

Roadblock



A major roadblock that temporarily had was the worst I ever had in this point of my life. It was when we move from New York to Mississippi to visit my dad's foster mother before she passed away. She was 96 years old. I always despised the south; I hated Mississippi because many people were corrupted, disrespectful and treated each other lower than dirt.

Crime rates were high and you hear about people being killed, raped, and kidnapped every day. Since we were already in Mississippi dad decided to visit his brother. An uncle the family never met before and the only one we were able to meet out of 7 other uncles whom were separated from each other in foster homes. They are nearly impossible to find. When we met our uncle we were staying in Hazlehurst, Dad wanted to stay a while because he was reunited after more than 30 years.

That's when my roadblock begins and the explanation of why I hated living in Mississippi. I had to go to school in Hazlehurst because my parents didn't know how long it would be before we moved. We ended up spending 2 years and a half living in Hazlehurst and within those years was the worst years of my life attending school there. Within those 2 and a half years of school I was dealing with extreme prejudice racial problems, being bullied, harassed, and violence. I was going to a school called Hazlehurst High. It was a school filled with only black kids and there was just a few Hispanics there and only one white student and 1 white teacher at the time.

I was treated so badly, they treated many outsiders outside of Mississippi and from the city like crap. Many guys there were all about being gangster and a thug. Gangs were strong and I was not use to it because I was from Ithaca, New York a peaceful and pleasant place. While in school many guys liked me because I was the "New Girl" and my skin was a very tan compared to all of them and so they referred to me as "the light skin girl". Also I was feeling scared and Uncomfortable at this school it was a level 1 school, a school that the state had to take over.

This was a road block because I was unable to learn and I couldn't receive a proper education because of the low education system. Everything they taught in their high school I already learned back in Ithaca New York during Middle school (level 5 schools). This school was far behind and therefore I fell behind from what I was supposed to learn that wasn't being taught. The things I already knew was considered college level in their town. I won't ever forget this one guy who harassed me so badly on my 3rd day of school in English class.

I had to sit next to him and he started leaning over towards me and then he touched my thigh and I slap his hand off me. He then grabbed my desk and yanked it to him and I tried moving back away but he was too strong gripping the desk. When I finally broke way he grabbed my pants and yanked at it fiercely tugging at my uniform pockets trying to touch me and he started talking out loud saying disgusting things and then I got up from my chair and ran out into the hallway crying and panicking I felt violated. I was so terrified and couldn't stop shaking. And I heard one guy laughing saying "You scared that little light skin girl".

The teacher walked out to me and asked what happened and when I told her what happened, the guy was expelled from school for sexual harassment my mother filed charges. People were picking on me because I was mixed Cherokee, German, White, and black. They found out after some nosy guy listening to me and my friend's family conversations during class. I didn't think it such a big deal. Students then began to bother me every day and picked on me calling me racist names.

They knew my dad was white and one day when my dad walked into the school to sign me out for an appointment, a lot of the black kids started pointing, staring and yelled out cracker to my dad. They kept calling me a half cracker and humiliating me to the point that I was embarrassed for my dad to pick me up from school whenever I had an appointment. But then I thought to myself, that's my dad I should never be embarrassed of my own father and so instead when ever dad walked in to pick me up for an appointment I would walk out with a smile talking to dad. I even gave my dad a big hug in front of them all one day to prove a point. It was few months later that they began harassing my entire family outside of school.

Students from my school threw bricks and beer bottles at our 400\$ tent, beating at our door, hitting at the side of our house, running through our yard at night. They kept destroying our property and our back porch light. They kept stealing the light bulb and breaking it. One time we caught this one kid throwing a brick at our porch light and running away and my mom had chased after him but couldn't catch him. Someone even tried to break in our house before so we had to setup a security camera. It wasn't safe for me to ever leave the house other than for school because a lot of older men kept trying to flirt with me and we lived right next door to a sex offender and pedophile who kept watching me.

For being mixed white I was called a half cracker, an Oreo, checkerboard, gram cracker, white girl, Panda girl, and wigger. All I could do was be nice to them, ignore the things they said to me and to try my best to be helpful to them and be to myself but they still treated me like crap. I tried so hard to be friends with them all and show them that just because a person is mixed don't mean they are no different than anyone else. My teachers said I will have to keep ignoring them and that the kids are out of control to the point that they couldn't do anything. My teacher told me the school was filled with ignorance and that if anything my family should consider homeschooling for a while. She also gave me recommendations to another school.

For being mixed German they called me a gram cracker Nazi. People would point and yell out "It's the seed of Hitler!" I won't forget when the school was having a fire drill and on our way out the door a guy yelled out "Nazi! She's going to bomb the school run!" and I ran out the door ready to cry. A few people would stop in the hallway and start walking like German soldiers each time they saw me walking by.

