The Martin Luther King Jr. Day Writing Awards
January 16, 2006
at Carnegie Mellon

"We have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'I have a dream'..."
The Martin Luther King Jr. Day
Writing Awards 2006
2006 Writing Awards

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Poems from Carnegie Mellon University
Winter Fable
by Sally Mao

Out there on the devil-kissed snow,
my father is driving home. In his trunk
is a sack of rice, white yams, a bottle of red
merlot, and a roast duck, sealed and steaming
in its plastic box. Suddenly, the engine
catches whooping cough, the windshield
wipers whine like night whales

and the wind sneezes all over the starlit
street. He pulls to a stop
by the road, where four other cars parked
like ancient caves around him. The snow scalds
his boots as he finds his way through the dark flurry,
one eye closed and one open to see
a light barely kindled in a house
across an amnesiac field.

This night a bunch of folks came
to help deliver a baby in this house, in this storm,
for a thirty-five year old Mexican woman
who spoke fractured English.
Her husband is stuck snowbound somewhere,
and she left the burning stove untouched. When
the neighbor heard her screech,
he got everyone he knew to come:

a boy with topaz eyes
& sallow hair speaks Spanish
to soothe the poor woman with songs and
poetry. A Russian cook who dampened the rags
and let the pot of stew broil,
the brown potatoes bake. A Japanese
grandmother who used to play midwife
to her seven grown daughters. The neighbor
is a white man with three beautiful black children
all of whom were roasting marshmallows
around the restless hearth.
My father is a doctor. They welcome him as if he is their uncle, brother, father. He drops the bottle of wine on the plush carpet, and rushes to the woman, whose face is a persimmon with her mangrove tendrils & sticky sweat. She coughs, heaves, and screams like a forest fire. The Japanese midwife cools her with a round silk fan of frozen reeds by a river temple.

The baby is born at 11:24 pm. The blue smoke outside stills. All these faces smile especially my father’s. The set of yellow cigarette teeth is his. This night they are one. They’ve helped bring Angelita into our world to thaw the winter, if only for a little. Around a table these strangers eat a roast duck, baked potatoes, a lamb stew, and yams.

Somewhere in Taiwan, my half-brother is shot on that very wintry night.
Africa needs us
by Lillian Bertram

Africa needs us. Muhammed saying this,
beads of other worldly abacus
singing through his fingers.
I steal looks: he’s cross legged,
spirits beckoning.

He says it again: Africa needs us.
This time it is walking on an ice-pick;
like flipping through a Women of Soweto picture-book
while slinking out of my mother’s eysshot.

Back to empty blue enchanted land,
great Nile-side real estate;
dollar cabs and jinneys between shanties
& for the choir’s lost child
repertoire: courtesy citizenship.

You can get there, and they’ll take anything he says.
Even send our retired textbooks
with Africa written out out-right
and they’ll give you a ticket to fly along.

My lips clamshell my mother’s Africa trip,
a truth & beauty fact finding tour some ten years ago,
bus trips through Egypt & east Africa, though all of this
does not compare to being scared shitless about her
going so far on an airplane.

The singular vision left in my mind is of the sun hat
she bought especially for this journey: wide brimmed
flopping straw still-life masterpiece
billowing like a lift off

& the cool of her bedspread on the back of my legs,
purple flowers winking up at me as I pulled at the tips
of my braids, braids that would have to be
left to my father’s hands.
Upon return, of course there were papyrus samples, kente cloth, cartouches; pictures of camels, sand, & scarabs. All these, I must have flipped through.

Most in focus is the photograph of her stabbed by the sun, wearing her souvenir of sad looks, cradling fistfuls of leaky facts, her head wrapped in shrouds of shadows, of antishadows, the hat having been lost on a tour through a tomb, having been misplaced in some pyramid.
Dear Dad/Sperm Donor:
by Rebecca Bortman

My biggest concerns are heart disease and cancer.
Do they run in the family? I kept getting asked
at appointments and I always have to say
"I am fifty percent unsure."
Once giving blood, the nurse got so excited:
"I have never met anyone like you before."
People always say that.
"Good for your mother. She must be a unique lady."
Thinking Mom was some sort of independent lesbian or
logical single woman bringing menopause.
I didn't have the heart to tell her I had a real dad.

What I really want to know is,
What I am? Am I Irish? Russian? All Polish?
In Scotland, I was, "One of the most American-
looking people I have ever seen."
I suppose my face suggests
boring, pale, and prairie state.
Maybe that's just my Polish
half covering up something
wonderful. Some rich heritage
like Native American or Japanese.
My boyfriend Carlos tells me
I dance as well as any Puerto Rican
and I adore the delicacy
of burnt rice at the bottom of the pot.
What I really want to be is Jewish.

Please, please, please. Say I am Jewish.
All the Shabbats and Yom Kippurs,
don't stop the mothers from,
"Well, you don't look Jewish."
An Asian boy once saw the pain of ages
in my eyes and said he knew I was Jewish.
Whatever I am. Thank you.
Thank you for all limbs and no disease
and a quality brain and acne so I'd use the brain.

Some good did come from filling
that cup after all. Did you know?
It's strange. I knew. I was twelve at a highway
diner and my parents started to tell me, 
but I stopped them. 
I had only ever heard 
about it from watching Made in America 
with Ted Danson and Whoopi Goldberg. 
Hey, am I black? 
Until I know for sure, I say "I might be" to all those 
"Are you...?" questions. 
It's better that way. 
In the diner, I stopped them, "I know, I'm adopted." 
That was wrong. Then I guessed right. 

All I know is that you were a medical 
student and likely a doctor by now. 
So I hope that's working out for you.
Martin Is Untied From A Whipping Post In The Heat Of Slavery
by Chris Davis

With the sinews of his bull whip I will suture my bleeding heart.

I will lash their children to the stump of my left foot and dance my two step on the shoulders of their aged and dieing.

I will strangle these men with their fob chains and thrust my filth inside them until they are pregnant with vision.

I will set the serpents upon her ankles and turn my blinded eyes to her throes.

I will reach my thorny, leathered palms to rescue her fruit, but only to slice them up when they too are ripe.

I will leave her ghosts besotted on foreign shores, and fill the bedding of my children with their soft, sweet agony.

I will tear the south from this earth by her ankles.

I will spread my wings and set flame to this nation until she breaths her last.
Grocery Shopping
by Ben Pelhan

If I were black
I wouldn’t care that Dr. King
Plagiarized whole pages
Of his doctoral dissertation
For which he was awarded
His Ph.D. in theology.
Whole paragraphs!

But, I’m white
So I have to imagine him hunkered
Down in a basement digging
Through stacks of essays
With scissors
And glue
And a devious grin and
One of those made for T.V.
Muhaha’s, and a desk lamp casting
Shadows across half his face.

Now imagine strawberries
Sitting red and ripe in the fruit aisle
Suddenly getting sour and jumping on the floor
Demanding to be treated like bananas.

