

The blue sky was bronzed with golden-yellow as the sunset bled through the clouds, staining them pink and orange. Ebony Denton saw the world in the same lovely way as everyone else did. However, over the passing years as she grew up, it had seemed to become more and more so that people with skin like Ebony's, a honey chestnut sort of shade, were shameful. The color of her skin was merely a shell, a body that was burdened upon her. She was supposed to be just another bunch in the crowd, but she was singled out as the insignificant black sheep that was not of the human race. All Ebony wanted to do was share her ideas with the world, but all the world wanted to do was ignore her.

Ebony always wanted to share her beliefs, her opinions, and her heart with people who needed to hear it. To spill out all of her feelings in a singular briefing with the community. Nobody wanted her to tell them what to do, and she couldn't blame them. Who would actually want an opinionated black woman to stand up in public and go on about social justice. At age twenty four, in 1968, Ebony wound up being a store clerk at the local supermarket in New Hope, Pennsylvania. The world was such a brutal place. Honest, but brutal. Terry Banter, from the apartment next door, was just a small representation of the good in life. He was elderly and retired, but lively as ever. He would constantly visit her with a tray of scones and a word of inspirational wisdom.

"The world is hell, Abby. If you don't do something about it, we're all gonna go extinct", he shook his head with a look of expectancy. He much more often than not gave a ranting speech, rather than advice. He too was part of her under-privileged community, with he himself having a late husband.

"Why are you so stubborn? You seem to be passionate enough, tell 'em yourself," Ebony said even though she knew that she was the stubborn one.

"Deary, you're the one who keeps herself up at night writing about just this. Don't say I'm nosy, but I do know things you think I don't." Terry chuckled to himself. Ebony knew that he knew he was right, Terry Banter was never wrong. He actually understood what she was trying to imprint. Well... mostly. He didn't understand why nothing had changed yet.

They could have stayed and chatted for hours on end, but sure enough, Terry went back over to his apartment. Ebony retired to her own room after they parted ways, and just fell onto her bed. She didn't know why it was, but when the sun went down, the volume of life went up. At the same time, all of the leaves in the world were falling right outside her window, and police cars raced down the main street, sirens blaring. It was all so much, it just wasn't enough. For whatever reason, it was just so peaceful. She cracked open a window and leant against the

glass, letting the cold frost kiss her cheek. The night came fast, especially in the winter. She looked down to the street light, shifting her weight from her cheek to her forehead. Down where the light leaked, she saw the tiniest flurry of snow, slowly floating down to the sidewalk. Ebony peeled her face back from the window and gave a heavy sigh.

“You are of no significance, Ebony Denton.”

In the mornings, the world went back to its old, unpardonable self, and Ebony would always wake up to her alarm in the same, bleak room that she fell asleep in. The sky was gray with clouds covering the sun. It was a Tuesday morning, and Ebony needed to get to the mart for her job. The walk there wasn't too harsh, as it was only a few minutes away from her apartment flat.

A voice from behind her said, “Ebony, You're going to be walking around the store today, let me know if anyone wants to see me.” Patricia Thomas: Ebony's store manager, and the boss of her life. She was Ebony's older sister, Greta's friend, and she absolutely despised her, but she had no clue why. Greta had set Ebony up with a job that she didn't want, and ever since day one of being here, she was miserable.

“You got it.” She grunted, throwing on the apron that proved she worked there. Throughout the many hours of being in that store, business remained continuously slow, and Ebony took it upon herself to just take a seat behind some crates and write a speech that no one would ever read. She sat and scribbled away in her notebook, making notes upon her notes and prepared it as though she was actually going to be reading it to a crowd. She filtered out all sounds beyond her own thoughts, so much so that she had to receive and kick to return her to reality.

“What on earth are you hiding from? I need to take these crates, so...” Ebony looked up to see Lucian, the new teenaged employee that no one remembered the name of. Except her.

“Oh I'm just doing nothing,” she attempted to stuff her notebook in her pocket but instead, it just flopped onto the floor, allowing the contents to be visible to Lucian. They both leant down to pick up the book, but he managed to get ahold of the pages before she could, and he started to turn the pages. He shut it to the front and read her name inscribed on the front.

“Sure, this looks like a whole lot of nothing, Ebony.” He handed it back over to her and took the crates as he said that he would, and just like that, he was gone. That was it? Ebony didn't know what she thought was going to happen, but there was a lot less disgust than she thought there might be. Maybe, just maybe, other people could listen.

During her evening chat with Terry, Ebony brought out her journal. He kept a straight face, besides his eyes, which were filled with joys. He flipped through the pages, in the same fashion Lucian had, and said nothing. It took only a few moments for Terry to begin the rant of justice.

“Abby, this is one big step in the right direction, but are you getting lost? Stuff like this needs to be shared, and I haven’t seen any entries in the newspaper about a young lady named Ebony Denton giving a nice, inspirational speech to the world.” He kept repeating the same things over and over again, night after night, just in different ways.

Terry retired to his room, and he left Ebony with all of those pushes he would give her to hold a speech. A step in the right direction. If these entries were that important to Terry, maybe other struggling people would take pride in “one of their own” standing up? She stayed up all night, continuously working on her speech she made in the mart. Adding on a few more opinions that were severely unnecessary- she already had so many. The night faded out on her, and the tips of the sky changed peach, identifying sunrise. Her alarm went off at six in the morning, and she just watched as the seconds hand rotated around, time changing before her eyes. She eventually leant over to lean over to hit the off button, spilling her notes from the night off of her bed and onto the floor. She once again pulled on her shoes and walked out the door, down the stairs, and across the road. The walk was tiring, after a restless night of writing nonstop. She came to a stop at the front of the store, looking in the windows and watching her “friends” get to work helping busy people who were shopping. Ebony knew that she had to get to work, and for a slow moment, she made eye contact with Patricia. She could have just walked into the mart. She could have just gone in and directed people to where they could find the apples. She could have just done what she’s been doing almost everyday for the past year and a half. But instead, she ran. She ran off to the park, grasping her notebook all the way.

“Little is better than not. Little is better than not. Little is better than not,” she chanted until she wheezed, and she ran out of breath. She didn't even know what she was saying and why, but it felt right. The park was smaller than she remembered, but there was still a bustle of people walking on the paths. Ebony found her way to an empty park bench and stood up, trying to take the attention of the wandering crowd. A deep breath.

“Can I have your attention for just a moment please!” Her voice was shaky as she grabbed the attention of passers-by.

“I am a woman of color, a hypothetical person, I don’t have any feelings, and as life is presented to me, I shouldn’t have any opinions either. That is what most people see when I walk the streets with you.” Her voice smoothed as speaking overtook her system.

"I see the world the same way you do! I don't see it in the color of my skin, just like you don't see it in yours. I am left out of so many things, but one thing that you all often forget about is that I. Am. Human," a single tear streamed down her face as she rambled on and on, about her late night thoughts, her neighbors, and her notes. There was definitely a chance that some of these people were watching her speak, their eyes glazed over. Glazed over with a film of disgust, of hatred. But she had to take account of all of the people fighting with her, all of the people who didn't have the strength to stand up and show the world they were tired.

Ebony's voice ran slower as she ran out of things to say. Eventually, the speech had to come to an end.

"Thank you everyone, for sticking around to hear a black voice." She then stepped off of her bench that was now a podium, a few people clapping while the rest of them just walked away.

*Maybe those people didn't care. But what if they did?*