

NEW GENERATIONS, PT. 3

by
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Dear Community,

Well, I'm on death row now and I miss you. I know you may be shocked to be receiving a letter from me since I was always the kid that came from a "broken home." I don't know why you described me in that way but I just kept it inside, I didn't know how to tell you to stop saying that and how much it really effected me.

I began to listen to you and even though I was just a kid, somehow I knew inside that the two words broken and home should never be spoken together, one of my teachers would call that a compound word. I guess I learned a few things before I got kicked out of school.

You called me disruptive, someone diagnosed me with having a disorder called ADHD. They gave me medication, but they still called me more names like hyperactive and trouble maker. I always wondered why everyone was saying these things about me and to me, never caring to ask me why I didn't get along with other kids.

I was peerless, the other kids were too slow for me.

I was never asked why I fell asleep in class or became a disruption.

I was bored, I had already done the assignments in my head before the unprepared, unqualified teacher abused me with those boring non-stimulating methods. I loved school, it was being put in the wrong class with students that needed to be taught at a snails pace. I learned fast, I play fast. I'm young and full of life and excited to learn. But you starved me of life, so I had to wait for the other kids to catch up and you was wasting my time, because I could've been at home developing software, or graphic designs full of art projects in my head. You asked me to write with a pencil when I can write much faster on an electronic gadget device and produce more work than you asked me for.

I never told you this but me and my friends had to deal with two N-words, not just one. But nobody in our community ever did a march or protest for those of us in our own communities that were being ostracized for being a Nerd.

In our Community we had to dumb ourselves down just to fit in, so I acted a fool in class. I did things and dressed in clothes that saved my life on many occasions. Being smart in our community is not cool and is the equivalent of being

black, obese, poor, having an alternative sexual orientation, and every other thing we as a community tease, bully, and exploit against each other before I ever got into trouble with the juvenile authorities. Not cool to be smart.

At least the gang set up a family environment that included pride and representation of our community, I never felt like a real member of the community until I made friends that had similar experiences. A broken home is not easy for a teenager to fix, so my first taste of failure came when I took on the task of trying to keep my parents together.

Divorce is not a good word for kids, but kids are expected to just shake it off, get to school, and become amazing. Most of my homies had only one parent for reasons only the parents knew and that made a lot of us angry, because kids are always left out of the real issues that should hold us together as a family.

What did you expect from me? Genius? Interesting. Genius is defined as having tutelary spirit, natural inclinations, a person who influences another for good or evil; a peculiar or distinctive character; strongly marked capacity or aptitude, extraordinary intellectual power. Sounds like most innercity youth to me, and now Juvenile Halls and prisons are overcrowded with our New Generation.

Trouble maker? Problem child? Bad influence? Hyperactive? Look again. How many geniuses did you destroy by misdiagnosing us with psychological disorders and gave us medication to slow our brains down. Really, how valuable is control?

Even after you put us me on drugs, put me in jails and called me all of those trouble names. I still invented Hip Hop, I still learned about all of the worlds religion. I still dissected history, I still play chess, I still play piano, I sing, rap, and dance. I still became an intellectual force in order to help other young people develop positive dispositions in life, I still teach pugilism and I'm still a student. I'm still a husband, I'm still a father, I still exist, even on death row I still exist. Yes, your youth are now coming to death row

Now imagine what I would be today if you would've welcomed me into your community. Coming from a broken home was not my problem. My problem was out of everybody is our large community I was the only person that hoped and worked for that one day when we would all be one happy family.

It's too bad you misdiagnosed me early, but I'm glad you did because now I get to do for youth what you failed to do for my generation. Yes, I've got my hands full, but my love for my community will never delude. I forgive you and I love you, but there is a difference this time around.

You see, when I was a kid I didn't know what it took to ask you for help to save me from a life of crime and punishment, but now I'm an adult and I've learned how to ask for help to help others. Village, fail no more children. Generation X is defined as Americans born in the 1960's and 70's, you may never develop rehabilitation programs to treat the New Generation; however, the New Generation is up for the challenge to be a community and appeal to all of you to help build the next generation, or maintain the cycle of defeat and destruction. This is what you can do with now:

#1. Stop teaching kids that rich people make us poor. That is a terrible message to deliver to a young mind being reared in a capitalist society.

#2. Stop confusing greed with wealth. Learn the difference, know the difference, design curriculum and teach the difference.

#3. Encourage your youth to watch a program called "Biz Kidz" and have open group discussions with you young children about financial matters. Use candy, use toys, use veggies, use socks, use your creative minds to indulge them into making money, saving money, and spending, and things like compound interest. This should start ASAP at every age.

