

Yusef shokry



Yusef shokry A white Boy and His problems. The familiar melody of the finale school bell rings over the newly refurbished speakers, that have been perfectly manicured in to the titanium Wight tiled ceiling. A sigh of relief is savored universally through a sparsely populated eighth grade "mater and energy" laboratory. My entire class arises in unison and darts for the only exit at the opposite end of the room, they could not have evacuated that room faster if there had been Kodiak bear threatening the integrity of their limbs. Keeping true to every previous day they all grew confused and irritated when they grasped the concept that an average and generic door, with average and generic dimensions, could not fit the combined mass of eleven teenagers. Today however, as I watched from the rear of the class, accompanied by ageing science teacher who had long ago lost the amusement gathered by watching the daily spectacle; there was something different brooding inside me. I was aggravated today. I had woken up today with an ominous prediction that today was going to be one to forget. One eight hour day and seven periods later logic would assume that all my teachers had received the same command to ruin my day. Waiting until the bloodiest battle since the day before subsided at the opening of the class I began taking my rout through the school to the twenty foot high barbed gateway that separated ICS (International community school) from the rest of Ethiopia. On my rout my mind frenzied over all the things that had gone wrong to me that day. As my feet shuffled through the faultlessly cut grass, I thought of what a cruel miser Mrs. Asiet was for assigning such a time consuming project right after we had just traversed his latest sadistic concoction of the mind. While passing our evidently well-funded and well stoked library I thought of what a Bitch Wynona had been today for making

that snide remark about my pubescent and volcanic blemishes. Finally as I approached the guarded and plated gate leading out into the unpaved road in central Addis Ababa, I was reminded, on top of everything today has presented, I had to walk the 5 miles back home because driver had a last minute complication and had to essentially flake. The sun was warm today and the breeze gentle enough to carry my mind elsewhere on my winding and rocky pass back home. I relished in the familiar scents and sounds the city had to offer, I found comfort in the cacophony of noises live stalk would make as they " clucked" and " mood" around dusty corners. As I approached the finale bends through the shanty town that surrounded my home the real reason I had been dreading this walk had been staring me down. Two scantily clad dressed women sporting eclipsing afros and blindingly cheap jewelry were getting ready for a night of work. Work of the sexual persuasion. I was familiar with the routine thanks to multiple crossings with these exact women, I would bow my head dismissing their presence and they wouldn't hassle me aware that I was too young to pay for their services. Today however an interesting image crossed my mind as I stammered past these visibly battered women. If I had the proverbial " kahunas" and the language skills to communicate with them what would I tell them? My inner monologue entertained the idea by starting the conversation with " Hello, my name is Yusef" they would reply with a single voice " hello Yusef how was your day". Which I would then roll my eyes and exclaim, " Dreadful. You would not believe the crap I took today", " too much home work for one, dealing with a jerk like Wynona, and worst of all I am pretty sure my maid took the day off so I am stuck making dinner". One answers acerbically " I know what you mean! I woke up today with nothing to eat in my house made

of tin and 500 Ber (Ethiopian currency equivalent to around 10 dollars) to my name". the conversation would end with me waving good bye casually saying. " goodbye. I'm off to a sleepless night in my government funded mansion" and they would wave femininely and say" good bye. We are off to let stranger sexually abuse our bodies for money". The thought although amusing was simultaneously haunting, had I been so sheltered by the high walls of federal funded schools and programs to the extent that I had prioritized my qualms over the needs of these people. I had perpetually lived in third world countries surrounded in quagmires of squalor and abuse, and only now thirteen years into my life a single piercing thought busted my pristine intrapersonal bubble. Presently I dedicate any time I get abroad with my mother, a diplomat, to the benefit of abused men woman and children alike. With this revelation I feel it is my duty to extend my experiences through my art and open the eyes of fellow American bogged down behind their own barbed fences of the injustice taking place just around the dusty bend. (858)