

## Introduction

Historical fiction is defined as a work in which a story is made up but is set in the past and sometimes borrows true characteristics of the time period in which it is set. This type of writing can help readers connect to the stories they are reading because they are based on real accounts. Historical fiction is vital because it works on teaching readers in a different way about past events. For my stories, I have gone to great lengths to research the period, practices, etc. to achieve some level of accuracy. Lots of people prefer to read things that are interesting, informative, and can paint a vivid picture in their minds. Combining facts and fiction are a way to accomplish all those goals at once.

Too often, conventional academic essays dominate in schools, yet narratives help humans to understand the experiences of others and to define their own experience. In a learning sequence that prepares students to write their own narratives, the proposed stories could serve as good models of fiction narratives that could help learners to understand the features of a narrative genre. Black history is not something that should only be covered during Black History Month. Black history is something that should be intertwined throughout students' schooling the same way that other history is. These accounts can help teach readers about racism, equality, and social justice. This will offer students of all races a chance to engage respectfully yet critically with others about issues of great consequence. We need to start focusing on the relationship between education and social change over time because they both affect each other. Schools contribute to social change. Social changes that have occurred over history are a major topic of discussion that should be included in school.

There are a variety of themes that will be covered in this book. These stories will cover slavery, the riots that burned down Black Wall Street, the Tuskegee experiments, the governments involvement in conspiring to dismantle the Black panther Party, police brutality, and current issues that African Americans are still facing in the United States. These topics are important to cover because so much of our history is being lost or swept under the rug, because history has a way of repeating itself. It is important for the youth of America to be able to learn from our ancestors' mistakes. I am hoping that these short stories will be informative and inspiring for readers. We must open up to discussions about equity and social justice because if we don't nothing will change.

## Historical Note

Slavery in the territory that is now the United States began in 1619. In 1641, Massachusetts was the first colony to legalize slavery. While there is a long and deplorable history of slavery in North America, there have also been resistance movements opposed to slavery. Quakers were instrumental in the anti-slavery movement. They created the Germantown Quaker Petition Against Slavery in 1688. It was the first formal anti-slavery petition in the United States. In 1781, Elizabeth Freeman and another slave successfully sued their master for freedom. This case was used as a guideline by the Supreme Court in Massachusetts and helped end slavery in the state. In 1807, bringing new slaves into America was outlawed, but the law was not well enforced, so the importation of slaves continued for decades. The last ship to bring slaves into the U.S. docked in 1859.

The Underground Railroad was a hidden network of sympathetic whites' houses, Quaker's communities, and many other places that were both covert and dangerous. The railroad helped move fugitives from one place to the next and gave them places where they could rest and eat.

There were many key figures in the construction of the Underground Railroad and some of their names are still notable today. Harriet Tubman was a conductor for the Underground Railroad for eight years after she escaped slavery, and during her time she never lost a passenger. Songs were used to communicate between slaves since most of them could not read. Harriett Tubman used songs to give directions to slaves, let them know where to meet, when to hide, and when it was safe to come out of hiding.

William Still was a Philadelphia clerk who helped over 800 slaves escape and gain freedom. He interviewed everyone he helped escape and his records were published after the Civil War.

Throughout the history of slavery in North America, there were many rebellions and riots that were planned by slaves. Some of these efforts, like Nat Turner's rebellion, the resistance on the Amistad, and John Brown's seizure of the armory at Harper's Ferry, are well known and celebrated, while other less dramatic acts of resistance occurred throughout slavery's history. Despite condemnations, protests, and rebellion, slavery wasn't officially abolished until 1865, and the path toward protected civil rights for all citizens has been a long and arduous one, with the journey still continuing.

The following stories reveal in fiction narrative what people have endured and how courageous and resilient individuals have advanced the causes of equality and justice.

## Fear

March 1782,

I know I shouldn't be here.

No one ever thinks that their life is gonna change when it does. I never thought I would leave my village. I am from Segou. You had to be there to know how special it was. There was always a swirl of colors, rituals, and happy faces wherever you looked. I never even got a chance to experience my Koré. All the boys in my village were looking forward to their initiation. At the ritual we would have traveled to the sacred forest to be reborn. I would have gone into the forest as a boy but come out as a man. I wanted to be the leader of my village. That's how big my dreams were. Our history and traditions made us who we are. No matter what happens I refuse to forget that.

I had heard stories, but I never thought that it would happen to me. I had never even heard of Virginia before they forced me to live there. Where I lived, we were a community. We didn't force people into things because that wasn't our way. Everybody believed in our traditions and if they didn't agree with them, they could leave willingly or unwillingly, but that rarely happened.

The nearby villages would send word when they could. I remember our elders calling a meeting to decide how we would defend ourselves if the men with the pale faces came. We thought we were prepared, but that couldn't be further from the truth. I remember it like it was yesterday. The darkness. The smell. The air that day was sour. It was so sour you could almost taste it. That right there should've warned me. Now that I think about it, I should've known they were coming. The day started slow, but it ended fast. Everything I ever loved was gone and it only took them a day to burn it all down. At

night I sometimes still hear the screams. I just never thought something like this could happen to me. I always felt like I was different. One of a kind. Now...

“Masta Carter’s coming, Larry,” Sue says.

I better stop daydreaming before he sees it. Sometimes I just can’t help myself. I have big dreams. I wonder about things all the time. I wonder where my mother is now. The ship was bad, but that isn’t the worst part. The worst part is being away from her. They snatched me so fast I didn’t even have a chance to say goodbye. I hope she’s okay without me.

I hear the all too familiar sound of a horse coming, and I collapse in fear. The beating starts before I can even fully fall to the ground. After ten lashes I struggle to get up, collect my bag, and continue working. Always working. No matter what, we’re always working.

I can’t help thinking about my mother. Especially whenever me and Sue work. She reminds me so much of her.

Sue reads to me whenever she can steal the newspaper from the Master’s trash. Yesterday, she told me the story of how Elizabeth Freeman finally won her case against her master and now she’s free. I love that story. It’s our favorite. I’ve always had big dreams. I never thought being “free” would be one of them. We start work at dawn and it seems like it never stops.

I crave the time when it gets too dark for us to work. We try to make the best of our down time. It’s hard. Even when we stop working it seems like the pain never stops. When the sun finally set, we started on the long journey back home. It’s at least a mile

walk. After about ten hours working in the scorching heat the walk is excruciating, but it gave us a brief chance to cool down and bask in the moonlight.

