

North Philly Metropolis

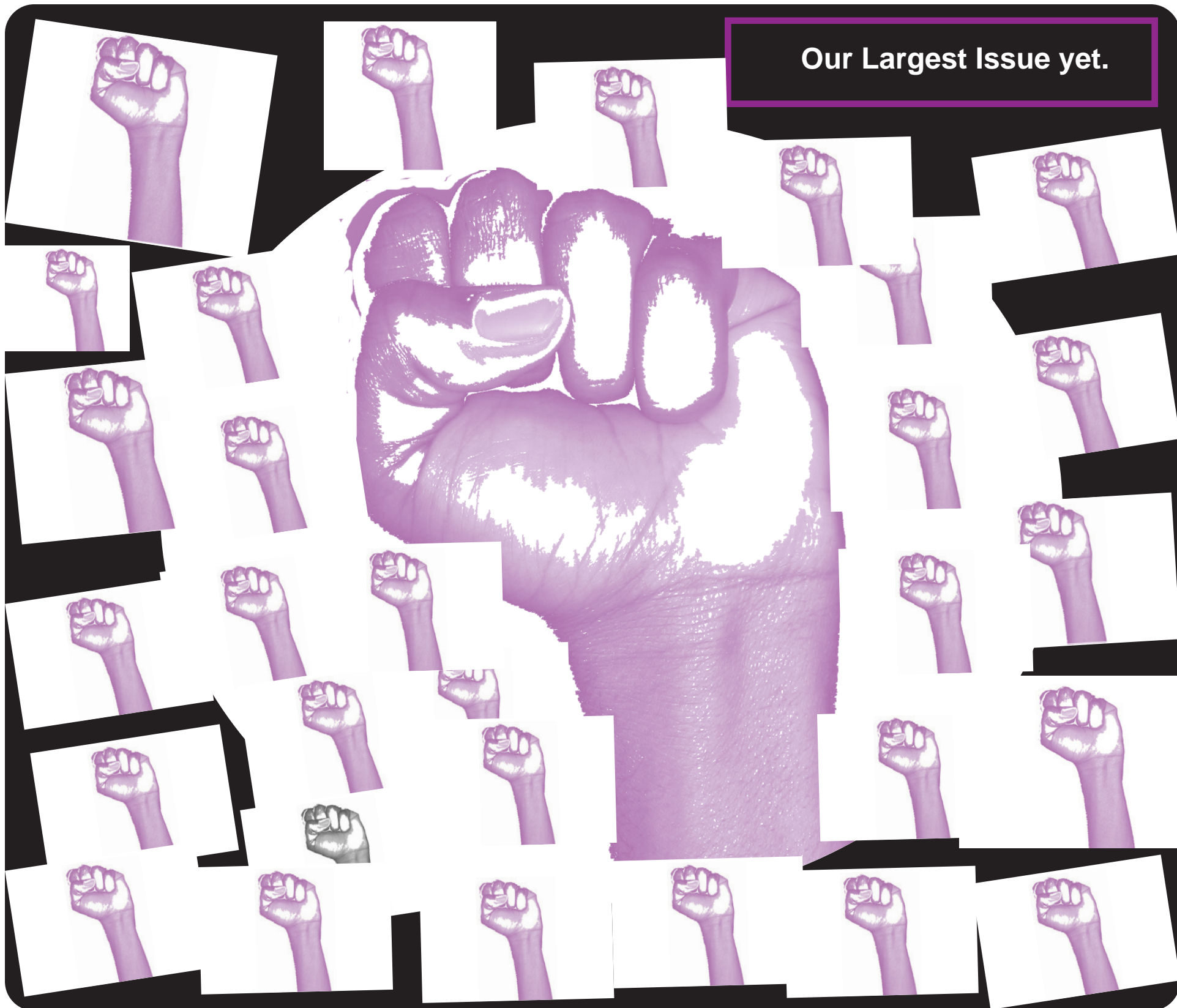
... a community newspaper ...



ISSUE 5, VOL. 3 Fall/ Winter 2007-2008
PUBLISHED BY Project H.O.M.E.'s Teen Program
www.northphillyteens.com

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THERE IS NO ROYAL, FLOWER-STREWN PATH TO SUCCESS.
AND IF THERE IS , I HAVE NOT FOUND IT, FOR IF I HAVE ACOMPLISHED ANYTHING IN LIFE,
IT IS BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN WILLING TO WORK HARD.

MADAM C.J. WALKER

PLUS: NPM's NEW TEEN EDITOR-IN-CHIEF- PHILLY'S NEW TEEN RUN TELEVISION SHOW-KEEPING IT CULTURAL WITH Ms. LASHIELD---MOMS AGAISNT GUNS-MEET THE NPM SQUAD-PLUS MUCH MORE...

North Philly Metropolis

... a community newspaper ...



The next deadline is approaching...
make sure you're a part of it



The North Philly Metropolis
Published by the Teen Program at
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MISSION STATEMENT

We have created this newspaper because we want to share ideas, knowledge, and information with our community. Through publishing, we will educate ourselves—the students—in writing, photography, editing, research, investigation, and graphic design. We want to present role models from the community that are setting a good example and to counteract the negative images of the inner city in most media. We are willing to take chances to better the community and to show our faith...with love, respect, dedication, and courage.

Views expressed in NPM are those of the authors and may not reflect the opinions, politics, or views of **Project H.O.M.E.**

Dear Readers of the *NPM*,

Before I get into the *yada yada*, let me formally introduce myself. My name is Fatima Thomas and my passion has always been the world of communications. When I first started writing in 2002, I wrote about things that were closest to me. This included my family, friends and other things that caught my eye in the neighborhood. When the newspaper was still young, I decided that I would write about the numerous things that affected my community. Those were violence, racism and poverty. Along with my passion for journalism, there was poetry and creative writing. I decided that I would put at least one of my poems in every paper, to show my creative side.

That's enough of me and my life; let's get back to the paper. This issue is built around the theme of Race and Culture and—let's be honest—it's a topic that needs a serious discussion. Everyone, and I mean everyone, has been thrown a racist comment or a stereotypical conclusion before, whether you're young or old. If you're African American, you may have witnessed or become a victim of racial profiling and if you're Caucasian you may have had a school deny you for financial aid because they think that you have the money to pay full tuition. These stereotypical and racist judgments can become deadly to a whole race. So many people are busy judging others by stereotypes; they don't get to know individuals. This issue's sole purpose is to capture the eyes of these people and show them that racism and stereotypical views are not only unjust but they ruin the idea of first impressions. So everyone that is reading this newspaper, give it to people that you know so they see our views and concerns. Racism is a detrimental entity so pay close attention because this will be of great interest to many.

Fatima Thomas
Editor-in-Chief

FEEDBACK!

To the staff of the NPM located in the heart of North Philadelphia. To read the paper developed by youth living in the city of Philadelphia is important to me and others. The area of the city called north central is known primarily as the hot bed of violence, truancy and other negatives to describe the area and the youth in it. The main stream media always seem to highlight the negatives about the area.

Most of the city does not understand the importance of independent media. Especially in print, most of the family members read the daily papers. They seem unable to believe that the high schoolers have developed a powerful tool to educate, amuse. A way to direct their peers to positive events and issues.

The past 3 editions have made a believer out of me. In the early 1980's members of the community launched a bi-weekly named the North Philly Free Press. We were located and worked out of the Church of the Advocate 18th & Diamond Street. The NPM is a reincarnation of that historic institution. We covered news that the main stream media would not touch.

Many of my peers are excited about what the NPM staff has accomplished and compliment the adult staff (Project H.O.M.E.) that has trained the youth in the area of editing, layout, typesetting, photography and distribution. I have seen the website that supports the quar-

terly issues. There is a number of north Philly natives and artist that would jump at the opportunity to help in areas of need. I for one would be honored to join the winning team. My family really enjoys the mother goose section and missed it in last issue.

Please keep up the work and continue to educate us old timers about the needs of the teens and youth of all ages. To read articles from what you guys see through your eyes is rare. Please keep up the good work, journalism is a great career option.

Bob Shipman

The Metropolis keeps getting better and better! Look forward to reading your race and culture issue.

Good luck wrapping up the current issue and have a happy new year.

Paul Socolar, Editor
Philadelphia Public School Notebook

Where to find the *North Philly Metropolis*

You will always find current and back issues available at our headquarters in the Honickman Learning Center and Comcast Technology Labs located at 1936 N. Judson Street in North Philadelphia (between Berks and Norris Streets and 23rd and 24th Streets). Otherwise, try our other distribution points:

SCHOOLS

Hallahan; GESU; William Penn; RR Wright; New Hope; Vaux; Strawberry Mansion; University City; William Dick; Temple Student Center; Menonite; Mercy Vocational; Temple DHS; School District Board; T.M. Pierce; Berean Institute.

BUSINESSES / CENTERS / ORGANIZATIONS

Rainbow Pizza; The Right Choice; Charlie's Country Ribs; Diamond Street NAC Center; MLK Center; YMCA; Project H.O.M.E. Departments and Residences; Child Advocate; 20th Street Health Center; Espinal Grocery; OCHC; Stores along Ridge Avenue, Diamond Street, and Berks Street; The Children's Hospital; Truancy Courts; 22nd & 23rd Police Precincts; Ridge Avenue Free Library; Post Offices; WIC.

CHURCHES

Deliverance Evangelistic Church; 2nd Timothy Tabernacle Baptist Church; Berean Baptist Church; Miller Memorial Baptist Church; Cornerstone Baptist Church; Church of The Advocate; Deliverance Church; Christian Tabernacle Church of God In Christ; Emmanuel Institutional Baptist Church; Christlike Faith Baptist Church, Becklaham Deliverance Church; Wayland Temple Baptist Church.

Our distribution list continues to grow. Please contact us to add your organization to the list. Coming Soon: Newspaper boxes located outside the Laundromat at 28th and Cecil B. Moore, outside Charlie's Country Ribs, and outside McCoy's Auto Repair. We appreciate the support of these businesses as they allow us to get our issues out to more and more people. Keep your eyes open for these boxes around the city!



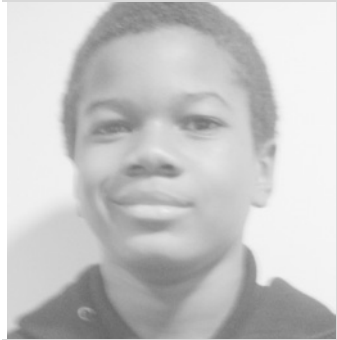
MEET THE NPM SQUAD



Fatima Thomas: Former assistant editor of the *North Philly Metropolis*, Fatima has changed roles and is now the new Editor-in-Chief of this magnificent paper and has comitted herself to adding more of a feminine touch to the paper. It is, however, a fact that when choosing the color for this issue, Peak Johnson nearly had a heart attack because he felt that purple was too feminine.



Peak Johnson: Former editor-in-chief of the *North Philly Metropolis* and now the first of our many editors emeritus. No one knows much about the mysteries that surround Peak or what his interests are but it is confirmed that he has finally ventured from his home to other places, such as Downtown.



My name is Nicholas Molten and I am new to Project H.O.M.E.'s teen program. So far, not only have I joined the *North Philly Metropolis* but also the Harold A. Honickman Young Entrepreneur Program and am now one of the new co-owners of the newly renamed "Brotherly Love T-shirts."



Jabbae Speller is 15 and is currently in the 9th grade. She attends Murrell Dobbins CTE High School and her hobbies are reading, doing hair, and being on the internet. Her all-around favorite subject in school is Health and Physical Science. She have been going to the Honickman Learning Center and Comcast Technology Labs for four years now.



Breayonna Robinson is 13. She goes to St. Malachy's School and is currently in the 8th grade. Her hobbies include doing hair and designing clothes. She plays basketball on her school's basketball team. Her little sister is the most important person in her life because she looks up to her the most. This is the first time she is participating in the Teen Program at the Honickman Learning Center and Comcast Technology Labs.



Denise A. Perkins is 14 and her birthday is October 15. She is in the 8th grade and is attending Truebright Science Academy Charter School. She enjoys talking on the phone, playing on the computer, and writing stories.



Brianna Kelly currently is in the 11th grade and attends John W. Hallahan Catholic Girls High School. She has been involved with the Teen Program for about four years and enjoys writing for the *North Philly Metropolis* where she is able to express her feelings and speak her mind in writing.



Brierra I. Kelly attends Gesu School and she is currently in 8th grade. She is 13 and has been attending Project H.O.M.E.'s after school program for about seven years now. Some of her hobbies are dancing, talking on the phone, hanging out, learning about the latest fashions, and listening to music.

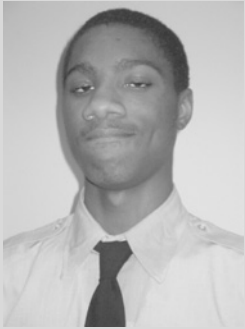


Tanisha Clanton is 17 and her birthday is May 22. She attends the Charter High School for Architecture and Design (CHAD). Her favorite subjects include Pre-Calculus and Chemistry. In her spare time she likes to draw, write, and design and also likes to travel. Her favorite sport is basketball. Even though she doesn't know how to play she does know some things about it.



Leonard Buckner is 13 years old. He's an eighth grader and attends Young Scholars Charter School and plays on their varsity basketball team and starts off as a small forward. He has recently joined the Harold A. Honickman Young Entrepreneur Program at the Honickman Learning Center and Comcast Technology Labs. A career that he hopes to make a reality when he's a bit older is to become a forensic scientist. His hobbies are playing basketball, video games, and watching television. He hopes to gain a lot of knowledge from the entrepreneur program and that the tools he is being given can help him with future careers.

