For as long as I could remember, where I grew up, being black was never a problem. I always read online about some white supremacist using vulgar language against someone opposite their color. I just never thought it would happen to me.

On a school morning so hot, sweat dripped on my nose as I walked to visit my friends at a bustop up the street from my house. I live in a black neighborhood and, with that being said, all my friends are black. We were all goofing and joking around until we were interrupted by a woman that gave all of us cold chills. She was elderly, pale and had a sour look on her face.

Everyone in the neighborhood knew her as the “crazy white lady”, only because she didn’t care about the words that came out of her mouth nor the stop signs at the end of each street. I didn’t think anything of her really, just that it’d be in my best knowledge to move. All of us began slowly walking up the street. She had then shouted some of the nastiest words I’ve  heard come out of a woman’s mouth and at that she said it to a group of children.

“Get the fuck out of here, niggas, I don’t fuck with you people,” she said.

We all were just frozen, almost like we were in a deep freezer. Bone cold. No words could escape my lips. The air around me had not longer cause swear, it gave me chills. I was raw, froze and uncooked.

While some of them had gotten their phones out to record what had just happened, ironically I sat still, my fingertips became pasty , and I had no idea why what happened had just happened.

The lady had walked into her house, and when she came out she held a black object in her hand with her dog by her side. She tried forcing her rottweiler on us, but he didn’t move‚ He just barked. The object in her hand was a camera.

At that time we hadn’t known what the object was, so we just ran. We ran fast. Once I had reached the stop sign, I looked back only to see some of my friends were still behind. They weren’t moving, they just stood there with clear drops running down their faces. It was kind of poetic, really, something off a  movie scene.

The lady then came off her porch and approached a few of the kids who were left behind. Then she held her phone out, and the police showed up. At the time, I didn’t know if anything would be done about it.

For example, in July 2016 in Georgia the police were called to control a situation in a car, according to CNN. When the policeman arrived, he spoke to the passenger who was completely scared because she had seen videos when policeman killed people for ‚no reason. What he said to her was quite disturbing.

It’s okay, its okay, don’t worry. Have you seen on the news? We only kill black people.

I was actually concerned if anything would even happen. Would she be arrested? Would this be on the news? What are the cops going to do?

My bus had arrived, and everyone had questioned what happened. I couldn’t stay at the scene because it was time for school. Later on I found out that nothing had been done. I spoke to my school officer, Shealy . He had said that police reports had been filed by multiple parents.

The lady told the policeman that we were on her property, which was weird because we were just roaming. Not directly in front of anything. The Rock Hill School District 3 Transportation has changed our bus route so no one walks past her house. Half of the kids still go to that bus stop, only to prove that their skin color should be accepted.

I will never forget that day, honestly none of us will. All skin tones should be accepted. There is no dominant skin color. We’re all different in our ways. Nobody is the same, but we all bleed red.