

Ahnaf Chowdhury

Valley Catholic

7th grade

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My Black Life

My name is Cally Richard Robison. I am in 8th grade at the school named Stanley. I was supposed to be at 9th grade, because of the dropout I am in 8th grade. I was born at October/6th/1946. My father past away before I was born. My father's name was Jeff Ransy Robison and my mom's name was just Rosie Robison. Since my dad past away we do not have too much money in the bank. Without my dad I would suck at my education. The thing I hated about my childhood was that I had no brother nor sister and I lived in the south. I never had any friends because my mother felt frightened that I would get kidnapped by them since we lost her husband.

I live in a world full of discrimination and selfishness. I do not want to go to school because many white people go there. They would always bully me after school. My mother told me about how in the 1500's, black people would have to sit in the bus and drink from separate water fountains. I hated this! I wanted white men to see me as brave no matter what. I have never had any friends, but I have wished for many years for a friend either white, black or any color.

One day, my mom and I moved to a new house because our house was starting to have a gas leak. We moved into a really nice neighborhood. I saw a white person in the yard behind us. He jumped out of the swing and got out of the gate and gave me a smile and waved hello. He looked like a fourteen-year-old person. When I was about to say hello to him, my mom covered my mouth because that time black people didn't want to mix with white people or most white people did not want to mix with black people. So that white boy did not respond and went back to his swing.

After my study break because of my homeschooling just for one day, I wanted to greet and meet this white guy in the backyard. I told him, "My name is Cally Robinson." He responded to me, "My name is Herox Jefferson." I thanked him for saying hello. He told me that he noticed I am a black person and said we can maybe keep this a secret, so I agreed. I agreed because I wanted to have a friend and if I tell my mom she would have gotten mad at me. Then every day while I had break, we would play with each other in the backyard. When I would see him in the yard, I would quietly sneak out downstairs. We would play on the swing and play tag. We would also play chess. But when it would rain we would stay home.

One day Herox's cousin named Ron Scuffle came over and saw that Herox was playing with me. So when Herox's mother heard that, she told Herox to come inside. Herox was told not to play with me or any other black people and to only play with his cousin. Herox's mother, Morgan, came to our house and complained to my mother about what happened with us. My mother didn't say anything, but she felt bad inside herself. I cried for an hour because I did not have any friends. I "thought" who cares about friends. I knew my whole family is my friend, including my house. This made me smile.

I, as a black person, hate it when others lose their friends. It feels like you gave them your secret and everything about yourself, but now you can't talk to them anymore. It feels much worse especially to myself that I lost only one friend I found, Herox. Also it doesn't really matter if they are white, black or neither. **I am a black child, why can't a white person be my friend?**