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MY NEIGHBORHOOD...



There are some things about North Philadelphia that you should know. My name is Joshua Howard and I live on 20th and Diamond. It's not a bad neighborhood, actually, but there are some things I would like to change. For starters, some guys that live close to me sell drugs and get high. I really think the drugs cause the fights around where I live. I would also change the number of teen pregnancies. Too many teenage girls are giving up their childhood to have sex and having babies. I know a few girls my age, 15, that had babies. I would also clean some of the dirty parts of my neighborhood. This is less important but dirty parts of the neighborhood are polluting the air and making it difficult for young children to play outside. There are some good things about North Philadelphia. One is there are fewer gangs than there used to be. Without the gangs, we have safer streets. Another good thing is basketball courts. Basketball is a great activity to get out of the house and it's better than selling drugs in the streets.



My name is Demetrius Johnson and when I'm feeling annoyed by the daily grind (school, family etc.), I retreat to the one place that I can sort of call my home away from home (even though it's right next to my house) the lot. I go there and just chill out and when I feel like it, I watch some of the people walk by sometimes. If I'm lucky, it's a bunch a girls walking by and I can hear them gossiping or something like that, but mainly I just sit there to look at the sun go down and take in all the fresh air. Of course, there's the fact that I can't stay out there late into the night except for weekends. But simply put, it's the one place where I can put all those troubles of the normal teenage life to rest and just sit there and take it all in.



There are a lot of fights at my school, Frederick Douglass Elementary. They start for stupid reasons, like arguments or because someone said something about somebody else. On Halloween, there was a fight between a boy named Monty and a boy named Korey. It started because another student, William, told Korey that Monty said something about Korey's sister. Korey grabbed Monty in the hallway and started hitting him in the face and choked him until blood came out of his mouth. Monty went to the hospital and Korey got suspended but the fights still go on...Alonzo Evers



My neighborhood has a favorite basketball court that I like to go to. My friends and I like to play basketball. The court is right around the corner from where I live. I go play every time I come home from school. I go there because I don't want to sit in the house all day. When I'm not playing basketball, I like to sit outside on my porch or visit my cousin down the street. If I have nothing else to do I just play the ps2...Daquan Evers

?

M.I.A.
Unfortunately

My neighborhood has numerous drug dealers. They sell the drugs they have mostly at night on the corners. They sell the drugs because they want or need the money. My neighborhood, though, is very quiet. There are many senior citizens in the neighborhood. Directly across from my house is a basketball court without rims. A friend of mine, named Mr. George, sells candy, chips, popsicles, and sodas from a store in his house. ..Nafis

ADVERTISE IN THE NORTH PHILLY METROPOLIS!

NPM is distributed throughout Philadelphia to teens and adults in the community. By advertising with us, not only will you reach a large demographic, you make a statement that you support the efforts of teens who are trying to make a difference in their neighborhood. Please circle the ad size you desire below, fill out the form and send it to the address below.

Business Card (3½ x 2)	\$30
Business Card Plus (3¾ x 3½)	\$35
One-Sixth Page (vertical - 3¾ x 7½)	\$50
Quarter Page (5¼ x 7½)	\$80
Third Page (horizontal - 10 x 5)	\$100
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Full page (inside)	\$300
Back Cover (full page)	\$350

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 Phone # _____
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Announce A New Baby Girl or Boy in the family - Shout out a Birthday or Graduation - Offer coupons and discounts for your independent business - Sell your house, car, furniture, etc. - Reach out to your community!

Each **NPM** page measures 11" x 16" (no bleed). We can help with ad layout if needed. **Please submit your check or money order along with your camera-ready ads to the address below**, or e-mail PDF, PSD, or TIF formatted files to NPM@projecthome.org. To pay by credit card, please call us at 215.235.2900, extension 6316.

Your advertising helps cover our costs. Thank you for your support.

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 Phone: 215.235.2900 x6316 - Fax: 215.235.2875

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This issue will be read by thousands of people. Don't miss the opportunity to promote your business or cause, or to celebrate a graduation, birth, or the life of a loved one in our next issue.

Rates to the left!

A Great Place to Work and Make a Difference!



PROJECT H.O.M.E.

NONE OF US ARE HOME UNTIL ALL OF US ARE HOME

We are a rapidly growing, independent nonprofit agency in Philadelphia with a mission to empower persons to break the cycle of homelessness and poverty, to address structural causes of poverty, and to enable all of us to attain our fullest potential as individuals and as members of the broader society. In so doing, we run homeless outreach and residential programs and offer other supportive services for chronically homeless adults and families.

We also are involved in a major neighborhood revitalization program in North Philadelphia, partnering with the community to provide affordable home ownership, education and health services. We have recently developed a comprehensive learning center located in lower North Philadelphia. The Honickman Learning Center & Comcast Technology Labs (HLC&CTL) is the centerpiece of our comprehensive revitalization strategy. The programs housed in the HLC&CTL focus on the integration of technology with arts, education and employment. The Center will serve over 1,000 children and adults each year. **We currently have the following opportunities available:**

Training and Support Services Coordinator

The Coordinator will be responsible for coordinating the training and support services of the Adult Learning and Workforce Development program. The coordinator will work with the Manager of Adult Learning and Workforce Development, Project H.O.M.E. residents, staff, neighborhood community members, and businesses to connect un- and underemployed individuals to support services to adequately provide for their personal and family needs. Examples of specific responsibilities will include serving as the site administrator of the Benefit Bank and working with clients; scheduling, coordinating and tracking one-on-one tutoring (GED/ABE, computer, job skills, etc.); providing program information to incoming clients; facilitating the collection and management of data; collect, track, and submit contractor invoices and student payments; and other duties as they relate to networking, collaborating, and community outreach. Qualified candidates must have a Bachelor's degree, a minimum of 1 year administrative/office experience, strong computer skills in a Microsoft Office environment, excellent verbal & written communication skills, ability to work independently and function as an integral part of a team, excellent organization skills, detail oriented, and some knowledge and understanding of mental health issues, homelessness, and underemployment, poverty, and social justice. If hired, candidate must receive satisfactory clearance of child abuse and criminal background checks.

Floating Maintenance Technician

Seeking a skilled Maintenance Technician to provide support as needed to all of our facilities as a roving technician. Responsibilities will include the maintenance and repair of residential buildings, office space and technology facilities in Center City Philadelphia and surrounding area. Qualified candidates must have a high school diploma or equivalent; have basic to good skills and knowledge in plumbing, electrical, and HVAC, light carpentry, painting and drywall patching; a solid work history, plus a valid Driver's License and car insurance and dependable transportation. Must be able to submit and satisfactorily clear child abuse and criminal background checks and meet our auto insurance standards. Scheduled: 40 hours per week and rotational on-call hours.

Please submit your cover letter, resume' and salary requirements to:

Project H.O.M.E. - 1515 Fairmount Avenue - Philadelphia, PA 19130

Attn: Human Resources Recruiter - Fax: 215-382-7633 - Email: work@projecthome.org

For more information please visit our website: www.projecthome.org

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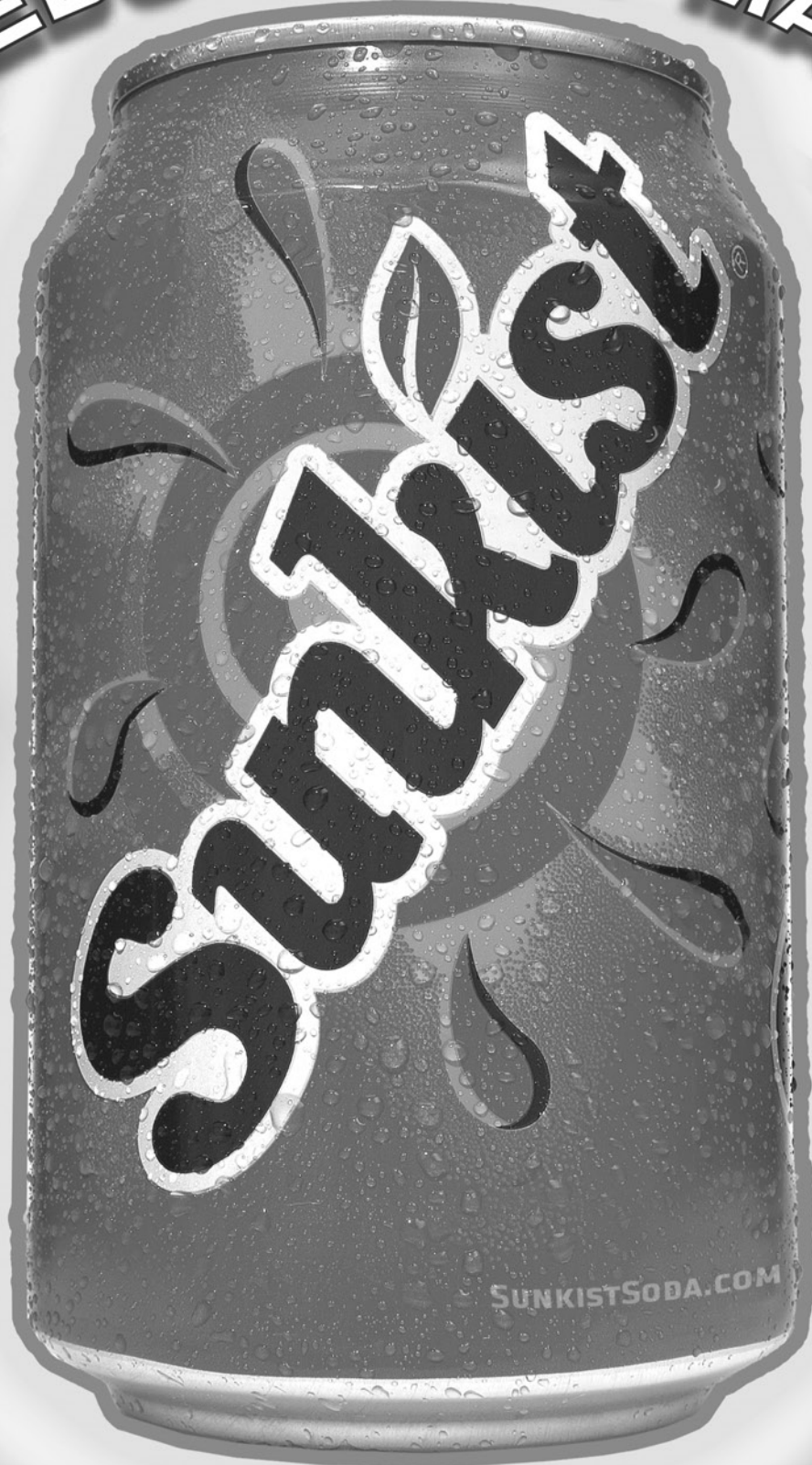
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THINK, LEARN, BECOME!

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IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

PHILLY'S NEW TEEN SHOW IS NOTHING BUT GENIUS

BY PEAK JOHNSON

Readers, we all have to admit at times, if not all the time now, that there is nothing to watch on tv. Television used to be a teen's favorite thing to do afterschool. Yes, all we could be found doing after-school was the not-so-productive activity of watching television, eating, and growing fat. Eventually when we realized that there were other things to do instead of watching television, such as hopping on the internet to check our myspace page, attending job interviews to get a job in order to make money, or when we did turn the television on it would be to watch the news and not the constant rerun of cartoons. Besides, once you visit myspace and check your mail 10 times in a day, it's time to find something else to do with your time.

Jasmine Martin and Tymier Butler.



It's the year 2008 and as leaders of our communities, we need to gain more knowledge and more information about what's happening in our world today. We need more opportunities to do these things, whether by joining an afterschool program, writing for a community newspaper, or appearing on television.

Last fall readers, "Gen.Is.Us Revitalized Teen Talk," hosted by NPM's own editor-in-chief Fatima Thomas, alongside newcomers Jasmine Martin, and Tymier Butler, debuted on Comcast cable channel 80. Gen.Is.Us, like the NPM, is run entirely by teenagers who are in charge of coming up with topics to be discussed, interviewing individuals, editing the material (which can be sometimes very long,) and then delivering the tape to Comcast where it is put on television for our viewing pleasure. The process is very complicated, believe me.

So far, "Gen.Is.Us" has discussed topics ranging from whether music provides just pure entertainment or serves more of a social purpose, homosexuality in the Black community, and Teen Sex and the role of parents. Some may be afraid to tackle these tough topics or talk about them in public but these are the topics that will make you think and question what's really going on around you.

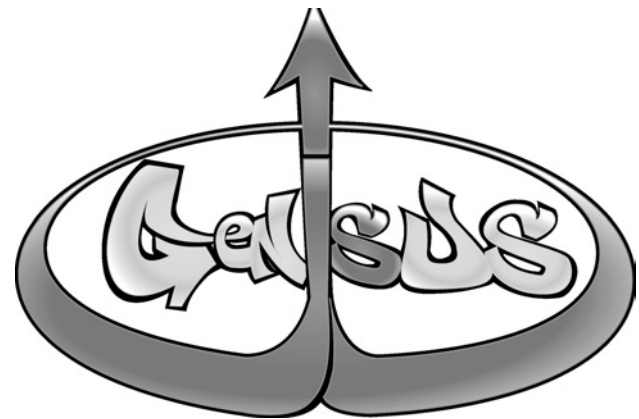


Right now, "Gen.Is.Us" is working on their next show, highlighting more of what it takes to bring the show to the big screen, plus a look at the host and hostess. The show will debut in early February on Comcast channel 80. The NPM squad will be watching and not just because our editor is part of the team. If you believe in the positive things that members of the NPM are doing then you should have no problem in tuning in everyday Monday through Friday at 3:30p.m..