Because I am white
I have to ask that Boston
U. revoke Dr. King’s Ph.D.
Since My grandparents hail from a place
Called Scotland I must request that we call
Him Mr. King instead.

But consider
Chocolate covered strawberries.
What aisle do they belong in?
Fruit, or candy? Or Maybe
In the frozen foods aisle
Because you have to keep them frozen
Or the chocolate will melt.
Then they would just be strawberries.

Now since we all know
That without his Ph.D.
Mr. King never could have led
The civil rights movement I have to ask
That we return to segregating schools, bathrooms
And even water fountains. Don’t you think

That at the state fair
They shouldn’t always just give
Out the blue ribbon to the biggest strawberry
Or the yellowest banana. Maybe
They should judge on taste.

Speaking of taste
Did Hendrix ever win a grammy,
I can’t remember I just keep hearing
Those six strings with their upside down howl.
Oh don’t get me started on left handed
People. Maybe chocolate

Covered strawberries don’t belong
In an aisle. Maybe we shouldn’t
Even have aisles and any fruit
Can be whichever fruit it wants to be
Regardless of taste, color or vine of origin.
But “that’s anarchy,” as my professor
Would say. Did I mention he’s
Left handed. He’s also black
But don’t make everything about race.
Black is just all the colors combined. Dark
Is the absences of light. White is the absence
Of any color. White light
Is the absence of imagination.
Imagination is the absinth

Of ignorance. But why do blue
Ribbons have to be blue?
Lead Belly never won
A grammy but Jamaica
Got its bobsled team,
And even though I’m white
I think we should give
Mr. King an honorary
Ph.D. He’s earned it.
Prose from Carnegie Mellon University
One Person Wonder
by Ashley Birt

"Tell me, how do you feel about slavery?" For a good majority of people, the answer to this is some variant on "it's bad". Some may elaborate on the historical ramifications. Others may respond with a simple "well, no one likes it, right?". All of the above would be appropriate responses.

"I'm not saying anything," is mine.

Freshman year of college was the first time anyone asked me that. I sat in the back of my Carnegie Mellon classroom, my eyes weary from waking up so early, my head tucked beneath my arms to make sure that I was never at the teacher's eye level. If she never saw me, she could never call on me, participation grade be damned. On one particularly chilly day, I huddled in my spot, wrapped up in extra coats, completely hidden from anyone's view. Make that almost completely hidden; apparently my teacher didn't want my participation grade to be a zero, so she attempted to bring me into the article discussion. On slavery. As I raised my head, I focused my eyes on the people around me. My heart began to race and I sunk underneath my desk. No one, except for me, was black.

High school never put me in this situation. About 60% of the students there were black. Others varied from white American to Chinese to Bulgarian to Indonesian. Everywhere you went—the hallways, the bathrooms, the bus stops—had black people. Even my higher level courses, which were known for lacking diversity, had at least one or two other black students. When I graduated, I decided to stay not only in the same city, but the same neighborhood, yet within a year I discovered that the diversity from that one building did not extend all the way down to Carnegie Mellon's campus. College, for me, is only a short walk from my high school, but that short walk is the difference between reality and a parallel universe.

I'm not saying I'd like to be in a class of only black students. Even if I had that option, I would turn it down. I like people who are different from me; if everyone I know is the same, I will never grow as a person, and then life will prove pointless. What I don't like is being the only different person drowning in the sea of sameness. What makes it worse is that, for some of my classmates, I'm the first black person they've ever seen. Suddenly, I'm their tour guide, their expert, their gateway to a strange, new culture. I cease to be a person, but rather an icon; the ultimate representative of all things black. Me, who takes pride in listening to "whiny white boys with guitars", who prefers chicken vindaloo to fried chicken. I'm supposed to represent the culture that the media paints as a bunch of baggy pants wearing, slang speaking, ghetto fabulous "pimps and hoes". Now, this image is the farthest thing from the truth, but if that's the type of person expect me to be, they've got a surprise in store. I cannot and will
not be what they want me to be. By now, I've stopped being annoyed by this and started feeling pity; anyone who wants me to represent my race is certainly misguided.

Once in a class, we discussed the use of the n-word in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. My professor, a white man, had no idea whether he could read the word, afraid of offending any black students in his class. I went to raise my hand to say that, since it's part of the book, it didn't matter. I then remembered back to high school, and thought about how this man would have fit in there. He was stiff and stumpy, fitting the stereotype associated with aging white men. His understanding of race relations appeared to be zip; while he could go on and on about the facts dealing with slavery and such things, not once had he ever spoken of it from an empathetic perspective. Rather than “it was bad, let’s figure out why”, he approached it as “it was.” The fact that he was even asking this question suggested that he didn’t quite get the distinction between a group and a person. He didn’t appear to be the most aware or approachable man, and I could imagine a situation where some of the blacks in my classes would have either complained about him to the school’s authorities or left him hanging from a locker. Slowly, though without any hesitation, I lowered my hand.

My silence doesn’t come from a lack of opinion. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is one of my favorite books of all time. Slavery has had such a huge impact on American society that issues such as affirmative action, which feels very current, are being effected by it. With friends, I’ve been known to start shouting over those who don’t realize that almost everything that deals with socio-economic factors also deals with racial factors because the two are so tightly linked. As in individual, this makes me opinionated. As a black woman, this makes me “normal”. The stereotype is that blacks are angry and loud, which, if I care enough about the subject, fits me to a tee. This isn’t a positive view, though; people assume you’re genetically wired to be like this, which makes you less rational than everyone else around you. So, not only do I stand to misinform my classmates on what “the average black person” thinks, but I can be seen as irrational if my opinion exceeds the allotted amount of passion. Now do you see why I never raise my hand?

In high school we also read *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* in a classroom with three black students and two Chinese. We read articles on the book, we studied opinions on it. We’d make fun of the NAACP’s issues with the book constantly; clearly, by calling it offensive, they missed the point. During roundtable discussions in class, the black and Chinese kids would purposely sit away from each other; the joke was that we needed to integrate the room. Sometimes, when our teacher read it aloud, she said the word; other times, she didn’t. She never apologized, and no one expected her to. Everyone had an opinion, their opinion, and she wasn’t afraid to talk about things and get everyone's individual perspective. No
one in the classroom was anyone else's tour guide, and everyone had an understanding that people were speaking for themselves.

On some level, I suppose college has introduced me to a new type of diversity. Instead of sitting in classes with Mexicans and Australians (yes, Australians), I sit with the suburbanites and rural people I've always secretly feared. My only real experience with those who dwell in the suburbs is the one time my high school mediation team went up to Seneca Valley, a local suburban high school, for "Diversity Day" (we joked for weeks that the title came from the fact that we ourselves were the diversity). Sitting next to kid who "never really had any black friends" is a new experience for me, one I should probably cherish. Perhaps he likes whiney white boys with guitars, too, or maybe he's secretly a hip-hop aficionado and, in my ignorance, I missed this. That farm girl in front of me could transcend the idea of the country bumpkin and prove to be politically educated. I could teach this person about my personal experiences, and we could both learn something. Notice I said personal. I'm not here to teach anybody about "the black experience". There isn't one, just like there isn't really a "suburban experience", a "female experience", or any other type of experience. For all certain people have in common, whether it be location or race or gender, we are not the same.

