



KIONNA ROUNTREE

My name is Kionna U’Kia Rountree. I was born on September 15, 2000. I am 15 years old and in the eighth grade. I am about fearlessness, imagination, and seeing a picture in my writing to express who I am. I am about telling the world who I am. I am about telling the truth, even when I’m afraid. I am about me, myself, and I. I am kind, important, organized, neat, nice, and awesome. I am special in my own way.

THIS IS WHAT U’KIA FEELS

Hundreds, thousands of people are all around taking photos, big lights flashing all on this place. People from all across the world, people from everywhere. Then, finally the announcer comes up, walking on the stage. The stage is shiny, black, and wide. The announcer is a lady. She is light-skinned and wears a white, curly blouse with purple polka dots. A plain, short, purple skirt, and a plain white pair of shoes. Then, everybody gets quiet.

“Hello. Hello, everybody, and welcome to Savannah, Georgia,” she says, “And here is the once in a lifetime event! The first-ever talking house.”

“I am the home of a wonderful family that has a wonderful life. LaQuida, Monay, U’Kia, Corinthia, and Number 3 are the names of the children,” I begin. Everyone starts laughing, then I get angry.

“Listen up. These are children. Their family is not so beautiful, and the children are bullied almost everyday.

LaQuida, the oldest, is short. She has long, brown hair. Monay is the second oldest, is very tall, and has short, brown-blackish hair. Then there is U’Kia. U’kia is the middle child. She has short brown-blackish hair and feels a lot of pain, more than her sisters. She feels unwanted, and unloved—well, some of the time. Every time she goes anywhere, she gets jealous. You can see it in the air. She feels hurt deep in her body and has very low self-esteem. Next, it’s Crentya. She has short, brown hair and feels the same way U’Kia feels. She is very sickened. Then, there’s the little fourth child, Corinthia. She has short brown hair, and is short, but still taller than LaQuida. She feels almost the same was as U’Kia. She is very, very sickened. Finally, Number 3. He is the youngest one, and the very, very, very sickest child. He is the little baby boy. These children are very nice, sweet, and they never mess with anyone unless someone messes with them. There’s a problem. Through the years, the mother and father told them to always respect their teachers or any adult, and if they didn’t, the consequences would be painful.

Their mother has long, black and gray hair, and is short and very beautiful. Their father is medium height; tall to the children, but not

to everyone else. Their father is just another Ice Cube, but darker, blonde, and don't have the same mustache as Ice Cube. If you are wondering *What are the parents' names?*, I will never tell.

As life went on, their mother and father kept on arguing and yelling, day after day after day. The arguing got worse, bad, and terrible. The children got even madder because they don't get to have the bad behavior the parents do. So they do it at school, mainly Number 3. As the children get older, the parents get even angrier and argue about stupid stuff, bellowing, yelling—the spit comes from their mouths to the floor.

One day, there was a white sign with *Happy Birthday Mom* on the mother's door. As the yelling continued, the gospel music came on. The children tried not to listen. Then, the children were just so angry and mad, this is what they said did."

Everyone listens as I, the house, speak. Everyone gets quiet. You can hear dust fall on the ground.

"Picture this: a white, plain van with seven numbers and words saying *We are confined because God is able*. It has a cracked mirror so crooked you just wanted to touch it. But if you do, you'll get yelled at by the loud father. Well, that day, they family was going to church. As usual, the father didn't want to come to church. Before, on Saturday night, LaQuida, Monay, and U'Kia had a plan of what they were going to do to their father. They told Corinthia and Number 3 the plan in the morning. When their father dropped them off, their mother got out the car first, then Corinthia took the golden key out of the thing you put the key in to start the car.

Then, their father yelled at Corinthia, 'Why did you do that? What is wrong with you? Give me those keys.'

Next, LaQuida said, 'Get him!' Number 3 jumped to sit on the father, and Corinthia pulled out a big, black and gold pocketbook and put it on his head. LaQuida slapped the father all on his face. When LaQuida was done with him, he was white. Number 3 was boxing him all in the stomach. U'Kia and Monay carried him out into the church. The church floor was red. There were chairs that were

red and black, and other chairs were brown and red. They dropped their father on the floor. He was wearing jeans and a shirt and some black shoes.

Then, out of nowhere, something shiny and bright came from the sky. It landed right in front of their father. Everyone fell on the floor. No one knew, until now, that it was Jesus Christ. He was wearing something white and had brown, short hair.

Soon, when Jesus came, their father took the pocketbook off his head and started to pray, pray, and pray. Then he started to change. He was the great man that their mother loved and married. Their family became lovely and, finally, great. They started to go everywhere: to the movies, the mall, farms, and games."

Then, I close my mouth. The announcer comes and says, "Thank you. Thank you, everyone, for coming. Have a great evening." As everyone goes, they wonder about the family and the great ending.

One person gives me, the house, a huge hug, and says to herself, "No one will ever know that LaQuida, Monay, and Corinthia are my sisters, and Number 3 is my brother."

This is the only future and life for U'Kia. She is known now as Kionna Rountree, and she will never have a wonderful family. No father will ever change for the family. This is what U'Kia feels.