I've loved Sue ever since the first day I met her. She lived on the plantation before me, but I remember the first time I saw her like it was yesterday. We were only 16-years-old. She's a month older than me and she loves to remind me of it all the time. Sue has a face that could light up the whole world. She has been beaten just as much as the rest of us, but you could never tell it by the way she treats people. No matter what she is always kind. I've seen that in her since I met her two years ago.

Master Carter used to let Sue help around the house when she was too young to work in the fields. She's a smart one, though, she would wait until the kids started their private lessons to clean their rooms. She knew that they would just ignore her because Master Carter is very serious about them doing good in school. She'd clean as quietly as she could just so she could listen in on their lessons. Sometimes she would try to garden outside their open window just so she didn't stay in there too long. Whatever she picked up while spying on them she practiced once she got home. There was even a slave named Terri who lived on the land for a few months who could read. She really helped Sue with her lessons. Unfortunately, one of the hands Master Carter hired beat her so bad one day she never saw her again. It didn't matter because Sue kept working. In her words, if they could do it, so could she.

As soon as I arrived on this Master Carter's land, I knew I had to leave. I've been here two years too long. Sue's birthday is coming up and she's never gotten a birthday present, but I'm hoping I can help her change that. Sue and I have a plan. We're in love and we're not gonna let anyone or anything stop us. I wanna marry her but she said

she's not getting married while she's still the property of another man. Ohio seems as good a place as any to settle down. All we gotta do is make it that far.

Here comes my favorite part. Sue starts singing, "Wade in the water, wade in the water, children, wade in the water. God's gonna trouble the water." Sue is the best singer we have. Whenever she sings it feels like the world stops and everyone just holds their breath to listen. But the singing was not simple entertainment or an act of praise. We got the message. We knew what it meant. It was the final clue we needed for our journey to freedom. We'd have to go through the water if we wanted to lose them. I know Sue's scared, heck I am too, but I promised that girl I was gonna marry her but I knew it wouldn't happen while we were still someone else's property, and I don't break my promises. We had a plan and now it was time for us to stick to it.

She finished the song. God, I love that song. But I knew I couldn't focus on that. The message was clear. This was the last guiding peace we needed to put our plan into action. Everyone finally went to sleep. I could hear the crickets chirping while I laid down. It was almost as if they were calling to me. I just had a feeling. Like this was meant to be. I grab Sue's hand, and we run. We had long been awaiting a signal to begin our journey. It took months of waiting and listening, but we finally heard what we had been waiting for.

We had been saving scraps for weeks. Whenever members of the household would throw out half eaten biscuits or food they claimed had gone bad we'd secretly forage through the garbage at night and take them. The only thing we had to carry was our food and a blanket we stole because we didn't have anything on this earth that we can call ours.

Running through the woods at night was terrifying. We couldn't see anything, but we could hear everything. I can't even count the number of times that Sue fell or that I scraped my body on something. It didn't matter. We knew we had to keep running until we couldn't feel our feet. Years of hard labor helped prepare us for this.

After what felt like hours, we stopped for a few minutes just to catch our breath. We knew it was risky, but we honestly couldn't breathe. That's when I heard it, water. It was only a faint sound, but I could hear the slow trickle. I grabbed Sue's hand and ran towards the sound I heard. It was starting to turn light out by this time and Sue started to hear the water, too, but we also heard the dogs. I guessed that they finally caught on to us, but I could tell we weren't far from the water, where the dogs couldn't track us.

We frantically ran in the dim light and finally reached the river. We couldn't be more relieved. We stayed in the water for about a mile. We ran through it as much as we could, but we knew we were too exposed. The dogs didn't sound close, but we knew they were still out there leading their masters our way. When we finally crossed to the other side, we ran for about another hour. Once we thought it was safe, we found a stack of rocks hidden among a thick area of trees, just as we had been told. I laid our blanket on the ground where the rocks were, and we finally laid down to rest and wait for nightfall so we could keep moving. I let Sue sleep first while I stayed up to lookout for danger and then once she was well rested, we switched.

As our trek continued, sometimes we got lucky and found abandoned or unoccupied buildings we could hide in during the daytime, but we had to rely a lot on each other and hunting for something to eat was not easy. We had to rely on the river to guide us in the right direction. No matter what, we never looked back.

We made it. I didn't think we would. We scavenged for food throughout their neighborhoods at night for at least a month. We had to do what we had to do to survive because we weren't sure who we could trust. There was even one time where we almost got caught by bounty hunters passing through town. We sat back and looked at how the townspeople behaved the entire month that we were hiding. One day, I finally found the courage to approach someone we thought seemed safe. They were a black couple and their names were Mabel and Adam Hall. We learned that they had a better Master than us and he let Adam work to buy their freedom. It took him ten years, but he did it. They offered to take us in until we got on our feet, but they told us we'd have to work once we could find someone to hire us. They lived in a small two-bedroom house, but it was cozy.

We still find ourselves looking over our shoulder because we took our freedom nobody gave it to us. I honestly think we would be happy with whatever we were doing and wherever we lived as long as we are living for ourselves. We came here looking for a simple life. Being a slave broke me, but I'm working to build myself back up again.

I know I'm just a boy, but I have big dreams.

## Historical Note

The Tulsa Race Riots took place on May 31 through June 1, 1921, when mobs of whites attacked black residents and their businesses in the Greenwood District in Tulsa, Oklahoma. In Greenwood there was a growing area of black owned businesses that people sometimes called Black Wall Street. Tulsa was a highly segregated city. On May 30, 1921, a black teenager named Dick Rowland got on an elevator at the Drexel Building. Sarah Page was the white elevator operator of that building. After Rowland entered the elevator she screamed, and he fled from the building.

The next morning, he was arrested, rumors spread, and on the first page of their local newspaper, the *Tulsa Tribune*, a story was printed saying Rowland was arrested for sexually assaulting Page. An angry white mob gathered outside the prison intending to remove Rowland from the prison. The sheriff refused to let them take him and a group of black men went to the courthouse to offer to protect Rowland, but the sheriff turned them away. The white mob tried to break into the city's National Guard armory, but they were unsuccessful. With rumors of a lynching going around the city, 75 armed black men gathered at the courthouse and were met by about 1,500 whites. Shots were fired and the outnumbered black men retreated to Greenwood.

