

MARY TURNER

I think God knewed that black women were made of some sterner stuff. Why else would he give us the power to birth black babies? To birth kings and queens, unjustly usurped of their earthly crowns. To birth babies that the world would be lusting to persecute and kill. Hell we gots ta be made of some sterner stuff. *(Pause)* My bedtime stories were never going to start with once upon a time. The do's and don'ts of survival were to be my bedtime stories. Little black boys don't need made up tales of the boogie man. Oh no. For the boogie man is all too real. Don't show your strength because it frightens them. Don't release passion because it's anger... Don't hold your head high because its arrogance, don't be a man because to them you aren't one!! Don't... Don't.... Don't... Do these to survive. They will fear your darkness, shudder at your presence, and have the will to kill you, destroy you!! Because in their eyes you are worthless, you are dangerous. You are the lowest of the low. These are the bedtime stories that little black boys hear. *(A tale, one that might have had kings and queens, dragons, and faraway lands.)* Once upon a time in a land not too far, far, away, but much closer, than we could ever imagine, lived a handsome Prince and he was WHITE!! And a beautiful Princess....and of course she was WHITE!! And they were loved throughout the land. But there was an evil Troll, and he was mean, and ugly and BLACK, he was BLACK!!! And feared throughout the land. They searched high and low and found this ugly, mean, BLACK Troll. They captured him and hung him from the bridge for all to see. And they came from far and wide and celebrated the Troll's demise. They cheered and danced and all was right in the land again. And they all lived happily ever after. The End.