

One Decision

My name is Ashley Nicole Smith. I am 15 years old. I have a high honor roll and I am a track star at my school Just like my mom. My mom and I don't really get along. We're like water and oil, no matter how hard we try we never get along. She seems to have more in common with my brother Miles. Miles is my twin brother. He plays football just like my dad did in high school. My father graduated at 16 years old and went to Harvard. He had to watch his 7 siblings after school every day. His only escape was school where he met my mom. They met in high school and started dating in the 9th grade. They went to the same college and then got married at 25. I always look up to my dad. He was my role model. Every time I think about him I get sad now. Thinking back on how one fatal prejudice mistake ruined my life.

It all started when I begged my parents to let me go to the Black History Museum. I told them I wanted to go for educational purposes and to learn more about my culture. I knew that was a lie deep down. The real reason I wanted to go was because of Mark Jones. He played football with my brother and he was his best friend. I have had a crush on him since 7th grade. I know what you're thinking. "You liked this boy for 2 years and have not told him anything." Well, call me a coward because it's easier said than done. I vowed to never confront him. I would just "coincidentally" show up to the same place as him. After buttering up and doing the dishes my parents agreed if they could go with us. I was fine with that and they were treating us to dinner afterwards.

The museum was fun. I ran into Mark and we had a conversation about how nobody likes Ms. Berry and how she gives too much work. After we left the museum we went to a restaurant as promised and we were on our way home.

I fell asleep in the car but the sound of a siren woke me up. An officer came up to the car and asked my dad for his license and registration. He tried very little to hide his snarky comments. "What are you doing on this side of town at night." He asked.

“Step out of the car.” the officer said. My mother was worried, almost crying as if she knew what would happen next. My dad tried to come close to the car to calm my mom down. The cop kept telling him to step back. “Everything is going to be alright.” My dad said while reaching into the car.

BOOM!!!

It all happened so fast my father's body dropped on the floor. My mom and brother jumped out of the car to my dad. The officer ran to my dad and called the officer. He swore he didn't mean it as my mother cried as she knew her husband was gone. I couldn't move. I was so shocked and scared and angry I didn't know what to do.

About a couple weeks went by and we had the funeral for my father. I started to hate the world. How could they take my father? Why would they hurt my family, my mother like that? But I had to put on a brave face for my mother. My mom hasn't been to work. She went through a depression period and lost her job. We were losing the house or so we thought.

The whole neighborhood and my whole school knew about the situation that had occurred. A couple days later all of my neighborhood, some of my teacher's, and friends from school came in front of our home with candles and food. My mother started bursting into tears crying. My mom invited them in and they ate with us and gave their condolences. My mom got back on her feet and started working again at a new job. The cop that shot my father was fired and got two year's probation. It's not the best type of justice but we knew that was the most we could get.

Everyone at school shows their love and support for my family. Because of them I started a podcast to educate people about dealing with losses and how if we all come together as one we can stop this police brutality. If we come together we can help make the world a better place.