real estate, allowing him to spend more quality time with his family, which he treasured. Annika was a pediatric nurse. By February 2018, both boys were students at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School.

Nick was 17, a senior, and a gifted swimmer. He had struggled when he first arrived at a high school of more than 3,000 students after attending a much smaller middle school, and he briefly quit swimming during a difficult freshman year. But he found his footing. He joined the water polo team, began dating his girlfriend, took charge of his college applications, and had just earned a swimming scholarship to the University of Indianapolis. A captain and district, regional, and state champion, he hoped one day to compete in the Olympics.

Nick and Alex were extremely close. Nick taught Alex to drive, and the brothers confided in and advised one another. On February 14, 2018, they were in classrooms across the hall from each other in the school's 1200 building.

That morning, the boys were running late, and Mitch drove Nick and Alex to school. Near the end of the day, Nick was in Ms. Schamis's history class.

Mitch and Annika were running errands at the neighboring Walmart only minutes from the school when they realized something was wrong. From the parking lot, Mitch heard screams and saw students fleeing the school campus where the Dworets always thought their two kids would be safe. Then Annika

received a call from Alex, who had been grazed in the head by a bullet and was in an ambulance headed to North Broward Hospital. She rushed there to find him. While in the hospital she repeatedly heard hospital staff call “code blue junior” for juvenile patients in cardiac arrest. Mitch initially remained near the campus, searching for any information about Nick, before joining Annika amid the chaos at the hospital.

Through the afternoon and evening, they had still not learned anything certain about Nick. Conflicting reports circulated, including a rumor that someone named Nick was at the nearby Marriott where unharmed students were being taken and families of missing students had gathered. Desperate for answers, Mitch and Annika rushed there and waited for hours. Parents including the Dworets were instructed to email their child’s name and photos to assist officers with identification. Each time a cell phone rang, Annika thought it might bring news of Nick. Neither parent was willing to believe that, out of thousands of people on campus, their eldest son had been fatally shot.

Around two in the morning, the FBI arrived at the Marriott ballroom. Officers began taking parents away in pairs, one family at a time, to deliver the news. Mitch and Annika could hear the cries of other parents learning that their children had been killed. About an hour later, the Dworets were taken aside and told that Nick was among the seventeen people killed at the school.

In the aftermath, Mitch and Annika had to grieve Nick while helping Alex recover from physical injuries, nightmares, and post-traumatic stress. They

sought therapy for the initial trauma and the grief that followed, but reminders remain embedded in daily life: helicopters, clusters of police cars, crowded places, loud noises, and people carrying large backpacks. Annika stopped attending concerts. On a yoga retreat years later, even the sound of drums brought back the fear and helplessness of that day. After 22 years as a pediatric emergency-room nurse, Annika retired; she no longer wanted to work in a place where children die.

Annika grew up in Sweden, where gun violence was rare, and came to the United States without familiarity with American gun culture or the Second Amendment. She and Mitch accept responsible gun ownership, but they also know that assault weapons are uniquely lethal. After seeing Nick's autopsy reports and photographs, Annika understood in the most personal terms the devastating injuries those weapons can inflict. Mitch has questioned whether Nick might still be alive if he had been shot with a pistol, but the assault weapon used left his son with no chance of survival. They are not seeking to repeal the Second Amendment; they want sensible regulation that recognizes the difference between ordinary firearms and weapons capable of causing catastrophic harm in seconds.

The helplessness is what the Dworets cannot escape. Parents teach their children to drive carefully, look before crossing the street, and make safe choices; they do not expect that a classroom will be the place where their child is beyond protection. Mitch and Annika are still trying to build lives not defined by anger while honoring Nick, supporting Alex, and urging action

that might spare another family the same night of desperation and lifetime of loss.

D. Anthony Borges

Anthony Borges was 15 years old on February 14, 2018, a freshman at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School. Born in Florida and raised in Venezuela, Anthony returned to the United States as a young teenager. Soccer had defined his life since he began playing at age four. He idolized Lionel Messi, played forward, and dreamed of becoming a professional. After his freshman year, recruiters connected to a Brazilian training program scouted him, and Anthony accepted a place. To him, playing professional soccer for Brazil would have been the fulfillment of a lifelong dream.

That afternoon, Anthony was in a study hall on the third floor of the school's 1200 building, with about 10 or 11 other students and a teacher. He sat in a back corner, waiting for school to let out. He planned on taking his girlfriend out to the movies for Valentine's Day.

Near the end of his last class of the day, shots rang out through the building. Anthony recognized the sound from Venezuela, where he had heard guns fired constantly, but struggled to reconcile it with where he was. "This can't be happening," he thought. Then the fire alarm sounded. Confused and unaware that the alarm could be triggered from a shooting, Anthony's class moved into the hallway as if for a routine fire drill.

