

Lost Generation

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This is the story of a African American Girl and her struggles with life

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Chapter 1 - Silence

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1 - Silence

Ch.1

Silence

Jubilee walk down the deserted graffiti streets of Minneapolis, working her way to the hell hole thats called her home. Street lamps flickered as the sky grew dark, concealing her in the awkward darkness. The neighborhood she has know all her life, subtle as she has ever seen it before. No sirens of police whisking gang banger and crack heads off to the joint. No sound but the faint steps of her shoes and the muffled noise of dogs fighting. The stillness in air made her uneased as if she was being watched. Something was different that night, something was happening, but she didn't want to find out. She stepped faster hoisting her bag of books over both shoulders, ready to run. Being alone in her neighborhood at night, you always got to be cautious.

As she came close to her house she could hear the rhythm of music bouncing of the ground and into her ears. As she creped up the steps of the smoke smelling home, smelling the stench of refer and alcohol.

"Mama, I am home.." Mumble Jubilee as she jolted up stairs to avoid her flying high mom and stoned as hell siblings, and their unknown friends and the men her Ma always brings home.

"Girl, where da hell you been?!?!?!" screamed her mother up the stairs.

Sticking her head out from the corner of her room Jubilee replied, " At the library as I am always at after school."

"The library!!!" shrilled Rasheeda from the floor of the living room. "You be readin' all demz books but you ain't nuttin. Tinkin'z you'z allz smart and shoot, tinkin you be someone. You ain't gonna be nuttinz." The room filled with cough-filled laughter of stoners, and uneducated dumb asses.

Jubilee strolled back to her room with her head held high and her dreams and confidence unwavered, Knowing that at the age of 15, she is more educated and successful than them. Never touched weed or any of them drugs, all A+ student, part of speech, debate, basketball, class president and a proud member of NAACP youth.

Her small squared-boxed in room with a mattress on the floor and walls a color of dark brown, blending her in as a rattle snake in it's environment. Wooden floors, scuffed and scratched littered with letters, books and clothing upon it. Walls plaster with images of MLK Jr. , Malcolm X, NAACP logo and the black panthers logo. All of who inspire her to keep going and do well in all that she does.

Jubilee opened her tattered bag filled with new books from the library, and takes out her notebook. Flipping through the pages of letters and poems, searching for a clean piece of paper to write. Clicking her pen she begins to write:

The lost generation

*Black of our skin
A symbol of kin
and the beauty within*

*Showing the pride
Ever so died
With the last generation*

*Killing
Smoking
Jailed up*

*Lost dreams of this generation
The lost focus of life
This is the generation
This is the lost generation*

Turning the page to the next, smoothing the edges down she began to pour into the book:

Dear Jamal,

How are you doing in the sunny sun of Louisiana? Life here in the 'sota is same o' same o'. Mama's flyin' high and is out of work once again. Bobby is gone, staying with people of his gang, but still comes back once in awhile. Rasheeda is still with that player Ray from down the block. She had baby Ray Jr. a couple of months ago, but the child did not make it. Rays mother was very upset but Rasheeda barely shed a tear to the dead child. I really miss you big brother.....

"Ka-WAAAMM" the front door crashed to the ground men running. Rasheeda's screaming and Jubilee's mother screams as well.

"BANG-KLANG" rang out from underneath her scuffed floor. Screams of her mothers tears rang out as the second shot rang on. Jubilee scattered into her closet and hid behind the box of her father's stuff that she was able to save after his death, before her mother ransacked the house of all remembrance of the man.

"BANG" another rang out and another until all was still except from the throwing of items shattering among the walls and floors of the old house. Pounding of foot steps crashed on the creaking floor boards of the stairs.

Jubilee stayed still hidden in her closet in the dark, curled into a ball, a little light seeping through the crack of the door. Peering out in fear of whats to come. Flash backs off of her fathers death playing

through her mind as if she is reliving the painful moment once again. Scared for her life she remained silent in the small closet, barely breathing and not even blinking. Sitting in shock, not even trembling, whether it's being too scared to even move or from already being in this sort of situation, she sat as if she was dead herself. Then as she ponders whether or not it's safe, her bedroom door crashed open and a dark black man in red stepped in.