Stephen: If Race Still Exists in the US

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Introduction

I learned from a young age how racist this country is as I am always being discriminated against because of my race since I am Muslim, and most white people hate Muslims after 9/11. People have this massive hatred towards Islamic people, in middle school. I hated all my classes because kids would make fun of me. I talked, and I was scared to stand in front of the course and present in front of everyone when we had any presentations, so I skipped class on those days. I still remember to this day when we had a performance about our background in history class, and it was my turn to go up to the dais and present. I overheard this white kid whispering to his friends that I was a Muslim and that I was going to fail the presentation because I had an accent and no one would understand what I was saying. It hurt my mood, and I kept thinking to myself that he might be right, I am probably going to fail this presentation. White people judge other races because they feel like they are superior to them, and since we are in their country, they have the right to treat us the way they want. It is due to the people not standing up to racism and are afraid to speak up for it if they see such an act. I think the primary cause of racism is bystanders not speaking up about it, and white people take advantage of that. Americans tend to believe that because one is a trump fan, it does not make them racist automatically.

Discussion

They say, “A colored Stephen is an eight-year-old, tiny, unwell, and desperate young boy.” Sometimes, he talks and moves his mouth as if he were talking. The next time, Stephen laughed out loudly, without any reason, in class. He is an un-malicious child as he can do his school work effectively. He is poor in math and reading. When he was in third grade, that class had substitute teachers for much of the year. He is now in Fourth grade, but his work is at the level of Second grade. I say “No one ever complained about the things that happened to Stephen, because he is orphan, no father and mother”. He is the ward of the State of Massachusetts. He has been given to an impoverished family who does not even want him now since he is not a baby. Stephen often comes to school severely beaten whenever I ask him about it, he has always denied it because he does not want us to know what he has been going through and what he has been facing.

When I asked him how his eye got severely shabby and purpled, he first lied to me that he had an accident, and then someone opened the door. Later, he acknowledged it was due to his stepmother

who had thrown him out on the verandah. I thought the children in the class had real compassion and sympathy for him after they saw him, but it was only shocking to them. Despite, being poor in his studies, he was an outstanding artist. His artwork was good, but it was not clean, unorganized, casual, and messy (Graff, Gerald, and Cathy Birkenstein, 254). He received embarrassment at the hands of his Art teacher. The teacher used the technique to pass designs, and students had to fill in the colored plans according to dictation. They say, “He sat silently when Art teacher was performing and talking”.

When an Art lesson started, they say “he sidelined his little drawing and try the paper and paint that he was usually given, using the watercolors”. I say, “If Stephen cheated during a lesson Art teacher generally would not notice him. If she did, all the children would be prepared for distress”. The art teacher asked him loudly to give me that piece of garbage in mixed colors. At the very next point, it would be better if I said: “that the garbage and junk he made was the real artwork in the class, and the art teacher did not know much about it either.” When we were caught for our friendship, that art teacher forbade us to come near to each other. He stopped coming near me and prevented his drawings from showing me. It might be possible that he was doing this to keep me out of the trouble caused by him. The art teacher once grabbed him by his arm, brought him to the class, and announced that he was standing in the back of the hallway and making faces at himself. While the teacher was talking, Stephen was continuously staring towards the floor as he was embarrassed by being exposed and hauled before the children. I did not realize that it was shameful for him. Rather, I said, “It seemed normal and rational to me. Maybe he was checking his existence”.

Conclusion

Possibly, they say, “It may be the curious and desperate act, but I say, “it was unnatural so as was the behavior of the Art teacher”. One time, I saw Stephen standing in the corner, I went to him and tried to get him to look up at me with a smiling face. They say, “He remained all withered.” If you do not look up at me and still make yourself curl up like that, it will seem like you wanted me to think, “You are a little rat.” He suddenly at for once looked at me and said, I know, I cannot be a rat because a rat has got a little tail. I say, “His answer made it more clear and explicit to me.”

Works Cited

Graff, Gerald, and Cathy Birkenstein. *They say I say, the moves that matter in academic writing*. 2 ed., 2014.

Kozol, Jonathan. “Death at an Early Age: The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools.” (1967).

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