In each new issue of the North Philly Metropolis, you will find our new page dedicated to Gen.Is.Us Revitalized Teen Talk which will update you more on what's happening with the soon to be hit show, introduce you more to the hardworking teen crew, and what possible topics they'll be covering in future shows.



Feast your eyes upon the "Gen.Is.Us" logo readers!



Viewer feedback on "Gen.Is.Us" is welcomed by email at GenisUsTv@gmail.com or for myspace users, www.myspace.com/genis-ustv

Send them your feedback!

Fatima looks on during one of the show's second taping.

...So does Tymier



Success doesn't come to you...you go to it.
-Marva Collins

MOTHERS AGAISNT GUNS: NOT JUST SOME ORGANIZATION

BY PEAK JOHNSON



“Keep kids alive” is their motto and it seems to be a very strong one at that. Last fall, Mrs. Lynne Honickman, wearing a magnificent hat and shirt bearing her new organization’s name, took stage at Love Park. “I created Mom Against Guns as a force for change,” said Mrs. Honickman, “and a form for other women to express their fury. It’s about voices, thousands of voices, telling Pennsylvania lawmakers over and over again that illegal guns must be controlled.”

Despite the graying skies with the chance of rain, Mother Nature decided to be patient so that the very important message coming not only from Mrs. Honickman but from her vast amount of supporters, which included Ms. Chris Whaley of the Honickman Learning Center Comcast and Technology Labs, Ms. Sue Badeu of the Philadelphia Children’s Commission, and Sister Mary Scullion of Project H.O.M.E., could get across.

But why were Moms Against Guns started, what is their overall mission, and what is Mrs. Honickman fondest hope for her newly started cause? Obviously the *NPM* squad had to wait their turn to interview and ask Mrs. Honickman these burning questions since she is a very busy woman. Eventually, we were able to catch up with her.

North Philly Metropolis: When did the idea of Moms Against Guns come to you?

Mrs. Lynn Honickman: I think the idea first came to me when we were first building the Learning Center and I had watched the little kids walking past a drug house. I was helping to plan a trip to the Institute of Contemporary Art for the kids and several of them couldn’t come because of a recent drive by and I thought that there were just too many guns in this city. Over the next two or three years when the Learning Center was finished being built the violence had just gotten worse and worse and I thought to myself that if I don’t stand up and do something

about this then I can’t live with myself. So I decided to do this and I thought of making this a viral campaign and it’s called a viral campaign because it’s really word of mouth. I tried to make the website very simple and very clear so that all you have to do is just go on and click the button and your letter will go straight to your legislator.

NPM: Who did you first approach with the idea of the organization?

LH: At first, Kathy (Mrs. H’s assistant) and I sat and talked about it and then I told Harold (Mrs. H’s husband) what I wanted to do and I told a couple of friends who thought I was crazy, and when Harold and I talked, he said, “if you think it’s important we’ll do it.” And when I told Sister Mary, who thought it was a great idea we then figured out how to do it and I know its going to take awhile and I don’t think that this one group is going to put an end to gun violence but I think if we can get voices that haven’t been heard before and then add those voices to the other hard working voices out there, then maybe we’ll become the biggest and strongest group in town.

NPM: Do you plan to expand Moms Against Guns?

We plan to expand it into the whole state and we’re beginning now. We’re asking people right now that if you know anyone outside of our city, within the state of Pennsylvania, to tell us and we’ll email it, and as the emails start to come in, the message will spread and spread. That’s what a viral campaign is.

NPM: What do you hope Moms Against Guns will accomplish?

LH: I want it to do two things: I want it to give the good citizens of Philadelphia a sense of having stood up and be counted for something that I know is hurting them inside. There isn’t a mom around who doesn’t worry about their

child walking down the street. I hope when it’s added to the 28,000 men, Men United for a Better Philadelphia, and Mothers in Charge I hope that it makes such a strong loud noise that our legislators have to listen and that the power that one gets from doing a good thing sticks around.

NPM: What do you think the solution to the major gun violence should be?

LH: I think its multi-tasking. They’ve shown that many of the perpetrators have had incidents with a gun before. I hope that we properly learn how to rehabilitate a person and help them to get a meaningful job and help them find housing and get a good education. All these things are things that keep you from walking the wrong path. The ultimate solution to this is to add as many voices as we can campaign and get this to stop.

NPM: How did you feel with the current turnout for the launch of Moms Against Guns at Love Park?

LH: I was very grateful; I thought it was a very decent turnout. The most important thing in a rally is if the press covers it, because that’s how you get the message around quickly, and they did come, the press did very good coverage and we’ve had it videotaped ourselves so we’ll be able to mount a video on our website and send it out to everyone. I thought that everyone who spoke did a great job. I thought people were thoughtful and was amazed that they came and stayed and we got three hours without rain.

We here at the *North Philly Metropolis* support Mom Against Guns and urge you, the readers, to sign up and click the button at www.moms-againstguns.org and get those letters to your legislators fast. The mounting gun violence that is plaguing Philadelphia must come to an end and people like you can help, one voice at a time.



Both tears and sweat are salty, but they render a different result. Tears will get you sympathy; sweat will get you change.
-Jesse Jackson





Keeping it Cultural By Peak Johnson

In my opinion, race and culture can be defined as a broad conversation that when talked about can only show the different views of others whether they're sometimes negative or sometimes positive, or even igniting a whole other conversation altogether. This time, in yet another great issue of the *North Philly Metropolis*, I decided to interview someone well known in our community and get her perspective on our theme of Race and Culture. Ms. Lashield Myers is the receptionist at the Honickman Learning Center and Comcast Technology Labs.

Peak Johnson: Could you start off by telling us a little about yourself?

Lashield Myers: I work for Project H.O.M.E. as their front desk receptionist at the Hoinckman Learning Center and Comcast Technology Labs and I'm also a resident.

PJ: What do you consider culture to be?

LM: Culture is a form of identifying who you are and where you're from. It deals with your background, your family, your generation, and where you've originated from.

PJ: How important do you consider culture to be?

LM: Without it, you wouldn't know who you are. Without having culture, you wouldn't know what your lifestyle should be like, your background, or your history. So it's definitely important.

PJ: Can you tell us a little about your culture?

LM: I'm African-American, but I have done my ancestry research and have found out that my father's side of the family originated from a tribe in Ghana, and my mother's side originated from a tribe in Nigeria and Senegal. Being here in America is so different from being over there at the different parts of Africa because they're more dedicated to their culture and their upbringings.

PJ: Do you believe that African Americans have come a long way and there is no need to

further prove ourselves or that we still have a long way to go?

LM: I think that we have come a long way and we do have a long way to continue to go because we are not realizing that we were groomed with limitations and with not having the education or the push to go further from our parents and other members of our families. We actually have cut ourselves off from wanting to know more or learn more or go further with our education, so there's always more room to improve.

PJ: Why do you think that we as African-Americans commit ourselves to the stereotypical view of the media?

LM: Because that's the way we were groomed. We were always told from generations before that we were like animals. We were given limited education in terms of how we're supposed to live, walk, and dress. Our children were not raised with full family values in terms of a mother, father, and a home because they were separated early in life so it started off with a lot of single family homes.

PJ: Do you think African-American males are taking the initiative to obtain a higher education?

LM: No, I don't think that their initiative to take on the values of their culture or being a man in their family home or in society/community is here.

PJ: Do you feel that it's the same for females?

LM: Oh yes. For females, we do have a little bit more family value because we end up being the ones with the children most of the time, so we're forced to work more. Being separated from our children more because we have to work to maintain the house a little bit more and at the same time we relax on giving our children that extra push for education and their home body atmosphere. So economically we are advanced in one way, but we decreased in another.

PJ: Do you think that the African-American race is truly killing each other?

LM: Yes, because things are so easy for the African-American culture to get. We can get more guns than books or go to the corner store

and buy a blunt or a single cigarette. We are actually killing off ourselves but it's definitely with the aid of others.

PJ: What do you think has to be done to bring our people together?

LM: We need to form more cultural-based training, parenting groups, more cultural education, bring back other languages in the school, and we need to enforce better books and have more history. Not just about American or African-American, but other races. We are

afraid of our history because we think as we were taught we were savages, and that's not true.

PJ: How do you feel about a Caucasian teaching African American history?

LM: Well some of the Caucasian people have more education about our culture than we do ourselves. It would be lovely for us to teach it to ourselves because,

technically, you can't teach me about something that you don't know if you haven't been there to walk it or live it. You should just teach me what you've learned. So as long as it's being taught proficiently I'm fine with it.

PJ: How did you first get involved with Project H.O.M.E.?

LM: Well, I was homeless, and I actually got involved as a resident, and I went to Project H.O.M.E. seeking employment and that's how it started.

PJ: Do you think Project H.O.M.E. is culturally diverse enough?

LM: I think Project H.O.M.E. is culturally diverse enough just because Sister Mary's spirit is beautiful. I feel as though that her with the idea of coming up with diversity in her organization is beautiful and it's definitely needed, but as we grow, other people that come in are not here with that same agenda. So we have those who are here for that cost and we have those who are here for the money.



Without love, benevolence becomes egotism-Martin Luther King Jr.

PJ: What do you love most about the organization?

LM: I love their passion to help people. I love the fact that their passion is to reach out and help people who they don't know. Reestablishing yourself is definitely hard especially if you have more than one child and no job. So if Project H.O.M.E. were not the type of organization that they are, there's no telling where I would be. I love the fact that they weren't scared to come into this community in order to try and bring back some structure.

PJ: Not only offering jobs to adults, Project H.O.M.E. also offer jobs to youth. Do you think that the youth of today are taking advantage?

LM: No, because of lack of family structure, lack of discipline, and lack of responsibility. They're not taking the initiative because they have not been taught at home that you need to get a job. They are content with going outside to play. They don't realize that the older they get the more responsibility they gain, and they

need to educate themselves with such skills as to how to manage money, write a book or check, personal items that they'll need.

PJ: Do you think that there are enough opportunities given to youth in general?

LM: I think that we need to work on forming more opportunities for them. Apprenticeship programs would help since not everybody is interested in working with technology. We have those who are interested in being in law enforcement or medicine, and we don't offer all those kinds of training or apprenticeships but if

we were able to partner with other organizations that do those things that would be great because we would have more people who would want to stay in school because then they would feel that they would have something for themselves once they're done.

PJ: Do you think that enough youth are stepping up to make a difference in today's society?

LM: They're trying, but some of them don't know how to. I think that they can be pushed more and I see more who are trying to be active in our programs, but do I think there are enough of them? No. They're too busy living it up in the streets and being part of the problem.

And speaking of keeping it cultural, check out the magnificent group of youth helping out on Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Day.



Photo's taken by NPM's Associate Editor, Mr. Bob Shipman

Whatever we believe about ourselves and our ability comes true for us.
Susan L. Taylor

WE WILL FOREVER...

LEARNING ABOUT OUR PAST

BY JABBAE SPELLER



When exploring African-American history, the most important things to focus on are community, leadership, and most importantly, ourselves. Community is the most important thing to focus on, because if you don't know what's going on in your communities, then if there is a problem, you can't help to change it. If there is something good occurring, you'll miss out on something positive. Leadership is also key because if your community has no leaders, then it would be a sorry place to live.

On the other hand, some of today's leaders are not leading toward a positive tomorrow. Positive role models are very hard to come across in today's world. Last and most important, we must focus on ourselves. If we focus on ourselves and do what we have to do to become better, then we'll gain people's respect. Respect allows you to lead and/or encourage others to follow in your footsteps. There is always someone looking up to you or watching what you're doing.

GETTING AWAY FROM HELL

BY DONTÉ JENRETTE



Slavery was a horrible thing because the Blacks were not even considered fully human and were treated almost like animals. White slave owners would beat on the Blacks so that they would think they were nothing at all. During slavery, Whites would curse at Blacks and call them names. Even now, some Whites are still racist. An example is the incident with Don Imus and Rutgers' women's basketball team. Demetrius Johnson, a student at the Honickman Learning Center, said, "If he had called me all the names that he called that team, I would have gone off on him."

Black women and men tried to fight the masters with protests and rebellions, like the famous Nat Turner Rebellion. Nat Turner started his rebellion because he was tired of the masters and all of the other Whites disrespecting slaves. He also started the rebellion because one day in Virginia, in the 1800's, he saw a solar eclipse and thought that it was a sign. Even before he saw the solar eclipse, when he was young, he would see visions and believed they were from God. On August 13, 1831, Nat Turner and other slaves would go house to house grabbing slaves and killing the White people. The rebellion was a failure. It took the civil war, 30 years later, to end slavery.

Regardless of slavery's ending more than a hundred years ago, many Whites still did not give Blacks respect and equality. The Civil Rights Movement was one of the best things that ever happened in the years after slavery, according to me. Even though I was not there to see it, I read many things about Blacks who were being mistreated. I'm not saying that Blacks were always innocent, but I don't think Whites had the right to mistreat them. For example, Birmingham police commissioner Bull Connor would sick his police dogs on Black protesters. Blacks would start marches to other cities or states to recruit other Whites and Blacks to protest with them. Some of the Blacks would risk their lives trying to vote or acquire equal rights. White and Black police officers would throw Blacks in jail and spit on the Blacks as one of their countless forms of disrespect. They would not even let the Blacks be in groups of five or more. Thanks to the Civil Rights Movement, Blacks are now guaranteed equality with Whites.

