



JUSTICE
FOR
BREONNA



I am not Black, but I know Black lives matter, especially Black women. In The New 3Rs, I learn the great things Black women have done for America. We should be thanking them, not hating them.

Tristan, age 14, New York



the
new
3Rs

Student Anthology

The New 3Rs educates and empowers through the aRt of social justice storytelling, building Relationships, and fostering a sense of Responsibility. We are creating a more Civic and Compassionate Society — One Child at a Time.

Learn more about The New 3Rs at
<https://thenew3rs.org/>.

The Crisis We Are In
Blake, age 12, Pennsylvania

About 4 months ago
When Christmas was here
We heard about a deadly virus
That was really near
Nobody was as scared
It wasn't as severe
But here we are 4 months later
Quarantined with fear
The whole world is in crisis
Everyone taking everything from the
nearest store
We're on the verge of a financial war
Hand Sanitizer, Soap, Tissues, Toilet
paper
Everything is gone
We can't believe this happening
What's going on?
Meanwhile, they cancelled
the NBA
Even though some players still wanted
to play
Number of people dying changes day
by day
People around the world are at risk
Many of them are already sick

Presidents of other countries have
shelter in place
Is our president concerned about the
human race?
This may just be the beginning
I wake up hearing that the amount of
deaths are increasing
Meanwhile the fear inside of me is
releasing
Spray clothes with alcohol, wipe
chairs, desks and doorknobs, and
wear masks
They are so many tasks
But we need to be careful
This is not a drill
The whole entire world is going
downhill
I may be exaggerating, overreacting,
and going crazy
But I do know that this is getting
more severe daily
Protect yourself and don't be lazy
Hopefully they will find a cure
In the meantime, let's not be
immature

I Didn't Create My Hair Style, It Was Created for Me
Jaden, age 11, North Carolina



I used to wear my hair cut close, but during the summer before the fifth grade, I decided that I wanted to wear my hair in braids. I asked my grandmother if she would braid my hair and she said she would.

At the start of school, the school bus picks up the kids to take us to school. One morning one of my classmates said that I was dirty, because of my braids.

After school, when the school bus dropped me home, I called my grandfather and told him what happened. He said to me:

“Tell your classmate that you didn't create this hair style. Your ancient African Egyptian ancestors did and wore this hair style thousands of years ago. And if he looked on the walls of the ancient Egyptian Pyramids, he could see the evidence for himself.”

My hairstyle has a history. I didn't create it. It was created for me and it is well documented. I Dream an America where people are not mean to others because they don't look like them.

He is Not a Refugee. He is My Daddy!

Jamya, age 11, New York

Last year
This man you see
He was not a refugee
But just a man
Who loved to laugh
And walk with his class
By the sea
He liked America
But he was forced to flee
He could be you
He could be me
But it was my father
And there was nothing I could do
But I tried
He was not a refugee
But just an amazing guy
He was not a refugee
But that's what the system
Wanted everyone to believe
He had a family
Who loved and cared
Now it's hard to bear
The fact that he's not here, but we're still strong since
Even though he's not here he's here
And we want the world to be aware

I Dream An America

Makela, age 13, New York

I Dream an America, where people are not innocently killed, because of their skin color, religion or sexuality.
I Dream an America, where kids do not fear they may be the next victims of a school massacre.
I Dream an America, where being a bit overweight doesn't result in bullying.
I Dream an America, where every sexuality is accepted, and none are looked as a sin.
I Dream an America, where all politicians will care enough about us to pass tough, but fair gun control laws.
I Dream an America, where Black people can shop in a store, drive a car, jog, wear a hoodie without being objectified and accused.
I Dream an America, where Black people speaking properly are not viewed as White.
I Dream an America, where animal abuse is resolved, so no animal has to go through any type of physical pain ever again.
I Dream an America, where people can find an answer to global warming, so future generations do not suffer.
I Dream an America, where people with disabilities are not treated any differently than others, because they have a disability.
I Dream an America, where bullying and cyberbullying comes to an end to prevent suicide and mental pain.
I Dream an America, where people do not discriminate against a person because of age.
I Dream an America where all people have enough healthy food to eat.
I Dream an America where everyone knows that God loves all religions.
I Dream an America, where kids make a difference in the world.

