

## Hands up Don't Shoot

### Superiority Fantasy

When I was seventeen years old, I entered into a competition in Pittsburgh for young black men called "The Mister African American Competition." It was a chance to win \$1000, feature articles in all of Pittsburgh's newspapers, and to meet a lot of cute girls in our sister pageant "Miss Black Teenage." Well I won and I remember it being some of the best years of my life. The only thing that I never liked about it was that they made us smile throughout the entire evening. They made us practice our smiles every Saturday leading up to the pageant. After a while, all the contestants' cheeks started shaking because of having to hold that smile. The reason we had to practice our smiles always stuck in the back of my head. They told us that we had to practice smiling, so it could be our default face in public as we walked down the street, and maybe people wouldn't be so scared of us. By smiling, we could come off as non-threatening, and white women wouldn't be so scared to stand next to us on elevators.

I am tired of feeling like something grotesque. EVERY race of people have sociopaths who do horrible things, and I am tired of taking responsibility for the individual black men who chose to live like animals ... while white boys are not being treated like they could potentially shoot up an elementary school with an AR-15. I don't give a damn whether white people believe these stories or not. These things happened!