Thousands of whites stormed Greenwood, burning and looting businesses and houses along the 35 city blocks that black residents resided in. It's estimated that over 1,000 houses were burned and 200 more looted. The National Guard arrived, the governor declared martial law, and authorities imprisoned many black Tulsans. During the riots, hundreds of people were killed and thousands were left homeless. Hours after the riot ended, all charges against Dick Rowland were dropped. The police

concluded that he had either stumbled into Page or stepped on her foot. For decades there was no mention of the riots in the news or even schools in Oklahoma. Instead, there was a deliberate cover up. The newspaper that started it all, the *Tulsa Tribune*, even removed the story from their bound volumes.

## **Always Ain't Forever**

May 31, 1921

My mama named me Divine because she said I was born during a time that God was smiling down on us. She always wants me to talk proper like the rich white people do. I think they need to start talking like we do. I know they're only acting nice to each other because they get to be mean to us and, you know what, I'm over it.

Life is finally feeling how it's supposed to be. My daddy just opened his new clothing store, and business has really been good. White people still don't like us, but we don't care. Tulsa is a place where black people can finally be themselves and that's all that matters.

Every morning I wake up and speak to my neighbors. Tulsa is the only place I've ever known, but I'm not oblivious to the outside world. I know there's dangers beyond us, but we are growing stronger every day. People like to call us "Black Wall Street" because of all the black owned businesses we have. I'll admit the name has a ring to it. I think it makes us sound fancy.

I'm not ignorant or anything. I know that the Klan is everywhere. The cops let them do whatever they want. Most of the cops are even in it. Almost every day, word spreads about mass lynchings. To them, killin' black folks is just a part of their normal routine. We ain't people to them: we're just another thing getting in their way that they gotta step over to get what they want. If a white person kills a black person the most they gon' get is a slap on the wrist. They're trying to take over, and the system is helping them. My mama even told me about a movie the KKK made called "Birth of a

Nation” claiming they are the saviors of the world. In the movie they walked around pretending to be us with a painted blackface and acted like we’re only stupid people who harass white women. The President even did a private showing of the movie like it was the best thing in the world. I can’t believe they have the nerve to call us savages. I wouldn’t even call that crazy mess a movie. They rally and raid and kill us just because they can, and they claim we’re the ones that everyone else has to be scared of. As black people I know that we won’t let them erase us because we’re getting stronger every day. We live on.

Suddenly my thoughts were rudely interrupted, “Divine, you’re always writing in that journal of yours why don’t you come play with me and Angel,” whined my sister Serenity.

“Okay, okay, here I come,” I hollered. They’re always bugging me; it never ends. I only decided to go outside because Angel is my best friend and I like playing with her. Serenity always claims that we cheat at games because she’s always losing, but Angel and I just laugh about it because that’s the way she is. I’m 10 years old and she’s only six years old. We don’t take it easy on her when we play just because she’s younger. I close my journal, put it in my purse, and run outside with her purse in tow. It’s the beginning of summer and the sun is high in the sky. It’s a good summer day because it’s hot but not too hot. We play tag until we fall over in the grass from breathing too hard, giggling all the while.

Suddenly, we hear gun shots and run in the house.

“Mama, mama,” we scream while running in the kitchen. She was making biscuits but dropped the pan after the first shots rang out. She grabbed Serenity and me

and told us to hide in the attic while she figured out what was going on and went to go find our daddy. Serenity and I were terrified, but there was nothing we could do.

“They’re coming! Run, run!”

“Alice, Alice, where are you?”

“No, please, don’t.”

All we could hear were the screams, the pleas, and the confusion. Eventually mama climbed to the attic with us. Our daddy climbed in behind her, carrying a gun that I had never seen before. A few minutes later we heard someone bust through our front door. Their boots walking across our floor seemed like the loudest sound in the world. They came inside and looted everything. They took mama’s good silver, our china, and emptied out her jewelry box. While all of this was going on, we could see outside the window. It was small so we could only look out the window one at a time. When I got a chance to look out, I could just barely see through the window of the house next door to us. There were three white men pouring gasoline on the Stevensons’ black couch. I wondered if that’s what they were gonna do to our house.

I swear the whole time we were in the attic we never made a sound. It felt like I was holding my breath for hours. We were sweaty and cramped because our attic was full of boxes. Whoever broke into our house finally walked out after taking everything they thought was worth something. It’s a miracle they didn’t find us. We cried for a long while after they left, but we didn’t move from our spot.

We stayed until it got dark. We could hear the screams and cries for help, but we knew there was nothing we could do. Once it got dark, we quietly changed into our darkest clothes, grabbed what little things we could carry and ran.

There wasn't a lot of commotion still going on outside because I think the white people got tired enough to take a break from destroying our lives. They probably went home nasty, drunk, and smelling like smoke because of the fires they started. It doesn't matter to them cuz they still get to go back to their wives and kids like nothing never happened.

There were houses burned to the ground and people lining the streets. We had to view the horror of seeing the lifeless bodies of friends and neighbors on lawns and roadways. Our brothers and sisters were just gone. We were among the lucky few who they didn't shoot down or burn alive. We crept as quietly as we could until we finally reached the woods a few blocks away from our house. We had to hide in between buildings and move so quite that it took us about an hour just to get to the woods. Serenity started crying as soon as we left the house. My mama had to shake her just to get her to stop, which scared me even more. We held each other's hands the whole time and she still cried softly. It was just silent this time. The smoke in the air was enough to make my eyes water and the bodies that now lined the street turned the air sour. We ran between houses, hid in the trees, and ran until our feet were bruised and bleeding. We finally made it to a neighboring town where mama had friends that could hide us. I don't think I'll ever forget the sight of Angel lying in the street, with her eyes wide open, as I ran past her to escape Tulsa.

## Historical Note

The Tuskegee experiments began in 1932 and didn't end until 1972. In this experiment the researchers' goal was to study the complications that occur during the late stages of syphilis to discover a cure for the disease. This study is the longest nontherapeutic experiment on human beings in medical history. The study was started by the Public Health Service and the Tuskegee Institute. When the study first began, researchers recruited 600 black men, 399 with syphilis and 201 without syphilis. Syphilis is a disease that is transmitted primarily through sexual intercourse. The disease can cause damage to the brain, nerve, eyes, or heart, and can be life-threatening. The disease can also be passed from mother to child during pregnancy. In the Tuskegee experiments, researchers never educated their patients about syphilis or told them whether they had the disease. They only told them that they were being treated for "bad blood." Participants underwent painful procedures such as spinal taps, a procedure where a needle is inserted into your lower back and fluid that surrounds your brain and spinal cord to protect them from injury is removed. In exchange for their participation in the study, the men received free medical exams, meals, and burial insurance.