No Voice
Jamya, age 10, New York

I began patting the black leather seats and thinking about how I got to skip school on this windy Thursday morning. As my mom began to speed up, I could hear the tires screeching. I wanted to tell her to slow down because my life was in her hands. That only would make her more upset than she already was. When we hit a red light, she looked at me. I pretended I could not see her, but when I looked at her I saw a dark soul for a sec. I wanted to ask her what was wrong, but I did not want to be nosy. And suddenly a breeze hit me. I focused on where the apple cinnamon and orange peels scent were coming from. Wait! Orange peels. My dad loves to give me oranges. I have not talked to my dad. I reached for my mom's phone and she yelled, "Sit back". I was hesitant to ask if I could use my phone to call my dad, but I did anyway and she told me her phone was dead, while I could clearly see it was fully charged. So, I turned to my sister and asked to use her phone and when my sister whispered to my mom, "you have to tell her". "Tell me what?" I asked, and my mom began to tell me what? "Princess it's about your dad." As soon as she said princess, I knew something was wrong because that word doesn't come around often.

My mom continued: ICE was watching your dad for a couple of weeks and when he was getting in his van to go to work they locked him up. The ICE officers didn't pat him down correctly. He still has his cell phone in his pocket. Your dad is so terrified he spelled immigration with three g's when he texted me. ICE cannot know he has his phone. I began to cry. My mom and sister began to pass me tissues. All I could do was pray that we would have a repeat of 2010 and a hurricane or something would happen to cause the government to send him back and he wouldn't have to go back to a country he hasn't been in over 30 years.

Dad was put on a plane at 6 a.m. on January 16, 2018: The same day of his 10 a.m. court hearing.

They kept my dad in a tiny jail in Haiti where deportees are kept until someone pays to get them out or until someone comes to claim you like you're a piece of luggage. My father has no family in Haiti. The same good friend who was deported back to Haiti in the 80's, when he and my dad were really young for a drug offense, was kind enough to pick my dad up from jail and allow him to live in his basement.

My dad was taken from me for a nonviolent crime he committed 30 years ago.

Nobody seems to care about sending my father back to Haiti. Nobody thinking or caring how it will change our lives – No more science camps. No more afterschool dance. No more math club programs. No More chats about our day with dad! All I could think about is what am I going to do on Fridays. I would no longer be able to spend Fridays with dad, who left work early to pick up my brother and me from school. He would take us to fun places like the Atlantic Mall, where we would get Pizza and play games at Chuck E. Cheese. We would also go to Brooklyn Bridge Park to play and get ice cream. We would also hang out at Dave and Busters, where he would spend an arm and leg on us. You stole a very important part of me – My Dad!

I have a passport and I will eventually see my dad again. But, I dream of an America who knows how many children, like me, cry every night, though you don't hear Our Voices.

I pray to God you will use Your Voice to bring my dad home.

On Race, Ballet and Being Muslim: We are not less than anyone else
Leila, age 12, New York



Dear fellow Americans, my name is Leila.

I am a Black Muslim girl born and raised in Harlem. Living in Harlem, we do not experience a lot of racism. Harlem is a neighborhood that is diverse. There are mosques, synagogues and churches, and people who take public transportation to work and others who drive Tesla. Most of the people that live in Harlem are Black like me.

But my sisters and I attend elite White schools outside of Harlem because in New York City the best schools are in White communities.

My little 7-year-old sister attends one of the most prestigious ballet schools in New York City, the School of American Ballet. She once dreamed to become a ballet dancer like Misty Copeland, until she was racially assaulted in a cafe by students.