I had a conversation with once about what it means to be black or white in America. In a John Deere hat and a plaid shirt, the guy I was talking to was the picture of white farm boy. Under normal circumstances, those items alone would be my excuse to get the hell away from him, but I didn't. I've talked to him before, and although he's what I'm afraid of on the outside, he does something that other people on campus won't: he sees me as a person, a single person. We sat there and had an open conversation about race (he thinks people blow things way out of proportion and do stupid things because of it, I think sometimes we don't take things seriously enough) and guess what? I made a friend! We aren't the same, but we can be honest, and that is the first step.

I'm sure others have been in similar situations. As we were walking down the street from dinner once, a college friend of mine told that in class that week he was asked for "the gay perspective" on abstinence; he was cracking up the entire time he told me. After leaving a lecture done by Maya Angelou (which feels like a very "black" thing to attend), another friend told me that a white classmate come up to her and apologize for her loss because Rosa Parks had died. She had never met Rosa before in her life. Her reaction was one of awe and confusion; nobody is really that clueless. None of us ever get upset in front of these people; it's not as if people know any better. The fact that they ask questions at all shows that they aren't being malicious, but rather insanely ignorant. More often than not, I simply avoid questions. I don't want to be "the angry black woman", a stereotype that has caused me to be silent to avoid it. To be honest, though, I'm tired of being quiet. I didn't come to school to be censored,
in Polish and is even worse in English.

"Gut, gut," she would say, "How ees Ah-shlee?" Or Jessica. Or Carrie. It didn't matter because the conversation would soon be over. I would crack a joke to ease the tension once there was a felt pause between the two women and we would be on our way. Listening to these conversations was painful. My body tensed and I felt like I was watching a train about to crash. The train was about to go off the cliff and there was nothing I could do about it. My mother told me once that the other mothers were mean to her when I wasn't there. One mother even asked mine What Are You Doing In this Country and told her to Go Back.

In middle school I got made fun of because of my parents, so as a rule, I never let any friends come over. My house was too Polish. My parents looked too Polish, with their round faces and blue eyes. My father had a mustache when no other fathers had one. Even the way they wore their American bought clothes was Polish. I was disgusted. Why couldn't they watch some television and assimilate? Why couldn't they get some American friends? Why wasn't the American culture rubbing off on them? To become American seemed so easy to me and it came with perks. Americans didn't care when their children got bad grades and let their kids go out whenever they wanted to. Girls in my class talked back to their mothers without fear and were allowed to put on makeup and go to parties. Lying in bed at night, I would close my eyes and ask God to change my parents into Americans. Everything about being Polish seemed unfair: "You are on your own when you leave this house," my parents would say, "because you know we are not American and we can't help you. We don't speak this language." I hated hearing them reinforce that over and over. I hated feeling so alone in my American culture.

My brother and sister felt the same way, especially my sister. Even to this day she denies being Polish. She never bothered to learn the language and my parents never sent her to Polish school. My relatives look at her as if she were some sort of anomaly. "How can your daughter not speak Polish?" they ask my parents, "It is a shame." My grandmother does not acknowledge her and my sister, in turn, does not acknowledge Polish guests in our house. She will stare past them as if they were furniture or give them an American eye roll. Instead, my parents will call me over with pride and fear in their voices. They want me to impress their guests, so I make an effort to smile pleasantly and speak with a perfect accent. What Is Your Major the guests ask. English. My mother giggles nervously and tries to cover up "English" with a joke. "My daughter is majoring in a language I cannot speak," she says. Everyone laughs, but later on my father will tell me that so-and-so's daughter is going through law school and that so-and-so is forcing his son to become a doctor. Every once in a while, my father and I will find ourselves alone in a room and after a worried silence, he asks, "What are you going to do with an English major?"

How can I explain that what drew me to the language in the first
place was my desire to protect him? Rather than do math problems, I stayed up to comb the dictionary for adult-sounding words. I let the sciences slack so I could absorb Charles Dickens and speak more impressively. I read and read with fervor because somewhere between those lines lay Authority and Power. Even during my junior year of high school, I still thought about being a biologist but some days, I just really love the English language. Words like “pen” and “flower” seem more inherent then their Polish counterparts “dlugopis” and “kwiat.” Pens at their cores are three letter objects. The only true downfall to being an English major for me is that my parents won’t really ever understand my work. If I managed to write the Great American Novel or a little newspaper column in some weekly, the beauty of the words in that order would be missing to them. To my parents, a pen is in its essence forever a “dlugopis.”
Poems from
Pittsburgh's High Schools
Eye to Eye
by Emily Nagin

The sign says that 100 people
stood chest to back to shoulder
to cheek to neck to thigh to eye
to eye in each boxcar.
Inside it smells of old wood and old air,
the windowsills are worn smooth
by years of hands, brushing.
My two friends and I spin slow circles
and I try to imagine us,
wrist to wrist, together here.
She is Jewish. He is not,
but if anyone told they’d take him too.
His chest is delicate as a bird’s.
Her mouth is set and stubborn.
I think of us in camps together, their faces
going up in smoke and I want to hide them
somewhere safe, bulletproof.

I think that when age has carved canyons
through my cheeks I will still remember
this day. How we stood,
the hair on our arms rising,
the pressure in our throats.
I think I will remember the still air,
the smooth windowsills.
I think I will remember
her set mouth, his delicate ribs.
I think I will remember it perfectly.
77D
by Duncan Richer

It is so late,
it's actually early.

The solemn glow of the streetlight reflects off the wet dew glinting observantly on the pavement.

The bus moans-
it turns 6 today.
Nobody is celebrating because busses can't eat cakes.

I sit there, quietly
B
   u
   M
   P
   I
   N
   G
on the seats with cushioning like carpet
at the federal building where my aunt works.

All the white men with business suits and Rogain-smeared scalps are also
B
   u
   M
   P
   I
   N
   G
And so are the loud black girls with Wendy's uniforms and no-cream coffee as dark as they are.
They are
B
   u
   M
   P
   I
   N
   G
too.
The strong bus driver is bumping.
But that’s because he has his seatbelt on real tight.

And when the bus
B
    u
    M
    P
S
real hard because the city is poor and potholes are invading
and the black girls coffee

makes the white mans shirt brown

eybody just sits patiently. They become bystanders. They become wit-
nesses. They become spectators.

They know he’s going to explode.

And when he does,
everybody acts like they just saw the chick
flick with the predictable ending.

And then they
    step
    off
the bus’s stairs and I try not to notice the crying girl
with not enough napkins.
What *Really* Happened
by Rachel Jardini

Every time I try to write
this poem about racism
I get this far
but erase what I have
because I am worried
that it might be offensive.