REMEMBER OUR PAST

POWERFUL WORDS ACROSS OUR PAGES

BY LEONARD BUCKNER

Martin Luther King is one of the most powerful speakers in African-American history and he opened up many doors for African-Americans. He helped millions of African-Americans rise above discrimination, segregation, and racism. He was a very inspirational speaker and touched the hearts of many people. He has many emotionally-charged quotes that explain the struggle that he went through, along with other Blacks, and how he felt about the way things were during the Civil Rights Movement. Therefore, through out the many pages of the *North Philly Metropolis* you will notice some of these quotes that came from the greatest leader ever to walk this earth. Martin Luther King was one of the greatest role models of all time. He was a very inspirational person that everyone should follow. It's up to us to continue what he started. Let's become more respectful, let's love one another and stop the stereotypes. Let's put an end to racism and segregation. We are all in control of our future. It's up to me; it's up to you. Let's continue what Martin Luther King started.



WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT SLAVERY?

BY MALIKA JOHNSON

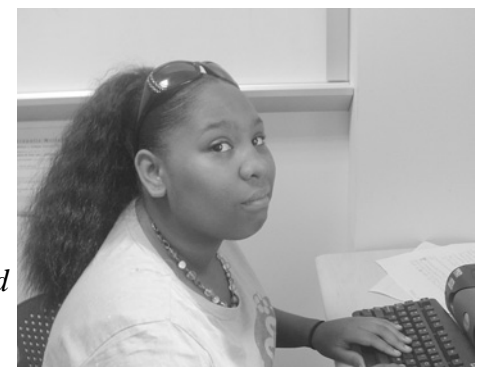
"Every great dream begins with a dreamer. Always remember, you have within you the strength, the patience, and the passion to reach for the star to change the world."

This quote, by Harriet Tubman, made me think about this dream I had the other day. I was a slave in my dream. Our work started at break of day; it continued well into the night. The children worked twelve to fifteen hours a day. We did everything: washing clothes, cooking, looking after the master's kids. We were sold like pets. From 1619 to 1808, 399,000 African men, woman, and children were brought to America and bought and sold. I remember in my dream, I heard a voice:

"You'll be free or die!" (Harriet Tubman)

Someone always has to wake you up from your dreams. On my way to school, I see all these things making we wonder how slavery back then was different from today. Inside my head, I answer the question: today we only cook for ourselves; we buy food, not people; we only beat our kids when they are bad.

"I freed thousand of slaves; I could free more if only they knew they were slaves." (Harriet Tubman)



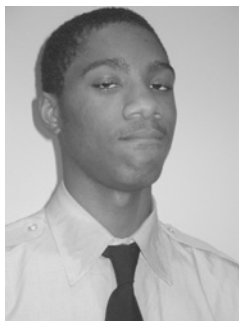
There is a way to look at the past. Don't hide from it. It will not catch you if you don't repeat it.
Pearl Bailey

It's time, Philly...

To Bury the N-word

BURIAL OF THE N-WORD

BY JOSHUA HOWARD



The NAACP is doing its best to get rid of the word 'nigga'. I think that word is derogatory and disrespectful. I also think getting that word off the streets will reduce racial issues in America. A number of people think that burying the disrespectful word is a good idea. I think if the NAACP tries to get rid of the word it will only influence people to continue using it.

During the enslavement of Blacks, when the word was coined, it was a word used by plantation owners when referring to a Black person, and the word was even more derogatory than it is today. People use it as a form of salutation. Michael Eric Dyson, the author of *Know What I Mean* and *Is Bill Cosby Right*, says, "You can't bury words... I think the more you try to dismiss them, the more power you give them, the more circulation they have. The NAACP has many other issues to be focused on."

I think Dyson is wrong; it's great that the NAACP is burying the word. All it leads to is fighting and more Black people killing each other. The racism has to stop, now, before things get out of hand, and it starts by getting rid of the disrespectful words people address each other people by. If the NAACP is having a funeral for the "N" word. I think that in a short period of time, the word will rise from the dead and cause more trouble than ever. More Black people will end up in jail and more black people will lose their lives because of this impertinent word.

"I think that if the NAACP tries to get rid of this word it will only influence people to continue using it."

THE N-WORD AGAIN

BY DENISE PERKINS



Who would ever think that Ralph Papitto, Chairman of the Roger Williams University Board of Directors, would do such a thing? Earlier last year, Papitto used the "N" word during a board meeting. He was expressing his frustration, but in my opinion he shouldn't express his frustration using a word like "nigga."

If he felt that way he could have kept it to himself because whether he knows it or not, the word is offensive to many African American people. Papitto said he heard the "N" word on radio and television. When you listen to the radio or watch television, the word is always edited. It doesn't matter what station you're listening to or watching, it's edited. Come on, people, we all know he's not going to go out and buy a 50cent CD.

This man stepped down as chairman to spend time with his family. Many people think his name should be taken off the Roger Williams University Law School, and I agree with them somewhat because what he said was totally out of line. Then again, I'm not sure because he donated millions of dollars to the school. This is a difficult situation.

People are saying that Black rappers are the ones discriminating against our race. That might be somewhat true, but we have these grumpy old White men talking about our race like there's no tomorrow and nothing is being done. For example, Don Imus (who's thankfully now fired) calling the Rutgers women's basketball team— which was mostly black— "nappy headed hoes." I feel as though people should start standing up and speaking out for their race and stop letting people say what they want about our race. Even though we have freedom of speech, some things are meant to be kept to yourself.

I realized racism isn't just a Black and White problem. It's brought bloodbaths to about every nation on earth at one time or another -Malcolm X

THEY ARE NOT TOTALLY UNTRUE

BY BREAYONNA ROBINSON



I wonder why most people build stereotypes about people before they even get the chance to actually know them. If you think about it, most stereotypes concern ethnic groups, such as Blacks, Whites, and Asians, as well as gender. Some stereotypes, such as the stereotype that all Blacks are no good and that most Black females get pregnant at a young age, are based on the actions of a few Black people.

The Asian stereotype, that they all are good in math, is also based on a few. These stereotypes are not true for a whole race. Some stereotypes also come from biracial friendships. I have a friend who is Puerto Rican and I held the belief that she just listened to Puerto Rican music. I didn't think that she would know anything about 'Fitty Cen' or Trey Songz, artists that occupy the African American community.

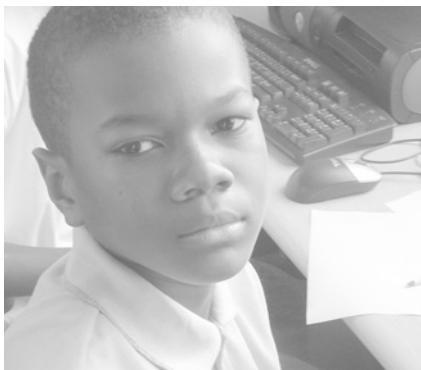
The more she and I became close, the more I started to get to know her better and not believe these stereotypical tales. While writing this article I asked Shaquanna Harris, a student at the Honickman Learning Center and Comcast Technology Labs, why did she believe that so many Black men are in jail. Her reply: "It's a conspiracy and it seems now that there are laws being created to put Black people in jail."

I don't believe that it's just a conspiracy. Blacks also have a part in this because they do commit many of the crimes that put them in jail. Some Blacks have made stereotypes seem true by the way that they carry themselves in public. If those people presented themselves differently, there would not be so many stereotypes (or as many stereotypical people).



ACCOMPLISHES TO FREEDOM

BY NICHOLAS MOLTEN



Two great leaders in African-American history are Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King, Jr. We can all say that if it were not for these great people, our lives would not be the way they are today. If it were not for these people making a stand for us, colored bathrooms and colored water fountains might still, exist.

Rosa Parks was born on February 4, 1913, in Tuskegee, Alabama. She was just another normal, ordinary woman until one day she did something that will be remembered for years to come. December 21, 1956, in Montgomery, Alabama, Rosa was returning home from work and she was exhausted, so, when boarding the bus, she sat down in the front. A White gentleman soon boarded and wanted Rosa's seat but Rosa refused to move. She was tired and had just left work. The gentlemen reported this to the bus driver, who stopped the bus and told Rosa to give her seat up or she would be arrested. That didn't affect Rosa. She continued to sit there until the police arrived. Once word spread that a Black woman was arrested for not giving up her seat, Blacks in Montgomery started boycotting buses. The bus boycott was one of the first successful protests of the Civil Rights era.

Rosa Parks wasn't the only important individual in the Civil Rights movement. Martin Luther King, Jr., was the leader of the movement. Dr. King experienced racism at a young age, when playing with two White boys. When their mother saw him, she wanted her sons to get away at once, though Martin couldn't understand why. Little did he know at the time that as he grew older he would move onto bigger and better things such as beginning a march to Washington and gathering large groups of African Americans to follow.

It is not the color of the skin that makes the man or the woman, but the principle formed in the soul. Brilliant wit will shine, come from whence it will; and genius and talent will not hide the brightness of its luster. -Maria Stewart

REPARATIONS: SHOULD AFRICAN-AMERICANS RECEIVE THEM?

BY BRITTANY PATTERSON

What would you do if you suddenly received a paycheck that was about 150 years overdue? That's what would happen if the United States government ever agrees to pay reparations to African-Americans for slavery.

When Blacks were enslaved they helped Whites build wealth and prestige; they helped contribute to most of the country's major accomplishments. It is for that reason that some people believe they must be repaid.

During slavery, it was illegal for Black people to have money. Fatima Thomas, editor-in-chief of the *North Philly Metropolis*, is in favor of

reparations. "We deserve the money because we earned it," she said. Desiree Ford, *NPM* squad writer, adds, "All we worked for, we should get a little more respect."

But another one of our core writers, Nadrease Price, disagrees. "We shouldn't be repaid because it's not going to really do anything for black people," he said.

I have mixed feelings about reparations. On the one hand, I agree that Blacks should be repaid for the work done during slavery. But I also see Nadrease's point. It's unlikely that the amount of money would be large enough to

"It's unlikely that the amount of money would be large enough to make a difference in people's lives."

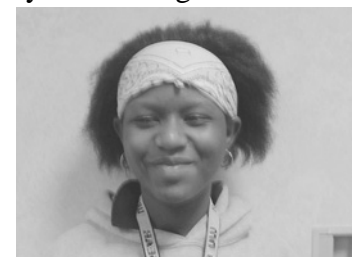
make a difference in people's lives. The money would probably go for clothes, jewelry, cars, hair, and cigarettes. Fatima believes that what would help would be if African-Americans learned how to invest their money and stop spending it on unnecessary things.

I leave you with the question, readers: If you were awarded money for reparations, what would you do with it? Fatima said she would pay off a house and present the rest to her mother. Desiree stated, "I'd move my family into a better neighborhood and save the rest for my family's college education." If I were given the money, I would try to make the world a better place, not only for me and my family, but for everyone else as well.

In my neighborhood, the Johnson Homes, the gang violence is the worst and my neighbors are upset.

My neighbors are upset because no one's trying to stop the violence. The gangs are stealing and killing because they claim they're marking their territory.

They want control of different areas because they



think they will get more respect and most of all, power. It makes us feel like it's not safe. As a result, People are stereotyped by store owners who make racist assumptions that people in my neighborhood will rob them or steal something.

If the violence is stopped, more people would move into our neighborhood. They would be able to go outside more and have more freedom.

I AM NOT ILLITERATE

BY FATIMA THOMAS

People discriminate against others for many different reasons—because they are homosexual, they're a person of color, they're Caucasian, or simply because of where they live. Racism has been a force in America since its founding and it is time to address it once and for all. Being followed around in a store, having difficulty hailing a cab, being stereotyped simply because of your name, sex, and/or color is now a very distinct part of our African American communities. We have accepted bad school conditions for years, bad working conditions, and being stopped because of our color too long and we are getting sick of it!!

America is supposed to be a land of equal opportunity for people of all colors. But even after slavery was abolished, Caucasians still found ways to make Blacks feel inferior. They kept African-Americans from libraries, good schools, and anything that helped us to learn and advance our knowledge. Blacks were beat and taunted but stood strong and laid the foundation for other Blacks to carry on their legacy. As African-American children, we have

to carry on their legacy and show that we are the next generation of Black leaders.

We hate being followed around in stores! Just because we are African-American it doesn't mean that we are going to steal. Following me around might give someone else an opportunity to steal. The individual that you are following around could be a very prominent person in the community and have heaps of money. By stereotyping, you can lose the respect of a person and the whole community.

"If your life is based off of stereotypes then you need to take time to reexamine yourself."

I am not ignorant; we don't all speak incorrectly and hate school. Most African-American people (including me) love acquiring knowledge and being able to help others with what we have learned. There are many prestigious African-Americans that are giving back to the community in various ways. We have come a very long way from being on plantations where we were not able to read or write to a world where we are allowed to learn for free. There are schools where you can get a quality education without paying and most of us take the opportunities as they come to us. Please stop assuming that we are all stupid and that you can get over on us.

We are smarter than you assume.