We often have dinner at Lincoln Center after my sister's ballet class. This day there were some college students from Julliard who decided to sit at a table across from us talking about Muslims and how we wear "rags" on our heads, and they pointed at my mother's head scarf as an example. They kept talking about us the same way White people talked about slaves in the movie about Harriett Tubman. Like Harriett Tubman, my mom held her anger and tears. But, then one kid said: "Black people have big lips and noses and nappy hair". He was going to pull up a picture of a Black person on Google, but then said, "I don't need an example."

They kept staring at us and started giggling. We were the only Black people in the café, so they obviously were talking about us. My mom could not stand what they were saying and politely approached them to address their inappropriate behavior. They responded aggressively and said it was "Freedom of Speech". My mom immediately took all of our stuff and told the security guards about what happened. They said that they could not do anything about it.

My 7-year-old sister was really traumatized thinking people see her as ugly because of her dark skin and short hair. She told my mom that she was not pretty enough to do ballet because she is not White with long hair. My mom tells her she is beautiful and shows her successful Black women with dark skin. It has not worked, and she is too afraid to return to ballet.

My mother always has told us that we can be whoever we want to be. But, I was blind not to see that racism also exists in New York City. My sister is only 7. I'm hoping she will rise because we are Muslim and not White with long hair, we are not less than anyone else.

In our home, we have Lupita Nyong'o's quote,
"No matter where you are from, your dreams are valid."

We also have Maya Angelou's poem "I Will Rise." My favorite stanza: "Leaving behind nights of terror and fear, I rise, into a daybreak that's wondrously clear, I will rise."

How do you protect girls from FGM?