During the study, the men were never treated for their disease even after a cure, penicillin, was found. There was also no evidence that researchers ever informed them of the real purpose of their study. Many of the participants' wives and even some of their children contracted the disease during this 40-year-span. Some participants even died, went blind or insane, or experienced severe health problems. After information reached the public about the horrors of the experiments, the Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs formed an advisory panel because of the public's demand for justice.

The panel concluded that the study was unethical, and a class-action lawsuit was filed on behalf of the participants and their families. A \$10 million out-of-court settlement was reached, and the U.S. government gave lifetime medical coverage to all living participants and their families.

## Black

“April, come in here!”, my grandma Mary yelled louder than necessary per usual.

“I’m coming Grandma,” I yelled back. She’s always calling me at the most inconvenient times. I was just getting ready to make me a sandwich. I knew I couldn’t ignore her, though, so I reluctantly walked into her room. As soon as I walked in, I smelled the lavender flowers that she grows below her windowsill. She likes to keep her window open in the summer, so it always smells good in her room. Sometimes it gets way too hot and I have to sneak and close it, but today there was a cool breeze keeping the room from being hot and sticky.

She saw me and said, “I don’t think I’ve ever told you the story of your great-grandfather and how he went blind. I think you are old enough now to hear the story, and you must know it. The thing is, it all started because he had time to kill.”

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“Martha, I’ve got big news,” Larry yelled, striding in their two-bedroom apartment after a long day of working as a bricklayer.

“What is it now, Larry?” Martha asked, exasperated, not wanting to hear the end of their conversation before it even began. Martha and Larry had been married for ten years and she knew by now how much of a drunken fool Larry could be.

“Well, when I was at work today I started talking to Phil.” He stopped mid-sentence because he could see her roll her eyes at the mention of Phil’s name.

“I don’t know why you ever listen to Phil. He’s as crazy as you,” she said, trying to control her laughter.

“Anyways, Phil told me about these people he met that are looking for men that they’ll let go to the doctor for FREE. They even gonna give us food and pay for everything once we die if we let ‘em study us.” He paused, studying her facial expression before continuing. “Did you hear what I said woman? I can go to the doctor for FREE. I’ve never even been to the doctor before. I can’t wait to see what it’s like.”

Martha knew he was stubborn, so she calmly listened to his rant.

“This sounds too good to be true. Make sure you get your food before you let ‘em do anything. You know how much they like to trick ya’.” She turned from him to find her frown. She just couldn’t understand why people wanted to help them, but she wasn’t one to decline free medical help. It’s already hard enough to find people willing to see them, so she figured maybe this was the start of something new.

Larry went to their small front room and began his evening tradition of drinking himself into oblivion. “This is gonna be good for us. You’ll see.” He slurred from the whiskey already making him drowsy.

Mary, their ten-year-old daughter, walked in the house after playing with some of her friends from school. Martha ushered her into her room and gave her a book she found behind the library on her way home from the hairdresser she worked at. She could barely read because she had to work to help her family survive as a kid, so she didn’t know what the book was about, but she knew it had something to do with dogs. Mary happily took the book and went to her room to avoid her father.

The next day, Larry didn’t have to work because they had just finished their last job. He decided to head to Phil’s house. He staggered the few blocks it took him to get there, holding on to the last few drops of whiskey he had left.

“Hey there, Larry, I already know why you’re here,” Phil said, opening the door before Larry could barely knock. He handed him a cup of water after they sat down in the kitchen.

“So I walked in the store the other day and when I walked out this dude stopped to tell me how if I let him give me a check up I’d get free food and stuff. I asked him if I could bring my friends to get food and stuff too and he said yeah,” Phil said, whispering, so his wife wouldn’t hear.

“Well, when can we start?” Larry said. “This’ll make one less mouth for my old lady to feed all the time. And since we have to wait on our next job to start this’ll give me something to do to pass the time besides being a drunken fool as my wife calls me.”

“He said we can go anytime we want.”

“Well, let’s go then,” Larry said, finally throwing his bottle away. They walked to the doctors’ office across town. There was a line leading around the corner that they had to wait in. Larry thought it was funny how fast word spread about doctors helping them for free. Black folks weren’t used to help, so they all decided to take what they could for as long as they could.

“I can’t believe some of the doctors are black,” Larry whispered to Phil once they got to the front of the line.

“I know. It’s ‘bout time,” he chuckled. They walked in and were ushered into separate rooms.

The nurse came in, asked Larry a few questions about his life, and ran a few tests. They told him to come back a week later and he did. They told him he had “bad

blood,” but that they’d take care of him. This procedure continued every week. The doctors looked at them, ran tests, and they rarely asked questions.

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“Your great-grandfather stayed with the same doctor for ten years. During this time, he slowly started losing his sight. The doctors told him there was nothing they could do for him, that he was just getting old. After that, he stopped going to see doctors altogether; he didn’t care about his health anymore. Something like that changes a man. You gotta understand how cruel these people had to be to treat us like that. There were black folks in on it, too, so we didn’t think nothing of it. It wasn’t until years later that we realized what they were doing. They had the cure for years and never once offered it to those people or even told them there was something wrong with ‘em. They stole my granddaddy’s life and it still hurts me to this day. It should hurt you, too. The government was in on it, too. The black men that they were studying had no idea what was going on. That’s why I don’t trust easy. People tend to look out for themselves and that’s it.” She ended her story, leaving a haunting feeling hanging in the air.

I couldn’t even speak. Words couldn’t describe what I was feeling. There was so much that I had to take in. Almost too much. I couldn’t cry, scream, or even be scared. I just felt empty. I learned about the experiments before, even though my teacher just breezed through it in one lesson like it didn’t last forty years. “In God We Trust.” That’s our motto, isn’t it? Is that what they think their God wanted? I don’t understand how people could ever justify something like that. They controlled people’s lives and the victims had no idea. They could’ve destroyed my family. They might as well have.