I am worried
because I know
that the stereotypes
are based on truth

I hate that this is a common problem
and that the truth is worse
than the lies we use to hide it
and that we are ashamed.

I want to write a poem
about my black brother in jail,
about the smart Asian in my math class,
about the Mexican girl on welfare,
about the Iraqi man that blew up a train,
and about the white lawyers with suvs.

I am tempted to start over
and write a poem
about the new student in our class
from a country we had never heard of
that we befriended,

because I am the only one who will know
that we never actually talked to her
because her accent was weird.

I am tempted not to write
this poem about racism at all
but I know that this
cannot be left unsaid.
I am tempted to find that girl
whose name was foreign to us.
But that doesn't matter
because we never took the time
to say her name correctly
or to get to know
what else defined her
besides her foreign name
and her olive colored skin.
I wish I could find her and ask
what really happened.
Back Then With My Faith
by Vaughan Stephenson

Back when I still kept faith in God,
back when I was little,
seven or eight,
I used to go to temple and listen to the Rabbi's stories,
Then go out with my friends and look
in shop windows at clothes and books,
Then I would walk and get ice cream,
Back then before my parents divorce,
Before my stepfather left my mom because he hated women,
and he flew away to Israel,
the day before my little sisters birthday,
his daughter left alone,
back then when I was innocent,
I went to temple one day.
The Rabbi told us a story of a
man who sailed across the ocean,
and he went to an island covered in Rubies,
and when he went back home all he had was chicken dung,
after that I left with Eli and
Abe and we went to look at books,
I said by to them and they walked home
and I went along alone on my way,
then I saw two boys, sixteen or seventeen,
coming towards me,
I wasn't afraid, why should I be?
but they pushed me onto
the ground and called me 'little Jew boy',
and they took my five dollars away, my rubies,
and I returned home with nothing but chicken dung.
That was the first time I
realized that there was prejudice in this world,
and I cried to my mom and she told me it was Ok,
she told me that everything would be Ok,
but I knew it wasn't because of her fights with my step dad,
and all of the hate in the world.
White Lady Greens
by Justin Platek

I followed Felicia and Shawntae
into the small house with the glassless door.
It smelled like
a small corner restaurant,
cornbread, Miss Marjie’s famous chicken,
seafood salad, grease.
Thanksgiving in July.

“Don’t be shy now,”
a woman, probably
Felicia’s aunt (not “ant”)  
said to me, piling stacks
of the indigenous chicken
covered with Family Dollar hot sauce
onto my thin white plate.
Her perfect piano key teeth smiled.

My friends got theirs and
we finished helping ourselves.
“Dammit, Nat, where’s the greens?”
Felicia demanded.
“Eatch your other food,
we’ll put em out when they’re ready.”

We took our food to the dining room
and ate at the crowded table.
It didn’t bother me that the walls
were the only other things white.

“The greens is here!”
hollered a tall black man, leading a small group
through the front door.
“Susan made them.”
I looked at the first few females that came in.
None of them looked
like her name was Susan.

But I knew her when she entered,
a large chrome bowl covered with plastic wrap in her arms.
I smiled at the irony
of Susan serving the greens.
I expected to hear some
smart remarks,
but no one said “Ew, white lady greens.”
or
“They ain’t gon’ taste right.”

“These rull good S,” that tall man said.
She smiled and glowed soft red.

I ate my greens, wishing silently they
were called something different.
Nothing should be known
by its color.
My Brother's Keeper
by Sade Turner

I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DIDN'T FINISH HIGH SCHOOL
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DIDN'T DO WHAT YOU PROMISED
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DIDN'T GO TO THE NBA
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU HAVE SO MUCH HATE IN YOUR HEART
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU ARE SO OVERPROTECTIVE
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY PEOPLE WANT TO KILL YOU
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU FEEL DRUGS ARE YOUR ONLY INCOME
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY GOD IS NOT A FACTOR IN YOUR LIFE
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU NEVER ATTEND MY BASKETBALL GAMES
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU HATE DAD SO MUCH
I WANT TO ASK YOU WHY YOU NEED A GUN 24/7

I ALWAYS WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU SO SO MUCH AND I WISH THAT I COULD KEEP MY BIG BROTHER FROM THE ENVY THAT YOU TRY TO KEEP ME FROM I WONDER WHAT I COULD DO TO KEEP YOU FROM THAT ENVIOUS PLACE YOUR FIRST LOVE I ALWAYS WONDER WHAT I COULD DO TO KEEP YOU ALIVE I THEN REALIZE THAT I AM NOT YOUR KEEPER I CAN'T KEEP YOU LIKE I WANT TO BECAUSE THAT PLACE KEEP YOU FROM KNOWING ME LIKE I WISH YOU COULD, THAT PLACE HAS A HOLD ON YOU THAT I OR THE FAMILY NEVER HAD THE STREETS ARE MY BROTHERS KEEPER

I LOVE YOU KPT
Prose from
Pittsburgh's High Schools
The New South:
Small Town America
by Michael D'Emilio

I have grown up and still live in a neighborhood of white traditionalists; my educational opportunities are the only threads that keep me from being cast into my town's fiery pit of pettiness, intolerance, and bigotry. It goes without saying that my suburban home, Plum Borough, is a sheltered grotto of racial bias. No one says anything about it, and of course the residents would deny it, but the air is all too revealing—we are a racist community.

In all the years I have lived in Plum, which now number sixteen, I have seen only a dozen or so "people of color." I remember meeting a wealthy businessman named Matt Mitchell, who had worked with my grandmother on the town's bicentennial when she was the Borough manager. And I remember Jeff, a young black student who went to my elementary school. When I was eight and naive, I didn't really look at him as anything but a kid; he just happened to be tanner. In fact, Jeff even stood up for me one day when the white "jocks" of fourth grade taunted me.

"I like Mike. He's a cool kid," said that young student who treated me like a human.

What Jeff really stood for, though, was the erratic pattern of race in my school and in Plum. One day my class would have several black students in it; the next day it would be as white as cream. Jeff was originally in my first grade class, then he disappeared for two years, and then reappeared in fourth grade. Little did I know that this pattern would always repeat itself whenever there was a black student in my class. It didn't even take a whole year for the "racial purification" to occur—African American students entered and exited as if Holiday Park Elementary were a bus terminal.

Just a few months ago, my neighbors decided to sell their house across the street. During a tour of their home, they came over to my family's house until the visitors left. As I got two bottles of water for them, we began talking about the tour group. The first thing out of my neighbor's mouth shocked me into silence: "It's a colored family that's looking at the house." I didn't know what to say; I was totally stunned. She said that she didn't mind, but that her parents and many other town residents held on to segregation and the racial views of old. When my family find out about the colored "tourists," nearly everyone became awkwardly silent. My uncle, on the other hand, was incensed. He had a different view of blacks—to him, they were not just odd or undesirable to be around, but they were men and women who brought moral, social, and physical decay upon the area they inhabited. To him, blacks were synonymous with...
urban destruction.