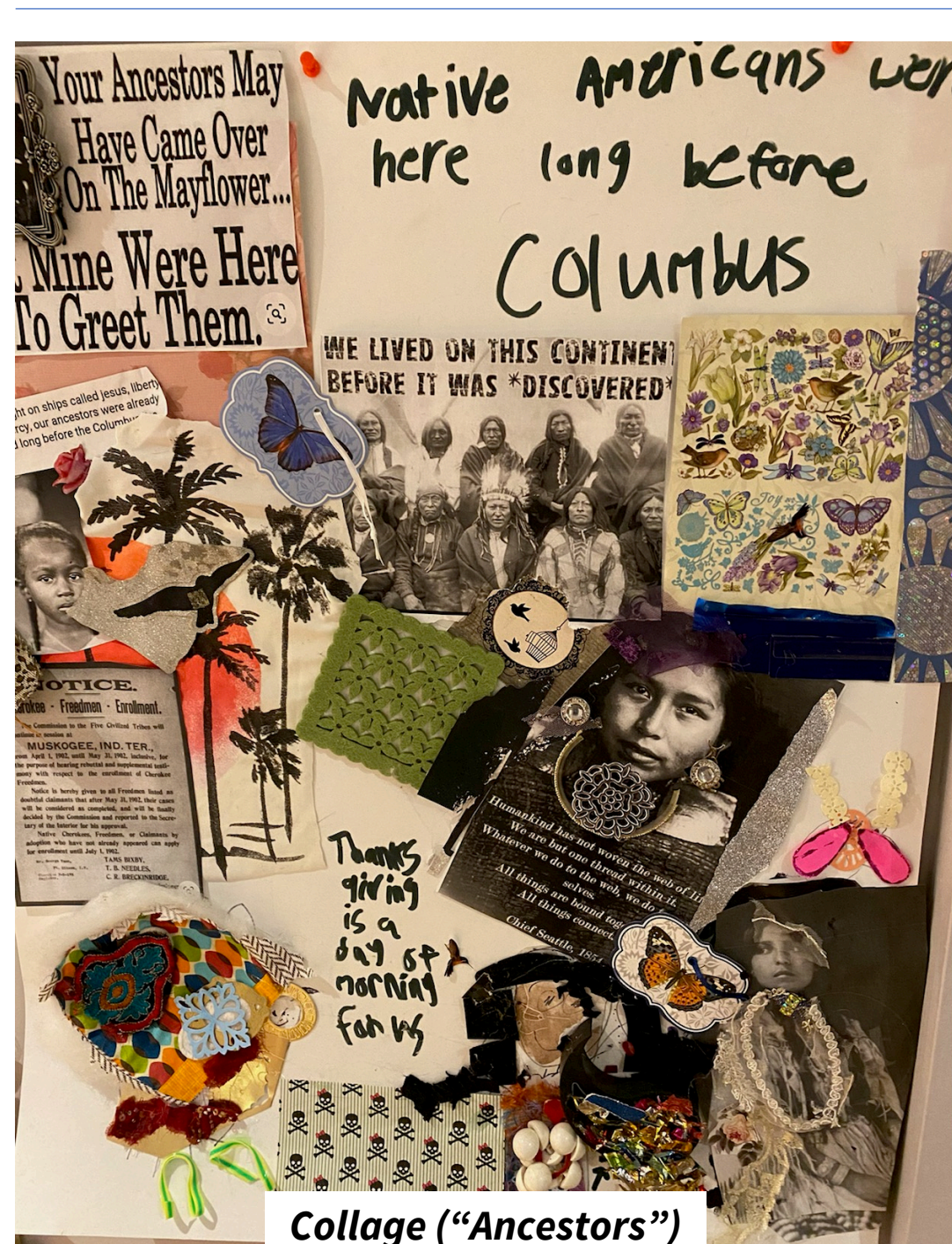
Leila, age 12, New York

To protect oneself from COVID-19 wear a mask, stand six feet apart from others outdoors, and no indoor gatherings. How do you protect girls in Somalia, Egypt, Mali, Ethiopia and 25 other countries from Female Genital Mutilation (FGM)? My mother comes from Somalia, where she narrowly escaped the war in the late nineties. According to my mother, living and growing up in the predominantly religious and cultural context of those days, was a nightmare and constantly placed at her at risk for the horrific experience of FGM. Although, she survived by fleeing to Kenya then to the U.S., here in Harlem, some families from African nations send their daughters back to their country to be mutilated so they will be acceptable for marriage. This practice is widespread in Africa and Asia.

Through my mother's story I understand the victims of FGM. My mother's childhood stories have informed me of what it might have been like for me and my two sisters if we had to live under those cultural and religious beliefs. The idea that girls live in fear that this might happen to them one day is completely unacceptable. According to the World Health Organization and health researchers, FGM causes severe bleeding and sometimes death. Women and girls who went through FGM experience chronic pain, develop complications during childbirth, and suffer from post-traumatic stress disorders and depression.

About 200 million girls from birth to age 15 have undergone the procedure. There is an estimate of 68 million girls that will have experienced FGM from now to 2030. We have to put an end to this torturous and dehumanizing acts. It is time for people in other nations to fight for the end of FGM. Women and girls are traumatized, and children are dying daily, because of FGM.

I am going to protect girls by raising awareness and mobilize resources for The New 3Rs Youth Giving Circles to support organizations fighting FGM. Watch A Piece of Me | UNFPA Then, Feb 6th join the United Nations International Day of Zero Tolerance for Female Genital Mutilation. FGM Must End!



Collage ("Ancestors")

Estee, age 12, New York

God Is My Weapon
Blake, age 11, Pennsylvania

Do you remember,
when I cried?
I fell at my knees,
waiting to die.
I looked at him in the eye,
When I saw him punch me,
I wondered why?
When I decided to tell you,
you started to cry.
Wondering what I would do,
the next day of school when I walked
with you.
He is like a fire stopping thousands and
thousands of lives,
causing people to die.
When I walked to school,
he had to pay.
Thinking about my worries,
all day.
Looking at him face to face,
Trying to beat him in the mental race.
Talking to him,
clenching my fist.
Waiting for victory,
at my risk.