## Historical Note

The Black Panther party was founded in October 1966 by Huey Newton and Bobby Seale. The group was established after the assassination of Malcolm X and when an unarmed black teen named Matthew Johnson was shot and killed by police in San Francisco. In the early days of the party's founding, they primarily monitored police activity in black communities. They organized armed patrols to follow police around the black communities. They wore leather jackets and berets to signify their military discipline. They also began to organize social programs and engaged in political activities. By 1968 they had roughly 2,000 members.

They drew from Marxist's ideology when establishing their party's platform. Marxism is a philosophy that states class struggle is the basis of historical change and that capitalism will eventually be superseded by a socialist order and classless society. They believed that the liberation of oppressed people depended on them gaining control of their communities. They outlined their philosophical views and political objectives in a ten-point program. Their party emphasized black pride, community control, and unification for civil rights. They were often portrayed as a gang but they saw themselves as a political party whose goal was to get more African Americans elected to political office. They were unable to get African Americans elected but they did start several popular community social programs such as free breakfast programs for school children and free health clinics in African American communities across the United States.

The Black Panthers were involved in violent encounters with the police. In 1967 Huey Newton allegedly killed an Oakland police officer and was sentenced to two to fifteen years in prison. The conviction was later overturned by an appeals court. There

were members that were killed in police shootouts, tortured by other Black Panther members, and found beaten and murdered.

The party was targeted by a secret FBI counterintelligence program called COINTELPRO. In 1969, the FBI declared them a communist organization and enemy of the United States government. The counterintelligence program used informants, false propaganda, and harassment to foster conflict within the Black Panther Party. They dismantled the programs the Panthers started.

On December 4<sup>th</sup>, 1969, officers from the Cook County, Illinois, State's Attorney's office gunned down and killed party members Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, who were asleep in their apartment. There were around one hundred bullets fired and the police described it as a fierce gun battle. However, ballistics experts determined that only two bullets came from the Panther's side. The Black Panther Party officially disbanded in 1982.

## Revolution

December 2, 1969

1. We want Freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our black community.
2. We want full employment for our people.
3. We want an end to the robbery by the capitalists of our black community.
4. We want decent housing fit for the shelter of human beings.
5. We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of the decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present-day society.
6. We want all black men to be exempt from military service.
7. We want an immediate end to police brutality and murder of black people.
8. We want freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails.
9. We want all black people when brought to trial to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their black communities, as defined by the constitution of the United States.
10. We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace.

We live by a ten-point program. You follow the program because the program is life. I live my life to help better my people. I fight, I advocate, and I demand for justice. All we want is to live in peace, and for those people who call themselves the government to leave us alone. I don't think that's too much to ask, but apparently the

color of our skin is just too much for them to handle. Our darkness is an excuse for them to try to ground us into the dirt. They separate us, hang us, shoot us down, and act like we aren't people. They arrest us, they threaten us, but they will never stop us. This I know.

My journey for justice started after high school. I studied law in college because in order to get ahead we first must learn the white man's game and how they use it against us. I hope with my path I can inspire other brothers and sisters to join the fight and take it to them in a way they don't expect. We must educate so that we can anticipate. That's how my path started at least.

The movement is growing. I find myself looking over my shoulder a lot. Working with the NAACP was one thing, but now that I've joined the Black Panthers, I know there's a target on my back. I'm fine with that, though, because it just shows that we're making a real difference in our communities. They see how strong we are, and they're threatened by it. I truly believe the saying if you want something done right you have to do it yourself. I know that if we want to survive this cruel world that they've forced us in we're going to have to do it ourselves because no one else can understand our sufferings but us. Sure, we may have sympathizers. But they can show their sympathy and continue to live their privileged lives. We, on the other hand, must live these truths every day.

There have been rumors that the government is working to infiltrate our program. I have to believe that our brothers and sisters will not be willing to risk their lives any more by giving in to the man. We are working to create better lives for all of us and people have to see that. I'm no fool. I know there are Uncle Toms in the world, but I

believe in my people and I'm hoping we can prevent outside forces from tearing us down.

In all honesty, I love living in Chicago. I feel like I'm making things a little better for us black folks here. Our clinic and breakfast program have been doing good. I have leaders coming in from all over the country to work on expanding our organization. The programs we have in place are good, but I know we can do better. Tomorrow's a big day for me because I believe it's the start of something new. I'm going to be welcoming some of our other cities' leaders into my home, so we can have what I'm hoping will become an annual strategy session.

My girl, Deborah, is also here to participate in the session. I'm not sure if she should go because she's so pregnant now she can't even see her feet. We're gonna be doing some walking around in the communities and I know she's gonna be complaining. She's stubborn though, so I know I won't be able to talk her out of it. We only have a few weeks before our baby comes. We don't know the gender but I'm hoping it's a boy. I want to have a little me walking around following in my footsteps and be able to feel what it's like to say, "that's my boy". It's silly, but honestly, I'll be happy either way.

Mark is also staying with me. This guy traveled all the way from Peoria where he visited every church he could find out there until he found one that let him start our free breakfast program there. Their congregation eventually made him shut it down because of fear of backlash from the police but he still hasn't given up. When he gets back to Peoria he plans on finding another church that would be willing to offer him space to restart the program.

Dec. 3, 1969

I use this journal so that no matter what I will never forget who I am or where I came from. Everyday, my morning begins with me going to check on the programs we have in place in our community and traveling to different largely populated black areas in Chicago to make sure my people are being treated right. I hand out Black Panther newspapers and remind them that this is the people's party. They need to know that someone is out there looking out for them.

Many people have died in our struggle for freedom and I want them to know that their deaths are not in vain.

We're hosting a political class at the church tonight and I'm excited. Events like these always put me in a good mood cuz' one of my main goals is to educate our people.

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The class was real good a couple of the brothers' even came back with me to talk about the final preparations for our upcoming strategy sessions. Deborah is waiting on me in the room and I know she's gonna be mad cuz' we were supposed to go to my mom's house today but the class ran late. I couldn't help it I gotta be there for my people.

...

December 4, 1969

All of a sudden, somebody woke me up out my sleep. Mind you I'm close to my due date, so I'm trying to figure out why I'm being disturbed. I couldn't see but I heard gunshots and they were trying to shake Fred awake and they just kept repeating, "The pigs are vamping, the pigs are vamping." Then they shouted, "we have a pregnant

sister in here stop shooting.” There was a pause but they kept going until he said, “Stop shooting we’re coming out with our hands up.” The gunshots stopped and I slowly had to walk out with my hands up. The whole time all this was happening Fred didn’t move. He sat up a bit, but that was it. I don’t know what was wrong with him. As I walked out the room, one of the pigs opened my robe while another grabbed my hair and shoved me in the kitchen. One of the officers said, “He’s barely alive”, then I heard shooting again, and that same voice said, “He’s good and dead now.”

