

FOR BEAUTIFUL BLACK BOYS

WHO BELIEVE
IN A BETTER
WORLD



With a guide by the Muhammad Ali Center

MICHAEL W. WATERS • KEISHA MORRIS



“MAY I GROW LOCS, DAD?” ASKED JEREMIAH.

“Sure,” said his father.

“You still need to comb your hair every day until it gets long enough,” said Mom.

“I promise I will,” said Jeremiah. “I can’t wait to see my new locs! Maybe next week!”

His parents chuckled.

“It will take longer than that,” said Dad. “But just wait and believe. One day, it will happen.”

A few days later, Jeremiah saw a picture on his dad's computer.
"Who's that?" he asked. "What did he do?"

"That's Trayvon Martin," said Dad.
"He was a young man walking home from the store. He didn't do anything. Still, someone hurt him, and he died." Dad shook his head. "It doesn't make sense."

Jeremiah agreed, but he didn't want to talk anymore.





One day much later, Jeremiah asked, “Dad, who is that on TV? Why is he lying in the middle of the street?”

“That’s Michael Brown,” said Dad. “He was eighteen years old and on his way to college. He was hurt very badly, and he died.” A new image appeared on the screen. “Many people say he had his hands raised when he was shot. Those people on TV are marching to remind us.”

Jeremiah didn’t understand. “Why would somebody shoot someone who just has his hands in the air?”

“It doesn’t make sense,” Dad said. “None at all.”

But Jeremiah didn’t want to talk anymore.