What would happen when I use my
strongest muscle?
Preparing for a mental rumble.
Acting genial,
watching him respond.
Staring at him,
thinking beyond.
All the tears were wiped away,
knowing God will get him anyway.
Wanting to fight,
was not right,
so I became bright,
walking away with great delight.
Knowing that I did something right.
Thinking alright,
hold on tight.
Life isn't fair,
there will be people like that
everywhere.
Don't stop trying,
And remember where there is God,
walk away and nod.
God is my weapon,
straight from heaven.
That is something a bully cannot take,
even with all their hate.

Now's The Time For Youth To Speak Out
Jasmine, age 14, New York



My interest in government and politics started in 1st grade when I was elected as the mayor of our Lego town that we had created in the classroom. At the end of the year, I remember a classmate commending me about how I was “the best” mayor they had seen all year. That statement, though it seems insignificant, gave me assurance in my confidence when it came to leading change within my community. Since then, a lot of time has passed, but I am fervently passionate about politics.

Eight years later I was entering my freshman year of high school. I saw my school had a politics discussion club, I immediately signed up. A few weeks later as I waltzed up to the club meeting room, I peered into the window to see the club dominated by one demographic: White males. Despite the fact that the majority of government officials fall under this demographic, I was still startled. I know it isn't because Blacks at my school aren't informed about politics, but I still couldn't help but wonder why this is?

That weekend I decided to descend upon the streets of Harlem and ask Black adolescents this question: Are you interested in politics? The results of this question reinforced what I saw at the meeting, as only 16% of the respondents replied “yes” to my question. This ultimately signals a larger problem that is often overlooked, and I feel that more must be done to ensure that young Black people are involved and have an interest in the legislative process.

I believe the solution to this is that there must be a larger effort enforced, preferably youth-led, to ensure that young Black people have an active interest in politics. The next fifty years will belong to us, and if we don't practice speaking our voices now, what implications will that have for our future? What will this mean for the climate crisis or the criminal justice system? If we do not speak our voices, we ultimately are passing up the constitutional right to vote, that many of our grandparents did not have, because of Jim Crow.

I propose a solution that would entail a series of youth-targeted workshops for Black youth. The objective of these workshops would be to display to teens how topics that are currently being debated in government directly impact them, and what they could do to counter these effects. Methods for teaching kids to speak their voices about issues that concern them could be through utilizing social media campaigns, teaching them how to write legislation, and teaching methods of effective citizen involvement in government. The time is now for Black youth to act and ensure that they will continue to have their voices heard all around the country from here on out.

I dream of an America where all youth, regardless of color, understand how the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the United States impact their lives.

BLACK
ATTACK

Safiyyah, age 7, New York

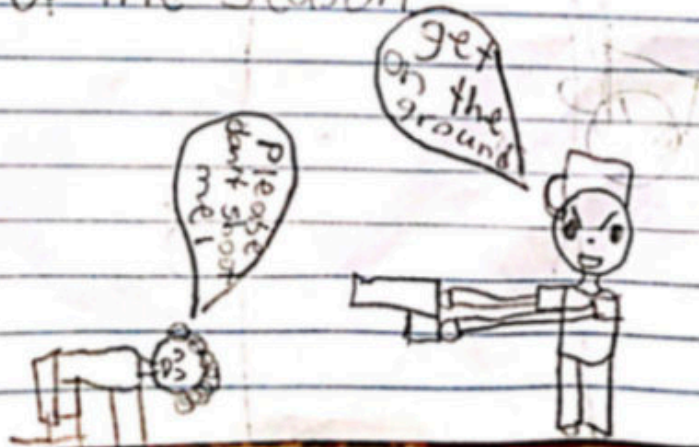
Black Black Black attack only
shooting at the blacks.

Black Black Black attack shoot them
til it goes pitch black.

Black Black Black attack Do
you know that we are all black
green blue all of it inside of
you.

Black Black Black attack Shooting
us for no reason

Black Black Black attack shooting til the
end of the season



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Our children need us now more than ever!

<https://thenew3rs.org/give/>