## Historical Note

Eric Garner, a 43-year-old father of six, died on July 17, 2014, in New York City after police officer Daniel Pantaleo wrestled him to the ground to arrest him for selling untaxed cigarettes in Staten Island. Civilians recorded the encounter and Garner could be heard saying, "I Can't Breathe" eleven times as Pantaleo held him in a chokehold, which is banned under police department policy. Garner was not indicted in his initial trial. He was stripped of his gun and badge and placed on desk duty after the incident. The decision by the court to not indict Pantaleo caused numerous protests linked to the Black Lives Matter movement. Celebrities throughout the United States joined the protests in their own way. Some took to social media to show their support, and others, including notable basketball stars and their teams also wore I Can't Breathe t-shirts before their games to show their support for the movement.

The NYPD is set to hold a disciplinary trial that can determine if he loses vacation days or is fired from the department altogether. Pantaleo's lawyer argued that he used a takedown move taught by the police department and not a chokehold. They blamed Garner's poor health and him resisting arrest on his death. Garner had asthma and suffered a heart attack in an ambulance and was pronounced dead at the hospital. The medical examiner ruled his death a homicide caused in part by compression of his neck from a chokehold.

## In Time

I've been playing basketball since I was 10-years-old. I'm glad I have players like LeBron, Derrick Rose, and Kobe to look up to. When I started seeing them and their teams with I Can't Breathe t-shirts I decided to follow suit. I don't think I'll ever forget the first time I wore my shirt to one of our basketball games at my high school. I'm one of the few black kids on the team, but I didn't expect the reaction I got.

...

"Hey E, where did you get that shirt from?", my friend Jason asked me in the locker room before our game.

"I ordered it online. I'm surprised you haven't heard about Eric Garner. His story has been all over the news. There's a viral video out and everything. What planet are you living on dude?", I replied.

"A planet where your head is bigger than your body," he laughed.

"ANYWAY, Eric Garner is a guy in New York City who died when a police officer, Daniel Pantaleo, wrapped his arm around his neck and wrestled him to the ground with other officers who were trying to arrest him for selling untaxed cigarettes in a Staten Island. They got the whole thing on video in it Eric kept saying, "I can't breathe". Many people thought the officer responsible would be fired, but he wasn't. He was never even indicted. They had the whole thing on tape and the jury still decided that the officer did not commit a crime. He didn't face any charges and was only assigned to desk duty. At the end of the day, there hasn't been any justice yet, so I'm not sure if there ever will be." I finished my statement and he sat there looking shocked with his brow furrowed.

After a few minutes he finally replied, and had the nerve to say, “I can’t believe I hadn’t heard about this before. But I mean if they said he isn’t guilty I feel like we should believe them.”

It was my turn to be shocked. “A man was killed because he was selling cigarettes when he shouldn’t have been. The officer only got a slap on the wrist and you really think justice was served?” I asked.

“I mean I’m not necessarily saying justice was served, but he was just doing his job,” he said emotionless.

“Okay, let me try to put this in simpler terms for you, your cousin is the one standing on the street selling cigarettes and the same thing happens to him. Can you really say that the officer was “just doing his job” now?” I said starting to get irritated.

“I mean I guess I see what you’re saying, but he shouldn’t have been there to begin with.”

“Regardless, he didn’t deserve to die just because he was trying to make money for his family. An arrest is one thing, but mistreating people is never okay badge or not,” and with that I left the locker room to start my pre-game drills.

Once I got out on the court to practice before the game my coach asked me how I heard about Eric Garner. I told him how I first saw the video after my mom told me about it, but I didn’t think about wearing the shirt until I saw LeBron with one on because he’s my favorite player. He said I could keep wearing the shirt until the game started

and then I'd have to change. That was my plan anyway, so I didn't have a problem with that.

What he said kinda threw my game off. I couldn't believe that someone I called my friend really thinks like that. I know everyone's opinion is different and no two people are the same and blah, blah, blah. But dang, it's like, are they really that ignorant. Usually I'm good at getting out of my head but that situation really made me angry and that showed during the game. I ended up being fouled-out and I wasn't even tripping over it. I just kept thinking about whether I have ever had any real conversations about race with my friends that aren't black besides letting them know I bet not ever hear them say the n word. I don't care how popular the song is. I warned them and that's the only chance they get.

We won the game by five points and at the end I put my shirt back on and took pictures with some of my teammates. After a big win we normally go get pizza and I decided to go because I was hungry, I knew the pizza was gonna go crazy, and I wasn't finna let somebody named Jason ruin my whole night. I'm black, we don't do that. I guess he knew what was up because we stayed away from each other the rest of the day.

The next game, Jason also had on the same t-shirt. I know he was probably only wearing it out of guilt because of what he said, and that this was his way of apologizing, but either way it's a start. Once I got out on the court to practice before the game my coach asked me how I heard about Eric Garner. I told him how I first saw the video after my mom told me about it, but I didn't think about wearing the shirt until I saw LeBron

with one on because he's my favorite player. He said I could keep wearing the shirt until the game started and then I'd have to change. That was my plan anyway, so I didn't have a problem with that. Once I got out on the court to practice before the game my coach asked me how I heard about Eric Garner. I told him how I first saw the video after my mom told me about it, but I didn't think about wearing the shirt until I saw LeBron with one on because he's my favorite player. He said I could keep wearing the shirt until the game started and then I'd have to change. That was my plan anyway, so I didn't have a problem with that.

## **Historical Note**

Since the events previously mentioned there have been several instances that have sparked tension throughout the United States. Recently, white students at Homewood Flossmoor High School paraded around wearing blackface in a video. The students were seen riding around in a car, stopped at a drive through, and were joking around while their faces were painted. Students at Homewood Flossmoor staged a walkout to protest the way the school handled the situation. There is a clear disparity between Whites, Blacks, and Hispanics related to prisons and jobs. More than 60% of people in prison are people of color. Labor statistics from 2017 show that 7.5% of African Americans and 5.1% of Hispanic people were unemployed. In contrast, 3.8% of Whites were unemployed. The Black community has become more vocal about the disparities that are prevalent.

