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5-5-13 ①

I am writing in my blog on a issue I know gets heated and is still around despite humans evolving past the need of it.

Racism. I believe American prisons are the racist places on earth. Everybody sticks to there own kind and chowhalls are segregated to there own races. It is like time and common sense have died in here. I grew up in prison so to me it was a way of life, but now I see how demented it is. When I wrote this short story I purposely did not try to use overly racist words just for shock value. I hope you read it with an open mind.

Destiny's Crayons

Destiny was 5 yrs old when she received her first set of crayons. She was the happiest little girl in the world. With her crayons laid out before her she set out to draw the most beautiful drawing she could for Mommy and Daddy. Like any little girl, her imagine held no bounds. She had only five crayons to draw with, white, red, black, brown, yellow, but in her heart these colors would make the perfect rainbow.

She picked up her black crayon and set off to draw her first masterpiece. As she was drawing her dad came storming into the living room, "I can't believe this", he yelled to his wife, "They

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gave the promotion to that black S.O.B before me!" "These blacks don't know there place no more, I hate these blacks thinking we owe them something." Destiny heard his words and a bit of sadness entered her heart. She could not draw the perfect rainbow with the color black when her dad hated it so. She broke her crayon in half and began again with her remaining crayons.

She picked up her brown crayon and put her heart into her drawing. "I know what your talking about," her mom responded back to her daddy, "Lupe has been acting up lately." "She is lucky her brown kind get to live in our country. If I had my way I would send all these brown, good for nothing, lazy race back to were they came from!" Again wave disappointment corrupted little Destinys heart. Frustrated, she broke her brown crayon in half, three crayons left.

Red is a bright color, it would make her drawing stand out. She picked up her red crayon and began once again. At the same time her big brother came home and called to his father. "Dad!" he yelled, "You won't believe what Coach did!" "He made that Indian a starter before me!" That red loser don't deserve to start, I can't stand his whole red kind!" Once an innocent child, Destinys eyes were now wide open. How could color bring so much hate. She flung her red crayon across the room and hung

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her head, but a bit of 5yr old stubbornness set in. Two crayons left, yellow and white, maybe she could draw a pretty sunflower.

She picked up her yellow crayon and began a perfect outline in wails in her sister and flobs down on the couch with a cell phone to her ear. "You will never guess what happened today, Roberta", Destiny heard her sister tell her friend, "That new Asian boy tried to ask me out!" "All these yellow boys are gross!" Just like that, the last of Destinys heart was broken. The happiest day of her life is now the saddest. All she wanted to do is draw a beautiful drawing for her parents and now all that remain is one color. Her family did not notice as young Destiny sat in the middle of the living room with tears streaming down her face and broken crayons around an unfinished drawing.

I know this is a simple short story, but I believe racism is simple to fix. Choose not to be racist, then teach the next generation not to be racist. Look at people not by color, but by the character of their soul. I know this sounds naive, but as we evolve as humans it is inevitable that race will be an issue of the past. In our future it will not be said that we have a "Black President", but a man or women of strong character who is the President of the United

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States. I know some people will read this and strongly disagree with my opinion and I am good with that. I just hope it makes them think for a minute.

It can not be said that I did not voice my opinion, so I pray you do the same.

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