I feel life has never been friendly to me since day one. The first day I was born my mom wanted to sell me so ease the burden of raising a child. I was just lucky that something made her decide not to. Its never been a great experience growing up in an environment where you are not wanted or needed. In a society where blacks are highly mistreated a society where the moment a black person is seen wearing a hoodie then they become a suspect. It takes guts to fight such a society, but I feel we can do it. I was born in independence Kansas on July 6th, 1980. This is where it all began. As a kid I was always picked on in school because I was black. I had to learn to be a loner. I was always afraid of answering a question is class because I felt I would always be mocked by my classmates. I always ask myself this question “Why am I black?” what wrong have I done to society? Is it my parents’ fault for not aborting me? This are questions I ask myself every single time I wake up. As a kid I promised myself if I was going to get married, I would marry only a white girl so as to not let my own kids suffer the way I did. As time went on, I was 14 and in middle school. Life became tougher I had to learn to stand up for myself against bullies. I had to learn to fight for my rights in a so-called society that brags about meting out justice to everyone. Most of the time I would usually end up in a fight because I fought back. My parent yell at me and kept telling me that we have no place in the society. I refused to believe that because we are all human beings, just because I am black does not mean I have no feelings and just because he is white does not mean he cannot tell a lie. The sooner I learn to fight this oppressed society the better it would be for my kids. My parents less need to sponsor my education, so I had to get a job in Brums so as to save for college.