## Careful

May 1, 2019

I remember how I was so happy when *Princess and the Frog* came out. I know you're probably thinking, you only like the movie because you and Princess Tiana have the same name, but no that's not the only reason. She was Disney's first black princess and it was about time. Still, when that movie came out, I thought we were finally making progress. That was my mood in '09 but now, I'm not sure how I feel. I know I want to join the fight for equality I'm just not sure how I can go about doing that. Recently, there has been a lot of news surrounding police brutality and I know they might be scared but they don't understand that we're scared too. They are out here literally getting away with murder. It's 2019 I really don't understand. I thought there were rules they had to follow, same as us, but these events have shown that a lot of people think the police are above the law. Some cases result in officers at least being fired from their jobs. However, in cases where it's clear that the officer was acting irrationally, I think more severe punishment should be taken. They are protected by their badge, but they should still be held accountable for their actions. People shouldn't be allowed to get away with murder. The officer who killed Tamir Rice, a 12-year-old African American boy who was sitting on a park bench playing with a toy gun, was rehired by another police department in a primarily white neighborhood.

I know I'm young, but I just feel like there's so much more I could be doing. The #BlackLivesMatter movement showed how powerful our voice can be just by using our social media platform. These are scary times, but I refuse to back down. My ancestors

did not survive struggle and oppression for me to give up on standing for what's right just because it's hard. I just hope I can do them justice.

With this, I prepared to join the protest in my town for Amber Guyger, a police officer who entered a black mans' apartment and killed him. She thought she had entered her apartment and that there was a burglar inside, but she said that she didn't realize it was his apartment and not hers. The man she killed, Botham Shem Jean, was unarmed and a four-year veteran. Protests about this incident began yesterday, and I plan on joining the cause today.

As I walked out the door, I yelled to tell my mom where I was going. Suddenly, I heard her running down the stairs.

"Excuse me Miss Tiana, where do you think you're going," she said giving me her "look".

"Um, I'm going to join the protest. Paige and Alexis said they were gonna meet me there." I replied looking confused.

"Well I don't remember giving you permission to go to this protest. But since you didn't ask, I'll answer for you. No." She said with a smile.

I laughed, but then I frowned because I could tell she was serious. I stormed off because I knew there was no arguing with her for at least an hour after she has made up her mind about something. I think it just takes her a minute to come to her senses. I decided to call my grandma because I know she's more rational than my mother.

"Hey baby," she said in the warm tone she always uses with me.

"Hey grandma. I was calling you because my mother is having one of her fits again. She won't let me go to the protests and all I'm trying to do is support my people."

She took a minute then said, "Well, I can understand where she's coming from. The protest could be dangerous I've seen these things get out of hand before. Why don't you take time and try to think about other ways that you can help the cause? There are lots of things you can do."

"Okay grandma, I guess you're right, it's just annoying when she doesn't even stop to hear me out." I said, unconsciously rolling my eyes.

"Don't roll your eyes," she said laughing on the other end, "Look, just take some time to think about it and I know you'll come up with something. But look, I have to go I'm cooking, and you know I can't double task," she said finishing up.

"Okay grandma, bye," I replied even though I wasn't really satisfied with what she said.

I called Paige and Alexis and told them I wasn't gonna be at the protest. I sat down at the kitchen table and started to think about what my grandma said. I finally decided to start a fundraiser for Botham's family. I thought they would appreciate the support and it could help them pay for lawyer's fees and anything else they may need in their time of grief. There are too many instances of black on black crimes already I think it's about time we start showing support for one another in more ways than one.

## Resources for Teachers

### Questions for group discussions

#### **Fear**

- Who were the Quakers? Why do you think the Quakers helped slaves during slavery?
- If you were living during the time of slavery do you think you would have run away? What factors would affect your decisions, and why?
- To what extent do you think your love for someone else would help you to face challenges and endure through hardships?
- During the time of the Underground Railroad, people relied on songs to signal and guide them and to give them hope. How can songs today help to guide us or to lift our spirits to encourage us to endure?

#### **Always Ain't Forever**

- To what extent is the KKK is still active and a threat today?
- What distinctions can you make between a riot and a massacre?
- The events in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1921 have been described as a “race riot.” How accurate is this label?
- What conditions in the community and the culture of the United States allowed such tragic events to occur?

#### **Black**

- How do you define whether something is *unethical*?
- Had you heard about the Tuskegee Experiments before this class, and if so, what did you hear about it?

- Most people's initial reaction to the Tuskegee experiment is to ask how it could have happened. What do you think? Could something similar happen again?
- How do you think the Tuskegee Experiments have had a lasting impact on how we conduct research studies today?

### **Revolution**

- Why was the Black Panther Party originally formed?
- What led to the demise of the Black Panther Party? Could this have been prevented?
- Why is the Black Panther Party such a controversial group?
- How were the methods suggested by the Black Panther Party different than those preached by Martin Luther King, Jr. and other Civil Rights leaders?

### **In Time**

- Are police officers different from the general population? How? Why?
- What are the different perspectives of police behavior and personality? Which perspective do you feel is most accurate?
- What is a subculture? Do you believe that a police subculture exists?
- How does the “us-them” police worldview affect the activities of a police officer? A department? How does it affect police-community relations?

### **Careful**

- What motivates you? How would you respond if someone tried to take away the thing that motivated you the most?

- What are you most afraid of? What would your reaction be if someone posted a viral video using the thing, you're afraid of the most?
- Have you ever interacted with the police? How did this interaction play out?

### **Writing prompts**

#### **Fear**

The following prompts ask you to write to record your thoughts about what you have read.

- If you were living in the time of the Underground Railroad but were not a slave, would you help the fleeing slaves? Why or why not?
- If you were a freed black slave, would you run towards the North, stay in the South and try to get a house and a paying job, or join the Union army? Why?
- Imagine you are President Lincoln and have just accepted the surrender of the Confederate army. What would be your punishment for the Southern states that seceded? How would you treat the leaders who initiated secession and directed the bloody war?

#### **Always Ain't Forever**

- What conditions persist that suggest to you that the events of Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1921 could occur again today? What are some things that we can do today to prevent something like this from happening again?
- Discuss the rise of Black Wall Street. How do you think that the Black citizens of Tulsa were able to become so successful?