"We'll all be living in Wilkinsburg," my uncle said.

His rhetoric and "logic" hinged on the idea that if an African American family moved into a white neighborhood, property values would plummet and white families would lose the money that had worked for. He had only to look at the statistics for evidence. As of 2003, the average black family had one-eighth the net worth of the average white family, and whites typically had two times more wealth than blacks. But the statistics failed to illustrate the reason for the disparity, the system of racial settlement that had been going on since Levittown. Plum remained a Caucasian area because its population had lived and remained homogenous through the 1940s and 50s, when white America had gone to great lengths to define neighborhoods by race. If a black family moved into white suburbia, Caucasians packed up, sold their homes, and resettled, lest their money and safety be lost with the increasing crime and declining economic prosperity that had been prophesied by avaricious real estate agents. But these omens, were no longer needed; the white communities of America perpetuated this propaganda. The history of ignorance and hate in Plum was the guiding force behind my family's desire to shut these migrants out. Not only was a black presence a change no one wanted, but the belief that the community would turn into a battered and decaying ghetto, a parasitic sore on tranquil life in the eyes of white suburbanites, gradually began to occupy the minds of many in my family.

When the black family did move in, nothing happened. They turned out to be an elderly couple who had gone to college and who were taking care of their amiable grandson. My uncle wondered what had happened to the grandson's parents, but the worrisome idea of heterogeneity died after the town remained standing; no fires or rapturous apocalypse overtook small Plum Borough. But the racism didn't die; like times before, in the wake of the storm, it simply returned to a state of dormancy, ready to rear its vile head once again at the sign of color.

Today, I still see Jeff on the way to my bus. He is tall and burly now, always wearing a sagging basketball jersey and a do-rag. I'll look at him, he'll look at me, and neither of us will smile. Sometimes I'll wonder if he hates me, and I think he wonders if I'm a racist. For him, it wouldn't be hard to believe; the cool kid he knew in elementary school hadn't talked to him in years. For all he knew, I could've been captured by the bigoted hand of Plum. Someday I'll tell him I wasn't and still am not.
White Coat
by Gretchen Gally

Lawn chairs, stools and recliners taken from the garbage rose up from the small patch of dirt situated at the bottom of the auction house. The oldest farmers and best breeders sat in the recliners, their feet up on the wooden plank that kept the bidders from falling into the pit with the auction cattle, sheep, pigs, goats, or occasional mille. The stench of dirt and sweat from the show ring, or the men, was so strong that it stung the inside of my nose. I winced and held up my hand, hoping that the scent of soap and lotion could cover it. My cousin, Jenny, born and raised on a farm, breathed normally.

"City-girl don’t like the farm animals,” my aunt teased. She patted my shoulder, gingerly, not to get my white coat dirty. I smiled.

"It’s not just the animals.” I pointed down to one of the Amish people wearing a heavy woolen shirt and black boots with laces. He had bowl-cut hair and yellow teeth. “That’s Jonah,” Jenny said. “He helped build our barn.”

The man looked up from filling his pipe, his hands working swiftly over the tobacco and packing it into the bowl. They were brown hands, stained from hard work and hours out in the fields guiding horses and plows. He looked up and around the auction house when his eyes met mine. He smiled, but I turned my back on him.

“How long do these things usually last?” I asked.

“Usually an hour or two, depending on how hot the bidding gets, or how much stock was brought.” Jenny looked over my shoulder. “Jonah’s coming over. Be polite.”

“Polite? What?”

The man called Jonah showed up at my elbow. He held his pipe in his left hand, using the other to tip his hat to my aunt, cousin, and finally me.

“Ladies, how are you?” When he spoke, I expected broken English to come out. Instead, his German accent rolled out with the words and filled the space between us with something of tradition and lost culture, something different from myself. “Are you planning on buying any animals, young lady?”

“Me?”

“Her?” My cousin laughed and leaned against the back of a chair to support herself.

“Jonah, this is my niece, Sarah. She’s visiting from Pittsburgh.” My aunt put her arm around my shoulder.

“All the way from Pittsburgh? It’s nice to meet you, Sarah.” Jonah wiped his hand on his grey homemade pants before he held it out to me to shake. I stared at it. “I’m Jonah Yoder.”
I paused too long and I felt a finger in the small of back from my aunt. I looked up to her; she scowled. I carefully stuck my hand out of my pocket and gave Jonah’s hand a quick rattle. His hand was rough against mine, like he worked too hard or I didn’t work hard enough.

“How long are you staying, Sarah?”
“Five days,” I mumbled.
“You should be careful not to ruin that white coat while you’re up here,” he said.
“Lots of dirt floating around.”
“I’ll be careful, thanks.” I lifted the hand he shook up to my nose. Trying to be casual, I smelled it.

“Okay. Well, Pat, it was nice to see you again.” Jonah nodded to my aunt and headed back to the cluster of other Amish people on the other side of the level. I let out the audible breath I didn’t know I was holding.
“I don’t like to mingle with them either,” the old man sitting in the chair Jenny was leaning on said. He turned himself around and took off his trucker hat and put it in the pocket of his oversized flannel coat. “They just dirty to me.”

Aunt Pat opened her mouth to speak, but stopped. Jenny stared at me, flicking a piece of her blonde hair out of her eyes.
“I especially wouldn’t want to touch them wearing white either. Never seen an Amish that didn’t ruin everything they touched.”
“Ruin?”
“When my father was building our fence line—I live on Rycole Road—he had some Amish from down the road help with the lumber. Those men wasted more wire and wood than my father could afford! Had to sell off some of the horses because they wouldn’t stay in without a good fence.”
“I’m sure that it wasn’t just the Amish’s fault,” my aunt said.
“You’d be surprised what them Amish can do. Can’t trust a single one of them.”

Always wanting rides in the car, borrow a telephone.”
“Sarah,” Jenny cocked her head back to the side, “let’s go.”

I stumbled over my Aunt Pat’s foot as we headed down the dusty hallway to the balcony over looking the incoming animals. She walked quickly, so that I had the skip to keep up with her. She stopped short as she came to the walkway. She walked carefully, slowly over the animals.

“I didn’t want to hear anymore of that bull.” Jenny rested her hands on the wooden railing. The cows below us shuffled in the dirt and mooed loudly.

“Yeah,” I said, only half-heartedly. I didn’t see what that man was so wrong about. Even my aunt had said that they didn’t do the best job on her barn. I didn’t like the Amish, either.

“I don’t know where those old guys get off putting other people down like that. Just because they are a little different. At least they aren’t screwing around with other people’s wives like that guy.” She unzipped
her outer jacket. “They might have different beliefs than us, but you know what I mean. They’re still people.”

“I guess so.” They were too different, though. People or not they were like a whole other species, native to Germany, but raised in captivity around the Pennsylvania area.

“Animals,” I mumbled.