Anthony headed toward a stairwell at the end of the hall. The instant he opened the stairwell door, he saw the rifle. He slammed the door shut, turned, and ran

back toward the classroom. A bullet struck his left leg. He kept moving, reached the crowded room, and pressed his body against the door as the shooter tried to get inside and fired through it. Anthony was hit five times in the legs and back. No one else in the classroom was shot.

When the shooter moved on, Anthony lay on the floor with his eyes closed, overwhelmed by pain. After the gunfire stopped, he opened the door. The hallway was smoky and washed in red light, almost like a horror movie. A girl who had been shot lay nearby. He tried to speak to her, but she was unresponsive. Anthony felt a gaping wound in his back and saw blood gushing from his left leg where he'd been shot three times. He fashioned a tourniquet for his leg as best as he could and then tried to get on his feet. Unable to stand, he screamed for help. No one answered.

Anthony lay in the school hallway for nearly an hour before a SWAT team reached him. By then, he had lost so much blood that he could barely see. In the ambulance, he just wanted to sleep. At the hospital, everything went black. He remained in a coma for two weeks.

Anthony spent about two months in the hospital and underwent 13 surgeries. Doctors removed roughly one-third of one lung; another bullet had just missed his liver. Among the injured, Anthony was the most gravely wounded and the last to leave the hospital.

Even after he was discharged, Anthony struggled with the physical effects of his injuries. He wasn't able to climb the stairs of his modest walk-up apartment, and so Anthony and his family had to move to a new home where it would be less difficult to get around.

Anthony also needed daily visits from a physical therapist for more than eight months. It took at least a year before he could walk again, and about a year and a half before he felt he had regained even half of his former mobility.

Anthony's dreams of playing professional soccer were shattered. Although he pushed himself to return to the soccer field the following year, he felt like part of him was gone. Every time he played, it just didn't feel the same. Anthony still experiences nerve pain in his legs almost every day and has learned to organize ordinary activities around his lasting injuries.

In 2019, Anthony received the Congressional Medal of Honor Society's Young Hero Award for his actions during the shooting.

It took years for Anthony to stop being angry about the shooting. But even though Anthony has now turned to a more positive outlook, the shooting stays with him. Any time he enters a new room, Anthony looks for potential hiding places and exits. For Anthony, the shooting remains inseparable from his daily life. "Every day I think about it," he said. "Everywhere I carry it with me. Everywhere I go."

E. Stephanie Horowitz

Stephanie Horowitz was 15 years old and a freshman at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School on February 14, 2018. She loved her outfit that day: a loose reddish top, jeans, and her favorite jean jacket. It was Valentine's Day, and the day started out ordinary: lunch with friends, laughter in acting class, and videos that still resurface on social media. Before that

day, she had only a basic awareness of gun violence and never imagined it would reach her own life.

By fourth period, Stephanie was in her last class of the day, finance, in the 700 building, next to the 1200 building. About 20 minutes before the end of class, the fire alarm went off. The school had held a fire drill earlier that day, and students had heard talk of a potential active-shooter drill, so Stephanie and her classmates were confused. Stephanie grabbed her phone and started toward the parking lot, the designated meeting place for a fire drill.

Outside, she heard the gunshots, but at the time, she did not know that they were real. She then saw Coach Aaron Feis on a golf cart telling students to get back inside.

Back in the classroom, roughly 30 students crowded into a closet. At first, still unsure what was happening and thinking that there might be an active shooter drill, they tried to make light of the situation. Then they looked on social media and saw reports of an active shooter. The closet went silent, and students began texting friends and telling their parents they loved them. Stephanie passed around her phone—one of the few that still had battery life late in the day—so classmates could call their parents. They remained in the closet for more than two hours.

When they were finally released, authorities had blocked the road leading to the school, so parents could not reach their children and students and teachers stood scattered outside. A neighbor drove Stephanie home. Still unsure whether many of her friends were safe, she worked through her contacts, texting everyone she could. She received a few messages

about people who had been shot, but did not learn who had died until after she got home.

Stephanie lost four friends that day: Jaime Guttenberg, Cara Loughran, Luke Hoyer, and Alexander Schachter. She had known Jaime, Luke, and Alex since they were little kids. In high school, she shared a circle of friends with Jaime and Cara. Stephanie also learned that Coach Feis had been killed.

At home, Stephanie was at a loss for what to do, so she did what she did at the end of every school day: she ate an apple. Then she sat on the couch watching the news and waiting for friends to respond. The next day, she went to the Parkland Recreation Center, where students held one another and cried, a pattern that continued for weeks. Much of that time, and much of her first three years of high school, remains a blur.