For being mixed Native American this one guy name Big John (one of the main guys that bullied me) one day stopped in front of me and started dancing spinning around in circle making native noises. This one girl name Trisha (a girl that picks on me every 5th period) in my 5th period class she pretended to jump out her seat saying "be careful ya'll the spirit dancer going to steal your soul". I was called a tree hugger, Wagon burner, nature lover, and peace pipe stoner. They made casino jokes about me but I couldn't argue back because I have a family member that owns a casino in California. People use to tug and yank at my hair and throw things at me when I was on the bus and in my classrooms. Someone yelled out "Go to your reservation land!" I always thought to myself these people are absolutely pure hypocrites because the school mascot is "Indian Warriors" the gym was decorated with Native Americans and the team was called warriors and yet they treated Native Americans like this?

For being mixed black they didn't bother me about that at all it was the only thing they couldn't pick on me about because to me it would be as if they were racist toward themselves then.

There was chaos one day because the Native Americans that lived in Mississippi around Hazlehurst they were demanding the school to change their mascot (mascon name was Indians representing Native americans) name to something different because they were an utter disgrace to them. This one new girl in school was white and

and it was her first day. Someone grabbed her by the hair and removed her wig exposing her bald head and laughing at her. SHE HAD CANCER and they made fun of her and did that to her on her first day! The next day she never returned. She never attended the school ever again after her first day.

My mom was about to sue to school because of all I been through. It was getting out of hand the guys use to set the bathrooms on fire and smoke weed in the bathrooms a lot. The hallways would fill up with smoke; there were school rivalries between Hazlehurst High and Crystal Spring's high school. After the big football game they vandalized the inside of our school, and the main office was trashed and graffiti was on the outside of our school building. The school was becoming too dangerous which is why it's a road block I couldn't learn. I wasn't in a good learning environment, I didn't learn anything and the teacher's barley did anything at all other then let the students do whatever and still get paid.

My breaking point was on the bus was when my siblings were being bullied again. They we pulling on my hair behind the seat and throwing pencils and papers at my brothers I. This one girl happened so to make my little brother start crying (age 8 at the time) and I got enough courage to stand up and tell her to leave us alone. She yelled back cussing and so I sat back down. The bus driver pulled the bus over and directly warned her to leave me alone and stop provoking me but she didn't listen. She took a football helmet and hit me in the head really hard and then I snapped. At that moment my entire body went numb and I went into rage people began to freak out and my brother tried to calm me down. The bus driver was at the stop light when we began to fight on the bus each time she hit me I couldn't feel people tried to hold me back because they knew I finally snapped. I wanted to hurt her as much as possible and I did. She ran to the front of the bus and I jumped over the seats and bust her through the windshield of the bus. I fought because that's was how I had to defend myself from her and to keep her away from my brothers as well.

I didn't get in trouble at all because the bus driver warned her and so she ended up paying for the windshield, people began to stop picking on me and left me alone. I can only take so much harassment, sexual assaults, bullying for certain amount of years. I found out that my mom's family friend was related to the girl I fought and that they were apologizing about how she kept harassing me and my brothers. I still remember that after her 3 day suspension when she was back on the bus she publically apologized to me and my brothers and I forgave her. She was the only person that I then gave respect to other than my friends because she was the only one to apologize from treating me so badly out of everyone else in school. It made me feel a lot better but still bad that it took a fight to make people stop picking on me.

I knew the only way I was going to get a better education, escape my depression, learn, and feel free was by my parents moving. That's when in October 2008 we moved here to Boise Idaho for a fresh new beginning. I was so excited it was the happiest day ever to know I was moving. I wasted no time packing away and leaving things behind. I enjoyed every waking moment traveling on the open road viewing the beautiful scenery. My mother stopped alongside the road and picked up a rock from the mountain. It was like saying this is my new beginning along with the thought of starting off fresh and attending a better educational school to get back on track. Even though I had to go to Frank Church because they said I was 2 years behind in education due to my last school being a level 1. I'm so glad I caught up 2 years work of work within months. I'm so happy now that I'm at a new school in a new state. I never tell anyone I moved from Mississippi to here I just say I moved from New York to Here because that's where I originally lived before Mississippi. Even though I was born in Mississippi my parents refused to be there so I was raised in Ithaca New York starting at starting at age 2. The rest of my siblings were born in Ithaca New York. It was our home town 10 years we lived there.

I never faced a single problem here in Frank Church High. Everyone is really generous to me and treat me respectfully. I made a lot of friends so fast! People appreciate me for being a fun, helpful and loving person. I felt so free and the fact that no one has picked on me yet or been racist towards me they accept me for who I am and they don't judge me by tone or by what I'm mixed and that's what matters most to me. I get along with everyone

one so far. I noticed here in Boise its very multi cultural as well. No one here has caused me stress, I had a tremendous breakthrough. I never experience a single problem with anyone yet by moving here to Boise Idaho, it was a big turning point for me. It was then at that point I gained an open clear path in place of that roadblock. I am forever grateful.