These stereotypes may dictate the way that individuals treat each other. If your life is based on stereotypes, then you need to take time to re-examine yourself. People that stereotype don't have the right mind to get to know a person. What would happen if they did? They might find out that someone is different than the stereotype. If they let that Black person into their home, they might not steal; they might turn out to be very nice and not violent like the media portrays them. Maybe that frightens them. Maybe they are more comfortable living in a make believe world where everything is based on stereotypes.

A FALLEN HERO

BY PEAK JOHNSON

“Being ‘trapped in the closet’ means that a person is hiding a DARK secret or desire and doesn’t want his/her spouse to find out. But if the person finds out about the problem that is occurring, it can jeopardize the relationship.”

In you read Brianna Kelly’s article entitled “Being ‘Trapped in the closet’,” on page 12 of our previous issue of the *North Philly Metropolis*, you have a pretty good idea of what the term means and how it is used. Truthfully, secrets can be a part of what brings a friendship together and what destroys it. Secrets can offer us a choice of whether to live a lie and try to be happy with ourselves or feeling even better with ourselves by revealing it, no matter how dark we assume it to be.

A true hero, Marion Jones, recently revealed a secret that she kept in her closet for quite some time now that she has, in fact, been using a steroid known as Tetrahydrogestrinone or The Clear. The drug has been considered a designer drug, closely related to the banned anabolic steroids gestrinone and trenbolone, and was banned by the Food and Drug Administration. Jones made her announcement on October 5, 2007, admitting that she had been using the steroid before the Summer 2000 Olympics. To make matters worse, Jones also pleaded guilty to a second count of lying to investigators about her association with a check fraud scheme.

Long denying she had ever used performance-enhancing drugs, Marion Jones’s admission did nothing but shock and hurt her millions of fans, especially young up-and-coming female athletes who looked upon Jones as a true role model; not just a role model but a symbol that African-American women can do anything they put their mind to, that African-Americans in general didn’t need drugs of any kind to be good at a sport. It seems that we as African-Americans can only look to the past for inspiration and role models since this current generation is filled with so many frauds who seem so content with keeping secrets that they lose themselves along the way.

One must wonder how such great athletes of the past, such as Wyonia Tyus, think of Marion Jones now. Becoming the first athlete to win two straight Olympic 100-meter titles on October 15, 1968, in Mexico City, and many more along the way, Wyonia Tyus needed no steroids because she was just that good. Jones is scheduled to begin serving a two-month prison sentence on March 11, 2008

And now Marion Jones is left with only memories of the five medals she won at the Sydney Olympics. She returned the three gold medals and the two bronzes and then agreed to forfeit all other results dating back to September 1, 2000. The medals were turned over by her attorneys in Austin, Texas, to the U.S. Olympic Committee headquarters in Colorado Springs. Ultimately, it will be up to the International Olympic Committee to decide what to do with her medals, if you can say they ever truly belonged to her to begin with.

BLACK RAPPERS: WITHIN THE INDUSTRY

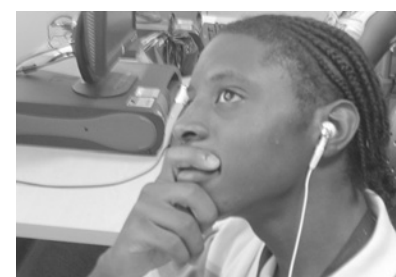
BY JALEEL DEBNAM

Today, in our society, Black artists are looked upon as having negative images in many ways. With all this nudity and explicit language going on in our rap videos and albums, it makes you wonder how we have fallen so far down when we fought so hard to raise ourselves up. It is time for Blacks to regain their positive image in the world.

Why are Blacks looked at so negatively in the rap industry when we are not the only race exploiting ourselves? I see whites degrading themselves just as much as blacks do; for instance, the women in the *Girls Gone Wild* DVD’s. I think that Black celebrities get more attention when they do something negative, but that cannot be an excuse.

If I had control over the rap industry, one thing I would do is ban nudity in music videos. Also, I would make sure that rappers talk about positive things in their lyrics on their albums. The rap industry is just a little portion of the artistic products that blacks put out but it has a major affect upon blacks within communities where we are really looked down upon. Small changes in the world like this can help us build our image into something more positive, not just for us but for others, too.

“...not just a role model but a symbol that African-American women can do anything they put their minds to...”



You never find yourself until you face the truth.
Pearl Bailey



T.I.-WHAT YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW.

BY DESIREE FORD

“WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT!?” is what rapper T.I. yells on stage as he performs one of the songs from his album. Clifford Joseph Harris, also known as T.I., was born September 25, 1980, in Atlanta, Georgia. He first came out as a rapper in the year 2001. This famous artist also goes by the name of Dope Boy, King of Da South, Rubber Band Man, T.I.P, and the alias list goes on and on from there. T.I. earns his respect by just being himself. He is also known for his outgoing and outspoken personality, as well as being brash and confident at the same time. What also makes T.I. a good rapper is that he’s not afraid to express how he feels on his albums. He puts a twist on his music in many different and unique ways. For example, he mixes his new rap music with old school music while making smooth beats to match his lyrics.

Clifford Harris’s first movie *ATL* was ranked number three. Some of T.I.’s friends are Jay-Z, P-Diddy, Young Joc, Young Buck, and BG. His fourth album *KING* was released in March of 2006. Aside from that, he helped to raise over \$263,000 for rapper David Banner’s “Heal the ‘Hood” foundation. Clifford Harris has also had his share of legal problems. At one point, T.I. went to jail for violating probation.

My peers at the Honickman Center say they like T.I. but they would not copy him in any way. Still, T.I. presents a positive model in many ways. He is a successful Black man who does charity events and visits his fans in the hospital.



FINANCIAL EDUCATION

BY FATIMA THOMAS

Financial education is vital for many reasons. First, many people have book knowledge but don’t have the heart to take risks with their money. So they live paycheck to paycheck, wondering if they will be able to pay their bills or take care of their children. People often wonder how people that have not finished school or people that are not “book smart” become rich. These people have financial education and the determination to become rich.

Financial education is not always part of school education. In school, it’s very rare that children learn how to balance their bank account, how to make \$500 dollars into \$200,000, or how to buy real estate. But these things are part of being successful in America. Education in investments such as stocks and bonds can move you ahead from being a middle-class citizen to a rich individual with lots of say-so and options. I had the opportunity, over the summer, to read a book by Robert T. Kiyosaki entitled *Rich Dad, Poor Dad*. This book is an eye-opener and many people can learn from the experiences that Mr. Kiyosaki highlights in his book.

Kiyosaki uses various graphs that show the difference between a prosperous person and an underprivileged person. These graphs also show why some Americans are not rich. They don’t know how to “make their money work for them” instead of “working for their money.” They work at jobs that pay very little but require hard work. Some people go back to school to gain more knowledge thinking that they will gain a better paying job. Although all these things are ways to become rich, the important thing is not the money. Often times people win the lottery and become worse off than they were. The most significant thing is learning how to use your money wisely, not about how much you can show off.

Financial education should be part of every school education and also taught at home. You can learn to be whatever you want to be in school, whether it is a doctor, lawyer, or physicist. Financial education gives you the ability to make more money from the money you earn.



Feel that the most important requirement in success is learning to overcome failure. You must learn to tolerate it, but never accept it -Reggie Jackson

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- Prayer.....7:30 P.M.

FRIDAY

- Youth Night.....8:00 P.M.

PRAYER FOR THE SICK

REV. Wallace Dunbar, Pastor

Elder E. Pratt, Overseer

St. Joseph's Preparatory School



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EMMETT TILL: THE STORY OF HIS DEATH

BY BRIERRA KELLY



Emmett Till was a Chicago native who was going to Mississippi in 1955 to visit his relatives. Before he left, his mother, Mamie Till Bradley, told her son about how Mississippi was different than Chicago and that he shouldn't mess with any of the White people. She told him about the racism and hatred that occurred in the South and how over 500 Blacks had been murdered there since 1882. Mamie also told him almost everything he needed to know about how to survive in the Mississippi.

On August 20, 1955, Emmett Till, wearing his deceased father's ring, left with his cousin, Curtis Jones, for the Delta. Arriving by train the next day, Till and Jones stayed with Mose Wright, Emmett's great-uncle, who lived on the outskirts of Money, Mississippi. A couple of days later, the boys drove Wright's car to a small town nearby and stopped at Bryant's Grocery Store to buy snacks. Before entering the store, Emmett showed some local boys photos of his white friends from Chicago. The local boys dared Emmett to go into the store and flirt with the store clerk, Carolyn Bryant. He went in the store and bought some candy. It was uncertain what happened, but he supposedly whistled



at her or said, "Bye, baby."

Neither Emmett nor Curtis understood the seriousness of Emmett's actions so they didn't tell their great-uncle what happened. Three days passed. On Sunday morning, the fourth day, Carolyn Bryant's husband, Roy Bryant, and his half-brother, J.W. Milam, knocked on the door of Mose Wright's home. Armed with a flashlight and pistol, they asked Wright if three boys from Chicago were staying there. Wright led them to a room where Emmett was resting and they told Emmett to get dressed. Wright pleaded that they just whip the boy but they led Emmett to the door and they told Mose if he told anyone that they would kill him. Several hours later, Mamie Till Bradley was notified of her son being kid-

napped.

An area search was conducted, and Mamie Till notified all of the Chicago newspapers of her son's disappearing. Mose Wright told the sheriff of the small town who had taken Till. Roy Bryant and J.W. Milam were arrested for kidnapping. Three days later, Emmett's body was found in the Tallahatchie River. It was weighted down by a seventy-five pound cotton gin fan that was tied around his neck by barbed wire. His face was so mutilated that the only way he could be identified was by his deceased father's ring he was wearing. Mamie Till had some difficulties getting Emmett's body sent to Chicago.

When his body arrived, Mamie decided to have an open-casket funeral to show the world what happened to her son. His nose was broken, his right eye was missing and he had a hole on the side of his head. Over fifty thousand people attended his funeral. *Jet* magazine took pictures of Emmett's body and his murder became an international story. Meanwhile, back in Mississippi, Bryant and Milam gained support. Whites in their community pleaded that they were innocent and supported their defense financially.



I feel like what happened to him was unfair and tragic. No child, no man, no animal, no matter what they do or say, should suffer the way Emmett Till did. If that was still going on today, I don't know how people would be able to survive on this earth! I don't think it was fair for Emmett Till to die that way; I don't think it was fair he had to die, period. I think all kids should be able to live their whole lives!

**You lose a lot of time, hating people.
-Marian Anderson**

Creative Writing

I HOLD SOMETHING... BY FATIMA THOMAS

I hold something strong in my possession...
My emotions are real,
My understandings are me.

I hold the key to my strong box...
And to give it away...
Would be like throwing away life.

I hold beauty
That is held by no other,
And God has shown me exactly how to guard it,
And to let it go would be like giving away Him...
And He is more important than silver and gold or any precious jewel.

I hold an understanding...
Because I know where I'm going,
And I refuse to stay there.

With my strong box I hold me...
The belief that I can be someone...
throughout the hardships and suffering.

Fear is my strong box's protection...
Because without fear you lose courage.

All these make up my strong box
And God watches over it as
I carry it on my shoulders...

WAKING THOUGHTS OF YOU BY DESIREE FORD

Up this morning,
Thinking of you,
Felt so good, like
A warm, tepid shower.
As willingly as my thoughts surrendered peacefully,
You help my mind grow,
Like a flower.
Damn, thinking of you in my arms,
My soul, one minute, one time slowly,
In an hour. Your soul is my soul's Plentiful power.
The reason why love isn't like milk,
It doesn't spoil, or turn sour.

RACISM IS EVERYWHERE I GO. BY BRIANNA KELLEY

R. A. C. I. S. M is everywhere I go.

When I am trying to go to school or work, I am being terrorized or threatened because of my color.

When I am trying to get to my destination, when I arrived on the step of the bus, I have to sit in the back of the bus.

I mind as well walk than be segregated on a bus.

How can I be a human being if I am being called "inferior" by someone who is nowhere better than me?

How can I be a human being if someone is calling me names to make their lives bigger and to make mine a LIVING HELL?

Racism is everywhere I go.

Racism is in different places I am located at.

Racism is in everybody I meet, they just don't show a sign.

But you know what I have to take charge.

I have to be Commander in Chief.

I am going to make a change:

By Myself

With the help of my friends and family

And especially in the community.

Racism is everywhere I go.