For years, Stephanie struggled to regain a sense of safety and normalcy. Survivor's guilt became so severe that she attempted to take her own life. With years of intensive therapy, she began to heal, and by the time she was at Florida State University she no longer cried, shook, or hid when a balloon popped or fireworks exploded, although, she still feels pretty numb. Stephanie thinks she cried enough tears in high school to last her a lifetime. In 2025, she experienced another school shooting at college.

Today, Stephanie is a second-year law student at Tulane, channeling her experiences into a determination to help prevent gun violence. She knows firsthand that the harm does not end when the headline fades: Friends and family continue to mourn, survivors still carry fear and guilt, and communities continue

grieving long after public attention moves on. Stephanie believes that shootings like these break communities. More than anything, she does not want anyone to experience what she experienced. She wants to help bring about the change that might have saved her friends' lives, and spared others the lasting trauma that followed.

F. Robert Schentrup

A few hours' drive away, Robert Schentrup was in his freshman dorm at the University of Central Florida in Orlando on February 14, 2018. He and his family, including his two younger sisters, Carmen and Evelyn, had moved to Parkland about five years prior because of the Parkland schools' academic reputation, and Robert had graduated from Marjory Stoneman Douglas the year before. That year, while he started college, both his sisters were at Marjory Stoneman Douglas, and Carmen would drive her younger sister, Evelyn, to school almost every day.

When Robert heard that there had been a shooting at his old high school, he was shocked. He called his parents frantically, trying to get information about his sisters, and he worried about his friends and friends' siblings who were also at the school. Thankfully, he quickly got ahold of Evelyn who confirmed she wasn't hurt, and he took a breath of relief. But no one could reach Carmen.

For hours, Robert, his family, and Carmen's friends desperately tried to find Carmen or anyone with information about her. Robert posted on Facebook begging for news of her whereabouts. As information slowly trickled out and he heard about the rising death toll and saw videos from inside the school, Robert still

held onto hope. At first, he hoped that Carmen was hiding somewhere waiting for the all-clear and that's why they hadn't heard from her. But as the day went on, that became more and more unlikely.

Finally, after 12 hours of agonizing waiting, Robert's dad called him. Through controlled sobs, he said, "Bobby, your sister has been killed." Carmen had been shot while in her AP Psychology class—the same class Robert had taken just a year before.

Carmen's death was devastating and unthinkable. Robert had never thought that gun violence would touch his life, and certainly never imagined that gun violence would rip his little sister from his life. Carmen was young, bright, and had a whole life ahead of her that was stolen from her in an instant. She had a close-knit group of friends, loved the Marvel universe, was in the school's comic book club, and was a gifted violinist. She was also an extremely talented student. She was at the top of her class, had been accepted to attend a prestigious university, and dreamed of pursuing a career in medical research with the hopes of finding a cure for ALS.

In the wake of the shooting, Robert came to understand just how prevalent mass shootings were in the United States—and only the United States. Other countries aren't plagued by gun violence in the same way, but the United States's lax regulations on guns, and assault weapons in particular, meant that shootings happened more frequently and were more deadly when they did.

Robert felt compelled to do something and has been actively involved in preventing gun violence for eight years. He is a founding member of Team ENOUGH at

Brady United, which works to educate young people about gun violence and mobilize them to take meaningful action to prevent it. And he and his family have continued to honor Carmen and the life she never got to live by setting up a fund with the ALS Foundation to support the work that Carmen will never get to do herself.

Robert hopes that no one will have to experience the pain he and his family have suffered losing a loved one to gun violence.

G. Fred Guttenberg

Fred Guttenberg's day on February 14, 2018, started out typically, but it did not end that way. In the afternoon, he received a panicked call from his son, who was a junior at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School. Fred had two children at the school: his son, and his daughter Jaime, who was 14. His son told him that there was a shooting and that he had fled the scene, but he had been unable to reach his sister. Jaime, Fred says, was tough as nails, and prioritized being her authentic, passionate, and silly self over worrying about more-typical teenager concerns. Fred describes her as the energy in the room wherever she went. Her passion was dance, and she began competing in it at age nine. She stood up to bullies and joined multiple organizations that helped children with disabilities form friendships.

Fred told his son to keep running and to let him worry about Jaime.

Although Fred knew that his daughter was still in the school, it took him hours to learn that she was shot and never made it.

Jaime had always had a plan, including for the rest of her life: she knew what she wanted to do (pediatric physical therapy), and the age by which she wanted to have children (25). When Jaime was murdered, Fred and his wife were robbed of their lives with their precious daughter. They will never get to see her embark on her journey of independence, work on her career, meet the love of her life, or have children. Fred describes the family's home as a much quieter place without Jaime.

Fred has dedicated the rest of his life to ending gun violence.

CONCLUSION

The judgments of the Second and Seventh Circuits should be affirmed.

Respectfully submitted,

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