

# EX Fabula

Story. Stage. You.

## Audio Transcript: Nakia's Story

3, 2, 1, welcome to Ex Fabula! True, Personal Stories. Ex Fabula! Story, Stage, You. Ex Fabula is a Milwaukee non-profit committed to strengthening community bonds through the art of storytelling.

Ex Fabula Fellows are community members who use personal stories to inspire community led dialogue around some of the most pressing issues in the greater Milwaukee area like segregation, and economic and racial inequality.

Ex Fabula Fellow Nakia Hood shared a story in Northwestern Mutual in March of 2016.

Picture a bright sunny Milwaukee day. You know that time of the year where we're proud to live in Milwaukee because it feels good. Don't have to worry about the snow. And I'm driving to my in-laws house to get my furniture from their garage I had been storing in there. I called my friend Delvin to meet me to help me move my furniture. We both arrived at the same time. This is the in area around the airport, real nice neighborhood. I actually live ten minutes away. Beside the point. As we pull up there's two older white females. I thought they were kind of cute for their age. I said hi, like I always do. And they just looked at me, so I smiled. And then they just kept walking their dogs and when they got to the corner of the street part of me felt like looking back because it was a weird exchange. I look back and I saw them on their cellphones and they were turned around still looking at me so I wave again like, "have a good day". We go in the house, we eat a little bit. We move the furniture and we start driving down the street. As we're driving down the street I see a police car with their sirens on. I think, 'get out of the way a police car is coming'. The car jumps the curve and stops me on the side of the road. I'm thinking, "Oh my God, what's going on around me?" Police car behind me and all of a sudden they get out with their guns drawn and they yell at me and say "put your hands on the dashboard!" I put my hand son the dashboard and thinking this isn't how they do it in the movies but ok. They pull me out of the car they run my license they run my friends license. We sit on the curve for about an hour and thirty minutes.

Now that's not the story I even wanna tell you. I'm 39 years old and I want to give myself the gift of running a half marathon. So I started this winter training but events like that kind of had me in a paranoid state. I don't want white people thinking I'm gonna hurt them; harm them, when I just want to move my furniture. When I just want to get ready for this marathon. So I'm bundling up, I grab my bicycle lights; I tie them on the sides of my pants so people will see the lights flickering. I'm thinking, maybe they'll know I'm just trying to exercise. As I'm walking down the street I get further and further away from my house. I get to Toys R Us and a lady comes out and she looks at me. We kind of catch eye contact. You know like, human beings normally do. I'm on the sidewalk, she's by the door of Toys R Us and she takes off running to her car. And I'm just thinking, "really... me? You're running from me? I'm walking away from you!" As she gets to her car I turn around again just to double check because I'm not believing what I'm seeing.



When she gets to her car she stops like this and turns around to make sure I'm not coming after her.

These stories, or events... life events have troubled me to feel like I need therapy. Because there's no one I want to hurt. Even this morning, taking my daughter to school, I jump off the porch I'm running behind her. We have a little game trying to get to the car first. She jumps in the car, "I win!" she yells. She goes, "there was a man running after me." I said, "What are you going to do?" She goes, "maybe I'll call the police" because she heard the story before. She was joking, she was making fun of me. So I thought I'd play along, I said, "Why would you call the police? Would you really call the police?" She goes, "no, I'm just playing". She goes "but those white ladies thought you were evil". I said, "Well do you think I'm evil?" She goes, "No, you're my dad and I love you" and I said, "What do you think they should've done?" She goes, "Well, you said hi to them they could've said hi back. If they thought you were stealing they could've stopped and said, 'hey what are you doing?'" So I guess I'm saying I wish in the world we live in, more white people could be like my daughter. Thank you.

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