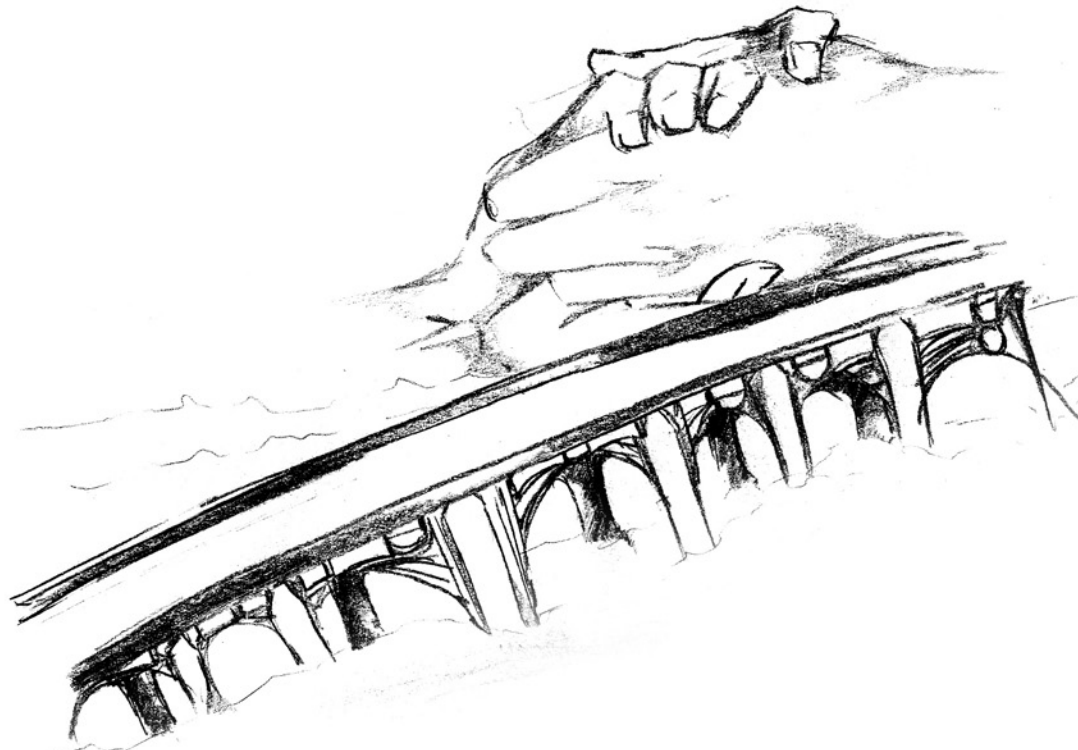
Racism is in different place I am located at.

Racism is in everybody I meet, they just don't show a sign.



**Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is a broken winged bird that cannot fly.
-Langston Hughes**

"The only divides we cannot conquer are the ones we are afraid to cross."



CROSS BRIDGE SCHOLARS PROGRAM

An after-school enrichment initiative committed to building relationships between communities, institutions, and people, one interaction at a time.

Visit our website <http://www.crossbridgescholars.org> or email us at crossbridge@realprogressive.org

Special thanks to
The Educational Partnership Program, John C. and Chara C. Haas Charitable Trust.

Native Americans were the first people in the United States and also made a large amount of our country for a large amount of time. They fought for their land after Christopher Columbus took it from them.

White people are the only people who get good jobs and sometimes with no problems.

African Americans have many backgrounds and we've been through the most assaults even though the Civil Rights Movement is now over.

Hispanic/Latino ethnics are always being classified as immigrants, even though most of them were born in the United States.

Asian people are starting to become better entrepreneurs by owning more stores in Philadelphia than anywhere in the United States.

Pacific Islanders are from the Islands, but most of them live in California and enjoy living there and don't want to go anywhere else.

Mixed races struggled during the Civil Rights Movement in the 1960s, but now things are getting better.

Middle Eastern people are going through the most drama because of the war and how their own people are hurting their very own countries.

Many innocent people who live in the United States and in other countries are being affected by this thing we call racism in so many ways, it's just sad.

Now with that being said, take a good look at yourself and wonder if you're racist in some kind of way.



THE DIVERSITY POEM

BY TANISHA CLANTON

DOG FIGHTING

BY NAFIS COLEMAN

Dog fighting isn't good; dog fighting is bad.
Why do you get sad when your dog is dead?
You are the one who put it to death
When you put it in a ring, all on a bet.
Now you're crying face is wet
Your favorite dog is dead in a pit
Cops caught you around the ring
Now you're in jail in a cold cell
All alone with no bail
Crying your heart out in fear
Missing your dog who was very dear...

WHERE'S THE LOVE?

BY DESIREE FORD

Destruction, death, pain.
In a Brotherly city supposedly filled with love.
Where's that talk when a grieving family, cries,
sighs, needs a hug?
Lord give to us peace from up above.
Send down a peace as pure as a dove.
This city's soul is so cold,
Silenced with a "NO SNITCH" policy about murders seen and heard,
Ears warmed, then covered by the street's glove.

AN UNTAINTED LOVE

BY DESIREE FORD

Like flowers in May, on a beautiful, rainy day that needs rain.
I will always need you.
So dear, tender, lovely, describes your heart, I wanna keep it too.
Loving you is all I could do.
As cherished as a treasure, you'll always be my soul, taken heart, one day my future,
my boo.
You're like a song, melody, tune, my sunny day in June.
Who knew you'd rescue, capture, and keep my heart so soon.
Your love for me, so clear, so bright, like a light at night, I would have never guessed.

CHAPTER 1 THE BEGINING

BY LOUISA TILAMAN

Hi, my name is Louisa Tilaman. I'm 15 yrs. old and, today, I'm going to give you the scoop on my life and how I feel about things. Of course, everybody has their ups and downs in life. My life, however, is mostly the downs...

CHAPTER 1

THE BEGINNING

My mother had a drinking problem and because of that she gave my sister and brothers up. Honestly, I felt like just wanting to give up, sometimes, but God didn't want me to lose hope so HERE I AM TODAY!

My mother put me and my brothers and sisters into foster care so we could live without the fear and pain she believed that we would have if we stayed with her. My mother has her problems and still does today.

I was placed with this awful woman who, at first, I believed had a heart of gold. Then one day, she said I had broken something dear to her. I swore to her that it wasn't me but she started hitting me and my younger sister, Adora. I love my sister and it hurt to see her get hit. I would cry all the time, wishing we were home with our real mother, even though she had her problems to deal with.

I hated that lady and I wished the worst on her, though while I learned a lesson from her: when I have children, I will treat them like I would have wanted to be treated because I would never want them to have the life that I lived.

The next lady we moved in with, Ms. Shakera, seemed to be a very nice person. Unfortunately I didn't like this lady much, either, because she got on my nerves to the point where sometimes I just wanted to strangle her. This lady did not mean anything to me and sometimes I asked myself who she was and I would reply with the answer, a person that I hate. The cops came one day and told Ms. Shakera to take me to Einstein Crisis Center.

This time, I was placed with a very kind lady, Ms. Lydia, who had 3 special kids of her own. One of them, Tameya, was a loving kid and I would think of her as my younger sister, though whenever I did, I would become sad thinking about my actual sister and not being together with her.

One day I saw Ms. Lydia beating the kids and I decided to tell my counselor about it but I got in trouble for doing so. It was soon time for me to move again, this time to Ms. Tonya's. She was very kind to me, though things were strange at first because she had to get to know me and I had to get to know her and the other kids who were living with her.

I stayed there until it was time to be placed in yet another home where this lady, like Ms. Tonya, is very sweet and kind to new people who come into her house. Like before, things were strange until we got to know each other but, today, I am still living with this very sweet woman, Ms. Pinkney. Sometimes she can be mean, like if I don't clean my room or make my bed before leaving for school.

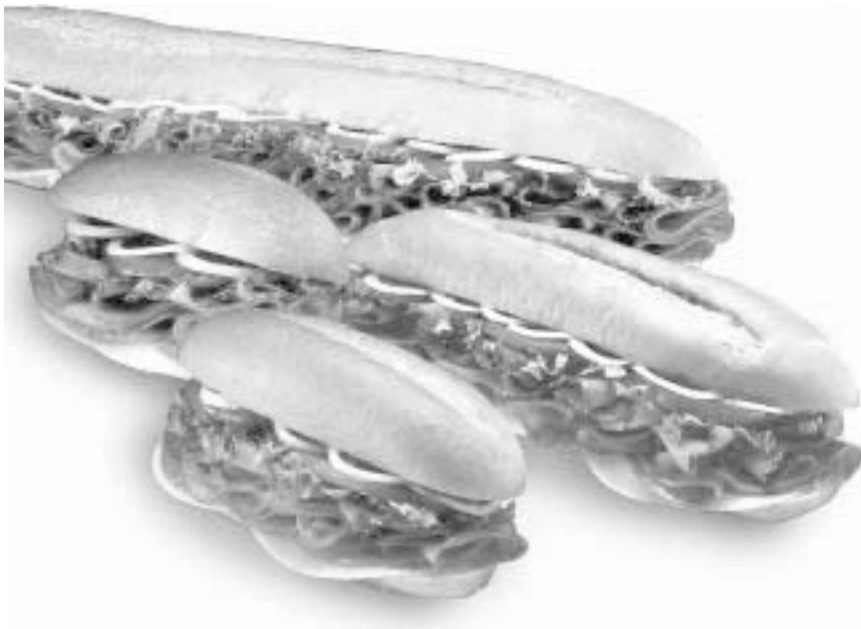
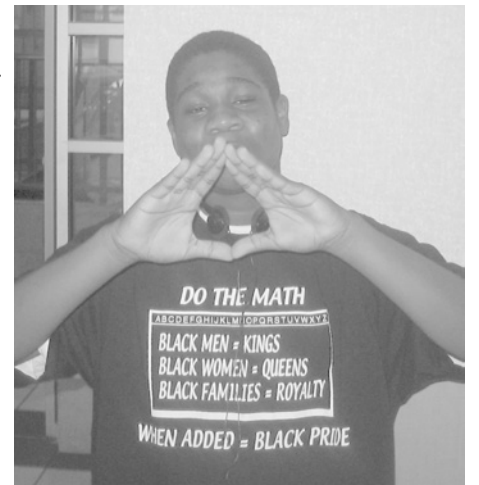
There are times when she is very happy with things and will even let me and the other kids here do as we please, as long as the chores around the house are done and she doesn't have to tell us to do them. I love her like I love my own mother and I have a lot of respect for her because she placed a roof over my head and clothes on my back. I thank God for letting her be in my life and as long as she's in it, I thank her for that.

I'm a foster kid. I've come a long way, and let me tell you it's not easy. I have been in five homes already and if I move again, I would have to be placed into a treatment home. Because of this, I have to stay put, though I feel that there's something missing. I'm not a kid anymore...but I want them to find my dad.

The present was an egg laid by the past that had the future inside its shell
Zora Neale Hurston

The Unsavory War

By Demetrius Johnson



This story involves three different races of people, one being the Hoagie Lovers, the second being the Gritz Leaders, and finally, the Sandwich Stuffs.

It is the year 2376, and all three races are currently at war with each other. The youth of these races can't figure out why their parents fear the other races since all profess to fight for one common goal: peace.

The heroic youths of each race, Daddy Hoagie, Gritzman, and Sandwich Kid, meet at an oil refinery, while investigating a sudden loss in grease and all other things of that nature. Gritzman is crazy and loves fighting for his life so he tries to fight Daddy Hoagie and Sandwich Kid. Sandwich Kid is only nine years old so he kind of freaks out when sees the others. Daddy Hoagie prefers not to fight but, seeing Gritzman getting ready to attack, he feels it only right to protect Sandwich Kid.

After they fight, each one questions what the others are doing in the oil refinery. They find they all share the same story and decide to meet back up to discuss the so-called "war."

Chapter One

Daddy Hoagie was deep in the oil refinery sewers, his handgun at the ready just in case he ran into any unwanted guests, like in the Doom or Resident Evil 4 videogames. He'd make sure to get to the bottom of this spillage of oil and grease. Without those things, the Hoagie Lovers could go hungry and no longer have hoagies to eat. Daddy Hoagie didn't expect to see anyone else down there especially since this was his one and probably only solo mission.

"Why did mission control only give me a handgun?!" he said to himself. "I mean I coulda got a shotgun or something!"

Daddy Hoagie traveled around the sewers for hours. His jeans were drenched in the runoff from the factory and he thought he'd never get out.

"Could the Gritz leaders have taken this oil to try and kill off my people?" he asked himself.

Daddy Hoagie didn't have time to ponder the question. He suddenly noticed a small figure about to be attacked by a much larger figure. Without thinking, Daddy Hoagie tackled the tall figure, handgun out and all.

“Something tells me that you’re someone from the Hoagie Lovers, am I correct?” asked Gritzman.

“What does it matter? Sneered Daddy Hoagie, “What are you doing messing with this kid?”

“Nothing-- I was just going to kill him. He’s a Sandwich Stuff. His race started this war so I hate HIM... AND YOU!” yelled Gritzman, pointing from one to the other. “But enough small talk; lets just get this over with.”

Gritzman took out his magnum and shot at Daddy Hoagie but missed. Daddy Hoagie quickly took his knife out and stabbed Gritzman in the arm. Blood spilled down his arm but Daddy Hoagie didn’t care. He just kept fighting. He punched Gritzman in his stomach so hard, his knuckles started bleeding and after that blow Gritzman had trouble breathing and that only meant a few ribs were broken, but still he staggered to his feet trying to kick Daddy Hoagie. He was getting dizzy and losing consciousness but he managed to give Daddy Hoagie one last shot to the face, breaking his jaw, and the next thing he knew, everything went blank.

“Man that guy hits hard and why does he get a magnum???” said Daddy Hoagie, rubbing his jaw. “Oh, well, doesn’t matter now...so kid, are you all right?”

“Who me?” said Sandwich Kid, “Oh, yeah, I’m just fine. I’ve been sitting here playing my Nintendo DS for the past 25 minutes so I’m bored now. But...wait. Aren’t you a Hoagie Lover like the other guy said?”

“That’s correct.”

“Okay, fine. Let’s get ready to fight!”

“Sorry, kid, but I’m in no condition to fight. Anyway, what are you doing here? You’re Sandwich Stuff. What possible use for grease and oil could you have?”

“To be honest, even I don’t know. I was just sent here to investigate the sudden loss in oil and my guess is that it’s gotta be you guys. You started this war and all so I guess...”