- Imagine that Black Wall Street was never destroyed. Describe how you think it would look today. Would it be similar to New York's Wall Street, completely different, or some combination? Explain.

## **Black**

- Eunice Rivers, the African-American nurse who played a vital role in the Tuskegee Study justified her support for the project in terms of the fact that the attention that she and the other medical staff gave to the men was more than poor Macon County residents were likely to receive. If you had been in her place, do you think you would have come to the same conclusion regarding the ethical choices available to you?
- Animals are often used in the medical community to test for a cure in order to save people's lives. Should animals be used in this way? If not, how should the medical community test its drugs or other cures before using them on people?
- Your best friend has started bullying another student. She's popular and you like being in her crowd. Would you do or say something to her? Would you tell on her?

## **Revolution**

- Do you think the Civil Rights Movement have been successful if more protestors resorted to violence? Why or why not?
- Why was the Black Panther Party so important to the greater Civil Rights Movement?

- Pick one member that you think could have helped continue the Black Panther Party movement if the government hadn't intervened. Why do you think they would have been able to help the party to continue and what initiatives do you think they would have started?

### **In Time**

- What does "corruption" mean? Are all illegal activities corrupt activities? Are all corrupt activities illegal?
- What does "driving while black" mean? Do you believe it is a problem in America?
- How do an officer's personal values influence the way he/she enforces the law?

### **Careful**

- How would you end the story? What are the pros and cons of your ending?
- What do you remember most from the past year? How do you think this event has influenced your life?
- If you were given unlimited resources, what social issue would you work on improving and how would you go about improving them?

### **Activities**

#### **Fear**

- Have students pick a song that they think may have a hidden message in it. You can provide them with songs that you have found that you think have the same concept. Once they have chosen from your list or submitted their song for

approval, they can write a response detailing what they think the message behind the song is, evidence of their argument, and offer suggestions, if they have any, for how they would change the song to get the message across better.

- Have students pick a country in Africa that they would like to learn more about. They will have the option to investigate that country's culture. They can create a collage, poster board, or power point project displaying the arts, and crafts, folklore, religion, clothing, music, cuisine, and language of the country they chose. They would have to give a 5-7-minute presentation discussing their findings and sharing the information they learned with the class.

### **Always Ain't Forever**

- Have students create a timeline about the changes in the Greenwood area beginning in 1900 through the present using historical images they have found or drawn. Each student gets a year or specific event, making this a class project. Have students not only use photos or drawings but explain what their images are and what those images meant at the time. (Expand by assigning a research project where they examine primary sources, photos, and oral histories.) Students can then reflect on the whole incident in reference to what was going on in the world during that time and see how much (or how little) some things have changed since then.
- Have the students write a poem about the Tulsa Race Riots, with an emphasis on healing. Have each student present their poem to the rest of the class or draw a picture/poster of their reactions and reflections.

### **Black**

- Have students complete a research project about ethics. Topics for the research paper include, but are not limited to, does moral behavior lead to happiness? The Good Samaritan dilemma: why people don't help strangers in the streets? How to choose between the lesser evil and the greater good? Does anyone have the right to determine the fate of someone else's life?
- Students can do a project where they create an imaginary business and develop the company's ethics policy. There are five principles that their policies should focus on. 1. Purpose: A purpose combines both your vision as well as the values you would like to see upheld in your business. It comes from the top and outlines specifically what is considered acceptable as well as unacceptable in terms of conduct in your business. 2. Pride: Pride builds dignity and self-respect. If employees are proud of where they work and what they are doing, they are much more apt to act in an ethical manner. 3. Patience: Since you must focus on long-term versus short-term results, you must develop a certain degree of patience. Without it, you will become too frustrated and will be more tempted to choose unethical alternatives. 4. Persistence: Persistence means standing by your word. It means being committed. If you are not committed to the ethics you have outlined, then they become worthless. Stand by your word. 5. Perspective: In a world where there is never enough time to do everything we need or want to do, it is often difficult to maintain perspective. However, stopping and reflecting on where your business is headed, why you are headed that way, and how you are going to get there allows you to make the best decisions both in the short-term as well as the long-term. A company policy is a reflection of the values deemed

important to the business. As you develop your ethics policy, focus on what you would like the world to be like, not on what others tell you it is.

## **Revolution**

- Have students create a postcard that they would have sent to a member of the Black Panther Party. On the front of the postcard they should draw or paste a picture of an image. The back of the postcard should include the message they would want to relay to that member.
- Students can break a news article about the Black Panthers into various scenes that they illustrate like a storyboard, and then write a caption or choose a quote from the article that captures the essence of each frame. An example of the directions that could be included on their handout is: Draw an image in each of the six frames to graphically represent different sections of your chosen article or to retell the events described in the article. Then provide a caption for each of the frames that “captures” the essence of each image; these captions could be original or quotations from the text of the article.

## **In Time**

- Have students write a rap or song related to the theme of your unit. They can create their own beat or use an instrumental of their choosing. They can perform their piece in front of the class or make a recording of their work.
- Students can create a fake Twitter feed documenting a news story, paying attention to time stamps and author tone. Upon completion, they can present their timeline to the class.

## Careful

- Tell students that they are each to think of a question related to the idea of your theme (e.g., community) or you can ask them to think of a question they have about a topic related to current events. Each student must offer one question. It helps if you offer a question first as a model (e.g., How many different ethnic groups live in your community? Once you have generated a list of questions, tell students to choose a question they are most interested in asking. If you don't have the time to do this, you can generate a list in advance. Write student's initials next to the question they chose. Distribute the one-question interview form. Tell students to write their question at the top of the page. Then tell them that they will have to get up and ask everyone in the room their question. They must take notes on the person's name and response to the question. When everyone is finished, tell students to sit down. Students must then analyze the information they collected by noting how many people they interviewed, what responses they recorded and what conclusions they can draw. Have a discussion with students about the idea of being a researcher and the value of interviews as a way to gather information firsthand. You may ask students to find a partner and share the results of their interviews with that partner. Or see if any students would like to share with the whole class.
- Students working in groups can follow a topic in the news, and then organize a classroom or whole school "teach-in" to inform their peers about topics in the news and decide how to take action. Alternatively, they can create a classroom gallery of photographs, maps, infographics, articles, editorial cartoons, essays,

videos and whatever else they can find to immerse others in the topic. Ask yourself and your classmates, what can people our age do to effect change around this issue?

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