I kicked a pebble into the crack between the wood planks. It hit a pig and it squealed. I looked over the railing to the mass of bodies moving below me like a churning sea. All the pigs were trapped in a wooden crate, pushing their snouts into each other’s bodies, eating each others’ tails. They squealed like the last scene in a horror film, like animals. I thought to Jonah, calling him an animal, thinking that he wore clothes and he spoke English and he made art. Pigs didn’t do that; they ate their own tails. They were the animals. They were.

“Sarah, don’t do that.” Jenny tapped the top of my shoe. I looked up, startled.

“Nobody wants to hear them cry. You know, I heard that pig skin is just as sensitive as a human’s.”

I looked up at her, my hands in my pockets.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I won’t do it again.”

“Oh, I don’t care, I just don’t want us to get yelled at.” She flashed a smile that I recognized in her mother. “Let’s go back to the auction. My mom might buy something this time.”

She started to shuffle along the walkway. I pulled my hands out of my pocket and touched the railing.

“Jenny, is it true that the skin is as sensitive as a human’s?”

“No,” She turned around and laughed. “But I thought it sounded nice.”
Dancing Around Color:
A Story about Mixed Perceptions
by Lindsay Machen

As the reigning model on the big Island (Kingston, Jamaica), she received a full scholarship to the program to represent her nation. I met Umrada on the third day of the three-week international summer dance program. Six of my best friends had attended this program for three years running. We entered the classroom with an air of certainty; we were old pros. Class placement auditions had lost their terrifying affect and the idea of spending eight and half hours a day dancing was no longer daunting. As I stood amongst my white friends, Umrada and her fellow Jamaicans approached our little clique. Her averse stance, gliding gait, and dark skin awed my peers establishing Umrada as an apparent superior. Her advance silenced our jabber and we looked up to the dark figure in front of us. Mine was the first offer of friendship.

"Hello."

"How are you?" she asked in affected English.

"Great, excited to be back. This is my third year; what country are you from?" I questioned.

"Jamaica. Where do you come from?"

I didn't board at the college because I lived a mere twenty minutes away from the campus.

"Oh, I am from here, America; Pittsburgh specifically."

"You don't look American."

I wouldn't say that my appearance is exotic but frequently I am mistaken for an Israeli or an Italian. My dark skin tone and copious amounts of curly, black hair deceive for both of my parents are white and my heritage mainly Austrian-American. Class was called into session just after her statement and I didn't have time to ponder the declaration. Her accent and unfamiliarity intrigued my friends and I and we encouraged her to sit with us at lunch and invite her friends. Suddenly, our coterie had expanded. Our group was en route to becoming a mass organization. Umrada and her friends were welcomed and immediately inculcated with knowledge necessary for the successful completion and survival of the program. Tips were exchanged and we decided that the far end of the recently remodeled cafeteria was to be our lunch haunt for the remainder of the program. Umrada and her friends focused their energy on myself and my friend Pamela, an African-American girl, and ignored my other white friends. At the time, I didn't understand her dismissal and focused more on her incredible culture and unique ethnicities.

"So, like, what is an average day like for a teenager in Jamaica,"
asked Pamela.

“We are like all you, see? We have beaches at our disposal though and that makes warm days awesome” Umrada implied.

My fascination with cultures and customs dates back to my early childhood when I first met my good friend Emmanuel. Her family hailed from Africa and her skin interested me beyond comprehension. My elementary school had little diversity and Emmanuel was one of the few girls of color. My questions were endless and, know that I reflect on them, slightly intrusive. I saw Emmanuel as my friend, but chiefly my Black friend. As Pamela queried Umrada, this memory flashed before me; a different time but the same interest and fixation.

It was the second to last day of the program. Umrada and I met up early, skipping the last half-hour ballet class prior to lunch, to celebrate our success and drown out the cries of our aching limbs with cool frappuchino’s. As I selected my usual Mint Chocolate Chip frappuchino and savored the layers of whipped cream adorning the mountain of caloric goodness, Umrada asked me a question.

“Are you mixed?”

“Hmm...” I said; my mouth filled with an unprocessed ice chip.

“Are you mixed?”

After three weeks of Umrada’s company and endless conversations, I still had trouble understanding her accent. What sounded to me like “Peatsboor” was her way of articulating Pittsburgh. Communication wasn’t our strong point; a principal made even clearer in those following minutes. It took me several more pardons before I could understand her query.

“Oh, no. Just White.”

With a confused look, she asked, “Your dad isn’t Black?”

“No. I am just tan,” I explained.

“Ah, I just thought you were,” she said.

The light bulb went off. As I finished the last slurp of my frappuchino, I realized why Umrada had ever ventured over to my corner of the room that first day. She thought I as Black. As we wove our way through the busy downtown streets back to the college, Umrada walked ahead of me and never glanced back to see if I was keeping up with her stride; I wasn’t; we weren’t in sync anymore. Something had changed and I was the one left behind. It wasn’t that Umrada didn’t want to be my friend; she just didn’t need to be my friend. When she believed that one of my relatives was African-American, we had something in common; something tangible that both she and I could relate to. The realization that I wasn’t took away our similarity and ultimately, our friendship. Her demeanor after the “answer” was neither harsh nor terse. She treated me like she had treated my other friends throughout the term. I had dismissed her previous blithe attitude towards them as incompatibility. What I didn’t realize was the aforementioned inharmonious existence prevailed through-
out the summer because of their race. Their skin tone was what created her attitude which I didn’t realize until I was subjected to the shift.

Umrad and I still exchange e-mails sporadically but our friendship has never fully recovered. She no longer sees me as her friend but as her white friend. I don’t fault her for her choice in ostracizing me. Rather, I have learned something valuable from the exclusion. My first impression and decision to admit Umrad was because of her skin color and the incredible culture from which she derived; her reasons for friendship, the shade we shared. She and I, in actuality, never developed a friendship. We were individuals who saw one another in hues; we had danced around the issue of race.
My Half-World
by Sonya Narla

India is hot, and today was no different. The mosquitoes slowed in the viscous air and when I sat down on the porch my palms left wet impressions on the concrete. The ceiling fan outside provided some breeze, and the cucumber I was eating soothed the inside of my mouth like water on coarse coal. Today we were going into the city, to shop and explore. My uncle pulled around the house, waving to the lady with the vegetable cart, and my brother, father, mother, and I all crowded into his small red car. We passed houses, huts, new apartment complexes, brilliant flowers, carts full of spices, vegetables, and fruits, bicycles, goats, and the small children in their light blue school uniforms all sharing the same street. When I squinted my eyes, all I could see through the open window was a blur of motion, polka dotted with the pink Bougen Villa flowers adorning the streets. It never ceases to amaze me how different I find India from the States. In India, everything is bursting with vibrant colors, adding beauty to the poverty that is so obvious when compared to the U.S. The spicy south Indian food makes a statement in my mouth, and the bucket-showers take me back to my childhood. Sometimes I love this cultural change, and sometimes I resent it, but mostly I try to absorb it and make it a part of me. As we neared the city, the streets became crowded with scooters, auto-rickshaws, busses and cars. Horns sounded everywhere, reflecting the disorganization of India’s roads. Oftentimes vehicles drove on whatever side of the street was empty, and it was easy to get stuck in traffic, which we did.

