

Short talks



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2/20/13 English 1102 Introduction I start off with a couple of stereotypes I recently heard or saw people discussing and give my feelings/opinions on why I feel people say things like that. Next is my feelings toward SSU, it's a mixed feeling really a love and hate relationship. I end my short talks with my first, and definitely not my last, fight I had; that occurred in kindergarten. All I can say about that is never and I mean NEVER touch my crayons!

On Stereotypes- " All black people like chicken," is one of the most commonly known stereotypes but recently I ran into some really interesting stereotypes; like all black people have gaps, if your black your house has roaches, black people were more helpful to America as slaves, all black people are ugly when they're babies, and black girls put weave in their hair because they don't have any. When I hear people talk like this all I can do is laugh at the ignorance, you have to be on a whole other level of stupid to even think like that and then to let that stupidity slip out of your mouth.

People let statements like that get to them and get them all roweled up over it but, you have to sit back sometimes and think about where they get their point of view on African Americans people from. I find that a lot of it comes from the older generations in theirfamilywhere theracismis still alive and brewing, and once again I laugh because it is 2013 and if you still feel African Americans should be slaves and they're ignorant monkeys then go ahead and do you.

As far as those other statements though I have a gap I know plenty of " black people" who don't, my house doesn't have roaches and never will, I wouldn't be a good slave because I'm way too strong willed and I only work for pay, I was a beautiful baby, and plenty of African American girls have long

beautiful hair. On Savannah State- " You are so ratchet with your power outs, slow wifi, bad cable connection, rude faculty and staff, and rising tuition that's mostly going to athletic fees for teams that aren't even good. " -

Anonymous

I love my SSU but I hate it too, it has so much potential to be a great school but there has to be some major changes first. The first thing that the people over the school should take a good look into is the way a lot of their staff members act towards current and future students; some of them are rude and nasty every day to everybody. Next, they should move to the " problem professors", which are the ones who the students complain the most about, they have the highest rate of students dropping out, and they have the highest failure rate.

Lastly, would be what they use the budget for the school on I feel some of the funding for certain things could be used for more important things that the school needs, like a full time doctor for example. On Self-Respect- " How can you expect anybody to respect you if you're half naked on Facebook for likes? " Girls are always crying on Facebook, twitter, instagram, and other social sites about how they want a " real man" but yet they have all of these lewd, distasteful pictures up for the whole internet to see.

On top of that they get mad when they get a bunch of sexual comments and messages, it's kind of baffling because what else would they expect to get if that's how they present themselves. On the struggle- It's hard being in college with no form of income coming in, eating ramen noodles every night, and borrowing paper from other students in class. Being broke makes your refund check, no matter how big or small, look like a little slice of heaven.

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Refund check time is when all of the ballers come out, when the mall is packed with college students going on a spending spree for themselves and for the homies who don't get a refund, and when all the parties you go to have a bunch of alcohol and weed; but a month later it's back to the struggle. The month after refund is when people go back to begging for things, back to one or two bottles of liquor at the party, and back to those stupid ramen noodles. On my first fight- I remember when I was a little, sweet, loving, only child living in Yonkers, NY.

I got everything I wanted and I never had to share anything, unless I wanted to and I was always kind enough to do it anyway. My mother came home one day with these new glitter crayons for me, since I loved to draw and color; and I loved them. I brought them to school the next day to show my best friend and we colored with them during breakfast, before class. One of the older students saw us and came over, she took all of my friends crayons and pushed her out of her seat and proceeded to reach for mine.

I grabbed my things, backed away and told her she couldn't have my crayons. I saw a little bit of rage in her eyes as her friends laughed at her for not being able to take a kindergartener's crayons; so she pushed me and went to take my things. I wanted to sit there and cry like my friend was doing but instead I got mad, I got real mad just thinking about the fact my mother just bought me some new " special" glitter crayons and some hood rat with no manners was going to have them for free wasn't sitting right with me.

I got up and punched her in the face and I could tell by the look in her eyes that it hurt, so I punched her again and again and again; I even started to

scratch at her face. Her friends who were at first laughing saw how serious I was about those crayons and went to get the school's officer, who eventually stopped me. I didn't get in trouble that day but I got a newly found confidence that would lead me into trouble with anyone willing to cross the wrong path with me.