“We didn’t start the war!” yelled Daddy Hoagie. “It was you and the Gritz leaders who started it, then you both got the Hoagie lovers

“Wait, wait, and wait!” Sandwich Kid exclaimed, “If you didn’t start the war and I didn’t, does that mean that the Gritz leaders did?”

“I don’t think so; remember he said you started the war?”

“Oh yeah, you’re right.”

“Well, we’ll just let him explain it when he comes to.”

“Uh, I don’t think he’ll be waking up anytime soon after what you did to him.” said Sandwich Kid poking Gritzman.

“Oh yeah that’s right. We should take him back to Gritz territory and leave him to get medical attention. I’ll leave him this note so we can meet back here, okay?”

“Fine by me. Y’know you’re not that bad for a Hoagie Lover.”

“Same for you; now let’s get this over with.”

With that, Daddy Hoagie and Sandwich Kid lifted up Gritzman and left the oil refinery.

“Hey, I think he’s waking up...” said a voice in the room where Gritzman was recovering.

“What happened? How did I end up in the medical room... I was on...a....mission, I think, and walking down a hallway and... and...”

“And what?” said the voice, “what happened?”

“There were two of them....One kid and the other about the same age as me...I fought that guy, I think, and I got in a few good hits but he caved my chest in... .”

“Man, can’t you even tell by my voice, it’s me Donte. What in God’s name happened to you? You were just lying down on the medical center’s steps in a bloody heap when we found you and you’re lucky, too. You might have died.”

“Don’t worry about me.”

“Oh by the way,” said Donte as he unfolded a piece of paper, “There was a note when you turned up here, thought you might want to read it.”

Gritzman took the letter and began to read:

Hey you loser, it's me the guy who kicked your sorry butt all over the place. Me and the kid got a few things we want to talk to you about so if you have any self dignity left, meet us back at the oil refinery storage room.

"So is that how they want it; probably wants me to fight the both of them this time. But this stinks. They won't let me leave here, even if I wanted too. Hey, Donte, get in here!"

"Is there something wrong?" Donte said rushing into the room with a worried look on his face, "I was just down the hall, what's the problem?"

"I need you to do me a favor."

"Shoot."

"I need you to come up with an excuse to keep people from seeing me and a way for me to get out of the hospital unnoticed."

"W-what are you talking about; you can't even walk. Where could you possibly go?"

"I got to go to the oil refinery;" Gritzman said in a pained breath "Will you help me get there?"

"Yeah, I got you're back man. I owe you one anyway but why go to the oil refinery again? There are enemy troops there, right?"

"Yeah, I met two of them but they request that I speak with them so that's what I'm going to do."

"Gritzman are you crazy?!!" shouted Donte. "That obviously sounds like a trap"

"I know," said Gritzman, as he began thinking back of the previous day, "but one of the guys protected a Sandwich Stuff kid so I guess they can be plotting together but it's highly unlikely so I'll go just to see what happens."

"Cool" said Donte, "but take this three-way com link device. That way I can alert someone if they start trying to fight you, so don't worry about anything."

"Thanks, Donte. I won't forget this. Anything you want, you got it." Gritzman said, struggling to stand up. "So when should we execute this plan?"

"Simple, in the dead of night. Be ready in three hours. I'll prepare an old crate of "trash" to get thrown out... see ya later."

Three hours later, Donte came back with a crate outside Gritzman's door. Gritzman discreetly crept in and sat down while Donte closed the top and then taped a piece of paper on the door of Gritzman's room that read critical condition. Donte wheeled the crate through many hallways and, finally, they were at a waste disposal room of the hospital. Gritzman opened the crate and started making his way towards the oil facility, stopping every few steps to take breaths and rest a small bit, then continuing his harrowing journey two miles from the medical clinic. After finally getting to the oil refinery, Gritzman found Daddy Hoagie and Sandwich Kid waiting.

He looked at them, noticing some cut marks and bandages the one guy he fought had over his body. As for the kid, he was unscathed but when Gritzman looked at him, he showed a hint of fear and whimpered a little, then looked up at Daddy Hoagie who gave a reassuring look. So Gritzman decided to play by their rules...for now anyway.

"You two wanted to see me about something?" Gritzman said.

"Yes we did" Daddy Hoagie replied. "We want to know who started the war and we need you to answer it for us."

"Oh that's simple; it was the Hoagie Lovers and the Sandwich Stuffs. The Gritz leaders tried not to get involved but eventually they did."

"Sorry to burst your bubble, but that's a lie and we've been told the same-"

"IT'S NOT A LIE" shouted Gritzman, "YOU AND THAT STUPID KID'S PEOPLE GOT US ALL TRAPPED IN THIS HELLHOLE OF A WAR SO YOU BE QUIET!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"Calm down!" Sandwich Kid shouted back, "Look, don't you find it a bit strange that we would ask you who started this war, if we really started this war. Wouldn't we have killed you already?"

"Fine, I'll hear you out. If none of us really started this war then who do you think could have started it?"

"Well actually" said Sandwich Kid "back when I was little kid, my Grandpa used to say that there were a group of people called Cheesesteak eaters. They often fought with the Hoagie Lovers and they had a small war. It only lasted for a week or two and then the cheesesteak eaters just disappeared."

"So hold on, let me get this straight. You want me to believe that a deceased race is causing this war?" Gritzman asked, skeptical.

“Not believe, just ponder it. I mean look at the facts. We all claim not to have stolen any of the oil here and what’s more, we all said that our people didn’t start this war, so my proposal is we form a secret alliance” Sandwich Kid said with a smile.

“Consisting of only the three of us-- then we can search in each of our homes for any old files on the cheesestake eaters,” Daddy Hoagie added.

“I like the sound of it,” said Sandwich Kid. “I’m in as so long as I get to taste some of those Hoagies. I mean we’re going to need to learn about each other’s cultures if we are going to be working together, right?”

“Well, how about you?” Daddy Hoagie asked Gritzman.

“I don’t know, it depends. Can we let others in on our secret?” Gritzman asked.

“That all depends. The people you want to tell, can we trust them?”

“Oh, sure enough. I mean he’s a doctor so he should be cool,”

“So then, since we’re a team, how about we learn the names of our teammates?”

“Okay, sure,” Daddy Hoagie replied. “My name is Daddy Hoagie. I’m a twelfth degree black belt and I lead squad eight in the Hoagie Lovers army for the war.”

“Wow,” Said Sandwich Kid.

“Uh, right then, moving on; what’s your name, kid?”

“My name is Sandwich Kid. I’m only a fifth degree black belt and in the war, I’m a weapons expert for the Sandwich Stuffs army, so when guns need tuning up and fixing, I’m the go-to guy for it. Plus, I’m squad eleven’s Captain in Command.”

“And I’m Gritzman. I’m a ninth degree black belt and in the war, I’m in the frontlines and I lead squad seven of the Gritz leaders.”

What will the three heroes do? Will they find out the truth behind this war, will they be able to stop all the fighting, will they get their order of cheese pizza???? Find out next time.





The Man and the Gargoyles

By Peak Johnson

(Zach has moved to a new town, where he is adjusting with the help of his teacher, Mr. Harris, and new friends, including his neighbor, Samantha Smartbright, though their relationship has been troubled since he backed out of taking her to the school dance. Meanwhile, in the process of moving, Zach received a mysterious book and strange things have been happening ever since. Among the unusual occurrences is the appearance of a girl named Shanika—the girl who could fly. Shanika has taken Zach to an old tower but vanishes just as a terrifying creature appears in the room.)

“Zach, Zach, are you ok son?”

Zach shook his head as the blurry figure of a man slowly started to come into focus.

“Samantha” Zach yelled, sitting straight up.

“No, lad, I’m a male,” said the man. “Been one since I was born.”

“Who... are you?” Zach asked, feeling a rather large bump on his head as he started to get up.

“Ah yes, that would be the question of the hour now, wouldn’t it...”

The man walked over to an open window and poked his head out of it. He returned quickly to Zach’s side, looking worried.

“I’d like to answer your question rather than love to, but...” he looked back towards the window, “but...”

Claws started tearing in through the window as if the tower were nothing but a feeble mound of clay. The mysterious man-- who didn’t look that strong but apparently was-- grabbed Zach by the waist and began running down the spiral staircase that was before them.

The flapping of wings started echoing through the stairwell. The mysterious man, despite carrying Zach, kept running faster and faster, even jumping over holes where some steps had rotted away. He was out of breath and the thought that he might drop Zach crossed the boy’s mind but then they came to a door, hanging off its hinges.

Setting Zach down, the man quickly kicked out the door. The two started to run out of the clock tower, only to stop in their tracks when they found groups and groups of police, Johnsonville reporters, news anchors, and other rival reporters that inhabited Johnsonville, apparently waiting for something extraordinary to happen. Unfortunately the police were pointing their guns directly at Zach and the man.

“We didn’t do it.” said the man hurriedly. Zach had noticed from a glance that this man, whoever he was, was wearing what appeared to be a tuxedo, a cape and something short and shiny hanging from a belt around the man’s waist.

Not everything that is faced can be changed, but nothing can be changed until it is faced.
James Baldwin

“In fact, we didn’t do anything yet, but I advise you all…” the man stopped in mid sentence to see if he could hear anything coming. He did. It was at this moment that Zach noticed that on the right side of the man’s waist, something long was attached to his belt. A sword?

“Yes, I’d advise you all to point your guns at the Gargoyles that are about to fly out of here, but please remember that we had nothing to do with it.”

The man grabbed Zach by the collar and pulled him a few inches away from the entrance, just as a line of grayish creatures started pouring out into the sky. The sound of bullets filled the air, accompanied by the yells and shouts of reporters and news anchors. Zach was out of harms way, thanks to the man who was using his own body as a human shield while steadily moving himself and Zach from the cross fire.

“Excuse me… sir, but you-” the two had ducked, hearing the sound of a bullet overhead. “You said those were…Gargoyles?”

“I don’t think it’s wise for us to get into full conversation right now, Zach,” said the man as he and Zach jumped behind a nearby tree. “But yes, I did say those were Gargoyles.” A shot nearly grazed the man’s face, “though many I’ve seen actually stayed stone.”

Loud roars began erupting.

“DO YOU KNOW WHAT MADE THEM COME TO LIFE?!” The man yelled, covering his ears.

“NO,” yelled Zach, “BUT I BET ANYTHING IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT ORANGE LIGHT THAT’S SHINING!”

“OF COURSE, HOW COULD I NOT NOTICE? COME ON, MY MOTORCYCLE ISN’T FAR FROM HERE!”

“WHAT?!”

“I SAID MY MOTORCYCLE IS NOT FAR FROM HERE!”

“BICYCLE?!”

“MOTORCYCLE!”

“THAT’S WHAT I SAID!”

“NO, I SAID-”

Figuring this was not going to get him far, the man started leading Zach a little farther away from the commotion while still covering up one of his ears. They were able to make it to the motorcycle. It wasn’t as long a distance as Zach had thought and they managed to reach it without getting shot. However, what was waiting for the two when they arrived was a bit of shock.

“Oh dear” said the man, extending his arm out to stop Zach.

The motorcycle that the man once had now laid in a mangled heap and what made the damage was standing only a few feet from the two, with eyes glowing red, wings outstretched, and claws bared.

“Gargoyle?” Zach said in a frightened whisper.

“Yes,” replied the man, “a very scary-looking… errrr.... handsome creature.”

The Gargoyle apparently only heard the first part of the man’s sentence because it growled quite fiercely while stepping toward the two.

“W-what do we do now?” Zach asked as he stepped back behind the man.

“Run, of course.”

And he ran. Zach was not expecting this. He thought that the man would use his sword on the Gargoyle. Zach began running, too, but both came to an abrupt halt, coming upon a scene of Gargoyles snatching people from the ground and carrying them up into the sky. There was now little sound of gunfire penetrating the night.

“I once saw a movie that resembled what is taking place before us,” said the man. “The monster took his victims into the sky and back to his home, where he either took their eyeballs out or whichever body part interested him the most.”

“You don’t think those Gargoyles are going to do that, do you?” Zach asked.

“I don’t really think I’ll be able to make much sense of tonight or what those vile creatures are planning to do with those people.” He paused and looked down at Zach, “but perhaps you or Shanika can help rescue them.”

There was a certain glimmer in the man’s eyes when he said this; he even gave a slight smile. Zach’s heart gave another leap, this was the second person he had encountered that knew about Shanika. Mr. Harris told Samantha, but who told this complete stranger?

“

How’d you...”

“Read it in the papers son.”

The man gave another smile, but before Zach could question him further, a truck had swerved to a stop in front of them. On the passenger side, one of the doors swung open. It was Samantha and sitting across from her, at the wheel, was Mr. Harris, wearing his long trench coat and funny hat.

“Get in!” Samantha yelled.

Zach lunged toward the door, yanked it open and jumped in. The man followed, putting on his seatbelt and closing the door.

“You don’t mind me catching a ride with you after I saved your life of course,” said the man.

Mr. Harris, seeing that people were being lifted into the sky, pulled off the road.

“Friend of yours, Zach?” Mr. Harris asked, looking at the man in his rear view mirror. Samantha looked back to see who Mr. Harris was referring to. Apparently she didn’t notice him either.

“I’m not what you should be suspicious about,” he said. “What is suspicious are those Gargoyles back there.”

Samantha paused to turn toward Zach, hoping he could better explain.

“So you must be the girlfriend...or at least one of them.”