When we stopped moving, all I could feel were the bodies pressed up next to me, and the stares from the vehicles surrounding us. I looked over to my left and met the stares coming from the car next to ours. Since I am at least three shades lighter than the average Indian, long looks are something I should be used to, but I’m not. I feel almost apologetic, and want to convince them, as much as I need to convince myself, that I belong here.

The stares burn into my cheek for too long, moving from my half-Indian face to my western clothes. My hair comes from my Indian side. Thick and black, it curls much like my grandmother’s long braid. My skin, however, is a paler, less vibrant version of bronze, with freckles dashed across my nose and cheeks. My eyes are deep set like my mother’s and her Irish ancestors’ yet are laced with the dark lashes of my Indian side. The color is my own, for they’re neither as dark nor infinite as my father’s eyes, nor are they translucent blue like my mother’s. I can’t help but hope that my eyes reveal more than a clouded reflection of my two halves.

When we get to the shops, browsing does not come any easier. I step into the store and immediately am overcome with the drifting scent of
sandalwood from the handcrafted jewelry boxes. Hand-woven silk drapes over shelves, as fluid and abundant as London fog. Salwar Kameezes, embellished dresses accompanied by thin pants, fill the store. When I ask the lady at the counter for help in picking out a Salwar Kameez, she looks at me blankly, wondering why I would need help. I feel awkward and guilty for not knowing these small simple aspects of my own culture already. Sulking in my own paranoia, I simply leave the store, without my Salwar Kameez and without learning anything.

Outside of the store, I feel stares coming from the left and the right. I'm more aware of my capris and soccer tee shirt than ever before. I am ashamed to be in my own skin and my own clothes; I desperately want to be a part of this world, my half-world.

As we near home, I get out of the car early and opt to walk the rest of the way, hoping for some time to sulk and reflect. I weave around potholes and follow the shade of the mango trees down the street. Two girls walk in front of me, each clutching a Thums Up Cola. The girls turn into the gate of their home and sit down. One flings her braid over her shoulder while the other continues talking, a mix of the Hindi I don't understand and of the laughter I do. As I pass, they stop chatting and look over at me, walking down the street by myself. Pushing the day's events behind me, I muster up some courage and walk towards them. Smiling, I say hello and continue in English. The girls both break out into friendly smiles and accented English, while I try to pick up some basic Hindi. We make designs with white chalk on their porch as a welcome for visitors the next day. As time passes, I am suddenly at ease. When it comes time for me to head home, I say goodbye with a smile and some Hindi they had tried to teach me.

My heart tells me that I have a right to learn about my culture, and yet I still feel guilty for having to work for it to be a part of me, instead of it coming naturally. I certainly do not have everything worked out, and I'm still apprehensive, but I now know that by not facing the issue, I keep myself from something that is mine. Sometimes you are oppressed or kept away by other people, but oftentimes you are oppressing yourself. The answer is not giving in to paranoia; the answer is not being scared and walking out of a store; the answer is not hiding away. The application might be difficult, but in the end the choice is yours. When it comes to race, culture, ethnicity, the importance is not in succumbing to the fear that others may not accept you, but rather in realizing that accepting others, or accepting yourself, is half of the struggle.
The Fight between African-Americans and Africans

by Michael Babatunde

Life is a hurting thing in so many ways. It just seems we can not all get along in this world even among people of the same race. There is dissension everywhere one looks. This is contrary to how I think and how I am brought up. My parents have always emphasized the need to respect all people regardless of race or gender. Hence, my value system is based on fairness and equality for all. However, this whole concept was shattered within a split second one sunny afternoon in July. Personally, this was an eye opener.

It all started as a friendly gathering when a close group of friends and myself decided at 3 P.M. to play competitive series of basketball tournaments at a nearby public court. When we reached our destination at the courts, it was evident tension among us was lurking in the air. When my closest friend Lynn, an African-American, decided to articulate a cleverly racist joke, it turned out to be offensive not only to black people, but also to my African culture. His ever-so-famous punch-line joke opened with the phrase, "What is the difference between Africans and Niggers." I was quite aware of where his ignorant simple-minded joke would lead. Before he was able to speak his next racist line, my emotions were boiling like two trains headed for a straight on collision, and I exclaimed, "Lynn, shut up if you only want to make racist jokes." I will never forget the next few actions that took place. My hands trembling, my palms sweating, tears running down the sides of my cheeks, I was waiting for the battle between the two of us to take place. Lynn’s pride was just provoked by my assertive action, and he would retaliate with the strongest words ever said to me.

"Not only are you the color of tar, but you’re one of those poor Africans who wander through villages." Never before have I witnessed such venom from my own race. I have heard numerous derogatory comments about the color of my skin from fellow black people, but this was the first time my African heritage was attacked. In a split decision with no thinking involved what-so-ever, I took an uncontrollable swing at Lynn’s face hoping to restrain him from speaking for a while. But what I did not count on was missing his face; Lynn’s reaction to the swing demonstrated a cat’s quick reflexes because he immediately ducked and followed with a swing to my face. His swing directly hit the center of my cheek causing me to stumble, lose my balance, and land on the pavement. I was not thinking of stopping the fight and talking things out. I was enraged like a mad dog at its owner, and I wanted him to feel the pain I was feeling. I quickly recovered after his swing and gave a decisive blow to his jaw rattling it from left to right with spit flying from the wide corners of his mouth. I pounced
like a lion on its prey and hit him consecutively on his face three times in a row until I found myself heavily breathing over him. I stepped back and he quickly gathered to his feet running toward me with blood dripping from his nose to the ground.

At this point I was unable to defend myself for I had used all my energy; my arms felt like two hundred pounds. I stood there watching him run toward me with a sinister look upon his face. Before he was to reach me, my group of friends intervened, breaking up our truculence that lasted for several minutes. I walked over to the far end of the basketball court and looked at him at the opposite end of the court. He, with a ring of blood around his nose and me with my clothes torn hanging now below my knees I was certain this fight was an excellent example of black on black crime. Two close friends were rendered enemies because of ignorance and racism. Lynn’s lack of respect for my culture and skin tone unleashed a side of me whose only purpose was to inflict pain. I had nothing to him; he had nothing to say to me. We both understood the impact of what that fight really meant.

