

Amber Mitchell  
Memoir  
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There are a lot of experiences I've had that made me realize some of my identity. One of those is me growing up as a black person. I can relate to a lot of other black people. Like for example, having hair problems. Hair of black people is really hard to tame to the point that some black women get so frustrated with their hair that they cry. And I've done that before. Also being stereotyped. Every minority has been stereotyped. The time I was stereotyped was when I was going to Rite Aid with my friends (we are all black) and we were told to drop our backpacks at the door instead before going around the store. I didn't shop there. I just waited outside while my friends bought stuff. Now, apparently people from my school were stealing things from the store so maybe that's why we were told to put our bags down, but it was winter so we all had our coats on, so how did the people working there know if we were from the school stealing things. That situation just rubs me the wrong way. Something else that I can relate to other black people about is having cookouts and the food we have there. There's always that one cousin on the grill and how everyone there just has fun and sees family.

Being a black young woman living in America is not fun nor easy. We are not treated right here and looked down on. Even by our own race. Being a woman is hard itself. But being a colored woman? You disrespected even more. A lot of men/people call almost every other race beautiful, hot, or wife material. But when they look at us, a lot of people say anything but that.

We're called ratchet, unkept, monkeys, dirty, and more. It be black men saying this too. It's belittling. Especially the way darkskin women are treated. Pretty much, the lighter you are, the better in society's eyes. For cookouts, we usually have that and a block party at once. The food that we usually have is corn, macaroni, fried chicken, greens, hot sausages and hot dogs, corn bread, hawaii rolls, and ribs. The food is always good.

Another part of my identity is being a woman. There is a lot that has to be done as a woman in life. Sadly as a woman a lot of us are always looking over our shoulders and always have our guard up especially if you are alone. Every, if not every woman is taught to hold their keys a certain way as self defence in case a man tries to hurt you. But that's one thing of how I can relate to other women. Also things like being cat called, called over dramatic, being seen as an object, and always needing to be cautious at all times. I also identify as a woman because of the body parts all women have and our menstrual cycle.

What I realize is that all this, is what makes me, me. These things are all important to me. I love being black and I love being a black woman. Having been blessed with melanin and everything that comes with it along with being a strong woman. I don't know about who I am besides black, but I'll live with pride as who I know I am. I'm proud to be who I am.