“We don’t go together!” Zach shouted, catching Samantha off-guard. She had her mouth partially open to say the exact same thing just not as harsh, “I would never go with her, we’re...friends. Tell him.”

Samantha had closed her mouth completely and looked directly at Zach as if he was the only one in the truck; she was a little red in the face from a mixture of anger and embarrassment.

“Tell him what Zachary? That we were actually dating and now you’re breaking up with me because you’re worried about what others will think when they see you with me?” The man looked surprised by the outburst and continued listening as Samantha said, “In this short period, we’ve become so... close.”

Samantha looked at a very surprised Zach with a certain now-what expression as she turned to face forward again, arms crossed and smiling wickedly.

“So I guess I can gather that you are no longer a couple then?” the man asked.

“Basically,” said Samantha. “He’ll get over it, what with Shanika titillating him and all.”

Zach really didn’t know how to react to what was just said since he didn’t know what the word “titillating” meant. Just then, something black flew past Mr. Harris’s rear window. Whatever it was flew so fast that his truck started to rattle from side to side as if it was going to fall apart.

“Gargoyles,” uttered Zach fearfully.

“What?” Mr. Harris asked, puzzled.

“What just flew by, Mr. Harris, was a Gargoyle” explained the man. “Didn’t you see them snatch up those people?”

“Oh...really. Gargoyles?”

“That’s impossible,” said Samantha. “For stone statues to actually be coming to life, breathing...and flying,” she paused to look slightly out of the window, “is unreal.”

Mr. Harris’s truck suddenly felt as if it was being pushed off of the road. Looking out, Mr. Harris could see that there were two hulking grayish creatures on either side, shoving it from side to side.

“Oh crap,” Mr. Harris said, disbelieving his eyes and trying to regain control of his truck.

“Mr. Harris, what’s the matter?” asked Samantha, not daring to look outside of her window again.

“Gargoyles!” Mr. Harris shuddered, driving off so fast, his hat flew off his head.

“There’s no way, just no way that those...things are living breathing Gargoyles.”

Samantha paused and then looked up at Mr. Harris, a little teary-eyed, “Mr. Harris, are we going to die?”

“No, we’re not going to die.” Zach said calmly, as if he was certain of this.

“But why are they trying to get us Zachary!?” Samantha yelled.

And then Zach remembered, “The Book,” he said looking around, “they’re after us because they want it; that’s got to be the reason why.”

“They want a book?” asked the man.

“Well, yes, but the one I have is special, the one I have is...gone.”

“You lost it?” Mr. Harris asked, swerving and trying desperately to stay on the road as more and more Gargoyles could be seen in his mirror.

“No, Shanika took it from me before she disappeared and that light started to glow.”

“Actually I have it.” Samantha said, holding the book up with one shaking hand for all to see. “She gave it to me for us to do our research project on her, it actually showed me where you were....”

“What’s so special about this book?” the man interrupted. He started to reach for it, but Zach quickly grabbed it, almost snatching it from Samantha’s hand.

“To sum it all up, it knows too much.” Samantha said, “And you didn’t have to snatch.”

Zach flipped through the book but nothing appeared except blank pages.

“Hang on!” Mr. Harris yelled, slamming the breaks and watching as two Gargoyles flew past. “Can you get Shanika to come and help us?” he asked, driving his truck in reverse.

“No,” Zach said instantly, “I don’t know, it’s complicated. Sometimes the words or Shanika just appear.”

“Mr. Harris, if I’m correct we can get to Maywood Manor by taking this slight detour into the woods,” said the man.

Mr. Harris had never driven through woods before and taking directions from a complete stranger seemed a little odd. However, the circumstances were extraordinary.

“You might want to turn left here, Mr. Harris, and watch out for deer,” the man said.

Mr. Harris, a little reluctant, drove into the woods. The wooded section of Johnsonville never appeared scary or dreary in the daylight, even if it were raining. But now it appeared to Zach that everything looked dark, not just because it was nearly night, but because of the scenery: skinny black trees with branches sticking up like claws, shadows of what appeared to be deer and other animals, rocks in the road that looked like tombstones, and the mansion that was now coming into view.

Mr. Harris stopped the truck and everyone marveled at Maywood Manor. Shanika’s mansion; no one had been there in years (except for Zach) and there was an eerie look to it. It was built out of shimmering black marble and surrounding it were more strange-looking, skinny trees.

“There was once a fire here” said the man, “A terrible, terrible fire. Fire can be our biggest ally and our darkest foe.”

“Do you think we’ve lost them?” asked Zach, looking around.

“I don’t know,” replied the man darkly, “Situations like these can only be supernatural and even using the word supernatural is considered supernatural and because of this supernatural situation, my conclusive conclusion is that we have not seen the last of those living, breathing, supernatural Gargoyles, unfortunately.”

The man had said all of this very fast and while saying it did not get tongue tied one bit, though no one knew whether to consider him talented or strange.

“So, should we just knock?” Samantha asked as she started walking up the stairs toward the front door.

“Wait, the last time I was here...” Zach paused, trying to remember how he got into Shanika’s house, “I actually appeared in the basement by just touching the book.”

Everyone eyed Zach and then looked at the book that he was indeed holding, but nothing happened.

“...I’m going to try knocking.” Samantha said, continuing toward the door.

Samantha knocked, at first softy and then hard, but nothing happened. She was becoming frustrated and nervous with the thought that a Gargoyles could appear behind her any minute because she started pounding on the door and pulling its knob which appeared to be locked.

"Perhaps there's no one home." Suggested the man.

"Maybe, you could...ask the book if she's home?" Mr. Harris suggested to Zach.

"I could try, but..."

"Give me the book Zachary, it worked for me once before." Samantha demanded, returning from the locked door.

"Before?" Zach asked, puzzled, as he handed the book to Samantha.

"Yeah, it told me you were going to die." Samantha said plainly as she started flipping through the book.

"Die?"

"But you're not dead, are you Zachary?"

"Are you trying to say that Shanika's a liar?" asked Zach, offended.

"I'm trying not to say a lot of things about her. I think I've figured how to work this thing."

She brought the book back over to Mr. Harris's truck and laid it flat on the hood where everyone could see. It was true, Samantha had figured out how to work the book and as Zach approached her, he could see words and pictures coming into view. How could it be that Samantha figured out how to use it and he didn't?

"This looks like a map," said Mr. Harris.

"Those stick figures with our names must be us," said the man stupidly.

"But how did you know what to do?" asked Zach.

"It's complicated," mimicked Samantha with a smile, but Zach only frowned. "I just really wanted to know where Shanika is hiding, I want to know why the door is locked, I want to know if there are any Gargoyles still after us." She paused, closed the book, and looked at the man. "And I wanted to know your name, Byron Watson."

Samantha C. Smartbright

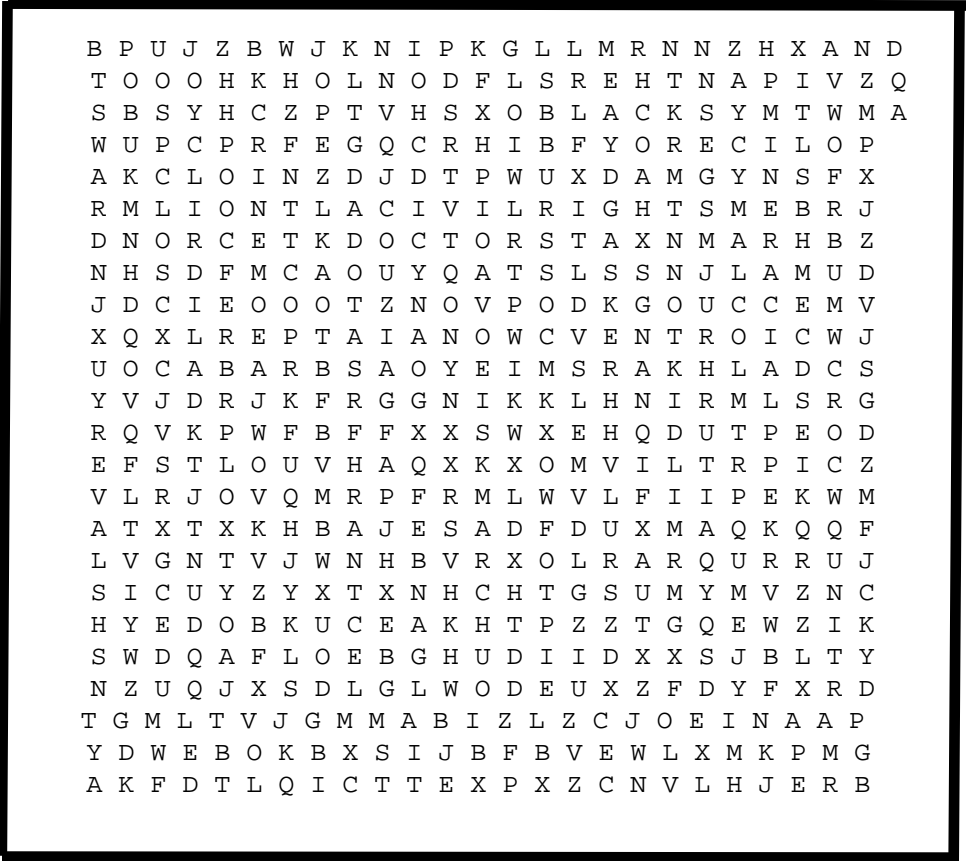


Illustration by Eric Gardner

The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy-Martin Luther King, Jr.

Our Race and Culture word search...

Can we stump you?



BLACK
BOYCOTT
BUS
CIVIL RIGHTS
DOCTORS
DRUGS
FREEDOM
HIPHOP
INTERACIAL
INVENTORS
KING
LUTHER
MALCOLM
MARCH
MARTIN
PANTHERS
PARKS
PLANTATIONS
POLICE
RACIST
RAPPERS
ROCK AND ROLL
ROSA
SLAVERY

KING
LUTHER
MALCOLM
MARCH
MARTIN
PANTHERS
PARKS
PLANTATIONS
POLICE
RACIST
RAPPERS
ROCK AND ROLL
ROSA
SLAVERY

Horoscopes

Horoscopes

Capricorn:

Your ruler, Saturn, moves to angle Pluto, causing a surge of positive energy. Put all this momentum to good use: Start working on upcoming auditions (for the school play, the cheerleading squad, etc.). You'll get a great spot and knock everyone off their feet.

Aquarius:

So far, this school year has been the same old routine, but that will all change. Spring for you is about adventure: seeing new places, meeting new friends, and falling for a new guy. When you try something for the first time, the new moon will bring you success!

Pisces:

Your compassionate side will come out when Mercury, which rules communication, moves into your sign. Adistraught friend m spills her feelings about a guy you like, keep a clear head and help her. Your shoulder is the one she needs right now.

Aries:

After weeks of being in a total funk, you'll finally feel the fog lift. You'll be in particularly good spirits when a great job comes your way. Keep flashing the killer smile, a bunch of really cute guys will definitely take notice.

Taurus:

You've never been one to follow a trend- you're

known for your individuality. But a beauty change you make will cause you to really stand out (in a good way) - and cause some jealous people to get nasty. Forget them! You need to please only yourself.

Gemini:

You'll meet a guy at a party and be tempted to blow off your friends to spend every second with him. Think twice before hopelessly devoting yourself- when the romance quickly fizzles (good riddance!), you'll need your girls by your side!

Cancer:

A family problem will preoccupy you for a few weeks- but don't waste your time worrying about things you can't change. The full moon will give you a fresh outlook and newfound confidence.

Leo:

Mercury, the planet of communication, enters your sign this month, causing a new guy to reveal his feelings-you've been waiting for someone just like him! You'll want to play a tease, but the games won't last long. The new moon will make you realize you like him too!!!

Virgo:

Your level-headed advice is just what one stressed-out friend needs this month- you'll know how to solve her big problems. But when the full moon brings even more drama for the two of you, plan a fun day trip (like a shopping spree) to lighten the mood.

Libra:

With Venus, the planet of love, moving retrograde, it seems like you'll be falling out of love with a big project-so find another hobby. Thankfully the new moon will prompt you to help others: Charity work could be the answer to everything!

Scorpio:

Creativity and cash will flow for you. Pour your spare time into a fun activity, like creating jewelry. It will become more than just away to fill time-you'll make some extra bucks and a name for yourself. Use the money for a new wardrobe.

Sagittarius:

Love planet Venus moves into a passionate spot, making now the time to spark things up again with that ex you still have feelings for. Someone will be very jealous of the two of you so watch your back!

WRITE TO US!

We want your critical feedback on our exploration of *Race and Culture* in Philadelphia.

Please write to us:

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or EMAIL US at
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By submitting a letter, you consent to have it published unless you clearly state otherwise. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and grammar.



We'd like to dedicate the completion of this very special 12th issue to Mr. Steve Bozzone, who told the world about us, Ms. April Alcaraz, for all the hard work she's done and the continued help she gives, and Mr. Ben Harris, who has been here with the NPM since the beginning and helped us with our newspaper boxes.



You can bet readers that there is more to come from the North Philly Metropolis....stay reading and thanks for the support.

Don't forget to check out www.northphillyteens.com

In our next issue, we explore "Teen Health: Are we really taking care of ourselves."

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Anna Nicole Lee, Kia Gregory, April Alcaraz, Meghan Tidwell, Edward Basil, Mary Smith, Sam Willis, Lasheild Myers, Linda Wallace, Sister Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Honickman, Prompt Printing, our contributors, Ms. Cindy Ferguson, and everyone else who makes this newspaper happen!



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