Since this incident arrays of questions have crossed my mind for which I am still searching for answers. I am baffled as to what the color of my skin has to do with my intellectual capacity. I am perplexed as to why Americans attach so many stigmas to one’s race. It’s very frustrating to me that no matter my achievements, my race determines what type of person I am. These questions and many more have inundated my feeble mind, but for now I must continue to work hard and destroy any obstacles that stand in my way.
Biracial Girl
by Elizabeth Davis

“\textit{I have a dream, that one day people will be judged on their character rather than their color}”.\footnote{Words from Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. How true and deep his words were. What would have happened, if he never said those words? I wonder what would happen if no one did anything to stop racism. Since Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. said his speech, he changed the entire world. After his speech blacks and whites started to talk, becoming friends, and respecting one another. However, in the year 2005, racism still exists. It is not as bad as it was when Dr. King was alive, but people still are racist. The main thing that has changed is that it’s not just blacks and whites anymore, its Hispanics, Italians, Chinese, Vietnamese, French, all these different cultures fighting one another. It’s like Dr. King’s words mean nothing now. What happened? Why are we acting this way? We should remember what Dr. King did for us, what Rosa Parks did for us, what Harriet Tubman did for us. Why are we fighting? I know why. Nobody likes what they see. When they see mixed races, Chinese and Black, or Hispanic and White they don’t like it. So, they fight with us. Not always physically, but verbally, and not always verbally but secretly. What can we do?}

I’m 14 years old and I’m biracial. My mother is white and my father is black. They love each other very much. Who is to judge them? Who is to judge me, when they see me walking with my mother? Why must I compete with both races. I’m not liked by some white people because I’m not fully white. I’m not liked by some black people because I’m not fully black. When I walk in a store with my mother, people stare but not when I’m with my father. It’s not a stare as “oh that little girl is pretty”, it’s a stare “what is that black girl doing with that white woman”. Sometimes I want to get up and shake these people and scream “What is wrong with you, what did I ever do to you”? But, of course I don’t. I hold it in and say to myself “I love my mother very much and no body can change that no matter what someone else says or does”. No one has stepped up to actually say anything, discriminating to me in a long time, but it did happen, once in my life.

I remember this event as if it happened yesterday. It happened this year and I was amazed. As my mother and I were walking my dog, we approached a street where we saw a man standing by his house, letting his dog run loose. My mom watched the man to see if he had his dog under control. The dog was not leashed an it was running up and down the street. So we crossed the street and walked on the other side. This man’s dog came over to ours and started messing with our dog. My mom yelled, “Get your dog now!”, and the man started to run over. My mom tried to bat the dog away from ours, but the dog wouldn’t move away. The man

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kept calling his dog but, it wouldn’t listen. My mom kept yelling until finally the man grabbed his dog. But instead of yelling at the dog for not listening he started screaming at my mother.

Hurtful, painful remarks coming out of this man’s mouth. It hit my mother like a train, and each painful word hit me too. I didn’t know what to do. I’m the only spoken one in my family and for once I didn’t speak up until it was too late. After the man kept spitting out the hateful words toward my mother, I turned around and screamed “Shut up, Shut up!” over and over again. I was inflamed with fury, I was so upset and hurt by this man. How dare he call my mother those names, No one calls my mother those names. So I kept saying “Shut up”, until he yelled “half breed”. He called me a “half breed”. That hit me like a bullet. My heart dropped, my stomach was turning. I wanted to punch his lights out, I wanted to tackle him to the ground. But, all I did was walk away.

This man was black. I couldn’t believe this. He was a brother, disrespecting a little girl that was also black. I didn’t see him as a man; I saw him as a monster.

Discrimination is not just between different races, it can be the same race, not liking what they see. I have never gone back down that street since then. I’ve walked a different path and tried to avoid any where near that place. I’m still scared. I’m scared that he’ll pop up and hurt me if he sees me walking. All I think everyday is, “What did I do?”

What can we do as bi-racial people? What can we say? All we can do is believe in who we are and know who we love. We don’t need to prove ourselves to be accepted in the world, no race does. We all need to stand together and love one another. Don’t look at the race; concentrate on the person. As I always say “Who are we to judge other races when we ourselves are a race?”

I too have a dream that one day people will be judged by their character rather than their color. People are judged by their characteristics but, color always seems to be considered before we judge who they are. Why is this? So, many questions and who is to answer them? No one can answer these questions just out of the blue. We need to study the questions and understand what people are asking. Everyone wants to be heard and respected, but why won’t they listen. And other question...Will you answer?
No Child is Born a Racist
by Ashleigh Parker

January 1, 1863, President Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, hoping to end the most profound form of racism, slavery. But for those of us wrapped in skin of various shades of brown, true freedom from racial persecution lies somewhere in the unforeseen future.

Being viewed as different can have many devastating effects on people of all ages and races, whether it’s being denied adequate housing, being denied a job for which one is qualified, being called names, or having to endure studying the Civil War surrounded by all white classmates. The latter two I can personally relate to.

Several years ago my mother began letting me do my own hair, which hung right below my shoulders. I wanted my hair to shine like all the white girls in my class, so I sprayed oil sheen on it; I probably sprayed too much, and for this I was severely punished by the boys at school. Since I was the only black student in a class of twenty-six, I became the subject of humiliation. They began calling me “Greased Lightning.” They questioned me. “Why is your hair so shiny? Why does it always look wet? Why does it always poof up rather than lie straight after we go swimming?”

I endured their taunting silently, hoping it would soon end. They made fun of me in school, when they saw me on the street. They even made fun of me at the most exciting event of the school year, the Pirate’s baseball game. “Go Greased Lightning, GO!” they all chanted to the dismay of my two cousins. I felt like dying; I felt like hitting everyone of them. My cousins rushed to my parents and told them what was happening. When I saw the look on my mother’s face I wanted to crawl into a hole and hide; a sick feeling rose up into the pit of my stomach.

During high school, I always dreaded the day I would finally have to take eleventh grade African American history. It wasn’t because of the teacher; it was because of the course content. The study of slavery, the Civil War, and America in the early 1900’s were parts of the curriculum. I sat dejected and humiliated in the class, as I watched white students laugh at photos of black men being lynched. I tolerated class discussions in which these cynical, spoiled, ill-mannered students not only agreed with the enslavement of an entire race of people, but who felt that slavery should still exist. On many occasions I tried to reason with these individuals, but I did not succeed. I endured while these white students from wealthy families passed me in the hall and looked the other way because my skin seemed to “offend” them. It was at such times that I wished to be invisible; I wished that God actually did create us all equal through the eyes of mankind: equal in personality traits, equal in status, and equal in color.

Seeing the hurt and shame others have endured, has caused me to strive to accept people on the basis of their character and not the color.
of their skin. I am often reminded of six-year-old Ruby Bridges, one of the first students to integrate the schools in New Orleans, Louisiana. She suffered anguish and loneliness, but in the end, this long strange journey changed the way she viewed others and herself forever.

Can I say that the incidents that I have experienced and read have made me a stronger person? Yes. Will I ever get used to it? No, not really. I don't think one will ever get used to suffering because they are considered "different." Only a change of heart can end racial discrimination. How do I change the hardened hearts of people? I don't know how. "Hatred is not instinctive, it's learned." What I have learned is that no piece of paper will end racial discrimination, only the actions and willingness of others will change this nation.