This solution based idea creates opportunity for your child to become known around the community as a responsible model youth as your child accompanies you to the market, the bank, and every other community associated entity.

Trust me, creditors, and banks will love to see your child applying for employment and when it's time for financial independence.

#4. Create part time pay positions for youth in your community that are peer leaders in the efforts of positive youth development.

Right now the streets and prisons are offering more job opportunities than the community.

#5. Organize your peer group leaders to gather the youth in the community and attend the City Council sessions when the merchants and business owners attend, and when the floor becomes open the youth must address the panel and business owners and put them on the spot. Let them know "we came to get hired, we previously received offers to work on the streets in multiple capacities, but we declined those positions because we value our community and seek employment from those owners in the meeting." Do your homework, know the store, or shops addresses, know the owners name, call them out and point out each young person that you brought, present yourselves in a manner that you are responsible, eager, and prepare to work, now.

If nobody gets hired, you walk away knowing that you just planted a very valuable seed in your community, and more over, they may be prepared to deal with you at the next meeting when you address the floor over and over again until the business owners and politicians figure out that they need new voters and a safer community. So Your first shot is a win no matter how it turns out.

#6. Download mock applications from everywhere and teach the youth how to be prepared by having an Q&A session about what is appropriate to put on a job application. I'm talking about employment preparation, free of charge, under sage conditions, and an environment proper to embrace the exchange, and discussion between youth that conveys reasons and questions about choosing to work for less than street money. I would love to see a DVD recording of those exchange because it's not answer that I look for, I look for the willingness and creative ways youth come up with developing resolve, problem solvers.

Who is responsible for teaching our youth insight and good sense? Who prepares our youth to embrace the word "no" as an opportunity to receive the word "yes" at another date? We don't have a lot of time, so in the mean time our youth can operate on online network shop with it's profits going towards all parties involved. Kids can form an investment shop where 5 dollars from one person becomes 5 million dollars when they encourage their peers to invest with them together as a group by earning compound interest.

Kids have so many online friends so their social skills are already intact. I'm talking about creating an innercity youth lead investment online enterprise that opens and maintain an online account with Capital One, or Chase, or a bank that offers a package that is designed for group investors.

12 year olds can do this now. How many teenagers do you know that have 5 bucks? A computer? And a need for money? And have a bazzillion friends.

The internet has kept a lot of kids out of jail, now teach our youth to use this medium to create capital, and this can be done right now in any neighborhood. The youth can workout the details, I'm just offering an opportunity to those youth that need to trail blaze.

Close friends can come up with a name for the site and who knows what this idea can turn into? This is how the New Generation thinks behind these prison walls, so this letter is not only just to let you know that in spite of, I'm doing fine, I'm letting you know that you are surrounded by the Next Generation, and they are looking for what I looked for when I was with you, love, creativity, freedom to change my own mind, new ideas to be heard, cared for and most of

all a member of you. You are my community to be a product of me by spending more quality time with our next generation.

Look for me again. Your next leader is the one with the interesting haircut, she has an attitude problem, he always has an angry look on his face, she's chewing gum in class, his cellphone keeps disturbing class, she had another fight, he just cracked a joke, he thinks all of the girls want him, she thinks nobody wants to be her friend.

He just said "you don't know me," she's been too quiet, they are passing notes, he smokes weed and can't stop laughing. She's obese and moody, he's skinny and trying to sag his pants, he's rapping in the cafeteria, there he goes trying to ditch class again. She is very tired and looks exhausted, he's in detention again, all of their handwriting sucks, they called you a bitch, his eyes are glossy, she has birth control pills in her backpack, wow, I hope that's not a gun.

These kids are geniuses waiting to be guided towards greatness, now would be a terrible time to be boring.

Now would be a terrible time to call the police, now would be a terrible time to misdiagnose the symptoms of a true genius.

Now is the perfect time to take them out of that class setting that was not designed for them, you need to challenge the next generation with a setting that is conducive to learning. The word needs to get out, everyone needs to be talking about trying to get closer to where you are. The safest place in the community should be with you.

Have questions, go to papyruscollective@gmail.com and I'll respond as soon as I receive your message, or questions and comments. I'm open to any question as I'm surrounded by my fellow New Generation team at Papco and it is our honor to become an inside think tank to assist you and all of our youth in creating an open path to progress, and to all forms of freedom to the incarcerated all over the world. If you just read all three New Generation pieces, I wrote this for you.

Love always, Xzyzst

www.deathrowinmate.org/papyrus-collective